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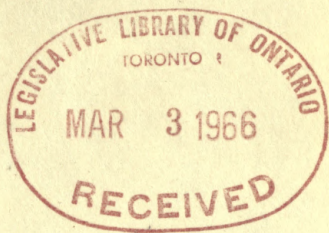
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BLACKWOOD'S

Edinburgh



MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XVI.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1824.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

AND

T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1824.

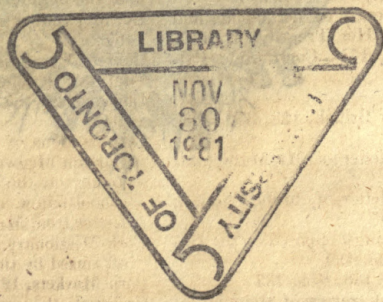
MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI

DECEMBER 1881



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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH

T. CAPELL, STRAND, LONDON

1881

PRINTED BY JAMES WALKER AND CO., EDINBURGH

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. XC.

JULY, 1824.

VOL. XVI.

REMARKS ON HENDERSON THE HISTORIAN.

By Sir Morgan O'Doherty, Bart.

UNCHANGED amidst the petty mutabilities of rank and station, I still claim it, dear North, as my peculiar privilege, to review, in your work, all books allied in any way whatever to the two great sister sciences of eating and drinking. Blackwood's Magazine is the place, and mine is the pen, *imprints*, κατ' ἐξοχὴν, and *par excellence*, consecrated to the discussion of all such delightful themes. Let the Quarterly rejoice in the noble art of boiling down into a portable essence, the diffusive lucubrations of all voyagers by land or sea: let old Blue and Yellow keep unpoached the jungles and juggleries of political economy: let The Writer Tam glorify himself in Jem Smith's quaint little ditties, and his brother's quaint little criticisms on the *minora moralia* of Harley Street, and Gower Street: let the London flourish on the misty dreams of the opium-eater, and lay down the law unquestioned as to the drinking up both of eisel and laudanum: sacred to the quackeries of the quack-doctors, be the pungent pages of the Scalpel: let John Bull vibrate his horns *ad libitum*, among the merciful bowels of Mr Zachariah Macaulay: and let the Examiner be great, as of old, in the region of second-rate players, and fifth-rate painters. Let each man buckle his own belt, according to the adage, and that in his own way: but let me unbuckle mine, and luxuriate in the dear, the dainty, the delicate, paradisaical department of

deipnosophism.—Above the rest, let THE BOTTLE, and all that pertains to it, be my proper concern. Here indeed I am great. If Barrow, as being himself a practised traveller, is fitted more than any other of our tribe for discussing the vagaries of the Parrys, the Vauxes, the Basil Halls, the Fanny Wrights, the Edward Daniell Clarkes, and the John Rae Wilsons of our time—Surely I have at least as unquestionable a title for predominating over all that is connected with the circumvolutions of the decanters. It is recorded by Athenæus, that Darius, *the great Darius*, commanded them to inscribe upon his tombstone these memorable, and even sublime words: “*ΗΔΥΝΑΜΗΝ ΚΑΙ ΟΙΝΟΝ ΠΙΝΕΙΝ ΠΟΛΥΝ ΚΑΙ ΤΟΥΤΟΝ ΦΕΡΕΙΝ ΚΑΛΩΣ* :” which signify, being interpreted: “Here lies Darius the King, who drank three bottles every day, and never had a headach in his life.” I flatter myself that my epitaph might tell a similar story, without any impeachment of its veracity.

The volume now in my eye, then, belongs in an especial manner to my province. At first, on perceiving it to be a bulky quarto, you may be inclined to hesitate as to this: but when you put on your spectacles, and discover that the title is “The History of Wines, Ancient and Modern,”* your scruples will evanish as easily as do the cobwebs of a Jeffrey beneath the besom of a Tickler. Turn over these

* The History of Ancient and Modern Wines. London: Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy. 1824.

costly pages, dear sir, and feast your eyes with the delicious vignettes, that ever and anon glance out from between the leaves, like the ruby clusters of Bacchus himself, glowing amidst the foliage of some tall marriageable elm, or stately poplar; pause upon these exquisite gems; contemplate the rosy god in each and all of these five thousand attitudes: worship him where, frantic and furious, he tosses the thyrsus amidst the agitated arms of his congregated Mænades: adore him where, proudly seated upon the rich skins of the monsters whom he subdued, he pours out the foaming cup of wine and wisdom before the eyes of savage men, whom the very scent of the ethereal stuff hath already half civilized: envy him, where beneath the thick shadow of his own glorious plant, he with one hand twines the ivy wreath around the ivory brows of Ariadne, and with the other approximates the dew of divinity to the lips of beauty. Feast, revel, riot in the elegance of these unrivalled cameos, and when you have saturated your eye with forms that might create a thirst beneath the ribs of gout, and draw three corks out of one bottle—then, O Christopher! and not till then, will you be in a fit condition for understanding the profound feelings of respect, and grateful attachment, with which it is now my agreeable duty to introduce to your acquaintance, and that of “my public,” the learnedly luxurious Dissertations of my good friend, and jolly little compotator, Dr Alexander Henderson.

The Doctor is, *absque omni dubio*, the first historian of our age. He unites in his single person the most admirable qualifications of all the other masters in this great branch of literature, who now lend lustre to the European hemisphere—the extensive erudition of a Ranken—the noble self-reliance and audacious virtue of a Brodie—the elegant style of a Sismondi—and the practical sense of an Egan. In many respects, to be sure, the superiority he displays may be referred to the immense superiority and unapproachable merits of the theme he has chosen. The history of the Cellar of Burgundy is a matter of infinitely more improving nature than that of the House of the same name: a thousand will take profound interest in a dissertation upon the sack and hippocras of the mid-

dle ages, for one that will bother his head with the small Italian republics of the same era: We would rather have luminous notions touching the precise nature of the liquor which Sir John Falstaff quaffed, than the secret intrigues which brought Charles the First to the scaffold: and, great as is our respect for Mr Langan, there is still another claret which possesses claims upon our sympathies, far, far above that which has of late flowed so copiously from his potatoe-trap. This work, in a word, is fitted to interest and delight, not one class of students, but all. The classical scholar will here find the best of all commentaries on the most delightful passages of those delightful writers, whom he is accustomed to turn over with a daily and a nightly hand: he will speculate upon the flavour that a Nestor loved, and sit in erudite judgment over the *best* binns of a Nero. The English antiquarian will enjoy the flood of light that streams upon the joyous pages of Ben Jonson: *verdea* will no longer puzzle the Giffords, nor *Petersameen* be a stumbling-block to the Nareses.* The man of science will analyse the effervescence of Sheeraz: the Physician will hear the masterly defence of Claret against the charge of goutification, and return humanized to the exercises of his calling: the ecclesiastical historian will mourn with Dr Henderson over the injuries done to the Medoc and the Cote d'or by the suppression of the monastic establishments of France: the lover of light reading will find the charms of romance united with the truth and dignity of history: The saint will have no lack of sighing, as he glances his grave eye over the records of human debauchery, and at the same time, he may, in passing, pick up a hint or two that will be of use at the next dinner of the African Association: The conscious wine-merchant will read and tremble: and every good fellow, from George the Fourth, down to Michael Angelo the Second, will read and rejoice.

It was in England only, and perhaps in this age of England, that a work of this complete and satisfactory description could have been prepared. We produce no wines, and we are the great consumers of all the best wines of the globe. We are free from the

* The Pedro-Ximenes is the name of the best Malaga grape.

violent prejudices, therefore, which induce the man of the Marne to turn up his nose at the flask of him of the Loire, and *vice versa*. We look down as from a higher and a calmer region, upon all the noisy controversies about the rival claims of the Lyonnais and the Bordelais, the Mayne and the Rhein-gau. We can do equal justice to the sweets of Malaga, and Rousillon, and despise the narrow-minded bigotry which sets up either Madeira or Sherry at the expense of the other's ancestral stimulatory.

In former days, indeed, we partook, however absurdly, in the paltry prejudices which we now spurn with our heels. Time was when we were all for the Cyprus—time was also when we were all for the Xeres grape—time was when little or nothing would go down with us but Hockamore—and time was when even Rhedycina's learned bowers resounded to strains not simply laudative of Oporto, but vituperative and vilipensive of Bourdeaux.

We have outlived these follies. We are now completely of the liberal school of winebibbing: our grandsire's dumpy black bottle of sherry leaves the vicinity of the oven, and stands in friendly juxtaposition with the long-necker of five year old *demi-mousseux*, and the doubly-iced juice of Schloss-Johannisberg that has been buried in the cave of caves ever since the great era of The Reformation. The native of the Alto-Douro is contented to precede him of the Garonne, as some sturdy pioneer trudges in proud solemnity before the march of a battalion of Voltigeurs. The *coup-de-milieu* of Constantia or Frontignac forms an agreeable link between the Sillery, which has washed down the venison, and the Hock, which is to add pungency to the partridge-pie. We take Chambertin to the omelet, and Sauterne to the tart. In a word, we do justice to the boundless munificence of nature, and see no more harm in imbibing white wine and red wine, dry wine and sweet wine, still wine and sparkling wine, during the same repast, than we would in doing homage within the same fortnight to the ripe luxuries of a Ronzi de Begnis, the airy graces of a Mercandotti, the vigorous charms of a Vestris, and the meek modest radiance of a Maria Tree. This speaks the spirit of the same unfettered age that can love a Virgil as well as worship a Homer; that places the bust of a Dante beside that of a Mil-

ton; that binds the laurel on a Hogg—without robbing the brows of a Hesiod—and thirsts for Lord Byron's autobiography without offering to sacrifice for its purchase, either the veracities of a Rock, or the decencies of a Faublas.

On a work, sir, such as yours, calculated for extensive and popular circulation, it would ill become an individual like myself, to obtrude much matter of a reconдите and obscure order, or adapted to the intellectual taste of particular classes of readers only. Allow me, therefore, to pass lightly over the dissertations with which this volume opens, touching the various vintages of the nations of antiquity. In truth, even the genius and erudition of a Henderson have been able to scatter but an imperfect ray over subjects, mantled, as these are, with the shades of a long night of nearly two thousand years' duration. It is still, we must admit, dubious whether the wine that Telemachus drew out of the cellars of his royal father partook more of the nature of port or of sherry. The Homeric epithet of *Black* may mean either the deep hue inalienable from the juice of the purple grape, or the fine grave tinge merely which wines that are called *white* acquire, in consequence of being kept for several lustres, whether in glass bottles, according to the modern custom, or in earthen jars, after the manner of the heroic ages. That Nestor, however, drank, during the battle with which the 13th book of the Iliad opens, wine both of a red and of a strong sort, is indisputable. The epithets of *αἰθωλό* and *ἐρυθρός* are used together in the same line, and their significancy is clear and obvious to the most German capacity. Dido, again, when she gave her first grand dinner to the Trojan prince, appears to have sported something near akin to champagne.

“IMPIGER hausit
SPUMANTEM pateram.”

The epithet *impiger* is admirably chosen, since the act is that of swallowing sparkling, or right *mousseux* wine—for a *spumans patera* can hardly be supposed to mean, in the mouth of a writer so chaste as Virgil, anything short of that. He would not have talked of that as *foaming*, which, in point of fact, merely *creamed*; and while the rapidity of quaffing a cup of *foaming* champagne cannot be too great, since

the vinous principle of that wine evaporates in a great measure with the effervescence of the gas it embodies, a poet of Virgil's delicate taste would have been careful not to represent Bitias as tumbling down his throat, in that hasty and furious method, a glass of burgundy, or claret, or indeed of any other wine whatever. On the contrary, he would no doubt have pictured this "officer and gentleman" as sucking down his liquor in a quiet, decorous, leisurely, and respectful style, suffering his lips to remain as long as possible in contact with the rim, which had just been honoured by the touch of the imperial beauty. And, indeed, when I look at the passage again, nothing can be more admirable than the strict cohesion and propriety of all the terms, applied either to what the Queen, or to what her guest, does.

"Hic Regina gravem gemmis auroque poposcit
Implevitque mero pateram . . .
Primaque, libato, summo tenus attigit ore—
Tum Bitiæ dedit increpitans : ille impiger hausit
Spumantem pateram—et pleno se proluit auro."

Observe the politeness of her Majesty. She merely touched the cup with the extreme edge of her charming lip; not that she would not have liked abundantly to take a deeper share, but that she knew very well her friend would not get the article in its utmost perfection, unless he caught the foam in its boiling moments—*summo tenus attigit ore*—and then how does she hand it to the Trojan?—Why *increpitans* to be sure; in other words, saying, "Now's your time, my lord—be quick—don't bother with drinking healths, but off with it—off with it like a man." This is the true meaning of the *increpitans*. Upon the *impiger* we have already commented—and what can be better than the fine, full close—so satisfactory, so complete, so perfect—*pleno se proluit auro*. He turned up the cup with so alert a little finger, that some of the generous foam ran down his beard—*se proluit*. As to the exact sense of *pleno auro*, I really cannot speak in a decisive style. Does it mean the full golden cup? or does it rather point to the wine itself—the liquid gold?—the rich amber-coloured nectar? If this last be the truth of the case, then Dido's cham-

pagne was not of the Ay sort, which is almost colourless, but right Sillery, the hue of which is very nearly the same with that of gold in its virgin state—or perhaps *Vin de la Marechale*, which generally has even a deeper tone. Pink champagne it certainly could not have been, since, whatever might have been the case at a subsequent period of the entertainment, it is impossible that a lady who had just sat down should mistake the brightness of the *rosé* for the transparency and indeed pellucidity of the *doré*.

N.B.—Many people read the works of the classics merely for the words, the language, the poetry, the eloquence, and so forth. This is highly absurd. Lessons of practical sense and real wisdom are lurking in every page, if one would but look for them. And here, for example, the Virgilian narrative of the Carthaginian banquet affords an excellent hint to many worthy persons, who, I hope, will attend to the thing, now that I have fairly pointed it out. Champagne should always be given in a large, a very large glass. Pateræ are out of date, but ale-glasses, or at least tumblers, are to be found in every establishment; and he who gives champagne in a thimble, betrays the soul of a tailor.

But let us get on: I hate the chat of those *beaux-esprits*, who dare to cast out insinuations against the wines that bedewed the lips of the Anacreons and the Horaces. They mixed sea-water with their wine in making it, says one: They put honey in it, cries another: They drank it sorely diluted, grumbles a third: It tasted of pitch and rosin, mutters a fourth. I despise this. When we shall have reared buildings equal to the Parthenon or the Coliseum: when we shall have written poems as sublime as the Iliad, and as elegant as the Pervigilium Veneris: when our statuaries rival the Phidiases and Praxitileses: our historians, the Tacituses and Thucydideses; our philosophers, the Platos and Aristotles,—(Aristotle, by the way, wrote a History of Wines, which has unfortunately perished, and I heartily wish all his metaphysics had gone instead;—) when our orators, sir, shall rival the Ciceros and Demostheneses of antiquity, then, and not till then, shall we be entitled to imagine that the palates of those greatmen were less refined

than our own. Can any man presume to dream, that Falernian was not every bit as good as Sherry?—Only think of that picture which Horace has given us of human beatification—

“Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bearis
Interiore notâ Falerni!”—

Do you not see him before you?—Spread out at full length upon the remote herbage, far away from the din of cities, flinging all the hum of men and things a thousand leagues behind him, he devotes not the night, not the afternoon, but the day, the whole of the blessed festival day, to the employment of *making himself happy*—what English circumbendibus can do justice to the nervous and pregnant conciseness of the word *bearis*?—with a flask of Falernian from the deepest recesses of his cellar!—*Interiore notâ Falerni!* and *bearis!*—What words are these? Was this a man that did not possess the right use of his tongue, lips, and larynx? Was this a man upon whom you could have passed off a bottle of vin ordinaire, or mere *tischwein*, as the genuine liquor of Beaune or Rudesheim? No, no; you may depend upon it these people were up to the whole concern just as much as the very best of us.—Think but of these glorious lines of old Hermippus—

Ἔστι δὲ τις οἶνος ὃν δι Σαφείαν καλεῖσιν
’Οὐ καὶ ἀπὸ στομάτος, σταμνῶν ὑπανογενῶν,
’Οῦζει ἰαν, ὄζει δὲ ῥόδων, ὄζει δὲ ἱακινθῶν
Ὁσμὴ θεσπέσιη, κατὰ πᾶν δ’ εἶχει ὑψίφερες δῶ,
Ἀμβροσία καὶ Νεκτάρ ὄμν.

Could any modern extol the divine ethereal aromatic odour of Tokay, or, what in my private opinion is a better thing, Southside's own old Lafitte, in any terms more exquisite than this hoary toper consecrates to his Sappian? What a fine obscurity!—a mingled undefinable perfume “a heavenly odour of violets, and hyacinths, and roses, fills, immediately on the opening of the vessel, the whole of the lofty chamber” —*ὑψίφερες δῶ*—climbs in one moment to the rafters, and confers the character of Elysium upon the atmosphere—“ambrosia and nectar both together!” Nothing can be finer! Or turn to Seneca, himself, the philosopher, and hear him talking about the preference that ought to be given to a youth of grave disposition over one conspicuous for his gaiety and all-pleasing manners,

and illustrating this by the remarks that “wine which tastes hard when new, become delightful by age, while that which pleases in the wood never proves of durable excellence.”* Could Mr Albert Cay or Mr Samuel Anderson talk in a more knowing vein upon this subject than the tutor of Nero the matricide? No—*meo periculo*, answer *no!* These folks drank their champagne when it was young, and their sherry when it was old, just as we do—they quaffed their Rozan, Sir, from the tap, and bottled their Chateau Margoux in *magnum bonums*.

The wines of these glorious days having, it is but too apparent, followed the fate of the poetry, rhetoric, sculpture, and architecture of those who consumed them in commendable quantity, and with blameless *gusto*—the semi-barbarous possessors of the European soil were constrained to make the best of it they could. They gradually, as the Scotch philosophers say, *would* improve in the manufacture; and, by the time of Charlemagne, and our own immortal Alfred, it appears not unlikely that a considerable portion of really excellent wines existed in the Western hemisphere. The monks were the great promoters of the science:—Successively spreading themselves from Italy to the remotest regions of Europe, these sacred swarms carried with them, wherever they went, the relish which their juvenile lips had imbibed for something stronger than mead, and more tasty than beer. Wherever the plant would grow, it was reared beneath their fatherly hands, and to them, as Dr Henderson has most convincingly manifested, the primest vineyards of the Bordelais, the Lyonnais, and the Rhinegau, owe their origin. Unsantified fingers, it is, alas! true, now gather the roseate clusters of THE HERMITAGE, yet the name still speaks—*stat nominis umbra*—and the memory of the Sçavants of the Cloister lingers in like manner in *Clos-Vogeoit*, *Clos-du-Tart*, *Clos St Jean*, *Clos Morjot*, and all the other compounds of that interesting family.—The Bacchus of modern mythology ought uniformly to sport the cucullus,

“And I do think that I could drink
With him that wears a hood.”

I have already hinted, that the taste of our own ancestors, in regard to wine, underwent many and very re-

markable mutations: but this is precisely one of the subjects which my jolly little Aberdonian M.D. has treated in a most felicitous manner; and, under correction, I apprehend that a well-chosen quotation from this part of the Doctor's ponderous tome will appear by no means out of place in your immortal pages; while, at the same time, by being transferred thither, his erudite remarks will probably reach the optics of a vast multitude of most respectable persons, who would never dream of looking into, far less of purchasing, a two guinea quarto, even though its subject be Wine. With your permission, therefore, I now desire Mr James Balantyne, Mr Daniel McCorkindale, or whomsoever it may more immediately concern, to set up in brevier the following luculent observations:—

“The union which subsisted between England and the northern provinces of France after the Norman conquest, but, above all, the acquisition of the Duchy of Guienne in 1152, naturally led to an interchange of commodities between the two countries. Accordingly we find, that, in two years from the last-mentioned date, the trade in wines with Bourdeaux had commenced; and, among our older statutes, are numerous ordinances relating to the importation of French wines, most of which, in conformity to the mistaken notions of political economy in those times, fix the *maximum* of price for which they were to be sold. Thus in the first year of King John, it was enacted, that the wines of Anjou should not be sold for more than twenty-four shillings a-tun; and that the wines of Poitou should not be higher than twenty shillings; while the other wines of France were limited to twenty-five shillings a-tun, ‘unless they were so good as to induce any one to give for them two merks or more.’ This appears to be the earliest statute on the subject of the foreign wine trade. With regard to the wines specified, it would appear, from Paulmier's account, that those of Anjou, which were embarked at Nantes, and probably included the produce of Touraine, were chiefly white, and distinguished by their strength and sweetness; while the growths of Poitou, otherwise called Rochelle wines, from the port where they were shipped, were of the light red class. In the retail trade, the latter were directed to be sold at fourpence the gallon,—the former at sixpence. But according to Harrison, ‘this ordinance did not last long; for the merchants could not bear it; and so they fell to and sold white wine for eighteenpence the gallon, and red and claret for sixpence.’ Both Anjou and Poitou belonged at that time to England.

“During the following reign, the impor-

tations would appear to have increased; for most of the chroniclers ascribe the neglect of the English vineyards to that fondness for French wines which then came upon us. But by this time the crusades had probably also introduced a taste for the sweet wines of Italy and Greece, which are occasionally mentioned by our early poets, and which, at a subsequent period, were certainly well known in this country. In an account rendered to the Exchequer by the Chamberlain of London, in the thirtieth year of HENRY III., we find that officer was allowed 40*l.* in acquittance, of 404 *dolia* of French, Gascon, and Anjevin wines, imported at London and Sandwich;—39*l.* and half a mark, for 22 *dolia* of wine of St John and the Moselle (*de vino S. Johannis et de Oblinquo*);—30*l.* for 20 *dolia* of new, or perhaps sweet, French wine (*musti Gallici*);—and 1846*l.* 16*d.* for 900, $\frac{2}{4}$ 19 *dolia* of wines of Gascony, Anjou, French wine, Moselle wine, and wine of St John, which were bought. The last-mentioned may have been an Italian sweet wine, or else the wine of St Jean d'Angeley, which is celebrated in the ‘*Bataille des Vins*’ on account of its extraordinary strength.

“In order to cover the harshness and acidity common to the greater part of the wines of this period, and to give them an agreeable flavour, it was not unusual to mix honey and spices with them. Thus compounded, they passed under the generic name of *piments*, probably because they were originally prepared by the *pigmentarii*, or apothecaries; and they were used much in the same manner as the *liqueurs* of modern times. ‘Our poets of the thirteenth century,’ says LE GRAND, ‘never speak of them but with rapture, and as an exquisite luxury. They considered as the masterpiece of art, to be able to combine, in one liquor, the strength and flavour of wine, with the sweetness of honey, and the perfume of the most costly aromatics. A banquet at which no piment was served, would have been thought wanting in the most essential article. The archives of the cathedral of Paris show, that, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the Deans of Chateaufort were obliged to provide a regular supply of piment for the canons, at the feast of Assumption. It was even allowed to the monks in the monasteries, on particular days of the year. But it was so voluptuous a beverage, and was deemed so unsuitable to the members of a profession which had forsworn all the pleasures of life, that the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle, held in the year 817, forbade the use of it to the regular clergy, except on the days of solemn festivals.

“The varieties of piment most frequently mentioned are the *Hippocras* and *Clarry*. The former was made with either white or red wine, in which different aromatic ingre-

dients were infused; and took its name from the particular sort of bag, termed HIPPOCRATES' sleeve, through which it was strained. There is a curious receipt preserved by MR ASTLE, which gives directions how 'to make Ypocrasse for lords with gynger, synamon, and graynes, sugour, and turesoll: and for comyn pepull, gynger, canell, longe peper, and clary-fyed honey.' It was drunk at all great entertainments between the courses, or at the conclusion of the repast; and wafers and manchets are directed to be served with it. Clarry, on the other hand, which we have seen noticed in the act of RICHARD II., was a claret or mixed wine, mingled with honey, and seasoned in much the same way, as may be inferred from an order of the 36th of HENRY III., respecting the delivery of two casks of white wine and one red, to make clarry and other liquors for the king's table at York. It is repeatedly named by our early poets, and appears to have been drunk by many fasting, or as a composing draught before they retired to rest.* Of these medicated liquors, the only kinds still in use are the *wormwood*, or wormwood wine, which is manufactured in Hungary and some parts of Italy; and *bishop*, which is prepared by infusing one or more toasted Seville oranges, in a certain quantity of Burgundy or other light wine, and then sweetening the whole with sugar. †

“From the manner in which sweet wines are spoken of in the act of RICHARD II., it might be supposed that they were all compounded artificially, like the liquors just described. But, in the writings of the age, there is abundant evidence that our countrymen were already familiar with several genuine wines of that class; though, at the same time, it must be acknowledged, that the frequent notice of them, in the works alluded to, does not always imply that they were imported into England. Much of the literature of that period consisted of translations from foreign authors; and in

copying their descriptions of the customs of other nations, mention would necessarily be made of articles which seldom or never came into general use. It was also a common practice with the early poets, to make an ostentatious display of their knowledge, by giving long catalogues of the products of nature and art, wherever it was possible to introduce them; and many names of commodities were thus pressed into their verses, which, however valuable they may be as historical data, add nothing to the harmony or dignity of the composition. In this way, we may account for the great variety of wines which these writers delight to enumerate at the feasts they describe; but which could hardly have come together at a time when the relations of commerce were so little multiplied. Thus, in one of the old metrical romances, entitled, ‘The Squire of Low Degree,’ and referred by MR WARTON to the reign of EDWARD II., the king of Hungary proposes to regale his daughter not only with the wines of France, Italy, Spain, and Greece, but also with those of Syria;—an assemblage which, even at the present day, it might be no easy matter to realize;—

‘Ye shall have rumney, and malmesyne,
Both ypocrasse and vernage wine,
Mount Rose; and wine of Greke,
Both algrade§ and respice|| eke;
Antioche and bastarde,
Pymment also, and garnarde; ¶
Wine of Greke, and muscadell,
Both clare, pymment, and Rochell,
The reed your stomake to defye,
And pottes of oseÿ sett you bye.’**

“In the following century, it is clear, that the prevailing taste for sweet wines led to the importation of all the choicest kinds; for they are frequently noticed, and seem to have been used in considerable quantity. In one of the ordinances for the household of GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, made on the 9th December, 1469, we find the sum of twenty pounds allowed for the purveying of ‘Malvesie, romenay, osay, bastard muscadelle, and other sweete

- “For he had yeven the gailer drinke so
Of a clarrie, made of certain wine,
With narcotise and opie of Thebes fine.” &c.

CHAUCER, Knight's Tale.

- “He drinketh Ipcras, clarrie, and Vernage
Of spices hote, to encrease his corage.”—Merchant's Tale.

† When made with Burgundy or Bordeaux wine, it is called *bishop*; when old Rhine wine is used, it receives the name of *cardinal*; and when Tokay is employed, it is distinguished by the appellation of *pope*.—RITTER'S Weinlehre, p. 200. But Port, Claret, Burgundy, are, it seems, the three grades in the vinous vocabulary of Oxford.—See Reginald Dalton, vol. I. p. 342.

‡ Monte Rose.

§ Algarves, or Algardia.

¶ Raspis (*vin rape*), a rough sweetish red wine, so called from its being made with unbruised grapes, which, having been freed from the stalks, are afterwards fermented along with them and a portion of other wine.

¶ Garnache, or Grenache. There is some reason to believe, that this term may be a corruption of *Vernaccia*; but, at all events, it appears certain, that the wine in question came originally from Greece; for we are told by Froissart, that, when the Christian forces were besieging the town of Africa, in Barbary, ‘de l'isle de Candie il leur venoient tres bonnes malvoisies et grenaches, dont ils estoient largement servis et confortez.’—Chronique, Tom. IV. ch. 18.

** Ritson's Metrical Romances, Vol. III. p. 176.

wynes.* As some of these varieties have not before appeared in our lists, it may be desirable to ascertain their respective characters and history a little more fully.

"Though the trade with the Canary Islands had been for some time established, no wines were obtained from them at this period: sugar being still the principal commodity which they supplied. Nor had Spain or Portugal as yet sent us any malmseys. The best dessert wines, however, were made from the Malvasia grape: and Candia, where it was chiefly cultivated, for a long time retained the monopoly. The term *Malmsey* is merely a corruption of *Malvasia*, or rather *Monemvasia*, the name of a small fortified town in the bay of Epidaurus Limerá, whence the grape was originally derived.†

"Another of the above-mentioned wines, designated by the name of the grape, was the Romanay, otherwise Romeney, Rumney, Romanie, or Romagnia. That it could not be the produce of the Ecclesiastical State, as the two last corruptions of the word would seem to imply, may be safely averred; for at no period, since the decline of the empire, has the Roman soil furnished any wines for exportation; and even BACCI, with all his partiality, is obliged to found his eulogy of them on their ancient fame, and to confess, that, in his time, they had fallen into disrepute. By COGAN and others, Romeney is classed among the Spanish white wines; but from what part of Spain it came is not specified. Except the small town of Romana, in Aragon, there is no place that bears a similar denomination; and I am not aware that the wines of that province have ever been much known beyond the places of their growth. The probability is, that it was a wine made from a grape of Greek extraction; and, in fact, BACCI informs us, that the produce of the red and white muscadel, which were cultivated in the Ionian islands, and the adjoining continent, was called by the Italians, Romania. In a passage of an old sermon, quoted by CARPENTIER, the word occurs in conjunction with '*malvaticum*,' or malmsey; and BEN JONSON mentions the '*Romagnia*' along with the wine of Candia. The name, however, is not exactly, as BACCI supposes, of Italian origin, but comes from *Rum-Ili*, the appellation given by the Saracens to a considerable part of the continent of Greece; and the several spellings, Romania, Ruma-

nia, and Rumenia, correspond pretty closely with the variations in the name of the wine. In confirmation of this view of the subject, it may be remarked, that one of the species of grapes at present grown in Andalusia, is termed *Romé negro*, and there can be no doubt that the word '*Romé*' is derived from the Arabic, *Rumi*. That the wines of that province were then freely imported into England, and distinguished, as they have always been, by their uncommon strength, is evident from the manner in which CHAUCER speaks of the white wine of Lepe, (now Niebla,) between Moguer and Seville:—

" ' Now kepe you fro the white and fro the rede,
Namely fro the white wine of Lepe,
That is to sell in Fish-streat and in Chepe:
This wine of Spain crepeth subtly,
And other wines growing fast by,
Of which riseth soch fumosite,
That when a man hath dronk draughts thre,
And weneth that he be at home in Chepe,
He is in Spain, right at the toun of Lepe.'

"The *oseye*, otherwise spelled *osoye*, *ossey*, &c., which the act of 5 RIC. III. directs to be sold at the same price as the wines of Gascony and Poitou, appears, from the entry above quoted, to have been of the sweet kind: And in an ordinance of CHARLES VI., cited by LE GRAND, it is noticed in similar company. Some verses, which are inserted in the first volume of HACKLUTT'S Voyages, place it among the '*commodities of Portugal*:' but, on the other hand, a passage in VALOIS' Description of France seems to prove beyond dispute, that *oseye* was an Alsatian wine; *Auvois*, or *Osoy*, being, in old times, the name commonly used for Alsace. If this conjecture be well founded, we may presume, that *oseye* was a luscious-sweet, or straw-wine, similar to what is still made in that province. That it was a rich, high-flavoured liquor, is sufficiently shewn by a receipt for imitating it, which may be seen in MARKHAM; and we learn from BACCI, that the wines which Alsace then furnished, in great profusion, to England, as well as different parts of the continent, were of that description. In the '*Bataille des Vins*,' we find the '*Vin d'Aussai*' associated with the growths of the Moselle.

"With respect to *Bastard*, or, as the printing of the ordinance, if rightly copied, might lead us to name it, *Bastard muscadel*, there is greater difficulty in tracing its history. That it was a sweetish wine there can be no doubt; and that it came from

* "Collection of Ordinances for the Government of the Royal Household. Lond. 1790, p. 101.

† "It was anciently a promontory, called Minoa, but is now an island, connected with the coast of Laconia by a bridge. The name of Monemvasia, derived from the circumstances of its position (*μόνη ἔμβασία*, *single entrance*), was corrupted by the Italians to Malvasia; and the place being celebrated for the fine wines produced in the neighbourhood, Malvasia, changed to Malvoisie in French, and Malmsey in English, came to be applied to many of the rich wines of the Archipelago, Greece, and other countries."—Researches in Greece, by W. MARTIN LEAKE, p. 197.

some of the countries which border the Mediterranean appears equally certain. MINSHEW and SKINNER suppose it to have been a liquor obtained from dried grapes (*v. passum*;) but all the luscious-sweet wines, as we have seen, are made in this manner—this definition, therefore, cannot be received. CARPENTIER, on the other hand, pronounces *bastard* to have been a mixed wine (*v. mixtum*;) which accords with the assertion of LE GRAND, that it was a wine from Corsica, mingled with honey. In the translation of the 'Maison Rustique,' by MARKHAM, we are told, that 'such wines are called *mungrell* or *bastard*, which, betwixt the sweet and astringent, have neither the manifest sweetness, nor manifest astringent, but indeed participate and contain both qualities.' This character, however, is far from satisfactory, as it will apply to many of the finest growths, which have that mixed taste. On the whole, the most intelligible account of the matter is given by VENER, who says, that 'Bastard is in virtue somewhat like to muskadell, and may also, instead thereof, be used: it is in goodness so much inferior to muskadell, as the same is to malmsey.' It was, therefore, not a true muscadell wine, though approaching to that class in flavour, and taking its name not from any admixture of honey, which would have reduced it to the nature of a piment, but from the grape of which it was made,—probably a bastard species of muscadine. In support of this conjecture, it may be observed, that one of the varieties of wines now cultivated in the Alto Douro, and also in Madeira, is called *bastardo*, and the must which it yields is of a sweetish quality. Of the Bastard wine there were two sorts—white and brown; both of them, according to MARKHAM's report, 'fat and strong;' the tawny or brown kind being the sweetest. They are frequently mentioned by dramatic authors, especially about the time of Queen ELIZABETH. COGAN, we perceive, calls Bastard a growth of Spain; and SACH, who agrees with him in this particular, describes it as the heaviest of all wines."

"With respect to the wines called Sacks, which had now come into general use, much diversity of opinion has prevailed; and, although various attempts have been made to explain their nature, and the subject has undergone frequent discussion, especially among those writers who have laboured to illustrate our early poets, the question remains, in a great measure, undetermined. When we consider how familiar our ancestors must have been with this class of wines, and how repeatedly they have been noticed by authors of every description, it appears not a little singular that their history should now be involved

in such obscurity. But, in pursuing the inquiry, we shall find, that on this, as on many other points of antiquarian research, the truth lies nearer the surface than has been commonly imagined.

"It seems, indeed, to be admitted, on all hands, that the term *Sack* was originally applied to certain growths of Spain. MINSHEW defines it to be a 'wine that cometh out of Spain, *vinum siccum*, *vin sec*, *vino secco*, q. d. propter magnam siccandi humores facultatem.' SKINNER, however, thinks this explanation unsatisfactory, and inclines to the opinion of MANDELSON, a German traveller, who published an account of his travels to the East Indies in 1645, and who derives the name from Xequé, a town in Morocco, whence the plant that yields this species of wine is said to have been carried to the Canary Islands. But in all the catalogues of vines which I have had the opportunity of consulting, there is no mention of any such species. Besides, it was not from the Canaries, but from Spain, that sack was first brought to us."

"DR PERCY has the credit of restoring the original interpretation of the term. In a manuscript account of the disbursements by the chamberlain of the city of Worcester for the year 1592, he found the ancient mode of spelling to be *seck*, and thence concluded that Sack was merely a corruption of *sec*, signifying a dry wine. MINSHEW, as we have seen, renders the term *vin sec*; and COTGRAVE, in his Dictionary, gives the same translation. The most satisfactory evidence, however, in support of this opinion, is furnished by the French version of a proclamation for regulating the prices of wines, issued by the privy council in 1633, where the expression *vins secs* corresponds with the word *sacks* in the original copy. It may also be remarked, that the term *sec* is still used as a substantive by the French to denote a Spanish wine; and that the dry wine of Xerez is distinguished at the place of its growth by the name of *vin secco*.

"These several authorities, then, appear to warrant the inference, that Sack was a DRY Spanish wine. But, on the other hand, numerous instances occur, in which it is mentioned in conjunction with wines of the sweet class. The act of HENRY VIII. speaks of 'sakes or other swete wyne.' In like manner, the 'Mystery of Vintners,' published by DR MERRET in 1675, gives a receipt 'to correct the rankness and eagerness of wines, as Sack and Malago, or other sweet wines.' GLAS, in his 'History of the Canary Islands,' makes no distinction between Malmsey and Canary Sack; and NICHOLS, in the account which he has given of Teneriffe, expressly says, 'that island produces three sorts of excellent

wines—Canary, Malmsey, and Verdone; which all go under the denomination of Sacks.' To get rid of the difficulty which thus arises, MR NARES has recourse to the supposition, that Sack was a common name for all white wines. But it has been already shewn, that the appellation was originally confined to the growths of Spain; and if it had been used to designate white wines in general, there can be no reason why it should not have been applied to those of France or Candia, which were then imported in large quantity. If, again, we suppose that the name denoted a sweet wine, we shall be equally at a loss to discover the circumstances which could have given rise to such a distinction between it and the other kinds then in use; not to mention that such an application of the term would have been wholly at variance with the etymology as above deduced. A more particular examination of the characters assigned to Sack by the few writers who have described it, will perhaps enable us to reconcile these discrepancies, and remove much of the perplexity in which the question has hitherto been involved.

"In the first place, we are told by VENNÉR, that 'Sacke is completely hot in the third degree, and of thin parts, and therefore it doth vehemently and quickly heat the body: wherefore the much and untimely use of it doth overheat the liver, inflame the blood, and exsicate the radical humour in lean and dry bodies.' This description accords with the epithet 'sprightly,' which is given to it in some verses published in 1641, and sufficiently proves, that it could not have been of a thick luscious quality, like most of the dessert-wines then in vogue. That, however, it was a liquor of considerable strength and body, may be inferred from a subsequent passage of the last-mentioned work, where it is extolled as 'the elixir of wine;'—an expression apparently borrowed from one of BEN JONSON'S plays. HERRICK, again, calls it a 'frantic liquor;'—expatiating, with rapture, on its 'witching beauties,' 'generous blood,' &c.; and most of the dramatic writings of the age contain frequent allusions to its enlivening virtues and other fascinating properties. Had there been nothing new or uncommon in the nature of the wine, it could hardly have excited such extravagant admiration, or come into such universal request, at a time when our countrymen were already familiar with the choicest vintages from almost all parts of the globe.

"The practice which prevailed of mixing sugar with Sack has been thought by most persons to indicate a dry wine, such as Rhenish or Sherry. DR DRAKE, indeed, is of a contrary opinion, alleging, that there would be no humour in FALSTAFF'S well-known jest on Sack and su-

gar, if the liquor had not been of the sweet kind. But on this point little stress can be laid; as at that time it was a general custom with the English to add sugar to their wines. The testimony of VENNÉR, however, who has discussed the question, 'whether Sack be best to be taken with sugar or without,' clearly points to a dry wine. 'Some,' he observes, 'affect to drinke Sacke with sugar, and some without, and upon no other ground, as I thinke, but that, as it is best pleasing to their palletes. I will speake what I deeme thereof, and I thinke I shall well satisfie such as are judicious. Sacke, taken by itself, is very hot, and very penetrative: being taken with sugar, the heat is both somewhat allayed, and the penetrative quality thereof also retarded. Wherefore let this be the conclusion: Sacke taken by itself, without any mixture of sugar, is best for them that have cold stomackes, and subject to the obstructions of it, and of the meseraicke veines. But for them that are free from such obstructions, and fear lest that the drinking of sacke, by reason of the penetrative faculty of it, might distemper the liver, it is best to drinke with sugar; and so I leave every man that understandeth his owne state of body, to be his own director herein.' "

"Sack was used as a generic name for the wines in question: but occasionally the growths were particularly specified. Thus, in one of the scenes in 'The Second Part of K. Henry IV.' we have a laboured pænegyric by FALSTAFF on the attributes of Sherris-sack, or dry Sherry; and for a long time the words Sack and Sherry were used indiscriminately for each other. In like manner, we frequently read of Canary Sack, and find the latter term sometimes employed to express that particular wine; although it differed materially from Sherry in quality, and scarcely came within the description of a dry wine. 'Canarie wine,' says VENNÉR, 'which beareth the name of the islands from whence it is brought, is of some termed a Sacke, with this adjunct *sweete*, but yet very improperly, for it differeth not onely from Sacke, in sweetness and pleasantnesse of taste, but also in colour and consistence; for it is not so white in colour as Sacke, nor so thin in substance; wherefore it is more nutritive than Sacke, and lesse penetrative. It is best agreeable to cold constitutions, and for old bodies, so that they be not too impensively cholericke; for it is a wine that will quickly enflame, and therefore very hurtfull unto hot and cholericke bodies, especially if they be young.' This passage is the more deserving of attention, as it not only illustrates the nature of the Canary wine in use at the commencement of the seventeenth century, but shews that there were considerable differences in the quality of the wines which bore the general name of SACKS, and thus

removes much of the confusion that has arisen from the misnomer above alluded to. Whether the Canary Islands then furnished any dry wines, similar to those which are now imported from Teneriffe, seems doubtful: but it is clear, that Canary Sack resembled the liquor which still passes under that denomination. Of the precise degree of sweetness which it possessed, we may form some idea from the observation of HOWELL, who informs us, that 'Sheries and Malagas well mingled pass for Canaries in most taverns, more often than Canary itself.' BEN JONSON mentions his receiving a present of Palm-sack, that is, sack from the island of Palma.

"With these decisive authorities before us, we can more readily understand the description which MARKHAM has given of the various kinds of Sack known in his time. 'Your best Sacks,' he observes, 'are of Xeres, in Spain,—your smaller, of Galicia and Portugal; your strong Sacks are of the islands of the Canaries and of Malligo; and your muscadine and malmseys are of many parts, of Italy, Greece, and some special islands.' It thus appears, that the Xerez wine, though the driest of any then imported, was inferior in point of strength to the growths of Malaga and the Canary Islands; which is much the same character that was given of it at a subsequent period. With respect to the Sacks of Galicia and Portugal, HOWELL would persuade us, that few of them could have been then brought to this country. 'There is,' he remarks, 'a gentle kind of wine that grows among the mountains of Galicia, but not of body enough to bear the sea, called Rabadavia. Portugal affords no wines worth the transporting.' This opinion, however, I conceive to be erroneous. In the verses above referred to, which were published soon after the Revolution, the wines of Galicia and Carcavelos are noticed; and there is some reason to believe, that the latter may have been the growth which MARKHAM had in view, when speaking of the Portugal Sacks. SHAKSPEARE and other dramatic writers mention a wine called *Charneco*, which, in a pamphlet quoted by Warburton, is enumerated along with Sherry-sack and Malaga. According to Mr Stevens, the appellation is derived from a village near Lisbon. There are, in fact, two villages in that neighbourhood, which take the name of *Charneca*; the one situated about a league and a half above the town of Lisbon,—the other near the coast, between Collares and Carcavellos. We shall, therefore, probably not err much, if we refer the wine in question to the last-mentioned territory.

"The Malaga Sacks must have been not only stronger, but also sweeter than the other kinds; as, by mixing them with Sherry, a liquor resembling Canary wine was produced. They were doubtless of the

same quality as those which have since been so largely imported under the name of Mountain. But that the richest growths of the Malaguese vineyards were not unknown in England at this period, the frequent notice of the Pedro-Ximenes, under various disguises of the name, sufficiently testifies.

"Judging from what is still observable of some of the wines of Spain, we may easily imagine, that many of the Sacks, properly so called, might, at the same time, be both dry and sweet. At all events, when new, they would belong to the class of sweetish wines; and it was only after having been kept a sufficient length of time, to ensure the decomposition of the greater part of the free saccharine matter contained in them, that they could have acquired the peculiar dryness for which they were distinguished. We find, accordingly, that they were valued in proportion to their age; and the calls for 'old Sack,' as Sack *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, were very common. We may also presume, that there would be much less difference of taste among the several species of Sack, in their recent state, than after they had been long kept; for even the sweetest wines betray at first some degree of roughness, which is gradually subdued by age; while the character of dryness, on the other hand, will hardly apply to any of the durable wines, as they come from the vat. Mountain and Canary were always sweeter than Sherry: but between the richer kinds there is often a strong resemblance in flavour, which is the less extraordinary, as they are made from the same species of grape, though growing in different soils. It was, therefore, not without reason, that they were considered as 'near allied.'

"The conclusion at which we thus arrive is so far satisfactory, as it proves, that the wines formerly known under the name of SACKS, though they may, upon the whole, have been inferior, yet differed in no essential quality from those with which we are at present supplied by the same countries that originally produced them, and which are still held in such deserved estimation. They probably first came into favour, in consequence of their possessing greater strength and durability, and being more free from acidity, than the white wines of France and Germany; and owed their distinctive appellation to that peculiar sub-astringent taste which characterizes all wines prepared with gypsum."

The history of the English taste in wines may be carried down from these days to the present in a single sentence. Claret became the standing liquor at the Restoration, and continued so until the abominable Methuen treaty gave those shameful advantages to the Portuguese growers, by which their pockets are to this hour enriched, and our

stomachs crucified. Since the peace, however, a visible increase in the consumption of French wine has taken place; and it may at this day be safely stated, that the man, generally speaking, who sported *good port* in 1812, sports *good claret* in 1824. Still a fine field remains for the patriotic exertions of Canning, Huskisson, and Robinson. And if anybody, out of a shovel-hat, drinks port habitually in 1834, these statesmen will have done less for their native land than I at present auspicate, from the known liberality, good taste, &c. &c. &c. by which they are, one and all of them, so egregiously distinguished. Let no filthy, dirty notions of conciliation condemn much longer the guts of the middle orders—the real strength of the nation—to be deluged diurnally with the hot and corrosive liquor of Portugal—the produce of grapes grown by slaves and corrupted by knaves—while, by a slight alteration of the British code, every rector, vicar, and smallish-landed proprietor in England, might easily be enabled to paint his nose of a more delicate ruby, by cultivating an affectionate and familiar intimacy with the blood of the Bordelais.

But enough of all this. It is a truly distressing thing to me, and I am sure every right-feeling mind will go along with me in what I say, to observe the awful ignorance which most men make manifest whenever the different branches of oinological science happen to be tabled in the common course of Christian conversation. I speak of men in other respects estimable. I allow the full meed of applause to their virtues, personal, domestic, civic, and political;—but is it, or is it not, the fact, that they scarcely seem to be aware of the difference between Lafitte and Latour?—while, as for being in a condition to distinguish Johannisberg from Steinwein, or Hockheimer from Rudesheimer—the very idea of it is ridiculous. I earnestly recommend to those who are sensible of their own culpable deficiencies in these branches of information, or rather indeed I should say, of common education, to remain no longer in their present cimmerianism; and the plan I would humbly propose for their adoption is a very simple one. Buy this work of Dr Henderson's, and do not read through, but drink through it. Make it your business, after coming to the page at which he commences his

discussion of the wines now in daily use among the well-bred classes of the community,—make it your business to taste, deliberately and carefully, at least one genuine sample of each wine the Doctor mentions. Go through a regular course of claret and burgundy in particular. Lay the foundations of a real thorough-knowledge of the Rhine-wines. Make yourself intimately acquainted with the different flavours of the dry wines of Dauphiny and the sweet wines of Languedoc. Get home some genuine unadulterated Alto Douro, and compare that diligently and closely with the stuff which they sell you under the name of port. Compare the real Sercial which has been at Cbina, with the ordinary *truck* or *barter Madeira*, and let the everyday *Sherry* be brought into immediate contact with the genuine *vino catholico* of Xeres. Study this with unremitting attention and sedulity for a few years, and depend upon it, that, at the end of your apprenticeship, you will look back with feelings, not of contempt merely, but of horror and disgust, upon the state in which you have so long suffered many of your noblest powers and faculties to slumber, or at least to doze.

I cannot sufficiently expatiate upon the absolute necessity of this in the course of a periodical paper, such as the present. Let it be impressed upon your minds—let it be instilled into your children—that he who drinks beer, ought to understand beer, and that he who quaffs the generous juice of the grape, ought to be skilled in its various qualities and properties. That man is despicable who, pretending to sport *vin de Bourdeaux*, gives you, under the absurd denomination of claret, a base mixture of what may be called Medoc smallbeer, and Palus, and Stum wine, and Alicant, and Benicarlo, and perhaps Hermitage, if not brandy—*poison*, for which he pays, it is probable, three shillings a-bottle more than he would do if he placed upon his board in its stead the genuine uncontaminated liquid ruby of the Bordelais. I want words to express my contempt for him whose highly powdered and white-waistcoated butler puts down *vin de Fimes*, that is to say, the worst white Champaigne, stained with elderberries and cream of tartar, when the call is for Clos St Thierry, or Ay—wines tinged with the roseate hues of sunset by the direct influence

of Phœbus. If you cannot afford claret, give port; if you cannot afford port, give beer—The only indispensable rules are two in number: Give the article you profess to give, genuine, pure, and excellent; and give it freely, liberally, in full overflowing abundance and profusion.

Now for a few more samples of the doctor's admirable style of treating the practically useful parts of his very extensive subject. Perhaps no kinds of wine are less understood in this country than those of the Rhine. Let the following sentences be considered by the uninitiated as a sort of first page in the grammar, which, if they are ever to be worthy of dallying with a green goblet, they must make it forthwith their business to master.

“The wines of the Rhine may be regarded as constituting a distinct order by themselves. Some of the lighter sorts, indeed, resemble very much the *vins de Graves*; but, in general, they are drier than the French white wines, and are characterized by a delicate flavour and aroma, called in the country *gare*, which is quite peculiar to them, and of which it would, therefore, be in vain to attempt the description. A notion prevails, that they are naturally acid; and the inferior kinds, no doubt, are so: but this is not the constant character of the Rhine wines, which, in good years, have not any perceptible acidity to the taste,—at least, not more than is common to them with the growths of warmer regions. But their chief distinction is their extreme durability, in which they are not surpassed by any other species of wine; and as they often possess this valuable quality, when they have little else to recommend them, it would seem to furnish an exception to the rules detailed in the preceding part of this work. A brief inquiry into the causes of the peculiarity in question will, however, show that this is not exactly the case.

“As the Rhine wines, when new, contain little more than half the quantity of alcohol which is usually found in the Madeira wine when imported into this country; and as this quantity is often reduced by long keeping so low as seven or eight per cent., it is evident, that the conservative power does not reside in the spiritous principle of these liquors. Their dryness proves, that the saccharine matter, which seldom or never exists in excess in the Rhenish grapes, has been fully decomposed; and from their brightness it may be inferred, that the superfluous leaven has been entirely precipitated. But these conditions, it may be urged, are found in many of the Gascon white wines; which, al-

though they will keep a certain number of years, are much more liable to spoil, than those of the Rhine, especially when removed to warm climates. We must therefore look for this preservative quality in some of the other constituents of the growths now under consideration; and we shall find it, if I mistake not, in the large proportion of free tartaric acid which they contain, and which can only be separated by the usual chemical reagents. Other wines, it is true, also contain this acid, but chiefly in combination with potash; in which state it is of difficult solution, and is gradually precipitated, at least in part, and with a portion of extractive matter, as the liquor advances in age; leaving the mucilaginous and spiritous parts disposed to aescency from the slightest exciting causes. Even in some of the strongest and most perfect wines, such as Sherry and Madeira, when long kept in bottle, this deposit may be perceived; but the completeness of their fermentation, and the alcohol in which they abound, ensure them from any farther change. With most light wines, however, the case is different. Their feebleness will not admit of the separation of any portion of their tartar, without risking their total ruin: but in Rhine wines, not even the evaporation, which is occasioned by long keeping in the wood, is sufficient to derange the affinities. The proportion of alcohol, indeed, is very sensibly diminished, and the wine becomes more acid than before; but the acidity is still very distinct from that of vinegar, and by no means ungrateful to the palate; while the colour is heightened from a pale yellow to a bright amber hue, and the peculiar aroma and flavour are more fully developed; thus shewing, that no other changes have taken place, than the dispersion of part of the spirit, and the concentration of the remaining liquor.

“As these wines are capable of almost indefinite duration, and as their flavour and aroma are always improved by long keeping, it becomes of essential importance to determine the respective characters of the different vintages, for a more extended period than is necessary in the case of most other wines. In favourable seasons, as already observed, the growths of the Rhine are free from acidity; but, in bad seasons, they contain an excess of malic acid, and are consequently liable to those imperfections which have been described as attendant on the presence of that ingredient; and as the moisture of a northern autumn often obliges the grower to gather his grapes before they have attained their full maturity, it is evident that a large proportion of the vintages must be of this description. Hence the wines which have been made in warm and dry years, such as that of 1811, or the year of the comet, as it is sometimes called,

are always in great demand, and fetch exorbitant prices. Of preceding vintages, those of 1802, 1800, 1783, 1779, 1766, 1748, and 1726, are reckoned among the best. That of 1783, in particular, is the most highly esteemed of any in the last century.

“At the head of the Rhinegau wines is the *Johannisberger*, grown on the south side of the hill of that name, a little below *Mentz*, which was first planted by the monks of the abbey of *Johannisberg*, about the end of the eleventh century. The soil is composed of the debris of various coloured stratified marble. The grapes are gathered as late as possible. The choicest produce is called *Schoss-Johannisberger*, and is indebted for its celebrity to its high flavour and perfume, and the almost total absence of acidity. Formerly the best exposures of the hill were the property of the BISHOP of *FULDA*, and it was only by favour that a few bottles of the prime vintages could be obtained from his lordship's cellars. On the secularization of the ecclesiastical states, the PRINCE of *ORANGE* became possessor of the domain; and latterly it has been transferred to PRINCE VON *METTERNICH*. During these changes, a considerable quantity of the wine has come into the market; but a portion of that which grows at the foot of the hill is always to be had; and even this is preferable in point of flavour to most of the other Rhine wines, and bears a high price.

“Next to *Johannisberger* may be ranked the produce of the *Steinberg* vineyard, which belonged to the suppressed monastery of *Eberbach*, and is now the property of the GRAND DUKE of *NASSAU*. It is the strongest of all the Rhine wines, and, in favourable years, has much sweetness and delicacy of flavour. That of 1811 is compared by *RITTER* to the drier kind of *Lunel*, and has been sold on the spot as high as five and a half florins, or half a guinea the bottle. The quantity made is about three hundred hogsheads, of which sixty are of first-rate quality. Some persons, however, give the preference to the *Rüdesheimer* wine, which grows on the hill opposite to *Bingen*. The rock here is composed of micaceous schist, in many places entirely denuded; and the acclivity is so steep, that it has been necessary to form great part of it into terraces, and to carry up in baskets the requisite quantity of vegetable mould and manure. The *Orleans* grape is chiefly cultivated, yielding a wine which combines a high flavour with much body, and is freer from acidity than most of the other growths of the Rhine. This

may be partly attributed to the favourable exposure, which allows the grapes to ripen fully, and also to the lateness of the vintage, which seldom commences till the end of October, or the beginning of November. The *Rüdesheim Hinterhäuser*, so called from its growing immediately behind the houses of the village, and the *Rüdesheimer Berg*, or *Mountain* wines, approach in excellence to the first-rate *Johannisberger*. An ancient deed, by one of the archbishops of *Mentz*, shews, that the hills in this neighbourhood were not planted with vines till the year 1074.*

“The vineyard of *Grafenberg*, which was another appanage of the wealthy convent of *Eberbach*, but of much less extent than the *Steinberg*, is still distinguished by the choiceness of its growths. Those of *Markebrunne*, in the same neighbourhood, and of *Rothenberg*, near *Greisenheim*, afford wines which are prized for their softness and delicate flavour.

“All the above-mentioned wines are white. Of red wines, the only kind worthy of notice in the *Rhinegau* is grown at *Asmshausen*, a little below *Rüdesheim*. In good years it is scarcely inferior to some of the better sorts of *Burgundy*; but the quantity produced is small, and other wines are often substituted under its name.

“The *Hochheimer*, as before observed, is, strictly speaking, a *Mayn* wine; but a corruption of its name has long furnished the appellation by which the first growths of the Rhine are usually designated in this country.† The two chief vineyards at *Hochheim* were in former times the property of the Deans of *Mentz*, and do not exceed 25 or 30 acres in extent; but the surrounding lands yield an abundant produce, which, as in the case of other wines, often passes for the first rate.”

I shall conclude with a few separate observations—I had nearly said *maxims*—with which the *Aberdonian* himself winds up his volume. Most of them cannot be too carefully laid up in the mind, nor too diligently acted upon in the cellar of the reader.

“1. Among the brisk wines, those of *Champagne*, though not the strongest, may be considered as the best; and they are certainly the least noxious, even when drunk in considerable quantity. They intoxicate very speedily, probably in consequence of the carbonic acid gas in which they abound, and the volatile state in which their alcohol is held; and the excitement is of a more lively and agreeable character, and shorter duration, than that which is caused by any

* “*Der Rheingauer Weinbau*. 8vo. 1765, p. 5.

† “*Hock* is the contraction of *Hoekamore*, which, again, is evidently a corruption of *Höchheimer*, according to English accent and pronunciation. As the term *Rhenish* is commonly understood to denote an inferior quality, I have, to avoid confusion, adopted the foreign distinction of *Rhine wines*, when speaking of the growths of the *Rhinegau*, *Hochheim*, and the neighbourhood.”

other species of wine, and the subsequent exhaustion less. Hence the moderate use of such wines has been found occasionally to assist the cure of hypochondriacal affections and other nervous diseases, where the application of an active and diffusible stimulus was indicated. They also possess marked diuretic powers. The opinion which prevails, that they are apt to occasion gout, seems to be contradicted by the infrequency of that disorder in the province where they are made; but they are generally admitted to be prejudicial to those habits in which that disorder is already formed, especially if it has originated from addiction to stronger liquors. With respect to this class of wines, however, it is to be observed, that they are too often drunk in a raw state, when, of course, they must prove least wholesome; and that, in consequence of the want of proper cellars, and other causes which accelerate their consumption, they are very rarely kept long enough to attain their perfect maturity. It is also worthy of notice, that, in order to preserve their sweetness, and promote effervescence, the manufacturers of Champagne commonly add to each bottle a portion of syrup, composed of sugar-candy and cream of tartar; the highly frothing kinds receiving the largest quantity. Therefore, contrary to the prevailing opinion, when the wine sparkleth in the glass, and 'moveth itself aright,' it is most to be avoided, unless the attributes of age should countervail all its noxious properties. (I doubt extremely as to some part of this, Doctor.)

"2. The red wines of Burgundy are distinguished by greater spirituousity, and a powerful aroma. Owing, perhaps, to the predominance of the latter principle, they are much more heating than many other wines which contain a larger proportion of alcohol. Though in the time of LOUIS XIV. they were prescribed in affections of the chest, no physician of the present day would dream of giving them in such cases. The exhilaration, however, which they cause, is more innocent than that resulting from the use of heavier wines. The better sorts may be sometimes administered with advantage in disorders where stimulant and sub-astringent tonics are required. The same observation will apply to the wines of the Rhone, and the lighter red wines of Spain and Portugal.—(Euge, Doctor!)

"3. Possessing less aroma and spirit, but more astringency than the produce of the Burgundy vineyards, the growths of the Bordelais are, perhaps, of all kinds, the safest for daily use; as they rank among the most perfect light wines, and do not excite intoxication so readily as most others. They have, indeed, been condemned by some writers, as productive of gout; but, I apprehend, without much reason. That with those persons who are in the practice

of soaking large quantities of Port and Madeira, an occasional debauch in Claret may bring on a gouty paroxysm, is very possible; but the effect is to be ascribed chiefly to the transition from a strong brandied wine to a lighter beverage,—a transition almost always followed by a greater or less derangement of the digestive organs. Besides, we must recollect, that the liquor which passes under the denomination of Claret is generally a compounded wine. It is, therefore, unfair to impute to the wines of the Bordelais those mischiefs which, if they do arise in the manner alleged, are probably, in most instances, occasioned by the admixture of other vintages of less wholesome quality. (Quite right all this, my dear Doctor.)

"4. The wines of Oporto, which abound in the astringent principle, and derive additional potency from the brandy added to them previously to exportation, may be serviceable in disorders of the elementary canal, where gentle tonics are required. But the gallic acid renders them unfit for weak stomachs; and what astringent virtues they shew will be found in greater perfection in the wines of Alicante and Rota, which contain more tannin and less acid. The excitement they induce is of a more sluggish nature than that attending the use of the purer French wines, and does not enliven the fancy in the same degree. As a frequent beverage they are unquestionably much more pernicious. (True again, my good man.)

"5. For a long time the vintages of Spain, and particularly the sacks, properly so called, were preferred to all others for medicinal purposes. The wines of Xerez still recommend themselves by the almost total absence of acidity. (Well said, canny Aberdeen.)

"6. Of all the strong wines, however, those of Madeira, when of good quality, seem the best adapted to invalids; being equally spiritous as Sherry, but possessing a more delicate flavour and aroma, and, though often slightly acidulous, agreeing better with dyspeptic habits. Some have thought them beneficial in cases of atonic gout, probably without much cause; for, whenever a disposition to inflammatory disorders exists, the utility of any sort of fermented liquor is very doubtful. (All this is doubtful, Doctor.)

"7. The lighter wines of the Rhine, and those of the Moselle, are much more refrigerant than any of the preceding, and are frequently prescribed, in the countries where they grow, with a view to their diuretic properties. In certain species of fever, accompanied by a low pulse and great nervous exhaustion, they have been found to possess considerable efficacy, and may certainly be given with more safety than most other kinds; as the proportion of alcohol is small, and its effects are modera-

ted by the presence of free acids. They are also said to be of service in diminishing obesity. (Did you ever see the late King of Westphalia, Doctor?)

"8. It is difficult to conjecture on what circumstances the ancients founded their belief in the innocuous qualities of sweet wines, contrasted with the drier and more fully fermented kinds. They may not intoxicate so speedily, and, as they cloy sooner upon the palate, are, perhaps, generally drunk in greater moderation. When new, they are exceedingly apt to disorder the stomach; and, when used too freely, they produce all the same effects as the heavier dry wines. In their more perfect state, they may answer the purpose of agreeable and useful cordials; but, as the excess of saccharine matter retards their stimulant operation, they ought always to be taken in small quantities at a time." (Sweet wines are little to the taste of anything above a Miss, Doctor. I can tolerate one glass of Cyprus, but no more.)

Farewell, then, for the present, to the great historian of Wine. I seriously, and to the exclusion of all puffery and balaam, consider his book as an honour to him—to Aberdeen, which nursed his youth—to Edinburgh, which gave him his well-merited degree—and to London, which has enjoyed the countenance of his manhood—and as a great gift to the public at large, destined, I fondly hope, to profit widely and deeply by the diffusion of his studious labours. Two centuries ago, Lord Bacon declared that a good history of wine was among the grand desiderata of literature: Such it has ever since continued to be; but proud and consolatory is the reflection, that we are the contemporaries of a Henderson, and that such it can never again be esteemed, unless, indeed, some awful world-shaking revolution shall peradventure pass once more over the races of mankind, and bury the bright and buoyant splendours of Champagne, the balmy glutinous mellow glories of Burgundy, the elastic never-cloying luxury of Claret, the pungent blessedness of Hock, and the rich racy smack

of the mother of Sherry, beneath the same dark and impenetrable shades which now invest the favourite beverages of the *prima virorum*.

"The Massic, Setine, and renowned Falerne."

It will strike every one as odd, that I should have gone through an article of this length without once alluding to the very existence of—PUNCH. Reader, the fault is not Dr Henderson's—no, nor is it mine. The fact is, that punch-drinking and wine-drinking are two entirely different sciences, and that while, in regard to the latter, Dr Henderson has written a book, and I a review of it in Blackwood, it seems by no manner of means improbable that, as touching the other, we may be destined to exchange these roles—I to compose the history of that most imperial of all fluids, and he, if it so pleases him, to comment upon my labours in the pages of

"My Grandmother's review—the British."

My work will probably be rather a shorter one than the Doctor's. Say what we will about the other arts and sciences, it must at least be admitted that there are three things whereon, and appropriately, the moderns do most illustriously vaunt themselves, and whereof the godlike men of Old were utterly ignorant and inexperienced. I allude to gunpowder, the press, and the punchbowl, the three best and most efficient instruments, in so far as my limited faculties enable me to form an opinion, for the destruction of the three worst and most disgusting of our annoyances in this sublunary sphere—I mean Duns—Whigs—and Blue Devils: Wishing to which trio everything that is their due, and everything that is stomachic, invigorative, stimulant, and delightful to yourself, I remain, dear Mr North, your humble and obliged servant, and affectionate friend,

M. ODOHERTY.

Eltrive Lake, July 4th, 1824.

P.S.—I have been here for a week, trouting and duck-shooting on St Mary's.—Hogg is in great heart. By the way, I find I was quite wrong in supposing the "CONFESSIONS OF A SINNER" to be a work of his. It is, as it professes to be, the performance of a Glasgow Literateur, who properly dedicates to the Lord Provost of The West Country.—His name I have not heard. The Book ought to be reviewed by yourself in Maga in your best manner. It is full of talent—the pictures of the rude puritanic manners of the seventeenth century, betray, in every line, the hand of a master: and well indeed may Mr Smith be proud, that his name figures in the dedication of such a tome. Attend to this, dear North, for the work is really an excellent one in its way.—M. OD.

VISITS TO THE HARAM, BY MEERZA AHMED TUBEEB.

Translated from the Persian.

VISIT THIRD.

ALL night long I could not sleep, for thinking of the beautiful Meiram and her misfortunes; and I was impatient for the time which should make me acquainted with the rest of her story. One difficulty occurred. I had forgotten to ask at what hour I was to go back, and I doubted whether she would send for me again. This perplexed me; but I determined to return at the same hour at which I had visited her the day before; and, in the meantime, I went to the house of the poet Futteh Allee Khan, to arrange his differences with his head wife about the painting of her eyebrows.

When I arrived at the poet's house, I found him occupied in contemplating a very curious machine, which he had himself invented, and which was moved by the wind on dry land, as a ship is at sea. This machine, he informed me, had exhibited itself before his Majesty the King, at the Camp in Sooltaneeah, and had excited the admiration of every one—even of the King himself. A small deficiency, however, was found to exist in its construction, which the Khan was now endeavouring to rectify. A very stormy day had been chosen for the exhibition, and the machine set off in fine style from the steps of the King's summer palace at Sooltaneeah, rattling away straight for the Camp. The farther it went, the quicker it fled; and it was not until it threatened the destruction of tents, and even the lives of the soldiers, that it was discovered that no provision had been made for stopping it. On it went, overturning tents, and frightening horses, and alarming the whole Camp. The people, not knowing whence it had come, or what it was, took it for some horrible animal, or an engine sent by an enemy to destroy them, and fled in every direction. The machine, glorying in its own strength, went on and on, straight through the centre of the Camp, till, at last, tumbling into a ravine, it overset, and gave, as the Poet observed, an admirable example of the instability of power. His Majesty fined

the Khan in a sum of two hundred to-mans, for the injury done by his machine, but let him off for the composition of a *casseeda*,* in which he introduced the moral which his machine had afforded.

The Khan shewed me many curious machines of his own invention, which, for their ingenuity, rivalled the contrivances of Feringistan.†

Futteh Allee Khan is a man of extraordinary talent. He is more knowing in mechanics than any man now in Persia, and few have so extensive a knowledge of chemistry. He is acknowledged to be the greatest epic poet since the time of Ferdoosi, and there is not a man who has so accurate an acquaintance with the Persian language. His satires and lampoons are dreaded by all the men in power, and his laudatory verses are as elegantly turned as his satires are cutting. He has lately devoted some attention to painting, in which art he has made so much progress, that he is already a tolerable artist. There are few books of any note which he has not read, and his memory is so retentive, that he never forgets anything which he has once known. He has long been a very intimate friend of mine,—in fact, the similarity of our pursuits has drawn us much together.

The Khan, on the present occasion, seemed much more inclined to give me a full account of his machinery, his printing-press, &c. than to accompany me into the underoorn. The fact was, that the Khan, with all his accomplishments, had never been able to manage his own family, and, in particular, had long been completely subjected by his head wife, with whom it was now my wish to reconcile him.

As soon as we entered the inner court, his wife, whom he dreaded, and who had often been my patient, came to receive me. She saluted me in the politest manner, and said many kind things to me, without taking the slightest notice of the Khan, though she had not seen him for nearly twenty-four hours.

* *Casseeda*, a poem corresponding nearly to an epigram.

† *Feringistan*, Europe.

When we had seated ourselves, and taken a cup of coffee, I opened to her the business of my mission, and spoke of her husband in terms so handsome, as could not fail to make her proud of him. She thanked me for my good opinion of him civilly enough, but said, that all these qualities were more than counterbalanced by his vices. She made bitter complaints of his having taken a young wife, to whom he gave more money and finer clothes than to her, though she had born him two sons. "Only think," said she, "he told me yesterday that I was an old fool, for painting my eyebrows; and no longer ago than the night before last, when he ought to have been in my room, I found him in his own apartment, with a young slave-girl assisting him to undress, because, forsooth, he had a pain in his shoulder, and could not pull off his own coat. And, for all this, he tells me that I am too old to paint my eyebrows!—Why, he is at least twenty years older than I am! Shame upon him!—an old grey-headed man like him. But no matter—If he thinks me not worth the trouble of painting my eyebrows, I can tell him that there are others—yes, others, younger and better-looking than ever he was, who think differently.—He, indeed, to call me old!—*tuh** upon his beard!—I would not give that for him!"—accompanying her words with a loud crack of her fingers, and almost at the same moment bouncing out of the room. I looked at the Khan in astonishment. He shook his head, and spoke not a word.

I felt myself under the necessity of expressing my regret that I had not been able to do any good, and proposed to return again in the evening, when I hoped to be more successful.

"O," said the Khan, "I see you do not understand the matter. I was quite pleased when I saw her get into such a passion, and behave so absurdly;—there is now some hope of her coming round. If she had conducted herself reasonably before you, she would not have come to any under-

standing for a week; but now she will be ashamed of herself, and she will be unhappy till she has done something to remove the unfavourable impression which she knows she has left upon your mind."

The Khan judged rightly. The lady presently returned in another mood—she came into the room weeping, and told me, it was very hard, that, after having born the Khan two sons, she should be treated by him so badly. "Since his young wife has come to the house," said she, "he has taken no more notice of me than if I was a *hubbushee*."†

After some difficulty, I persuaded her to sit down between the Khan and myself, and reasoned with her on the subject. While I was speaking, the Khan once or twice whispered something in her ear. At first she only answered him by a look of surprise, and even of indignation; but, however, he persevered, and, on his second attempt, she deigned to call him an old ass; on the third, she was forced to smile, and gave the Khan a small pat on the cheek, which had more of kindness in it than of anger. It was evident that the quarrel was now at an end; I accordingly took another pipe of very good *Tubbus*‡ tobacco, which the Khan preferred to that of *Sheeraz*, and departed; for the hour was approaching when I hoped to see the lovely *Meiram*, and hear the rest of her story.

I went to the *Haram-Khanah*§ on foot, for the first time, and entered so quietly, that I was quite unperceived, except by the eunuchs at the gate, who rose and saluted me as I passed them.

I had no sooner entered, however, than I was beset by half the slave-women in the place, each eager to attract my attention to the narrative of their own complaints, which were more various than the whole list of human diseases given by the celebrated *Aboo Allee*. I at first attempted to lend an ear to their entreaties, but I found them so numerous, that it would have occupied me a week to have prescribed for them all, and so unintelligible, that, in the end, I should

* *Tuh!* an interjection of contempt. It represents the act of spitting, and is used to signify the same degree of contempt, as if the person was actually spit upon.

† African black.

‡ *Tubbus*, the name of a district famous for its tobacco.

§ *Haram-Khanah*—*Haram*, forbidden, and *Khanah*, house.

have had to prescribe at random. I therefore put them off as well as I could, saying, that I should attend to them on my return, but that the business on which I was going was urgent, and would not admit of delay.

As I passed on, I heard some remarks made regarding my patient's state of health, which shewed me plainly that they more than suspected my visits, as a professional man, were not much required; and I could perceive that they did not consider me too old to be subjected to some unpleasant suspicions, which considerably alarmed me. I was once or twice on the point of making some reply to their insinuations, but I thought it wiser to pretend not to hear or understand them; for, in truth, I did not well know what reply to make.

When I entered the apartments of my patient, I found the outer room deserted, and though I coughed once or twice loud enough to be heard within, still no one came to me. I was at a loss what to do, and was on the point of going away, when I observed Aga Jewah's slippers; and being satisfied that he must be in the house, I called to know whether there was any one within. Still no one answered. My heart misgave me—I fancied, I know not why, that something wrong must have happened—my curiosity and my fears were excited, and I called again louder than before. Aga Jewah immediately made his appearance with a very doleful countenance, and told me that his mistress had been weeping all morning. I made no reply, but moved forward.

I entered her room in some anxiety, and not without a small share of displeasure. There were several women in the apartment, some of whom hurriedly veiled themselves as I entered. There was dejection in their countenances; and one old woman, who sat apart from the rest, had been weeping, but endeavoured to conceal her sorrow when I approached. She rose slowly, and pointing to a place near to where she sat, motioned to me to sit down. She wore no veil, and, from her dress, I perceived that she was an Armenian. She might be about sixty. Her face had on it the lines of age, and perhaps of care; but her eye was full and bright, and there was in her appearance something more elevated than usually belongs to her people. Her manner was

solemn, calm, and collected; and she seemed to be as much a stranger to those around her as I was, who had never seen them till now. I addressed her in Turkish, and the manner of her reply shewed that she was acquainted with the politest expressions of that language. I asked for Meiram—she pointed to the bed on which I had first seen her in her loveliness, and for a moment I saw nothing; but on looking attentively, I perceived that some one was hid by the coverlid, which shook as if the person beneath it had an ague.

I raised it, and saw Meiram bathed in tears. Her hair was loose and dishevelled, partly covering her face, which was pale, save for one bright spot on her cheek—Her eyes were red with weeping, and she had a confused and distracted appearance, which much alarmed me. On finding that some one disturbed her, she cast a hurried look of anxiety and alarm upon me—and seeing who it was, burst again into tears.

The old woman kept her eye steadily fixed upon me while this was passing, and, as I again dropped the coverlid, said to me in Turkish, "Can you, who are a Persian, weep for an Armenian woman? If so, God preserve you—you are not like your people." This was said with a tone and manner so strange, that it startled me, and I was half afraid of her; for it is well known that many Armenian women have supernatural power at their command. But as I looked round to observe her, I saw her dashing from her eyes tears which came too fast to be concealed, and I was then assured that she was nothing bad.

The other women sat by—their elbows on their knees—their cheeks rested on their hands, with looks of dejected composure, which scarcely indicated sorrow, and whispered to one another about something foreign to the scene before them. It was evident that they did not enter into the feelings of Meiram, and I therefore intimated that I wished to be left alone with my patient. They looked at one another, muttered something, and went slowly and sulkily away.

The old Armenian woman took no notice of their departure, and as she seemed to be as deeply interested as myself, I made no attempt to remove her.

I sat down by Meiram's bed-side ; and again raising the cover under which she lay, I forced her to sit up ; but she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud. " My child," said I, " what new grief has fallen so heavy on your young heart, which has already suffered sorrow beyond its years?—Must I see you weeping, without knowing the cause of your pain? Why will you not trust me? I am an old man, and ' youth should seek the council of age.' Believe me, my soul is grieved to see you thus ; and if it is in my power to relieve you from any portion of your sorrow, it will lighten my own heart to do so."

" Oh, Meerza," said Meiram, " you do not know the extent of my misery. There is no hope left for me—no human aid can save me now—I am gone, gone for ever. The only hope to which my heart clung has vanished—This very day all hope of earthly happiness has passed from Meiram."

" God forbid!" said I. " You are young, and know little of the world. What may seem to you so terrible, may yet to me be easily remedied. Do not make yourself so wretched. Tell me what has happened, and I swear to you, by the blessed Koran, that I shall do everything in my power to serve you."

" You are good, yes, very good and kind," said Meiram, " to value so much my happiness—God will reward you for it. But I fear, alas! that you can render me no service. Oh no—I know you cannot, for the King is absolute, and no one dare dispute or argue with him; and they will poison his ears with false things, and no man dares to tell him truly ; and he will be wroth, and will not listen to the words of any one, if any should be found to speak in my behalf ; and my name will be branded with infamy, and I shall die as one whose virtue has been stained. But God, who knows our hearts, and knows mine pure from this offence, will grant me mercy, which I cannot hope for here. Yes, Meerza Ahmed, long after the grave has closed over my misery, it will be told how Meiram, the Armenian daughter, died in infamy—my name, till now, so kindly cherished, that it was chosen by lovers for their mistresses, and sung in love songs, will henceforth be a reproach unto my people—they will not dare to utter it."

" What have you done?" said I—" Of what are you accused?—Who are your accusers?—What have they done?—Have they spoken to the King? I trust, young woman, that your warm youthful blood has not broken down the restraints of prudence. Tell me truly, and if you be truly innocent, my tongue at least shall do you justice. I am not quite unknown to him you fear—the King of kings, my master—and if you are falsely spoken of to him, I can speak to him truly—my word will go as far with him as that of most men."

" Then God give you exemption from all sorrow," said the old woman, " for you alone can save this girl ; and if you have in your heart a place for kindness, and for boldness too, now shew it—for you will have need of both. The prayers of all her race shall be raised for you ; and if you value not the prayers of those whom you call infidels, their last and dearest services shall be at your command."

" Woman," said I, " what can be done, that will I do. That I have kindness for this daughter of your people, you may have seen already—else why should I be here. And for the boldness which you speak of, let me tell you, that I have spoken to the late King in terms which no one else dared to have used, and he was to his present Majesty as a hungry lion to a lamb. But let me know what has been done—what has been said—what is to do—what is the matter—tell me all about it, and see you tell me truly."

" You already know," said Meiram, " much of my story—almost all of it ; and I have promised to let you hear the rest—Would to God that I had told you sooner !

" You may remember, Meerza, that when I told you of my own captivity, I told you, too, that many others had been taken, and mentioned, more particularly, one whom the Persian struck, because I flew to him for safety in my terror and distress.

" I sought, in speaking of him, to conceal the agitation which I felt ; and though I longed to do so, yet I could not bring myself to tell you that he was all the world to me.

" We had been play-mates from our infancy, and first I used to call him brother ; but as we grew up in years, his manner to me changed—he wished me not to call him brother—he spoke

to me with hesitation—and his tenderness, which ever had been great, grew still much greater, though less constant; for he could not bear to see me speak to any of our former play-mates, and sometimes he bitterly reproached me for it.

“I knew not then the meaning of this change, and it was not until I saw some other maidens looking kindly on him, and courting his attention, that I knew how much I loved him, or could feel why he disliked to see me speak to other men.

“I remember it was one day just after the long fast, when we were met together many of us at a feast. After we had dined, some of the young men came to where the women were collected, and Eusuf came along with them. He was the fairest and the handsomest by far, and many of the maidens fixed their eyes upon him, and one of them persuaded him to sit down beside her, and smiled upon him, and whispered many words in his ear—and I thought they pleased him. I felt, for the first time, as if he had neglected me—my heart was full—the tear was near my eye, and I could have wept, but shame prevented me.

“When he came round to where I sat, I could not conceal that I was angry with him, and I gave him short and pettish answers. He made no reply, but looked most kindly on me—his eyes filled, and he turned away and left us.

“In the evening he came to me, and we talked much together, and there were some tears shed, but no reproaches uttered. Then I felt my love for him, and his for me, and he wrung from me a confession that I loved him, and made me say that I would one day be his wife. And then he spoke of all his hopes, and of a time yet distant, and of the happiness we should enjoy, for then our fears were few; and when we parted, he kissed me, and called me even then his wife.

“I had never concealed anything from my father, for, with my love for him, there was mixed no fear except the fear lest I should give him pain. But I had never heard him speak of love such as I felt; and though I hoped that I had not done anything which could displease or pain him, I found it difficult to tell him what had passed. But he himself found out the secret of my heart, and when he spoke to me I

owned it. He told me that in virtuous love there was no sin—that he approved my choice—that he himself had loved as tenderly and fervently as any one, and had been loved again,—and now I saw that he took pleasure in observing how we loved each other.

“Had the Persians not come to our village, Eusuf would in another week have been my husband. That very day we had been solemnly betrothed, and I had on my bridal clothes, and all that day I had been called the bride. A woful bridal-day it was to me and all of us—for ere the night came down, I had forgotten, in my present misery, all that had befallen me in my life before; and when I came to think more calmly, I thought most of my dear father, and his murder—and that dreadful night—and of the future;—and when I thought of Eusuf, I thought of him as one whom I should never see again, unless in heaven.

“From that fatal night on which my sorrows first began, I never saw him till some days ago when going to the garden. We scarce had passed the gate of Shameroon, when a man passed us riding on horseback, and as he rode along, he sung a song in my native language, which I had often heard in our own village—It was a song which some lover had written for his love, whose name, like mine, was Meiram, and therefore Eusuf often sung it to me. I thought I knew the voice, and when I saw his face I knew it—my frame all shook—my eyes grew dim—my head ran round; and without knowing what I said, I named his name aloud. He started, and looked round, but could not tell from which of us the voice had come, for we were many riding together, but he followed at a distance, singing still the song of Meiram, and almost broke my heart.

“When we were returning, we found him still lingering on the way, and as we passed, he looked at us so narrowly, that the guards ordered him off the road, and then he went away.

“I never had ceased to love him, but I knew not where he was—or if he lived. I feared that he had died—or if alive, that he had long ago forgotten me—and I had ceased to lament for him; yet when I found him seeking still for me, still loving me, I felt as if my heart had been untrue to him, and that I therefore owed him much

more love than ever. I then remembered that I was, in fact, his wife. By my own promise, by my father's wish, and by the solemn ceremony of betrothing, I was his. My conscience now was roused to aid my love—my mind distracted with a thousand thoughts—endless self-criminations poured upon me. I thought that I had half consented to become what now I was, or was to be. What mattered it although he was a king—I had a husband, who was more than kings to me—it was true, that I had been sent by force, and that resistance would have been vain, but I had not attempted it—I had not even said I was betrothed.

“With thoughts like these I spent the night, and in the morning, confused and feverish, I went to the bath, and on my return home I sent for you.

“This was what I wished to tell you. I wished to beg your aid, but my own weakness marred my purpose. I could not tell you, for I was then wretched, and sorrow made me weak; but now despair has given me strength, and I can tell you, even without blushing, of my love.

“This is not all; oh no! the worst is yet to come. What then was sorrow—was happiness—to what I have to tell you now:—The King has sent me presents, and ordered me to wait on him to-night; and even worse than this—worse—worse than all, Eusuf was mad enough to send to me a letter full of love—This has been intercepted; he is taken, and I am charged with infamy—most falsely charged; for I swear by my dear father's soul, which looks on me from heaven, that I am pure and innocent as when he used to take me in his arms, and smile upon me through tears of hope, and love, and joy.

“They came to give me the King's presents, and tell that I was to be much honoured by waiting on his Majesty to-night; and when I pushed away the odious gifts, and wept, (as what could I do else?) they said that I did little grace to the King's message, and that they feared I scarcely was deserving of the honour done me. But when they found the letter, they thought that all was then made plain; and so, in truth, it was, but not as they have made it; and they went to tell the King, and left me here to weep my sorrows, and to weep for him,

who, for my sake, has come to so much misery.

“Oh, Meerza! if you can save *him*, I'll bless you with my dying lips, and if in another world we are allowed to feel the memory of kindnesses done here, my spirit after death shall bless you still.”

“Speak not of him,” said the old woman, sternly, “speak not of him—his madness has brought this upon us all—let him suffer for it, for all the fault is his. What had he to do to seek for one, who by the hand of power was taken from him? What had he to do to follow with his love, one, who was happier far without him; and, (madman that he is,) bring down the vengeance of the King on this sweet flower, who (but for him) was flourishing, and would have blossomed an honour to her race, a pride to all her people. Speak not of him, but save this lovely maid, and let him pay the penalty of follies such as his.”

“Is it you,” said Meiram, “who speak thus—you who bore him, who nursed him at your breast, and, as you yourself have told me, saw in his smiling infant eyes a solace for your woes, which then were many—you, whom I have myself seen weep for very joy to hear his praises from my father—and do you thus cast him off, who ought to plead for him! Oh, his heart is true! He would not have deserted the meanest slave at such a time—requiring so much aid as he does now.”

I was about to interfere, when a noise was heard without, and Aga Jewah rushed into the room, calling, “They are come—they are come.” He threw himself upon the floor—kissed his mistress's feet, and broke out into bitter lamentations. I demanded who were come. He said, the executioners.

A solemn, dead, and awful pause ensued. Poor Aga Jewah stood mute and motionless, the picture of despair. The old woman was on her knees at prayer, after the christian manner. Her face was hid from me, but I could see her agony expressed in strong convulsive heavings, which went to my very soul.

I turned to Meiram. Her face was deadly pale—calm and motionless she sat—her streaming eyes turned up to heaven—her pallid lips apart—her hair thrown back, and falling down in long black silken tresses—her hands

were folded on her bosom. If ever there was true devotion in a look, that look was Meiram's. There was a halo round her, even though a Christian, which awed me into silence, and made me feel that prayers are not in words, but in the heart, and that religion, in its kind and holy influence, is bound to no one form of faith.

Although I knew not what to do, I felt it was my duty to do something, and that without delay. I went to the outer room, and found there some of the inferior eunuchs, who had, in truth, come to act as executioners. I gave the chief of them some money, making him promise to wait till my return; and I engaged for Aga Jewah, that he should treat them handsomely.

I thought of many things which might be done; but all required more time than I could give. I passed across the court, not knowing whither I went, and got into another court, in which I had never been. There I saw about a dozen eunuchs standing together near a window, which was open, where some one seemed to be conversing with them. I drew near unobserved, and found it was the King of kings himself. I stood till he perceived me, and then fell flat upon the ground, to shew that I came to make a supplication.

"Ah! Meerza Ahmed," said his Majesty, "what are you doing here?—What is the matter?—Have any of the women been treating you ill?—They are terrible devils these women, Meerza—Ah! is it not so? Come near, and tell me what you want. If you have any *ureeza** to present, you ought to have come to the *salam*.†—But let me hear what it is."

"My *urz*,‡ so please your Majesty," said I, "is one which it would not have become me to make to the King of kings in public; but a fortunate chance, or some lucky conjunction of the heavenly bodies, has now directed me to your Majesty; for I lost my way, and came here, not knowing whither I was going. But your Majesty is always gracious, and I trust will not deny the first petition of the slave of your house."

"Well, Meerza Ahmed," said his Majesty, "if you ask anything in reason, you shall have it; and if your re-

quest is such as the King cannot with propriety grant, you shall pay a fine of 100 tomans for making it. Now tell me what it is."

I fell again upon the ground, and begged the life of Meiram.

"By the head of the King," said his Majesty, "you must pay your 100 tomans; can anything be more unreasonable than your request? a jade, to play the King the trick she has played; to disgrace and insult him; and you would have her forgiven! What, Meerza, do you want her for yourself? I thought you had been too old to trouble yourself about young wives now. What would you make of her, Meerza, if you had her? Come, send for your 100 tomans, for you have forfeited them, or give me a good reason for your request."

"The girl," said I, "is innocent of the crime for which she is doomed to suffer."

"If you can prove that," replied the King, "I shall be better pleased than if I had received the money, for the girl is passing fair."

I related to his Majesty the story of Meiram, word for word, as she had told it to me, and he listened with great attention. When I came to tell him of the executioners' having gone to take her away, and of her having reproached Eusuf's mother for trying to save her, in preference to her own son, and of the mother's opinion of her son's conduct, and of her calling him mad, and of their great distress and sorrow, the King expressed some pity for them. I added, that if his Majesty would grant a pardon to them both, their being in fact half man and wife (for they had been betrothed) would give a fair pretext for doing so—the generosity of his Majesty would be echoed from one end of the empire to the other; and that I was sure the girl would rather die than be untrue to her betrothed husband; for if he were put to death, she certainly would break her heart with grieving.

The King reflected for a while, then said, "Hakeem Bashee,|| you have done well to make these things known—the King gives the girl to your charge—let her be taken to your own house,

* *Ureeza*, a petition.

† *Urz*, the same as *ureeza*.

‡ *Salam*, a levee held by the King every morning.

|| *Hakeem Bashee*, head physician.

and well treated, and have her ready to be produced when the King shall demand her. The fellow shall be examined. If his story agrees with yours, he shall be pardoned. If not, you must pay the 100 tomans. Do you hear what the King has ordered?"

I fell upon the ground once more, and blessed his Majesty's generosity and benevolence, which no prince had ever equalled.

His Majesty sent an eunuch of rank to liberate Meiram, and hand her over to my charge, and gave me permission to depart.

When we arrived at the apartments, I was alarmed by hearing a great noise within; many shrill voices were raised at once, and Aga Jewah's was louder than any of them.

When we entered, I found that the eunuchs whom I had left there under a promise to remain quiet, till I arrived, had forced their way into Meiram's room, seized upon everything they could find, and completely plundered the house.

Poor Meiram, believing that this was only a prelude to a more trying scene, sat a silent, passive, indifferent spectator of their present proceedings.

The eunuch who accompanied me, not being able to make them obey his orders to restore the property, seized a large piece of firewood, and began to lay about him with all his might. I followed his example; and Aga Jewah, who seemed delighted by the opportunity which was afforded him to vent his rage, gave us able assistance, so that in five minutes we were masters of the house, and had recovered almost all the things that had been taken.

Having turned the ruffians into the outer room, and set Aga Jewah to watch them, the eunuch who accompanied me with the king's order, came with me into the inner apartment, and having paid me many compliments, communicated the nature of his instructions.

While he was speaking, a breathless and distressing anxiety was painfully visible in the old woman's countenance; and when she heard that Meiram was to proceed to my house, she started from where she was sitting, and throwing herself at my feet, kissed them a hundred times.

Meiram followed her example; but as she rose she looked at me wistfully,

and seemed about to speak, but checked herself, and cast her eyes upon the ground. The old woman's keen eye, too, was fixed upon me with a look of inquiry, which seemed to ask if I had nothing more to say. I interpreted their looks rightly, and told them that there was nothing to fear for Eusuf.

It has been said by wise men, that the effects of excessive joy are nearly the same with those of sorrow, and so it was now, for Meiram and the old woman were no sooner relieved from all their fears, which so late had hung heavily upon them, than they began to sob and weep, and any one who might have entered then, would have imagined that I had been the bearer of some doleful tidings. After a time they became more composed, and began to prepare themselves for their departure.

The eunuch now intimated that it was customary to give a present to the King's eunuchs when they left the house; and though I represented their bad conduct, he still insisted on their right to a compensation for having been disappointed of the plunder, which, had the King's intention not been happily changed, would, as a matter of course, have fallen to their share. He also intimated, that he himself expected a handsome reward.

All this was speedily adjusted, and having left Aga Jewah in charge of the apartments, we proceeded to the gate of the haram.

The news had gone abroad that Meiram was to live at my house, and the people conceived that the King had given her to me. As we went through the court many jokes were passed upon us; some of them no doubt very witty; but my mind was too much occupied to be either annoyed or amused by them.

From the gate, an eunuch was sent with Meiram, to shew her my house, and I hurried home to prepare for her reception.

Not many hours had elapsed since the King had pardoned Meiram, but my wife, who heard everything, and always had a wrong edition of every story, had been told that the King had given me a young wife, and that she might expect her immediately. Accordingly, when I entered she made a furious attack upon me, and it was long before she could be persuaded that what she had heard was not true.

At last I gave her a short sketch of the business ; and had just succeeded in persuading her of the truth of it, when Meiram arrived.

My wife, to do her justice, was capable of great kindness, and had naturally a good heart, but her cursed jealousy ruined her temper, and for many years destroyed my happiness. On this occasion, however, her good feelings had been excited, and she received Meiram, and the old woman, whom I had invited to accompany her, as kindly as I could possibly desire. She lodged them comfortably, put fewer questions than could have been expected, and succeeded in making them very happy.

The King, having satisfied himself of the truth of what I had related to him, liberated Eusuf the next day,

and ordered that he should be immediately married to Meiram. He gave Eusuf an office of emolument about the court, and allowed Meiram to keep all the jewels which she had received while in the royal haram, which were valued at several thousand of tomans. Eusuf rose every day in favour and was soon made a Khan.

Till within a very few years they have resided at the capital, but have lately removed to a village which the King has given them, amongst the Armenians, in one of his provinces. They have several children, and live very comfortably. They have been very grateful for my services, and send me frequent presents of fowls and fat lambs, and butter and eggs, so that I seldom have occasion to buy any of these articles.

FAREWELL TO GREECE.

For Music.

FAREWELL for ever, classic Land
Of Tyrants and of Slaves!
My homeward path lies far away
Over the dark blue waves ;—

And where I go, no marble fanes
From myrtle steeps arise,
Nor shineth there such fervid suns
From such unclouded skies ;—

But yet, the earth of that dear land,
Is holier earth to me,
Than thine, immortal Marathon!
Or thine, Thermopylæ!

For there my fathers' ashes rest,
And living hearts there be—
Warm living hearts, and loving ones,
That still remember me.

And oh! the land that welcometh
To one such bosom shrine ;
Though all beside were ruined, lost,
That land would still be mine,—

Ay, *mine*—albeit the breath of life
Not there I breathed first—
Ay, *mine*—albeit with barrenness
And polar darkness curst.

The Bird that wanders all day long,
At sunset seeks her nest—
I've wander'd long—My native home,
Now take me to thy rest.

C.

THOUGHTS ON SOME ERRORS OF OPINION IN RESPECT TO THE ADVANCEMENT AND DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.

ALL attempts at bringing knowledge into *encyclopedic* forms seem to include an essential fallacy. Knowledge is advanced by individual minds wholly devoting themselves to their own part of inquiry. But this is a process of separation, not of combination. The facts of every Science become thus incredibly multiplied. The books in each, in which well-examined facts of value are recorded, in which original and true reasonings are delivered, grow very numerous. The library of a Physician, a Lawyer,—of a Naturalist, an Antiquary,—of the Scholar, the Metaphysician, of the *Student* (may we so speak?) of Poetry, is large. Each, excepting disability in himself, may in his own pursuit attain the proficiency of his time. But to do so, he will need to give to it something like the same devoted labour, something like the same exclusive zeal, by which in other hands it is making progress.—As knowledge is advanced, from the mere amount of each science, the division of minds from one another becomes more and more the principle, or condition, of attainment to the individual mind, of farther advancement to the separate Sciences.

Meanwhile we say that the *Human Mind* is extending its empire: and we have a feeling as if every one in some manner partook of the triumphs and the dominion achieved, even when we do not suppose him to be in any way affected by the results, or even to have the knowledge, of what is discovered or done. All are *confederated*, who prosecute, or support, or love the labours of intellect, in the great warfare of knowledge: bent to overcome, by the power of thought, evil, physical or moral, in our condition: burning with more splendid desires, with the ambition of—if in intellect that is possible—even unfruitful glory, of conquests, in which no use is foreseen beyond the pleasure and exultation of success. It is the consciousness of our common cause, that gives us sympathy and participation with what is gained in fields of speculation on which we have never set foot: that may enable a moral philosopher in England to rejoice, that a chemist at Upsala, an anatomist at Florence, by detecting a principle, by

demonstrating a function, has cleared up a darkness he himself never felt:—that now gives to every man, generally and indefinitely, whose thoughts ever travel out of the sphere of his personal interests to consider the fortunes of his kind, a buoyant sense of superiority and power subsisting in the intellectual spirit of his age, a sanguine, though aimless, anticipation of enterprizes yet to be carried through, of effects still to be accomplished, and every day accomplishing, by the industry and daring of human genius.

But it is evident that only while explained by the notion of such an ideal community is it even intelligible to speak of the acquisitions made by OUR MIND, of the provinces IT has subjected to itself, of the kingdom IT has won. The knowledge actually possessed by men, must needs transcend by almost infinite degrees—the capacity, and *means*, of knowing, of the most fortunate and gifted understanding. How much the capacity and means of those many who nevertheless please themselves with the imagination of sharing in the “sovereign sway and masterdom” of Intellect!—The MIND is no where, the single mind is not, cannot be, in which that collected wisdom and power of all, contemplated by us, has its seat: but by the fancied inter-communion among all of rights, and interchange of powers, by the felt union of desires to the same great common ends, the innumerable associated multitude of minds appear to us as one.

Nor, in truth, if we consider more attentively the relation of the different works of the human understanding to one another, is this idea of a fellowship in labour among minds differently employed, of the acquisition of one in the attainment of another, a mere notional impression. The system of human thought is bound together not merely in its origin, by the identity of the powers from which it proceeds, and in its result by a unity of purpose in *all* the purposes it accomplishes, but intermediately and throughout its progress, by mutual dependence and reciprocal action of its several parts. No man—whatever his own parts, whether of speculative inquiry or of prac-

tical art, may be—knows from what quarter, from what region of inquiry or of art, he shall see it receive its next aid. As little does he know to what necessity of human nature, to what difficulty of human reason, he himself, if the faculty of discovery have fallen to him, or even the chance, without the faculty, shall next bring relief.—The curious artist who learnt to bend the lines of sight on their way into the eye, and the Philosopher who traced with his rod,* and he who *unravelled* the mazes of the sky, were guiding,—could they foreknow it—on the paths of every sea, the Ships of Commerce and of War. The Philologist has given Hippocrates to the Physician, to the Mathematician, Euclid and Archimedes, to the Theologian he has delivered the volume of his highest Science, to the lowly believer, of his morals and his faith.—One man in his laboratory holds a gauze of wire over a burning lamp, and observes that the flame will not pass through. His observation, cast into another mind, turns into a talisman for the safeguard of human lives.—Some arts, some sciences, have in themselves a necessary universality:—as he who fused an ore, ministered the strength and skill of every hand—as he who *wrote* the articulations of the voice, prepared glory, durability, self-diffusing, self-augmenting might, to all the modes of action, to all the deeds in all the undertakings, of the restless, undeterred, unsatisfied, all-aspiring, all-enterprising spirit of men.—The investigator of the problems of NUMBER and EXTENSION, and of the yet more abstruse relations which these *embody*, can he labour and not for a thousand inquirers, of whose specific researches he has no understanding?—He treats *universal* elements, and what he finds of them, must be of scarce narrower application.—Thought is the germ of thoughts. The act is the father of acts to be. We may comprehend in some degree the past which we traversed, not the future of which we left the seeds beneath our feet.

There are then links of connexion strict and solid, among the several

parts of knowledge: there is a real strong bond of co-operation between its variously-employed followers.—And this, in truth, to an extent not easily limited. The living strive for one another, and for the ages to come. The dead have striven for those that now are. The *imaginary* community of which we spoke binds together, no less, successive generations, and divided ages. We call ours all that is yet unperished of the past genius of mankind:—And the canvass and the gorgeous wall, starting into life in colours of the Italian sun, the eloquence “since mute” that thundered in “free Rome,” and the “builder’s skill” that “was known” “to Greece,” and “the light chisel” that “brush’d” her “Parian stone,” bring to us the consciousness of THE RACE WHICH WE ARE, kindle our thoughts with the recollection of what WE HAVE DONE, of what WE HAVE BEEN, raise instead of depressing us, and seem to require of us now, for *our* right in them, no more than that we should understand, not that we should imitate them,—while we pursue with strenuous endeavour and elated hearts, the different toils of the same mind, of which *our* destiny opens the way before us. They warn us indeed of the spirit which we bear. They remind us what faculties we have to unfold: in what liberty of power we should walk: with what fires we are made to burn. If we decline,—if we veil the eyes of intellect,—if we stoop the majesty of our nature,—if we grovel in desire,—they reproach our sordid degeneracy. But the proud monuments of old time challenging our admiration, impose no domineering restriction on our march of mind. They give no law. They point us to seek impulse, regulation, direction within ourselves. They call upon us not to revive arts, but to maintain power. What we have to do we must learn from our own time, and the voices that speak within us. Only let us take care that the soul which has descended to us do not in our bosoms expire.

There is great philosophical wisdom in that high and eloquent passage of the Roman poet,—who, putting into

* Virgil’s description of the elder Astronomers.

the mouth of the imagined ancestor of his countrymen the prophecy of their greatness, by him apostrophizes, and exhorts them, abandoning to other nations other modes of glory, to attach themselves to that which was allotted peculiarly to be their own. There is a division of genius to nations, as to individuals: and each will most excel, will do more for itself, for its own renown, and for mankind, by following the light of this inward determination.

If Italy painted, if France brightened the manners of civilized men, if Germany thinks, if Britain acts, if Spain could have cherished the soul of romance, if India could have preserved to the world's late day the mysterious sublimity of its early dreams,—are not these all distinct gains, are they not separate forms of power, enjoyed, possessed by Man,—and would he not,—might he but know them together continued to him,—feel himself rich and strong in these diversities of his talents, of his cultivation, in this various development of his natural welfare?

In nations, and in individual minds, one principle appears to hold. We owe much to one another, undoubtedly: guidance and urgency, as well as restraint. But to every one his chief source of impulsion, motive in conduct, direction and incitation in genius, is given in himself. He will effect most by relying upon this: by withholding himself from courses of moral, of intellectual exertion, which belong to others, and applying his force of desire, his full effort, to those which are properly his own, opening of themselves, and yielding way to his natural aspirations. The energy of power will be greatest, when it is the efflux from an original nature. The sum of power, of advancement then, to the world must be greatest, when every one disregarding the avocation of others, or looking to it for incitement only not for example, well distinguishing generous rivalry from depressing imitation, pursues with his entire strength of means, of ability and of will,—no higher, no nearer, no imperious consideration interposing and prohibiting,—that path of labour, for utility, for honour, for conspicuous achievement, and for mere indulgence in delight, to which his means, his ability, and his will call him.

There seems reason to believe, that, for utmost intellectual advancement, nations and single minds should pursue their own cultivation, accomplish their own power,—the extent of every species of knowledge in one case, the nature of the human mind in both, so requiring. Contrary opinions, of later time, appear to be in some degree, and as we must think, injuriously prevalent. They have shewn themselves variously: a little in Literature. Of one such manifestation of them we would say a few words.

When in the middle of the last century the chief men of letters and science in France applied themselves to unite in one work, all parts, however apparently divided from each other, of human knowledge, they believed, we must naturally think, that they were at once advancing Science itself, and conferring important individual benefit on all those, to whom they should bring, thus in one gift as it were, the collected and digested result of the manifold and long labours of Intellect.

Yet in one respect their plan should seem scarcely to have been well devised for *advancing* Science, since the close limits to which it unavoidably confined the numerous subjects it included, must in no slight degree have both restrained and embarrassed original inquiry. And in what *other* way they might hope to attain such an end, excepting in as much as to *diffuse* Science is to advance it, is not easy to see:—*excepting*, in other words, as such an end might be attained by the benefit tendered by their design to the *individual mind*.

Now THIS could not consist in anything that was to be gained to the *exposition* of Science, itself labouring under—what alone *necessarily* distinguished it—the very disadvantage we have just adverted to, of a forced compression.—The benefit intended could consist only in the *UNIVERSALITY* of the Science offered, in placing the *whole mass* of what was *KNOWN*, within the survey and under the power, before the sight and in the very grasp, if it might be so thought, of the single Mind.

We will draw no reasoning from the uncertainties, which in many places *cloud* our knowledge, making the name of Science with us, in some instances, more suitable to the intention than to

the success of inquiry, but will admit that our understanding has obtained the truths it has perseveringly sought.

The question will then remain whether the opinion just now urged, in respect to the acquisition of knowledge,—that it is best, and only effectually, made, by limiting, almost by *singling* to the mind, the objects of attainment, by *confining* the *direction*—not the reach—of its progress,—(we have gone farther, but this is not *here* necessary to be insisted on, in alleging the principle that should guide this restraint) is or is not grounded.

If it is just, the very conceived ground of intellectual utility disappears.—And this mis-judgment, as we must suppose it to be, of utility, this endeavour to effect an important improvement to the mind against the very principles on which its improvement depends, is what indeed strikes us as the prominent character and unconquerable fault of the undertaking.—We will make yet another remark.

It will seem an extraordinary suggestion to hazard, in respect to a work of so great attempt and labour—*TANTE MOLIS*—imagined, moved, and executed by men of distinguished ability, highest in their day, and yet high in literary and scientific reputation,—but we cannot resist a persuasion, that there was implied in the very ground and first conception of it, not only a negligence of reflexion, but—what we almost hesitate to say—an *illusion of thought*. A want of understanding—we cannot suppose,—but a want of *regarding* and of *duly appreciating*—the effective, *practical* connexions of the Sciences, appears to us to have prepared the way for a *misconception*,—a singular one indeed under the circumstances,—of *THEIR IMAGINARY CONJUNCTION*, before spoken of by us, in the idealized and general mind of the species, as if this must needs be found somewhere, embodied and real. We shall seem, we fear, to press fancy too far, and to hunt, ourselves, after illusion: yet know not how to avoid the belief which forces itself upon us, that, in the original *IDEA* of this work, we distinguish the traces, or shall we rather say discover the reflexion, of a not very philosophical, not very metaphysical, *impression*, as if that *CIRCLE* of the Sciences, which has been much spoken of, and which perhaps the human in-

tellect may, in different minds, explore, were left still in some way imperfect, or did not yet truly exist, until it were *materially constructed*.

Of *other* views which might enter into the composition of that memorable work, of the elements of thought in the minds of its Authors, of opinions held and diffused by them, we have not now to speak. We are considering it merely in the light,—in which, as a new project in literature it offered itself to the world,—of a *SCIENTIFIC METHOD*. As such, it appeared to us an illustration not a little striking and important of *error*, as we must conceive it to be, prevailing more or less in these latter days, in respect to the real nature of knowledge, and its relation to the mind which entertains it.

This error, we should more properly say these errors include a conception of knowledge which may perhaps be expressed by saying, that it is viewed, or reasoned of, as if it consisted solely *in the perception of relations*:—Secondly, a conception of it, as being a species of *definite possession* to the mind, not a *power* of thought, necessarily indefinite:—as something, thirdly, in itself *limited*, and already *completed*:—In the fourth place, a fallacious idea of the participation of any one in the light and progress of his age as requiring, and consisting in, the *knowledge by him* of what is known to his age:—Fifthly, to go no further, misconceptions, to which we have more than once adverted, of the unity of knowledge.

Our Knowledge—it is manifest to every one who has ever in the least degree reflected upon his own,—however it may become at last condensed and summed up to our mind, is gathered by an almost infinite number of its acts, and drawn from, or compounded of, elements innumerable and endless.—From what *impressions* has a poet gathered his knowledge? They have flowed in upon him from the first opening of his senses on the world. What day has he lived that has not from earth and sky, from the face of men, from books, from the joy and sorrow of his own heart, brought some contribution to that inexhaustible memory of all things of soul and sense, in which he finds the materials of verse?—that has not added some strength, some tenderness, some depth,

to those faculties of thought and feeling, which are made to him the ever new subjects of fresh knowledge, of unexhausted discovery—and which are more than the sacred well of Memory, the living fountains of his song?

That process of the accumulation and perfecting of knowledge which, if we could behold it as it advances in the mind of imagination and feeling, would appear to us, as some beautiful growth takes place, though in forms less interesting, in every mind which collects and frames its own—that is, in every mind which ever possesses real—knowledge. The original, elementary impressions of numberless allied and corresponding objects are endlessly multiplied and diversified, the same impressions from the same objects are stamped deep and indelible by an endless repetition. Nor is only remembrance richly stored, which is ever but one part, and perhaps not the most important, certainly not the most difficult, of the mind's work in its composition of knowledge; but, whatever the matter may be on which it is employed, it trains to observation the faculties of observation, to thought the faculties of thought, which it industriously and incessantly exercises. The eye is quickened to see. Reflection becomes more prompt, more just, more acute, more extended. The last discovery suggests the next. What was understood yesterday, explains the new difficulty of to-day. The difference between the mind of genius, and that powerful in knowledge, is not altogether so great perhaps, as we are sometimes inclined to imagine.—**BOTH** are necessarily endowed with

much self-reflexion, much self-reliance.—**BOTH** seem to require an *aptitude of ability*, **BOTH** also an *aptitude of desire*, or *attachment*, for the particular subject of their application. **BOTH** advance and improve, in part by their own effort and purpose: in **BOTH** in part their progress is spontaneous and unconscious. Nature carrying on her original work, unfolding the powers she gave, and converting into the nourishment of their strength and growth, the materials their own activity has provided.

We observed a little while since that it was one inclination of error in the age, to conceive and reason of knowledge as if it consisted solely in the intelligence of *relations*. If it did, it might be more quickly learnt. For that intelligence is a swift act of the understanding and needs to be but little repeated to be confirmed. Besides, it would be more easily imparted. For relations, for the most part, are definite, and admit of being distinctly exposed by one mind to another. But one object of our last observations has been to represent that one part, the slowest perhaps, if not the most difficult, and often difficult, of our intellectual progress is the acquisition of the original impressions, among which the relations* subsist, the familiar intimate acquainting of the mind with the matter in which they are discerned. We come slowly to know the multiplicity of objects, interminably varied in themselves, which our intelligence would unfold. We come slowly to understand, to fix, and to acquire the power of recalling, as distinct subjects of conception, the affection of our

* There is great difficulty and risk in the use of this, as indeed of any, exceedingly abstract and metaphysical term, in inquiry not rigorously metaphysical. The philosopher has learnt that in the *composition of the idea* of every object we know, to the simplest, ideas of relation are involved: that these objects themselves appear, such as to our *formed* senses they do appear, only by force of many such *ideas of relation*, on the instant supplied to them by our intellect. Yet it is not possible in any discourse of a more general nature, to speak of such objects, and of our idea of them, according to this true knowledge. They must then be spoken of,—as in the ordinary language of men they are,—*as they appear* to us, not *as they are known* to us. The various objects which the world supplies, *appear*, each, one and entire. They *appear* to be shewn to the simple, natural sense, what they are to the instructed sense. We must speak of them as if the complex resulting impression, which they at present make, were the same with, or not essentially different from, their simple original impression. We can refer in no wise to those *first* inseparable ideas of relation which are included in the idea and knowledge of the objects themselves; but *must begin to speak of relation* with the *objects given*, as if the *secondary* relations, which connect the objects with one another, were indeed the first, which our understanding had known. The danger of using such terms is that of inconsistency in using them sometimes more, sometimes less rigorously,—or of ambiguity from being understood as having done so. We fear the text explains this.

mind and of our senses, produced in intercourse with them. The ultimately abstracted relation, or combination of relations, which gives, or is given in, the term of Science, is quickly expressed and learnt: but the multitude of forms from which the abstraction is made, is without number: and the knowledge itself subsists not merely in this ultimate term, but in great part also in the power of the mind from it to return again upon the forms, reproducing them in itself.

We observed that it was an error to conceive of knowledge as a sort of definite possession to the mind, not as a POWER OF THOUGHT, necessarily indefinite:—and this perhaps is in some degree illustrated by what we have since said. Did it consist merely in the perception of relations, and especially of those ultimately abstracted relations of which Science constructs its severely defined propositions, we might conceive of it in one sense at least, as a definite and fixed possession. Inasmuch as in that case, we could always with certainty *recall* our knowledge. For the strictly defined and abstract intellectual forms, once acquired, are recalled readily and certainly. But our knowledge in two respects departs from this character. In the first place, as those original impressions have for the most part been accompanied more or less with affections of feeling in their first reception, and what is intellectual in such impressions is not perfectly recalled, unless the feeling in some degree return with them: but the power of reproducing, or recalling, feeling is necessarily a variable one. In the second place, as almost every *application* of knowledge, which is *one* important part of its strength or power, requires invention, or a variation from its *past* forms, or those in which it hitherto subsists in the mind, to take in the given case:—but invention is a variable power. By a variable power must be understood one which, under unfavourable circumstances, languishes, and is unable to yield even its customary results, but, under favourable circumstances, is capable of rising to exertion, and yielding results, hitherto unexperienced. It must further be understood, what is very important to be here remarked, as one capable, in the same mind, out of means already possessed, of progressive indefinite improvement.

We said further that it was a part of common error to conceive of knowledge as something limited and already completed in the world: and we believe that this error, improbable as it must appear to every one who is engaged in the real investigation of any part of Science, and who sees with daily astonishment and perplexity how much of what he aims to find, still lies before him undiscovered, is yet a very prevalent one. It is the error of beginners who imagine that in their illustrious leaders, the lights of Science, Science itself has found its consummation. Only the Sage knows, that he also is a beginner. It is the error perhaps of all but reflecting minds, how well soever they may understand the fallacy with respect to the subject of their own efforts, with respect to that of other men's. Who but the scholar is aware that the Greek tongue is not yet known to us? Who but the mathematician, of the darkness and riddles, that lie about the very grounds of his lucid, undeceiving, demonstrated Science?—Who but the Poet, how young, perhaps, the poetry of his country yet is?—We look beyond our own minds. We see that we have not reached the term. We cannot look beyond the minds of those who immeasurably transcend us. We have found that within our own circle we follow a receding circumference. We know not that it is the same with other men. We have not the means to know it: and besides our judgment is dazzled and overcome. The art in which we have no skill appears to us all-accomplished. The knowledge for which we have no measure, has to our eye reached its bounds. The works of the human intellect bewilder, fatigue us, with their variety, their number, their splendour; and our own admiration, our own inability, become grounds to us of believing in their perfection.

We have already said something touching the supposition, that the PARTICIPATION of every one in the advancement and acquired lights of his time, stood in his actual POSSESSION of the attainments of his time: and would add a few words still. One way in which a man derives advantage from the improvement in the midst of which he lives, is, of course, in his own pursuit whatever that may be, which has received its own im-

provement *with* others, and *from* them. Another is, though to what extent this may generally be of importance may be questioned,—in some particular instances it is of unlimited importance,—by acquaintance with particular truths which have become commonly diffused. Another, and this is always of consequence, is by a participation, unconscious and unsought, in the spirit of the age. But what is now described, seems of this kind, benefit enough. And no very urgent reason can be shewn, that a man, because such and such branches of knowledge have happened to be productive in his days, under the cultivation of others, should, having no other inducement, apply himself to be instructed in what *they* have learnt.

Of misconceptions of the unity of knowledge we have already spoken. It has, and this should have been said, in all probability, a profound unity, from oneness of design in the subject of our knowledge: which we presume unavoidably, however imperfectly it may be permitted us to trace it. We see it more and more, the more we know. There appears to be a unity in it, also, from oneness in the nature of the intellect to which it is manifested. And there are obvious connexions, as we have said, between its different parts, one assisting and throwing light upon another. But any argument drawn, or rather unargued impression resulting from such ideas of an inherent unity in knowledge, that therefore its different parts should necessarily subsist together in one mind, seems altogether ungrounded and fallacious. We have thought we saw reason to suppose, as we have already explained, that such an impression was derived, in some degree, from a confused imagination of individuality in that mind of the race, which is only the ideal assemblage of its innumerable individual minds.

These various misconceptions, as we suppose them to be, would, if they could be admitted, be reasons for endeavouring to inculcate, and crowd in, much diversified knowledge, upon every individual mind. If they are errors, and the contrary views we have endeavoured to state be just, there will then be reason for a cautious and very different proceeding in this respect. The erroneous views we have

spoken of appear to proceed generally upon one original error. It seems to have been overlooked by those who entertain them, that the mind itself which receives knowledge is no mechanical recipient, but a living principle and power, a sentient intelligence. Its knowledge affects it with pleasure and pain, partakes in its growth, changes as itself changes, is desired and rejected, is rapid and comprehensive when it is eager and strong, slow and partial, when it is averse and faint. Were this duly conceived, it would be conceived also, that this mind is not exactly, in all cases to be urged and required to understand and to know, that the spirit of thought must awake in it, that whatever compulsion of acting it may be necessary to subject it to, it demands to be left much also, to its own movement and choice, that its intellectual attainments must share the individuality of its character, that from all these causes, *and for utility*, research, exact, and hence minute, and profound, though limited in its subjects, rather than multifarious acquisition, is to be wished:—that knowledge, of the first kind, is possible nearly to every one;—of the last,—in most instances, is only a usurpation of the name.

These several observations, not unconnected, we hope, though, we are much afraid, more irregular, and less supported and followed out than they should have been, will perhaps have in some measure explained to the reader the objection we set out with making to the attempts to reduce knowledge into *encyclopedic* forms. The attempt to exhibit all Science in *ONE BODY*, the attempt to exhibit all Science to *ONE MIND*, which are the two forms of the attempt to encyclopedize knowledge, include the fallacies of supposing—that knowledge or science is bounded and already completed, whereas in truth it is boundless and must remain for ever incomplete,—that it may be effectually communicated, such as it now exists, in results, independently of the particulars from which those results are drawn,—that it is a total sum, not a growing power,—that to the mind—(this should have been said before)—which receives its exuberant treasures, they are useful as absolute wealth, as an absolute light, whereas they are useful in great part

bý the agency they exert upon itself, by the forceful action they excite for and during the acquisition by the spirit they *may*, but do not necessarily introduce, or awaken when acquired, —that the different parts of knowledge are capable of being imparted indifferently and alike to different minds, independently of the different intellectual determinations impressed upon

them by their original constitution ;— to which should perhaps be added that such views and attempts, as far as they respect the single mind, are usually to be considered as disregarding, also, other necessary impediments under which the human mind labours, the restraints of time, of strength, of inevitable avocation.

* * * * *

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER SON.

For Music.

My child was beautiful and brave !
 An opening flower of Spring—
 He moulders in a distant grave,
 A cold, forgotten thing—
 Forgotten ! ay, by all but me,
 As e'en the best beloved must be—
 Farewell ! farewell, my dearest !

Methinks 't had been a comfort *now*
 To have caught his parting breath,
 Had I been near, from his damp brow
 To wipe the dews of death—
 With one long, lingering kiss, to close
 His eyelids for the last repose—
 Farewell ! farewell, my dearest !

I little thought such wish to prove,
 When cradled on my breast,
 With all a mother's cautious love,
 His sleeping lids I prest—
 Alas ! alas ! his dying head
 Was pillow'd on a colder bed—
 Farewell ! farewell, my dearest !

They told me vict'ry's laurels wreathed
 His youthful temples round ;
 That " Vict'ry !" from his lips was breathed
 The last exulting sound—
 Cold comfort to a mother's ear
 Who long'd *his living* voice to hear !—
 Farewell ! farewell, my dearest !

E'en so thy gallant father died,
 When thou, poor orphan child !
 A helpless prattler at my side,
 My widow'd grief beguiled—
 But now, bereaved of all in thee,
 What earthly voice shall comfort me ?—
 Farewell ! farewell, my dearest !

C.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

Essay II.—Part II.

Does Political Economy, as taught in the works of the most celebrated authors on that subject, deserve the appellation of a Practical Science; or, do they not treat practical questions in the same vague, unsatisfactory, and contradictory manner, as they do its first principles and theoretical doctrines?

Ita Philosophi, quia nihil munimenti habent, mutuis se vulneribus extinguant, et ipsa tota Philosophia suis se armis consumat ac finiat. At enim sola Physice labat? Quid illa moralis? Num aliqua firmitate subnixæ est? Videamus, an Philosophi in hac saltem parte consentiant, quæ ad vitæ statum pertinet.

LACTANTIUS, *Epitome Divin. Institut.*

IN the first part of this Essay we passed in review the various and discordant opinions entertained by the most celebrated writers on Political Economy, respecting some of its elementary and most important doctrines. Our object, it will be recollected, was not to examine these opinions, and to determine their truth or unsoundness, except so far as this might be necessary, in order to prove our position,—that a person, anxious to enter on the study of this science, would be stopt, even at the threshold of it, by vague and shifting meanings attached to words,—by conflicting authority,—by loose and inconclusive reasoning,—and by finding what was advanced, frequently contradicted by facts and experience.

The first part of this Essay was confined to the definition of the most common terms employed in Political Economy, and to its theoretical doctrines: in this second part, we shall extend our examination to some of the most important and most frequently discussed practical questions, on which, if on any topic connected with this science, it might have been expected that Political Economists would have agreed.

Some kind of circulating medium has existed in almost all countries from the earliest ages; the facts relating to it must therefore be numerous; and the causes from which it derives its value, its operation, and effects, and every other circumstance connected with, or relating to it, must have exhibited themselves repeatedly, under every variety of appearance and modification. Do Political Economists give us any precise, full, and consistent information, either on the theory of money, or the practical questions regarding it?

The first difficulty on the subject is to know what is meant by money,

what is its nature, and wherein it consists.

Some writers maintain, that money is a mere abstract idea—that, in fact, having no positive and corporeal existence, it cannot be depreciated nor acted upon by any circumstances; and that, therefore, though *gold and silver coin*, being in fact commodities, may alter in value, yet the real currency of a country, being an ideal and abstract thing, cannot positively undergo any alteration in value. This theory of money was entertained by several of those who wrote on the alleged depreciation of the currency, at the commencement of this century, and who, on it, rested their main argument to prove, that the currency of the country neither was, in fact, nor could possibly be, depreciated.

Other writers, and among them the celebrated Montesquieu, do not go quite so far; they maintain, however, that money is an ideal and arbitrary sign of value, which may exist under the form of gold and silver coin, or under any form that government chooses to give it: that its value and utility, as a circulating medium, rest entirely on the will of government, and not at all on the real and exchangeable value of the article of which it is constituted. On this theory, though most probably without ever having entertained it, all the governments of Europe acted, more or less, for a long period.

It did not give way till it was attacked, and its unsoundness as a theory, as well as its mischievous tendency as a practical guide, were exposed by Locke in England, by Dutot in France, and by several writers on this part of Political Economy in Italy, among whom may be classed Beccaria.

Still, however, there are advocates for this theory of money, who maintain that the value of it depends upon

government, or at least on public opinion; and that these can raise its exchangeable value as currency above the exchangeable value which the materials of which it is formed possess as commodities. This position is absolutely denied by others: and both parties, as is usual in all practical questions on Political Economy, appeal to facts and experience. "The money of Lacedæmon," observes Say, "is a proof of the position, that public authority is incompetent of itself to give currency to its money. The laws of Lycurgus directed the money to be made of iron, purposely to prevent its being easily hoarded or transferred in large quantities; but they were imperative, because they went to defeat these, the principal purposes of money. Yet no legislator was ever more rigidly obeyed than Lycurgus." The very frequent and repeated attempts also made by the most despotic sovereigns during those periods of history, and in those countries in which the subjects were most disposed to implicit obedience, and when the uses of money were comparatively few, are appealed to in support of the position, that public authority is incompetent of itself to give currency to its money.

Those who support the contrary doctrine, though they modify it in some degree, and thus think they remove the objections deduced from the facts we have just stated, still uphold in reality the doctrine—that the value of money does not depend exclusively on the value of the commodity of which it is formed, but that it may be fixed at first, or raised above that value by the influence of government, or of public opinion, or of both combined. They allege, that government can give currency to articles, as money, above their real value, not from the exercise of despotic authority, but from another cause. The power of a government to select arbitrarily the material of its money, depends principally upon the frequency and amount of its dealings with individuals. On this principle, they account for the currency of inconvertible paper, and of what were called tokens, that is, silver stamped by government, as of a value considerably above the market value of the metal of which it was formed. They likewise appeal to the silver currency of this country at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth cen-

turies, at which period the shillings and sixpences passed without difficulty or scruple for their nominal value, though their real value was very much depreciated by their lightness.

Here, then, on this point, we have a fresh instance of contrariety of opinion among Political Economists; and each party appealing to facts in support of his peculiar doctrine. There must be some fundamental error somewhere in the discussion of the subject of the theory of money; the two broad and directly opposite positions, that public authority can give currency to its money,—and that it cannot, cannot each rest on facts: one or other must be erroneous, or there must be some modifications in the positions themselves, and some peculiar and operative circumstances connected with the facts, which ought to be taken into account, but which are not.

But can a nation itself invest with the character and uses of money any article which does not possess real and exchangeable value as a commodity? This question seems to require an answer in the affirmative, from the evidence of the facts already stated; for, by them, we perceive, that silver coin, worn down twenty or thirty per cent in value, still retained all its powers as currency in the interchange of goods. This fact, however, is represented as not bearing so directly and powerfully on the question, as to decide it in the affirmative. Those who embrace the opposite opinion, contend that silver coin being only used as a substitute for gold, where the payments are small, its diminution of weight, while its exchangeable power remains the same, does not prove that custom or consent can invest money with more value than the market-price of the article out of which it is formed, will warrant and support. If, they add, gold coin, much worn, still were received for its original value, this would be a much more applicable and decisive fact. But, they appeal to experience as witnessing, that whenever and wherever gold coin has been much worn, it has ceased to retain its nominal value. To this, a rejoinder is made, that as even gold coin is declared by law legally current, below its full weight, and as it has often, and for a length of time, passed by common consent for its full value, although weighing less than the law de-

clares it to be legally current at, these facts prove the general proposition, that the power of the government, and the consent of the people, can invest money with a greater value than the metal of which it is composed bears in the market.

Thus we perceive that the farther we enter into Political Economy, and the more we extend our views of it, as it is taught by the most celebrated writers on the subject, the more numerous and impressive are the proofs and instances of diversity of opinion, —each opinion supported by plausible and ingenious arguments, and appealing to incontestable and apparently decisive facts. But the subject of money will supply us with still more proofs of this diversity of opinion.

The doctrine of Hume is, that money is nothing but the representative of labour and commodities, and serves only as a method of rating or estimating them; and he quotes what he calls the shrewd observation of Anacharsis, the Scythian, who had never seen money in his own country, that gold and silver seemed to him of no use to the Greeks, but to assist them in numeration and arithmetic. He farther observes, money is not, properly speaking, one of the objects of commerce, but only the instrument which men have agreed upon to facilitate the exchange of one commodity for another. It is not one of the wheels of trade; it is the oil which renders the motion of the wheels more smooth and easy! An Italian Political Economist, of considerable repute, defines money, “a commodity—a metal, whose value is represented by the commodity for which it is exchanged; the universal merchandize, that is, the merchandize which, on account of the smallness of its volume, (which renders its transport easy, and on account of its divisibility and incorruptibility,) is universally acceptable, and taken in exchange for any other merchandize.”

“In all civilized nations,” says Adam Smith, “money has become the universal instrument of commerce, by the intervention of which goods of all kinds are bought and sold, or exchanged for one another.”

Lord Lauderdale considers money as part of capital, and, consequently, as agreeing with capital in being useful or profitable to man, from the cir-

cumstance of its either supplanting a portion of labour, that would otherwise be performed by the hand of man, or of its executing a portion of labour, beyond the reach of the powers of man to accomplish.

Say observes, that money is employed as a mere intermediate object of exchange between an object in possession, and the object of desire; it is not desired as an object of food—of household use—or of personal covering, but for the purpose of re-sale, as it were, and re-exchange for some object of utility, after having been originally received in exchange for one such already. Money is, therefore, not an object of consumption; it passes through the hands without sensible diminution or injury, and may perform its office equally well, whether its material be gold or silver, leather or paper.

Ricardo, and some other writers, maintain, that the charges of obtaining the metal, wholly determine its price or relative value, in exchange for all other commodities.

Is money then to be regarded merely as counters, to rate and numerate commodities, and can it have no effect, either good or bad, as Hume maintains, where it is in greater plenty, any more than as it would make an alteration in a merchant's books, if, instead of the Arabian method of notation, which requires few characters, he should make use of the Roman, which requires a great many? Hume allows this conclusion to be just, and indeed, it follows from the doctrine, that money serves only to rate and enumerate commodities; and yet he adds, it is certain that, since the discovery of the mines in America, industry has increased in all the nations of Europe, except in the possessors of those mines; and this, he says, may be justly ascribed, amongst other reasons, to the increase of gold and silver. He then explains how this consequence follows; but it is not our present purpose to enter on, or examine his explanation. The remark, however, forces itself upon us, when contrasting his doctrine with his facts—that Hume's love of paradox—which, to his credit, he seldom permitted to influence his *Essays on Political Economy*—here breaks out.

It is singular, that those who justly object to his definition of money, and

regard it as something more than a method for rating and estimating commodities, should controvert his position, that an increase of money increases industry.

The question, whether an increase of money is beneficial, injurious, or indifferent to the progress of social wealth, is united with another question, on which also there are different opinions—whether there be a known and fixed proposition between money and the commodities which it is to circulate.

Sir W. Petty and Davenant thought that England required a quantity of currency equal to half the rent of her lands, the fourth of the rent of houses, the weekly expenses of the people, and the value of the fourth of all the commodities exported. Cantillon was of opinion, that the money which circulates in Europe, is generally equal to at least half the produce of the soil, and, at the utmost, to two-thirds of that produce. Montesquieu thinks that the quantity of money is pretty nearly indifferent, because the rising and sinking of its value proportionates it to all wants. On this branch of the question, it is obvious, and it is surprising it did not seem so to the authors just referred to, that all is vague conjecture, and that it is a question of no practical or theoretical importance. Yet, how often in treatises on Political Economy, are the thoughts of the reader diverted from what is attainable and important to such trifling investigations.

Smith perceived the vainness of such an inquiry; he says, "It is perhaps impossible to determine the proportion which the money of any country bears to the whole value of the annual produce circulated by means of it." He adds, however, not very consistently with himself in other places, "that the circulating money must always bear a very considerable proportion to that part of the produce, which

is destined for the maintenance of industry."

According to his system, gold and silver are quite useless to the formation, progress, and increase of wealth; their plenty or scarcity is indifferent in themselves, and destitute of any influence on the wealth of nations. The increase of the quantity of gold and silver in Europe, and the increase of its manufactures and agriculture, he adds, are two events which, though they have happened nearly about the same times, yet have arisen from very different causes, and scarcely have any natural connexion with one another. How is this opinion reconcilable with what he states respecting the Scotch banks?—by means of the cash accounts, which merchants keep with them, he asserts, and asserts truly, that every merchant can, without imprudence, carry on a greater trade than he otherwise could do; and yet these cash accounts enable the merchant to extend his business solely by increasing the circulating medium of a country. His opinions on this subject are therefore contradictory.

The doctrine, that an increased circulating medium does not increase industry, has lately been supported by an argument, at once at variance with fact, and inconsistent with itself. If an increase of money, it is alleged, does *not* increase price, it cannot increase industry and produce; if it does increase price, the value of money must by this very operation be diminished, and an increase of price can be no motive to increased industry and produce. We have put this argument in all its force of apparently strict and logical reasoning; as it is, if we are not much mistaken, a most illustrative instance of the manner in which questions on Political Economy are treated, even when close reasoning is aimed at.*

It is natural to suppose, that, if increased industry does not flow

* See Mill's Elements of Political Economy, Chap. III. Sect 11. The former part of the reply to Mr Hume's doctrine is, if possible, still less deserving of the name of a demonstration, which, however, Mr Mill expressly calls it. "This doctrine," he says, "implies a want of clear ideas respecting production. The agents of production are the commodities themselves, not the price of them. They are the food of the labourer, the tools and machinery with which he works, and the raw materials which he works upon. These are not increased by the increase of money; how then can there be more production? This is a demonstration that the conclusion is erroneous at which Hume has arrived."

Here is assertion certainly, but no demonstration—and here is also displayed an igno-

from increased money, when there is no increase in price, it would flow from it when there was an increase of price, since this branch of the argument, in fact, amounts to this—that the effect cannot exist where the cause is absent. The two branches of the argument, therefore, cannot co-exist—they must destroy each other. If increased industry is not produced by increased money, when increased money does not give rise to increased price, it is natural and fair to conclude, that, when it does give rise to it, increased industry will follow.

But a little reflection, as well as an appeal to facts, will convince us, that increased money stimulates industry, even when no increase of price takes place. Let us suppose a demand for an article which is obtained by the rudest and simplest industry, and that the person who supplies this article does not work more than eight hours a-day, because, in that time, he can obtain all of it that is needed. Let us next suppose that, from whatever cause, he finds he could sell one half more, if he had it;—will not this induce him to work twelve hours instead of eight, even though the price of the article does not increase. This process is often going on, and must have been in operation in a striking manner, especially in all the little villages which have risen to wealth by becoming sea-bathing quarters.

But it will more frequently occur that this increased demand produces increased price for the article. In this case, it is alleged that industry and wealth cannot be increased, because increase in price is, in fact, diminution in the value of money; and it can be no motive to industry to obtain one-and-sixpence, instead of one shilling, if the value of the former

sum, or its command in the market, is no greater than that of the latter sum.

Here again is a fallacy and a variance with fact. Increased demand produces increased price; increased price is, in fact, diminution in the value of money; but, at first, the increased price, and diminution in the value of money, have reference solely to the article for which there is an increased demand; and he who has this article to sell, getting more for it, at a time when money bears its former value with respect to other articles, is thereby enabled to purchase more of them, or, in other words, is richer. The fallacy lies in confounding the diminution in the value of money, compared with one article which the labourer *has to sell*, with its general diminution, compared not only with that, but also with all the articles *he has to buy*. If the diminution instantaneously, and in the same degree, extended itself to the proportionate value of money, and all commodities, increased price could be no stimulus to industry; because a person is not benefited by receiving two shillings where he used to receive one, if he has to pay two shillings where he used to pay one: but if, by increased demand for his goods, he receives two shillings instead of one, and, at the same time, purchases what he wants at the old price, an increased circulating medium must act as a stimulus to industry, so long as men wish to be richer than they are. It is evident that the same operation and the same effects will occur when he becomes a purchaser: he is enabled to increase demand and price; this stimulates the industry of others; they in their turn exert the same influence; but, at length, the increased circulating medium, having divided itself among

rance of the mode in which money operates, as well as of one of the modes in which increased produce may arise. If a labourer works one hour more than usual in a day, on the same quantity of food, with the same tools and machinery, and on the same raw material, (on the sea, for instance, in fishing,)—will not there be more production, though the food, the tools, and machinery, and the raw material, are not increased. “These are not increased by the increase of money.” This is begging the question, not demonstration; this assertion is also contrary to fact; a demand for more labourers is virtually, and in its consequences, a demand for more tools, food, machinery, and raw materials for them; and what is increased demand, but an increased power to purchase; or, in other words, an augmented quantity of money—and yet this is put forth as reasoning, by one who bears the character of a sound logician, and an excellent Political Economist, and who, seemingly from confidence in his logical powers, is fond of throwing his doctrines into the form of what he calls demonstration.

all the articles, and increased the produce of them all, ceases to have any farther effect; but, till this takes place, it cannot be inefficient, and it only ceases to operate when the whole increase of articles is equivalent to the increase of the circulating medium. It must indeed be acknowledged, and it is proved by fact, that the increase of the circulating medium may be so rapid, or so great, as not to be attended with a corresponding increase of industry.

We shall now turn from the theoretical questions respecting money, to those which are of a practical nature and bearing; and examine whether, so far as these are concerned, the writings of Political Economists are more enlightened and safer guides than they have proved to be on the theoretical division of this interesting and important subject.

The first practical question is, Whether the quality of unity ought to be reckoned among the requisites of money;—in other words, whether gold or silver alone ought to be admitted as money, or whether both these metals ought to be employed indiscriminately. The necessity of having silver to represent such small values as could not be represented by gold coin, except by making it too small, is obvious: the question is, whether the exchangeable rate of gold and silver coin should be fixed by law, or permitted to fluctuate as the market value of these two metals might happen to fluctuate?

The inconveniency of two metallic currencies was strongly pointed out by Locke; and his opinion has been practically followed by most governments. On the continent, silver chiefly performs the functions of money, and gold is regarded as a merchandize. "In England," observes Smith, "gold was not considered as a legal tender for a long time after it was coined into money. The proportion between the values of gold and silver was not fixed by any public law or proclamation, but was left to be settled by the market." In fact, it is only since the year 1728 that England has given currency to gold. Silver is a legal tender, to a certain amount, and, of course, below and up to that amount, it must be deemed and taken equivalent to the sum of gold in coin fixed by law, whatever be the relative mar-

ket prices of the two metals. All large payments are to be made in gold.

The question, whether one or two metals should be admitted as money, in all payments, to whatever amount, is now almost universally decided by Political Economists in favour of the unity of the currency: but the dependent and subsequent question, whether silver or gold ought to be the legal or governing coin, has not been settled, although it was much agitated a century ago, and lately, when the mint-regulations of the silver coin were changed. The relative value of gold and silver, it is evident, will be affected by the change, in the quantity of both or either, in the great market of the world; and it is equally plain, that that metal, the quantity of which, in this market, is most nearly stationary, ought to be selected as the standard and regulating coin. But this preliminary question has not been satisfactorily solved; chiefly because it is not easy, when the relative value of two articles changes, to determine whether the change is produced by an alteration in the comparative supply of and demand for both, or whether an alteration in the supply of, or of the demand for one, has produced the change in their relative value. Thus, if gold, instead of exchanging for sixteen times its weight of silver, exchanges for fourteen—this may arise partly from silver being scarcer, and gold more plentiful, or solely from gold being more plentiful, or solely from silver being more scarce; a single and identical effect, arising from one of two causes, or from the combination of two causes, puzzles Political Economists more than any other case in the practical application of their science.

The famous questions respecting the alleged depreciation of the paper-currency, the unfavourable state of the exchange, the fluctuations in the price of corn and other commodities, besides many other questions which agitated this country within the last half century, afford proofs and illustrations of this position, and put it beyond a doubt that Political Economists are not sufficiently attentive to that process, without attention to which, no science can be placed on a firm foundation, or advance with regular and steady progress towards perfection, not only in its theoretical doctrines, but also in

its practical application and utility: the process we allude to is that of taking a comprehensive and full view of all the circumstances which precede any event, and of separating those that are operative from those that are inefficient, and to ascertain, —if there is more than one operative cause, whether they all act towards the same end, or whether any one, or more, counteracts, in some degree, the effects of the remainder.

But as our object is not to give a complete enumeration of the practical points in which Political Economists are obscure and unsatisfactory, or where they contradict one another, we shall, with reference to the circulating medium, merely refer to the questions regarding seigniorage of coin, interest of money, paper currency, the depreciation of the Bank of England paper, the foundation of the par of exchange, the causes of its derangements from trade, or alterations in the real value of the currency—questions which, within the memory of our readers, have inundated the country with treatises innumerable, and most of which are still undecided—in support of our position, that Political Economy is very far removed from perfection, and that, in its present state, it can throw little light on any obscurity which may hang over any part of the circulating medium of a country, or its commerce, as affected by that circulating medium.

Let us next inquire, whether, on other great and serious practical questions, a nation will be conducted to those measures which will be most for its real and permanent advantage, by pursuing the path marked out by Political Economists, or whether it will not rather be puzzled and distracted amidst the various paths which each party, with equal confidence, recommends as leading directly and certainly to the public weal.

Which trade, foreign or domestic, is most conducive to national wealth? This question has often been put, and though, if duly considered, and the terms employed accurately defined, it ought not to have remained long without a satisfactory answer, it is still one of the most difficult and most controverted points of Political Economy, as it is assuredly one of the most important.

Some of the earliest writers on this science expressed themselves, without

hesitation, in favour of foreign trade, particularly D'Avenant, Sir James Steuart, Montesquieu, and Beccaria. The Economists were the first to lay it down as a maxim in Political Economy, that, in foreign trade, there is but an exchange of equal value for equal value, without loss or gain on either side, and that a nation cannot have a more advantageous trade than its home trade. Smith considers the home trade as most beneficial to national wealth. It is worthy of notice, however, as an illustration of the vagueness of reasoning on topics of Political Economy, that his opinion proceeds on reasons and facts directly opposed to those by which the Economists support the same doctrine. It is also worthy of notice, that though Smith thinks it more advantageous for a country to consume the produce of its labour than to sell it abroad, yet he upholds the directly contrary doctrine when the question is of purchasing abroad. How can purchases from foreign nations be made, if all the home produce is consumed at home? and, as Ganibh pertinently asks, "If it be the interest of a nation to purchase from a foreign country when that country sells cheaper, how can its interest be insured by selling to the foreign country, when it purchases dearer?" What difference is there between purchasing cheap from a foreign country, and selling dear to that country?

Smith assigns the last place to the carrying trade, the capital of which, he says, is merely employed in replacing the capitals which support the labour of foreign countries. D'Avenant, on the contrary, is of opinion, that freight is not only the most politic, but the most national and most certain profit a country can possibly make by trade.

The mercantile system of the Balance of Trade, as it is called, has little hold now even on many practical men, and has been long exploded by all enlightened Political Economists; yet, very inconsistently, the sum total of exports and imports is appealed to, as a proof of the state of the foreign trade of a country; and it is yet undecided whether that trade flourishes most when the exports exceed the imports, or when the reverse takes place.

These doubts and various opinions regarding the comparative national advantages of the foreign, the home, and the carrying trade, and of the means of

judging of the state of the foreign trade, could not have existed, if the investigation of the topics had been entered on with the proper previous establishment of principles, and exact definition of terms, and with a thorough sifting and application of facts.

Ought Government to interfere with trade, domestic or foreign? This question, which, half a century ago, would have been generally answered in the affirmative, would, at present, with some modifications and exceptions, be answered in the negative. The system of prohibitions and bounties is nearly at an end; it proceeded on a narrow and false estimate of social wealth, and of the sources from which it springs, and of the causes which give it vigour and expansion. The objects which Governments had in view, when they established this system, went to employ, and thereby to enrich, subjects preferable to strangers; to prevent the export of the precious metals; to make foreign articles bear the principal weight of taxation; to keep trade at home, because, whether subjects obtain for their money, good or bad, many or few articles, is a matter of indifference, the loss of one subject constituting the gain of another; to confine at home useful articles for the benefit of subjects; to render a nation invulnerable and independent of its neighbours; to depress rival nations, and prevent them depressing us; and to foster commerce in its infancy.

Although it is now generally seen that many of these objects, if they could be obtained by the system pursued, would be hurtful instead of beneficial to a nation, and that such of them as are actually beneficial, must be sought for by directly opposite methods, yet the influence of the system itself still lingers not only among Governments, influencing their conduct, but also among many writers of note on Political Economy.

It is still deemed by many necessary to depress rival nations, or at least to cut them off from a competition with us in our own market, and to support the monopoly by them, so far as it may render a nation invulnerable and independent of its neighbours, by creating supplies and markets for it within its own bosom.

The grand object of Political Economy is social wealth—the indispensable

requisite for the acquisition and enjoyment of social wealth is food—Are Political Economists agreed on this question? Ought a nation to derive its food exclusively from its own soil and labour, or to procure it from the soil and labour of other countries? By no means. It is only necessary to appeal to the discussions respecting the Corn Laws, to point out the uncertainty in which this question still remains—not only the general question, but the question as it respects Britain under the circumstances in which she is placed.

If foreign corn is freely and at all times admitted into a country, it must depress the agriculture of that country, and thus not only derange the application of its labour and capital, and make its soil of little value, but also render it dependent on other and probably hostile countries for the first necessary of life. Such is the substance of the arguments brought forward by those who object to the free and unlimited importation of foreign corn. They admit, at least most of them do, the general principle, that it is for the genuine and permanent interest of a nation to purchase wherever it can at the cheapest rate; but the principle, they contend, must, so far as relates to corn, bend to the more imperative and essential principle of self-preservation.

To this it is replied, that interest has operated, and always will operate, even in the midst of home scarcity or hostility; that those who can give the highest price for corn, will draw it to themselves, as assuredly as water will flow into a lower level; that that nation will be able to give the highest price, which, in all its commercial transactions, acts uniformly on the principle of selling at the highest market, and buying at the cheapest, because, by so doing, it will increase its wealth, and thus be enabled, when necessary, to give the highest price for corn, which, of course, will always render it the interest of foreign nations to send it whatever it needs.

Such are the arguments on each side; but in this, as in all disputed cases, there must be some fundamental and indisputed truths, by the test of which these arguments may be tried, and their soundness or unsoundness ascertained. Political Economy, it

must be acknowledged, has not been examined and discussed with sufficient attention and reference to these truths; nor have they been unfolded and laid down in the manner they ought to have been. They must indeed be drawn from a comprehensive and careful examination of facts; but after being thus established, they are indispensably necessary as the first steps that can lead us, by a plain and regular path, to the object in view.

On this subject of the free importation of foreign corn, as on most other disputed practical points of Political Economy, not only are the arguments at variance, but the facts appealed to are regarded by each party as decisively and exclusively establishing their own peculiar doctrine. But the course and tendency of nature and her laws are uniform and constant. In physics, no philosopher would admit for a moment, much less assert, that facts are so much at variance with one another as to establish two opposite laws. And we may be assured, that man—equally the creature and the subject of nature, with inanimate matter—cannot possibly exhibit, in anything he does or suffers, either in his individual or social character, such a stumbling-block, not only to all reasoning, but to all action, as facts really at variance with one another, and tending to establish directly opposite principles.

We have already remarked, that the question respecting the free importation of corn has given rise to much inconclusive and unsatisfactory discussion; not only on the general principle, but also on that principle, modified as it is supposed to be by the peculiar circumstances of Britain.

The advocates for the restriction of importation maintain that their cause is much strengthened, as it relates to Britain. This country is highly taxed; these taxes cannot be paid unless by the consumers; but the consumer will be enabled to avoid payment of those which the grower of corn has hitherto made him pay, in the shape of the increased price of that article, if foreign corn is freely imported; because foreign corn being grown in countries not taxed so highly as Britain, can be sold much cheaper.

This is the strong case of the opponents of a free trade in corn. Does the student in Political Economy wish

to see how it is met by those who are advocates for unrestricted commerce—who contend, that in all instances and circumstances, it is for the general good; and that Britain, even as regards corn, and under the pressure of her unprecedented taxation, does not form an exception to their favourite doctrine?

Here is a question of the highest practical consequences. No person who is a real and enlightened friend to his country—who even proposes a clear and comprehensive view of his own individual interest—would wish to see foreign corn freely imported into Britain, if by this measure the landowners, farmers, and peasantry, would be ruined or thrown out of employment, and the land left uncultivated. And yet we are afraid if he peruses the statements and arguments of both parties, he will rise from the investigation as little satisfied on this as on too many other points of Political Economy. He will perceive that the opponents of a free trade in corn, under the circumstances of Britain, make out their case by statements and arguments which rather puzzle than convince him, in which he cannot help suspecting, though he cannot clearly perceive, that there is some flaw. If he then turn to the perusal of the writings of those who advocate a free trade in corn, even under the circumstances of Britain, he will find much that is sound and strong in support of the general principle of a free trade; perhaps not a little that tends to persuade him that this principle ought to be extended to corn as well as other articles; but very little that applies to the question as it respects the peculiar circumstances of Britain, highly taxed, and now long accustomed to a regulated importation of corn.

Here we perceive another cause and source of the unsatisfactory nature of investigations on Political Economy, as they are generally conducted. In a subsequent essay we shall enter fully and minutely into the nature and consequences of these; but in this place we may briefly state, that, for a long time, general principles were almost entirely overlooked or objected to as inapplicable and mischievous in Political Economy; and that at present they are laid down in too peremptory a manner, and with too sweeping and exclusive power. Cases certainly oc-

cur which at least seem to be exceptions to them ; and those who bring forward these cases, who are probably advocates for the general principle, will not be driven from their point simply by the establishment of the general principle ; they require a most precise and important review of the particular case, and a proof that it is, when viewed in all its bearings and consequences, not an exception to the general principle, but an illustration and confirmation of it. This is not done ; and the student in Political Economy, after he has advanced, as he conceives, so far in the study as to have established to his satisfaction and conviction certain general principles, finds his faith in them shaken, when he wishes and endeavours to apply them to particular cases ; whereas, did the writers on Political Economy examine these cases most strictly and fully, and draw their general principles from them, at least as much as from more simple and less refractory cases, the student in this science would not be so much puzzled, disturbed, and retarded, and the science itself would advance with more regular and steady progress.

The navigation laws present another stumbling-block to the student in Political Economy, which he in vain will expect to be removed from his course by perusing what has been written on the subject. Indeed, in defence of them he encounters an appeal to an alleged fact, which cannot well be appealed to in the case of the Corn Trade. It can hardly be said that Britain has flourished in consequence of her corn laws, when we reflect, on the one part, on the extreme high prices which corn has borne within these few years, and the effect thus produced on the condition of all but the growers of corn ; and, on the other part, on the very low prices following so soon after the high prices, and the ruinous effects thus produced on the owners and cultivators of land. Whereas the supporters of the navigation laws appeal to the flourishing state of the commerce and navy of Britain, since they were passed, and regard this as a sufficient proof that, however these laws may contravene the principle of buying at the cheapest market—this principle, in this particular case, is deviated from, solely in order to follow a principle to which

everything is subordinate—that of preserving national independence ;—they even go farther, and contend that our commerce and wealth are greater now than they would have been without these laws, and that they are greater by the operation of these laws.

On the opposite side of the question, it is argued, that the navigation laws impose the following burdens :—“ First, the extra expense of a native navigation in those cases where a foreign navigation could be had cheaper. Next, the frequent delay of waiting for native opportunity ; the extra delay, risk, damage of goods, and loss of interest of money upon the investment at stake, whenever the laws render the voyage unnecessarily circuitous. Lastly, the check to the increase of trade, (either in the way of sale, purchase, or agency,) which often occurs from one or other of these obstacles.”

Still the question is undecided : but is it so, because it admits of no positive and unequivocal decision, or because it is not argued in a proper manner ? It is difficult to believe that the former is the case. Considering these laws simply and exclusively as they affect our wealth, and contravene or coincide with the general principle of buying at the cheapest market, it might be supposed that this tendency could be satisfactorily determined and appreciated : yet it is not so, for the advocates for these laws maintain, as we have already remarked, that they have benefited commerce, not merely in an indirect manner, by preserving our superiority at sea, and rendering our sailors more expert and numerous than they otherwise would have been, but also by their direct operation. The adversaries of these laws deny this ; so that we perceive, that, setting aside the consideration of the question as one of political security or expediency, and viewing it only as a question of Political Economy—it is one in which there are opposite opinions, neither of which are yet either founded on a solid basis, or proved to be utterly without foundation ; and yet the question, in its simplest form, as one of Political Economy, cannot contain within itself insurmountable difficulties : a science that has for its object to determine what social wealth is—what nature supplies towards it, and what man—

ought certainly to be able to solve this question. But if the subject be viewed in a more comprehensive manner, it will be found that even the political security and expediency of these laws resolves itself into a question of Political Economy, since this science, embracing all that relates to social wealth, must embrace the consideration of all those measures which, affecting natural strength and independence, must necessarily affect social wealth. The question of the Navigation Laws, therefore, taken in its largest sense, is merely a question of Political Economy; but it is one, for the full discussion and satisfactory solution of which, we shall in vain look to the writings of Political Economists, whether these confine themselves to general principles or appeal to facts.

The discussions on the subject of the Navigation and Corn Laws have been numerous: the difficulties which beset these questions are universally acknowledged to be great. Much difference of opinion regarding them still exists. Looseness of reasoning, and facts of equivocal tendency, obtrude themselves on all those who, having formed no opinion, are desirous to *make up their minds* on the subject. These things create prejudices against Political Economy; but how much are these prejudices strengthened by the discussions on the Poor Laws—a subject which seems not more effectually to puzzle Political Economists, than it resists all the practical attempts of Government!

As the question of the Navigation Laws is regarded as made up of considerations of political expediency, as well as of those that affect social wealth—so the question respecting the Poor Laws, and the support of the poor, is generally represented as made up of moral considerations as well as of those that are peculiar to Political Economy; and thus the difficulty and obscurity which surround the question have been greatly increased and strengthened. He who, by reading a discussion respecting it, in which it is treated simply as a dry point of Political Economy, is thereby convinced that the Poor Laws act in the most hostile manner against social wealth, and even against the pecuniary interest of those whom it is their object to relieve—is most probably shaken in his conviction, when he afterwards reads

a treatise in which the support of the Poor is treated as a moral duty.

An objection which speaks more powerfully against Political Economy, in the hearts of those whose feelings have the mastery of their judgment, and even with those who are not able and accustomed to perceive that as all truth is connected, directly or indirectly, so all that really benefits mankind, is connected—is this—that Political Economy treats of the wealth of nations as a paramount and exclusive object. This objection is most strongly argued, and brought most prominently forward, when the question regarding the support of the Poor and the Poor Laws is discussed; and we think, that after all that has been written on the subject, there is still wanting the clear and full evidence, that Political Economy is not a cold, unfeeling, and worldly science, and that the conclusions to which the science leads on the subject of the poor, are the conclusions of comprehensive and enlightened benevolence.

The question respecting population, as it is treated by Mr Malthus and his opponents, is another which we think is still open to discussion; it certainly is not treated by Mr Malthus in either a logical or philosophical method, and his fundamental principle of counteracting proportions in the rate of increase of the means of subsistence, and in the rate of increase of population, cannot be maintained; if this principle had been given as a conjectural one, or as one not forming the basis of his reasonings, it might have been abandoned by the author, without impeaching his powers as a logician and philosopher; and his theory may be maintained after its abandonment: but it is then not the theory of Mr Malthus.

On the other hand, his theory has been attacked in a loose and declamatory manner; or, where facts and reasoning have been employed, the facts have been irrelevant and indecisive, and the reasoning, if founded upon them, necessarily unsatisfactory, and if proceeding on applicable facts, for the most part loose and unsound. All except strong partizans, agree that the question, whether regarded as merely speculative, or such as ought to regulate the practice, not only of individuals, but also of governments, accord-

ing to the manner in which it is solved—is still without a complete answer.

There are many other topics in Political Economy of great practical interest and importance, on which there is still great diversity of opinion; especially such as relate to taxation, the National Debt, the Sinking Fund, &c. And if a person wishes to satisfy himself on any of these—if he wishes to learn, for instance, on whom taxes ultimately and really fall—out of what fund they are paid—what, in fact, is the amount of the burden they inflict—what kind of taxes produce the most in the Exchequer, with the least loss and grievance to individuals: If he wishes to make up his mind on the subject of the National Debt, and to satisfy himself whether it is a piece of unmixed evil, or whether, as some maintain, it is no evil, or an evil mixed with, and productive of good—if he wishes to learn the real nature and operation of a Sinking Fund, and whether, under some circumstances, it may not be disadvantageous to social wealth, he will, indeed, find no want of treatises on these subjects; but if he really wishes to arrive at the truth, and applies himself to the study of these topics, with a mind impartial and able to determine,

and, at the same time, not to be convinced, except by numerous relevant and undoubted facts, by clear and close reasoning, and by full and definite definition of terms, uniformly adhered to—he will rise from the study wearied and perplexed, rather than satisfied and convinced.

Are there difficulties, obscurities, and contradictions, inherent in Political Economy? Is it a subject so refractory that it will not yield to the power of the human mind—so deep, that no line of intellect can fathom it—so high, that it is beyond the reach of man, whom it concerns, and from whose worldly interests it derives its being? It is natural to ask these questions, after the display which we have given of the various conflicting opinions that are entertained on some of its most fundamental and important topics.

In our next Essay, therefore, we shall inquire whether Political Economy may not be reduced to a science, that is, whether it may not be founded on general principles derived from facts, and when thus founded, whether it may not be employed as a practical science, of the highest importance and utility to the social interests of man.

POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF CHARLES EDWARDS, ESQ.

No. III.

Medhurst, 1816.

THANKS for your congratulations; and take mine in return, on your having escaped free with life, and, what is more important still, without disfigurement. Really, to see a man, in these times, go through ten years' service untouched—Talavera, Busaco, Salamanca, and Waterloo; besides duels, bye skirmishes, and occasional leaps out of window; might almost make one a believer in "The Special Grace," or the Mussulman doctrine of predestination.

Your kind papers met me at Falmouth, where I landed, from a pilot-boat, on the 14th, after contending thirty hours with such a gale as the very spirit of larceny might have given itself up for lost in. One whole night we had of it, and best part of two days, with top-masts struck, top-gallant masts rolled away, hatches battened down, dead-lights shut in, boats gone, spars washed off, (except a few that

we lashed across the deck, to avoid being washed off ourselves,) and lower masts groaning, and creaking, and straining, as if well inclined, if the hubbub lasted, to make away after their companions.

Never was so frightened before in all my life—which I attribute entirely to my having lately become "monied." In the onset of the affair, a trifle of a sea took us; beat in all the quarter boards on our weather side; and carried away six water casks, and four pigs, besides the cook-house, the cook in it, and the binnacle. It was night—dark as pitch, and raining. So black, that the man at the helm could not have seen shore if his bowsprit-end had run against it. And then, on a sudden, by the flashes of lightning half a minute long—the whole hopeless, interminable prospect of white foaming water opened before you; with the pigs, and the casks, and the

hen-coops, each riding off upon a separate wave as big as Westminster Abbey.

Beggary, time out of mind, has been valiant. He must be brave (perforce) who has no breeches; but the holder of exchequer bills hates instinctively to find himself one moment trespassing upon the moon—flying upwards, to impugn the dog-star, as if out of a swing nine times as high as the gibbet Haman was hanged upon; and, the next, to be sunk down into a cursed bottomless black chasm, with the water, on three sides at least of him, above the pitch of his top-gallant yard, the whole bed of sea, in the ordinary course of fluids coming to their level, being to close fifty feet over his head within the next half second.

And then, in the midst of the provoking darkness, which hides the extent of your danger, and enables you to add just two hundred per cent to it, arises a vast array of multifarious clatters, to terrify those who don't know their import, and those who do. First, your jeopardy is suggested by the lively rattling of the thunder, the pelting of the rain, and the hoarse roar of the wind in the rigging. Next, you become interested in the rending and shivering of sails, the rocking and squeaking of yards and masts, the choking and hiccuping of pumps, and the frequent crashes of "something gone!"—expecting the next thing that "goes" to be yourself. The lighter accompaniments consisting, chiefly, in a perpetual rush of boiling water under your bow, and the blowing of a score of grampuses (who are evidently waiting for you) in it; these last performers (doubtless the original tritons) spouting, and committing all kinds of *singeries* in their hilarity; obviously esteeming it a mistake of Providence that it should not be a tempest always!

A man may be as stout as Hercules, and yet not care to be eaten by cetaceous fishes. Did you never observe that the people who bring themselves to subaqueous terminations in and about London, almost always choose to conclude in something like smooth water? Nursery maids take the New River and the Paddington Canal,—lovers, the "Serpentine," and the "Bason" in Hyde Park;—stock-jobbers go to Westminster Bridge and Blackfriars;—whipped school-boys,

and desperate 'prentices, into water butts and fish ponds; but no adventurers (at least I don't recollect any) ever jump off London Bridge, where the flood has an angry, threatening appearance. Man, even where he is to be a slave and a fool, finds a satisfaction in being a slave and a fool in his own way. One gentleman conceits to die in battle; another has a fancy to pass in his bed. Many part by corrosive sublimate and laudanum, who would live on if they were bound to use the knife. There are obstacles to the application of the "bare bodkin" more than the high-souled Hamlet could descend to think of; and, for myself, if I were going to be drowned, I confess I should like to meet my fate in quiet water.

But here I am, my friend, on shore; every thought of danger (and of water) over; master of myself, ten years of life and youth, and a hundred thousand pounds of fortune that I never hoped for. Your letter is most welcome. For excuses, let them trouble neither of us. A lapse of intercourse is not necessarily a breach of friendship; and, if it were, the act that made the lapse was mine. "Man proposes," as somebody says, "and God disposes;"—few sublunary resolves can stand against the force of circumstances. I took my course seven years since—at least I think so—not as a man who was without friends, but like a man who wished to keep them. When the sheet-anchor could not hold my vessel, it was as well to drive, and keep the kege on board. Fools "try" their friends, and lose them—pressing on a toy of glass, as though it were a rock of adamant. They forget the very first condition upon which they hold the feeling they are trusting to; void the lease, and yet marvel when the lord enters for breach of covenant. A man must perish—this is an arrangement in nature—before he can be regretted. The tragic poet dares not, for all Parnassus, save his hero in the last scene. You are mistaken, and you do me injustice, when you say, that I had no "friend" (at the time you refer to) but yourself. I tell you, that at the very moment when, upon deliberation, I "took service" as a private soldier—an act of which I am more proud than of any I ever performed in my whole life!—at that very moment I had a letter in my

hand from a woman—God bless her!—She was the widow of an officer whom I had once served, and she suspected my condition—entreating me, in terms which I can never forget, though I will not quote them, to share her means (and they were slight ones) till my embarrassments were over. If friendship could have helped me, Heaven knows! here it was in its most agreeable form. But there is a principle of re-action, among the first ordinances of nature, which makes it impossible to profit by such an offer. It seemed a jewel, the thing that was held out to me; but, had I grasped, it would have turned to ashes in my hand. I was famishing, and cool water stood at my lips; but it would have fled and mocked me, had I sought to taste it. Here lies no failure; for, on the point, there is no power in the will of the proposing individual; the obstacle, which is insurmountable, is a parcel of the very system under which we breathe. The precise qualities which procure a man offers of assistance, are those (nine times in ten) he would sacrifice by accepting it.

Few people will give away, even their money, to a crouching coward—a dependant—a hanger-on; and yet what else than these can he be who consents to live upon the bounty of another? The romantic generosity of Mrs ———'s character was excited by what she took to be a corresponding principle of chivalry in mine. She would have saved a man, (she guessed from death,) whom certain qualities, which she liked, went to endanger; and forgot to think of the folly which had brought him into peril, in surprise at the unshrinking obduracy with which he stood to meet it. Why, you see, a man's very vanity, in a situation like this, leaves him no choice but to be cut up and devoured. From the moment that I listened to a thought of safety, I ceased to be the hero that the lady took me for. I should have been absolutely an impostor if I had accepted her offer; for, the very instant that I even paused upon it, it became the property of somebody else. You must be burned—there is no help for it—if you wish to be a martyr. You must die (though it is unpleasant) before your name can be emblazoned on your tomb. I desire to wrong no man's feeling; but the course you complain of is the course which I

should take again. Assistance from "friendship" is always bought dearly, and turns out generally to be good for nothing when you have it. You part, in a sad state of the market, with, perhaps, a good character; and, after the bargain is concluded, find that you have got in payment a bad shilling.

But a truce to past troubles, unless it be to laugh at them—Did I not tell you, even when I was falling—did I not tell you that I should rise again? It is but yesterday that I stood in the world alone, without rank, reckoning, or respect; that I was a nameless creature, without rights, without possessions, without even personal liberty; and to day, I, the same "Charles Edwards"—helped by no man—thanking none—I breathe my horse on ground that is mine own, and am a "lord" and a gentleman of worship! I went forth as a sold and purchased slave; and, Mameluke like, I have returned as a chief and a conqueror. Charles Edwards—"rogue Wellborn!"—"Lord" of the manor of Medhurst! and the "lance-prise" hath two bankers;—the "rough-rider" knows when it shall be "quarter day!" Yesterday my estate was an empty stomach, and Chelsea was my inheritance! and to-day, there is a gentleman who cannot stand straight in my presence, shews the rent-roll of my "landed property;" and talks of "rents," "farms," "feoffments," "fisheries," "waifs," "strays," and "commonable rights!"—

Come to me, if possible, for I am full of business; and my head might be in a better condition for transacting it. People who inherit fortunes from their fathers, never guess even at the real advantages of wealth. You never got a true feeling of the deliciousness of having money—no, not even from seeing half your acquaintances go without it. But, for me! I am just bursting as from darkness into the broad blaze of sunshine—from bondage into freedom uncontrolled—from childish helplessness, into the strength and power of a giant! My quarrel always with life was, that a man could not work his way into a house in Grosvenor Square, until a narrower house might serve his desires, and be more than sufficient for his necessities. There was no path by which a man could make a fortune to himself, and sit down to dissipate it

in profusion, even at thirty. I had a thought once of going to the bar—I scarcely know how or why. But, when I peeped into a court of law, and saw the bare results of years of puzzlement!—the “damned Hebrew, or parchment as thick as a board,” what was the net product of eyes pored out, and brains distracted! and the Chancellor himself, the *enfant gaté* of forensic fortune,—suffering arguments, and reconciling absurdities, for eight or ten hours every day—even if he got off for that!—I found myself, (with the power of locomotion, and two shirts,) incomparably the richer man of the two! His lordship had the peerage; but I could walk “i’ the sweet air.” He held the seat of honour; but I was at liberty to “depart the court.” Like the Frenchman in Montaigne’s tale, who had his choice to be hanged or married, I cried, “Drive on the cart!”—it was cheaper to starve than (on such terms) to earn the money! But now—when I have the money, Robert—and have it—as only it becomes worth having—without the earning!—when I have it honourably too, and conscientiously—in my own undoubted right! no kidnapped prodigy of ninety to break in upon my graceful leisure, with fables of cajolement, plunder, and desertion! no heiress wife, even though young and beautiful, made bold by an unreasonable settlement, to hint that my extravagancies, or infidelities, are committed, in all senses, at her cost!—the luxury—the splendour—the free agency—that all my life I have been thirsting for, are mine! Not a wild scheme that I have dreamed of but takes a “local habitation,” and a shew of accomplishment! Not a light wish but now seems feasible, fitting—only unpossessed, because I may possess it when I will. How many a woman have I adored—and fled from—lest I might make her estate as desperate as my own! How many a man, whom I could have trampled, have I suffered to insult over me, when those I loved might have been injured by my triumph! I was prudent, and forbearing, and humble, where the tempers of some would have given way. I was modest, and shunned collision, where I felt myself the weaker vessel. I did not care even to be fought with, where the contest would have been felt a matter of hardship by my anta-

gonist. I “abode my time” in suffering and in silence—but that time is come at last! and what I owe in the world, both of good and ill, please Heaven! shall now be paid to the utmost farthing. If it was sport while the poor bear was chained, the scene may change now he has broke free. I have never complained of the abuse of strength by others, let none complain of its reasonable exercise by me. I will ask no account for what has been done in the past, but the right shall be mine to do now for the future. I will seek for no combat with any man alive; but it shall go hard, if, with some, I have not the benefit of a victory.

And this seems very heroical, all of it, and very foolish, when I meant to be in the best humour in the world? But the fact is, I have had a touch or two of the *piquant* here—my recollection just a little stirred up—since my arrival. I came to England, prepared to be pleased at all points. Home shews delightfully, to the imagination at least, after six years’ absence. And then there was the white bread in the hotels of Falmouth, and its blue-eyed Saxon beauties—and the incomparable fresh butter—and the cream!—I felt my heart cleave to my country the moment I sat down to breakfast. So I saddled at once, finding my cavalry *sain et sauf*, (which I had shipped from Figuera a week before me,) and rode at a round rate through Cornwall, Devonshire, and Somerset, purposing, as “greatness” was “thrust upon me,” to lose no time in taking possession of it; but, when I got to Bath, an idea struck me—it was for the first time—that Sir Walter Beauvoir—(my grandfather’s executor)—that it might not be pleasant, under all “existing circumstances,” for me to have to introduce myself to the worthy Baronet.

We had not been always strangers, in times past, the Beauvoir family, and your very devoted servant; and there had been a cessation of usual attention to him, at a certain time when perhaps he was not acting so cautiously as he might have done. Whether I distrusted my own merits, or their “friendship,” I wrote a formal letter of announcement, covered all over with family arms and black wax, and sent it forward by a courier, addressed to Sir Walter; which done, I again

put on, with as much speed as I could muster, wishing to get a peep, if possible, at my property, without being recognized as the owner of it.

I got to Medhurst before my messenger; but found myself already *cried* at the very Market-cross! I had been hatching devices all the way, to know what people thought about me. I might have spared myself the pains. Most of my grandfather's tenants held beneficial leases; and their "prophectic souls" were on the *qui vive*. My "listing for a horse soldier," and "going off with the Major's lady"—the whole history was afield, with additions, alterations, and exaggerations. I sent for a hair-dresser, and had it all (without asking) in five minutes. My father's unreasonable postponement gave some offence; my most-to-be-lamented succession still more. I was to make a seraglio of the manor-house in a fortnight; and to get rid of the last acre in a year.

Next day, I sent my own servant to Beauvoir, with a note, setting forth my arrival, and requesting an interview. Signor José wore his foreign livery, and red Montero cap; and departed, upon a very curious Spanish horse, that I have brought over with me, with half the population of Medhurst at his heels. In truth, the horse—you shall see him when we meet—was a *monture* fit for Murat in person! No whipped and curbed-up restive English jade, that you thrust spurs into, and, when he finches, call it spirit; but a beast that will eat of his master's bread, and drink of his cup; never felt a spur in all his life, and knows switches and halters only by report. On my affirmation!—(my attorney shall make affidavit of it)—he is the very steed—the real *Rabican*—sung of by Ariosto—who cheats the sand of his shadow, and on the snow leaves no mark of his foot-step! Who was begotten of the flame, and of the wind! Who might pace dry-shod upon the sea; make his *trottoir* of a zephyr; and for speed!—I forget the rest of the poetry; but I know I bought the animal when he was a colt, and have pampered him ever since, till he is as fleet as a roebuck, and as fierce, in any hands but my own, as a three-days-taken tiger.

And noon brought this inestimable quadruped back, with an answer to my letter, and with so many clowns

in admiration of his curvetting, that I was fain to command the locking of his stable door.

Sir Walter's communication was less offensive than I had expected; but my mind was made up as to how I should proceed. Fight always at once, if possible, where you desire to be quiet—you are sure of peace, after men know that there is nothing to be got by going to war with you. These Beauvoirs are of your *gens de coterie*—your people of the "real *caste*" and "tone"—(that is, your people who, singly, would be hunted down as owls and bedlamites; but who, as a "set," have managed to make their joint-stock impudence imposing.) I suspected the reception that I should meet from them; and I waited upon good Sir Walter without my scabbard. There is a *recipe* in some old book—"How to avoid being tossed by a mad bull." And the instruction given is—"Toss him!" Try the experiment upon the first coxcomb who fancies that you are his inferior;—charge first, and give him to understand roundly that you fancy he is yours. Be coldly supercilious with all "important" caiffifs, and most punctual be your attention to the matter in debate; but let no temptation prevail with you to touch on any earthly point beyond it. In business all men are equal. The casting of an account knows no distinction of persons. But remember, that he (whoever he is) stands a babbler, *convict*, who utters one word except to state the sum total of it. Get an observation about the weather, you reply with some—"Thirteen and ninepence!" and your interlocutor is dead. A syllable *de trop* will enable you to decline "general communication," where no approach to such a state was ever intended. Poor Sir Walter came down, loaded to the very muzzle, to repress "familiarity" on my part; but I found him guilty of "familiarity" himself, and made him bear the penalty of it, before six sentences had been exchanged between us.

"The late gales"—there was no "Happy to see me at Beauvoir!"—"The late gales had rendered my passage from the continent difficult?"

"It had not been pleasant."—This came after we were seated; and after a salutation such as might pass between the automaton chess-player and the ghost in Don Juan.

I had received letters, of course, from Mr Dupuis?

"At Figuera, to the 30th ult."—Followed by a long pause, which I did not move to interrupt.—Mr Dupuis is my agent and attorney.

"The late Mr Charlton Edwards," in a tone of condescension this and dignified feeling, which made me think that the Lord had delivered the speaker into my hands—"The late Mr Charlton Edwards, I was perhaps aware, he (Sir W. B.) had much respected?" (I was aware, Robert, that it was very inconvenient for a gentleman to speak, and not be answered; but, as this observation needed no reply, I made none, except a look of polite surprise.)

"That sentiment alone"—here a little hesitation, occasioned by my omitting such an opportunity to protest—"that sentiment alone had induced him to take upon himself the somewhat laborious duty of an executor. There was a legacy of five hundred pounds attached to the office; but,"—(this was the *coup* that was to annihilate me)—"that—remembrance—he should desire to be excused from accepting."

As six cards at least more, in the potential way, were coming, I trumped the suit at once.—"In that case, the sum would pass to any charity which he (Sir Walter) might be disposed to favour; and I would endeavour to add something which should be worthy to accompany so munificent a donation."—This reply, not even pointed with contempt at his thinking to overwhelm me by giving up five hundred pounds that I knew he did not want—(had it been ten thousand, with all the family consequence, I had trembled for my patrimony)—this reply, given without the movement of a single muscle, carried us straight to reading "the will;" during which operation, the Baronet's temper was once or twice nearly overcome by the irreverent neighing of my Spanish steeds, who challenged all comers, from under the window. Wedidget through, however—temper, gravity, and all—and, Mr Dupuis being summoned, Sir Walter and I formally took leave of each other;—I, on my part, tolerably well satisfied that I had waived no dignity in our brief conference, but a little surprised why a man, who certainly disliked me, should have cho-

sen to act as my executor; and he, as I thought, somewhat disconcerted (though I never guessed with what abundant cause) at the seeming change in my humour, and habits of acting and thinking.

My grandfather has left me everything; and (with all his eccentricities, he had spirit and taste,) his last order was, that Monckton Manor should be kept, to my arrival, just as he himself had lived in it. It would be nonsense to talk of feeling any deep regret for the death of a man whom I scarcely ever saw; but—I am not quite ungrateful—if half his money would bring him to life again, he should have it. As the case stands, however, I get a diamond, you see, not only ready polished, but ready set to my hand, and had nothing to do when I arrived here, but walk straight into the well-ordered mansion of my forefathers—from the which imagine me writing, just now, to bid you welcome! So despotic, that not a mouse, if I list be silent, dares raise his voice within three stories of me! Conceive me, sole master, and disposing of all, in the very last house of all the world in which I ever looked to dispose of anything! Sitting in a small room, more stocked with roses than with books, which takes rank as "The Library." Before a buhl-table, at a long narrow Gothic window—people did not care for too much light, even before there was a tax upon it—really extant, I believe, (the window,) since the days of Henry the VII. My great-grandfather, I know, traced it back to Rufus, and had his doubts if it might not have been carried up to the Conqueror. With a great deal of nick-nack furniture, and some good Flemish pictures; a most unnecessary list of servants, and an incomparable cellar of wine, to amuse me within; and, without—a strange, irregular, semi-barbarous kind of prospect to look at,—almost grotesque, but not unpleasing—between the remote, and the immediate. Beyond my "ring fence," a branch of the Wye—a real steeple (the church of Medhurst)—the village inn, with a rising sun (for a sign) that might warm all Lapland through a three-months winter—and abundance, generally, of heath, and rivulet, and hill, and copse, and forest, part of mine own, and part belonging to the demesne of Beauvoir.

More at home, a great multiplication of flower-gardens, kitchen-gardens, and nurseries, shrubberies, zig-zag walks, and fish-ponds, with duck islands in the middle of them. The view total supplying a sort of index to the various tastes of the twelve last incumbents on the property; each of whom thought it a pity to undo any trifle that had been done by his predecessor; and all had such a horror of either rebuilding, or radical alteration, that a surveyor, caught even making a sketch upon the estate, would have found no more quarter from them than a beast of prey.

For my own part, I rather agree, I confess, in this opinion about the "surveyor." I think, in strictness, he belongs to that class of artists—as the attorney—the house-painter—or the undertaker—in whose very callings there is something that men shudder at the recollection of. Certainly, if I were in trade myself, I would be a wine-merchant, or a confectioner, or of some craft, so that people should be able to look me in the face without abhorrence; and, for the present at least, I shall so far affirm my ancestral piety, as to let Monckton remain with all its inconveniencies. But you lost much, I assure you, that—not meeting me on the coast—you missed the solemnity of my "taking possession."

The "joyful tidings" of the "new lord's" arrival had been promulgated as soon as I reached Beauvoir Castle; and, in the hall of that edifice, (on leaving it,) I found my steward, attended by a couple of keepers, waiting to "pay his duty." I mounted my grey horse, who had collected all the domestics of Sir Walter's stable department in criticism round him; and the unearthly immoveableness which I preserved of feature, joined to a few words of Spanish, in which I now and then spoke to José, seemed to root the very thought of my ever having been an offending Adam out of men's minds. As I rode through the village, "attended," the landlord of the Rising Sun stood, in devotion, to bow to me. His wife and daughters were forthcoming too in their best clothes; and there was my barber, looking as though he wished, for once, he had been less communicative; although, as he told me afterwards, by way of excuse, "he had only said what everybody else said." So we moved forward—the bells

ringing for my "happy return." I, in the front, with Mr Poundage a little to the rear on one side, and Mr Dupuis, wishing to be familiar, but not quite knowing how to compass it, on the other; José behind, and the two keepers taking long shots, (in the way of comprehension,) at his English; and the folks of the village taking off their hats as we passed—to the whole of which I returned a grave courtesy; but as though it disturbed my own reflections, rather than otherwise.

I shall be in the Commission of the Peace, Robert, within these six months, and set people in the Stocks! The five hundred pound legacy goes to repair "the church," as the joint gift of Sir Walter Beauvoir and myself. The parish-officers have already waited upon me in procession! I shall have a tablet put up for me of marble, and a vile verse inscribed on it in Latin—and "Charles Edwards, Esq." gave—so much—to "beautify,"—"Anno MDCCCXVI."—with an *obit* when I die, and a notice who was church-warden when I was buried.

On my arrival at "Home," everything—the short notice considered—was creditable to my friend Poundage's taste. People, all very alarmed and anxious, as beseems those who have to get their own livelihood. At the lodge-gate I found my "porter" in deep black, and reverence, "deeper still." My gardeners were scattered at different points about the grounds, that I might not, by any accident, go too far without having worship paid me. Before the grand entrance, (to which Mr Poundage rode forward, with a bow for permission,) stood my serving-men, in full livery. My housekeeper, fat and oppressive, as an ancient lady ought to be, ready to welcome me. Half a dozen of my chieffer tenants, all "in mourning" (for the "beneficial leases;") my maid-servants peeping here and there, round corners, and out of upper windows.

And then, moi—Myself—*Le Grand Homme vient!*—Don't you see me, Bob?—in my long dark pelisse, able to stand alone with lace and embroidery—upon my grey horse, full sixteen hands high, with his massy furniture, foreign saddle, holsters, pistols, &c., all complete. The whole cavalcade an extremely well got up and imposing affair, I assure you; and one which would have led me to think

most puissantly of the chief personage concerned in it, if I had not (on certain previous occasions) enjoyed the advantage of his acquaintance.

My location completed, "domestic duties" commenced; and I couldn't find in my heart (though I shall economize) to discharge any of my people.

Audience to Mrs Glasse—"Forty years in the family!"—"Hoped my Honour's breakfast had given my Honour satisfaction." She must die, I suppose, at Monckton, and be buried at my cost.

Audience to my Steward—at breakfast—and told him I was satisfied with his way of doing things. He had a desire, I saw, to fall at my feet, but doubted whether it might not be taken as a liberty.

Visit from Mr Dupuis;—thought he seemed rather a scoundrel, and went through all his accounts at one sitting!—Cost me seven hours, but completely took down the gentleman's importance. Concluded by making him commit several valuable documents to my own iron chest; and ordered his bill (convinced he'd never live to make it out) for "the morning of the 27th."

Day following, full of business. Opened letters from all the tradesmen within ten miles, craving "orders." Before dinner, made a progress through my whole estate, and went through the ceremonies (legal) of taking possession. Rode my grey horse again, who neighed furiously, bringing everybody out of doors at every fresh house or stable he came near. Going home—all the people about quite deafened with this outcry, met one of the junior Beauvoirs, on horseback, in a lane. At the sight of whom, *le dit Rabican* gave such a ferocious neigh, rearing and plunging at the same time, as if for battle, that the Captain's hunter bolted into the hedge, and had nearly overthrown him. I moved slightly, looking at Dupuis—who was riding in great bodily fear, as far as he might from me—and the compliment was (quite as slightly) returned.

But I had a hold all this while (of which I knew nothing) upon the heart of the Beauvoir family; and it procured me the unhoped-for honour of a visit from Sir Walter, almost before I became aware of its existence.

Dupuis let me into the fact first—

as a last card against bringing in his bill, and giving up his agency. It was the *borough* of Medhurst, it seems, that formed the grand link between my late grandfather and the people at the castle.

He always gave up the parliamentary interests; but our property is suspected of carrying a majority. Major Beauvoir sits for Medhurst; Sir Walter is one of the members for the county. I was to have been played upon by these good folks as they pleased, and slighted as they pleased into the bargain. But my business-like movements have struck them with alarm. A general election approaches, and, though they are rich, they must not lose Medhurst. I am a beast, instead of (what they hoped to find me) a fool; but my "beneficial leases" are dangerous. And so—though the Beauvoirs are "select,"—down came Sir Walter, to trim between his pride and his necessity.

It was really pitiful to see the poor old buzzard, who, you know, is high and mighty, compelled to communicate with a wretch, who would have no notion of anybody's being high and mighty at all. First, he had a sort of hope left that I was an ass, and that he might cheat me out of what he wanted, instead of purchasing it. Then, got out of patience at my obstinate formality; but still was sure that any direct overture towards intimacy from him, would remove it. At last, in the midst of the creature's doubt whether *he* would be friends, he suddenly happened to doubt whether *I* would; on which the quibbling was dropped in alarm, and nothing thought of but carrying the point. And so, two hours after Mr Dupuis had told me this long election story, "in confidence,"—a confidence to which I just trusted so far, as not to give him the slightest hint how I meant to act upon it in return,—though I was a "rough-rider," and had a horse that "neighed," I received a morning call from Sir Walter, which ended (sorely against his will) in an invitation to dine at Beauvoir castle.

If I could make head against the world when I was naked and pennyless, I can hardly fear to do so now. You know me, and know how I value the opinion of such people as these; but they are still members of a party, that in some way or other must be dealt with. I shall have to fight my

passage, against something perhaps of prejudice, into certain circles to which a man of fortune should have admission. As the first goose might cackle, ten to one the whole flock would follow. This Beauvoir bidding was an opportunity to begin the struggle with advantage.

I rode to the castle on horseback, (this took place yesterday,) and arrived as nearly as possible at the last moment; having declined using one of Sir Walter's carriages, "until my own could be put in order." From the very entry of the avenue, I saw what was to be my reception,—the evening was tempting, but the windows and balconies were deserted. The "having me" was evidently an "infliction."—I'll try if I can't teach some of the family what "infliction" is.

Dinner was instantaneous,—(as I had hoped,)—so sparing me an inconvenient preliminary ten minutes in the drawing-room. The party quite private, in order that the open avowal of me might still be got rid of, if possible. We had Sir Walter, pompous, but rather fidgetty. We had Lady B., well-bred enough, and not very ill-natured. The two Misses Beauvoirs, looking most determinately—"nothing less than nobility approaches Kitty!" Major B., the gentleman who "sits;" Captain B., the gentleman whom I nearly overthrew; the *gouvernante* of the young ladies; and the parson of the parish.

This was the "bore" party,—evidently premeditated; everything was conducted "in a concatenation," as Goldsmith has it, "accordingly." I was meant—transparently—to be a "lost monster" within the first five minutes; and yet I never enjoyed an entertainment so much, I think, in my life. It is so delicious a *role* to play—and, withal, so easy—when a man is desirous only of being disagreeable! And when I reflected that these lunatic creatures, who really stood personally within the scope of my danger—these "splacknucks," into whose house I would have hired myself as their footman, and, in twelve months, have ruled it as their lord—that they, who were absolutely suitors to me for a boon, and over my prospects, or possessions, could have no breath of influence,—that they should be so mad as to desire to distress me, and hope by exhibiting a few common grimaces to

succeed!—the thing, so far from supplying a cause of annoyance, was, as you must perceive, unboundedly jocose and entertaining.

We had the stale farce of silent *hau-teur* played off; and a few more modern airs in the peculiarities of eating and drinking. The Misses B. were prodigious in the arrangements of their salad. The Captain—he is of "the Guards"—ate fish with his fingers. But, for the *ton*, I had *carte blanche*, as being a foreigner; and, for the silence, you don't very easily awe any man where he feels that circumstances make him your master. I talked, if no one else did; and he who talks *prepanse*, may even "talk" with safety. With Sir Walter Beauvoir, I spoke of property and interests, in a way that made him very anxiously attend to me. The Captain I addressed once, (in reply,) and that in a tone just more steady, the twentieth part of a note, than I had been using with his father,—a word more, and I would have apologized for *his* ill horsemanship on the preceding day. The Misses Beauvoir I took wine with, and would not see that they were fair and inexorable. To Lady B. I ventured a few words, just to shew that I could behave decently, if it was my cue to do so. But it was with the Major—the member for Medhurst (that has been)—the gentleman for whose immediate convenience my presence was submitted to; it was with him that my high fortune lay; and the gain was greater than I could have even hoped for.

The Major, I believe, is a person that you have no acquaintance with?—I knew something of him, and disliked him, when we both were lads. He had then—allowing for my prejudices—the qualities which compose a brute; but has now acquired cunning enough, in some degree, to conceal them. His early familiarities were with watch-houses; his exploits, the beating of hackney-coachmen, and dandy linen-drapers at Vauxhall. You may recollect the fact, perhaps, of his exchanging out of the Fusileers, at Cheltenham, for having put a tailor (who asked for money, I believe) into the fire?

The man either was troublesome, or his creditors wanted amusement; but he was ordered, I know, to come for payment to a house at which

three or four gentlemen were dining; the whole party then made a very facetious assault upon him, in consequence of which Ensign B—— had to quit his regiment; and the relatives of the other offenders paid near two thousand pounds to avoid the disgrace of the matter coming into Court. Those times are over. Men grow more prudent, if not more honest, as they increase in age. And my friend the Major's rank and associations have made him a man of fashion; but still he is one of those men, whom, at first sight, you would dislike. There are a description of persons, as we all find out sometimes, whom you can hardly meet, even in the stage-coach, without looking for a quarrel with them. The slightest degree of intercourse seems to make the event quite certain; and, feeling that, you desperately think that the sooner it happens, and is over, the better. I remember once sitting in the same coffee-room with a man whose deportment absolutely fascinated me. Not a word had passed between us; and yet I felt that I must either instantly insult him, or leave the apartment. Major Beauvoir's manner yesterday, at our re-introduction, was a curious illustration of the ungovernableness of this particular faculty: it was decidedly repelling, (though not sufficiently so to call for notice,) while, from what followed, I have no doubt that it was meant to be conciliatory.

For he has the infirmity upon him, (this gentleman,) among others, of being easily affected by wine; and the spirit of play, which also constantly attends him, had caught a scent of my ready money. The exposure that followed was good enough to have been bought by encouragement; but his monstrous folly made even encouragement unnecessary. A wild extravagance keeps him constantly poor; and he has not brains enough to make him timid; for, take successful speculators, with the odds ten to one against them generally, and you will find them coarse-minded, obtuse men—acute intellect would see too clearly the chance of overthrow. In spite of all Sir Walter's exertion, after the first eight glasses, my mere listening became sufficient to draw him out. First, he adverted to the circumstance of our former acquaintance, and drew on vali-

antly, though I made him pull me all the way. Then we talked of the country—of horses (his and my own) and hunting—my share in the discussion going little beyond monosyllables. From thence it came to arrangements for town, (whither the Major himself was forthwith returning;) and clubs—matches—bets—introductions—all the circumstances of currency which I wanted, (the command of,) I was enabled politely, but without the slightest acknowledgment, to decline. At length I rose to take my leave, accompanied to the last possible moment of conversation by Sir Walter, who saw his son's failure with obvious horror, although the ingenious gentleman himself never suspected it. We descended the great staircase, with solemn deprecation on my part, and immense, though not very happily managed, conciliation on his. But just as the august personage was expressing his hope, under great ardent suffering, that he should early have the pleasure to see me again at Beauvoir Castle, when perhaps something might be suggested, with respect to certain political arrangements, which might operate to the mutual conveniences, and, indeed, advantage, of both our families—just as he got to this point, we reached the lower hall, and my grey horse, who was in waiting, uttered a most extra hyæna-like, and demoniacal neigh. This strange interruption—(which was produced, I believe, by the hearing my voice)—and at such a juncture too!—disconcerted him completely. He stopped—gulped—recollected himself—doubted whether to piece his discourse, or begin over again. In the end, the poor Baronet stammered out a parting compliment, even worse turned than that which *Monsieur Rabican* had broken in upon; and I returned home a personage decidedly more hateful to the Beauvoir family than ever, but completely relieved from all anxiety about my reception—as a potentate of the vicinity—in future; and as an object of detestation with the worthy folks, you know, of necessity, an object, if not of terror, of respect.

This, I think, is as it should be. I am *fêted* by these people, and will be farther so; and, when they have gone through the abomination of getting my interest, they shall find that

they have lost it. But that they are clumsy impostors, and deserve no such lenity, I could end their anxiety in a word; for, if I really have a majority in the borough, I think I shall sit for it myself. You laugh—but I can't come back to the army, after six years' desertion, to face your Waterloo reputation upon a "lady peace" establishment. And a seat in Parliament gives a man a semblance of pursuits in life, which (where no trouble attaches) is convenient. You will come over to my election, (if I find I can command the place,) and help to eat the bad dinners, and kiss the people's wives. Drop no word, however, I charge you, in the interim; because I must bamboozle these coxcombs, who meant to bamboozle me. The hook is in their mouths, and I shall be able to keep them on, without giving either a reasonable expectation. The moment they ask my decision, I shall give it against them; and yet, before them, I will have gained all they sought to withhold from me. This is not a world, Robert, in which a man can live by the use of candour, or of liberal principle; and he who is wise will fall into its spirit, and acquire a taste for hollow-heartedness and selfish feeling. To have one's "opinions" always flying out against those of everybody else—one's heart pinned upon one's sleeve—is it not to fight too much at a disadvantage? And may there not be some whim in shaking hands with a man very cordially, when you know he means to do you a mortal injury, and when you have digged

a countermine, (in the way of surprise,) which, in five minutes, is to blow him to the moon! When I was poor, who ever behaved even fairly to me? And is it not monstrous vanity to expect that I now should behave disinterestedly to those I love not?

Farewell till we meet, which I hope will not be many days; but I must (with the kind aid of Sir W. Beauvoir) stamp my credit in the right way, before I go—here—in Gloucestershire. I have got a touch, you see, of the true moneyed feeling already—letting policy detain me in one place, when inclination would carry me to another.

Fare you well once more, until we shake hands; which, with you, I would not do, unless I did it honestly. I shall be in town, I believe, by the 28th; and a Lieutenant-Colonel, I am sure, can leave a regiment at any time. As a proof that (for my part) we are still upon the same terms that we used to be—ask your father if he will "present" me. I could make old Sir Walter here, I have no doubt, submit to the duty, (and, in case I go to the continent, it may be convenient to me to get this done;) but I would not have him able to say that I ever hoaxed him out of any politeness worth a moment's consideration. Besides, I know enough of your father, to believe that he will feel no hesitation in obliging me; and I write to shew you that I can ask a favour from a friend, when it is such a favour as may be conferred by one gentleman upon another.

THE DEVIL'S ELIXIR.*

THE DEVIL'S ELIXIR is, we think, upon the whole, our chief favourite among the numerous works of a man of rare and singular genius. It contains in itself the germ of many of his other performances; and one particular idea, in which, more than any other, he, as a romancer, delighted, has been repeated by him in many various shapes, but never with half the power and effect in which it has been elaborated here. This idea is, to be sure, exactly what the minor English cri-

tics will think they say quite enough of, when they pronounce it *ore rotundo*, a vile German idea. No matter, whatever these gentry may say, for as to thinking—of that they are tolerably guiltless—whatever small men, accustomed to move in one very small sphere of intellect, may say, the *horrible* is quite as legitimate a field of poetry and romance, as either the pathetic or the ludicrous. It is absurdity to say that Mrs Radcliffe has exhausted this. That very clever lady

* The Devil's Elixir: from the German of E. T. A. Hoffmann. 2 vols. William Blackwood, Edinburgh: and T. Cadell, London. 1824.

had not brains to exhaust anything—and she no more worked out horror, than she did the scenery of the Apennines. Maturin's Montorio is far above any horrors she ever excogitated—the St Leon of Godwin, again, is very far above the Family of Montorio—and Schiller's Ghost-seer is well worth both of these. And why? why, simply, because Godwin is a hundred times a cleverer man than Maturin, and because Schiller was a thousand times a cleverer man than Godwin. Nothing that is a part, a real essential part, of human nature, ever can be exhausted—and the regions of fear and terror never will be so.—Human flesh will creep to the end of time at the witches of Macbeth, exactly because to the end of time it will creep in a midnight charnel-vault:—

So was it when the world began,
So ever will it be.

Ghosts, Spirits of the elements, intermediate beings between angels and men, fire and water spirits, dwarfs of the mines, good and evil attendants on individual men—in one word, all sorts of supernatural appearances, and wonderful interferences of invisible beings—these, in spite of all that philosophy can do, have taken such a place in the imaginations, and, indeed, in the hearts of men, that their total banishment from thence must for ever remain an impossibility. Every story of that kind, everything that looks like an *anecdote from the world of spirits*, and in general every attempt to support these fantastic existences, or to remove the grounds on which reason would shun to reject them—is sure of a favourable reception from the most part of mankind. Even the more enlightened among us, persons who would on no account have it said of them that they are serious believers in ghost-stories, or in the possibility of the incidents on which such stories turn,—even these persons are in common well pleased with an opportunity of chatting over such things in a quiet way, by the fireside. Nay, the philosopher himself, who, with all parade of reasoning, contends against the reality of these appearances on which the ghost-seers rest their faith, feels, at times, his own fancy getting the better of his judgment, and has often enough to do to prevent himself from forming the same wish which others would have no hesitation in expressing—the wish,

namely, *that the facts of the story-teller might be more closely examined.*

A tradition, which is as old as our species, or, at the least, many centuries older than philosophy, has produced, in regard to such things, a sort of universal belief and consent of all nations. From infancy, in whatever quarter of the globe we are born, we are sure to be nourished with the same unvarying provender of tales, dreams, and visions, all connected with this belief; and it acquires over us a power too deep ever entirely to be shaken, at a period when we are not only devoid of any suspiciousness in regard to others, but unprovided by reason with any weapons wherewith to defend ourselves from the assaults of our own credulous imaginations. In a word, as Horace says of Nature in general, “However contemptuously we may toss from us feelings which are common to all men, there are moments in which they creep unperceived into our bosoms;” so we are sincerely of opinion, that the earth does not at this moment contain one single individual who never felt a superstitious shudder in passing a church-yard at midnight. We are equally of opinion, that so long as this feeling, this painful feeling, as to the reality of such things continues, the human mind will continue to receive a tragic pleasure from the skilful use made of them in works of imagination. And we are farther of opinion, that no reader of taste can go through this book, entitled *The Devil's Elixir*, without enjoying a great deal of this sort of pleasure. Who is he that hath not known the delightful horror of perusing a book full of ghosts and devils at midnight—the dear shudder with which one turns over the leaf, half-suspecting *its rustle* to be the approaching footstep of some fearful creature, “not of the earth earthy?” If there be any such person, let him congratulate himself—let him hug himself as much and as long as he pleases—we would not purchase his indifference to the pain by giving up our own sensibility to the pleasure of it. We like to be horrified—we delight in Frankenstein—we delight in Grierison of Lagg—we delight in the Devil's Elixir.

We have already hinted, however, that there is one particular idea on which this author, when in his horrible vein, is chiefly delighted to expatiate. This is the idea of what he

calls, in his own language, a *doppelgänger*; that is to say, of a man's being haunted by the visitations of *another self*—a double of his own personal appearance. We have something not very remote from this conception in certain wraith-stories of our own popular mythology: but either the original German superstitions are much richer in their details of the notion than ours, or La Motte Fouqué, and Hoffmann, have made more of what their country-people's old tales gave them than any of our writers have made of their native materials of a similar kind. In some of their works, the idea is turned to a half-ludicrous use—and very successfully too—but by far the best are those romances in which it has been handled quite seriously—and of all these, the best is the book now before us in an English garb.

The superior excellence of the Devil's Elixir lies in the skill with which its author has contrived to mix up the horrible notion of the double-goc, with ordinary human feelings of all kinds. He has linked it with scenes of great and simple pathos—with delineations of the human mind under the influences of not one, but many of its passions—ambition—love—revenge—remorse. He has even dared to mix scenes and characters exquisitely ludicrous with those in which his haunted hero appears and acts; and all this he has been able to do without in the smallest degree weakening the horrors which are throughout his *corps de reserve*. On the contrary, we attribute the unrivalled effect which this work, as a whole, produces on the imagination, to nothing so much as the admirable art with which the author has married dreams to realities, the air of truth which his wildest fantasies draw from the neighbourhood of things which we all feel to be simply and intensely human and true. Banquo's ghost is tenfold horrible, because it appears at a regal banquet—and the horrors of the Monk Medardus affect our sympathies in a similar ratio, because this victim of everything that is fearful in the caprices of an insane imagination, is depicted to us as living and moving among men, women, and scenes, in all of which we cannot help recognizing a certain aspect of life and nature, and occasionally even of homeliness. We shall endeavour to give some very faint no-

tion (purposely it shall be but such) of the fable, and a specimen or two of the author's style in handling different sorts of themes.

The main idea, then, is this: A certain Italian Prince, having committed a series of the most atrocious crimes, at last enters into a sort of compact with the Fiend, which, however, is never quite completed. The fruit of a horrible amour is his only child: and being seized upon its birth with the most agonizing remorse, he is suffered to purchase his pardon, on the condition that he shall continue to do penance as a wanderer on the face of the earth, until the race to which his guilt has given origin, shall be entirely at an end, and that in the person of some descendant, whose sanctity shall be as remarkable as was the original depravity of his doomed ancestor.

Medardus, the hero of this book, is one of the remote descendants of this Being. The unhappy Ancestor contrives to be near him in his infancy, and strives, in giving a turn the most pious and holy to his earliest imaginations, to lay the foundation of that sanctity of life on which his own peace is to depend. He also, for obvious reasons, desires to have him educated as a monk—and a German monk he becomes. Being a youth of great talent and genius, his ambition is kindled, and he distinguishes himself very much as a popular preacher. This distinction strikes at the corrupted part of his blood, and destroys him. He becomes vain, proud, voluptuous, and, amongst other offences, is induced, by the example of a gay young travelling Count, to swallow part of the Devil's Elixir—that is to say, uncorks a bottle that has for ages been laid up in the reliquary of the convent under that horrific name. The story was, that the Devil had once tempted St Anthony with this bottle, and that the Saint having seized it from the grasp of the fiend, had bequeathed it to those pious fathers as the trophy of his victory. But it is farther understood that, such is the hellish virtue of the liquor contained in the flask, if any man drink of it, he will of necessity become the victim of all those impure thoughts which were most repugnant from the spotless temperament of St Anthony; and more, that if any *two* persons drink of it, they will not only become equally victims to these horrid influ-

ences, but be constrained to bear in the eyes of men a more than twin-like resemblance to each other; while, at the same time, every evil deed of the one shall unconsciously and mysteriously tend to the evil, not of himself merely, but of his guilty *Double*.

It will naturally be supposed, therefore, that the young travelling Count acts as the Doppel-ganger of the Monk—such is the case: but it is also discovered in the sequel, that the resemblance between them may admit of a natural explanation, since, in point of fact, Victorin the Count, and Medardus the Monk, are both of them the sons of one father. The poor Monk leaves his convent; and these two persons are involved in a long variety of adventures, the eternally intermingling and undistinguishable threads of which we have no intention to attempt untwisting on this occasion. Let it be sufficient to say, that their collision embraces the whole field of human passion—that they are rivals in love, in war, in guilt, in misery, and in madness; and that they at last both die childless and repentant, whereby the great knot is unloosed, and the unhappy wanderer allowed to quit the world, of which for centuries he has been weary. Such is the tale: or rather such we understand it to be, for, in truth, Hoffmann has many excellencies, but clearness of narrative is not of the number.

This is quite enough in the way of explanation—for we abominate the reviewer who forestalls his author. We shall proceed, therefore, without farther preface, to make a few quotations, simply in order that the reader may satisfy himself as to the energy and masterly skill with which Mr Hoffmann handles his materials of various kinds. As for the translator, we might safely allow one specimen of his performance to speak for itself. His version is not only a faithful, but a highly elegant one; and in addition to all this, the writer has shewn great judgment in omitting certain details which would not have been over acceptable to the English public in its present mood. In a word, he has contrived to prune off all the indelicacy of his German original, without doing the smallest injury to the author's genius; but, on the contrary, to the great and manifest benefit and advantage of the work, in every possible point of view. When we add, that the translator is the same gentle-

man whose specimens of scenes versified from some of the modern German dramatists, have long been familiar to the readers of this journal, we have perhaps said more than enough as to this matter. The fact, that this translation comes from such a person, might of itself, indeed, be a sufficient pledge, not only that the translation is well executed, but that the work on which he has chosen to exercise his own graceful talents is no ordinary work.

Imagine, then, the lowly sequestered Monk in his dim cell, and come with us to Hoffmann's picture of the simultaneous wakening up of his genius and his ambition. Nothing, certainly, can be better than the whole of this part of the book is in its way; we are sorry that we must confine ourselves to a mere specimen.

“The eventful holiday soon arrived. The church was unusually crowded, and it was not without considerable trepidation that I mounted the pulpit. At the commencement, I remained timidly faithful to my manuscript; and Leonardus told me that I had spoken with a faltering voice, which, however, exactly corresponded with certain plaintive and pathetic considerations with which I had begun my discourse, and which, therefore, was interpreted by most of my auditors into a very skilful example of rhetorical *tact*.

“Soon afterwards, however, it seemed as if my inward mind were gradually lighted up by the glowing fire of supernatural inspiration. I thought no more of the manuscript, but gave myself up to the influence of the moment. I felt how every nerve and fibre was attuned and energized. I heard my own voice thunder through the vaulted roof. I beheld, as if by miracle, the halo of divine light shed around my own elevated head and outstretched arms. By what means I was enabled to preserve connection in my periods, or to deliver my conceptions with any degree of logical precision, I know not, for I was carried out of myself. I could not afterwards have declared whether my discourse had been short or long—the time past like a dream! With a grand euphonical sentence, in which I concentrated, as if into one *focus*, all the blessed doctrines that I had been announcing, I concluded my sermon; of which the effect was such as had been in the convent wholly unexampled.

“Long after I had ceased to speak, there were heard through the church the sounds of passionate weeping, exclamations of heartfelt rapture, and audible prayers. The brethren paid me their tribute of the highest approbation. Leonardus embraced me, and named me the pride of their institution!

“With unexampled rapidity my renown was spread abroad; and henceforward, on every Sunday or holiday, crowds of the most respectable inhabitants of the town used to be assembled, even before the doors were opened, while the church, after all, was found insufficient to hold them. By this homage, my zeal was proportionably increased. I endeavoured more and more to give to my periods the proper rounding, and to adorn my discourses throughout, with all the flowers of eloquence. I succeeded always more and more in fettering the attention of my audience, until my fame became such, that the attention paid to me was more like the homage and veneration due to a saint, than approbation bestowed on any ordinary mortal. A kind of religious delirium now prevailed through the town. Even on ordinary week days, and on half-holidays, the inhabitants came in crowds, merely to see Brother Medardus, and to hear him speak, though but a few words.

“Thus vanity gradually, by imperceptible, but sure approaches, took possession of my heart. Almost unconsciously, I began to look upon myself as the *one elect*,—the pre-eminently *chosen* of Heaven.

“That unaffected cheerfulness and inward serenity which had formerly brightened my existence, was completely banished from my soul. Even all the good-hearted expressions of the Prior, and friendly behaviour of the monks, awoke within me only discontent and resentment. By their mode of conduct, my vanity was bitterly mortified. In me they ought clearly to have recognized the chosen saint who was above them so highly elevated. Nay, they should even have prostrated themselves in the dust, and implored my intercession before the throne of Heaven!

“I considered them, therefore, as beings influenced by the most deplorable obduracy and refractoriness of spirit. Even in my discourses, I contrived to interweave certain mysterious allusions. I ventured to assert, that now a wholly new and mighty revolution had begun, as with the roseate light of morning, to dawn upon the earth, announcing to pious believers, that one of the specially elect of Heaven had been sent for a space to wander in sublunary regions. My supposed mission I continued to clothe in mysterious and obscure imagery, which, indeed, the less it was understood, seemed the more to work like a charm among the people.

“Leonardus now became visibly colder in his manner, avoiding to speak with me, unless before witnesses. At last, one day, when we were left alone in the great *allee* of the convent garden, he broke out—“Brother Medardus, I can no longer conceal from you, that for some time past your whole behaviour has been such as to excite

in me the greatest displeasure. There has arisen in your mind some adverse and hostile principle, by which you have become wholly alienated from a life of pious simplicity. In your discourses there prevails a dangerous obscurity; and from this darkness many things appear ready, if you dared utter them, to start forward, which, if plainly spoken, would effectually separate you and me for ever. To be candid—at this moment you bear about with you, and betray that unalterable curse of our sinful origin, by which even every powerful struggle of our spiritual energies is rendered a means of opening to us the realms of destruction, wherein to we thoughtless mortals are, alas! too apt to go astray!

“The approbation, nay, the idolatrous admiration, which has been paid to you by the capricious multitude, who are always in search of novelty, has dazzled you, and you behold yourself in an artificial character, which is not your own, but a deceitful phantom, which will entice you rapidly into the gulf of perdition. Return, then, into yourself, Medardus—renounce the delusion which thus besets and overpowers you! I believe that I thoroughly understand this delusion,—at least, I am well aware of its effects. Already have you lost utterly that calmness and complacence of spirit, without which there is, on this earth, no hope of real improvement. Take warning, then, in time! Resist the fiend who besets you! Be once more that good-humoured and open-hearted youth whom with my whole soul I loved!

“Tears involuntarily flowed from the eyes of the good Prior while he spoke thus. He had taken my hand, but now letting it fall, he departed quickly without waiting for any answer.

“His words had indeed penetrated my heart; but, alas! the impressions that they had left were only those of anger, distrust, and resentment. He had spoken of the approbation, nay, the admiration and respect, which I had obtained by my wonderful talents; and it became but too obvious that only pitiful envy had been the real source of that displeasure, which he so candidly expressed towards me.—Silent, and wrapt up within myself, I remained, at the next meeting of the brethren, a prey to devouring indignation.”

We must now be contented to imagine, as we best may, that Medardus has yielded to all manner of temptations, wandered far from his cloister, committed sundry heinous crimes, at the instigation of the real Devil's Elixirs of lust and hate; and that having entirely laid aside his Capuchin character and costume, he is travelling *en seigneur*, through a remote part of the German empire. His carriage breaks down by night in a forest, and

he is obliged to take refuge in the house of the ranger. This gives Hoffmann an opportunity of affording us some capital glimpses into that simple and hearty life, which really does even to this day linger amidst the immense woodlands which everywhere interperse the private domains of the German princes—and the reader will see how well he contrives to blend this source of interest with that arising from the mysterious fortunes of poor Medardus himself.—Here again we can still afford to give but a small extract.

“As soon as we had explained to Christian the mischance that we had met with, he directly opened both wings of the gate, and let the carriage pass into the court. The dogs, who were now pacified, came fawning and snuffing about us; and the man above, who was still stationed at the window, cried out incessantly, in a voice by no means of good humour, ‘Who’s there?—who’s there?—What for a caravan is that?’ to which neither Christian nor I returned a word in answer.

“At last I stepped into the house, and was walking up stairs, when I met a powerful tall man, with a sun-burnt visage, a large hat, with a plume of green feathers, on his head, (which was oddly contrasted with the rest of his figure, for he appeared in his shirt and slippers,) and a drawn stiletto (or hunting dagger) in his hand. In a rough voice, he called out to me—‘Whence do you come? How dare you disturb people in the dead of night? This is no public-house; no post station. Here no one lives but the *Ober-revier-forester*, and, for want of a better, I am he. Christian is an ass, for having opened the gates without my permission.’

“In a tone of great humility, I now related the story of my mischance, explaining that nothing but necessity had brought me hither. Hereupon the man was somewhat conciliated. He said, ‘Well, no doubt the storm was very violent; but your postilion must be a stupid rascal, to drive out of the road, and break your carriage in that manner. Such a fellow should have been able to go blindfolded through these woods. He should be at home among them, like any one of us.’

“With these words, he led me up stairs into a large hall, furnished with a long oak table and benches; the walls adorned with stags’ antlers, hunting weapons, bugle-horns, &c. An enormous stove was at one end, and an open *kamin*, where there were yet the warm embers of a wood-fire, at the other.

“The *Ober-revier-forester* now laid aside his hat and dagger, and drawing on his clothes, requested I would not take it ill

that he had received me so roughly; for, in his remote habitation, he must be constantly on his guard. All sorts of bad people were in the habit of haunting these woods,—and especially with poachers, he lived almost always in open warfare.—‘However,’ added he, ‘the rogues can gain no advantage over me, for, with the help of God, I fulfil my duty to the prince conscientiously and faithfully. They have more than once attacked my house by night; but, in reliance on Providence, and my trusty dogs and fire-arms, I bid them defiance.’

“Involuntarily, and led away by the force of old habits, I here thrust in some common-place words about the power and efficacy of trust in God. However, such expressions were not lost on the forester, but seemed to gain for me his confidence and good opinion. He became always more cheerful, and notwithstanding my earnest entreaties to the contrary, roused up his wife—a matron in years, of a quiet, good-humoured demeanour, who, though thus disturbed from her sleep, welcomed, in a very friendly manner, her unexpected guest, and began, by her husband’s orders, to prepare supper.

“As for the postilion, he, by the forester’s decision, was obliged, for a punishment, that night, to drive back (as he best could) to the station from which he had come,—and on the following morning I should be carried on by the forester to the place of my destination. I agreed the more readily to this plan, as I found myself now much in want of repose.

“I therefore said to my host that I would gladly stay with him even till the middle of the following day, as, by constant travelling, I had been greatly fatigued, and would be much the better for such refreshment.

“‘If I might advise you, sir,’ said the forester, ‘you had better remain here through the whole of to-morrow—After that, my son, whom I must at any rate send to the *residence*, will himself take you forward in my carriage.’

“I was, of course, well contented with this proposal; and by way of conversation, while supper was placed on the table, began to praise the solitude and retirement of his house, by which I professed myself to be greatly attracted.

“‘It is remote, sir, no doubt,’ said the forester; ‘at the same time, our life here is the farthest possible from being dull or gloomy, as a townsman would probably conclude it to be. To such people every situation in the country appears both lonely and stupid; but much depends on the temper and disposition of the party by whom a house like this of ours is inhabited.’

“‘If, as in former years in this castle, an old gloomy Baron were the master,—

one who shuts himself up within the four walls of his court, and takes no pleasure in the woods or the chase,—then, indeed, it would be a dull and lonely habitation.—But since this old Baron died, and our gracious Prince has been pleased to fit it up as a *forst-haus*, it has been kept in constant liveliness and mirth.

“ ‘ Probably you, sir, may be one of those townspeople, who know nothing, unless by report, of our pleasures, and therefore can have no adequate idea, what a joyous pleasant life we hunters lead in the forest.—As to solitude, I know nothing either of its pains or pleasures—for, along with my huntsmen lads, we live all equally, and make but one family. Indeed, however absurd this may seem to you, I reckon my staunch wise dogs also among the number.—And why not? They understand every word that I say to them. They obey even my slightest signals, and are attached, and faithful even to death.

“ ‘ Mark there, only, how intelligently my Waldmann looks up, because he knows already that I am speaking about him!

“ ‘ Now, sir, not only is there every day something to be done with the huntsmen and dogs in the forest—but every evening before, there is the pleasure of preparation, and a hospitable well-supplied board, (at which we enjoy ourselves with a zest, that you townsmen never experience;) then, with the first dawn of day, I am always out of bed, and make my appearance, blowing all the way a cheering *réveille* upon my hunting-horn.

“ ‘ At that sound every one directly starts up.—The dogs, too, begin to give tongue, and join in one great concert, of barking and rejoicing, from their delight at the anticipation of the coming sport. The huntsmen are quickly dressed; they throw the game-bags and fire-arms on their shoulders, and assemble directly in this room, where my old woman (my wife, I mean) prepares for us a right stout hunter's breakfast, an enormous *schüssel* of hot ragout, with a bottle of vin-ordinaire, a reaming flagon of home-brewed ale, with another of *Stettiner beer*, sent us from the *residenz*; then, after a glass of *schnaps*, we all sally forth in the highest possible spirits, shouting and rejoicing.

“ ‘ Thereafter we have a long march before us—(I speak of our employments at this present season)—but at last we arrive at the spot where the game lies in cover.—There every one takes his stand apart from the rest; the dogs grope about with their noses on the ground, snuffing the scent, and looking back every now and then to give notice to the huntsman, who, in his turn, stands with his gun cocked, motionless and scarcely daring to breathe, as if rooted to the ground. But when at last the game starts out of the thicket, when

the guns crack, and the dogs rush in after the shot, ah! then, sir, one's heart beats—every fibre is trembling with youthful energy; old as I am, I thus feel transformed into a new man.

“ ‘ Moreover, and above all, there are no two adventures of this kind exactly like each other. In every one is something new, and there is always something to talk over that never happened before. If it were no more than the variety of game at different seasons of the year, this alone renders the pursuit so delightful, that one never can have enough of it.

“ ‘ But setting aside these diversions, I assure you, sir, that the mere superintendance and care of the woods, is an employment which would amply fill up my time from January to December. So far am I from feeling lonely, that every tree of the forest is to me like a companion.

“ ‘ Absolutely, it appears to me as if every plant which has grown up under my inspection, and stretches up its glossy waving head into the air, should know me and love me, because I have watched over, and protected it. Nay, many times when I hear the whispering and rushing of the leaves in the wind, it seems as if the trees themselves spoke with an intelligible voice, that this was indeed a true praising of God and his omnipotence; a prayer, which, in no articulate words, could so well have been expressed.

“ ‘ In short, sir, an honest huntsman and forester, who has the fear of God before him, leads, even in these degenerate times, an admirable and happy life. Something is yet left to him of that fine old state of liberty, when the habits of men were according to nature, and they knew nothing of all that conventional artifice, parade, and frippery, wherewith they are now tormented in their walled-up garrisons and cities. *There*, indeed, they become totally estranged from all those delightful influences which God, in the midst of his works in this world, is ready to shower upon them, by which, on the contrary, they ought to be edified and rejoiced, as the free sylvan people were in former ages, who lived in love and friendship with nature, as we read in the old histories.’

“ ‘ All this (though his style was somewhat rambling and methodistic) the old forester uttered with a *gusto* and emphasis, by which one could not fail to perceive that he felt whatever he had said deeply in his own heart; and I truly envied him in his station in life, together with his deeply-grounded quiet moods of mind, to which my own bore so little resemblance, or rather presented so painful a contrast.

“ ‘ In another part of the building, which

was of considerable extent, the old man shewed me a small and neatly fitted-up apartment, in which was a bed, and where I found my luggage already deposited. There he left me, with the assurance that the early disturbance in the house would not break my sleep, as I was quite separated from the other inhabitants of the castle, and might rest as long as I chose. My breakfast would not be carried in until I rung the bell, or came down stairs to order it. He added, that I should not see him again till we met at the dinner-table, as he should set out early with his lads to the forest, and would not return before mid-day.

"I gave myself no farther trouble therefore, but being much fatigued, undressed hastily, and threw myself into bed, where I soon fell into a deep sleep. After this, however, I was persecuted by a horrible dream. In a manner the most extraordinary, it began with the consciousness of slumber. I said to myself, 'Now this is fortunate, that I have fallen asleep so readily; I shall by this means quite recover from my fatigue, and, for fear of awaking, must only take special care to keep my eyes shut.'

"Notwithstanding this resolution, it seemed to me as if I must, of necessity, open my eyes, and yet continued at the same time to sleep. Then the door of my room opened, and a dark form entered, in whom, to my extreme horror and amazement, I recognised *myself* in the capuchin habit, with the beard and tonsure!

"The monk came nearer and nearer to the bed, till he stood leaning over me, and grinned scornfully. 'Now, then,' said he in a hollow sepulchral voice, and yet with a strange cadence of exultation—'now, then, thou shalt come along with me; we shall mount on the *altan** on the roof of the house beside the weather-cock, who will sing us a merry bridal-song, because the owl to-night holds his wedding feast—there shall we contend together, and whoever beats the other from the roof of the house is king, and may drink blood!

"I felt now that the figure seized upon me, and tried to lift me up from the bed. Then despair gave me courage, and I exclaimed, 'Thou art not Medardus!—thou art the devil!' and as if with the claws of a demon, I grappled at the throat and visage of this detestable spectre.

"But when I did so, it seemed as if my fingers forced their way into empty skeleton sockets, or held only dry withered joints, and the spectre laughed aloud in shrilling tones of scorn and mockery.

"At that moment, as if forcibly roused by some one violently wrenching me about, I awoke!

"The laughter still continued in the room. I raised myself up. The morning had broken in bright gleams through the window, and I actually beheld at the table, with his back turned towards me, a figure dressed in the capuchin habit!

"I was petrified with horror. The abominable dream had started into real life! The capuchin tossed and tumbled among the things which lay upon the table, till by accident he turned round, and thereupon I recovered all my courage, for his visage, thank Heaven, was *not mine*! Certain features, indeed, bore the closest resemblance, but I was in health and vigour; he was, on the contrary, worn and emaciated, disguised too by an overgrown head of hair, and grisly black beard. Moreover, his eyes rolled and glared with the workings of a thoughtless and vacant delirium.

"I resolved not to give any alarm, but remain quietly on the watch for whatever he might do, and not interrupt him unless he attempted something formidably mischievous, for my stiletto lay near me on the bed, and on that account, together with my superior strength, I could soon be completely master of this intruder.

"He appeared to look at, and to play with, the things that lay upon the table, as a child would do with toys; especially, he seemed delighted with the red *portefeuille*, which he turned over and over towards the light of the window, at the same time making strange grimaces, and jumping up like a patient in the dance of St Vitus.

"At last, he found the bottle with the rest of the Devil's Elixir, which he directly opened and smelt at; then he seemed to tremble convulsively through every limb. He uttered a loud and indescribable cry—'He, he, he!—He, he, he!' which echoed in faltering reverberations through the room, and passages.

"A clear-toned clock in the house just struck three (but the hour must have been much later.) Thereupon, to my great annoyance, he lifted up his voice, and howled as if seized by some horrible torment; then broke out once more into the same shrill laughter that I had heard in my dream. He heaved himself about into the wildest attitudes and caprioles, concluding with a long draught from the bottle with the Devil's Elixir, which (after having exhausted the last drops) he then hurled from him against the wall, and ran out at the door.

"I now instantly rose up and looked after him, but he was already out of sight, and I heard him clamping and clattering down a distant staircase; and, lastly, the violent hollow clank of a door, as he closed it after him.

"I then carefully locked and bolted

* Balcony.

that of my own room, that I might be secured against any second intrusion, and threw myself once more into bed. I had been too much excited to be able for some time to sleep again; but at last slumber fell heavily upon me, and I did not awake till a late hour, when, refreshed and strengthened, I found the bright warm sun beating into my apartment."

One more specimen we must give. In order to have some notion of the subject, the reader must understand that Medardus, while living at a small German court, in considerable style, under the *alias* of Leonard, and enjoying much favour with the prince, (who, by the way, is evidently meant for the Duke of Saxe-Weimar,) is unexpectedly recognized by a person who had some knowledge of a very dark part of his career. The consequence is, that he is thrown into prison—examined, &c. &c.; and that he would have been executed, had not a sudden discovery taken place, that *another Medardus* was the tenant of the cell immediately below his.—But we totally despair of making the thing intelligible.—Try what the fragment will do by itself.

"Many days passed over in dreary captivity, without any farther examination, and without the slightest variety. The time of a prisoner is seldom or never a blank; it is filled up by horrible phantoms and distorted reveries, such as have often been described, though mine probably were of a new character. The detail of them, however, is not within the limits of my present undertaking; I record only simple facts, in the manner of an obtuse old chronicler; and if there be a colouring of imagination, it is not only unsought, but unwelcome and involuntary.

"During these three days, I did not behold the features of any living being, except the peevish face of an old sub-janitor, who brought my food, and in the evening lighted my lamp. Hitherto, I had felt like a warrior, who, in a mood of martial excitement, was determined, at all risks, to meet danger and fight his way to the last; but such passion had now time enough to decline entirely away.

"I fell into a dark melancholy trance, during which all things became indifferent. Even the cherished vision of Aurelia had faded, or floated in dim colours before me. But unless I had been in body as much disordered as in mind, this state of apathy could not, of necessity, continue long. In a short time my spirit was again roused, only to feel in all its force the horrid influence of nausea and oppression, which the dense atmosphere of the prison had

produced, and against which I vainly endeavoured to contend.

"In the night I could no longer sleep. In the strange flickering shadows which the lamp-light threw upon the walls, myriads of distorted visages, one after another, or hundreds at a time, seemed to be grinning out upon me. To avoid this annoyance, I extinguished my lamp, and drew the upper mattress over my head—but in vain! It was now dark, indeed, but the spectres were visible by their own light, like portraits painted on a dark ground, and I heard more frightfully the hollow moans and rattling chains of the prisoners, through the horrid stillness of the night.

"Often did it seem to me as if I heard the dying groans of Hermogen and Euphemia. 'Am I then guilty of your destruction? Was it not your own iniquity that brought you under the wrath of my avenging arm?' One night I had broken out furiously with these words, when, on the silence that for a moment succeeded, there distinctly and unequivocally arose a long deep-drawn sigh or groan, differing from the noises which had disturbed me before. The latter might have been imaginary—this was assuredly real, and the sound was reverberated through the vault. Driven to distraction, I howled out—'It is thou, Hermogen!—the hour of thy vengeance is come—there is for me no hope of rescue!'

"It might be on the tenth night of my confinement, when, half-fainting with terror, I lay stretched out on the cold floor of my prison. I distinctly heard on the ground directly under me a light, but very audible knocking, which was repeated at measured intervals. I listened attentively. The noise was continued, as if with the determination to attract attention, and occasionally I could distinguish a strange sound of laughter, that also seemed to come out of the earth.

"I started from the floor, and threw myself on the straw couch; but the beating continued, with the same detestable variety of laughter and groans. At last I heard a low, stammering, hoarse voice syllabically pronounce my name—'Me-dar-dus!—Me-dar-dus!'—My blood ran ice-cold through every vein; but with a vehement effort I gained courage enough to call out, 'Who's there?'—The laughter now became louder—the beating and groaning were renewed; again the stammering demon addressed me—'Me-dar-dus!—Me-dar-dus!'

"I rose from bed, and stamped on the floor. 'Whoever thou art,' cried I, 'man or devil, who art thus adding to the torments of an already miserable captive, step forth visibly before mine eyes, that I may look on thee, or desist from this unmeaning persecution!' The beating was

now right under my feet. 'He—he—he! he—he—he!—Broth-er, broth-er! Open the door! I am here—am here! Let us go hence to the wood—to the wood!'

'Now, methought I recognized the voice as one that I had known before, but it was not then so broken and so stammering. Nay, with a chill shivering of horror, I almost began to think there was something in the accents that I now heard, resembling the tones of my own voice, and involuntarily, as if I wished to try whether this were really so, I stammered, in imitation, 'Me-dar-dus!—Me-dar-dus!'

"Hereupon the laughter was renewed, but it now sounded scornful and malicious. 'Broth-er,—Broth-er,' said the voice, 'do you know me again?—Open the door—the—the door!—We shall go hence, to the wood—to the wood!' 'Poor insane wretch!' said I; 'I cannot open the door for thee—I cannot enable thee to go forth into the pleasant woods, to hear the fresh rustling of the leaves, or breathe the fragrance of Heaven's pure atmosphere. I am, as thou art, shut up, hopeless and abandoned, within the gloomy walls of a prison.'

"To this address I was answered only by sobs and moans, as if from the bitterness of despairing grief; and the knocking became always more faint and indistinct, till at last it ceased altogether; and from exhaustion, I sunk into troubled slumber.

"At length the morning light had broke in slanting gleams through the window; the locks and keys rattled, and the gaoler, whom I had not seen for many days, entered my room.

"'Through the last night,' said he, 'we have heard all sorts of strange noises in your apartment, and loud speaking. What means this?'

"'I am in the habit,' answered I, 'of talking loudly in my sleep, and even when awake I indulge in soliloquy. May not this much of liberty be granted me?'

"'Probably,' said the gaoler, 'it is known to you, that every endeavour to escape, or to keep up conversation with any of your fellow-prisoners, will be interpreted to your disadvantage?' I declared that I never had formed any intentions of that kind; and after a few more surly remarks, he withdrew."

The following passage comes a few pages afterwards:—

"The prison-clock had struck twelve, when I again heard softly, and as if from a distance, the knocking which, on the preceding day, so much disturbed me. I had resolved that I would pay no attention to this noise; but it approached nearer, and

became louder. There were again, at measured intervals, the same divertisements of knocking, laughing, and groaning. I struck my hand with vehemence on the table—'Be quiet!' cried I—'Silence below there!' Thus I thought that I should banish my persecutor, and recover my composure, but in vain! On the contrary, there arose instantly a sound of shrill discordant laughter, and once more the same detestable voice—'*Brü-der-lein!—Brü-der-lein!*'* Up to thee! Open the door! Open the door!

"Then right under me commenced a vehement rasping and scratching in the floor, accompanied by continuous groans and cackinnation. In vain did I try to write, and persuading myself that these were but illusions of the arch enemy, determined to hold them in contempt. The noise always became more intolerable, and was diversified occasionally by ponderous blows, so that I momentarily expected the gaolers to enter in alarm.

"I had risen up, and was walking with the lamp in my hand, when suddenly I felt the floor shake beneath my tread. I stepped aside, and then saw, on the spot whereon I had stood, a stone lift itself out of the pavement, and sink again. The phenomenon was repeated, but at the second time I seized hold of the stone, and easily removed it from the flooring.

"The aperture beneath was but narrow, and little or no light rose from the gulf. Suddenly, however, as I was gazing on it, a naked arm, emaciated, but muscular, with a knife, or dagger, in the hand, was stretched up towards me. Struck with the utmost horror, I recoiled from the sight. Then the stammering voice spoke from below—'Broth-er—broth-er Med-ar-dus is there—is there!—Take—take!—Break—break!—To the wood! To the wood!'

"Instantly all my fear and apprehension were lost. I repeated to myself, 'Take—take!—Break—break!' for I thought only of the assistance thus offered me, and of flight! Accordingly I seized the weapon, which the hand willingly resigned to me, and began zealously to clear away the mortar and rubbish from the opening that had been made.

"The spectral prisoner below laboured also with might and main, till we had dislodged four or five large stones from the vault, and laid them aside. I had been occupied in this latter purpose, that is, in placing the large stones in a corner of my room, that they might not interrupt my work; when, on turning round, I perceived that my horrible assistant had raised his naked body as far as the middle, through the aperture that we had made. The full

* Little brother. One of the German diminutives of familiarity or endearment.

glare of the lamp fell on his pale features, which were no longer obscured as formerly, by long matted locks, or the overgrown grizzly beard, for these had been closely shaven. It could no longer be said that I was in vigorous health, while he was emaciated, for in that respect we were now alike. He glared on me with the grin, the ghastly laughter, of madness on his visage. At the first glance I RECOGNIZED MYSELF, and losing all consciousness and self-possession, fell in a deadly swoon on the pavement.

“From this state of insensibility I was awoke by a violent pain in the arm. There was a clear light around me; the rattling of chains, and knocking of hammers sounded through the vault. The gaoler and his assistants were occupied in loading me with irons. Besides handcuffs and ankle-fetters, I was, by means of a chain and an iron hoop, to be fastened to the wall.

“‘Now,’ said the gaoler, in a satisfied tone, when the workmen had finished, ‘the gentleman will probably find it advisable to give over troubling us with his attempts to escape for the future!’

“‘But what crimes, then,’ said the blacksmith, in an under tone, ‘has this obstreperous fellow committed?’

“‘How?’ said the gaoler, ‘dost thou not know that much, Jonathan? The whole town talks of nothing else. He is a cursed Capuchin monk, who has murdered three men. All has been fully proved. In a few days there is to be a grand gala; and among other diversions, the scaffold and the wheel will not fail to play their part!’

“I heard no more, and my senses were again lost. I know not how long I remained in that state, from which I only painfully and with difficulty awoke. I was alone, and all was utter darkness; but, after some interval, faint gleams of daylight broke into the low deep vault, scarcely six feet square, into which I now, with the utmost horror, perceived that I had been removed from my former prison. I was tormented with extreme thirst, and grappled at the water-jug which stood near me. Cold and moist, it slipped out of my benumbed hands before I had gained from it even one imperfect draught, and, with abhorrence, I saw a large overgrown toad crawl out of it as it lay on the floor. ‘Aurelia!’ I groaned, in that feeling of nameless misery into which I was now sunk—‘Aurelia!—and was it for this that I have been guilty of hypocrisy and abominable falsehood in the court of justice—for this only, that I might protract, by a few hours, a life of torment and misery? What would’st thou,’ said I to myself, ‘delirious wretch, as thou art? Thou strivest after the possession of Aurelia, who could be thine only through an abominable and blasphemous crime; and however thou

might’st disguise thyself from the world, she would infallibly recognize in thee the accursed murderer of Hermogen, and look on thee with detestation. Miserable deluded fool, where are now all thy high-flown projects, thy belief and confidence in thine own supernatural power, by which thou could’st guide thy destiny even as thou wilt? Thou art wholly unable and powerless to kill the worm of conscience, which gnaws on the heart’s marrow, and thou wilt shamefully perish in hopeless grief, even if the arm of temporal justice should spare thee!’”

Suppose, now, that Mr Von Leonard, in other words *our* Medardus, is not only at liberty, in consequence of the discovery of the other Medardus, but that he is on the very brink of being made the husband of her whose love has already tempted him to a hundred crimes—her whose beauty first fired his monkish bosom—her whose pure and lovely idea is destined to haunt him wherever he goes, almost as faithfully as the black shadow of his own guilt—her, who loves him frantically, and who yet, even at the moment when she is about to be his bride, can scarcely divest herself of the horror which Leonard’s likeness to Medardus the murderer had at first excited in her bosom.—Imagine all this, and then read—

“We had no time for conversation, however. Scarcely had I saluted Aurelia, when a servant of the Prince announced that we were waited for by the wedding-party. She quickly drew on her gloves, and gave me her arm. Then one of her attendants remarked that some ringlets of her hair had fallen loose, and begged for a moment’s delay. Aurelia seemed vexed at the interruption, but waited accordingly.

“At that moment a hollow rumbling noise, and a tumult of voices on the street, attracted our attention. At Aurelia’s request I hastened to the window. There, just before the palace, was a *leiter-wagen*, which, on account of some obstacle, had stopped in the street. The car was surrounded by the executioners of justice; and within it, I perceived the horrible monk, who sat looking backwards, while before him was a capuchin, earnestly engaged in prayer. His countenance was deadly pale, and again disfigured by a grizzly beard, but the features of my detestable *double* were to me but too easily recognizable.

“When the carriage, that had been for a short space interrupted by the crowd, began to roll on, he seemed awoke from his reverie, and turning up his staring spectral eyes towards me, instantly became animated. He laughed and howled aloud—

'*Brüd-er-lein—Brüd-er-lein!*' cried he. —'Bride-groom!—Bride-groom!—Come quickly—come quickly.—Up—up to the roof of the house. There the owl holds his wedding-feast; the weather-cock sings aloud! There shall we contend together, and whoever casts the other down is king, and may drink blood!'

"The howling voice in which he uttered these words, the glare of his eyes, and the horrible writhings of his visage, that was like that of an animated corpse, were more than, weakened as I was by previous agitation, I was able to withstand. From that moment I lost all self-possession; I became also utterly insane, and unconscious what I did! At first I tried to speak calmly. 'Horrible wretch!' said I; 'what mean'st thou? What would'st thou from me?'

"Then I grinned, jabbered, and howled back to the madman; and Aurelia, in an agony of terror, broke from her attendants, and ran up to me. With all her strength, she seized my arms, and endeavoured to draw me from the window. 'For God's sake,' cried she, 'leave that horrible spectacle; they are dragging Medardus, the murderer of my brother, to the scaffold. Leonard!—Leonard!'

"Then all the demons of hell seemed awoke within me, and manifested, in its utmost extent, that power which they are allowed to exercise over an obdurate and unrepentant sinner. With reckless cruelty I repulsed Aurelia, who trembled, as if shook by convulsions, in every limb—'Ha—ha—ha!' I almost shrieked aloud—'foolish, insane girl! I myself, thy lover, thy chosen bridegroom, am the murderer of thy brother! Would'st thou by thy complaints bring down destruction from heaven on thy sworn husband?—Ho—ho—ho! I am king—I am king—and will drink blood!'

"I drew out the stiletto—I struck at Aurelia,—blood streamed over my arm and hand, and she fell lifeless at my feet. I rushed down stairs,—forced my way through the crowd to the carriage—seized the monk by the collar, and with supernatural strength tore him from the car. Then I was arrested by the executioner; but with the stiletto in my hand, I defended myself so furiously, that I broke loose, and rushed into the thick of the mob, where, in a few moments, I found myself wounded by a stab in the side; but the people were struck with such terror, that I made my way through them as far as to the neighbouring wall of the park, which, by a frightful effort, I leapt over.

"'Murder—murder!—Stop—stop the murderer!' I had fallen down, almost fainting, on the other side of the wall, but these outcries instantly gave me new strength. Some were knocking with great violence, in vain endeavours to break open

one of the park gates, which, not being the regular entrance, was always kept closed. Others were striving to clamber over the wall, which I had cleared by an incredible leap. I rose, and exerting my utmost speed, ran forward. I came, ere long, to a broad *fosse*, by which the park was separated from the adjoining forest. By another tremendous effort, I jumped over, and continued to run on through the wood, until at last I sank down, utterly exhausted, under a tree.

"I know not how the time had passed, but it was already evening, and dark shadows reigned through the forest, when I came again to my recollection. My progress in running so far had passed over like an obscure dream. I recollect only the wind roaring amid the dense canopy of the trees, and that many times I mistook some old moss-grown pollard stem for an officer of justice, armed and ready to seize upon me!

"When I awoke from the swoon and utter stupefaction into which I had fallen, my first impulse was merely to set out again, like a hunted wild beast, and fly, if possible, from my pursuers to the very end of the earth! As soon, however, as I was only past the frontiers of the Prince's dominions, I would certainly be safe from all immediate persecution.

"I rose accordingly, but scarcely had I advanced a few steps, when there was a violent rustling in the thicket; and from thence, in a state of the most vehement rage and excitement, sprung the monk, who no doubt in consequence of the disturbance that I had raised, had contrived to make his escape from the guards and executioners.

"In a paroxysm of madness he flew towards me, leaping through the bushes like a tiger, and finally sprung upon my shoulders, clasping his arms about my throat, so that I was almost suffocated. Under any other circumstances, I would have instantly freed myself from such an attack, but I was enfeebled to the last degree by the exertions I had undergone, and all that I could attempt was to render this feebleness subservient to my rescue. I fell down under his weight, and endeavoured to take advantage of that event. I rolled myself on the ground, and grappled with him; but in vain! I could not disengage myself, and my infernal double laughed scornfully. His abominable accents, 'He—he—he!—He—he—he!' sounded amid the desolate loneliness of the woods.

"During this contest, the moon broke, only for a moment, through the clouds, for the night was gloomy and tempestuous. Then, as her silvery gleam slanted through the dark shade of the pine trees, I beheld, in all its horror, the deadly pale visage of my *second self*, with the same expression which had glared out upon me from the cart in which he had been dragged to exe-

cution. 'He—he—he!—Broth-er, broth-er!—Ever, ever I am with thee!—Leave thee, leave thee never!—Cannot run as thou canst! Must carry—carry me! Come straight from the gallows—They would have nailed me to the wheel—He—he—he!—He—he—he!' "

These passages must suffice for "The Devil's Elixir." We had intended to introduce this work to our readers by some notices of the personal history of the author. His *Memoirs* are now before us: but we perceive that we cannot make any use of them without extending our article beyond all reasonable bounds. We shall, however, return to M. Hoffman next month, and present our friends with some of the most interesting passages in his very singular and picturesque life. In particular, his narrative of the occurrences which took place in and about Dresden at the time of Moreau's death, will, we are sure, be acceptable to all classes

of readers. He was a man of true genius—unfortunately for himself, and for the world, he was a man of most irregular life and conversation, and he died at a very early period, of nothing but Rhine-wine and brandy punch, leaving many works behind to attest the greatness of the talents which he for the most part abused.

His romances and tales are at present about the most popular of all books among the light readers of Germany: and, we have no doubt, "The Devil's Elixir" will command an abundant portion of favour among the kindred tribes of our own country. But we also think lessons of great and serious importance may be drawn from certain circumstances in his career, both personal and literary, and we shall therefore not fail to redeem the pledge now given, in our ensuing Number.

COCKNEY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.

[The following articles were intended for our April Number, but unfortunately have only now reached us. We print them, however, for the amazement of our readers. We had certainly appointed Leigh Hunt our Vice-laureat, but we gave him the place merely as a kind of sinecure. However, as Leigh hates all sinecures, he has taken up his pen crisply, and has not only sent us a complimentary letter, accompanied by a contribution of his own, written in a fine Italian hand, but has moreover ordered one of his gentlemen of the press—Billingsgate, *alias* Billy Hazlitt, *Esquire*,—to furnish an article, which he has done. HUNT AND HAZLITT BECOME CONTRIBUTORS TO BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE!!! *The Aristotle and Longinus of the Cockneys joining the "Crew of mischievous Critics in Edinburgh!"*—!!—!!—!!—"Vy, this is vonders above vonders!" as Mr Coleridge says—and as all Cockneys *must* say—compelled by the same eternal and immutable law which obliges them to superadd an R to every word, of which the final letter has the misfortune to be a vowel.]

I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.—*Twelfth Night*.
'Tis extant—and written in very choice Italian.—*Hamlet*.
A very, very—peacock.—*Hamlet*.

LETTER FROM LEIGH HUNT TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.
(INCLOSING AN ARTICLE.)

Florence, 1st April, 1824.

MY DEAR NORTH,

(WHAT a jauntiness there is in beginning a letter in this way!) *We* (for we are still so conscious of the critical, that we are apt to slide into these sorts of contradictions to personal identity) began the dedication of "The Story of Rimini" with an address to "My dear Byron," for which a certain base and reviewatory person had an uncongenial fling at us in the Quarterly. This awakened in our spirits a mild surprise; for we thought we were only engrafting upon the passionate, and breathing of our rhymes some natural and hushing gentilities—too fine to be apprehended by the person aforesaid. But we are

sure that you, Mr Christopher North, (we find ourselves unconsciously writing these words in a better hand than the rest,) feel too well what is social and off-hand, to be offended at this kind-of-sort-of-kind-of-thing, or to rate us very clerically about it; and though you have often a touch of the minaceous or so about you, one may easily see that it proceeds only from an excess of the jovial, and that there are always handsome laughs ready to sparkle out over the deep and sweet gravity of your face. We like a charming nature of all things; and there is a kind of sufficing and enjoying naturalness about all you write, that convinces us that you love all true and fine humanities, and that you are an admirer of all sorts of green leafinesses in your heart. We have therefore determined (ourselves and some more) to send you certain liberalities of ours, in the shape of articles, which we are sure will give you a lift in the world. Indeed, though we feel that we have been great and calumniated spirits, we are just now in such good humour with every possible thing and body, that we could go rhyme on the grass, or stand upon our heads, or drink tea out of an absolute rain-spout. But we will do none of these nice and graceful things; but sit down at our piano, and put forth our whole gentle strength in composing an elaborate harmony to that handsome and genteel lyric—

Hey, Johnny, Johnny,
Looking blithe and bonny,
And singing nonny, nonny,
With hat just thrown upon ye, &c.

—which seems as if it would warble itself into chromatics. Music is always sure to float us into a fine kind-spiritedness; and it is for this reason we are coy of a science which was Mozart's, and is now ours. This will give us a little inspiring to effect what is to follow; and we shall then go into the most agreeable-looking corner of our library, which pierces out upon the youngest green of a garden, powdered all over with flowers, that are perking up their beauty in your face, in spite of you—together with all sorts of jauntinesses in general—and then we will write a deep and lively article for Blackwood's Magazine. What shall be the subject? Let us poke about and see. There is Croly's new Comedy *laying* on the table, like a petition to the House of Commons; let us notice it, which the House never does the other. The comedy will, no doubt, have been already reviewed by some of the great and pleasant men who write for that oddic and periodic Miscellany; for in this spot of spots ("sitting by the sweet shores Italian," as that most lovely and fearful spirit Barry Cornwall* says) we do not hear as often as we wish of what is going on in the one we have left. But we must try our hand at plumping up an article upon it, notwithstanding. We shall no doubt have something abundant and sweet-natured to say about it, which the readers of that apex and tenderest top of Magazines could not afford to go without. We have no rhymes upon table at present, not having put on our mild singing clothes this morning; but we must try to set some a-flowing before your next Number. We could easily send you a good savage assortment of blank verse; but as to having it said that we could not do anything better and more rimatory, we had as lief be told that we never had an old aunt, or that we were our grandmother. However, to make up for our lack of verse, we have sent our commands to Mr W. Hazlitt, to furnish you with an article before he writes any more for Mr Jeffrey, or Mr Campbell, or *The London*; and we inclose you a copy of our royal orders to Mr H., which will be like a thump to make him jump, and give a sort of twitch to his memory like a dun, or any other dull stumbling-block to orthodox fancies. We are sure you will print our contributions (as Mr Jeffrey does) without even looking at them, a custom for which we have no light esteem—

(Black, but such as in esteem, &c.)

We have got a *Wishing Cap* of our own, as good as new, though not quite so good as Fortunatus's; if it were, we would put it on, and wish you could

* We have been promised an article—a fragment of a poem—by Barry Cornwall. It is to be called "The Skiey Immortals (those who peopled Greece)", and will be about "Apollar, and Mercurius, and the rest."—C. N.

be brought to our gate some day or other, just as we were sitting at our writing of an evening: And some one of our two maid-servants, with their worsted graces, should conduct you hushing to our library-door, which opening, should shew a kind face reflected in our own graceful and social looks. Our wife should make tea and hot buttered toast, (a thing of taste "not inelegant," as Milton says—especially in July, and under Italian heavens;) we would then go out and taste the lawns and trees, and returning at night through the green leaves, we would have a booze of gin and water sociable together. We, however, never take more than one weak glass—for we are fonder of nice health and quiet sleeps, than of all sorts of contradictions to both. But we must make an end of this, for fear of sliding off into something which would make us forget our promised article, which would be a dull mistake. So, to finish our letter, pleasantly and grandly, as we like to do everything, we add only our *sign manual*.

(COPY OF HIS MAJESTY'S LETTER TO MR HAZLITT.)

WE, Leigh the First, Autocrat of all the Cockneys, command our trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor, William Hazlitt, Gentleman of the Press, &c. &c. &c., to furnish forthwith, in virtue* of his allegiance, an article for Blackwood's Magazine—in which there shall be nothing taken out of the Edinburgh Review, or other Periodicals for which the said William Hazlitt scribbleth, and in which there shall be as little as may be possible to the Gentleman of the Press aforesaid, about "candied coats of the auricula,"—"a fine paste of poetic diction encrusting" something or another—"clear waters, dewes, moonlit bowers, Sally L—," &c. &c. As witness our hand.

LIUNTO, *Imperatore e Re di Cocagna.*

PART OF AN ARTICLE BY LEIGH HUNT.

(Addressed to C. North, Esq.)

WE are always unwilling to speak of ourselves: but as your readers will otherwise see no reason upon table for the delay of our article promised on the First of April, we are obliged to afflict them by saying, that we have had for the last fortnight an aggravating (as the old women say) toothache, in the fourth tooth of our critical under-jaw. The said toothache has not only shut us out from such in-door amusements as theatres and books, but even from relishing as finely and deeply as we do at other times the green and glad world without them, which is invidious. We are not even yet quite as we should be, and are afraid that instead of saying natural and lively things, as usual, we may slide into a melancholy hilarity, amounting to the ponderous. However, as everybody told us, that folks would be impatient to know what those at the top of the critical in these matters thought of the new comedy, we contrived to fortify ourselves with flannel and fortitude, (things not to be

lightly praised,) and sat down to our desk. The evening was most bird-like and sparkling—and was just such a one as we once described in a distich of our own, written long before a sense of wars and debts had taken place in our minds of all sorts of amenities and merry graces—

The climbing trees were sleeping in that colour

Which richly trembles out crisp-hair'd Apollo.

What a contrast there is now to those days when we used to go to town of an evening to see plays, and write our Theatrical Examiner! Oh, the sweet morning-time of these evenings! If the wind was now and then thundering without doors, we had an inside place, and could enjoy it; and thinking of all sorts of natural pieties, we used to get snugly into the theatre, which to us had always a frank and agreeable-looking feel about it. There is nothing that draws us to such a fine and true humanity, as finding ourselves together at the theatre.

* In the original MS. *warhic.*

There are people in the City, we are told, who know so little of the glad and flowering world about their very ears, that if they ever do exchange their ledgers for nature, they do nothing but grumble at the blackness of the green leaves, and hasten back to the world of brick and mortar, and money getting. To us, now, a tree or so is an absolute god-send; and as to seeing even a flower-pot without a certain freshening-up, we could just as soon think of shattering the benignity of the summer-heavens. We have never lived in the city, which is perhaps the reason why we have always had a high taste for gracefulness of living: We love to have the flowers in season put upon our table along with the mutton—whereas these folks, if care and common-places do not prevent any addition whatever, make it a sorry business of a pudding or so extra. But though such people can scarcely relish anything but their own forlorn money-makings, (which are much less to the purpose than the Christmas merry-makings we have done so much to revive,) there is always something enjoying even to them about the Theatre. Play-houses are the most social of houses; and one feels more sociable together at Covent-Garden, than at any of the others, (our old pit-and-box-hand-shaking favourite, the Haymarket, excepted). Indeed, when one

sits in the pit, (as we always used to do,) one feels a certain frank cordiality about one, which is quite delicious, at the sight of so many pleasant faces sparkling all round you; and the most intellectual and graceful-spirited may there enjoy humanity even in its very common-places. You shall have on the same bench a high and dark far-thoughted, inward-looking aspect, worthy of the finest times of Italy, (if anything English, except perhaps Mr Hazlitt and one or two more, may be compared to the great and pleasant men whom Raphael has painted,) contrasted with the pale and perking-up face of a city clerk, just escaped from his ledger, and glad to be for an hour or two out of the common-place sphere of realities, and to get into the less material world of poetry and the drama—those eternal stumbling-blocks to square-toes. In this way, those whose natures are not fine enough to relish fields and flowers as we do, are drawn into a kindly sympathy by apprehending along with us the passionate of a play—or starting off into a bench-and-side-shaking merriment at a comedy—a thing which is (to our idea at least) much more devout and thankful than the unhappy sounds that one hears of a Sunday, from churches, in as forlorn a taste as their music * * * *

[Here our Vice-laureat get so very * * * * * and impertinent, that we dare not print the rest of his article. Indeed, a Second Review of Croly's admirable comedy, even by Hunt, would be a work of supererogation, after the excellent article that has already been written upon it in this Magazine—especially as Leigh says very little that we had not already said. His criticism is, upon the whole, "kind-natured" and indulgent; though he says that the fine imitations of Shakespeare, which occur in the comedy, "are as unlike as imitations are apt to be, yet not ill felt in the general." He finds fault, indeed, with the title, (*Pride shall have a Fall*), which he says, "we are sure we have often written for a copy when a boy at school;" and he adds, what must have been no doubt suggested by his own personal experience, that "it smacks too much of a truism." He praises, in general, "the lovely and fearful beauty" of the verse, which he thinks "resembles Beaumont and Fletcher in its swalings and undulations;" but he thinks it too ambitious—or, as he phrases it, "the verse is always wanting to be great and grand, as the maid-servants say." Of course, we must not dispute with Leigh about maid-servants or char-women, with whose ways and opinions he is much better acquainted than we can pretend to be; and, for the same reason, we must agree with his criticism on the *Suivantes* of the piece, who, he says, "talk wilful blank verse just as well as their mistresses—which is a thing not to be thought of." The exquisite and polite critic

finds "a good deal of raffishness" in the scenes with the Hussars, and says there is "some ill-worded expressing" in the dialogue. However, he assures us, that he has "prodigiously felt and admired the comedy in general,"—a fact, of which the knowledge must be infinitely delightful to Mr Croly. But we must now come to Mr Hazlitt's article. We print his Latin and French quotations as we find them in the MS., and as our readers will always find them printed in the *Edinburgh Review*, &c. &c.]

TABLE TALK. A NEW SERIES.

No. I.

On Nursery Rhymes in general.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts, that do often lie too deep for tears.

SWEET are the dreams of childhood, but sweeter the strains that delight its early ears!* We would give anything to recall those pleasant times, when we thought Jack Horner finer than anything in Shakespeare. And sometimes we think so still! What a poet was he who composed all these sweet nursery verses—the violet bed not sweeter! Yet he died "without a name!" How unintelligible they are, and yet how easily understood! They are like Wordsworth, (but oh, how unlike!) and we admire them for the same reason that we do him. How many young lips have breathed out these "snatches of old songs," making the breeze about them "discourse most eloquent music!" Wherever these rhymes "do love to haunt, the air is delicate." Let us try to make them "as palpable to the feeling" of others, as they are to our own.

We once said in *Constable's Magazine*, that, "to be an *Edinburgh Reviewer*, was the highest distinction in literary society;" because, about that time, we began to write in the *Edinburgh Review*. We were proud of it then, and we are so yet!—But it is a finer thing now. One could not then be radical, if one would. Now it is *tout au contraire*—Whigs and Radicals have met together—Jeffrey and Hunt have embraced each other. And it is right they should. Jeffrey is the "Prince of Critics and King of Men;" just as Leigh Hunt is King of Cockaigne, by divine right. They are your

only true legitimates.† They are like the two kings of Brentford! There they sit upon their thrones—the Examiner and the *Edinburgh Review*—*sedet, eternumque sedebit*—"both warbling of one note, both in one key." Each "doth bestride his little world like a Colossus"—(little, but oh! how great!) *There they are teres et rotundus*; while Universal Suffrage, like "Universal Pan, knit with the graces" of Whiggism, leads on the eternal dance! We have said in *The London*, that "to assume a certain signature, and write essays and criticisms in THE LONDON MAGAZINE, was a consummation of felicity hardly to be believed." But what is writing in the *Edinburgh Review*, or the *New Monthly*, or the *London*, compared to writing in *Blackwood's Magazine*? That, after all, is your only true passport to Fame. We thought otherwise once—but we were wrong!—Well, *better late than never*. But we must get to our subject.

What admirable pictures of duty (finer than Mr Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*) are now and then presented to us in these rhymes!—what powerful exhortations to morality (stronger and briefer than Hannah More's) do we find in them! What can be more strenuous, in its way, than the detestation of slovenliness inspired by the following example? The rhyme itself seems "to have caught the trick" of carelessness, and to wanton in the inspiration of the subject!

* Quære, years.—Printer's devil.

† Mr Hazlitt here omits the name of another sovereign, of whom he thus speaketh in the *Edinburgh Review*—"The Scotsman is an excellent paper, with but one subject—*Political Economy*—but the Editor may be said to be King of it!" But perhaps he bethought him afterwards, that, to be "King of one subject," was no very brilliant sovereignty.

See saw, Margery Daw, sold her bed, and lay in the straw ;
Was not she a dirty slut, to sell her bed, and lie in the dirt ?

Look at the paternal affection (regardless of danger) so beautifully exemplified in this sweet lullaby :—

Bye, baby bunting ! papa's gone a-hunting,
To catch a little rabbit-skin, to wrap the baby bunting in.

There is a beautiful spirit of humanity and a delicate gallantry in this one. The long sweep of the verse reminds one of the ladies' trains in Watteau's pictures :—

One a penny, two a penny, hot cross-buns,
If your daughters do not like them, give them to your sons ;
But if you should have none of these pretty little elves,
You cannot do better than to eat them yourselves.

Economy is the moral of the next. It is worth all the Tracts of the Cheap Repository !—

When I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
All the bread and cheese I got, I put it on the shelf.

What can be more exquisite than the way in which the most abstruse sciences are conveyed to the infant understanding ? Here is an illustration of the law of gravitation, which all Sir Richard Phillips's writings against Newton will never overthrow !—

Rock a bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock :
If the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
Then down tumbles baby and cradle, and all.

The theories of the Political Economists are also finely explained in this verse, which very properly begins with an address to *J. B. Say*, who has said the same thing in prose :—

See, *Say*, a penny a-day, Tommy must have a new master—
Why must he have but a penny a-day ? *Because he can work no faster.*

This is better than the Templar's Dialogues on Political Economy in The London, and plainer and shorter than the Scotsman. It is as good as the Ricardo Lecture. Mr Culloch could not have said anything more profound !

There is often a fine kind of pictured poetry about them. In this verse, for instance, you seem to hear the merry merry ring of the bells, and you see the tall white steed go glancing by :—

Ride a cock-horse to Bamborough Cross,
To see a fair lady sit on a white horse ;
With rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
That she may have music wherever she goes.

There is also a rich imagination about the "four-and-twenty black-birds, baked in a pye ;" it is quite oriental, and carries you back to the Crusades. But, upon the whole, we prefer this lay, with its fearful and tragic close :—

Bye, baby bumpkin, where's Tony Lumpkin ?
My lady's on her death-bed, with eating half a pumpkin.

No wonder !—for we have seen pumpkins in France, that would "make Ossa like a wart !" There is a wildness of fancy about this one, like the night-mare. What an overwhelming idea in the last line !—

We're all in the dumps, for Diamonds is trumps,
And the kittens are gone to St Paul's :
And the babies are bit, and the moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls !

But there is yet another, finer than all, of which we can only recollect a few words. The rest is gone with other visions of our youth ! We often sit and think of these lines by the hour together, till our hearts melt with their beauty, and our eyes fill with tears. We could probably find the rest in some of Mr Godwin's twopenny books ; but we would not for worlds dissolve the charm that is round the mysterious words. The "gay lady" is more gorgeous to our fancy than Mr Coleridge's "dark lady !"

London bridge is broken down—
How shall we build it up again ?

—With a gay ladye.

The following is "perplexed in the extreme"—a pantomime of confusion!

Cock-a-doodle-do, my dame has lost her shoe;

The cat has lost her fiddle-stick—I know not what to do.

There is "infinite variety" in this one: the rush in the first line is like the burst of an overture at the Philharmonic Society. Who can read the second line without thinking of Sancho and his celestial goats—"sky-tinctured?"

Hey diddle, diddle, a cat and a fiddle,

The goats jump'd over the moon;

And the little dogs bark'd to see such sport,

And the cat ran away with the spoon.

But if what we have quoted is fine, the next is still finer. What are all these things to Jack Horner and his Christmas-pye? What infinite keeping and *gusto* there is in it!—(we use keeping and *gusto* in the sense of painters, and not merely to mean that he kept all the pye to himself, (like a

Tory,) or that he liked the *taste* of it—which Mr Hunt tells us is the meaning of *gusto*.) What quiet enjoyment! what serene repose! There he sits, *teres et rotundus*, in the *chiar' oscuro*, with his finger in the pye! All is satisfying, delicious, secure from intrusion, "solitary bliss!"

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,

Eating his Christmas-pye:

He put in his thumb, and he pull'd out a plumb,

And said, "What a good boy am I!"

What a pity that Rembrandt did not paint this subject! But perhaps he did not know it. If he had painted it, the picture would have been worth any money. He would have smeared all the canvass over with some rich, honeyed, dark, bright, unctuous oil-colour; and, in the corner, you would have seen, (obscurely radiant) the figure of Jack; then there would have been the pye, flashing out of the picture in a blaze of golden light, and the green plum held up over it, dropping sweets!—We think we could paint it ourselves!

We are unwilling that anything from our friend, C. P., *Esquire*,* should come in at the fag-end of an

article; but, for the sake of enriching this one, we add a few lines from one of the *Early French Poets*, communicated to C. P., by his friend *Victoire*, *Vicomte de Soligny*, whom he met in Paris at the *Caffée des Milles Colones*. The translation is by Mr Hunt; it is like Mr Frere's translations from the *Poema del Cid*, but is infinitely more easy, graceful, and antique:†

C'est le Roy Dagobert,
Qui met sa culotte à l'envers;
Le bon Saint Eloy
Lui dit: "Mon bon Roy,
Votre Majesté
Est mal culottée."
"Eh bien," lui dit le bon Roy,
"Je vais la remettre à l'endroit."

It was King Dagobert who poking on his yellow breeches,
Whisk'd out the lining with a fling, and most elaborate stretches;
Kind Saint Eloi perk'd crisply up, and said with frankliest air,
"Your majesty's most touching legs are got one don't know where."
"Well," (with his best astonishment hush'd out the kindly king,)
"We'll swale them over jauntily, and that's the very thing."

W. H.

* *Alias Victoire, Vicomte de Soligny*. This Cockney wrote (as few but Mr Colburn the bookseller have the misfortune to remember) *Letters on England*, under this title, which we demolished. We had then occasion to shew that this impostor did not even know how French noblemen signed their names; and we might have added, that his title-page proved he did not know a man's name from a woman's—*Victor* being evidently the name which C. P. *Esq.* was vainly endeavouring to spell. *Victoire, Vicomte de Soligny*, sounds to a French ear just as *Sally, Lord Holland*, would to an English one. Besides, *Victoire* is, as everybody knows, a name given in France (almost exclusively) to females of this *Vicomte's* own rank—*maid-servants*; and when he was in PARIS, he had, no doubt, often occasion to violate propriety, by calling out from his room on the ninth floor, *Victoire, voulez vous venir wite avec du win*.—C. N.

† *Quære, antic*. Printer's devil.

THE LATE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

PEACEABLE, monotonous, and comparatively uninteresting, as the late Session was, a review of some of its leading features cannot be altogether devoid of amusement and instruction.

The state of parties, or rather the state of party creeds and schemes, is at all times a matter of the highest national importance, and, therefore, we will, in the first place, glance at the *exposé* of this state which the Session practically furnished. We fear that our lower orders have yet only changed their opinions in a partial degree, but, nevertheless, they have become silent and peaceable. Their efforts only led to ruin; their hopes were blasted; petitions and public meetings, as they possessed no intrinsic charms, lost their attraction with their novelty; work became plentiful; every interest in the state became reasonably prosperous; and, therefore, they retired with one consent from active political life. This retirement—this abandonment of revolution by our labourers and mechanics—has actually ruined two of our Parliamentary parties.

For a long time Burdett stood alone in the House of Commons. Sometimes he could find an individual to second his motions, but never one to divide with him. The populace then had not entered the political world to become a leading portion of it; the Whigs were a powerful party; they paid some regard to character; and they had not adopted the doctrine, that everything which the Ministers opposed ought to be voted for. In proportion as the cause of revolution prospered with the mob, Burdett acquired followers and influence in Parliament, until at length he became the virtual head of the Opposition. For some years he and his party have led the Opposition, and the Whigs have been content to embrace their principles and schemes, and to act as their humble auxiliaries. The Whigs have constantly voted for all the motions of the Burdettites, no matter how abominable these motions might be in assertion and object. Well, the Burdettites are now objects of compassion. "Westminster's Pride" can no longer be abusive, except towards defunct ministers and Orange societies; and he is compelled to make some ap-

proaches towards honesty and common sense in his speeches, or to remain silent. Hume is ruined. Bennett has lost his speech. Wilson has only spoke some three times during the Session, merely to confess that he is the greatest man in the universe. No one can tell what has become of Whitbread. Wood never ventures a step beyond city business. And poor Hobhouse delves, and stammers, and musters his brass again and again, and all to no purpose. May our enemies become Gods of revolutionary mobs! May they obtain a little notoriety by repeating the drunken ravings of their worshippers, and then be forsaken! We shall then have our revenge. We should not give vent to so dreadful a wish as this respecting them, were we not exceedingly malicious.

As the Whigs have long been the abject followers of the Burdettites, and as they have long had no other supporters in the community than the revolutionary multitude, what has ruined the one party has likewise ruined the other. Their conduct, however, under calamity, is as different as possible. The Burdettites are in agony and despair, but still they truckle not to their conquerors: their language is—

“What though the field be lost,
All is not lost; the unconquerable will
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall their wrath or might
Extort from us.”

This is, at any rate, manly, and it saves them from utter contempt; but the Whigs, always excepting poor Brougham and Earl Grey, display neither torture nor sorrow. They have, with all imaginable alacrity, laid Reform, Emancipation, &c. upon the shelf, and become the most officious of the supporters of the Ministry. Every one remembers what their conduct was during the growth of Radicalism—on the trials of blasphemers and traitors—touching the Manchester meeting—on the Queen's trial—at her funeral—and during the prevalence of agricultural distress. Every one remembers that they fought with all their might the battles of the revolutionists of this and all other countries, so long as the cause

was not utterly hopeless ; that they strained every nerve to wrap the whole continent of Europe in the flames of civil war ; and that they trafficked without ceasing in sedition, rebellion, misery, and blood, with the hope of plunging this quarter of the globe into anarchy and horrors to the last moment of their ability. And every one remembers that they prosecuted with intense ardour the most gigantic schemes of change and innovation ; that they wished to give us a new House of Commons, new laws of almost every description, and a new set of constitutional and other opinions ; that they laboured to give a new form and operation to the constitution, by means of what they called Catholic emancipation ; and that they attempted to repeal twenty millions of taxes at once, to demolish the Church, to involve us in war with France in behalf of deism and democracy, and to do we know not what else beside. These Whigs—not different men bearing the same name—but the self-same individuals, have, in the last Session of Parliament, become the eulogists of the Ministers. Yet these Ministers are not new ones ; they are the very men whom the Whigs, for some thirty years, have constantly blackened, as the most unprincipled and incapable of all living people ; and they are the very men who, in these thirty years, have, by their deeds, if not by their words, utterly blasted the character of the Whigs, both for the present age, and for ever. Our factions of former times were unprincipled and wicked enough, in all conscience, but still they generally bore disaster with heroism ; it was reserved for the Whigs to shew how far faction could become despicable as well as depraved.

This difference of conduct between the two parties amply confirms all that has been taught us touching human nature. Burdett took the field manfully against the whole nation. Like the illustrious Don Quixote, by whose side posterity will place him, he believed that the giants, wizards, castles, dungeons, groaning captives, and distressed damsels, of his imagination, were realities. Preposterous as the principles were which he propagated, he believed them to be just ones. He was guided by a false understanding and a madman's temperament, rather than by wicked motives ; therefore he is now unchanged by defeat, and still

keeps the field, though the whole nation has forsaken him. But the Whigs renounced the creed of their ancestors for that of revolutionism, for the sake of gain, and against their consciences. They fought with the utmost desperation the battles of the revolutionists ; and still they admitted, when they could be made to speak, that the revolutionists sought the overthrow of the constitution. Of course, men who could be capable of this were sure of becoming the sycophants of the Ministers, whenever the multitude should desert them, and they should only be able to exist as public men by such sycophancy.

Why do we make this recapitulation of Whig criminality and degradation ? Because we wish to prevent that faction which so lately brought the empire to the verge of destruction, from ever escaping from the flashes of public scorn ; because we wish to impress upon the minds of our rising statesmen, particularly those who in a few years will have to form the Opposition, that honesty is the best policy, and that an Opposition, as well as a Ministry, can only prosper by integrity, patriotism, and wisdom ; and because we wish to contribute our mite towards providing our country with an upright, patriotic Opposition, when the present generation of Whigs shall be seen no more. We have another reason. The Whigs are as destitute of principle as they ever were, and they are now endeavouring to ruin those by adulation who crushed them in open conflict. Like a leading personage of the immortal poem from which we have made an extract, they have been driven from the field, and their only resource is to assume the shape of the serpent, and to work by seduction. We know not whether they have ever thought with that personage—

“ Oh foul descent ! that we, who erst contended
With Gods to sit the highest, are now constrain'd
Into vile beasts :”

But certain it is that they have transformed themselves according to his example, and that they are labouring as he laboured after his transformation. We fear that they are likely to achieve more by their present system, than they ever achieved by the one they

have abandoned, and we wish, therefore, to put the nation upon its guard as far as possible against them.

The Whigs, since their change of system, have been incessantly bespattering that portion of the Ministry which is favourable to what is called Catholic emancipation, but more especially Mr Canning, with their panegyrics. Now Mr Canning—the same Mr Canning—was always, previously to the last two years, the especial object of Whig execration. We remember how eternally the Whig papers lampooned and vilified him—how eternally the Whig leaders belaboured him—how Tierney scoffed at his theatrical action and wicked sophistries—how Burdett raved respecting his robberies of the public—how Hume dilated on his cruelty—and how Brougham scourged his mercenary treachery. We have not forgot what was said respecting his mission to Portugal, and the pensions granted to certain members of his family; we have not forgot the pamphlet, the author of which he in effect challenged, and the remarks which the Whigs made respecting that pamphlet and his conduct; and we have not forgot the scrape into which he drove poor Hume, with regard to the Times newspaper, and the scrape into which he drove poor Burdett, with regard to some asseverations delivered to the populace. No one member of the Ministry, if we except the late lamented Marquis of Londonderry, was so intensely hated, and so fearfully slandered by the Whigs, as Mr Canning. Well, it is now with the Whigs, Mr Canning, or no one:—“He has the rare fortune,” says Sir James Mackintosh, “to possess the confidence of his opponents, as well as the favour of his supporters.” Here is Mr Canning, the Foreign Secretary, the ministerial leader of the House of Commons, actually declared to possess the confidence of the Opposition, of the Whigs, of the very men who, for the whole period of his public life, have said daily of him everything that could imply incapacity and want of principle!

The conduct of the Whigs is very different to the other portion of the Government. Mr Canning is little less than a god—Mr Robinson is amazingly clever and patriotic—the Marquis Wellesley cannot err—Mr Plunkett is a fine fellow—Mr C. Grant is vastly wise. Here the Whigs pause. Lord

Liverpool is neither fish nor flesh; but still he is a decent kind of person, and might be moulded into something in a certain state of things—Mr Peel is a queer sort of body; but he has friends, and it is best to be silent respecting him at present—Mr Goulburn is nobody; and the Lord Chancellor is Satan himself. Every one knows that this venerable nobleman, who will be regarded by posterity as one of the best and greatest of men that this country ever produced, occupies no prominent political office in the government, and abstains more than any other member of it from party conduct. If ever an individual in Parliament fastidiously adhered to fact and argument, and the naked merits of the matter before him, in his speeches, that individual has been Lord Eldon. It is notorious that his political influence flows almost altogether from his high character and commanding talents. Yet all the party malignity and ire that the Whigs can possibly muster are constantly directed against him. The Prime Minister must be spared, the Ministerial Leader must be eulogized, but the Lord Chancellor must be crushed. It is not the Foreign Secretary, the Home Secretary, or the Chancellor of the Exchequer; it is the Lord Chancellor, whom the Opposition must oppose and drive from office. It has hitherto been the practice to ascribe every act of the Ministry to the Ministry as a body; or, at any rate, if such acts were ascribed more particularly to the leading Minister, he was held accountable for the unpopular as well as the popular ones: but now all that the Ministry does which pleases the Whigs is done by Mr Canning, and all that it does which vexes them is done by the Lord Chancellor. It is Lord Eldon who keeps the Catholics from power, who will not suffer the rabble republics of South America to be recognized, and who blows up the schemes of the Liberals as rapidly as they are fabricated; while Mr Canning does, or seeks to do, everything that the Whigs wish. Lord Eldon, it seems, in addition to his being the Chancellor, travels about from the Home Office to the Foreign Office, and from the Colonial Office to the Exchequer, and makes little boys of all his colleagues, the Premier included. Poor Carlile has been so widely misled by this, that, the other day, he actually addressed a number of his Republican

to the Lord Chancellor, in which he spoke to this exalted individual by the terms "Fellow," and "Thou," and protested that it was he who brought the late shower of prosecutions upon the blasphemy shop in Fleet Street. To Lord Eldon this is the brightest of glory—but what is it to Mr Canning?

Now what is the cause of all this? The Whigs declare that Mr Canning has apostatized from his creed, and has become a Liberal; he protests that he has not. They assert that he has given a new direction to our foreign policy; he declares that he pursues the line which was chalked out by his predecessor; and he produces irrefragable proof of it in the shape of a state paper drawn up by that predecessor. Looking beyond the assertions, and counter-assertions, it seems to be pretty certain that Mr Canning is as far from Whiggism as he ever was. He has stated in Parliament, that the war on the continent was between extreme opinions, of which we could support neither; and that the "constitutional system" of Spain was altogether unfit for a nation. This, we think, ought to be regarded as one memorable point of difference between him and his adulators. With regard to reform, church robbery, and the other leading points of Whig policy, his opinions remain unchanged. He has indeed complimented Wilson, and sat at table with Waithman, Favell, Hobhouse, Hume, &c.; but although we wish from our souls that he had not done this, still we think that, so far as it concerned himself, it amounted to nothing more than a sacrifice of personal dignity. Evidence is altogether against the alleged apostacy of Mr Canning.

The plain truth is, the Whigs are not quite so simple as to be duped by a few bows and soft phrases. They know that Mr Canning is now what he was when he was the most prominent object of their abuse; they love him as much now as they did when they lavished this abuse upon him, and they speak of him and to him as they do, because it constitutes their best means of pushing their own interests. They know that all ranks despise them at home, that they can be no longer aided by continental allies, that they do not possess among themselves what would form a Ministry, and that, as a separate party, they never can reach office. Their grand

object therefore is, to split the Ministry, that they may stick themselves into the tail of one of the fragments, and thereby mount to some of the subordinate offices of the government. Ministers are divided in opinion touching the Catholic question, and therefore the Whigs are eternally labouring to puff this question into one of the first rank, and to drive them to open conflict with each other respecting it. If only Lord Eldon's party and Mr Canning's party will quarrel, then the Whigs are sure either of being taken by the hand by those who remain in office, or of being reinforced by those who leave it. They take the part of Mr Canning, because on this question they agree with him, because he is the youngest and most accommodating man; and they dilate on his Liberalism, and worship him to conceal their wretched arts, and to intimate to him that they will abandon reform, turn Brougham and their less tractable members adrift, think as he may wish them to think, and coalesce with him whenever he will hold up his finger as a signal. Such is clearly their present object, and it is worthy of them: We pretend not to foretell the issue, but still we think that Mr Canning is too well acquainted with his own interest to suffer them to ruin him.

It cannot, however, be denied, that the Whigs have reaped some success from their change of tactics. Flattery is a most potent weapon, and it has not been applied to Mr Canning's sides altogether in vain. Bating his notice of the Radical drabs, we do not think that it has made him do what he ought not to have done; but we fear that it has made him leave unsaid much that he ought to have said, and this is no light matter. The strife which has in late years convulsed the world, has raged between the friends and enemies of the principles and feelings which hold society together—to determine whether these should or should not be destroyed—and we think it was the highest duty of the ministers to occupy the first place among the former. The Whigs have never ceased to attack these principles and feelings, even when they have poured their panegyrics the most thickly upon Mr Canning, and he has seemed to be so far overcome by their smiles and cant, as to be unable to find in his heart to

contradict them. The consequence has been, that from his silence, the House of Commons, in the last two sessions, has appeared to sanction opinions directly levelled against public spirit, public honesty, and the best interests of the empire.

Our readers cannot have forgotten what took place in Parliament in the session of 1823. Nothing was to be heard but reprobation of the conduct of France, and praise of the Spanish Revolutionists; the Whigs represented the latter to be the best of beings, and the little that fell from the Ministers seemed to countenance it. Of course, the Ministerial as well as Opposition prints took their cue from this, and almost all the guides of public opinion laboured to make us the enthusiastic friends of these Revolutionists. Now, the naked facts of the matter were these:—These persons were the brothers of our Radicals in all things. We had just, with no little difficulty, put down our own Revolutionists, and we were advised to sympathize with and assist those of another country. It was in effect proclaiming that the self-same opinions were true abroad and false at home—that the self-same actions were laudable in other countries, and crimes in this—and that the Liberals ought to be cherished on the continent, and destroyed in Great Britain. It was even doing worse than this. It was virtually making a surrender of Toryism, encouraging our Liberals to redouble their exertions, and notifying to the sound part of the community that they ought to war no longer against “liberal opinions.”

This was not only in the highest degree preposterous, but it was calculated to be in the highest degree mischievous. Mr Canning, as the ministerial leader of the House of Commons, committed a capital error in not declaring, that while he condemned the conduct of France, he equally condemned the conduct and principles of

the Spanish rulers. He ought to have stated that this country never could support such a system as had been established in Spain, and that it never could regard the principles which had revolutionized that unhappy nation with anything but abhorrence.* The neutrality for which we had declared, and our interests throughout, demanded this. He has since said, that he was not then called upon for such a declaration, but we nevertheless think that he was. If he had made it, he would have proved that the assertions of the Whigs respecting his own change of opinions were false, he would have prevented the House of Commons from appearing to sanction Jacobin principles, and he would have kept the ministerial prints from that mischievous course which they are now pursuing.

A still more wanton disregard for the conservation of sound principles and feelings, was manifested by Parliament during the last session. According to the papers, Mr Canning, in his official character, complimented Wilson in the House of Commons, and to render this the more unaccountable, he did it in a speech which charged the same Wilson with having violated the spirit of the laws, and with having exerted himself to the utmost, and not wholly without effect, to involve this country in a war with France. Mr Lyttleton was represented to say, that Wilson was an honour to his country, and it was asserted that the whole House joined in the panegyrics. Now, the best that can be said of Wilson, is, that he possesses as much personal bravery, as is possessed by almost every man in Great Britain, while his dark side might, we think, strike the most unscrupulous eulogist in the world speechless. We remember that he was the chairman of a public meeting in the very height of the Queen-fever, at which it was lamented that Spain had got the start

* In the innumerable debates which took place in the two last Sessions on the Spanish question, only two individuals ventured to express their hostility to the creed and conduct of the Revolutionists, and these were—we name them to do them honour—the Duke of Buckingham in the Upper, and the Hon. C. Lamb in the Lower House. We wish that Mr Lamb would speak much more frequently than he does; such speeches as he makes are greatly needed in Parliament, and he is robbing himself of public estimation by his silence. Few even of those who are eloquent, are capable of taking accurate views of great questions, and of these scarcely any in these times dare make themselves independent of the press and the populace. The truckling to these two fearful despots was never so universal, so abject, and so full of evil consequences, as it is at present.

of us in revolution, and hoped that we should speedily follow her example;—we remember that he assisted our Revolutionists to the utmost, so long as they would keep the field, and that he afterwards assisted in the same manner those of other nations;—we remember his feats at the Queen's meetings, and at her funeral;—and we remember that he was expelled the British army. Now, where is the set-off against all this? Where is the history of his achievements—where are the records of his national services—and where, amidst his multifarious books and speeches, are the proofs that his talents rise even to mediocrity? If these can nowhere be found, where, at any rate, is the evidence that he has become a peaceable and well-affected member of society? If this be likewise lacking, on what ground has he been panegyrised in Parliament?

Again, Sir J. Mackintosh passes a flaming eulogium on Lord Cochrane, and in the most seductive manner invites some Minister of the Crown—Mr Canning, of course—to advise the restoration of his commission in the navy, and the House is reported to have received this even with cheers! Lord Cochrane is unquestionably a brave man, but what is he more? We recollect that it was his eternal practice at mob meetings, to *solemnly pledge his honour*, that he would in Parliament prove different members of the government to have committed the most heinous crimes, and that he never redeemed, or attempted to redeem, his pledge. We recollect the groundless abuse which he cast upon his superior officers. We recollect his abominable and infamous speeches to the populace. We recollect that he was tried by a jury for a scandalous fraud—for a fraud, the object of which was to enrich himself by the ruin of thousands of poor families—and that he was convicted on the clearest evidence. We recollect that he swore *by his honour*, and everything else, that he was innocent, although no man ever to this day doubted that he was guilty. We recollect, that putting his conviction out of sight, he was one of the most unprincipled demagogues that ever the country was cursed with. And we cannot be ignorant, that while he has been in South America, he has generally been acting the part of a buccancer—that he has been as

often the master as the servant of those who hired him—that on one day he plundered every flag he durst touch, and on the next quarrelled with his employers, and ran away from his duty, that he might pocket the chief portion of the booty—and that his conduct throughout has proved that his ruling motive has been lucre. Against this appalling history nothing—nothing can be thrown into the scale, save personal bravery! Yet this is the man whose eulogy the superficial and infirm understanding of Sir J. Mackintosh has chaunted, and whose eulogy the House of Commons is reported to have heard with approbation.

We will here say, and we challenge contradiction, that these two men would never have been heard of in Parliament, if they had not mingled in the broils of faction, and been Radical leaders;—that if their swords had been employed a thousand times more than they have been, and they had been covered with wounds received in the battles of their country; still, if they had in the late perilous times exerted themselves as strenuously in favour of the constitution, the laws, social order, and public peace, as they exerted themselves against them, they would only have been named in Parliament to have been made the objects of Whig abuse. We will say further, that if these men had never violated the laws of their country and of the world, and had never uttered their sickening puff and swagger respecting themselves, they would never, in spite of their services to Radicalism, have received any Parliamentary notice whatever.

We will now ask, not factions, not the Whig leaders, nor the Ministerial leaders, but that portion of our countrymen who think and act for themselves on public matters—1. Is it meritorious for individuals to violate the laws of their country and of other nations?—2. Do military and civil punishments confer character?—3. Do men possess a particle of honour, who say what is untrue to delude the ignorant, and who pledge their honour to prove what they never can prove?—4. Is it decent and proper for our tremendous mass of military and naval officers, to be virtually told that the way to obtain honourable distinction, is to trample upon the laws, to

plunge into the filth of factious politics, and to become leaders of the rabble, against all that is dear to the country?—5. Will it produce public good, for the nation to be informed that the men who have been degraded and punished, and who owe their wretched notoriety to their enmity to our best institutions, and their efforts to produce public convulsion, are alike honourable and deserving? If the answers be—No! what are we to think of the parliamentary praise which has been bestowed on Mr Wilson and Lord Cochrane?

We do not say this for the sake of doing disservice to these persons; if the matter affected their personal interests alone, Mr Canning and Sir J. Mackintosh might splice them together, and make a two-headed four-legged king of them, and it would excite in us only merriment. But they are used as the instruments for destroying the foundations of society, and therefore it is our duty to disable them as far as we can for being put to such use any longer. This duty nothing shall prevent us from discharging. The eulogies which have been heaped upon these mountebanks, are directly levelled against all the distinctions between honour and dishonour, between guilt and innocence, between merit and demerit; and they are calculated to teach the community to follow dishonour, guilt, and demerit alone. So long as our rulers hold such persons up to public admiration, it will be a mockery in them to define crime, to make laws, and to call upon the people to be innocent, peaceable, and well-affected.

After having thus acted towards Mr Wilson and Lord Cochrane, how did the House of Commons act towards Lord Eldon? Here is a man who possesses the most rare talents and acquirements, who combines these with the most rare qualities of conduct, and who has employed the whole in the most beneficial manner possible for his country, for the longest period that human life will admit of. Compare him with such people as Brougham and Mackintosh—compare his views, principles, and life, with theirs, and then his gigantic powers, his splendid virtues, and his invaluable services, will be correctly judged of. Independently of these, his conduct throughout has been so thoroughly

English—so straight-forward, artless, steady, and courageous, that no one could refrain from revering him whose heart was an English one. He has ever scorned factious deeds—he has ever disdained to court popularity—he has ever proved to every one that he heard nothing but his conscience, and saw nothing but his country. If his colleagues were dismayed by perils, he was the hero to re-nerve them—if they were seduced by interest, he was the patriot to bring them back to their duty—if they abandoned him, he fought the good fight without them and triumphed. Whatever others may have done, Lord Eldon has never compromised his friends—Lord Eldon has never conciliated away his creed—Lord Eldon has never concealed his sentiments, to escape sarcasm and slander—Lord Eldon has never for a moment deviated from that glorious path, which can only be trod by the best and the greatest. Against this illustrious individual, charges were made, which, no matter how it was denied, were evidently meant to destroy his character for both ability and integrity, to cover him with parliamentary censure, and to drive him in disgrace from office. These charges notoriously originated in the most unworthy motives, and they were only supported by the assertions of those who brought them, and which were proved to be monstrously untrue. It might have been expected that the members to a man would have started from their seats in indignation, to defend a public servant like Lord Eldon, and that they would have spurned from them charges, thus made and thus supported, by acclamation. But no! the House of Commons, which, according to the papers, heard Wilson's nauseous boasting with delight, and cheered the proposition for replacing Lord Cochrane in the navy, actually divided on the question, whether the Lord Chancellor should or should not be visited with parliamentary condemnation unheard—whether he should or should not without trial have his fame blasted, and be covered with ignominy!

These matters we conceive to be of the very highest public import. Only let our rulers convince the nation that such men as Wilson and Lord Cochrane are spotless and meritorious people; and that such as Lord Eldon are the contrary; and they need do no-

thing more to ruin the nation. The whole that is valuable to us, stands upon the *old* distinctions between the worthless and the deserving—between good and evil. Conduct like this cannot fail, if persisted in, of blasting public spirit—of leading public functionaries to scorn honour and honesty—of corrupting public feeling—of blinding public judgment—and of producing everything that the worst enemy of the state would wish to witness.

We are well aware that all this is to be ascribed to the new systems of *Conciliation* and *Liberality*. We wish from our souls that some member of the new trimming school would write a book to explain these systems, and to advocate them. The distinctions of which we have spoken are either just, or they are unjust; no sophistry or cant phrases can prove that they are both—that black is both black and white in the same moment. If they be just, maintain them—if they be unjust, abolish them. If it make no difference whether men be honest or knavish, honourable or dishonourable, virtuous or vicious, loyal or seditious, tell us so in plain English; but do not say that the laws which have hitherto governed society ought to be observed, and then stigmatize us as bigots, because we treat those who violate them as offenders.

Looking at this merely as a matter of policy, we think it the worst that could be followed. The demagogues who acted so depraved a part during our late convulsions, are now deserted by the multitude; they are scorned by every one; they lie at the lowest point of contempt and helplessness; and it is this, and this alone, which keeps them peaceable. The courtesy and kindness which they receive from some of the Ministers cannot possibly have any other effect than to raise them again, to give them power, and to make them once more mischievous. Wilson was ruined, utterly ruined, and the Ministers have restored him to character and to influence. What are our lower orders to think when they see Waithman, Wilson, Hobhouse, Hume, &c., complimented by such men as Lord Liverpool and Mr Canning? They must believe that those persons are really upright, knowing, and worthy of being followed. As

to the hope that these demagogues, in case of renewed troubles, would shew more forbearance towards the government than formerly, an idiot would not indulge it.

In so far as *Conciliation* is meant to destroy party spirit, it is levelled against the best interests of the state. Party spirit is the soul of public spirit; it is the guardian of the public weal. What the friends of the nation have to do, is to keep parties properly balanced, and to keep them under the guidance of proper leaders. The tremendous dangers through which we so lately passed, were brought upon us, not by the existence of party spirit, but by the base conduct of those who led the parties opposed to the government. The Whig heads slandered the King—they attacked royalty in the abstract—they waged war, not merely against the Ministers, but against the legislature, the aristocracy, the church, the magistracy, and the whole of our political and social system; and while they did this, their coadjutors, the Radical chiefs, deluged the country with the most abominable calumnies and falsehoods to prove it. When the *leaders* thus applied every incitement to rebellion to their followers that could be applied, it was perfectly natural that these followers should become rebellious, and it is certain that this was the cause of their being so. Government at this moment, instead of *Conciliating*, ought to exert itself to the utmost to destroy, as public men and party leaders, all who then acted the demagogue—it ought to exert itself to the utmost to place the Opposition exclusively under the guidance of such men as the Marquis of Lansdown, Mr Calcraft, and Mr Baring. It may call the feeding and caressing of such people as Waithman, Wilson, Hobhouse, &c., when they are forsaken by all beside, *Conciliation*; but it will speedily find that this is something of a very different nature, or we are much mistaken.

Passing to other matters, it must give sincere grief to every friend of the country, to find that so many barristers have got into the House of Commons, and that they take so large a share in the transacting of public business. Of those who were only educated for the bar, and who forsook it for political life before they became immersed in practice, we do not speak; our words

apply only to the hacks—to such as Brougham, Denman, Williams, &c. We do not wish to cast groundless censure on any body of men; but we will say, because our words are amply justified by history, that barristers are disqualified, by their habits and occupations, for being members of the legislature. They are not, perhaps, worse by nature than other men, but they are apprenticed to, and they spend their lives in, that which must incapacitate them for discharging the duty of a Member of Parliament. Their regular calling is to say for hire anything that is put into their mouths, whether true or false, whether just or unjust; and we are very certain that, admitting exceptions, men in general cannot follow a calling like this, without having their principles corrupted.

We will refer in proof of this, not only to the history of all legislative assemblies that ever existed, since lawyers became a distinct portion of mankind, but to the history of our own Parliament—to that of the existing House of Commons. Brougham is a man of great abilities and acquirements, and yet what is his parliamentary conduct? What are his speeches, with regard to truth, integrity, just views, and right feelings? When we hear him in the House of Commons, we hear nothing but the special pleader of a party—nothing but the counsel, who for this party will say anything or do anything, no matter what the consequences may be to the country. We can scarcely forbear exclaiming—what a noble statesman has been here ruined by the fraud and chicanery of the bar! Great as his powers are, a balance between the good and the evil that he has occasioned since he became a member of the legislature, might make us shudder. Denman would be still more mischievous than Brougham, were he not nearly destitute of talent. That the House has patience to listen to the interminable and violent speeches of this weak man, on all manner of subjects, amazes us, for these speeches are actually intolerable in a newspaper. As to Williams, we need only say, that the proceedings respecting the Lord Chancellor, and the “facts” that were cited to support the charges against him, would well justify a law for excluding practising barristers from Parliament for

ever. As to any use that barristers are of in the House of Commons, they are of comparatively none, as far as the country is concerned. We agree in a remark made by the late lamented Marquis of Londonderry, that they are disabled by their habits for taking correct views of great state questions. The debates on the Manchester meeting—on the charges against Lord Eldon—with regard to the introduction of the Queen’s name into the Liturgy—and on the case of Smith, abundantly prove that their party-spirit renders them worse than useless in the discussion of mere legal matters. With regard to new laws, it is the principles of these laws which have to be debated, and barristers are incapable of debating them; and speaking merely of the drawing up of the laws, the acts that issue from the House generally testify, that they could not be more faulty than they are, if there were not a lawyer in it.

Passing on, the late Session increases the sorrow which has been so long felt, that eloquence should have fallen to so low a point in the House of Commons. The debates form the grand source to which the nation at large resorts for instruction in state matters, and they will now rarely supply such instruction. Compared with the debates of former times, they make us ashamed of our present statesmen. If Mr Canning had gone to India, weak as the Opposition is in speakers, it would have driven the Ministers out of the House by superiority of oratory. Were Mr Canning to be abstracted from his side of the House, there is not at present a single individual in it capable of leading it; and if we except Mr Peel, there is scarcely a single young man on the Tory side, who shews any promise of ever becoming a commanding speaker. It frequently enough happens, that when truth and reason are on the side of Ministers, they are worsted in debate by their inferiority in point of eloquence. This proves against them a neglect of duty, as well as of interest, and we fear the time is not far distant, when they will bitterly deplore their negligence. Mr Peel does not appear to cultivate his capabilities, and he rather sinks than rises as an orator. We lament this deeply. He may, if he pleases, in a less space of time than ten years, become the most powerful man in the

empire; the nation reveres his character and conduct, and the mighty of the land are with him in principles: those who think as he thinks, are all powerful in the State, and they will continue to be so. But he will never become this, if he do not make himself a powerful orator. It has been said, that "Eloquence is the bridle with which a wise man rides that monster of the world, the people;" and, in spite of the contempt with which eloquence is spoken of by those to whom it is denied, we believe this to be strictly true. No Minister can carry the people along with him by his ability and virtues, if he cannot carry the House of Commons and the people along with him by his eloquence. Let Mr Peel reflect upon this, let him calculate how much Mr Canning owes to his eloquence, and let him labour without ceasing to make himself a powerful orator. We need not say, that we do not understand the term eloquence to mean florid froth and declamation, but such speeches as were delivered by Pitt, Burke, and Fox, and such as are delivered by Canning, and, when he will be honest, by Brougham.

Glancing from these matters to the business that was transacted in the last Session, if we find in it something to censure, we likewise find in it something to applaud and rejoice over. "Reform," and "Catholic Emancipation," have been laid upon the shelf by their friends, although we have been so long told, that they were indispensable for saving the empire from ruin. The first is "laid by," because, now that treason is silent, no one will ask for it; and as to the second, its supporters have been constrained to confess, that the conduct of the Catholics themselves rendered it impossible to attempt to carry it. The Catholics have, in truth, lately fought gloriously for Protestantism. We were disbelieved and scoffed at; the Parliamentary emancipators protested that everything was false which was said against the Catholics. While we were looking around us, almost in vain, for support among our Protestant brethren, behold! the Catholic Association stood forward to testify to the truth of what we had uttered; and then, to our astonishment, Bishop Doyle volunteered his evidence in our favour; and then, to our utter amaze-

ment, the Pope himself sent his rescript to silence all who might gainsay us. Who, after reading this letter of his holiness, will dare to say that Popery is changed, and that it will admit any Protestant into heaven?

It is a matter of rejoicing that these two topics—the two grand levers of disaffection and madness—are now powerless. How the causes which render them so act upon their friends, we need not describe.

Of the remission of taxes that was made we shall say nothing; but we will say something with regard to the remission that is contemplated. If we are plunged into war—and the political horizon is by no means a serene one—we shall in the first two or three years render our debt what it was when the last war closed; and we shall be again saddled with the whole of the taxes which have been remitted since that period. What we shall have to do afterwards can be foreseen by every one. Now, when this is the fact, when every class in the nation is in a state of prosperity, and when our present load of taxes sits lightly upon us, would it not be wise to speak more of a reduction of debt, and less of a repeal of taxes? We regard it to be indisputable—we are certain that to do our duty, to pay only common regard to our interests, we should raise the sinking fund to eight or ten millions before we repealed another penny of taxes. The chase of spurious popularity is, however, now the rage with all sides, and we must not, therefore, expect that any *unpopular* care will be taken of the public interests, however loudly it may be called for by wisdom.

We must, of course, say something of the principles of free trade, as they are called, when they are so loudly panegyricized by all parties. If these are to be practised to the extent which is threatened, they will very speedily prove themselves to be principles of ruin. They stand on a false foundation. They assume as their corner stone, that any country will at all times provide as much of any particular kind of labour as its population may call for; and this is refuted at the present moment by England, and more especially by Ireland. They assume, that what is the interest of one trade is the interest of all trades, and that what is the interest of one country is the interest of all countries. Their inevitable ten-

dency is to produce an equalization of profits and wages throughout the world; and as they cannot raise other nations to our level, they must sink us to the level of other nations. Their constant operation must be to reduce profits, to lower wages, to prevent the accumulation of capital, and thus they will act much more against consumption, and consequently trade, in one way, than they will act for them in another. Let us have a free trade in corn, which is so much clamoured for by some people, and which ought to be granted if the "principles of free trade" be just ones, and our farmers, their labourers, and tradesmen, must immediately sink to the state of the continental ones. They must eat, drink, and clothe themselves, as the continental ones do. What would be the consequences to our agricultural population, and what would be the effects on consumption? He must be a wretch who, for the sake of a little increase of trade, would inflict such horrible privations on so large a portion of his countrymen; and he must be a fool who can expect that increase of trade would flow from such privations. We care not who may say, that "we have grown rich and great in spite of our restrictions, and not through them;" we will answer, that it is refuted by common sense, and the whole of history. We will say, that the gigantic mass of capital which fills the nation was either rained upon us from the clouds, or it was extracted in the main from those restrictions with which our laws or the war surrounded us; and that we should not have been either rich or great, had it not been for this capital. We are the friends of good rents, good profits, and good wages; these are the grand sources of consumption, and consequently of labour and trade, and to these the "principles of free trade" are irreconcilably hostile.

These principles gave to the Bill for the repeal of the Usury Laws almost all the support it received. It was on the very point of being carried; and a bill more largely fraught with ruinous consequences was never introduced into Parliament. It was perfectly uncalled for—not a petition worth noticing was received in its favour; not a voice out of Parliament, bating two or three factious publications, asked for it;—the case of the spendthrifts, who

deserve neither relief nor compassion, formed the chief ground on which it was craved; and the Usury Laws were working far more lightly than usual upon the community. Every one who has any *practical* knowledge of society knows, that in this country, putting the great capitalists out of sight, almost every man who begins business, begins it, in a greater or smaller degree, with borrowed money. The farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman, the manufacturer, the smaller merchant,—nearly the whole of these begin the world with less or more of borrowed capital. Every one who has any *practical* knowledge of business, knows that scarcely any borrower can afford to pay above five per cent interest. The proprietor of land can seldom pay above three per cent; if the farmer borrow much, five per cent ruins him; and five per cent is, in general, the utmost that trade, on the average, will pay for borrowed money. Why, then, are the Usury Laws, which limit the rate of interest to five per cent, to be repealed? Will the repeal raise rents and profits, and thus enable borrowers to pay greater interest? Serjeant Onslow himself dare not say so. He dare not say that borrowers, in general, can even afford to pay five per cent, and still he wishes to destroy their chief security against being called upon for more.

As to the assertion, that lenders and borrowers meet upon equal ground, it is so glaringly false, that its being made astonishes us. The lender, with government securities and banks at his elbow, acts from choice, the borrower from necessity; the former may lend or not at his pleasure, the latter must have money to save him from heavy loss, perhaps from ruin;—the one gains reputation by calling competitors around him for his money; the other blasts his credit if he make it publicly known that he wants to borrow. A trader is not, and never will be, able to borrow for a term of years upon his personal security; after the first twelve months, he is liable to be called upon at any time for repayment, and the moment he receives the money he fastens it in business, and cannot perhaps repay it for several years without sustaining grievous injury. If the laws against usury were repealed, the lender would take advantage of the borrower's inability to pay, and would

sponge from him one per cent, and then another, of additional interest, until he ruined him. As to real securities, it would be impossible to obtain money on mortgage for a term of years, except at ruinous interest, and it would be ruinous to take it on any other condition on mortgage than for a term of years. A borrower cannot raise rents or profits in proportion to any rise of interest, and yet people speak of interest being at the rate of eight or ten per cent, as though this could be done, and as though such interest could be safely paid. Were the repeal to take place, it would operate in the most partial manner possible. Men would have to pay interest, not in proportion to their ability, but in proportion to their want of it. Rich men—men who could do either with or without borrowing—would be able to borrow at a very low rate of interest; but men of small capital—men who could not commence business, or who could not get forward in business, without borrowing—would only be able to borrow at a rate of interest destructively high. The rich would thus obtain a monopoly of the money-market, of the profits of trade, and of trade itself, against the middling classes. Much of this would take place during peace, and in war, a state as natural to us as peace, the consequences would be fearful. We are confident, that if the usury laws had not existed during the latter part of the last war, the interest of money in the country would have been pushed up to ten per cent, and we need not say what the effects would have been on the national debt, on taxation, and, ultimately, on both borrowers and lenders. When the expense of borrowing money is at all times great—when the disclosures which it calls for on the part of the borrower are of the most delicate and dangerous nature—when the money, on being received, is sunk in trade, and cannot be taken out

for some years without subjecting the borrower to great inconvenience and loss—and when rents and profits will not rise and fall with the fluctuations of the money-market, nothing could be more erroneous even in mere theory, than to cause borrowers to be perpetually liable to be called upon for any increase of interest that lenders might ask for.

The great capitalists, as a matter of interest, must support the learned Sergeant; but we trust, that all men of business below them throughout the country will meet his bill in the next Session with petitions against it; and we hope, that Government will reconsider the matter—will feel some compassion for the gigantic mass of small and middling traders, and will prevent the moneyed interest from setting its foot upon all the other interests of the state.

The fact is, the innovators, who are now so industriously at work among us, are either mere theorists, or they are the tools of mere theorists. Human nature—the actual condition and conduct of mankind—ought to form the foundation of the calculations of our political economists, and yet these either do not notice them, or they assume them to be what they are not.* As, however, the worst species of innovators have been defeated and silenced, we hope that those who are now in the fashion will be deserted before they produce much calamity. The new company bubbles have been pretty well pricked; the free trade bubbles will, we trust, before long, be treated in the same way; and we anticipate with some confidence, that ignorance, error, romance, and conceit, will ere long be put down by experience, practical knowledge of men and things, wisdom and patriotism. With this we abruptly conclude our observations.

Y. Y. Y.

* A striking proof of this may be found in the 78th No. of the Edinburgh Review. In an article against the combination laws and the restraints on emigration, the writer throughout assumes the conduct of our manufacturing labourers to be directly the reverse of what it is. In former times, this would have cut up his reasoning by the roots; but in these days it is regarded as matter of no import. Nothing surely can be more preposterous, than to assume that men, and bodies of men, will at all times do what they ought to do in spite of ignorance, wickedness, temptations, and privations, and yet this assumption forms the foundation of all our *new* systems. It will in time work its own destruction; but what will it not accomplish previously?

[WE have always wished, and avowed our wish too, that this Magazine should be the vehicle of free political discussion. We would admit even Brougham or Cobbett with pleasure to write half a sheet every month for us; reserving, however, of course, our own right to answer and destroy their effusions in our own way. We have had, therefore, great pleasure in opening our pages to the preceding article, although our able correspondent has adopted views, in very many particulars, considerably at variance with our own. It is probable that in our next Number we may ourselves put forth a paper under a similar title, illustrative of our own personal opinion in regard to the certain, we hope not serious, differences which exist, and have for some time existed, among the Tories of England. We trust the day is far off when we must take a side among those whom we are so anxious to see united.—C. N.]

TO THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

And they washit us all with the witch water,
Distillit fra the moorland dew,
Quhill our beauty blumit like the Lapland rose
That wylde in the foreste grew.

QUEEN'S WAKE.

Blue Posts, Cork St, Burlington Gardens, July 10, 1824.

MY DEAR JAMES,

You will be wondering when and how the d— I got here, as I have no doubt you thought I was in the Island of Bute, endeavouring to coax myself to drink a little punch with Glasgow gentlemen, who come down of a Saturday, and stay gallanting their ladies all the rest of the week. And such, alas! till lately, was my employment; but the truth must out, James. However salubrious the island may be for a consumption of the lungs, I do not find that, in my case at least, a protracted residence there would have proved “the sovereignest thing in life” for the physical state of my purse.

The day previous to my departure from the land of my fathers, there arrived in Rothsay from “mine own *rum-antig* town” my tailor and his fat rib, for the benefit of the *saut water* for madam; and he, adding business to pleasure, took the opportunity of calling for the payment of some bills, which I, amongst others, had somehow or other overlooked for more than one Christmas. We cankers of a calm world (half-pay officers) have seldom much superfluous cash about us, so to this very reasonable demand I could only reply in the petrifying language which an eminent banker, a friend of mine, always uses to the holders of doubtful paper—“It does not shoot.” As, to my knowledge, this answer was all that many a better man was obliged to be satisfied with, I thought I had shut Snip’s potato-trap

effectually, for he departed with every appearance of that dogged resignation so becoming in a tradesman. But think of my horror when I learned that he had been talking of captions, (which I don’t like,) hornings, (I like them better,) and fugæ warrants! When wisdom crieth in the streets in such terms as these, long experience hath taught me that it is folly to sport deaf adder, so next morning found me on board the Liverpool steam-boat, and here I am.

But this is not to the purpose.—What chiefly moved me to write you at present was the perusal of a little French book on the art of beautifying one’s self, which fell in my way here, with some of the contents of which I propose to regale you in this epistle. I should have sent you the book itself, but I fear, James, you know as little of French as Ebony once thought Professor Leslie did of Hebrew;—besides, many of the means and appliances required for the decoration of the outward man are easy to be had at the shop of the editor, Mons. Antoine, (who, I suspect, has published this work on the same principle that worthy John Murray does the Quarterly, viz. to puff his own wares,) yet I question if in all Ettrick you could buy a pennyworth of any of the “substances miraculeuses pour engrasser les personnes trop maigres,” unless it was in the shape of a haggis. Nor could you procure, nor, I fear, if you had it, would you use on any of the forest

Grizzies, "Tour de Gorge Merveilleux pour diminuer les seins trop gros." I think you would despise "Eau Lactée double pour blanchir le nez rouge," and stick to "Eau de Glenlivet double pour rougir le nez blanc;" and, as for the "Pate de Ebène," for blackening the eyebrows, you would enjoy more the sight of a pasty of Ebony's, enveloping a dozen of doos, bottomed on a solid foundation of six pounds of beef steaks for filling your kite withal. So that, on the whole, a literal translation, with any hints that may occur in *eundo* as to substitutes that may be used for all these materials, will answer your purpose much better.

The work in question, then, is intitled "L'Art de se faire aimer des Femmes, et de se conduire dans le Monde, ou, conseils aux hommes,"¹ which means neither more nor less than "The gate to gar the lasses like you, and the airt o' bonny behaviour." Now, though you perhaps may think that such advice bestowed upon you is only to

"Gild refined gold and paint the lily,"

yet the wisest of us, James, may be improved by a hint; and though you may not want it yourself, yet some of your cronies in the forest may, so it's no lost that a frien' gets.

After about forty pages of preamble, which may be classed under a head that includes much of the literary productions of all ages, and which you would denominate by the great generic term of *Havers*, we come, at the commencement of chapter 2d, to the following sentence, which must be highly consolatory to us both, and

of the truth of which you, my dear friend, are a glorious living example — "It is known to all the world, that a man's being handsome is by no means necessary to his being a favourite with the ladies, though a good face and figure are all in his favour; therefore (I don't see the *sequitur*) I must tell you what a good-looking man is;"² but we have no concern with that, so we'll just go on to chapter 3d, which treats of baths.

These are divided into three kinds, hot, cold, and air. The first ought to be taken once a-week; the second, as often as convenient; and the third, every day.

For the first, I really fear that hot baths do not abound in Ettrick, but an excellent *succedaneum* might be found once a-fortnight at least, on the washing day, when you might squat yourself on your hunkers, curcuddy fashion, like the statue of Venus coming out of her shell, up to the chin, in a boyne of saipy sapples, while Grizzly scrubbed you with the dish-clout, or hard shoe-brush, or, if you have no such article, a wisp of clean straw.

As to the cold bath, you can never be much at a loss for it while the water runs so close to your door, though God forefend you should ever again require to resort to it under the stimulus of scalding potatoe broo, as once happened you. But of the air bath, as you may not be familiar with it, I must say a word or two. It's really a pity that you can't read the original instructions, for they are quite sublime.

³An air bath consists in sitting and

¹ L'art de se faire aimer des femmes, et de se conduire dans le monde, ou conseils aux hommes, sur les moyens de connoitre, et de soigner les beautés et les défauts de toutes les parties du corps; de s'habiller avec gout, se tenir, marcher, et parler d'une maniere distinguée; d'observer toutes les convenances sociales; de se conduire dans les relations intimes, et dans toutes les circonstances de la vie; de remplir les devoirs d'homme d'honneur, d'ami, de mari, de père; d'établir l'ordre dans sa maison; d'éviter les défauts, les vices, les mauvaises habitudes, etc. etc. Par L'Ami, Auteur de l'art de plaire et de fixer, ou conseils aux femmes; de l'art de conserver et d'augmenter la beauté, de corriger et déguiser les imperfections de la nature, etc. A Paris, chez l'Editeur, Rue des Filles S Thomas, No. 5, a l'entresol, en face la nouvelle Bourse.—[There I have copied the whole of it for you. C. B.]

² Il est reçu et reconnu dans le monde qu'il n'est point nécessaire qu'un homme soit beau pour être aimé des femmes, cependant les beautés du corps et de la figure contribuent à le rapprocher à perfection et conséquemment ils doivent être définis ici.—See ODOHERTY, *Maxim 55th*.

³ Des Bains d'Air.

Quand on s'est parfaitement essuyé le matin en sortant du bain d'eau tiède l'hiver, et après la première ablution tous les jours ou l'on ne prends pas de bain le matin, on doit prendre un bain d'air pendant au moins trois quarts d'heure.

pruning yourself for nearly an hour every morning, as naked as you came into this wicked world of ours. Now, to a man who has so much to do as you, this would be a sad waste of time; but you might amuse yourself in shaving, (though, on consideration, you confine that operation to Saturday at e'en.) But could you not contrive to write a moral poem, or delicate novel, in that situation, as your amatory feelings depend much on the thermometer? or write an article for *Ebony*, or any other matter that requires a chastened imagination, and the strictest attention to delicacy and propriety? or, as only a given quantity of air is required, could you not abridge the process, (on the same principles that my Glasgow friends do salt-water bathing, by taking it three times a-day, so that ten days make a month's *saut water*;) by a brushing scamper up the hill and down again? or, better still, a hunt after a bumbee, or a butterfly, *in puris*, would have a grand, simple, striking, and chaste effect.

⁴ As your hair does not curl naturally, you must put it in papers every night; but take care no one catches you at that operation; for if any of the Ebonians got that tale by the right end, it would be a sore hair in your neck, James; and some small time would elapse before you heard the last of it. Great care must be taken that you do not leave your hair in an uproar, like Poodle Byng's; nor in cork-screw curls; nor yet in three-decker style, like the formal and formidable jazy of the minister of the parish.

I can't say I quite agree with the worthy gentleman as to hair; he, contrary to all good taste, giving the pre-

ference to black; and adds what I won't take the trouble to translate. "*Les Cheveux blonds et sourtout les Roux sont tres desavantageux.*"—Did you ever hear of such an Hottentot?

Over-perfuming, it seems, is not the go. It may suffice if you avoid garlic at breakfast, and use the oil of thyme with moderation.

Much is said about the eyes, ears, nose, chin, and every other part of the body, with as much precision of detail as you may have seen the parts laid down in Moore's Almanack; but as the matters anent the mouth may interest you, we shall say a word or two on that subject, as the mode is novel, and the discovery brilliant.⁵ "The best mode that ever was tried for keeping the mouth in good order, is to brush your teeth well, and dislodge every shred of mutton-ham or other matter that may be sticking between them, with a toothpick. You had best use Dr Scott's dentifrice." There's news for you.

Having thus, my dear James, put you on the way of making yourself decent, I shall, following the lead of my author, teach you how to do your manners and dress well; and for that purpose I prefer short pithy sentences, in imitation of the Ensign's Maxims, or the Proverbs of Solomon.

1. Before ladies, look as if butter would not melt in your mouth, though you may be the very devil for all that. (P. 73.)

2. ⁶A boy may dress like a dandy, but it don't become people at our time of life, or any man of twenty, to play the dandy, or to be imitating the dress of every puppy on Prince's Street.

3. ⁷Shirts should be of the best Dum-

Ce bain est encore plus salulaire que les autres. Il consiste a rester entierement nu dans une piece de son appartement, qu'on a eu soin en hiver de faire bien chauffer auparavant, et dont, en toute saison, on fait renouveler l'air au moment de s'y rendre.

C'est pendant ce bain qu'on s'occupe de la toilette de salubrité du corps et des soins particuliers de toutes les parties de soi meme.

On doit commencer cette operation importante, par les soins de la tete et finir par ceux des pieds.—P. 52.

⁴ Un homme peut les faire papilloter lorsqu'ils ne bouclent pas naturellement *mais en secret*, et prendre garde, lorsqu'on a defait ses papillots que ses cheveux ne tombeut en tirebouchons ou en boucles comptées et symétriques.

⁵ Le meilleur moyen de se maintenir la bouche en bon etat c'est de débarrasser les dents, avec precaution, des debris de nourriture que restent entr'elles a l'aide des cure-dents salulaires; de les brosser légèrement avec de l'eau fraiche melée de l'eau salubre matin et soir ainsi qu' à tous les repas.

⁶ Passé l' age de vingt ans un homme est excessivement ridicule de pousser les modes jusque' a l'extravagance et rien ne peut le lui faire pardonner.

⁷ Le linge doit etre d'une finesse recherchée d'une parfaite blancheur, et plissé avec le plus grand soin. Lorsqu' il perd de sa fraicheur il doit etre changé.

fermline, well washed, and the breast well plaited. When they get dirty, or, as the Frenchman says, stinking, after a week's wear, you should put on a clean one.

4. Stockings as thin as a cobweb, that the leg may be seen through them; therefore, discharge Sanquhars from this time forth. I do not observe that holes in them are recommended. (P. 77.)

5. Gloves should be clean, provided always that you wear such articles. In the forest, I believe, mittens have a preference. (P. 78.)

6. Never wear boots or shoes thrice too large for you.

7. Never go to the Border games in an old bonnet. (P. 78.)

8. LET YOUR DRESS BE DECENT. Corollary, forswear the Celtic. (P. 80.)

9. And to conclude, never stare at your silk stockings, as if surprised how you got into them.

Then follows a good deal touching walk and conversation.—Don't be alarmed, James; I use not these words in the sense they are employed by the minister, when rebuking for skuldud-dery.—But first, a few words would not be amiss, touching your carriage in company. (P. 84.) You should sit on your chair, douce like, and not swing about. You should not keep rubbing the calves of your legs—nor pulling up your breeches—nor scratching your head—nor twitching your nose like Brougham—nor putting your hand on your mouth like Kemperhausen. You should neither look stupid nor gaping like the Stot—nor gleg and impudent like your friend wee Francie, but pleasant and pretty as I do.

“One, two, three—

“Shuffle, and puffle, shuffle;—

“Look genteel like me.

“Shuffle! shuffle! shuffle!!!”

as old M'Capér our dancing master used to say.

As for walking, “you ought neither to trot like a Highland caddy,

nor waddle with pomp and circumstance, like an Edinburgh bailie, but cultivate an easy, grave, and dignified demeanour, like the Usher of the White Rod. Neither should you pop your nose under every lass's bonnet, nor halloo to folk at a street's length from you, as my friend the bailie did to you, on the first day the Queen's Wake saw the light. Nor run bump against the lieges, when you're glowering up at a lass in the fifteenth story.” When you have a lady on your arm, (particularly in the old town,) you must keep a sharp look-out a-head, and not lead her against the tail of a cod, in a fish-woman's creel.

It farther appears that you should not take two ladies, one on each arm at once.⁸ Also, that you should never take hold of a gentleman's arm; but why, I can't tell.⁹

When at table, you should not be solely occupied with filling your own kite, but take care of the lady who sits next you—help her to little bits at a time, and see that she wants for nothing. You must carve neatly, and not splash all the folks about you.¹⁰ But all this is not to prevent you eating with a reasonable twist, for that implies a compliment to your host and his mutton. But by no means gobble your prog, with the avidity of a butcher's dog devouring tripe, for that's abominable.

¹¹ You must eat whatever a lady offers you, though it should choke you.

Never say a word at table, as long as you can get wherewithal to occupy your jaws to better purpose.

¹² Don't cut your bread, but break it, and above all, avoid taking a snap out of the centre of a round of a loaf, leaving a space the shape and size of a horse shoe, with a proof impression of every tusk in your head, in the vacuum caused by such an enormity.

¹³ Don't make a hoggish grunting as you drink, nor conclude your draught with a *pegh* like a paviour.

⁸ On ne doit point donner le bras à deux femmes.

⁹ Il est mauvais ton lorsqu'on marche avec un homme de lui donner ou prendre le bras. p. 87.

¹⁰ Tous ces petits soins n'empêchent pas un homme de manger à son appetit; Il faut qu'il evite de paraître glouton; mais il doit faire honneur au repas qui lui est servi.

¹¹ Il ne doit point refuser ce qu'on lui offre, surtout lorsque c'est une femme qui le lui presente. Il faut peu parler à table excepté quand le service languit.

¹² On ne doit pas couper son pain mais le casser.

¹³ En buvant, on ne doit point faire du bruit.

¹⁴ Don't blow your kail to cool it, but first taste it, and if it is too warm, wait patiently till it cools.

¹⁵ You must not be in too great a hurry filling a glass, and it seems it is not right to fill a bumper every time. I look upon the propriety of this advice as problematical, but you can consult O'Doherty.

¹⁶ Don't lap the gravy out of a dish like Hector, when he was jealous of the cat; nor lay your lugs in your soup-plate like a hog in a trough—what's the use of spoons?

¹⁷ Sauces, I learn, should be taken with a sponge—it may be very pleasant, but I think it would look beastly.

Don't keep up an infernal clatter of glasses, plates, knives, forks, and spoons, all the time of dinner, for that deaves folk.

¹⁸ In France, it is not considered *haut ton* to eat hash or mince collops with a knife, though our author seems to think it is the mode in England. It is probable, that he may, by some accident, have been in company with Mullion, and knowing him to be a contributor to *Ebony*, must have considered him as the model of everything that was elegant and gentlemanly—How dangerous it is to generalize too rapidly! In every other instance but this he would have been right.

¹⁹ When you have finished your meat,

scrub your knife, fork, and spoon, on the edge of your plate, and then wipe them in your napkin. The beau monde of Ettrick would look upon this as but questionable practice, but it is manners in France.

²⁰ Never affect singularity, by devouring sallad or pancakes with your paws, nor by taking mustard to apple-pudding, or sugar to oysters; a well-bred man like you should conform to the manners of the people he is among, drinking cold punch at Glasgow or Greenock—grog made of Leeward Island rum in the town of the crooked steeple, and hot whisky-toddy in Ettrick or Yarrow.

²¹ THE MOMENT THE LADY OF THE HOUSE QUITS THE TABLE, YOU ARE TO BOLT ALSO !!!

O! James, much as I would sacrifice to be the pink of politeness, and much as I would wish to make you so, I cannot find it in my heart to insist on this harsh law. No! the very thought of it is agony—I feel sick, weak, depressed, dispirited, dejected, faint. It has jarred every fibre of my nervous system, and hurt all the finest feelings and sympathies of my soul. Oh!!!—(waiter, a half-pint glass of brandy.) I add no more, but pity your faithful and disconsolate friend,

COLIN BANNATYNE.

¹⁴ Il ne faut pas souffler dessus pour le refroidir.

¹⁵ Lorsqu'on verse à boire, il ne faut point verser precipitamment, afin d'éviter que les boissons en sortant des flacons qui les contiennent, ne fassent de bruit.

On ne doit point remplir trop les verres; il faut qu'il y ait toujours un travers de doigt de distance entre le bord du verre et la boisson qu'il contient.—[Stuff! M.OD.]

¹⁶ On doit se garder de porter une assiette ni un bol à la bouche pour prendre les potages, ni les sauces, ni les mets liquides sucrés, &c &c.

¹⁷ Les sauces qui doivent être épongées avec les mets qu'elles accompagnent.—[Oh! Colin! Colin!! you know little about the matter. Our worthy friend L'Ami only recommends you to lick up the gravy with the beef, a sort of sponging which you practice in more senses than one.—M. OD.]

¹⁸ Il est des personnes qui à l'imitation des Anglais, s'aident, pour manger, d'un bout de couteau arrondi—cet usage est mauvais ton en France, ou les conteaux de quelque forme qu'ils soient ne doivent servir mais pour couper.

¹⁹ Il faut avoir soin de tenir avec propreté la cuiller, la fourchette, et le couteau, lorsqu'une de ces pièces est graissée, ou retient de débris d'aliments il faut l'essuyer sur le bord d'assiette et ensuite avec le bout de la serviette.

²⁰ Il y a des personnes qui croient se distinguer en mangeant différemment que les autres, en prenant avec les doigts de la salade ou des fritures; en mêlant à l'Allemande des aliments qu'on sert séparément, et qui ont des goûts tout-à-fait opposés. Il faut éviter ces bizarreries de mauvais genre, et en chaque pays se conformer entièrement aux usages reçus.

²¹ On quitte la table au moment où la maîtresse de maison se lève.

SPECULATIONS OF A TRAVELLER CONCERNING THE PEOPLE OF THE
UNITED STATES; WITH PARALLELS.

PERHAPS the best way, after all, of making any two people thoroughly acquainted with each other, is to run a fair parallel between them, wherever it can be done—with a firm hand, a clear head, and a steady eye. One simple fact, brought home upon us unexpectedly, will often do more than volumes of abstract propositions.

But, in running a parallel of this kind, one should be perpetually upon his guard, or he will wander into poetry and exaggeration. The desire of doing a clever or a brilliant thing—of being lively, smart, and entertaining, is exceedingly prone to interfere with plain matters of fact. But, where national fellowship is concerned, the simple truth is always better than pleasantry, and caricature, however rich and humorous it may be, is entirely out of place. Broad, absolute nature, although it may be, sometimes, offensive, is never so very offensive as affectation.

The language of an American will not often betray him; that of an Englishman will; so will that of a Scot, or an Irishman, unless he be of the highest class, when his English is often remarkable for purity.

But there are no provincials in the United States. The Yankees, who inhabit the New England States, (Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Maine,) differ, it is true, from the southern people; and the latter, in their turn, differ from the western people; but then it is only in a few words, the whole of which might be enumerated in half a minute; and in a strong nasal tone, common to a part of the New England population. But for these few words, and this tone, the people of any one state in the Union might become incorporated with the people of any other, five hundred or a thousand miles distant, without being known for strangers. And, as it is, the native of any one state can travel from one end of the Union to the other, thousands and thousands of miles, not only without an interpreter, but with a tolerable certainty, if he desire it, of passing, in every state, for a citizen of that state. An Englishman who has no strong provincial dialect, and no very peculiar

pronunciation, may pass in the same way, without suspicion, over the whole of the North American States.

A fact like this cannot but make a strong impression upon us. The best of English, we all know, will not carry a man far, in the British Empire. To a large proportion of the people, it would be wholly unintelligible; and to another large proportion, a sort of dialect.

He who would travel comfortably, for three or four hundred miles, in any direction, from London, should understand many languages and many dialects. But one language, if he speak it tolerably, will carry him all over the North American States; and, in some cases, without permitting him to be known for a stranger.

The country people of New England—the Virginians and the Kentuckians, who are the posterity of the New Englanders—have a disposition to sound the vowel *a*, like the Scotch and Irish; and, in some cases, like the Italians, without any variation of tone.

Thus, they say chamber, and even chamber. The first habit prevails among the Yankees; the latter, among the Virginians. So, too, the Virginian will say ²bar for ²bear; ²har for ²hair; ²stars for ²stairs.

A Yankee will say, I guess; or, sometimes, though very rarely, I calculate, but *never* I reckon. A Marylander and a Virginian will say, I reckon—sometimes very oddly, as thus: “Do you visit Mr Jefferson, before you leave the country?”—“I reckon.” But a Virginian was never known to say, I guess, or I calculate. A Tennesian or Kentuckian will generally say, I calculate; seldom, I guess; and hardly ever, I reckon. These words, in fact, are the distinguishing marks of three different divisions of the American people.

Hence the absurdity of those representations, however humorous they may be, which put all these phrases, and others that resemble them, into the same fellow's mouth. And hence is it, that an American who goes to see Mr Matthews, although he may

laugh as heartily as another at his drollery, is laughing at a kind of drollery which our countrymen do not perceive. Mr M.'s Yankees come from no particular part of the confederacy; and are, evidently, "made up," at second hand, with two fine exceptions, of which I shall hereafter take some notice.

But how would a native of Great Britain relish a character that should come upon the stage kilted; with a shamrock in his hat, a shilelah in his hand, a leek in his button-hole, or a piece of toasted cheese and a red-hering in his pocket; swearing alternately by St Patrick, St Andrew, St David, and St George; and speaking a gibberish made up of Scotch, Irish, and Welch, interspersed with provincial and Cockney phrases?

And yet that is precisely what has been done by those who have been employed in getting up brother Jonathans for the English market. They have jumbled everything together, true and false—all the peculiarities of all the different people—and called the composition a Yankee.

In almost every book of travels, play, novel, and story, if a New Englander be introduced, he is generally made to do the most absurd things—for a New Englander; things that are hardly less absurd than it would be for an Irishman to wear a Scotch dress, talk Yorkshire, and swear by St David. The character of the American seems generally to have been manufactured at leisure, from the materials collected by other people, in any way, at any time. Thus, the dialogues of Mr Fearon—although there is a great deal of truth in his book, notwithstanding what the people of America may say to the contrary—are evidently made up from story-books and vocabularies. And the representations of Mr Matthews are so full of blundering, with two exceptions, that, had I not met him in America, I should, on seeing his performance, really doubt if he had ever been there; so little is there in his "trip to America," of that extraordinary truth and richness which characterize his trips to other parts of the world. He himself would seem to be aware of this, because he introduces, under one picture and another, three Frenchmen, one Irishman, one Dutchman, one Yorkshireman, and sundry

other second-hand characters, for which he had already been celebrated.

But there are two fine exceptions in the entertainment of Mr Matthews. The story of "Uncle Ben" is inimitable—and the sketch of the Kentuckian is masterly. They are two of the most legitimate pieces of sober humour in the world, for one that knows the American character. But then the first—the story about "that are trifle," is an American Joe Miller. Mr Jarvis, a portrait painter of New York—a man of remarkable power and drollery—is the person of whom Mr Matthews had it—as well as that story of General Jackson. The Review is an old story in this country; and the Dutch Judge is from Judge Breckenridge, originally one of the most "genuine" story-tellers that ever lived. His only son, Henry M. Breckenridge, a judge of Louisiana, and author of the "Views of Louisiana," inherits a large portion of his father's extraordinary talent; and has made this very story, which he tells better than Mr Matthews, as common in America, as any anecdote of Foote or Sheridan is in this country.

Nevertheless, the finest parts of the Kentuckian's character, and those which are the most severe, because they are the truest, may be safely put down to the credit of Mr Matthews himself. They must have been drawn from life. *They* were never made out at second hand; or got up, in a solitary chamber, out of novels, newspapers, and books of travels, as nine-tenths of the rest of his "trip to America" are.

Thus, nothing can be truer or bolder, than the canting of the Kentuckian about the "land of liberty—where every man has a right to speak his genuine sentiments"—and where, *therefore*, he is free to offer "fifty-five dollars for that are nigger"—being determined, beforehand, if he should be cheated, to "take the balance out of his hide." Nothing can be more resolute and cutting than this. The Americans deserve it; and I am exceedingly mistaken, if they would not immediately acknowledge the truth of it. The worst fault of Mr Matthews, apart from his absurd credulity—is the tameness of his caricatures.—They want spirit; but perhaps that is not wholly unaccountable, since it is believed that he intends to "settle" in

the United States. And yet, there is bad policy in such daintiness: The Americans would respect him a thousand times more, if his whole entertainment were as true—however severe it might be—as are the two sketches alluded to.

It is a common thing, in the United States, to hear a high-spirited Virginian, or Carolinian, declaiming about Liberty, as if he were inspired, in the presence of his own slaves, a part of whom bear an alarming resemblance to the white children of the same family, upon whom they are waiting, perhaps, at the time, in a state of the most abject and pitiable submissiveness—within hearing, it is ten to one, of the overseer's lash—or the cries of some poor fellow undergoing punishment—and the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, superbly framed, hanging up in front of him—while he is holding forth—wherein it is proclaimed to all the nations of the earth—that “*all men are born free and equal!*”

There is no exaggeration, therefore, in the character of the Kentuckian—boastful of Liberty; and speculating, at the same time, in the flesh of his fellow-men, with a heartless and abominable indifference, at which I, for one, cannot laugh, notwithstanding the drollery of the picture; because I know it to be true.

But, a word or two of Brother Jonathan's “*lingo.*” We laugh at him for pronouncing genuine, as if it were written genu-wine, forgetful of the fact, that the common people of England very generally say appo-sîte, giving the same sound to the vowel *i*; and that our public speakers, perhaps without one exception, say hostile, instead of *hostil*. We wonder, also, at the absurdity of the Yankee “*had ought, and hadn't ought,*” which, after all, are not only pure English, like “*I had rather,*” but in common use here, particularly about Coventry; and, in strict analogy with every other language, wherein the verb *to owe* can be found.

We chuckle at his “*I guess,*” “*considerable,*” and “*pretty particularly,*” —overlooking the fact, that guess is true old-fashioned English, for which “*I presume,*” “*I fancy,*” “*I imagine,*” “*you know,*” &c. &c. are awkward and feeble substitutes; that “*darn-nation*” is common through Kent; that “*guess*” in America, is never used so absurdly

as people say, hardly ever at the end of a phrase; and that “*pretty particularly damned,*” and all such phrases, are only a sort of Yankee, or Kentucky, flash language; so little known throughout the country, that multitudes in every direction have probably never heard, and would not understand it. It is, in fact, the slang of story-tellers.

We wonder, also, that the Yankees never give a direct answer; that they always reply to one question, by answering another; that they never say yes or no; and that they always begin their answer with some superfluous word.

But all these things, it should be remarked, are common to every people, polite or barbarous. Put what question you will, to a well-educated man or woman; and, whatever people may say to the contrary, you will rarely get a direct answer; and never, unless they are angry, or in haste, as direct an answer as might have been given. Ask a well-bred Englishman, if you shall help him from a dish before you; and what will be his reply? Will it be yes or no?—or, will it, in truth, be capable of any grammatical interpretation, as a reply? Is it not—“*I thank you*”—“*much obliged to you,*” or something of the same sort? So, a Frenchman will say, “*bien obligé,*” or “*mercie, monsieur;*” a German, “*Ich danke ihnen,*” each and all seeking to avoid the rudeness of saying, directly, yes or no.

Ask an Irishman the way to St Paul's, and his reply will be, “*Is it St Paul's ye'd have?*” Put the same question to a Scot, and his reply will begin with, “*A weel?*”—accompanied with a look, or word, or tone of shrewd interrogation. And so it is, in fact, with every people, particularly if they are sagacious, social, or situated in a part of the country where a stranger is rarely seen. Every one will have his money's worth. If he give information, he will have information in return.

As a people, take them altogether, the Americans talk a purer English than we—as a people. But then, there are not many Americans, who either speak or write so good and pure English, as multitudes of our countrymen do.

Let us not arrogate too much, however, our speakers are far from being scrupulously correct, either in lan-

guage or pronunciation, let them take what authority they will. They, like our writers, are in the habit of coining and manufacturing words at pleasure; and some of our critics have more than once mistaken for Americanisms, pure old English, or English that had been sanctioned by our poets, (the worst authority, by the way, in the world, because the poets are, by inclination, habit, and necessity, the most licentious in the use of words;) and omitted by Dr Johnson, or forgotten by ourselves.

Thus, they have quizzed the Americans over and over again, for using the verb *to improve* (as it is the fashion to call such combinations,) in the sense of the words *to use*. It sounds very oddly to our ears, when we hear a New Englander talk about improving a house, when he only means to occupy it. But the New Englander has a higher authority than is generally known, for this—no less than that of Alexander Pope himself, who says, while speaking of a lady at a theatre, that—

“Not a fan went *unimproved* away.”

Let us farther recollect, that our spoken language, and our written language, are two different things. Our English, when written, is the same, throughout the whole British empire; but, when spoken, it varies at almost every furlong. In America, it is not so. The same language is both written and spoken, in the same way, by the same people.

I shall now run a short parallel between the Americans and the English. We are an old people. The Americans are a new people. We value ourselves on our ancestry—on what we have done; they, on their posterity, and on what they mean to do. They look to the future; we to the past. They are proud of Old England as the home of their forefathers; we, of America, as the abiding place of western Englishmen.

They are but of yesterday as a people. They are descended from those, whose burial places are yet to be seen: we, from those, whose burial-places have been successively invaded by the Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, until they are no longer to be distinguished from the everlasting hills.

As a whole people, the Americans talk a better English than we do; but

then, there are many individuals among us who speak better English than any American, unless we except, here and there, a well-educated New Englander; and a few eminent public speakers, like the late Mr Pinkney, who was minister to this Court; and Mr Wirt, the present attorney-general of the United States, who will probably succeed Mr Rush in the same capacity; and, then, there are a multitude among us who speak a better English than is common among the well-educated men of America, although they do not speak the best English, such as the few among us do.

I have heard a great deal said about the habits of cleanliness in England and America; and I have sometimes laughed very heartily at the reciprocal prejudices of the English and American women.

I have heard an English woman complain of a beastly American for spitting into the fire: and I have heard an American woman express the greatest abhorrence of an Englishman, for spitting in his pocket-handkerchief;—or, for not spitting at all, when he happened to mention that well-bred men swallowed their saliva. A spitting-box is a part of the regular furniture of every room in American, although smoking is now entirely out of fashion there.

An American will not scruple to pick his teeth or clean his nails, if he should think it necessary—anywhere, at any time—before a lady. An Englishman would sooner let them go dirty.

An American never brushes his hat—very rarely his coat; and his hair, not once a-week. An Englishman will brush the first with his coat sleeve, or a silk handkerchief, whenever he puts it on or off: and the two latter, every time that he goes out. The American is laughed at for his personal slovenliness, in England, and the Englishman for his absurd anxiety, in America. Such is national prejudice.

The Englishman is more of a Roman; the American more of a Greek, in the physiognomy of his face and mind; in temper, and in constitution. The American is the vainer; the Englishman, the prouder man of the two. The American is volatile, adventurous, talkative, and chivalrous. The Englishman is thoughtful, determined, very brave, and a little sullen. The

Englishman has more courage ; the American more spirit. The former would be better in defence, the latter in attack. A beaten Englishman is formidable still—A beaten American is good for nothing, for a time.

The countenance of the Englishman is florid : not sharply, but strongly marked ; and full of amplitude, gravity, and breadth ; that of an American has less breadth, less gravity, less amplitude, but more vivacity, and a more lively character. The expression of an Englishman's face is greater ; that of the American, more intense.

In the self-satisfied, honest, hearty, and rather pompous expression of an English face, you will find, when it is not caricatured, a true indication of his character. Other people call him boastful, but he is not. He only shews, in every look and attitude, that he is an Englishman, one of that extraordinary people, who help to make up an empire that never had—has not, and never will have, a parallel upon earth. But then, he never tells other men so, except in the way of a speech, or a patriotic newspaper essay.

And so, in the keen, spirited, sharp, intelligent, variable countenance of an American, you will find a corresponding indication of what he is. He is exceedingly vain, rash, and sensitive : he has not a higher opinion of his country, than the Englishman has of his ; but then, he is less discreet—more talkative, and more presumptuous : less assured of the superiority, which he claims for his country ; more watchful and jealous ; and, of course, more waspish and quarrelsome, like diminutive men, who, if they pretend to be magnanimous, only make themselves ridiculous ; and being aware of this, become the most techy and peevish creatures in the world.

The Englishman shews his high opinion of his country by silence ; the American his, by talking : one, by his conduct ; the other by words : one by arrogance, the other by superciliousness.

The Englishman is, generally, a better, braver, and a nobler minded fellow, than you might be led to believe from his appearance. The face of an American, on the contrary, induces you to believe him, generally, a better man than you will find him.

But then, they are so much alike ;

or rather there are individuals of both countries, so like each other, that I know many Americans who would pass everywhere for Englishmen ; and many Englishmen who would pass anywhere for Americans. In heart and head, they are much more alike, than in appearance or manners.

An Englishman, when abroad, is reserved, cautious, often quite insupportable, and, when frank, hardly ever talkative ; not very hasty, but a little quarrelsome nevertheless : turbulent, and rather overbearing, particularly upon the continent. At home, he is hospitable, frank, generous, overflowing with honesty and cordiality, and given to a sort of substantial parade—a kind of old-fashioned family ostentation.

But the American is quite the reverse. Abroad, he is talkative, noisy, imperious ; often excessively impertinent, capricious, troublesome, either in his familiarity, or in his untimely reserve ; not quarrelsome,—but so hasty, nevertheless, that he is eternally in hot water. At home, he is more reserved ; and, with all his hospitality, much given to ostentation of a lighter sort ; substitute—finery and show.

An American is easily excited ; and of course, easily quieted. An Englishman is neither easily quieted, nor easily excited. It is harder to move the latter ; but once in motion, it is harder to stop him.

One has more strength and substance ; the other more activity and spirit. One has more mind, more wisdom, more judgment, and more perseverance, the other more genius, more quickness of perception, more adventurousness.

The Englishman's temper is more hardy and resolute ; that of the American more intrepid and fiery. The former has more patience and fortitude, the latter more ardour. The Englishman is never discouraged, though without resources : the American is never without resources, but is often disheartened. Just so is it with the female character.

An American woman is more childish, more attractive, and more perishable : the English woman is of a healthier mind, more dignified, and more durable. The former is a flower—the latter a plant. One sheds perfume ; the

other sustenance. The Englishwoman is better fitted for a friend, a counsellor, and a companion—for the mother of many children, and for the partnership of a long life. But the American woman, particularly of the south, is better fitted for love than counsel:—child-bearing soon destroys her. A few summers, and she appears to have been born a whole generation before her husband. An Englishwoman has more wisdom; an American more wit. One has more good sense; the other more enthusiasm. Either would go to the scaffold with a beloved one: but the female American would go there in a delirium; the Englishwoman deliberately, like a martyr.

And so, too, is the American to be distinguished from the Irishman. The Irish are a gallant, warm-hearted, headlong people; eloquent, feeling, hasty, and thoughtful; great dealers in the superfluous. So are the Americans. But, then, the feeling of the Irish, like their eloquence, is rich, riotous, and florid; while that of the Americans is more vehement, argumentative, and concentrated. The declamation of the American is often solemn and affecting—often too dry for endurance; generally too cold and chaste for enthusiasm; and sometimes exquisitely extravagant.

The Irishman is a hurrying, careless, open-hearted fellow, as likely to do wrong as right, in a moment of exultation. But nothing can be more tiresome than the pleasantry of an American, when he feels disposed to be very facetious. There is nothing of that voluble drollery, that uninterrupted flow of sentiment, fun, whim, and nonsense, in his talking, which we find in that of an Irishman at such a time.

The chivalry of an Irishman has a headlong fury in it which is irresistible. It is partly constitutional, and often miraculous. But it differs about as much from the chivalry of an American, as that does from the deep, constitutional, collected bravery of the Englishman, or the profound strange fervour of the Scot.

An American would make a dozen fortunes while a Scot was making one; but then the American would often die a poor man, over head and ears in debt—the Scot never. An American finds it harder to keep a fortune, a Scot harder to make one.

A Scot would do the same thing over and over again all his life long, to obtain a competency for his children. An Irishman would sooner be shot at once a-week at the distance of ten paces. An American would do neither; but, if there were any new worlds to explore, or serpents to catch, that would 'pay well,' he would go to the bottom of the ocean after them in a contrivance of his own.

Everybody has read of Smollet's Irishman, who desired his companion, while he knelt down, and hammered the flint of his pistol, which had missed fire, to "fire away, and not be losing time;" and everybody has acknowledged, that, whether true or false, it was perfectly natural; but could only be believed of an Irishman.

So, too, it is told of an Englishman, that his house having taken fire—containing all that he was worth—finding that he could be of no use in putting it out, he went, and sat down upon a neighbouring hill, and took a drawing of it. Such a story would never have been invented of an American.

And so, too, the well-known anecdote of the young Scot, whose coolness in such an emergency, is a capital specimen of the moral sublime.—"Where are ye gangin, lad?"—"Back again." Nothing can be more absolutely Scotch. I would trust to it in the hottest fire of another Waterloo.

But I know something of an American quite as characteristic.—"Can you carry that battery, sir?" said an American general to Colonel Millar, in the heat of Battle.—"I'll try—" and the battery was immediately carried at the point of the bayonet.

But, in this answer, there was not a little of that affectation of Spartan dryness which I have often met with in the Americans. Commodore Perry and Macdonough gave a fine specimen of it in their official communications; probably thinking of Lord Nelson's dispatch from Trafalgar.

Not long since, I met with an amusing example of this national vanity of which I have been speaking in the Americans. General Jackson was one of the candidates for the presidency. The papers were ringing with his name; and, go where I would, in some parts of the country, I could hear nothing but what related to the "hero of New Orleans."

Among others, a German undertook

to convince me, that, if General Jackson should become President of the United States, his name alone was so terrible to the rest of the world, that they would have nothing to fear in America. I remember his very words. "So gross," said he, "*ist der Ruf seines namens, durch die ganze zivilisirte welt, dass keine nation es wagen würde uns*

zu beleidigen, wenn er am Ruder des staats stünde!!"

Let it be remembered, that, in drawing this parallel, I have only given the general character of an Englishman and American. Exceptions, of course, continually occur.

X. Y. Z.

London, July 1, 1824.

CAPTAIN ROCK DETECTED.*

WE have heard it made frequently a matter of serious complaint, that Ireland has of late become a sort of standing dish in all our periodical works, on which we compel our readers to gorge themselves *usque ad nauseam*. The same complaint is heard regularly in Parliament, and, in truth, we do not wonder at it. Yet what does it, after all, prove, but that there must be something so out of joint in the affairs of that province, that men's minds are drawn from the consideration of the easy working of the machines of government in every other district of the country, to consider what can be the reason of so notorious an irregularity in that quarter. In truth, we have discovered that it is the *opprobrium regni*—the hair-suspended scimitar which troubles us in the else uninterrupted enjoyment of the fullest feast of prosperity ever vouchsafed to a nation.

Our Whig ancestors governed Ireland with the sword, and enforced peace and tranquillity by the severity of penal laws. In those days Ireland was no trouble to us. We never heard of its existence as a region of turbulence. The storm of the Pretender never disturbed the political atmosphere of the island; and the only precaution deemed necessary to keep her quiet during that hurricane was to send the legislator of bows and curtsseys, the Prince of Carpet-knights, my Lord of Chesterfield, to do the amenities at the Castle of Dublin. Other times, however, soon came, and other agents, till then unheard of, were called into action. The fear of the Pretender vanished, and the revolution of the Ame-

rican colonies called up new ideas of provincial importance. The question now was, not whether the sister kingdoms were to be united under the regal sceptre of a Stuart or of a Guelph, but whether they were to be united at all.

They who first agitated political matters under the new views opened to party, disclaimed, no doubt, such an intention. They clamoured but for free trade, which *must* have come when commercial principles were better understood in England—and coming spontaneously, would of course have been of more substantial benefit than when wrung from a reluctant and pluckless cabinet, by noisy defiance and irritating oratory. They, seated for rotten boroughs, and the creatures of a proud aristocracy, made tumultuous appeals for Parliamentary reform—not that they cared a farthing about it, but because it was at that time one of the most popular engines of discontent. They organized under false pretences, an armed force called the Volunteers, and summoned meetings of military delegates to bully Parliament with documents under the title of petitions, but in the tone and spirit of manifestoes. It is in vain to deny it, that many of the leaders of that day aimed at the then fresh glories of George Washington.

Their wishes were not destined to be gratified, but their intrigues had created a new power in Ireland. They mooted, among other topics, the question of Catholic Emancipation. Their education and political views are sufficient to convince us, that they had no affection for the dogmata of that reli-

* Captain Rock Detected: or, the Origin and Character of the Recent Disturbances, and the Causes, both Moral and Political, of the present Alarming Condition of the South and West of Ireland, fully and fairly Considered and Exposed. By a Munster Farmer. London: Printed for T. Cadell, in the Strand; R. Milliken, Bookseller to the University, &c. Dublin; and W. Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1824.

gion, or any desire to extend the empire of the priesthood. No,—but they flattered themselves, that when their own objects were accomplished, when they had set up a republic of their own, under whatever livery of motley it might please them to decorate it, they would be able to quell superstition in all the phases of the Christian worship. The prominent object of their hatred was of course the Established Church, and they cared not with what auxiliaries they linked themselves, so as to work it harm and overthrow. Hence, and hence only, were the Irish told of the majority which the Roman Catholics had in Ireland—of the vile monopoly of the church—of the hideous oppression of tythes—and the lower orders, who had formerly remained quiescent under the now so much stigmatized severity of the Whig Penal Code, were stimulated into murderous action against the clergy, their agents, and their friends. It required no ghost to tell us that a mob of savages let loose would not stop at the point desired by the original agitators. From waging war against tythes, they soon came to a resolution to wage war against the state; and the Whiteboys, Rightboys, Levellers, Defenders, &c. &c., were agents ready prepared for the actual insurgents of 1798.

In the midst of these events came the French Revolution; and with it, the principles which we can now so well appreciate. The hideous countenance of Jacobinism had not yet glowered out; and the future murderers, with a thirst of blood raging in their hearts, wore the mask of universal benevolence. Their fraternal offers found ready listeners in Ireland. The Whigs, it is true, recoiled terrified at “the sound *themselves* had made;” but their pupils were now trained and ready to spurn their former tutors. Theobald Wolfe Tone, who was afterwards one of the most sanguine and sanguinary rebel chiefs, in his very curious autobiography (which is the only readable article in Colburn’s last New Monthly, a periodical which we perceive Mr Campbell’s Irish correspondents have made the regular Whiteboy Gazette of London) informs us, that he was much assisted in his traitorous views by “one of the very few honest men in the Irish House of Commons.” [A precious M. P.!] “It was he who

first turned my attention to this great question”—[that of separating Ireland from England] “but I very soon ran far a-head of my master.”—[N. M. Magazine, No. XLIII. p. 10.] The new leaders called on the unhappy demi-civilized rabble of the country, and they plunged into war with all the improvidence of savages, and the diabolical zeal of intolerant fanatics. The result was of course what might have been expected. Had the rebellion succeeded, it would have been not more *væ victis*, than *væ victoribus*. It would have been followed by the extirpation of heresy by sword and faggot. To use the words of a noted leader to one of the original Presbyterian United Irishmen in the north—“When the men of the Church had been gorged for dinner, the men of the Presbytery should serve for the next morning’s breakfast.” The Jacobins looked for democracy—their savage allies for what they would have called a theocracy—and, as one of the disappointed aspirants for the independence of Ireland was afterwards in the habit of saying, in either case, the proper appellation for the government which must have resulted, would have been, whatever Greekish compound is used to express a government of the Devil.

The Union followed the Rebellion. No measure could be more necessary in every point of view. We certainly shall not stop to discuss the policy or the impolicy of such a measure now, with such a reasoner as Mr Thomas Moore, the biographer of Captain Rock. It is open to the same obloquy as the Union with Scotland formerly was, and from the same class of people. Local importance was affronted—day-dreams of imperial independence marred for ever. Is it wonderful that people, whose arena for political discussion, which was at the same time the passport to political importance, was taken away, should feel sore at the dissolution of the Irish Parliament—that most intolerable of nuisances?—Is it wonderful that the *canaille*, full of the recollection of the misty grandeur, cast over the aboriginal savages who held their sceptres by lying chroniclers, and also taught by the successors of the said chroniclers to look forward in abounding hope to the day when the total separation of the insular governments should restore not only the natural splendour,

but the cherished faith of her "millions"—should look with jealousy or indignation on a measure which put a final extinguisher on such hopes?—Nor shall we omit, in forming a catalogue of the reasons which continue the sorrow for the Union through Ireland—the patriotic exertions of such eminent and respectable characters as the poet of the Fudge family, and the novelist of the Wild Irish Girl—to pass by some score less noted, though not less active, poisoners of the public mind.

As long as the war, and the high prices consequent on it, continued, the flame of discontent did not blaze forth. When Ireland, in common with all the empire, felt the depression arising from the change of war to peace, then it was visible. Ireland could bear depression worse than any part of the empire. The improvidence of her gentry had made them imagine that the war would last for ever, and on the strength of this, they had plunged themselves into contracts, impossible to perform without ruin. The lower orders, dependant on the lowest quality of food, could not descend in the scale without starvation. Hence followed bankruptcy of the upper classes—famine among the lower—and thence arose Captain Rock. His name marks the feeling with which the insurrection originated. Moore, with that bad faith which has at all times characterized him, pretends to be dubious as to its derivation. He well knows that the class of people from whose ranks the Captain is drawn, look on the Roman Catholic Church, as the Rock of the Christian faith, and set up their leader as its champion. With the ignorance of poor deluded peasants, they attributed their actual depression to the tythes, well remembering the lessons taught them by their old Whig landlords, and the false and intemperate speeches of Mr Grattan and his associates. By attacking the property of the clergy, they were not only ministering to their own wants, as they imagined, but doing something vastly heroic towards extirpating heresy.

Behind the curtain were, and are, some men of higher rank than the miserable agents who spread brutal and unmanly murder over some of the fairest provinces of Ireland: but the mere Captain Rock is as unpoetical a

savage as can be conceived. A low, skulking, cowardly, and sanguinary vagabond,—crouching from the gallows, and flying at the presence of an armed policeman, unless backed in something of the ratio of a hundred to one. They are poor wretches, on whom the soldiery, when called out against them, deem it a pity to waste powder, and whom the magistrates who try them endeavour to save from the punishment due to their crimes by law, by taking hold of every quirk in their power, out of sheer compassion. Such, however, are the heroes of Mr Moore; and for the tremendous heartlessness with which he advocates their cause, he gets deserved and heightened rebuke in one of the most excellent works that we have ever seen on the subject of the unhappy disturbances of Ireland—we mean "Captain Rock detected by a Munster Farmer." We copy from his eleventh chapter—headed, Amusements of the Irish Peasants—

Through Connaught, Leinster, Munster,
Ulster,
Rock's the boy to make the fun stir.—

Thomas Moore.

"There is, I am told, a genius for happiness; and there are men who can find satisfaction even in the atrocities at which the generality of mankind are grievously shocked. One writer of our days, in stately phrase and philosophical calmness of temperament, pronounces our disturbances to be a war! and invests pillage, and treachery, and murder, in the dignity of military stratagem and martial achievement. Another writer, the missionary, finds Captain Rock and his followers to be men after his own heart, and over their glorious exploits—the prudence of their retreats where they are opposed, and the heroism with which they massacre the unarmed and unresisting—has sported amiably. Bless his merry heart, it fits him well for his employment. The missionary is Captain Rock's favoured laureat. I have not the genius, or the kindred spirit by which one must qualify for such a post. I am but the humble and faithful historian; and as such, I am to describe the character of the exploits which have animated the missionary into such an enthusiasm of admiration.

"I will not dwell upon such glorious feats as were performed in my neighbourhood the other day, when a daring multitude seized upon an individual whose cousin had offended, and slew him in fair fight; and when, before life was quite extinct, one of the dauntless train lifted the body from the earth, carried it to a little distance,

and placed the uncovered head carefully on a stone, that it might be the more convenient mark for his blows—'Rock is the boy to make the fun stir.' I pass by, however, such trifling amusements as these; it is only in his hours of dalliance that he is to be found engaged in these light sports, or, as has been said elsewhere, 'ridiculously tossing children on the point of a pike.' I come to a nobler exploit, such as will more faithfully characterize the gallant captain, and more effectually justify the seeming extravagance of the missionary's praises.

"There lived in the county of Waterford, a gentleman of small property, but of a family, which, independent of its antiquity, was venerable in the minds of the people, for having suffered in their cause.* He was a Roman Catholic; he was a man of the kindest manners, a most humane and indulgent landlord, even to his own detriment, and from his earliest youth he had never forsaken the popular side. If such men are regarded as the enemies of the people, I could wish to know, who they consider their friends? This gentleman was a tenant to Lord Middleton, a nobleman of whom it is little to say, that he is a munificent and benevolent landlord, and who has the rare advantage of having his good intentions not marred, but carried into perfect execution by intelligent and upright agents. It will readily be understood, that there may have been an anxiety generally felt to be the tenant of such a nobleman, and to be under the direction of such agents. Mr Sheehy, the tenant of whom I speak, held under Lord Middleton, on a lease for his own life; and (the lease of one of the persons to whom he had re-let the ground having expired) he gave a farm, containing about thirty acres, to his son, whom he wished to leave in possession of so much on his own demise. The tenants began to think, that if Mr Sheehy died while they were in possession, they might have their leases continued under Lord Middleton, as their immediate landlord: and the resolution was adopted to murder an innocent kind-hearted old man, who had been living for the greater part of sixty years with the old people and their children, on terms of the most affectionate intercourse; and who had been indulgent to all his tenants at personal losses, and at the expense of suffering such inconvenience in

his family as made his indulgence a fault. He had been walking on a winter evening towards his home—a home, from which, while Sheehy had means to be generous, no poor man was ever sent empty away. He was, with his usual open-hearted and benevolent hilarity, conversing with a young peasant about his approaching marriage, and assisting him with his counsel on the arrangements he should make. The young man entered into the house where his mistress lived, and Mr Sheehy pursued his way, unacquainted with fear, and imagining that there was not perhaps in existence a being who could entertain a hostile feeling against him. In the meantime, the young man from whom he had parted with a blessing, had armed himself, and gone in pursuit of his unsuspecting victim; and while his mind was, perhaps, occupied with benevolent projects for his murderer—the murderer stood silently at his back, and with the heavy coulters of a plough, beat in his skull, and repeated his blows until his benefactor was lying a mangled corpse upon the snow.—'Rock is the boy to make the fun stir!!!'

This may be "fun" to Mr Moore, and to the people of equally refined sensibility, who can groan over the evils of Ireland while they consist of keeping a factious barrister out of a silk gown, and laugh loud, and make merry and conceited jests, over the exploits of cannibal assassins.

It may be fun to such people as these: but what is it but a subject of the most serious, the most awful solemnity, in the eyes of every one who deserves the name either of good subject, or good Christian, or good man. With sorrow, with bitter sorrow and indignation, has it been contemplated by the author of the volume before us; and the way in which he has taken up the Rocks and the Moores, the ragamuffins and the sycophants, by whose exertions, so beautifully combined, Ireland is ruined, and Britain endangered, entitles him not merely to the praise of cleverness, eloquence, and so forth: it does a great deal more: his book places him—we have no hesitation in speaking it clearly and broad-

* "He was a nephew of that Mr Sheehy, the Roman Catholic priest, who was hanged in the town of Clonmel. At this distance of time, the name of 'Father Sheehy' is a convenient topic for abuse against the memories of the men who condemned him. It is supposed, I know, that very equivocal evidence was admitted against him; but whatever were the merits of the case on which he suffered, it is certain that he was mainly instrumental in exciting the Whiteboy disturbances. I knew an old gentleman, a Roman Catholic, whom he laboured to seduce into a participation of his designs, and to whom he directly proposed, that he should submit to be sworn in as a member of the Whiteboy fraternity. The opinion entertained of Mr Sheehy's case, by those who are the most competent judges, is, that no man merited his death more thoroughly; even although of the specific charge upon which he was convicted he might have been innocent. His connection with the insurrectionary system was perfectly well known, although no legal evidences could be procured except from persons of doubtful character."

ly—his book places him on a level with the very first political writers of our time.

The book is far from being a mere answer to Tommy Moore: an answer to him it is, and that with a vengeance: but it is easy to see, that the respondent feels himself too immeasurably above the petty assailant. A single blow every now and then lays the flattering puuster and versifier on his back, and then, scarcely deigning to observe his demolition, the man of Munster plunges into the warfare, not of witticisms, but of principles: he corrects Moore's false statements in a style of the most painful pungency; but he does not stop there. He attacks the principles which the author of *Fanny of Timmol* dared no more than to insinuate: he cuts up root and branch the tree of prejudice and assumption, under the shade of which, the great absentee landlords of Ireland (Moore's masters) hope to continue *their own enjoyments*—no matter what be the scape-goat. He, in one word, shews the real root of the evils of Ireland—and he dares, what no one before has done, to lay before the world a scheme for its eradication,—a scheme which may or may not be the right and the practicable one, but which has, at all events, the merits of being distinct, clear, intelligible; and which the author of it expounds, illustrates, and enforces, in a style of firm, manly, and philosophical disquisition, second, certainly, to nothing that has appeared since the death of his illustrious countryman—Burke.

This praise, which at first sight *must* appear extravagant, could not perhaps be completely justified to our readers, without a greater mass of quotation than we can at present conveniently find room for. We shall try, however, what may be done in the way of *ex pede Herculem*, and we shall endeavour to quote one specimen at least, of each of the various, but all excellent styles, in which this author destroys Moore, and discusses Ireland.

His great and standard position is: that the rapacity of the Irish landlords is the real and fundamental source of all the miseries of the Irish population. That misery, as was shewn at length in a late number of this Magazine, by Y. Y. Y., is confined to the agricultural population alone—the people in the towns are all

well off—the manufacturing poor are happy—the peasantry only are in want, and disaffection with them alone, can plead the agony of hunger for its excuse.—So much is written on this topic in the volume before us, that we do not very well know where to choose; but, to begin, turn to p. 327, where, in the course of discussing the Societies lately established in Ireland for fisheries, agricultural improvements, &c., our Farmer has these observations:—

“ These societies proceed, with respect to the poor, on the same principles which guide a speculative neighbour of mine in the management of his horses. He holds, that corn is an unnecessary luxury for them, and that good grooming will keep them sleek and healthy; and, although their coats are staring and their strength declining, he still maintains, that his failure is owing to *some occult and undiscoverable cause*, and will rather, I believe, keep the poor animals in a state in which they are quite unprofitable, than accommodate himself to the vulgar notion, that they should be fed as well as curried. Everybody knows, that the best way to improve the condition of the poor, is to *give effect, as Malibus says, to the desire of improvement*; and how to do this *without letting in some hope upon them, I am utterly unable to comprehend*. The society says, ‘white-wash your house, plant a garden around it, get bee-hives, have your children taught to spin, &c. &c., and we will encourage and reward you;’ and perhaps the individuals who constitute the society, may be among the persons who say, in the form of an exorbitant rent, *All your improvements are for my advantage, and even the prizes by which you may be rewarded shall surely be mine*. The grand argument which I have heard put forward to gain over the support of the gentry to these various societies is, *that they may be instrumental in enabling the tenantry to pay their rents*; that is, to pay higher rents than they are at present able to make of the ground. I knew a case where a high-minded and very intelligent man ventured to move, as an amendment to some resolution by which a premium was offered, *that the premium should not be granted to any tenant who was subject to an exorbitant rent*. ‘We all know,’ said he, ‘that in such a case, the tenant will derive no benefit, as the prize will become part of the rent; and that the landlord will thus have his rapacity rewarded and encouraged by a bounty intended for the benefit of the poor. It will be easy,’ he added, ‘to ascertain the cases, in which it may be advisable to extend this encouragement. Being, as we are, an agricultural body, we

can have no difficulty in pronouncing, from our knowledge of any farm, whether the rent demanded for it be excessive or not; and if it be, I think we are called upon, by a regard for the real interests of the poor and of the country, to refuse our sanction to the exercise of a rapacious spirit, which such premiums as you are offering may have a tendency to increase and to perpetuate.* It is perhaps unnecessary to state, that the amendment was negatived.† *It was considered monstrous to extend the inquiries of the society into any consideration of landlords' oppressions, and the interests of the poor were to be no farther regarded, than was compatible with the untroubled aggressions of the privileged orders.*

“Another instance of the same reverence for the higher classes, I cannot pass unnoticed. One of these societies, taking into account the demand which corn buyers made for what they called ‘beamage,’ (although they gave the seller the benefit of it in a higher price,) determined to put a stop to it, as an illegal exaction, and, I believe, succeeded, with *great eclat*. This was all right; it simplified the business of buying and selling. But in the town where this society held its meetings, there were charges made by the corporation which every one knew to be illegal, and which were urged to *the real loss of the poor*—not as in the case of the beamage—and yet no one member of this association would attempt—I believe I am wrong—I believe a member shewed how easily they could succeed—but certainly the association would not put one finger to the sore part of the ‘head of the corporation;’ and he, in consequence, derives the benefit of his illegal exactions, which are levied upon the poor, day after day, in the presence of an association instituted for their protection and improvement.

“I speak here of no other societies than those of whose merits a farmer may be competent to judge. There are societies for the encouragement of fisheries, &c. &c.; and all of these may, perhaps, serve the country, not only by introducing new wealth amongst us, but by lightening the pressure of the population on agricultural employment. There are others for the cultivation of waste lands; and of the propriety of their objects, I have great doubts. *If there could be any assurance given that the tenantry of these waste lands should grow so familiar with comforts, that they would feel a dread and a shame of bringing chil-*

dren into a world where their portion is likely to be wretchedness, the lands might be turned to good account; but if the population of them is to be of the same kind with that from which the principal evils of the present day arise, then, I think wise men should hesitate long before they would, in order to procure a slight temporary relief, lend themselves to a measure which would be silently, but certainly, accumulating the materials for future convulsions. But as to the agricultural societies for improving the condition of the poor, they MUST fail, and they OUGHT to fail; because, while the rents continue what they are at present, the people distinctly understand, that, for every new power developed in them, an additional burden will be imposed upon them. When Sampson ground in the mill for the Philistines, he was blind; and if the associations could deprive our people of understanding, perhaps they might succeed in strengthening them for their lord's advantage; but so long as they see that their increased skill can add little or nothing to their comforts, they will remain indocile and discontented, and will not think it a sufficient reward for their toils, that they have been the means of sending a new aspirant for the dignity of absenteeism to the luxury for which he pines, and that they have procured for themselves the power to run to the apertures of their miserable hovels, and stare at the splendid equipage in which a new agent is glancing gloriously by.

“I do not mean to say, that these associations, frivolous as their objects are, may not be of some random utility to the country; but I own my spirit has sometimes been grievously stirred when I have seen the manner in which they have been converted into a means of misleading public opinion as to the causes of Irish wretchedness. I have heard landlords and ladies, *who, if they thought for an instant, must have known that they were themselves the real cause why the people suffered,* direct the attention of the members of the associations to matters totally unconnected with the general distress. ‘Now, don't you think, that the Church establishment is a horrid bore? Don't you think, that three thousand a-year is a great deal too much for any pair of lawn sleeves; and could not the parsons live a very comfortable life, and keep good wives, that would nurse their pigs, and wash their children's faces very well, *if we allowed them three hundred pounds?*’ And who are the people who

* “Captain Rock, or the missionary, has alluded to the very clever letters in the Southern Reporter, containing instructions how to give tithe in kind. *It is a curious fact, that the writer of these letters thought it a very proper object for the various agricultural societies, to extend the operation of Mr Goulburn's bill.* He is a man who will not gratify his hostility to the church establishment at the expense of the poor creatures whom the missionary and his associates will have to bear the evils of their warfare, and as soon as he had an opportunity to judge for himself what Mr Goulburn's bill in reality was, he at once gave up all opposition to it, and cordially gave it the assistance of his talents, and, what was perhaps of equal importance, the strong sanction of his approval.”

thus dogmatize, with such flippant and pragmatical philosophy? Frequently they are persons who have strained the exertions of their wretched tenantry until the instruments of torture have snapped; who have been maintaining a shadowy affectation of finery in circles where they were admitted to a kind of scornful toleration, and, in order to sustain the appearance which procured for them permission thus to attend at the threshold of honour, have been wringing from the hearts of their forlorn dependants the humble comforts which had been so hardly earned; and who, when oppression could procure no more, returned with the stern grasp of necessity upon them, and imported themselves, with their poverty and their peevishness, in return for the large revenue they send annually away for the satisfaction of their creditors in England. Oh, this dreadful absenteeism! Who has ever looked upon a group of the peasantry of Ireland, and has not mourned for their desertion? And to think of the love and the homage from which our absentees fly away! I well remember when the name of ——— would have sent a trumpet tone into all hearts within the limits of an extensive county. I remember well, when there needed but that name to rouse, into any action of labour or of peril, as fearless and as gallant a host as ever the sun looked down upon. And he who could thus 'wield at will' the energies of a fine people, before whom, I am convinced, if danger assailed him, ten thousand men would have made a wall of their dead bodies, rejected the god-like office, to which he seemed called, of being the benefactor of such multitudes, for the effeminate and debasing pleasures that alienated him from all good; and now, even in the neighbourhood of his magnificent but desolate mansion, his name is associated with evil, and pronounced in a tone that seems the very echo of disappointed hopes and affections. Oh! miserable, miserable Ireland! when will thy children cease to leave thy distresses unknown, that they may furnish weapons for purposes of vulgar hostility? When will those persons whose names could stamp truth with authority, desist from attempts at misdirecting public opinion, and state honestly and fully what they know to be the causes of your distress? When shall your people be rescued from the oppressions and extortions that have made them wicked and miserable, and that keep them desperate and unimprovable? I cannot speak with authority. I can gain for my assertions no passport to public favour; and therefore they may pass into oblivion unregarded; but still, I will perform my duty faithfully, and state what I consider as one of the greatest evils, arising out of absenteeism, by which our peasantry and our country are afflicted.

“When I mentioned the grievance of excessive rents, I did not mean to say, that

every landlord was an oppressor. Many landlords there are who have entitled themselves to all praise; but their efforts are rendered comparatively useless by the greater number of those who are the devourers of their people. In the same manner, I do not mean to say that all agents are to be condemned; but that the conduct of the great majority (at least the majority of such as I have known) is in the highest degree to be reprobated. In some instances, the *agency system* is to blame for the evils which originate in it; in others, the agents are the causes of evil. It needs no sagacity to discern, that, in those cases where the agents live at a considerable distance from the estates they are to manage, the evils of their non-residence must be sensibly felt. These gentlemen appoint a particular day on which they will attend to receive the rents; and it is not to be expected that persons *who never visit the property* (as is frequently the case) can be acquainted with the proper objects for indulgence, and can know in what cases they should press their demands. Englishmen can hardly appreciate the importance of a little judicious indulgence to an Irish tenantry, and may not readily comprehend how many a poor man is ruined for the want of a resident agent, of a better order than the bailiffs usually employed, *to receive his rent in small portions, as he gathers it at the various markets.*

“But, passing by this misfortune, an evil owing principally to the exorbitancy of the rents, which leave so little means for procuring comforts to the peasantry, that they may be continually under the temptation of appropriating to their own use some of that income which is the landlord's due; omitting altogether the grievance which arises from their not being well watched, I have a heavier charge against the agents. The grievance attending the collection of rents is light, in comparison with those which arise out of the mode of letting farms. If the agents were persons unacquainted with the value of lands, (*and no such persons ought to be agents,*) and if this were a country in which there *was no more than a fair competition* for land, it might be said that the mode of setting, by advertising for proposals, needed not to be changed. But here, the agents know perfectly well what the rents ought to be, and they know equally well that the peasantry are disposed to offer more. Why then is it, *that they require private proposals?* Is it that their employers doubt their integrity, and leave a hapless peasantry exposed to the speculation of men whom they would not depend on where they are themselves directly concerned? Or have the landlords confidence in them; and is it at the suggestion of the agents the mode of accepting proposals is adopted? I do not know—but I know what the consequences have been.

I know that a peasant never thinks of making his approach to an agent without a bribe in his hand; I know that honest agents are shocked, and the great mass of agents enriched by this nefarious traffic; I know that peasants consult their friends about the amount of the bribe to be offered, as well as about the rent to be proposed; and I know that bribes more than equivalent to the abatements desired have been offered and accepted by the agents who procured them; I know, too, that more than a due proportion of oppression falls on the peasantry from these trading agents; they receive bribes from wealthy middlemen as well as from the poor, but they are obliged to give full value to the former, who might tell disagreeable tales; and they make the poor wretches, whose complaints they hold lightly, suffer for the indulgences which they must grant to those whose stories might be credited.

“These oppressions I do not hesitate to say, are main causes of the misery, and powerful excitements of the discontented spirit which reigns amongst our people; and while they continue, I am sure there can be no comfort; and, but for the immorality of the desire, I could wish that there might not be tranquillity in Ireland.”

The following is from an earlier part of the volume; but may be considered here with considerable effect. It is but an *echantillon*, however.

“The people of England have a ready mode of judging whether the Irish gentry are proper protectors of the poor, or serviceable intervenients between the monarch and the mass of his subjects—such intervenients as may be most likely to link the people with the laws. Let them judge from this;—at a former period, it was in the power of the gentry to free the lower orders from the tithe-proctor’s vexations, and, by suffering the tithe of agistment to continue, they might have had a system free from all the objections that may fairly be urged against having the impost principally levied upon the poor. The gentry saved themselves, and left the poor and the proctor to settle matters by law or by agreement, or by blood, just as their mutual interests or their mutual animosities prompted. In the year 1824 they have the power, without increasing the amount of taxation on the land, to rescue the poor from those vampires (as they are called) to whom they had formerly abandoned them; and, instead of adopting this salutary measure, or shewing by fair arguments why they do not, they have the provisions of the act for composition misrepresented, and a clamour raised against it, as if its object were to in-

crease the income of the Church, and to impose the tithe of agistment. I have not time here to enlarge upon the nature or provisions of the tithe composition act: one word, however, concerning the principles on which the gentry oppose it. ‘Why,’ (asks the writer of the letter to Mr Abercrombie,) ‘should the gentry surrender their legal rights, where the people obtain no equivalent advantages?’ I can see no reason why they should; and I have no doubt that there are cases in which the amount of composition is so high, as that the adoption of the measure could not serve the people. But, if the amount be such as to allow a considerable reduction in the rate which the people must otherwise pay, then I believe it will be admitted, that the gentry might abate something of their legal claims for their own profit, and for the benefit of the people whose protectors they style themselves. That this is the case over the greater part of Munster, it is not difficult to shew.

“It is to be observed, that, in the charge for tithe, there is, generally speaking, a division adopted, according to which there are three rates of payment. I have never known tithe of the best quality pay more than 12s., and I have frequently known the charge for the third quality to be so low as 4s.; and, on the whole, as well as I could form a judgment, the average of payments,* during the seven years ending in 1821, was less than nine shillings to the acre. During this period, according to the average of prices, wheat, the article (the tithe of which I am considering) sold for L.1, 18s. 8d. the barrel; and, allowing the average produce to be, what we stated before, 7½ barrels, the return of an acre would exceed fourteen pounds ten shillings, and the market price of the tithe would be one pound nine; allow 2s. for the difference between the market and the field price, and the value of the tithe would be twenty-seven shillings; that is, would amount to three times the parson’s charge! Should it not, then, be reasonable to expect, that the gentry would give up something, in order that, for eighteen years, it might be secured to them by law, that the charge for tithe should be equal to less than the thirtieth part of the produce? Supposing that, for three years, the parson was paid more than he should have, according to the old system, might not this over-payment be regarded as the fair purchase of the eighteen years which were to follow? Even on a supposition, that, for the twenty-one years, the prices of grain were to remain what they were last year, when wheat brought not more than L.1 a-barrel, the parish, by allowing the parson nine shillings an acre

* “I leave out of this calculation a few parishes in the county of Cork, where the charge for tithe amounted to something nearer the legal right than in the greater part of the south is usual; and I name the tithe of one kind of grain for no other reason than that of consulting brevity.”

for the first three years—a sum, be it remembered, little more than half his legal right—would have secured to themselves, that, for the eighteen years which were to follow, the clergyman could recover a sum which supposed that his tithe, originally, was only four shillings and sixpence.

“There certainly are cases, in which the parish ought not to adopt the provisions of this Act: for instance, tithe has, in some instances, been charged at so high a rate, that the parishioners would have no benefit from their three years’ purchase, and, in some places, the proportion of grass land is too small to afford any considerable relief, while the arable land has been so long under tillage, that much of it may be exhausted before the term of composition has expired. But from the nature of the reasoning by which the *very principle* of the tithe-bill is sometimes opposed, I am inclined to believe that the real grounds of opposition are not such as an advocate for the gentry would be authorized on their part to express. The gentry remember what they gained in the agistment business; they had hoped, that the church establishment would be annihilated, and that they might seize upon its wealth; and they fear that Mr Goulburn’s bill, by giving it a basis as broad as all Ireland, will secure it against the assaults by which, at a future time, they might aggrandize themselves.

“It is not my intention to occupy my pages with any account of the Castlehaven transaction—much might perhaps be said, in the defence of a stranger’s conduct, who felt himself opposed by the gentry, and worried by the people, and who, finding no disposition to assist him in those who might have weight with his parishioners, was obliged, or thought himself obliged, to resort to the severest measures of the law, from precisely the same causes which induced the people to resist it. My business, however, is not with individuals, and I cannot but think that the conduct of the gentry furnishes the best commentary on their clamours. We may judge about the interest they take in the concerns of the poor, from the complacency with which they give them up to the tithe proctor’s peculations; and the vulture-like ferocity with which they scream around any unsoundness in the Church establishment, ought to give a timely warning to those who are not of the privileged orders, that, al-

though they are permitted to run down the prey, they must not expect to banquet upon it.

“And yet, strange to say, the landlords contrive, in some way or other, to identify their cause with that of the nation, at least, if we are to depend on such writers as Mr Abercrombie’s correspondent.

“This gentleman is so enamoured with everything belonging to the aristocratic party, that he can even eulogise the vote of the Irish commons against the tithe of agistment, as if it emanated in a prophetic spirit, by which, in spite of all the disadvantages of the climate, they foresaw, at a distant day, crops which nature denied to their own times, and shifting the burden of the Church from their own shoulders, enacted a law, or rather passed a vote, by which, even from their graves, they could inflict a new persecution on the poor papists.” Admirable sagacity, no doubt! First, to prevent the Church from growing rich, they take away the tithe of agistment, and so discourage agriculture; next, to preclude all chance that the Church should continue poor, they offer an enormous bounty on the growth, or (which is the same thing) the inland carriage of corn. The Irish Parliament foresaw, that if they left the clergy in possession of their entire income, they might become too rich at the end of fifty years, and therefore they take away one part of their income. This might have been applied to the education of the poor, or the providing for the Romish clergy. *It was not so applied*; it was seized, and made private property by the gentry who dispossessed the Church of it; and this proceeding is praised by Mr Abercrombie’s correspondent, as an act performed by the Irish Parliament in one of its rare ‘moments of wisdom and virtue!’ I have sometimes laughed at the idea of men, like Cromwell’s followers, pillaging for themselves, and ‘all for the glory of God;’ but to think of the supreme council of a nation seizing upon the revenues of any set of men, and appropriating the spoil, not to any national purpose, but to their own private uses—and to hear this spoken of as an act of *wisdom and virtue*—I am a plain man,—in comparison with the polished avower of this sentiment,—an unlettered man, and yet, I protest to God, I would not accept his talents, and the celebrity they may procure him, if they were to be

* “A farmer’s library is generally very limited, and his means of consulting better ones not extensive. I cannot, therefore, pronounce with any greater degree of certainty than I have derived from reflection and from long intercourse with persons who remember the events of many years; but I am strongly inclined to think, that as far as tithes were influential in disturbing the country, they derived their mischievous power from this vote respecting agistment. At the time of the vote, the principal kind of farming was by tillage; for it was very generally thought that the climate was too humid for corn; the incomes of the clergy were accordingly so reduced by the vote, as that they were unable to continue their accustomed indulgence to the poor, who in consequence felt, or thought they felt, a new pressure. Perhaps the decline of the Protestant religion may be ascribed in part to the same cause; bishops finding it necessary to counterbalance the diminution of tithe, by making large unions, which at first allowed no more than a moderate subsistence, but in process of time became the wealthy benefices of modern times.”

accompanied by the corrupt and servile spirit which could dictate so unworthy a declaration. How debased must be the moral sense—how faded even the memory of all nobleness, before such a thought could be suffered to escape beyond the heart where it originated, and before a sentiment could be expressed, in a correspondence with a gentleman of high reputation, which should make a man of honour blush to be found standing by the side of one who had shamelessly avowed it!

“Something too much of this. It is easy to judge, that with such notions of virtue, the enemies of the Church are little impeded in their operations by the checks of conscience. No wonder, therefore, if, being free from all moral restraint, they succeeded in persuading many respectable farmers, and deluding the great mass of cottier tenants, and even their great protector, Captain Rock, into a notion, that the Church establishment was inimical to the welfare of the people. The poor peasantry were in that state of general debility which made them feel an oppression at any part of the frame to which their attention was directed. I remember reading, in an account of the sensations of some person who had been put to the torture inflicted on culprits who refuse to plead; that, after some time, he became unconscious of the pressure on his breast, but, with a diseased irritability, felt intolerable anguish from the weight of a cambric handkerchief which was laid gently on his face. It was thus that the people suffered; they had lost all consciousness of the burden which the landlords laid upon them; they knew that they were miserable; and when they were directed to the tithe, as the cause of their wretchedness, they were, and it is no wonder that they were, prompt to believe. But they are not void of understanding, and if only those persons whose interest it is to set them right, would honestly endeavour to instruct them upon the subject, we might soon have a peasantry with different notions concerning the causes of their grievances.

“I will take leave, here, to recount a short dialogue which I held with a poor neighbour at the close of the last summer. He called on me to settle an account for the rent of his little farm; and, in the course of conversation, I inquired whether he had paid his tithe. I perceived that he hesitated a little, and wished to evade all discussion on this obnoxious topic, and I applied myself to the source, which, all writers agree, has the power to open man’s

heart. The application was not without effect; my gigantic tenant shook his hyacinthine curls, and pronounced it to be ‘the right thing,’ and prayed ‘that my honour might have long life and prosperity,’ &c. &c. On repeating my inquiry about the tithe, he became more communicative. ‘Why, then,’ said he, ‘I will tell you all about it, and why shouldn’t I—may be you’d think worse (Anglice better) of me than them that wouldn’t let me tell you. I *didn’t*, then, pay the minister, and I don’t know when I will pay him.’—‘And why will you not; his charge is very reasonable?’—‘Oh, it is not that at all; it isn’t for the lucre of the money, but I wouldn’t wish to set a bad pattern in the country—and that’s it all out now.’ I endeavoured to convince him, that paying a man’s debts could hardly be called a bad pattern anywhere, not even in Ireland; but he did not relish the notion of calling tithe a debt. ‘I’d pay my debts,’ said he, ‘again any man in the parish, little or great, and my father and mother know, that’s their souls that’s in purgatory, God be merciful to ’em, know well enough that I’m a good warrant to pay for my seed, breed, and generation; but sure tithes is not in that way; sure nobody ever thought it was a sin not to pay tithes and taxes, and the likes of them things.’ I asked him what he meant by debts, if he did not allow tithes to be such; his answer was prompt: ‘Anything that I got value for, and sure the minister never gave me value for the tithe.’—‘Don’t you know that if you were not to pay tithe, you should pay me a higher rent than you do?’

“‘Oh, then, God bless your honour, and it’s I that would, and glad I’d be to do it, and my blessing along wid it.’

“‘But I should have no benefit from it; I should pay it to the head landlord; so that if you were not to pay the tithe, you should pay the same amount, as rent, to Lord —.’

“‘Is it he the negur?—bad luck to him night and morning; I’d rather pay the minister itself than he to get it, the dirty miscr,* that took to his scrapers when he heard that his tinants were coming to see him, and all the boys with the cockades bought to put in their hats, and would not let the great poet stay behind, that makes the songs about the grand ould times—and two of the gentlemen down on their knees to axe leave for him to stay, and the ladies running mad after him, and the dinner bought and all—O! devil a bit of the ugly

* “The Missionary may perhaps have heard how a peer and a poet made rather a hasty exit from Killarney last year; it can do no harm to give the commentary of my poor friend upon it. At the same time that this peer withdrew himself so suddenly, without seeing his tenants, Mr Stanley was on the estates of his noble grandfather, visiting in person and alone the cabins of the tenantry; seeing with his own eyes their condition, and leaving behind him a remembrance that will make his generosity and benevolence, and encouraging condescension, well known, and loved with enthusiasm by the grandchildren of the men, to whose hearts he imparted a hope to which they had long been strangers.—Oh! that he were imitated!”

negur would give him lave to stay, but hoised him off body and bones, and my curse, and the curse of all the tinants along with him. If it's he that's to get the tithe, I'll go this minite, and I'll not stop nor stay till I take the minister the money; and I'll be bail, 'tis long again till I'll let any one put me astray, without coming to your own honour.' Thus ended our dialogue; and I had soon the satisfaction of learning, that one of the best and most amiable men of the country was relieved from considerable embarrassment, in consequence of the pattern which my convert had set, and which was very generally followed.

“ I have now completed the task which I imposed upon myself, that of laying before the public the sentiments of an Irish farmer, on the manner in which the Church establishment affects the interests of those who cultivate the soil. The landlords cry out, abolish the tithe, that you may give the peasantry an opportunity to breathe; and it is by those very landlords that the power to breathe has been taken from them. The landlords, who extricated themselves from tithe, and left the people fettered, call upon the English nation to do what they themselves have left undone. If it be the intention of the ministry or the nation to accede to their wishes, let them, in God's name, overturn the Church establishment, but let them not confound the names of things by a hypocritical pretence that they intend to benefit the poor. If there be unsoundness in your Church, cut it off; if the gentry have overawed you, give it up to their rapacity; but do not profess to imagine that the peasantry will be suffered to have a share in the spoil. No; the gentry will for a short time silently and fiercely revel in Church possessions, and, when they have glutted themselves to the full, they will turn again to their sure resource—the miserable tenantry of Ireland; and they will cry out with as fell an eagerness then as they do now—like the horse-leeches' three daughters,—‘ more! more! more!’ ”

The Church and tithes are the great objects of Captain Rock's hostility, more particularly, because of more immediate importance, the latter. He gets terribly mauled by the defender of both, now before us—One specimen of this also:—

“ The expediency of an establishment, abstractedly considered, is a subject with which I have nothing to do. Let the church fight her own battles. As to whether the Roman Catholics of Ireland have or have not good reason to be indignant at seeing the wealth of the country possessed by people of a different religion from their own, let the Protestant clergy and laity consult together, if it so please them, and give their answer. With such

considerations I have no direct concern. My object is simple; to inquire whether the allegations contained in the Memoirs are true—that the riches of the Protestant church are the cause of that misery under which the Irish Roman Catholics are suffering. I am not to inquire whether Captain Rock shoots proctors and burns churches, because he *hates* the clergy; for this, let the offenders, and those who stimulate them to violence, answer to God and their own consciences; but as it is stated, that Captain Rock, or the poor tenantry whom he represents, not only hate the church, but are impoverished by it, I shall take upon me to shew, by a plain statement, that, if the person who makes such an allegation is as well acquainted with the present state of the country as he is with the history of past times,—he is not an honest man.

“ It is now, I believe, pretty generally acknowledged, that the pressure of tithe does not bear on the tenant, and that, as the landlord came into possession of his estate subject to such a charge, he is in no other way affected by it, than by any of the incumbrances, such as mortgages or annuities, to which he has become subject. This position is clearly laid down in an article which appeared in the Quarterly Review for December last; but, as the writer of the Memoirs insists very strongly on the omission of any reference to Ireland in that article, as though it indicated a weakness to the Irish claim, I am glad that he has himself furnished the means of proving, that the claim of the Irish church is actually stronger than that of the Church of England. I believe the only point not established with perfect clearness in the article, or, as Captain Rock calls it, the ecclesiastical manifesto contained in the Review, is, the priority of the claim of tithe to the title of any lay proprietor. It was shewn, I believe very convincingly, that the claim for tithe was older, in almost every instance, than any claim which a lay proprietor could set up; but still, it was not possible to say, ‘ at such a time titles to lay property were given; and, so many years before that time, it was settled that the tenth of the produce should be appropriated to a particular class of men, and should descend according to a certain established order.’ What it is difficult to settle with respect to the claims of the English clergy, Captain Rock has kindly arranged for the benefit of the Irish.

“ The right to tithes he dates from the reign of Henry VIII., and even states the acts of parliament out of which it arises. According to Captain Rock, therefore,

the clergyman who now demands tithe, claims by a title as old as the time of Henry VIII., and which, of course, is not to be disputed by those, whose titles, being of later date, recognize the clergyman's right; and such, we are given to understand, are the titles of all the lay landlords of Ireland. But it is better to let Captain Rock speak for himself:—'So little was common sense consulted, or the mere decency of forms observed by that rapacious spirit, which nothing less than the confiscation of the whole island could satisfy; and which having, in the reign of James I. and at the Restoration, despoiled the natives of no less than ten millions six hundred and thirty-six thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven acres, now added to its plunder one million sixty thousand seven hundred and ninety-two acres more, being the amount (according to Lord Clare's calculation) of the whole superficial contents of the island.'

"If this be a fair statement, why is Captain Rock so wrathful against the clergy? The gentry, he says, have derived their titles from the most indecent spoliation; and what is it to the Captain, if an antecedent spoliation may have diminished a little the value of their possessions? I am quite at a loss to comprehend why the gallant Captain should so detest the poor churchmen, as that he cannot, (as his biographer observes,) even rob them in a gentlemanlike style. He has found them, (at least as far as my experience instructs me,) equally amenable to his behests as the lay gentry; why should he not give them an equal share of his countenance and protection? Indeed I am strongly inclined to think, but it is with great caution I venture to express such an opinion, that the honest missionary was imposed upon, and that, instead of the wild and warlike chieftain,—the impartial queller of all sons of oppression,—the unostentatious redresser of all kinds of wrong,—who retires from the notoriety which the broad day-light would fling upon him, to dwell with the innocent things that browse upon the mountains, and rushes forth in the darkness, when his actions may escape from fame, to rule unrivalled in his own domain, where he has won from the sheeted ghosts of night their terrors and their power;—I should be inclined to suppose, that, instead of that awful and impartial being, *some hunger-on upon a bloated aristocrat, some creature who had forfeited the dignity of a man, that he might crawl in the livery of a nobleman, some echoer of his lord's phrases, some solitary applauder of his lord's jests, who had forgotten his own existence, except as an appurtenance to the great man in*

whose train he is found, who had lost all sense of his own rights, except as they are doled out to him from above, and who, 'if master desired him to eat straw, would eat straw;'—I should imagine that some such creature as this, having stolen a plume from my lady's waiting maid, went masquerading on a summer night, that he might have a tale for his lord's table, how he had made a missionary stare, and imposed upon him the articles of an aristocrat's creed, as the genuine memoirs of the real Captain Rock.

"It is indeed almost sickening to listen to the fulsome tirade, which superficial and designing men are so prompt to utter against the severity of tithe. 'What!' they say, 'make the Catholics pay for the support of Protestant clergy, and the expenses attending Protestant worship?' and then they run through all the notes of commiseration for the poor oppressed cottier tenantry, as if they believed, themselves, or wished the public to believe, that the people will become contented and happy as soon as this evil has been removed. If these gentlemen would condescend to state some important facts, the question of dispute would be greatly simplified. And, first, as they say that it is wrong to make the Catholics pay tithe, on the principle that it is taking away a part of their property to support a clergy which is not their clergy, it would seem no more than reasonable, that they should tell us *who the Roman Catholics are, whose property is so taken away.* For this purpose, they should name to us some person, *whose titles give him the possession of the entire produce of the land, and from whom the right to the tenth part of that produce has, since the date of his titles, been forcibly taken away;*—let any such person be named, and neither law nor justice can resist the obvious propriety of restoring him to his violated right. But if, in all cases where tithe is paid, they can name none but persons whose titles give them no exemption from such a demand; if the clergyman's right is established by the acts of Henry VIII.; and if the grants made in subsequent reigns do not supersede it, then how is the question to be stated as between the church and the people? This is the case with respect (let us say) to the oldest titles now existing. James I. granted to a lay proprietor, nine-tenths of the issues arising out of some forfeited estate; the remaining tenth he did not grant, *because it had not been forfeited;* and so far have the clergy been from encroaching on the layman's possessions, that they have, generally, conceded to him a large portion of their own. It is not long since a very litigious man waited on a friend of mine,

(an old gentleman who still retains the primitive simplicity of past days,) in order to adjust some business relative to the rent of a farm which he held under him. He complained bitterly that the rent was excessive, and that he must be ruined if it were not considerably lowered. 'We shall see,' said the old gentleman, 'what reason you have to complain—Is this account between us correct?' The litigious tenant inspected the books, and declared all right. And what was the state of the account? It was this—the tenant was indebted for the rent of *five successive years*, and there appeared in the books *but one item in his favour*, which I copy for the reader's perusal.

"Per contra, Cr.

"By abatement granted for } L. 100.
the years 1821 and 1822, }

"There is not, I believe, a landlord in Ireland, who has not been a great gainer by the tithe system; for, in order to convey to a proprietor the benefit of nine hundred acres, the government, reserving the tenth of all produce for the Church, made a grant of one thousand; and of their tenth, the clergy, by an act of the Legislature, have been deprived of one part, and by their own moderation, or in consequence of the difficulty of collecting it, they have conceded another, so that it is not going too far to affirm, that the landlords provide by 20 acres for the claims which the government granted them one hundred to discharge, and thus are indebted to the tithe system for the remaining eighty;" and yet they cry out, that the demand for tithe is an infringement upon their rights. When such clamours are raised, Foigard's complaint seems no longer unreasonable, 'He has taken away a hundred pounds of mine.'—'Of yours?'—'Yes! money I owed him.' The question is not, why a Protestant monarch took away from his Roman Catholic subjects, *one-tenth* of a property which was his, but why he granted him *nine-tenths* of a property which was *not* his?

"Ay! but, says Captain Rock, the monarch who made grants of the properties now held, had no just authority to make them. It was granting, not what was his by right, but what he made his own by the most scandalous rapacity and spoliation!!!—There is not in Ireland a person who will be happier to give weight to this declaration, than the writer of these pages. Let it be established and acted upon, and I at least shall have no

reason to complain; and although I could be well satisfied with resting at the reign of James I., yet I see no reason why we should not lay down a nobler principle, and restore to the rightful owner, *all lands, whenever granted, to which the title was founded in injustice*. I will make a fair bargain with the Captain—no purchase, no pay. If he will engage to establish me *in only one of my rights*, I will engage to pay him, on the day when I take quiet possession of my estate, five thousand pounds of good coined money, such as no christian can refuse; and I will undertake, previously, to satisfy the Captain, that my claim is unquestionable. The lands of which I am now most anxious to possess myself, are, for the present, in the possession of the most noble the Marquis of Lansdowne, who is an absentee; and as I will bind myself to reside, I trust that the Captain, who has the interest of his country at heart, will shew himself more than ordinarily zealous to enforce my demands.—More on this subject, by and by.—I may dismiss the charge of cruelty for making Catholic landlords pay tithe, by asserting, that they cannot maintain it, without denying the right of James and his successors to make grants of lands, and thus invalidating their own titles."

We have quoted little: but enough, we should hope, to make every reader of ours wish to read the whole volume now before us. In truth, there is little doubt that this book will create a sensation on both sides of St George's channel, too great to allow any man who does read anything, to remain in ignorance of it. What must be the effect of a work which attacks, and for the first time, the whole landed interest of a British kingdom (exceptions of course) as the *sole authors* of their country's misery—which says (we had almost said which proves, but from this we for the present abstain) that Castle Rackrent is the only and undoubted birth-place of Captain Rock?—Will it do after this: for the Irish M. P.'s—all of them members of this interest—to sit quietly together, giving the go-by to every subject in which the real grievances of Ireland are concerned, and clamouring, or listening to clamour, about things entirely alien from the true question—the great question—the *one* question,

* I state these proportions loosely, because I intend them only as illustrations of my argument. The clergy were entitled to the tenth of the produce, which included the tenth of labour, profits, &c.

that demands an answer, and that ere long must and will have an answer? No, we prophesy distinctly, that the event will shew the great, the tremendous power, embodied in the facts of the volume on our table. We prophesy that the sensation excited by Captain Rock, compared with that excited by the Munster Farmer, will be the flash of a rocket to the thunder of a battery. We prophesy that of all the works connected with the British politics, which came from the British press, in 1824, this will be the most powerful in its effects *now*: and we also prophesy, that it will be the longest remembered, not merely on account of the direct influence it must have on statesmen, and statesmanship, and on the feeling of all respectable classes of society, both here and elsewhere,—but also for the rare and remarkable merits of its style and manner, the keenness of its urbane wit, the scornful vehemence of its invective, the manly decision of its reasonings, and the beautiful propriety in every different vein of its language.

But to proceed—we confess that for the present we are not a little weary of the mere political squabbles connected with Irish subjects. For us,

“Is your hand on your blade? cries the angry Star of the night,
Is your heart in the cause where the hearts of the brave unite?
But the slave said no! for my masters' hands are strong,
And the pride of my heart is low, and my strength is gone.

“Are your masters strong when their cheeks grow pale with dread,
At the distant sound of my champion's hurrying tread?
Are they strong, when the shrieks of my perishing victims rise,
And my banners of flame stream forth on the mid-night skies?

“Are your masters strong, when from ghastly visions they start,
And a nearer shout sends despair to their sinking heart?
Are they strong in their need, when the cloven gateway falls,
And the conqueror's steps rush fierce through their coward halls?

“The singer was proceeding in the song, and had commenced another stanza—

“They are strong while their chains,—

but ceased abruptly as a shrill whistle rung out from the archway. The two men halted. Seemingly from the same direction as before, a whistle was repeated twice, and then Ormsby heard some words which he could not distinguish, from the men he had been observing. They then passed on, and turned round towards the principal entrance, through which he must pass in attempting to make his escape? What was he to do? There were evidently at least three men, for the one to whose signal they had attended, must be of their party. There were perhaps many more. He now remembered various noises which had in the course of the evening disturbed his reveries. Then he had disregarded them, or thought them occasioned by the returning of the rooks to their nests. Now he

and for the many who must participate in our feelings as to this, there is one delightful *morceau* near the beginning of this book, in the shape of an Irish story of the present day. It consists of the adventures of a young gentleman, on a visit, in a part of Ireland sadly infested by Whiteboys. He being a stranger, is unwilling to credit the stories told him by his host, and carelessly wanders out by night into an interesting district. After gazing sufficiently on the beauties of nature,

“Ormsby turned to depart, but suddenly halted; for, almost directly under the tower where he stood, he heard a hoarse voice singing a wild and impassioned air, of which he had sometimes before heard snatches from the labourers, as they returned at evening from the field. Cautiously drawing himself back from the small window of the tower, he looked out, and, although the moon was still behind the cloud, yet there was light enough to enable him to discern two figures moving round the outer walls of the ruin, and, as well as he could judge, both armed. The song was continued, and the words so distinctly, although coarsely pronounced, (each syllable occupying but a single note in the music,) that Ormsby could hear, and succeeded in keeping almost accurately in his memory, the entire song:—

imagined that they might have intimated the arrival of some fierce plunderer at the place of meeting. Now also he remembered the sleeper whom he had seen in the evening, and who was, it might be, a sentinel to keep the place clear; and he prayed that his sleep was not feigned. The place where he stood could not afford him a view of the inside of the ruin; but near him there was a breach in the inner wall, over which, too, some ivy was partially hanging; and here he thought he could (himself unseen) behold the interior.

“He was disappointed; for, although the aperture commanded the place he wished to see, yet the darkness was so great, that he could not distinguish any object whatever. He, however, remained at his post, silent and watchful, listening for any sound; but he heard nothing, except a slight rustle below him, which might indicate the restless movements of a number of persons in a constrained silence, or might

be nothing more than the effect of a rising breeze, which was rustling in the long grass. Conjecture was soon at an end; the moon which had, behind the cloud, ascended to a height whence it could overlook the ruin, now emerged, and shone with full lustre above the roofless walls, pouring a flood of light into the central hall, and disclosing to Ormsby a scene which might fill a stout heart with astonishment at least.

“The last instant he was alone, surrounded by night and thick darkness; and now the darkness is rolled away, and he is looking upon the faces of a multitude of armed men thronging the silent hall before him; he is so near as to be almost in their presence, and feels, that, if they seek him, escape is impossible. It was certainly a moment full of alarm. They were scattered among the huge fragments, in various attitudes, and variously armed; some had pikes on which they leaned, and pistols stuck in rude belts which were fastened around them; some were reclined with their faces turned up towards the moon, and looking so ghastly in the pale light, that, but for their opened eyes, they might appear to be corpses. There were two or three kneeling before a recess where an altar had stood, and some were standing near the archway with muskets shouldered, and more regularly accoutred than their fellows. Their dress was also various; some wore coats with green on the collars and the wrists; some wore the loose great coat, to which the Irish poor are accustomed; some had procured military caps; some were with bare heads, or with broken hats, through which their wild hair had thrust itself; but all were perfectly silent, and almost motionless; and there was something unusually dreadful in the circumstance, that every one of these grim savage-looking beings, who had assembled together for some common purpose, remained occupied by his own sensations, and did not relax the stern ferocity of his countenance or his purpose, by even a whispered communication with his fellows. They remained, each one confined to himself alone, and seemed less disposed to interchange of thought or sentiment, than a horde of wolves who have made their league of blood, but can hold no converse together.

“As he looked with wonder and alarm on this agitating scene, he heard again the whistle. It now, from the ringing sound, appeared to proceed from under the archway; again the words were repeated, and instantly the entire multitude sprang upon their feet and seized their arms. ‘The General!’ cried a voice from the entrance, and the musketeers lowered their arms, and formed a kind of guard of honour to the person who entered, with whom they advanced farther into the hall, while all the wild multitude within, arranged themselves into a semicircle before him. For

a short time the silence continued; the General and his party stood at the centre of the circle: the surrounding multitude saluted by lowering of arms, but there was no noisy demonstration of attachment, not even the low murmur that might be supposed to creep along the lines. Various persons at intervals, in the lines, who were, each of them, distinguished by a cross belt and sword, beginning at the right, and proceeding along to the other extremity, in their turns came forward, and retired after having conversed apart with the General, who paused after each conference, as if he were comparing the accounts he received with the state of the party he was inspecting. After some time spent in this manner, the persons around him fell back; and he stood full in Ormsby’s view, though with his face partially averted. As he took off his hat, his profile became visible, and his head and face seemed to denote him a person of higher consideration than might be supposed connected with such confederates. He was now about to speak, as the slight bustle among the troops seemed to promise, and Ormsby held his breath, lest he should lose a word of the General’s address. He found, however, that he could with ease hear every word, so articulate was the utterance of the speaker, and so hushed the attention of his hearers.”

This leader makes an impassioned speech, but recommends another year’s delay: this occasions a tumult, the whole course of which is most graphically described; but he succeeds in appeasing it. Ormsby is in imminent danger of discovery, when an alarm draws off the banditti elsewhere, on various errands, leaving the General with but a single companion. Their conversation is characteristic.

“The General and one companion were below him, looking on the various groups as they departed. ‘There they go,’ said the General, ‘ruffians! who are cowards without the love of life. There is not a single body of these villains, which would not scatter at the resistance of three brave men; and there is not a man, perhaps, in the whole multitude we have seen, who would not afterwards die with an indifference, which would do honour to an ancient stoic.’

“The reply was, ‘They seem to be impatient for a general rising, which does not indicate anything cowardly in their disposition.’

“‘Yes, yes; they will have an explosion; they little care or think whether it is their cause or their enemy they blow up. They think they would have freer licence; that it should be everywhere plunder and licentiousness: but I know them well, wretches!’

“‘And is there no intention of having a general rising?’

“ ‘ My good friend, can you think that, with instruments like these, anything can be gained in open war? With you I can have no secrets. Our whole plans I will unfold to you fully this night. Indeed, I am directed so to do; but it is only by the promise of boundless success we can act upon these clods. They must be our instruments; but they shall not know our designs. They shall serve us to agitate the country, and to make the privileged orders feel their insignificance, and wither in our sight; but they shall not seem important to the government; it is sleeping, and we will not disturb it.’

“ ‘ But you will find it a difficult matter to reconcile these fierce men to such repeated postponements of your enterprize.’

“ ‘ Yes, I began to feel a little alarmed about it to-night; that old father clamouring about his sons was confusing, but we have got through the difficulty; and I am strongly of opinion, that I will not tempt fortune by trying another. I was well pleased to-night that they cannot penetrate my disguises; I would not depend on one of them, they would all betray me. You are wise to keep yourself concealed; put yourself once in their power, and you are their slave or their victim. But come, where are the horses? we have a long way to ride; and if these ruffians perform well the business of this and the next night, we may leave the country to themselves for months to come.’

“ This conversation took place nearly under the window of the tower where Ormsby was listening; the speakers left the place; it seemed as if they had waited until the marauding parties left the vicinity of the abbey; and soon after, he heard the retreating tramp of horses moving rapidly over the sod. He then ventured to leave his concealment, and proceeded cautiously home, where he found that the family had retired to rest, and left a message for him, to request that he would be ready at an early hour in the morning, to accompany them to breakfast at the house of Mr Hewson, a friend of Mr G—’s, who lived at a few miles distance.”

The next day, he visits this gentleman accordingly, and is witness of a different kind of Irish life.

“ The old gentleman, as I said, was walking in his yard, inquiring about some horses which were at grass, and examining the state of those in his stables. At some distance, there was a row of wretched-looking peasants, who seemed as if they were on the watch for some encouragement, without which they dared not to venture to approach Mr Hewson. At last one of them, as Ormsby came up, advanced, and taking off his hat, held out a paper—‘ Plase your honour, a little bit of a bill—we’re striving to make up the rent for the potatoes.’

“ Mr Hewson (Ormsby knew from his

manner) had seen the man approaching, and while returning Ormsby’s salute, had turned his back upon the poor petitioner. The poor man, however, seemed not to despair—‘ It’s what I was making bould to spake to your honour about, is a little bill of mine your honour—for work I gave last year, plase your honour.’

“ ‘ Ryan!’ said Mr Hewson, without seeming to notice or even to hear the poor man’s request—‘ open the kennel.’

“ ‘ Yes, sir,’ said Ryan, a wicked, roguish-looking fellow with one eye, who had been attending on his master, and who now lounged carelessly towards the kennel, singing as he went—

‘ This is the sport,
To which we do resort.’

“ ‘ Oh, for the love of God, your honour,’ cried the poor man, ‘ don’t let him let out the dogs, or they’ll tare me to pieces. Let me go away this wonst, and God bless your honour—and I’ll take my oath on all the books that ever was shut and open, that I’ll never come troubling your honour again.’

“ ‘ Ryan!’ said Mr Hewson, without looking towards the poor wretch who was supplicating for mercy, ‘ reason with this man.’

“ ‘Twas all one to Ryan—he came back with the same careless air as that with which he was going to unkennel some very fierce hounds, and perhaps halloo them on the unfortunate being. His reasoning, too, was short; it was simply the procuring a book and compelling the poor man to swear that he would never again come to demand his debt. Still the poor creature (after having sworn) was casting a longing look toward Mr Hewson. ‘ Ah! if your honour would look upon my case, and the agent going to drive me for the rent.’—‘ Whisht, you spalpeen,’ cried Ryan—‘ Don’t vex the master—isn’t it an honour for you, and sure it’s little the likes of you—or the father before you, could ever expect such a commendation, to have a gentleman owing you money?’—‘ Oh, then, that’s true enough, Mr Ryan, and it’s little trouble I’d give his honour, only the times are so hard; and if your honour,’ said he, raising his voice a little, ‘ would spake a word for me to the agent.’—‘ Didn’t I tell you,’ said Ryan, ‘ not to be troubling his honour? don’t you think we have something else to mind, than to hear your petitions? go home, I tell you, or may be it’s a word to the magistrate you’ll get for yourself, to send you where the blacks will ate you worse than the hounds.’—‘ It’s little matter where I go—I get no right here,’ muttered the poor fellow, as he walked slowly out of the yard.

“ ‘ Mr Ormsby,’ said Mr Hewson, ‘ if ever you come to live in the country, by all means get a pack of hounds—I am going now to look at my kennel, and I think

I can shew you some of the best bred, and best toned hounds that our country possesses.— But, sir, it may not be altogether safe for a stranger to visit them—I heard a poor man imploring you not to unkennel them.—‘ Oh, ay—ha, ha, ha ! but you need not fear, they have a keen scent—I can tell you that foxes are not the only vermin a pack of hounds can keep away from you—Ryan undertakes that my hounds shall, out of twenty persons collected in my yard, scent out a single dun—and that was the predicament in which the poor devil stood who was so frightened; he might as well be smeared in fox’s blood—you look grave, sir; but I can tell you, when you know the world as well as I do, you will understand how necessary it is to keep these fellows in due subordination: if you gave them a habit of being attended to, you should be constantly pestered, and there is no knowing where it would end.’—

‘ But, sir, this poor man said something about last year, as if’—Ormsby paused, ashamed to speak what he supposed would provoke a person so much his senior; but he was mistaken—‘ As if he had been so long seeking his money. Yes, so he was, as I remember, but now I think he will seek it no longer—the seekers are an unfortunate sect here—so I dare say he will wait now for my good pleasure; but come—now for the ladies—I suppose you think me an old fellow, but you’ll find yourself devilishly mistaken, when you see me securing the prettiest girl of your whole party as my portion of the spoil; so come on—I’ll shew you the kennel some other time: Ryan, send these fellows about their business, and see that the horses are well taken care of.’

“ Ormsby found that Mr Hewson was determined not to be considered ‘ an old fellow.’ There was a vivacity about him, which, as it was the result only of animal spirits, was perhaps more suitable to the companies in which he generally found himself, than if it had derived its origin or its ornaments from the excursions of a lively fancy. He conducted himself as a man who was accustomed to consider himself, and to feel himself considered, the principal person in every society, and romped and rioted like one who had not experienced, or at least *felt* a rebuff; perhaps within the circle of good manners, but at its extreme verge. Ormsby, who had learned to bear all parts in society, who could preserve his respectability as a fourth, or quietly assume the first place, and do its honours, if it was his right to claim it, was well pleased to be freed from all necessity for exertion during the day, by Mr Hewson’s obstinate resolution not to be an old man. He could not help, several times, contrasting the appearance of good humour in his present manner, with the unmoved gravity of that in which he dismissed the poor dun; and sometimes he was disposed

to smile at the ludicrous appearance of the morning scene, the master and man so perfectly cool and indifferent, and the wretched peasant in such a panic; but more often he thought with indignation on the conduct of one who ought to be a protector and a guide to the poor, and who exhibited, in his own person, a cruel disregard to their wants, and an example of gross injustice.”

The company arrived; and among them, to Ormsby’s consternation, in a Mr Stock, he discovers the General of the last night; but nothing to corroborate such suspicion transpires in his conversation. On the contrary, he argues vehemently in favour of the clergy against Mr Hewson, who, though a violent aristocrat, has no fancy for tythe paying, when the following scene occurs.

“ During the whole of this conversation, Mr Hewson, who felt himself overmatched, made many attempts to have a new subject called; he praised his wines, and told their age; he spoke of the illicit distillation, and endeavoured to make a diversion into the distillery laws; but the company were so well pleased to have such topics as Mr Stock introduced displayed before them, that however they might, for an instant, comply with Mr Hewson, and turn aside, they immediately came back to the subject in which they felt most interested.

“ The conversation was at its highest animation, the company strongly excited, and Mr Hewson on the verge of taking shelter, from the arguments with which Mr Stock continued to persecute him, under violent and intemperate language, when the door was thrown open, and a servant rushed into the room, pale and disordered in appearance. ‘ Colonel Raymond, sir!’ said he, ‘ Colonel Raymond!’ said Mr Hewson; ‘ where is he? show the Colonel in. D—n you, you rascal, why don’t you speak? Is Colonel Raymond here?’—‘ He’s shot, sir! Murdered outside his demesne wall!’ All the company started up, speechless with horror and amazement; and now, for the first time, Ormsby thought his suspicions confirmed. He was sitting opposite Mr Stock, and felt, when he looked at him, as if a sudden light had arisen, which shone through all his disguises, and manifested him as he was. Violent emotion was, for a moment, marked in his appearance and manner, his countenance was flushed, and a new spirit flashed in his eyes, and, as Ormsby thought, a momentary expression of triumph brightened around him; but there was nothing of astonishment—nothing of horror; it was the expression of one who had laid a train and watched the explosion; there was agitation in it, but not astonishment. As his eye caught Ormsby’s, who, through all his horror, kept viewing this man, he almost started, and, with some confusion, spoke about

ordering out their horses; but Ormsby cried out vehemently, 'Seize him!—seize that man, that murderer, Stock!—I denounce you as a murderer, a traitor, an assassin!—I saw you!—I know you!—The ruin! the ruin!—Ha, General!—I know you!'

"New amazement spread through the whole company; every man looked at Ormsby, gasping out vehemently and unconnectedly, his charge against Mr Stock, who had now completely recovered himself, and was listening with composure, but with an appearance of astonishment, and with something of pity in his manner, to the young man, who was almost like a maniac giving utterance to some horrible fancy.

"When Ormsby had ended his wild and seemingly frantic accusation, and while the guests were looking on in a state of amazement, and hesitating what was to be done, Mr Stock turned round to Mr Hewson, and said, with the calmest air, as if of condolence, 'Poor young man! I feel no kind of anger against him. Mr Craven, you know that I spent the entire of last night with you, and you can answer for the visionary nature of this poor young gentleman's accusation.' Mr Craven instantly undertook to answer for his friend, that the charges made by Mr Ormsby were totally unfounded; and all the company became firmly convinced, that in consequence of over excitement and visionary habits, some temporary derangement had taken place in the young man's intellects, in consequence of which he mistook, for reality, the fantastic images of an over-heated imagination. 'Come,' said Mr Hewson, 'this is no time to think of dreams and fancies; bring out horses—quick—saddle and lead out horses! Put my pistols in the holsters; let every gentleman arm himself!' The horses were quickly ready; and as all gentlemen were armed wherever they went, there soon was mounted a well prepared party of ten persons, who set off at a very rapid pace toward the place where the murder had been committed. As they rode on they could hear shots fired at different distances, as if conveying intelligence of the murder to a very remote extent; and at intervals, upon the mountain-side, they could see persons start out in the hedges, and sometimes ascend on the house-tops, and shout and wave their hats, and then spring rapidly forward and disappear in a thick wood which spread along half-way up the hill. As they approached the place where the murder was committed, and where the body was still lying, they saw a large party of dragoons, and some gentlemen galloping towards them from a contrary direction, and nearly at the same time both parties arrived at the spot where so horrid a spectacle awaited them. The body was literally, in every part, perforated with bullets, and dreadfully mangled; the head had been severed,

and was placed on a stake which had been driven through the breast, and fixed firmly in the ground; and although some few persons had collected on the spot, yet, so terrible was the vengeance of the murderers considered, that no one ventured to pay to the corpse a respect which, in Ireland particularly, it is thought almost unhallowed to neglect. The reason assigned for the extreme barbarity with which the insensible remains were treated, was, that Colonel Raymond had suggested the expediency of having two malefactors, much admired amongst their associates, hanged in chains in a populous part of the country.

"The only account that could be obtained of the horrid business, was given by a gentleman who rode in with the dragoons. He had been riding past Colonel Raymond's demesne, and, at the extremity of the wall, he perceived, at an angle on the brow of the hill, some men who were armed, and who were lying concealed from all who came in an opposite direction. They challenged this gentleman when he came near, and insisted on his retracing his steps, which he accordingly did. He had not proceeded far, when he heard the report of a shot, and stopping for a moment to look back, he heard a kind of loose hedge-firing commenced and kept up for some time; and during the firing, the furious galloping of a horse up the hill which concealed all objects from his view. As the sound of the galloping seemed to advance nearer to the summit, a horse and rider appeared; the rider apparently covered with blood; but before he could turn the brow of the hill, (just when his own lawn had spread vividly before him,) he had fallen off, and a number of persons, with the most hideous yells, rushed forward and surrounded him. At sight of this, the gentleman rode on rapidly to the barracks in the neighbourhood, and conducted the dragoons to the place. The narrative proceeds to relate the conduct of Ormsby and his companions, and their success in arresting a large party of insurgents, supposed to be the murderers of Colonel Raymond. What follows is a description of the peril to which he was exposed, in consequence of his exertions."

Here, however, want of room compels us to break off. The specimens we have quoted shew that if our author took up his pen as a novelist instead of a political polemic—a character which, however, he admirably and triumphantly sustains—he would be to Ireland, not exactly perhaps what the Author of *Waverley* is to this country, for that would be at least premature praise to so young a writer, but something which would make us forget the existence even of Miss Edgeworth.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XVI.

To the Editor of the John Bull Magazine,

ON AN ARTICLE IN HIS FIRST NUMBER.

I.

WHO you are, I don't know, Mister T'other John Bull,
 But your horns seem as sharp as the first's to the full ;
 If his prick like a rapier, yours tear like a hanger ;
 Heaven knows which is Medardus, and which Doppel-ganger.

II.

One calm word with you, lad : you well know I'm an old one,
 And I think you'll admit, both a big and a bold one—
 And I tell you, young man, 'tis abundantly clear,
 That two months at this rate will complete your career.

III.

That a man should be all over boldness is fit
 In the great cause of Loyalty, Wisdom, and Wit ;—
 But I hold it mere folly, that you should go down
 In a cause that's unworthy the commonest clown.

IV.

I perceive you have learning—I trace in your style
 The precision and polish of Attica's file—
 O shame ! that your weapons, so terse and so trim,
 Should be poison'd with venom, not pointed with whim.

V.

Byron's CHAPTER proclaims him the Worst of the Bad—
 Unless Charity whisper, most wild of the mad.
 I confess the alternative vexes me sadly ;
 And I envy no eyes can contemplate it gladly.

VI.

That for tickling the vein of some vile heartless flirt
 The Genius of Harold could stoop to such dirt—
 That a POET like this could be less than a MAN,
 I loathe the conviction :—go hug it who can !

VII.

But that you, sir,—a wit, and a scholar like you,
 Should not blush to produce what he blush'd not to do—
 Take your compliment, youngster—this doubles (almost)
 The sorrow that rose when *his* Honour was lost.

VIII.

Was it generous, Bull—nay, *sans phrase*, was it just,
 When, whatever he had been, he slept in the dust—
 To go barter and truck with betrayers of trust,
 For a sop to the Cerberus-jowler of Lust?

IX.

Was it spleen against him?—Then you warr'd with the dead:—
 Was it pelf?—No,—whatever you want, 'tis not Bread—
 Was it fun?—Oh how merry to trample and tear
 The heart that was bruised through the breast that was bare!

X.

Leave this work to the Whigs:—'tis their old favourite game;
 MOORE did this and was damn'd: the vile stink of his name
 Will offend people's nostrils a hundred years hence,
 For he warr'd against women, and pocketed pence.

XI.

But you!—well, you're young, and were probably drunk,
 I won't think you (for once) irreclaimably sunk;
 Drop this *vice*—that, depend on't, won't injure your spunk—
 So says one that you won't call or Bigot or Monk.

XII.

Fie, fie! Mister John, I am sorry to think
 You could do such a Whig-looking thing, even in drink;—
 —You may turn up your nose and cry, "He turned a Stickler!"
 I do stickle for some things,

Quoth

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr Moore, it is confidently said, will set about a Biography of Lord Byron, as soon as he has finished that of Sheridan.

Lord Byron's new poem, *The Triumph of Hellas*, has been translated into Greek.

A *Life of Rafele D'Urbino*, is preparing for the press, drawn from authentic sources, together with an enumeration of his most celebrated Works in different Collections, and Remarks upon his Powers as an Artist.

Mr Basil Montague intends publishing a complete and correct edition of the Works of Lord Bacon.

Letters on the Character and Poetical Genius of Lord Byron. By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.

The Remains of Robert Bloomfield, consisting of unpublished Pieces in Prose and Verse, will soon appear.

Sylvan Sketches. By the author of *Flora Domestica*.

Patmos, and other Poems. By James Edmeston.

The Marquis de Salvo's work upon the late Events in Europe, is nearly ready for publication, in English and French editions.

An Inquiry into the Duties and Perplexities of Medical Men as Witnesses in Courts of Justice, with Cautions and Directions for their Guidance. By J. G. Smith, M.D.

A Novel is in the press, entitled, *Owen Glendower.* By Mr Reginald Morrice.

Lord Byron's Private Correspondence, including his Letters to his Mother, written from Portugal, Spain, Greece, and other parts of the Mediterranean. Published from the Originals, with Notes and Observations. By R. C. Dallas, Esq.

The Rev. Dr Evans is about to publish a volume, entitled *Richmond and its Vicinity*, with a glance at Twickenham, Strawberry-Hill, and Hampton-Court.

A new Work on the Discoveries of the Portuguese in Angola and Mosambique. By the late Mr Bowdich, with some geographical corrections in Mungo Park's last Travels in Africa, is about to be published.

Mr Swainson has in the press a small Work on the Zoology of Mexico, containing Descriptions of the Animals collected there by Mr Bullock, and intended as an appendix to the Travels of Mr Bullock in that country.

A series of lithographic prints of Scenery in Egypt and Nubia, from drawings by Bossi, a Roman artist, are about to appear in Numbers.

Grandeur and Meanness, or Domestic Persecution. By Mary Charlton, Author

of the Wife and the Mistress, Rosella, Pirate of Naples, &c.

Part I. A Selection of Ancient Coins, chiefly of Magna Græcia and Sicily, from the Cabinet of the Right Hon. the Lord Northwick, engraved by Henry Moses, from highly finished drawings by Del Frate, a distinguished Pupil of Antonio Canova. The descriptions by George Henry Noehden, LL.D. of the British Museum, F.R.S. F.A.S. &c. This work will be published in 8 parts, of the size of imperial quarto, each part will contain 5 highly finished engravings, with letter-press descriptions. A part will be published the 10th of every alternate month until completed. Only 250 copies, including 25 on India paper, with the first impressions of the plates, will be struck off, after which the copper plates will be destroyed.

The Mechanic's Oracle; or, Artisan's Complete Laboratory Workshop, Explaining, in an easy and familiar manner, the General and Particular Application of Practical Knowledge, to the different departments of Science and Art. Illustrated by appropriate Engravings, executed by the first Artists.

The Rev. T. Arnold, M.A. late of Oriol College, Oxford, has been for many years employed in writing a History of Rome, from the earliest times to the death of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. The first volume, from the Rise of the Roman State, to the Formation of the Second Triumvirate, A. U. C. 710. B. C. 44, will soon be published.

A Chronological History of the West Indies, by Captain Thomas Southey, will soon appear.

Cain and Lamech; or, the comparative numbers of Seven, and Seventy-times Seven, illustrative of the 15th, the 23d, and 24th verses of the fourth chapter of Genesis: a dissertation. By the Rev. W. Vansittart, M.A.

The Rev. Mr Powlett will shortly publish, *Christian Truth*, in a Series of Letters on the Trinity, the Atonement, Regeneration, Predestination, and on the Indifference to Religion, embracing the material points of the Tenets of the Church of England.

Mr Lambert, Vice-President of the Linnean Society, has been a long time engaged on the second volume of his *Splendid Work, a Description of the Genus Pinus*, which is expected to appear in the course of this month.

This Work consists of Plates and Descriptions of Specimens of the Genus en-

tirely new, and the most magnificent hitherto discovered; which, as they will bear the climate of this country, they cannot fail to be an important acquisition to the Parks and Plantations, both in usefulness and ornament. Besides the Genus *Pinus*, it includes likewise descriptions of many other new Species of the Family of *Conifera*.

Dr Forbes of Chichester will very shortly publish his translation of *Avenbrugger*, and

a series of Original Cases and Dissections, illustrating the utility of the Stethoscope and Percussion.

M. Lænnec is preparing for publication a new Edition of his celebrated Treatise on *Mediate Auscultation*, with considerable Alterations and Improvements. In consequence, Dr Forbes has postponed, till after the appearance of this, the second edition of his Translation.

EDINBURGH.

Speedily will be published, *Rothelan*, a Tale of the English Histories, in 3 vols. 12mo, by the author of "Ringan Gilhaize," "The Spaewife," &c. &c.

Nearly ready, in one volume post 8vo, A Practical Guide to English Composition; or, a comprehensive System of English Grammar, Criticism, and Logic; arranged and illustrated upon a new and improved Plan; containing apposite Principles, Rules, and Examples, for writing correctly and elegantly on every subject; adapted to the use of Schools and of Private Students. By the Rev. Peter Smith, A. M.

In a few weeks will be published, 8vo, *Mathematical Tables*; containing improved Tables of Logarithms of Numbers, Logarithmic Sines, Tangents, and Secants, together with a number of others, useful in Practical Mathematics, Astronomy, Navigation, Engineering, and Business; preceded by a copious Introduction, embracing their Explanation, and Rules and Formulæ for their application, with a Collection of appropriate Exercises. By William Galbraith, A. M. Lecturer on Mathematics, Edinburgh.

Nearly ready, in post 8vo, a second series of the *Scrap Book*. By John M'Diarmid.

Mr John Malcolm, late of the 42d Regiment, has nearly ready for publication, a volume of Poems in foolscap 8vo, entitled "The Buccaneer and other Poems."

Shortly will be published, in post 8vo, *The Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey*. By John Galt, Esq. *Third Edition*, greatly improved.

Preparing for publication, *A Guide to the Lord's Table*, in the Cathetical Form; to which are added, An Address to Applicants for Admission to it, and some Meditations to assist their Devotions. By the Rev. Henry Belfrage, D. D.

Shortly will be published, *Illustrations of Acoustic Surgery*; in 8vo, with plates. In which will be introduced, a New Remedy in the Treatment of Purulent Discharge from the Meatus or Tympanum, accompanied with Diminution of Hearing. By T. Buchanan, C. M., Licentiate of the University of Glasgow, Corresponding Member of the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh, and Surgeon to the Hull Dispensary for Diseases of the Eye and Ear, and author of the *Guide to Acoustic Surgery*.

A Stereotype Edition of *Sallust*, for the use of Schools, with English Notes at the foot of the page, and a Historical and Geographical Index at the end of the volume, by Mr Dymock, Glasgow, will be published in a few days.

Mr J. P. Wood has nearly ready for the press a *Life of Lawriston*, projector of the Mississippi Scheme, containing a detailed Account of the Nature, Rise, and Progress of this extraordinary Joint-Stock Company, with many curious Anecdotes of the Rage for Speculating in its Funds, &c. &c. &c.

The Second Number of Mr Williams' *Scenery of Greece*, containing Views of Corinth, Thebes, Mount Parnassus, Temple of Jupiter Panphellenius, the Acropolis, and Athens, will be published in a few days.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ARCHITECTURE.

Specimens of Gothic Architecture, and Ancient Buildings in England, in 4 volumes, with 120 views, drawn and engraved by John Carter, Esq. F.S.A. draughtsman to the Antiquarian Society; Author of *Specimens of Ancient Sculpture and Painting in England*, *English Architecture*, *Ecclesiastical Costume*, &c. 2l. 2s.

ANTIQUITIES.

A Selection of Antiquities in the County of Salop, with 44 plates, comprising the principal churches, castles, religious houses, and other ancient buildings, with topographical and historical accounts.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Remains of Edward Daniel Clarke, I.L.D. Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge,

Author of *Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, &c. &c.* By the Rev. W. Otter, A.M. 3*l.* 3*s.*

The Life of Shakspeare; inquiries into the originality of his Dramatic Plots and Characters, and Essays on the Ancient Theatres and Theatrical Usages. By Augustine Skotowe, Esq. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Life and Genius of Lord Byron. By Sir Cosmo Gordon, 2*s.* 6*d.*

EDUCATION.

The Italian Interpreter, consisting of copious and familiar conversations, on subjects of general interest and utility, together with a complete vocabulary in English and Italian; to which is added in a separate column, the exact mode of pronunciation, on a plan eminently calculated to facilitate the acquisition of the Italian language. By S. A. Bernardo.

FINE ARTS.

Parts XX. and XXI., of the Works of Canova.—A series of engravings, in outline, by Henry Moses, of the works of Antonio Canova, in sculpture and modelling, with descriptions from the Italian of the Countess Albrizzi. These two parts (which will complete the series) contain, portrait of Canova, taken immediately after his death, Orpheus, Eurydice, the Magdalen. Busts of Francis I., and the Princess di Canino, and Biographical Memoir of Canova, by Count Cicognara.

Two views of Abbotsford, the Seat of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.; engraved in mezzotint, on steel, by S. W. Reynolds; from drawings of Mr Dewint from the original sketches by Mr Blore.

Second Part of Captain Batty's Views on the Rhine, in Belgium and Holland.

A Descriptive and Critical Catalogue of the National (late the Angerstein) Gallery.

LAW.

An Analysis of the Law of Patents; containing the practice of obtaining Patents, conditions of Validity, Incidents, and Remedies. By R. R. Ranken.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Observations on the Surgical Anatomy of the Head and Neck; illustrated by Cases and Engravings. By Allan Burns, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery, Glasgow. A new Edition, with a Life of the Author, and an Appendix, containing additional cases and observations. By Granville Sharp Pattison, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Maryland, &c.

The Medical Common-Place Book, arranged upon a new plan, for entering particular cases; with an Alphabetical Index, of upwards of eight hundred heads, which occur in general reading and practice.

Symptomatology; or, the Art of Detecting Disease. To which are added, Tables of Symptoms. By Alex. P. Buchan, M.D. late Senior Physician to the Westminster Hospital.

On the Principles of Inflammation and Fever. By C. E. Lucas, M.D.

POETRY.

Poetical Sketches; the Profession; the Broken Heart, &c., with Stanzas for Music, and other Poems. By Alaric A. Watts. Third edition, with additional Poems, and illustrative Engravings by Charles Heath, Esq. from the Designs of Messrs Stothard and Brockedon. 8*s.*

The Brides of Florence; a Play in Five Acts; illustrative of the Manners of the Middle Ages, with Historical Notes and Minor Poems. By Randolph Fitz-Eustace.

Posthumous Poems of the late Percy B. Shelly, Esq.; containing the Witch of Atlas. Julian and Maddalo. Triumph of Life. Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude (re-printed.) Translations. 15*s.*

The Silent River; and Faithful and Forsaken; Dramatic Poems. By Robert Sullivan.

The Improvisatrice, and other Poems. By H. E. L. 8*s.*

MISCELLANIES.

Letters to Young Ladies on their Entrance into the World; to which is added, Sketches from Real Life. By Mrs Lanfear. With a Frontispiece, by Uwins. 7*s.* 6*d.*

*Instructions for the Huish Hive, from which the Combs are extracted without killing the Bees, price 1*s.* The Cottager's Manual, for the Management of his Bees, for every month in the year; third edition, price 3*s.* By Robert Huish, Esq.*

The Butterfly Collector's Vade Mecum; or, A Synoptical Table of English Butterflies; with directions for collecting and preserving them; the peculiar character of the eggs, caterpillars, and chrysalises of each kind; and a minute description of each butterfly.

The Fourth Volume of Boxiana; containing all the Transactions of Note connected with the Prize Ring during the years 1821, 1822, and 1823, in which are developed, the fighting capabilities of the men, and short Dissertations on Pugilism, together with many characteristic Traits and Anecdotes never before published. The whole preceded by a practical Treatise on Training, &c. &c.

The Etymologic Interpreter; or, An Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. Part the first, containing a full development of the Principles of Etymology and Grammar, &c. &c. By James Gilchrist. Price 8*s.* 6*d.*

*The Constitution of Friendly Societies, upon legal and scientific principles, exemplified by the rules and tables of calculations, adopted under the advice and approbation of Wm. Morgan, Esq. F.R.S. and William Friend, Esq. A.M. for the government of the Friendly Institution at Southwell; together with observations on the rise and progress, as well as on the management and mismanagement of Friendly Societies. The second edition, by the Rev. John Thomas Becher, M.A. 2*s.**

A Narrative of the Sufferings of General Riego, and his Aid de Camp, Mr G. Mat-

thewes, in the Dungeons of Spain, from September 1823 to April 1824, at which period Mr G. Matthewes was released; and of the Latter Events of the Spanish Revolution. 5s.

An Elementary Treatise on Optics. By the Rev. Henry Coddington, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College. 8s.

Strictures on the Poet Laureate's Book of the Church, price 2s. 6d. By the Rev. J. M., D.D., F.S.A.

The Cottager's Companion; or, A complete System of Cottage Horticulture; intended to instruct the Industrious Poor of Great Britain in the Art of Cottage Gardening. By William Salisbury. 1s. 6d.

The Smiths', Iron and Brass Founders', and Ornamental Metal Workers' Director, with considerable additions, on 76 Plates, royal 4to, in boards, price £2, 2s.; containing more than 1000 modern designs and patterns, including a variety of Classical Ornaments at large; it will also be published in 12 Parts, one every fortnight, at 3s. 6d. each. Second edition.

A Speech, delivered in the House of Peers, Thursday, June 10, 1824, on occasion of the third reading of the Irish Tithes Composition Amendment Bill. By John Jebb, D.D., Lord Bishop of Limerick. 3s.

Conversations on Political Economy; in which the Elements of that Science are familiarly explained.

The Code Napoleon; or, The French Civil Code. Literally translated from the original and official edition, published at Paris in 1804. By a Barrister of the Inner Temple.

An Inquiry into the Poor Laws, chiefly with a view to examine them as a Scheme of National Benevolence, and to elucidate their Political Economy. By J. E. Bicheno, Esq. of the Middle Temple.

An Appeal to the Members of the British and Foreign Bible Society, on the subject of the Turkish New Testament, printed at Paris in 1819; containing a view of its history, an exposure of its errors, and palpable proofs of the necessity of its suppression. By Ebenezer Henderson, Author of "Journal of a Residence in Ireland."

Observations on the Administration of the Poor Laws in Agricultural Districts. By the Rev. C. D. Brereton, A. M.

A Whisper to a Newly Married Pair, by a Widowed Wife. Foolscap 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. in extra boards.

An Excursion through the United States and Canada, during the Years 1822 and 1823. By an English Gentleman. 16s.

Facts verified upon Oath, in contradiction of the Report of the Rev. Thomas Cooper, concerning the general condition of the Slaves in Jamaica; and more especially relative to the Management and Treatment of Slaves upon Georgia Estate, in the Parish of Hanover in that Island. 2s. 6d.

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The Primitive Doctrine concerning the Person and Character of Jesus Christ. Part I. His Person, or the constitution of his Character, shewn to be different from the opinions of Socinians, Arians, Trinitarians, and Swedenborgians. Part II. On the Moral Character of Jesus, the Office of Christ, and the Holy Spirit. The apparent differences in the language of the Sacred Writers on the subject are explained and accounted for by certain plain facts, long overlooked. By William Burns. 9s.

The Protestant's Companion; or, a Seasonable Preservative against the Errors, Corruptions, and unfounded Claims of a Superstitious and Idolatrous Church; with a Chapter respectfully addressed to our Governors, and another to the Clergy. By the Rev. Charles Daubeny, LL. D. Archdeacon of Sarum.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Some Account of the Present State of the English Settlers in Albany, South Africa. By Thomas Pringle.

A Tour on the Continent, through France, Switzerland, and Italy, in the Years 1817 and 1818. By Roger Hog, Esq. 8s.

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Six Months' Residence and Travels in Mexico; containing Remarks on the present State of New Spain, its Natural Productions, State of Society, Manufactures, Trade, Agriculture, and Antiquities. By W. Bullock.

EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh Christian Instructor, No. CLXVIII. for July.

A Third Edition, with Additions, of Captain Hall's interesting Work on Chili, Peru, and Mexico, is just published. 2 vols. post 8vo. £1, 1s.

Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland. Vol. VI. 8vo. £1, 4s.

Elements of Phrenology. By George Combe. 12mo. 4s.

The European Review. No. I. 5s.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—July 14.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st, ... 36s. 0d.	1st, ... 28s. 0d.	1st, ... 26s. 0d.	1st, ... 26s. 0d.
2d, ... 30s. 0d.	2d, ... 24s. 0d.	2d, ... 24s. 0d.	2d, ... 24s. 0d.
3d, ... 22s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.	3d, ... 20s. 0d.	3d, ... 20s. 0d.

Average £1, 10s. 7d. 6-12ths.

Tuesday, July 13.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 9d. to 0s. 10d.
Mutton	0s. 4½d. to 0s. 6d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 9d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 4d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	1s. 0d. to 3s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 1d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	5s. 0d. to 6s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 2d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—July 9.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 34s. 0d.	1st, ... 31s. 0d.	1st, ... 26s. 0d.	1st, ... 25s. 0d.	1st, ... 24s. 0d.
2d, ... 22s. 0d.	2d, ... 28s. 0d.	2d, ... 24s. 0d.	2d, ... 23s. 0d.	2d, ... 22s. 0d.
3d, ... 24s. 0d.	3d, ... 25s. 0d.	3d, ... 22s. 0d.	3d, ... 21s. 0d.	3d, ... 20s. 0d.

Average £1, 9s. 1d. 5-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended July 3.

Wheat, 61s. 6d.—Barley, 33s. 8d.—Oats, 26s. 7d.—Rye, 40s. 8d.—Beans, 38s. 7d.—Pease, 38s. 2d.

London, Corn Exchange, July 5.

Wheat, red, old	62 to 70	Maple, new	— to —
Fine ditto	50 to 56	White pease	37 to 40
Superfine ditto	62 to 64	Ditto, boilers	41 to 44
Ditto, new	42 to 48	Small Beans, new	40 to 44
White, old	70 to 76	Ditto, old	42 to 47
Fine ditto	54 to 62	Tick ditto, new	33 to 38
Superfine ditto	66 to 70	Ditto, old	38 to 43
Ditto, new	48 to 52	Feed oats	21 to 24
Rye	34 to 40	Fine ditto	25 to 27
Barley, new	31 to 33	Poland ditto	25 to 24
Fine ditto	34 to 36	Fine ditto	26 to 29
Superfine ditto	37 to 39	Potato ditto	25 to 28
Malt	53 to 56	Fine ditto	24 to 31
Fine	58 to 62	Scotch	32 to 33
Hog Pease	35 to 37	Flour, per sack	55 to 60
Maple	38 to 40	Ditto, seconds	50 to 55

Seeds, &c.

Must. White,	7 to 12	Hempseed	— to —
— Brown, new	10 to 16	Linseed, crush.	38 to 48
Tares, per bsh.	3 to 4	— Ditto, Feed	47 to 51
Sanfoin, per qr.	42 to 46	Rye Grass,	22 to 37
Turnips, bsh.	6 to 10	Ribgrass,	40 to 60
— Red & green	— to —	Clover, red cwt.	50 to 98
— Yellow,	0 to 0	— White	57 to 94
Caraway, cwt.	42 to 50	Coriander	7 6 to 10
Canary, per qr.	58 to 65	Trefoil	6 0 to 22
Rape Seed, per last,	£21 to £24,	Os.	

Liverpool, July 6.

Wheat, per 70 lb.	9 3 to 10 6	Amer. p. 196 lb.	—
Eng. new	9 3 to 10 6	Sweet, U.S.	22 0 to 23 0
Old	9 3 to 10 6	Do. in bond	— 0 to — 0
Waterford	7 6 to 8 3	Sour free	— 0 to — 0
Drogheda	7 9 to 8 6	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—
Dublin	7 6 to 8 0	English	55 0 to 58 0
Scotch old	8 6 to 10 6	Scotch	29 0 to 38 0
Irish old	7 6 to 8 6	Irish	29 0 to 38 0
Bonded	4 6 to 5 6	Bran, p. 24 lb.	1 4 to 1 5
Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	Butter, Beef, &c.	
Eng. new	5 4 to 5 6	Butter, p. cwt. s. d.	
Scotch	4 8 to 5 0	Belfast, new	91 0 to 92 0
Irish	4 3 to 4 10	Newry	87 0 to 88 0
Oats, per 45 lb.	—	Waterford	81 0 to 82 0
Eng. new	3 10 to 4 0	Cork, pic. 24,	80 0 to — 0
Irish do.	3 6 to 3 9	5d dry	72 0 to — 0
Scotch pota.	9 9 to 4 0	Beef, p. tierce.	—
Rye, per qr.	42 0 to 44 0	— Mess	68 0 to 72 0
Malt per b.	8 0 to 8 9	— p. barrel	46 0 to 50 0
— Middling	8 0 to 8 6	Pork, p. bl.	—
Beans, per q.	—	— Mess	70 0 to 75 0
English	42 0 to 46 0	— Middl.	66 0 to 68 0
Irish	58 0 to 42 0	Bacon, p. cwt.	—
Rapeseed, p. l.	£0 to £0	Short mids.	52 0 to 54 0
Pease, grey	32 0 to 40 0	Sides	48 0 to 50 0
— White	40 0 to 42 0	Hams, dry,	50 0 to 56 0
Flour, English,	—	Green	58 0 to 42 0
p. 240 lb. fine	30 0 to 52 0	Lard, rd. p. c.	42 0 to — 0
Irish, 2ds	46 0 to 50 0		

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d June 1824.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	229½ 233	237¾ 8¼	237¼ 8	237½
3 per cent. reduced,	93½ 4	94½ 8	94½	94½ 7
3 per cent. consols,	93¾ 4¾	—	—	—
3½ per cent. consols,	100½ 2	101½ 8	101	101½ 8
4 per cent. consols,	100½ 8	108¾ 8	100¾ 101	101½ 101
New 4 per cent. consols,	106¾ 7¼	—	—	—
India stock,	294½ 5¼	—	—	—
— bonds,	69 74 pr.	72 73 pr.	77 79 pr.	82 80 pr.
Exchequer bills,	19 27 pr.	35 31 pr.	30 33 pr.	27 19 pr.
Exchequer bills, sm.	—	33	33 38 26	—
Consols for acc.	94¾ 5¾ pr.	95½ ¼	95½ ¼	95½ ¾
Long Annuities,	22 3-16	—	22¾	22¾
French 5 per cents,	103f. 50c.	104f.	108f.	103f. 40c.

Course of Exchange, July 6.—Amsterdam, 12 : 1. C. F. Ditto at sight, 11 : 13. Rotterdam, 12 : 2. Antwerp, 12 : 4. Hamburg, 37 : 3. Altona, 37 : 4. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 50. Ditto 25 : 80. Bourdeaux, 25 : 80. Frankfort on the Maine, 155½. Petersburg, per rble. 9 : 3. Us. Berlin, 7 : 10. Vienna, 10 : 5. Eff. flo. Trieste, 10 : 5. Eff. flo. Madrid, 36¾. Cadiz, 35½. Bilboa, 35¾. Barcelona, 35¼. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 44. Venice, 27 : 0. Naples, 38. Palermo, 115½. Lisbon, 50¾. Oporto, 50½. Rio Janeiro, 48½. Bahia, 49½. Dublin, 9½. per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. New Doubloons, £3 : 14 : 9d. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11¾d.

PRICES CURRENT, July 10.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57	to 60	54	56	52	53	53	54
Mid. good, and fine mid.	61	64	60	62	58	63	55	61
Fine and very fine, . . .	74	80	—	—	70	72	67	71
Refined Doub. Loaves, . .	102	115	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto,	—	—	—	—	—	—	80	90
Single ditto,	90	104	87	100	—	—	—	—
Small Lumps,	84	88	82	84	—	—	—	—
Large ditto,	82	—	78	80	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps,	33	38	—	—	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	25	25 6	23 9	24	25	26	26	27
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	50	60	—	—	40	60	50	54
Ord. good, and fine ord.	60	80	59	76	57	72	55	59
Mid. good, and fine mid.	80	100	80	95	73	96	75	104
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	50	66	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	—	59	76	67	78	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	—	—	80	97	—	—
St Domingo,	122	126	—	—	60	62	61	64
Pimento (in Bond,)	9	10	7½	8	7	7	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 0	—	1s 11d	2s 0	1s 11d	2s 0d	1s 7d	1s 10
Brandy,	3 0	3 6	—	—	—	—	2 6	2 9
Geneva,	2 0	2 3	—	—	—	—	1 9	0 0
Grain Whisky,	4 6	4 9	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	40	55	—	—	—	—	£48	£50
Portugal Red, pipe,	32	44	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spanish White, butt,	31	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe,	27	29	—	—	—	—	22	28
Madeira,	40	0	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton,	£10	0	8 0	8 10	£8 5	8 15	£7 10	8 0
Honduras,	—	—	—	—	8 10	9 0	7 15	8 5
Campeachy,	8	—	—	—	9 5	9 10	9 0	10 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica,	7	8	—	—	8 10	8 15	6 0	8 0
Cuba,	9	11	—	—	10 0	10 10	9 0	10 0
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	10s	11s 6	—	—	9s 0	10s 6	12 0	13 0
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 4	2 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid,) .	2 2	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany,	1 0	1 6	1 3	1 4	0 11	1 2	0 10	1 0
St Domingo, ditto,	1 6	3 6	1 6	3 0	1 7	2 10	1 9	2 0
TAR, American, brl.	19	20	—	—	15 0	16 0	13 0	14 0
Archangel,	17 0	17 6	—	—	—	—	16 6	18 0
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	11 0	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	35 6	—	37	—	36 6	—	34 9	—
Home melted,	36	—	—	—	—	—	29 0	—
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	41	—	—	—	—	—	£38 0	40
Petersburgh, Clean,	37	—	38	—	39	40	35 0	35 10
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	50	51	—	—	—	—	£51	53
Dutch,	50	75	—	—	—	—	46	54
Irish,	33	50	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel,	—	105	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	17	—	—	—	—	—	14	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl,	40	—	—	—	—	—	38	—
Montreal, ditto,	41	—	40	41	38 6	39	41 6	42
Pot,	36	—	36	—	34 6	—	41	42
OIL, Whale, tun,	20	—	21	22	—	—	20	20 10
Cod,	—	—	—	—	—	—	19	—
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7	7½	7½	7½	0 5½	0 8	0 7	0 0
Middling,	5½	6½	5½	6½	0 3½	0 5	4	5
Inferior,	4	5	4	4½	0 2	0 2½	0 2½	2½
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 7½	0 9½	0 8	0 9½	8	9
Sea Island, fine,	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 3	1 5	1	0 1 9
Good,	—	—	1 2	1 5	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Middling,	—	—	1 1	1 1½	1 0	1 2	—	8 1 0
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	0 10	1 0	0 10½	1 0½	0 10½	1 0½
West India,	—	—	0 9	0 10	0 7½	10	0 8	10
Pernambuco,	—	—	0 10½	0 11½	0 11½	1 0	0 11	—
Maranham,	—	—	0 10½	0 11	0 10½	0 11½	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
June 1	A. 42	29.890	A. 58	SW.	Fair, sunsh. and warm.	A. 44	29.587	A. 57	E.	Dull, and cold.
	M.55	30.103	M.59			M.52	.603	M.56		
2	A. 45	.225	A. 63	Cble.	Fair, sunsh. very warm.	A. 45	.769	A. 54	E.	Foren. dull, sunsh. aftern.
	M.55	.131	M.63			M.48	.794	M.57		
3	A. 39½	.142	A. 65	NW.	Fair, dull mid. of day.	A. 39	.810	A. 61	NE.	Morn. dull, day sunsh.
	M.60	.176	M.67			M.55	.648	M.60		
4	A. 49	.252	A. 69	Cble.	Ditto.	A. 38	.450	A. 62	E.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
	M.62	.229	M.64			M.54	.305	M.57		
5	A. 44	.225	A. 62	E.	Morn. foggy, day sunsh.	A. 45	.303	A. 55	E.	Rather cold and dull.
	M.51	.225	M.60			M.52	.285	M.58		
6	A. 43½	.142	A. 58	Cble.	Foren. sunsh even. foggy.	A. 42	.502	A. 55	E.	Dull, with slight shrs.
	M.49	29.965	M.59			M.52	.338	M.57		
7	A. 42	.907	A. 64	W.	Morn. foggy, day sunsh.	A. 43½	.389	A. 60	E.	Dull morn. day sunsh.
	M.58	.907	M.66			M.55	.408	M.56		
8	A. 48½	.907	A. 70	Cble.	Sunsh. foren. dull aft. cold.	A. 44	.372	A. 58	NE.	Dull, but fair.
	M.59	.910	M.63			M.54	.340	M.56		
9	A. 43	.850	A. 60	E.	Morn. cold, day sunsh.	A. 43	.325	A. 54	NE.	Morn. h. rain. day fair.
	M.51	.850	M.69			M.51	.325	M.57		
10	A. 44	.880	A. 56	E.	Rather dull, very cold.	A. 46	.385	A. 61	Cble.	Rain evening.
	M.49	.932	M.55			M.52	.529	M.61		
11	A. 39	.968	A. 56	NE.	Day cold and dull.	A. 45	.692	A. 62	Cble.	Rain morn. and aftern.
	M.49	.985	M.55			M.58	.699	M.63		
12	A. 39	.925	A. 59	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.	A. 45½	.715	A. 61	SE.	Warm, with showers rain.
	M.52	.892	M.58			M.60	.628	M.61		
13	A. 39	.812	A. 59	Cble.	Foren. suns. dull aftern.	A. 49	.602	A. 64	SE.	Morn. rain, sunsh. aftern.
	M.54	.560	M.61			M.60	.550	M.63		
14	A. 43	.375	A. 58	E.	Rain morn. and aftern.	A. 50	.429	A. 62	SE.	Showers rain during day.
	M.50	.256	M.53			M.62	.275	M.64		
15	A. 37½	.279	A. 55	E.	Dull morn. sh. rain aftern.	A. 47	.517	A. 61	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
	M.51	.475	M.53			M.61	.512	M.61		

Average of Rain, 2.109 Inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of May, and 20th of June, 1824; extracted from the London Gazette.

Ashbon, T. Canton-place, Poplar, underwriter.	Giani, A. New Cavendish-street, music-publisher.
Austin, C. Luton, Bedfordshire, banker.	Gibson, R. J. P. Great Bell Alley, merchant.
Austin, J. B. Cheapside, druggist.	Griffiths, W. Beaumaris, currier.
Beale, C. Salisbury, oilman.	Hale, W. Church-street, Spitalfields, cabinet-maker.
Bird, W. Liverpool, merchant.	Hall, W. Layton's-building, Southwark, merchant.
Bliss, E. Freeman's-court, Cornhill, scrivener.	Halliwell, W. Bunhill-row, hatter.
Booth, P. Gee Cross, Cheshire, cotton-spinner.	Harrison, S. New Sleaford, Lincolnshire, mercer.
Bulmer, G. D. Liverpool, money-scrivener.	Hiffernan, J. N. Alphonston, Devonshire, starch-manufacturer.
Campion, R. Horsleydown, cooper.	Hill, J. Carlisle, mercer.
Castell, J. Blackman-street, Newington, wire-worker.	Hilder, J. Lime-street, victualler.
Claudfield, P. Monckton, Pembrokeshire, auctioneer.	Holmes, T. Nottingham, corn-factor.
Clark, R. and J. Jobling, jun. Trinity-square, coal-factors.	Hooman, J. Great Queen-street, Licols'-Inn-fields, carpet-manufacturer.
Courteen, R. Size-lane, dealer.	Humble, J. Manchester, shopkeeper.
Courthorpe, T. Rotherhithe, boat-builder.	Huntris, W. Northowram, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner.
Crooke, W. Burnley, Lancashire, iron-merchant.	Jackson, E. York, goldsmith.
Drabwell, J. Great Russell-street, victualler.	James, Cath. Horsham, innkeeper.
Drew, T. Exeter, linen-draper.	Jameson, W. Pancras-lane, provision-merchant.
Duke, J. Basinghall-street, warehouseman.	Joyce, H. S. and J. Fresford, Somersetshire, and T. Joyce, Bucksbury, clothiers.
Edwards, G. and T. Hoggart, St John's-street, West Smithfield, stationers.	Kain, F. Fore-street, Limehouse, coal-merchant
Edwards, W. Bleinham-street, merchant.	Lewis, J. Bristol, grocer.
Evans, W. Albany-terrace, Old Kent-road, merchant.	M'Carthy, D. Shadwell, coal-merchant.
Everitt, J. Stamford Baron, horse-dealer.	M'Kenzie, A. Lime-street, merchant.
Fairmaner, J. Alfred-mews, Tottenham-court road, horse-dealer.	Makepeace, H. Bristol, coach-maker.
Fatton, F. Maddox-street, Bond-street, watch-maker.	Marsham, M. Trowbridge, clothier.
Finch, R. and J. Ensham, Oxfordshire, gloves.	Meybruch, F. Old Cavendish-street, tailor.
Fishwick, W. Habbergham, Eaves, Lancashire, timber-merchant.	Moore, J. Bristol, timber-merchant.
Gaskell, F. Glossip, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner.	Moore, J. sen. Burnley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
	Naish, J. Bristol, auctioneer.

Noyes, J. Tooley-street, oilman.
 Pacey, T. Lincoln, mariner.
 Parke, J. Liverpool, druggist.
 Pine, T. and E. Davis, Maidstone, millers.
 Pomeroy, R. jun. Brixham, Devonshire, banker.
 Prestwidge, S. Drury-lane, grocer.
 Purchass, S. Yeovil, draper.
 Raney, S. Whitehaven, banker.
 Rawlings, R. and J. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, card-makers.
 Roberts, J. Cheltenham, coal-merchant.
 Rossiter, T. Bristol, bottle-liquor merchant.
 Sanders, T. A. Penkridge, surgeon.
 Sherwin, J. and J. Drane, Gould-square, Crutched Friars, comb-makers.
 Sheriff, W. Liverpool, dealer.
 Skaife, J. S. Tokenhouse-yard, hatter.
 Smith, J. Church-passage, Fenchurch-street, money-scrivener.
 Smith, T. Chepstow, cabinet-maker.
 Smith, F. B. A. and D. Old Trinity-house, corn-factors.

Smyth, T. Exeter, bookseller.
 Spofforth, R. jun. Howden, Yorkshire, scrivener.
 Stephenson, C. V. Liverpool, linen-draper.
 Symond's, N. W. Crutched Friars, merchant.
 Thompson, J. Birmingham, victualler.
 Thropp, J. Tooley-street, victualler.
 Todd, E. Charleton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
 Tode, C. P. Regent-street, St James's, watch-maker.
 Vankempen, P. Wapping-wall, brewer.
 Warnford, F. Wakefield, tea-dealer.
 Waterhouse, C. Bridgnorth, druggist.
 Wells, T. Union-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturer.
 Whitaker, J. St Paul's Church-yard, music-seller.
 Whitbread, W. South-end, linen-draper.
 White, W. B. Strand, linen-draper.
 Wilcox, O. Tottenham court-road, butcher.
 Williams, E. Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant.
 Wilson, R. Turnham green, draper.
 Wilson, R. Tooley-street, victualler.
 Wyld, J. Macclesfield, victualler.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st of June, 1824, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Air, William, merchant in Coldstream.
 Bell, James, fish-merchant in Perth.
 Grant, Lewis, bookseller in Inverness.
 Gray, John, grain-merchant, coal-merchant, and miller, at present residing at Comedy, in the Barony parish of Glasgow.
 Gutzmer, Anthony Henry, founder, Leith Walk.
 Harper, Alexander, shawl-manufacturers in Kilmarnock.
 Huie, James Leith, bookseller and publisher in Edinburgh.
 Lee and Myers, jewellers, auctioneers, and general agents in Glasgow.
 Macdonald, John Hall, merchant in Falkirk.
 M'Lean, William and Son, late merchants in Edinburgh.
 Paul, James and William, distillers and merchants in Stirling.
 Taylor, Patrick, spirit-dealer in Auchtermuchty.

Thomson and Goodsir, muslin and lace-merchants in Edinburgh.
 Urquhart, George, brewer, distiller, and general dealer, Inverness.
 Wilson, Thomas, vintner at Beattock Bridge.

DIVIDENDS.

Finlay, Thomas, late builder in Elie, Fife; a dividend after 11th July.
 Knox, John, and Sons, cotton-yarn merchants in Glasgow; a final dividend after 12th July.
 M'Latchie, George, shoe-maker in Edinburgh; a dividend after 8th July.
 Ramsay, Smith, Graham, and Company, merchants in Glasgow; a final dividend 22d June.
 Watt, Thomas, and Company, merchants and warehousemen in Glasgow; a dividend after 6th July.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet.	Capt. Colthurst, 97 F. Maj. in the Army	18	Bt. Lt. Col. Gorrequer, Maj. by p. vice Percival, ret.	10 June
R. H. Gds.	Hon. G. W. Forester, Cor. by p. vice Sir R. Hill, ret.	21	Lt. French, Capt.	do.
2 Dr. Gds.	F. C. Griffiths, Cor. by p. vice Duncombe, Gren. Gds.	17 June	Hosp. As. Ewing, As. Surg. vice Freer, removed from the Service	3 do.
6	Lt. Hume, from 15 Dr. Capt. by p. vice Langley, ret.	10 do.	Lt. M'Pherson, Capt. vice Waldron, dead	25 Mar.
7 Dr.	Ens. Edwards, from 46 F. Cor. vice Aird, h. p. 10 F.	do.	Ens. Carrol, Lt.	do.
	Capt. Shirley, Maj. by p. vice Keane, prom.	17 do.	J. F. Lonsdale, Ens.	27 May.
	Lt. Williams, Capt.	do.	Lt. Dyer, Adj. vice Lange, res. Adj.	do.
	Cornet Pringle, Lt.	do.	Capt. Moore, from h. p. 40 F. Paym. vice Phillips, dismissed 10 June.	do.
15	Cor. Garnier, Lt. by p. vice Hume, 6 Dr. C.	17 June, 1824.	W. Edwards, Ens. vice Swetonham, res.	5 do.
Gren. Gds.	H. T. Lord Pelham, Cor.	do.	Ens. Keiley, from h. p. 10 F. Ens. vice Edwards, 7 Dr.	10 do.
	Cor. Duncombe, from 2 Dr. Gds. Ens. and Lt. by p. vice Douglas, prom.	do.	Ens. M'Kenzie, from h. p. Afr. Corps, Ens. vice Grant, 58 F.	27 May.
1 F.	Lt. Smith, from h. p. 27 F. Lt. vice Rafter cancelled	27 May.	Lt. Moore, from h. p. 71 F. Lt. vice Hawkins, 91 F.	20 do.
4	Lt. Irving, Capt. by p. v. Spink, 92 F.	5 June.	Capt. Verity, from h. p. York Chass. Capt. vice Kemp, 16 F.	27 do.
	Ens. Heedly, Lt.	do.	Ens. Grant, from 48 F. Ens. vice Lett, h. p. Afr. Corps	do.
10	D. W. I. L'Ardy	do.	Hosp. As. Lamond, As. Surg. vice Melvin, prom.	do.
	Capt. Vandeleur from 3 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Blane, 90 F.	do.	Lt. Tempest, from 98 F. Lt. vice Cornwall, 76 F.	19 June.
11	Ass. Surg. Chermiside, from h. p. Vet. Bn. Ass. Surg. vice Stewart, Afr. Corps do.	do.	Ens. Lane, Lt. by p. vice Butler, ret.	27 May.
16	Capt. Kemp, from 55 F. Capt. vice Straker, h. p. York Chass.	27 May.	J. W. Fisher, Ens.	do.

- 63 Capt. Hill, from h. p. 28 F. Capt. vice Lynch, 3 Vet. Bt. 5 June.
Lt. Jordan, Adj. vice Dupont, res. Adj. 20 May.
Surg. Bohan, from h. p. 25 F. Surg. vice Macnish, h. p. do.
Lt. Forster, from h. p. Rifle Br. Paymaster, vice Jones, dismissed 10 June.
- 71 Lt. Pennington, from late 5 Vet. Bn. Paym. vice Mackenzie, h. p. 20 May.
Qua. Mast. Serj. Agnew, Qua. Mast. vice Herring, ret. on full pay 17 June.
- 76 Lt. Cornwall, from 60 F. Lt. vice Grubbe, h. p. 74 F. 10 do.
- 90 Capt. Blane, from 10 F. Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Wilamson, h. p. 23 F. 5 do.
Ass. Surg. Whitney, from 85 F. Surg. vice Morrison, dead 17 do.
- 91 Lt. Hawkins, from 54 F. Lt. vice Berkeley, h. p. 71 F. 20 May.
- 97 Surg. Conolly, from h. p. 5 W. I. R. Surg. 17 June.
- 98 Capt. D. Campbell, from h. p. 94 F. Capt. vice Fox, cancelled 27 do.
Lt. Freebrain, from h. p. 74 F. Lt. vice Tempest, 60 F. 10 June.
Lt. Dunlevie, from h. p. 65 F. Paym. do.
- 99 Surg. Hibbert, from h. p. York L. I. V. Surg. 17 do.
- Rifle Brig. 1st Lt. Felix, Capt. by p. vice Travers, ret. 20 May.
2d Lt. Irton, 1st Lt. do.
H. F. Beckwith, 2d Lt. do.
- 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. Scott, from h. p. 26 F. Capt. vice Strangeways, ret. list. 27 do.
- 3 Bt. Maj. Lynch, from 63 F. Capt. vice Vandeleur, 10 F. 3 June.
Ens. Douglas, from h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Ens. vice Boreham, ret. list. do.

Unattached.

Maj. Keane from 7 Dr. Lt. Col. of Inf. by p. Lt. Gen. Stovin, ret. 17 do.

Staff.

Lt. Nun, from 59 F. Staff Adj. vice Gourlay, dead 27 May, 1824.

Hospital Staff.

Ass. Surg. Stewart, from h. p. 38 F. Ass. Surg. vice Hosp. Ass. Chambers, 64 F. 20 May, 1824.
— M'Leod, from h. p. 78 F. do. vice Hosp. Ass. M'Niece, dead 25 do.
— Caldwell, from h. p. 31 F. do. vice Lamonde, 60 F. 25 June.
Hosp. Ass. Morgan, do. do.
J. Young, Hosp. Ass. vice Blair, dead 18 do.

Exchanges.

- Lt. Col. Sir T. N. Hill, KCB, from Gren. Gds. with Lt. Col. Ellison, h. p. Unatt.
— Cassidy, from 1 W. I. R. with Lt. Col. Browne, h. p. 6 W. I. R.
Major Sweeney, from 1 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Major Delancy, h. p. 2 Ceylon Regt.
— Nicolls, from 96 F. with Major White, h. p. 24 F.
Bt. Lt. Col. Sir T. Reade, from 27 F. with Capt. Franklyn, h. p. 24 F.
Capt. Paterson, from 8 Dr. with Capt. Knight, 65 F.
— Dashwood, from Gren. Gds. with Capt. Douglas, h. p. Unatt.
Lieut. Deacon, from 16 F. with Lieut. Murray, Ceylon Regt.
— Warren, from 41 F. with Lieut. Logan, Rifle Brig.
— Ashe, from 41 F. with Lieut. Barnes, 65 F.
— Giffard, from 92 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Forbes, h. p. 18 F.

- Capt. Harvey, from Cape Corps (Inf.) with Lieut. Ross, h. p. 60 F.
Ensign Nixon, from 44 F. with Ensign Dodgin, 66 F.
— Kellet from 48 F. with Ensign Smith, h. p. 24 F.
Paym. Chitty, from 2 Dr. G. with Capt. Hay, h. p. 45 F.
Surg. Shorland, from 31 F. with Surg. Callow, 96 F.
— Jones, from 14 F. with Surg. Daunt, 58 F.
Assist. Surg. Campbell, from Rifle Brig. with Assist. Surg. Armstrong, h. p.
Hosp. Assist. Farmer, with Hosp. Assist. Blackwood, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Gen. Stovin, from 17 F.
Maj. Percival, 18 F.
Capt. Langley, 6 Dr. G.
— Travers, Rifle Brig.
Lieut. Butler, 62 F.
Cort. Sir R. Hill, R. Horse Gds.
Ens. Sweetenham, 46 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Capt. Fox, 98 F.
Lieut. Rafter 1 F.
— Lieut. Ker, 30 F.

Removed from the Service.

Assist. Surg. Freer, 21 F.

Deaths.

- Gen. J. Murray, of late 96 F. Paris.
Lieut. Gen. Farley, late of 68 F.
Major Gen. Du Plat, h. p. late Germ. Leg. Hanover, 19 March, 24.
Lieut. Col. Johnston, h. p. Corsican Ra. 24.
— Lee, Roy, Mar. Chatham, May.
Capt. Mackay, 48 F. Sydney, New South Wales, 2 Dec. 25.
— L'Estrange, R. Af. Col. Corps, in Africa, from excessive fatigue, 24 March, 1824.
— Quentin, h. p. 2 Dr. Germ. Leg. Hanover, 20 May, 1824.
Lieut. Bourke, 7 F. 7 June, 1824.
— Cuthbertson, 48 F. drowned at Macquarrie Harbour, Van. Dieman's Land, 24 Dec. 1825.
— Roy, 69 F. Wallajahbad, Madras, 24 Jan. 1824.
— Mallet, late Invalids, Plymouth, 1 June.
— Watt, late 3 Vet. Bn. Jersey, 4 do.
— Ingleby, h. p. 1 Dr. Lancaster, 10 April, 1824.
— K. Campbell, h. p. 74 F. Inverness, 29 March, 1824.
Pyne, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Dublin, 22 Jan.
Noble, h. p. 95 F. Rothsay, 24 April.
Cauchi, h. p. R. Reg. of Malta, France, 15 Jan.
Ordioni, h. p. Corsican Rang. Corsica, 23 Sept. 1825.
De Vaux, h. p. Chass. Britan. Nantes, 23 Feb. 1824.
Mackenzie, h. p. 4 Lt. Dr. Ger. Legion, drowned at Hanover, 9 June, 1824.
Ensign Woodburn, 65 F. 1 Feb. 1824.
— Lisle, 45 F. Trincomalee, Ceylon, 26 Nov. 1825.
— Cumming, late 3 Vet. Bn. Edinburgh, 23 May, 1824.
— Macpherson, do. Stromness, Orkney, 2 June.
— Newman, h. p. 40 F. 22 Feb. 1822.
Bornemann, h. p. 8 Line Germ. Leg. Frankfurt, 15 April, 1824.
Adjutant Perry, h. p. 21. Dr. 22 May.
Quar.-Mast. Paul, 87 F. on board the Abberton Indianam, 14 Feb. 1824.
— Holmes, late of Coldst. Gds. Holloway, 18 April.
— Coleman, h. p. 4 Dr. Gds. Carlow, 5 do.
— Hill, h. p. Depots, 23 Feb.

Medical Department.

Staff Surg. M'Glashan, h. p. Glasgow, May, 1824.
— Power, h. p. Bere Island, 18 April.
— Surg. Dr. Wharrie, Ceylon, 8 Jan.
— Hoatson, Ceylon Regt. Ceylon, 7 Nov. 1825.

Staff Surg. Dr Menzies, h. p. 21 Dr. India, 25 Dec.
 — Meyer, h. p. For. Vet. Bn. France, 5 Nov.
 Apoth. Fox, h. p. May, 1824.
 — Price, h. p. London, do.
 Hosp. Assist. Pictou, Africa, 5 March.

Chaplains Department.

Rev. Archdeacon Gwen, Chaplain General to the Forces, 4 June 1824.

Killed, Wounded, and Missing of the Regular Force in Action with the Ashan-

tees on 21st January, 1824, in the West Wassaw Country, Cape Coast Castle, West Coast of Africa.

KILLED.

Brig. Gen. Sir Charles M'Carthy, wounded, taken prisoner, and afterwards killed.

WOUNDED (slightly.)

Captain Ricketts, 2 W. I. R. Maj. of Brig. Ensign Erskine, R. African Colonial Corps. MISSING, and supposed to have been afterwards killed.

Ensign Wetherell, 2 W. I. R.
 Dr Beresford Tedlie, Surg. of 2 W. I. R.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

June 2. At Queen Street, the lady of E. W. H. Schenley, Esq. of a daughter.

5. At Portobello, the Countess of Kintore, of a daughter.

— At Grandholm Cottage, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Lindsay, 78th Highlanders, of a daughter.

7. At Edinburgh, the lady of John Hay, Esq. of the East India Company's service, of a daughter.

— At Craigie Manse, Mrs Dr Stirling, of a daughter.

9. At Links Place, Leith, Mrs Donaldson, of a son.

10. The lady of Warren Hastings Sands, Esq. writer to the signet, of a son.

— Mrs Jolly, 20, Windsor Street, of a daughter.

11. At Greenhead, Glasgow, the lady of Captain T. D. Stewart of the Bengal Cavalry, of a son.

12. At Edinburgh, Mrs Johnstone, Albany Street, of a son.

13. At Park House, Kent, the lady of Sir Henry R. Calder, Bart. of a son.

15. In Lower Mount Street, Dublin, the Hon. Mrs James Caulfield, royal navy, of a son.

16. Mrs Borthwick, 83, George Street, of a son.

17. At Edinburgh, Mrs Snells, of a daughter.

19. At Rafford Manse, Mrs Mackay, of a daughter.

20. At North Berwick, Mrs Hawthorn, of a son.

— In Hill Street, Mrs William Colin Clarke, of a daughter.

— At Park Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Grant of Congalton, of a son and heir.

— Mrs Richard Mackenzie, Abereromy Place, of a daughter.

22. Mrs Cook, Northumberland Street, of a son.

23. In Charlotte Square, the Hon. Mrs Duncan, of a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Stewart, of Glenormiston, of a son.

24. At his house, at the Admiralty, the lady of Sir George Clerk, Bart. M.P. of a son.

25. At Pindrassie House, Mrs Leslie, of Findrassie, of a son.

26. At Dundee, Mrs Mylne, of Mylnefield, of a daughter.

27. At Portobello, the lady of Donald Charles Cameron, Esq. of a son.

28. At Logie, the lady of the Hon. Donald Ogilvy, of Clova, of a son.

— Mrs Dr Christie, 13, Calton Street, of a son.

30. In Northumberland Street, the lady of George Brodie, Esq. advocate, of a son.

— Mrs Lang of Broomhill, of a son.

Lately, At the Upper Lodge, Bushy Park, the lady of Colonel Fitzclarence, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 12, 1823. At Masulipatam, Captain Kyd, of the Madras European regiment, to Mary Anne, daughter of George Rose, Esq. of Crookham, Newbury.

Dec. 22. At Nusseerabad, William Seton Charters, Esq. M. D. of the Bengal Medical Establishment, to Louisa Scott, youngest daughter of the late George Smith, Esq. of Canton.

March 29, 1824, At the Cape of Good Hope, Major Thomas Webster, of Balgarvie, in the service of the Hon. East India Company, to Agnes, daughter of the late John Ross, Esq. Meadow Place, Edinburgh.

May 31. Philip Anglin, Esq. M. D. of the island of Jamaica, to Catharine Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Col. John Robertson.

23. In the Isle of Wight, John George Campbell, Esq. lieutenant in the 52d regiment of foot, and youngest son of the late Colonel John Campbell of Shawfield, to Ellen, fourth daughter of Sir Fitzwilliam Barrington, Bart. of Swainston, in the Isle of Wight.

25. At Banff, George Craigie, Esq. M. D. of the Bengal medical service, to Jane, only daughter of John Wilson, Esq.

June 1. At Burntsfield Place, William Bowden, Esq. of Hull, to Margaret Sowers, eldest daughter of Archibald Anderson, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Dr James Kellie, physician in Dunbar, to Mary, second daughter of the late Mr George Wauchope.

— At Libberton Place, Mr Thomas Torrance, farmer, Meadow Head, to Margaret, daughter of Mr Bagrie, farmer, Miller Hill.

— At Craighead, James Chrystal, Esq. jun. writer in Stirling, to Patricia Bennet, daughter of Robert Banks, Esq. of Craighead.

— At Drumpellier, Lieutenant John Hay, R.N. to Marion, eldest daughter of David Carrick Buchannan, Esq. of Drumpellier.

2. In Gayfield Square, David Arthur Davies, Esq. surgeon, Llanally, to Spencer Boyd, eldest daughter of Andrew Sievwright, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

4. At Edinburgh, Mr John Waddell, Shoemaker, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr Lauchlan Wilkie, flesher, Musselburgh.

7. At Tunbridge Wells, William Thomas Thornton, Esq. to Hannah Isabella Cornelia, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Halket Craigie, of Hallhill in the county of Fife.

8. At No. 10, Dublin Street, Mr Alexander Huie, to Eliza Gordon, second daughter of John Edgar, Esq. surgeon, Berwick-upon-Tweed.

— At Haddington, Mr John Richardson, writer, to Margaret, second daughter of the late Mr Hay Walker, Haddington.

— At Perth, Mr Henry Russell, merchant, Duntermine, to Margaret, fourth daughter of the late Mr George Gray.

— At Glasgow, Mr John Honeyman, merchant, Glasgow, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Mr Patrick Smith.

9. At Windsor Street, Leith Walk, Mr John Connell, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Johnson.

11. At Warriston Crescent, David Cannan, Esq. surgeon, to Mary Stewart, eldest daughter of John Reid, Esq.

12. At Edinburgh, A. T. Smith, Esq. surgeon,

Kirkaldy to Mary Anne, daughter of James Burn, Esq. manufacturer, Edinburgh.

15. At Pilrig Street, Robert Blackie, Esq. to Eliza, daughter of the late Burrigge Purvis, Esq. of Glassmount.

— At Summerfield, Leith, Mr William Nelson, merchant, Leith, to Jane, second daughter of Mr James Tait, merchant there.

— At Liverpool, William Blair M'Kean, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Marianne, daughter of John M'Culloch, Esq. M.D. Liverpool.

16. At Craighead, Archibald Smith, merchant, Glasgow, to Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas M'Call, Esq. of Craighead.

18. Mr Robert Dempster, druggist, to Janet, youngest daughter of Mr William Stark, builder.

— At Leith, Mr Alexander S. Bisset, to Frances, eldest daughter of Mr A. Thom, Brechin.

— At St George's, Hanover Square, London, Samuel Whitbread, Esq. M. P. to Julia, daughter of Major-General the Hon. Henry Brand.

19. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, Captain Fox, son of Lord Holland, to Miss Mary Fitzclarene. The amiable bride was given away by his Royal Highness the Duke of York and Sir Charles Poole.

21. At Edinburgh, Munro Ross, Esq. of Rosshill, to Grace, youngest daughter of the late John Cumming, Esq.

— At Park Place, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. the Earl of Leven and Melville, to Elizabeth Anne Campbell, second daughter of the Hon. Lord Succoth.

22. At Glasgow, Thomas Campbell, Esq. to Agnes, second daughter of Kirkman Finlay, Esq. of Castle Toward.

— At Cliftonhall Mains, Mr George Lindsay, merchant, Edinburgh, to Agnes, daughter of the late Mr Wm. Thomson, farmer.

24. At Dairsie, Dr James Spence, physician, Cupar, to Robina, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Coult, one of the ministers of Brechin.

28. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Andrew Kennedy, of Keith, to Miss Mary Mutter.

29. At Maybole Castle, James Dow, Esq. of Montrose, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late William Douglas, Esq. merchant, Leith.

Lately, At St George's Hanover Square, London, the Hon. Captain W. L. Fitzgerald de Roos, of the 1st regiment of Life Guards, to Lady Georgiana Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond.

DEATHS.

Oct. 23, 1823. At Bencoolen, James Patrick Drummond, eldest son of the late James Drummond, Esq. of Comrie, Perthshire.

Jan. 2, 1824. At Madras, John Fraser Lane, Esq. Collector of Masulipatam, Hon. East India Company's service.

8. At Ceylon, Dr Thomas J. Wharrie.

12. At Madras, J. Waddell, Esq.

19. At Batavia, Henry Band, son of the late Mr Henry Band, merchant, Leith.

24. At Montreal, suddenly, of asphyxia, the Rev. T. Hill.

March 25. At St Andrews, Jamaica, at Islington Pea, at an advanced age, the Hon. James Stewart, custos, and late one of the representatives in the Hon. House of Assembly for that parish.

April 25. In Virginia, Dr James Murray Brown.

May 19. At Bervie, Dr Robert Napier, deeply regretted.

22. At Leith, Mr Alexander Paterson, ironmonger (late of Stirling;) and on the 8th June, Alexander, his second son, in his 14th year.

— At Bedford Place, Alloa, Captain Robert Henderson.

— At Florence, William Crosbie, Esq. his Majesty's Secretary of Legation at the Court of Tuscany.

25. At Ditton Common, Surrey, David Stewart, Esq. shipowner, St Andrews, Fifeshire.

26. At Montcailler, near Turin, Capel Loft, Esq. an author of great celebrity.

28. At Banff, Mrs Gordon, widow of the Rev. Abercromby Gordon, minister of Banff.

— At London, John Locke, M. D. late of Glasgow.

28. At his seat, Hawkstone, Salop, Sir John

Hill, Bart. in the 84th year of his age. Sir John is succeeded in the baronetcy and in his extensive estates by his grandson, Rowland, one of the representatives in Parliament for the county of Salop.

28. At Bourdeaux, Charlotte, youngest daughter of Alexander Maclean, Esq. of Ardgour.

29. At Hastings, in Sussex, Robert Alexander Paterson Wallace, Esq. only son of the deceased Major Robert Wallace of the 17th foot, and grandson of the late Alexander Wallace, Esq. banker in Edinburgh.

30. At Kirkaldy, Mr Douglas Morison, merchant.

— At Torquay, Devonshire, Miss Euphemia Ballantine, daughter of the late Patrick Ballantine, Esq. of Orchard.

30. At Square Point of Crossmichael, William Rae, Esq. late of Dunjarg.

31. At Bath, the lady of Sir George Abercromby Robinson, Bart.

June 1. At Musselburgh Mrs Charles Stewart, jun.

— At St Andrews, David Meldrum, Esq. of Dron.

— At his house in Queen Street, Edinburgh, Alexander Wylie, Doctor of Medicine.

2. At Edinburgh, Samuel Watson, Esq. solicitor-at-law.

— At Fintry, Stirlingshire, Janet Waters, aged 100. She had 15 children, 53 grand-children, and 40 great-grand-children; total 106.

— At Dysart, Mrs Grace Reddie, relict of Lieutenant James Black, Royal Navy.

3. At Heatherwick-house, Margaret Milnes, youngest daughter of the late James Milnes, Esq.

— At Fyvie, the Hon. Mrs Gordon, relict of General the Hon. William Gordon of Fyvie.

— At London, Miss Crachami, the celebrated Sicilian dwarf, (only 19 inches high,) after a short illness, produced by the late changes in the weather. She was a most interesting child.

2. At Edinburgh, Daniel Ramsay of Falla, aged 64.

4. At Dalzell house, William, infant son of A. J. Hamilton, Esq. of Dalzell.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Helen Murray, spouse of Mr James Callender, Parliament Stairs.

— At Edinburgh, Francis, son of Mr John Howden, jeweller.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Abercrombie, widow of the Rev. George Abercrombie, one of the ministers of Aberdeen.

5. At Bogton, Cathcart, Miss Pagan of Bogton.

— At Lauder, Alex. Dawson, Esq. Chief Magistrate of the burgh.

6. At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Johnston, wife of William Johnston, Esq. of Lathrisk.

7. At View Forth, John Henry Thin, son of Mr Thin, architect.

— At his house, York Place, John Blackwell, Esq. Advocate.

8. At Malvern, Lieut.-Colonel Hugh Houston.

9. Suddenly, at his house, in Drury Lane, Mr Oxberry, the comedian.

— At Kirkwall, in Orkney, the Rev. Robert Yule, Minister of the Gospel there.

— In South Audley Street, London, Thomas Chevalier, Esq. Surgeon Extraordinary to the King, and Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons in London.

10. At Rankellour House, Mrs Mary Maitland, widow of Charles Maitland, Esq. younger of Rankellour.

11. Mrs Mary Gordon Porteous, wife of Mr Alex. Callender, surgeon.

— At Stirling, the Rev. Archibald Bruce, one of the ministers of that parish.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Fergusson, Esq. of Baledmund.

13. At his house, Blythswood Place, Glasgow, William Montieth, Esq.

— At Canonmills, Margaret, only surviving daughter of Mr Alexander Ritchie.

14. At Thurso, Mrs Pringle, wife of Mr Robert Pringle, Collector of Excise.

— At Waukmills of Letham, on the 14th instant, Mr Patrick Stirling, aged 82 years.

15. At Stirling, on the 15th ult. Mrs Gleig, wife of the Right Rev. Bishop Gleig.

16. At No 2, Arniston Place, Major Colin Campbell, of Strachur.

— At St John's Hill, Robert Home, youngest son of Mr Robert Armstrong, jun. brass-founder.

— At Weymouth, George Mellis, Esq. of Perthshire.

— At Paisley, in the 77th year of his age, John Orr, Esq. formerly Provost of the burgh.

— After a few days illness, at his residence in Lower Grosvenor Street, London, the Right Hon. Lord Henry Thomas Howard Molyneux Howard, Deputy Earl-Marshal of England, and brother to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk. His Lordship represented the city of Gloucester in several Parliaments, and sat in the present Parliament for Steyning.

— In Parliament Street, Dublin, Walter Thom, Esq. of Aberdeen, formerly Editor of the Correspondent, and, for the last few years, joint Proprietor and Editor of the Dublin Journal.

19. At his house in Welbeck Street, London, in the 51st year of his age, the Right Hon. Alexander Wentworth, Lord Maedonald, the representative of the ancient Lords of the Isles in Scotland, leaving no family. He is succeeded in his title and estates, by his next brother, the Hon. Major-General Godfrey Bosville.

— At her residence, No 13, Seymour Place, Little Chelsea, Donna Maria Theresa del Riego y Riego, widow of General Don Rafael del Riego y Riego.

20. At Bath, the Hon. Alexina Duncan, the eldest daughter of Viscount Duncan.

— At Edinburgh, Lieut. John Fraser, formerly of the 71st, thereafter of the 87th regiment of foot. He entered the 71st regiment at the youthful age of sixteen. He passed with approbation through the grades from private to officer in the short space of eight years. His signal bravery at the taking of the Cape of Good Hope induced the

Commanding Officer to report him for an officer's commission; for he was one of a party of thirty, who, on that occasion, volunteered to storm a battery, and the only one of the party who survived (but not unwounded) the capture of it.

— At Colinton Manse, James, son of the Rev. Lewis Balfour, minister of Colinton.

21. At Scotstown, Alexander Moir, of Scotstown, Esq.

22. At Edinburgh, Mrs Christian Henderson Grandison, widow of the Rev. Joseph Johnston, minister of Innerleithen, Peeblesshire.

23. At Warriston House, Miss Mary Brown, eldest daughter of the late Captain Robert Brown, Leith.

25. At his house, Charlotte Street, Leith, Mr Peter Scott.

— At Currie, Mr Thomas Hamilton, sen., late builder in Edinburgh.

26. At Ruchill, Miss Dreghorn, daughter of the late Robert Dreghorn, of Bloehairn.

— At Stranraer, Provost Kerr, of Stranraer.

— At Heatherwick-house, East-Lothian, George, eldest son of Captain W. H. Hardyman, Hon. East India Company's naval service.

30. At Edinburgh, John, youngest son of Mr William Boyd, W. S.

— At Burrowmuirhead, Mrs Jane Spottiswood, spouse of Mr John Robertson of Lawhead.

Lately, At Paris, General John Murray, aged 85. He had served his Majesty sixty years in different parts of the world, and was twelve years a prisoner in France, under Napoleon's government. His eldest son, Major-General Murray, was late Governor of Demerara.

— At No. 1, Salisbury Road, Erskine, R. C. youngest son of John Gordon, Esq.

— At Plymouth, Rear-Admiral William Cumming, C. B.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. XCI.

AUGUST, 1824.

VOL. XVI.

NORTH AMERICA.

Peculiarities. State of the Fine Arts. Painting.

THERE is one quality in the North American character which is generally overlooked, and which I have never perceived in that of any other people to the same degree. It is a sort of serious versatility. The French have a greater, or rather a pleasanter sort, and accommodate themselves more readily to circumstances; and the ancient Greek had an excess of what we call versatility in his temper and power. But, in the Frenchman, it is more of a constitutional habit, a more trivial and less respectable property, than it is in the American; although, to my notion, a thousand-fold more agreeable. And, in the versatility of the Greek, there was always more of the bright, changeable caprice of genius—more of the spiritual, more of heroic audacity, and less of steady, invincible determination, than in that of the North American.

The Frenchman is never without resources, but then his resources are always of a light and brilliant character. It is the smallest possible coinage that *can* be made use of, which a Frenchman will contrive to disburse in any extremity. He would maintain himself, though he had been a general officer, or peer of the realm, at home, if he were shipwrecked upon a foreign shore, by expedients of which none but a Frenchman would ever dream; nay, give him but one of the silver pennies which are distributed here on

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his Majesty's birth-day, and I would answer for him, in a strange country, if there were no other way, he would maintain himself by making plaster medallions of that little coin.

Throw him among savages, and he will teach them to dance, (not that I believe the story of Chateaubriand;) among wild beasts, and he will find some way of reconciling them to his presence, (where another man would make war upon them outright,) either by pulling thorns out of their feet, or dressing their manes; upon a desolate island, and he will grow old in carving "L'Empereur" upon a cocoa nut, arranging coloured sea-shells into flowers, and birds, with wings like butterflies; or in making clay models of everything upon the island. The basket-maker in the fable was undoubtedly a Frenchman, and the spider that Robert Bruce beheld in the barn, was *as* undoubtedly a French spider; no other would ever have repeated the same experiment, precisely over and over again, so often.

We all know what the versatility of a Frenchman is; and when I call to mind what I have actually seen, nothing that could be said of their power to employ or maintain themselves would seem to be extravagant.

I have known a French prisoner spend every leisure hour, for many years, in manufacturing a line-of-battle ship, out of the little splinters of

R

bone which he found in the soup. I have known another, who began by planting coffee trees, in St Domingo, with his own hand—realized a princely fortune—lost it during some insurrection; began again—became very wealthy—lost that in the same way; narrowly escaped with his life, and a few dollars, to America; began to teach French, while he was precisely in the situation of George, in the Vicar of Wakefield, who set off to teach the Dutchmen English, and never recollected, until he had arrived in Holland, that, to teach them English, he himself should know something of Dutch—realized a little money, and laid it out in a law-suit—in the purchase of claims, which he spent about eighteen or twenty years in bringing to a determination—himself, a great part of the time, upon the water between America and France, with testimony which never failed, for many years, to be informal, inadequate, or inapplicable. But he prevailed after all, and is now independent. This was, perhaps, the most extraordinary case of what I have called serious versatility, in a Frenchman, that was ever known. That a French prisoner of war, a good seaman, (for a Frenchman,) should employ himself, year after year, in miniature ship-building; substituting beef bone for oak timber, and converting what other men would hardly have had the patience or the power to make a tooth-pick of, into accurate and beautiful machinery, is no very surprising matter. There is a sort of serious pleasantry—a kind of busy, industrious trifling in it, altogether French; and very like what one would look for in the occupation of any Frenchman, after the quicksilver of his blood was precipitated by misfortune. It was only the mimicry of naval architecture. But that a West Indian—a planter—and, above all, a Frenchman, should venture to lay out the wreck of his whole fortune upon American justice, without understanding one word of American law; and before he could say in English, so as to be understood, “Your humble servant, sir,” is a thing so incredible, that, if I did not know the story to be true, I would not repeat it. Yet, such a speculation would have been quite in character for an American; perfectly reconcilable to the presumptuous versatility of his temper; for, when

the spirit of adventure is disturbed in a genuine American, he appears to reckon upon miracles and phenomena, as other men do upon chances.

Thus, I have known two American partners in a large mercantile house. One had been educated for the bar; had practised at the bar; and was believed to be in the way to great authority in his profession, when he married, fell sick, consumed all his property, and went into business with another adventurer, who had made and lost, already, about half a dozen fortunes: The other (of the two first named) had no education at all; had been put apprentice to a retail shop-keeper, at the age of twelve; and had grown up to manhood, in a course of adventure, that, in any country but this, would have been thought romantic and wonderful—as well as a complete disqualification for every kind of serious business.

These two, as I have said, were partners in the same house. They soon extended their operations all over the United States; made money—speculated—and failed. A council was held between them. The younger of the two—he who had no education—spent several hours in determining whether he should become a soldier, (for he was weary of mercantile affairs)—go to India, and upset the British power there; or to South America, and help to revolutionize two or three empires in that quarter: A clergyman; (but upon that profession he hardly bestowed a second thought, after the reflection occurred, that, in America, there was neither rank, revenue, nor dominion, for the clergy;) a physician; a lawyer; an actor; an auctioneer; or a politician. The result was, that he concluded to become a lawyer—the law in America being the highway to the highest honours of the government—while his partner, at the same time, resolved to become a divine.

The first went forthwith to his room—laboured night and day for several years (supporting himself, in the meantime, by what nobody but an American, in such a situation, would have thought of—in America—his pen;) became distinguished; and is now a counsellor-at-law in the Supreme Court of the United States. And yet—hardly eight years have passed since he was a broken mer-

chant, wholly uneducated, and apparently helpless.

In the meantime, his partner pursued his own studies in his own way; and is now one of the most distinguished clergymen of the United States.

These are not solitary examples. If they were, they would not be worth mentioning. They are, in reality, things of common occurrence. Most of the distinguished men of the United States have gone through a "course of education," more or less, of the same kind. I could mention several, in various professions, at this moment; but, as my object is only to shew what others have never seen, or not mentioned, in the character of our Transatlantic brethren, I shall only record one more, while giving a brief account of the present state of the FINE ARTS in America, and particularly of PAINTING.

The FINE ARTS, generally, are neglected by the Americans. By this I mean, that they, the Americans, do not themselves cultivate them. They have foreign musical composers, and sculptors, among them—(most of whom are indigent, or starving,) but none of their own. Capellano, the first sculptor of the King of Spain; and Causici, one of Canova's finest, and most gifted pupils, both men of high talent, are actually in a state of abject dependance, now in America. Architecture is hardly in a better state. I know of no capital American architect; and the foreigners, who are unfortunately driven to America, in the hope of legislating for palaces, are, without one exception, in a very precarious and unpleasant condition.

In fact—for we must deal plainly in these matters, whatever may be our partialities—I do not scruple to say, that the North American republic is one of the last countries in the world for refuge to a devotee of the fine arts, who may be; no matter for what reason, weary of the old world—particularly if he be a man of extraordinary power. A second or third-rate musical composer, performer, architect, sculptor, &c. &c. if he cannot get bread at home, will be able to get bread—but nothing more—in America. By bread, I mean, such a provision as will keep him alive, dependant, and wretched. If he be of the anointed few—the exalted—he will probably starve, die of a broken heart,

or destroy himself; for such men will not barter their inspiration for bread; their immortality for a mess of pottage.

But enough of this for the present. Hereafter, there may be found a better occasion for dwelling on these points. I shall pass them over now, together with all that relates to the fine arts, except in the department of painting. In this the Americans have made a surprising proficiency; surprising, not only by comparison with what they have done in every other department; but surprising, (if we consider their numbers, infancy, and want of encouragement,) when compared with what we ourselves have done, or any other people, during the same period.

But then, the most celebrated of these *American painters* have been *educated* in this country; and some of them have been *born* here.

The following are the names of those, who have been, at one time or another, known in Great Britain or France, with a brief criticism on each.

COPLEY—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. He was an American by birth; a capital portrait painter, for the time; and, if I may judge by a small but very good picture, in the Blue-Coat School here, which I am told was painted by him, endowed with a decided and vigorous talent for historical composition.

WEST—HISTORICAL PAINTER, and late President of the Academy:—An American by birth; studied at Rome, and in London. He had great power; and a reputation much greater than he deserved. His fame will not increase; it will diminish. His composition is, generally speaking, confused—difficult of comprehension—and compounded, about in equal proportions, of the sublime and ordinary. He was prone to exaggeration; a slave to classical shapes; and greatly addicted to repetition. His capital pictures are often deficient in drawing; and yet, extraordinary as it may appear, his drawings are generally fine, and, in some cases, wonderful. His execution seldom equalled his conception. The first hurried, bold, hazardous drawing of his thought, was generally the best; in its progress, through every successive stage of improvement, there was a continual falling off, from the original character, in the most material parts—so that what it gained in finish,

it lost in grandeur; and what it gained in parts, it lost in the whole.

Compare his drawing of "DEATH UPON THE PALE HORSE," with his painting of the same subject. The first was exhibited in France many years ago; and was the astonishment of everybody. The latter, I should be sorry to see exhibited anywhere. The drawing is worth a hundred of the painting. The group under the feet of the pale horse, and that of the lion and the horse at the left, are all that is worth preserving in the latter. The rest is feeble—common-place, or absolutely wretched. The fore-legs of the *pale horse*, like the fore-legs of almost every other horse that Mr West ever painted, are too short. The character and position of the head, though altered from the drawing, are altered for the worse. The introduction of another figure, so important as the "*Gospel*," (I believe that is the one,) is injudicious, and the group at the extreme left, representing animal courage in a young man, is an unparalleled falling off, from the original drawing.

And so with several other pictures by this extraordinary man. The drawing of "CHRIST HEALING THE SICK," is worth all the painted copies together—including that purchased by the Academy, and that in America.

By the way, it is not very judicious to exhibit such pictures, as are exhibited in the gallery of Mr West,—for his first essays in the art. It is not judicious—because nobody can believe that they are what they are called; and because there are others much worse in existence, (and shewn, too, in Philadelphia, America,) which were much more, probably, *among* the first of his essays. These things always do harm. Great pretension is quite sure to provoke severe examination. When Mr Galt, in his "LIFE OF WEST," had the courage to say, no matter on what authority, that the *first* essay of Master Benjamin was in painting the portrait of a child asleep, and smiling; and that he succeeded in making a likeness, he did more to injure the substantial, fair reputation of Mr West, than his bitterest enemy (if Mr West ever had an enemy) could have done.

TRUMBULL—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. Mr Trumbull is an American. He studied, however, and pursued his profession for a long time,

in this country. He is now President of the New York Academy; and is the person whom Congress have employed to paint a series of pictures connected with certain events of the American Revolution, at (if I recollect rightly) nine thousand dollars a-piece, (about two thousand pounds.) Three of these are completed; and, unless I except the first, (prints of which are now in this country,) called the "Signing of the Declaration," and which is only a respectable picture, they are among the greatest and most unaccountable failures of the age. The President may not be superannuated, but these pictures are. In fact, not to disguise the matter at all, one out of the three is contemptible; one tolerable; the other nothing extraordinary; and valuable only as a collection of tolerably well-arranged portraits. It is a great pity; every lover of the art must grieve to see the first efforts of a young country so unhappily misdirected. There were several painters in America, who would have made a magnificent affair of that which is handled like a tapestry-weaver by Mr Trumbull.

Yet Mr Trumbull *was* a man of considerable power. His well-known "Sortie of Gibraltar," the original sketch of which has lately been exhibited at the Suffolk Street Exhibition, was a very fine picture; but worth, it is true, everything else that he has ever done. His portraits are no great things. They are bold and strong, but all of a family—all alike. And so are his historical pictures. His "Battle of Lexington" is partly stolen; his "Death of Montgomery," and "Sortie of Gibraltar," are only variations; and I remember one of his pictures, "the Surrender of Cornwallis," where a whole rank of infantry are so exceedingly alike, that you would suppose them to have been born at the same time, of the same parents.

REMBRANDT PEALE—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. Mr Peale is an American. He studied and pursued the business of portrait painting in France. There are several painters in America of this name and family, but Mr R. Peale is altogether superior to the others. One of his portraits attracted a good deal of admiration some years ago, at Paris; and another (of Mr Matthews the comedian) was lately exhibited in London. I have never seen it, but am told that it was a mas-

terly thing. His portraits are beautifully painted, but rather cold, formal, and, until very lately, wanting in fleshiness. He has changed his manner, however, of late, and is now a very fine portrait painter.

His essays in historical painting are numerous, and quite wonderful, when we consider the disadvantages under which he must have laboured in America; with no models, no academy figures, no fellow-labourers, to consult; nobody even to mould a hand for him in plaster, and few to hold one, long enough for him to copy it, of flesh and blood. His "COURT OF DEATH," it is probable, will pay a visit here. It is a very large picture, and has parts of extraordinary power.

ALSTON—HISTORICAL PAINTER.

Mr Alston is an American; studied in London—at Rome; and is undoubtedly at the head of the historical department in America. He is well understood, and very highly appreciated, in this country, and should lose no time in returning to it. His "JACOB'S VISION" has established his reputation; but he owes to this country a debt which he will never pay if he remain at home. We have claims upon him here, for

"He is, as it were, a child of us;" and his countrymen will never give him that opportunity which we would, if he were here.

Mr Alston's faculties are a very uncommon union of the bold and beautiful; and yet, there is a sort of artificial heat in some of his doings, much as if it were latent, elaborated with great care, and much difficulty; not that sort of inward fervour which flashes into spontaneous combustion, whenever it is excited or exasperated.

MORSE—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. Mr Morse is an American; studied in the Academy, in some degree, under Mr West. His model of the dying Hercules obtained the medal here. His portraits are powerful, free, and distinguished by masterly handling. He has done but little in history.

SULLY—PORTRAIT AND HISTORY.* Mr Sully, who is the "Sir Thomas Lawrence" of America, is an English-

man, born, I believe, in London. His father, when Master Sully was about five, went over to America with his whole family. Many years after, the son returned, and continued in London for a considerable time, pursuing the study of his art, and copying some fine old pictures for his friends in America. That over, he returned, and, after years of great assiduity, has become, without any question, one of the most beautiful portrait painters in the world.

His general style is like that of Sir Thomas Lawrence, by whom he has profited greatly; in fact, his composition, sentiment, and manner, are so much of the same character, now and then, that were it not for the touch, some of his portraits could not be distinguished from those of Sir Thomas. He is remarkably happy in his women. They have not so much of that elegant foppery which characterizes most of Sir Thomas Lawrence's females, but, then, they are not heroic, and, perhaps, not quite so attractive, or, if as attractive, for that were a hard question to settle, there is not that exquisite flattery in his pencil that we see in the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which, while it preserves the likeness, will make a heroine, or an intellectual woman, of anything; and yet there is flattery enough in the pencil of Mr Sully to satisfy any reasonable creature. Nobody can feel more astonishment or pleasure than I do at the address and power of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in transforming the most absolute, and, I should think, sometimes the most unmanageable corporeal beings, into spiritualities; but, I confess, at the same time, that I cannot bear to meet any of his originals, after I have been looking at their pictures by him. My emotion, whenever I do, is unqualified astonishment,—astonishment, first, at the likeness; and astonishment, secondly, that there should be a likeness between things that are so unlike when compared. How he contrives it I cannot imagine. I have seen a picture of his, indicating a fine, bold, poetical temperament; a handsome and expressive counte-

* The "PASSAGE OF THE DELAWARE," a copy of which is now in Scotland,) on a smaller scale,) is by Mr Sully. It is a remarkably spirited picture.

nance, a frame above the middle size, and, altogether, a princely fellow. I have met the original, whom I had never seen before; been struck instantaneously by the resemblance, and yet the original was a paltry, diminutive, sordid-looking chap, with no more soul in his face than —, nay, nor half so much as I have seen in a fine Irish potato.

By the way—a remark occurs to me here, which may explain this phenomenon. A stranger will see a resemblance where a friend would not. The more intimate one is with any object, the less easily satisfied will he be with a drawing of it. Anybody may see a resemblance in a caricature, an outline, or a profile, while he who is familiar with the original, will see nothing in the same caricature, profile, or outline, but a want of resemblance. This would seem to explain a common occurrence in portrait-painting. Strangers know the picture immediately, perhaps, or the original, (having seen the picture,) wherever they may happen to encounter it; mere acquaintances burst into continual exclamation at the sight of it, while the intimate friends of the original are dissatisfied, exactly in proportion to that intimacy. Painters attribute this to the foolish partiality of affection, or friendship; the multitude, perhaps, to affectation, blindness, or want of judgment. "What!" they say, "when we, who are strangers, know the portrait at a glance, how is it possible that it cannot be a likeness!" They do not know that, because they are strangers, they cannot perceive the ten thousand deficiencies, or the innumerable delicacies of hue and expression, which go to make up a likeness to the eyes of love or veneration. The world see only the whole; the intimate friends love to look at the parts, at the miniature. It must be for the world, then, that a man has painted, if his pictures are such startling resemblances, that while we are ready to cry out with pleasure at the likeness, we are ready to cry out yet louder with astonishment, if we see the originals, that there should be any likeness.

STEWART — PORTRAIT PAINTER. Mr Stewart is an American. He was a long time in this country, many years ago,—painted the principal nobility, and ranked, even then, among

the first masters. He is old now, but unquestionably at the head of American painters. In fact, they all bow to his opinion as authority. Some notion of his prodigious power may be gained from this fact. The best portrait in the Somerset Exhibition, this year, that of Sir William Curtis by Sir T. Lawrence, and that which is least after his own style, is exceedingly like the pictures of Stewart, so much so, indeed, that I should have thought it a Stewart, but for two or three passages, and the peculiar touch of the artist. There is, however, more breadth in Mr Stewart's pictures than in those of Sir T. Lawrence, but much less brilliancy and gracefulness. Mr Stewart hardly ever painted a tolerable woman. His women are as much inferior to those of Mr Sully, and, of course, to those of Sir T. Lawrence, as his men are superior to the men of almost any other painter. His manner is dignified, simple, thoughtful, and calm. There is no splendour,—nothing flashy or rich in the painting of Stewart, but whatever he puts down upon canvass is like a record upon oath, plain, unequivocal, and solid.

LESLIE—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. Mr Leslie was born in this country, (a circumstance not generally known;) went to America in his childhood; attracted some attention there, while he was a clerk in a book-store, by a few spirited sketches of George Frederick Cooke, and some other actors; was persuaded to return to this country and study this art of painting as a profession. He has been here twice, (in the whole, from ten to a dozen years,) and has now a reputation of which we, his countrymen, as well as the Americans, have reason to be proud. His portraits are beautiful, rich, and peculiar; his compositions in history, graceful, chaste, and full of subdued pleasantry. There is nothing overcharged in the work of Mr Leslie. If anything, there is too strict an adherence to propriety. His last picture, "SANCHO BEFORE THE DUCHESS," though very beautiful, is, nevertheless, rather tame as a whole. This, of course, proceeds from his constitutional fear of extravagance and caricature, which is evident in almost everything that he has done, or, perhaps it would be better to say, from

his exceedingly delicate sense of what is classical. But that must be got over. A classical taste is a bad one, where men are much in earnest, or disposed to humour. Whatever is classical, is artificial, and, of course, opposed to what is natural. One is marble, the other, flesh; one, statuary, the other, painting. No great man was ever satisfied with what is classical.

NEWTON—PORTRAIT AND HISTORICAL PAINTER.—Mr Newton is an American, but born within our Canadas; a nephew of Mr Stewart, (already mentioned,) and a man of singular and showy talent. He has been pursuing his professional studies in London for several years, and begins to be regarded as he deserves. His portraits are bold and well coloured, but not remarkable for strength of resemblance, or individuality of expression. But, then, they are good pictures, and, of the two, it is higher praise even for a portrait-painter, to allow that he makes good pictures, than that he makes good likenesses. It is easy (comparatively) to make a resemblance, but very difficult for any man to make a picture which deserves to be called good. All portrait-painters begin with getting likenesses. Every touch is anxious, particular, and painfully exact; and it is a general truth, I believe, that as they improve in the art, they become less anxious about the likeness, and more about the composition, colouring, and effect. Thus, the early pictures of every great artist will be found remarkable for their accurate resemblance, and the later ones remarkable for everything else rather than for that quality. Their likenesses fall off as their painting improves.

Still, however, (the last remarks have no especial application to Mr Newton,) some of this gentleman's portraits are not only good pictures, but striking likenesses.

In history, it is hardly fair to judge of him; for what he has done, though admirable on many accounts, are rather indications of a temper and feeling which are not yet fully disclosed, than fair specimens of what he could produce, were he warmly encouraged. His "author and auditor" is the best that I know of his productions; and a capital thing it is. The last, which was lately exhibited at Somerset House,

is rather a fine sketch, than a finished picture. It is loose, rich, and showy; wanting in firmness and significance; and verging a little on the caricature of broad farce;—broad, pencil farce, I mean. For this, of course, he is excusable, with Moliere for his authority. It is a very good picture, to be sure, but not such a picture as Mr Newton could have produced; and, therefore, not such a picture as he should have produced for the annual exhibition. He did himself injustice by it.

C. HARDING—PORTRAIT PAINTING. This extraordinary man is a fair specimen of the American character. About six years ago, he was living in the wilds of Kentucky, had never seen a decent picture in his life; and spent most of his leisure time, such as could be spared from the more laborious occupations of life, in drumming for a Militia company, and in fitting axes-helves to axes; in which two things he soon became distinguished. By and by, some revolution took place in his affairs; a new ambition sprang up within him; and, being in a strange place, (without friends and without money—and *with* a family of his own) at a tavern, the landlord of which had been disappointed by a sign painter, Mr H. undertook the sign, apparently out of compassion to the landlord; but in reality to pay his bill, and provide bread for his children. He succeeded, had plenty of employment in the "profession" of sign-painting; took heart, and ventured a step higher—first, in painting chairs; and then portraits. Laughable as this may seem, it is, nevertheless, entirely and strictly true. I could mention several instances of a like nature; one of a tinner, who is now a very good portrait-painter in Philadelphia, U. S. A. (named EICKHALT); another of a silversmith, named WOOD, whose miniatures and small portraits are masterly; and another of a portrait painter named JARVIS, whose paintings, if they were known here, would be regarded with astonishment—All of whom are Americans. But, as they are not known here, and have not been here, to my knowledge, I shall pass them over, and return, for a minute or two, to Mr Harding.

Mr H. is now in London; has painted some remarkably good *portraits* (not pictures); among others,

one of Mr John D. Hunter, (the hero of Hunter's Narrative,) which is decidedly the best of a multitude; one or two of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, the head of which is capital: one of Mr Owen, of Lanark; a portrait of extraordinary plainness, power, and sobriety; and some others, which were shewn at Somerset House, and Suffolk Street.

Mr H. is ignorant of drawing. It is completely evident, that he draws only with a full brush, correcting the parts by comparison with one another. Hence it is, that his heads and bodies appear to be the work of two different persons—a master and a bungler. His hands are very bad; his composition, generally, quite after the fashion of a beginner; and his drapery very like block-tin; or rather, I should say,

that this *was* the case; for there is a very visible improvement in his late works.

Thus much to shew what kind of men our American relations are, when fairly put forward. There is hardly one among the number of painters, above-mentioned, whose life, if it were sketched, as that of Mr H. is, would not appear quite as extraordinary; and as truly American, in that property which I have chosen to call a serious versatility.

I would have made the paper shorter, but the information that I have given, was wanted; does not exist in any accessible shape to any other man living, perhaps; and may be depended upon. Let that excuse the length of my communication.

A. B.

MEMORY—SUGGESTIONS AGAINST THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF IT.

“*Refricare obductam cicatricem!*”

CICERO.

MR EDITOR,

THE attention with which you have been pleased to favour one or two slight communications of mine, and the avowed hostility of your Magazine to humbug, in whatever shape it presents itself, encourages me to trespass once more, just for the twenty-thousandth part of a minute, upon your attention.

Sir, in looking over the *Times* newspaper at breakfast yesterday morning, I found among the advertisements, which are commonly the most entertaining articles in that journal—Sir, among medicines puffed for curing peoples' colds, and long bills, asking them to Vauxhall Gardens—eulogies upon iron coffins, and verses in praise of the new fish-sauce—remarks upon the increased facility of going up in air-balloons, and tables (*raisonnée*) of the reduced rates of life insurance—I found staring me in the face from the very head of the paper, between a list of the prices of the Patent washing company, and a project for lighting the streets of Naples with natural gas from Mount Vesuvius, a new system advertised of mnemonics, calculated, “in a most extraordinary degree, to facilitate the operations of the human memory.”

Now, really, sir, a proposal to increase the powers of memory, when all the

world stands agreed that there is nothing in the world worth remembering, does seem, upon the face of it, to be the absurdest speculation that ever idle capital and active cupidity gave rise to. Just like a long opposition speech made in Parliament—so much trouble taken for trouble's sake. But I will go farther still upon the question, and—setting aside Mr Rogers's poetry—and poetry, as somebody or other very justly observes somewhere, proves nothing on the way of principle—setting aside Samuel Rogers, and his seduction, I will put it to any man who is not a saint, and holds himself bound to speak the truth, whether his memory, nine times in ten that he employs it, is not a source of uneasiness to him, rather than of gratification?

For where, *par exemple*, can be the delight of a man's ascertaining (upon reflection) that he is an ass;—that is, becoming convinced, that (under given circumstances) he did something which nobody but a donkey could have thought of doing;—or that he omitted, on the other hand, to do something which no soul, with the brains even of a donkey, could have failed to do!

Who is there that would desire, two months after his marriage, to call to mind all the silly things which he

said and did in the two months before it; or what lawyer will wish to bethink him, three days after his client has been hanged, of a point which would (three days before) have put fifty more pounds in his pocket, by a motion in arrest of judgment!

Who cares to have his present poverty embittered by the recollection that he has been rich; or, *vice versa*, to remember, when he sits in a coach, that he once rode behind one? What boots it to have a very accurate perception that one is just fifty-three years of age? That it was in this or that particular *annum* that one got the wooden spoon at Oxford? Of the exact dress in which we were presented at court, when we took the footman for the lord in waiting? Of our being rejected by the famous Miss "Anybody,"—and of the pun against us that delighted "everybody" so much at the time?

Cultivate a memory—I say, cultivate a fiddlestick! Why should a man be unto himself an index of his past misfortunes? Why should he contumaciously recollect the sword that got between his legs in the day of the review—the nonsense that he talked "when he was so drunk on the night of Lord What's-his-name's election"—the mode (in detail) in which his mistress jilted him—the second occasion when he was bullied by a sharper—the nickname which he had at school—or the point at which he broke down on his first speech in Parliament?

And then, if this be all that can be gained from nursing our own memories,—how much less still can we benefit by assisting those of others! No one can ever have hoped, I presume, so to change the nature of the registering faculty, as to make it retentive of men's honours, rather than of their blunders and misdeeds; and on what principle, therefore, cherish that faculty in our neighbour, which, of all his personal attributes, is the most impertinent? Why bribe people, after we are lord-mayor, to point out the shop in which we lived "Porter" when we first came to town? Why help the man out who met us once dining at an eating-house; or the old woman who used to dun us for rent when we lodged in the garret? In fact—as a proof that I am right—with all the value that people pretend to set on this

quality, memory—buying up chronological tables, and taking notes and dates down in the Encyclopedia, or on the margin of the Family Bible—what is more usual, in every tolerable society, than to meet with the most direct and positive waivers of the faculty? How few of the unmarried ladies one meets with now-a-days can remember any occurrence prior to the year 1790, or 1792? A very large proportion omit (advisedly) that which passed in the last century altogether. What is more common than to find a Parliamentary leader, protesting on Tuesday morning that he never uttered a word of what everybody heard him say on Monday night; or to hear an orator at a Reform meeting vomiting follies (*verbatim*) for the ninety-ninth time, and fancying all the while that he is spitting them for the first?

Why, what is all this but giving the cut direct to memory?—and right and convenient enough too; but then people should be aware of what they are doing.

What could have been more ill-timed than that *souvenir* of the witness on the Northern Circuit the other day, about Mr Scarlett's father being a perfumer, and living in Red-lion passage? How constitutional would not the same gentleman's speech, and *petit* John Williams's too, have sounded against the "County Courts" Bill, but for our recollecting that the one was to lose two thousand a-year, and the other perhaps five hundred, by its success? I heard a literary man, the other day—very eminent—asked if he had read Lady Morgan's Italy;—the answer was—that he had not—"for fear he might recollect any portion of it."

Why, I might quote moral principle in support of my argument here, but that I think the case stands strong enough without it. For is it not written, that we shall "Forgive our injuries?" And has not that very mandate been generalised into the precept—"Forget and forgive"—simply because it was evident that a man could not "forgive" his injuries until after he had "forgot" them? And, moreover, does not the very original *dictum* itself inculcate the advantage of oblivion universally—because we all know that a man can't possibly forget his injuries, unless he first forgets everything else? Nay, I'll tickle ye for a

logician, Mr North, though you are at the head of the school, I confess.

All this, however, as I said just now, need not be said at all—(here's rhetoric for you as well as logic)—because enough can be said without it. The cause of oblivion—here I take my stand—is mine; and, if any man will deny it with me, “for a thousand marks,” “let him lend me the money, and—have at him!” How constantly we hear people complaining—“How old the jokes are,” &c.—every time that a new comedy comes out. Why, this is compound mischief (retrospective)—arising, first, out of their own unseasonable recollections, and, again, out of the too retentive disposition of the author.

Memory—nothing else—it is memory that does all the mischief in the world! The wandering Jew has been detected over and over again by his ill-timed accuracy about past events—as the colour of the small clothes which King Solomon wore on his coronation day—the way in which pigs were roasted in the kitchen of Pontius Pilate, &c. &c.—not recollecting the maxim—so true it is, as I observed in my beginning, that the best memories never recollect anything which ought to be recollected—not recollecting that admirable maxim—*non plus sapere quam oportet sapere*, which (especially in the front of all “witness boxes”) ought to be written in letters of gold. On the one hand, how often does the mere semi-recognition of a face draw one into accosting perhaps a tailor that one owes a hundred pounds to? On the other, how delightful it would be—not only if you could totally forget your Schneider—but if your Schneider could totally forget you?—The same advantage would apply to most of our acquaintance forgetting us—our friends always do, as it is.

Why should reminiscences continue to fleet across men's minds—like momentary aberrations of intellect, or mid-day night-mares—of things that one has read (by surprise) in the Examiner newspaper—or The Liberal—or the Liber Amoris—things that one would take such great care (if one could once get rid of the idea of them) never to read again? And, *per contra*, how delightful if one could forget all that has been done by Scott or Byron, [or in Blackwood's Magazine,] so that, as they can't publish fast enough

to content our appetite, we might read all they have published over again as new?

I must beg you to apply one moment's thought to this matter, Mr North—since I cannot presume myself to trouble you at much length upon it; for it seems to me that all the world (I don't exaggerate) stands interested in the discussion. Forget! what would not Mr Leigh Hunt give that your letters from Z, or from the “washerwoman,” could be forgotten? What sacrifice would not Lord Nugent make that we could cease to recollect Mr Canning, and the story of the Falmouth coach? What would not Lord John Russell give to forget having written “Don Carlos!” What would not his friends give to forget having cut the book open!—What would not the *coté gauche*, as a body, give to forget all its own prophecies for the last ten years! And what would not people on all sides give to forget the right and left commendations, that they get, every time he rises, from that admirable lawyer and politician, Sir James Mackintosh!

Then, when I think what advantages, of another description still, might accrue to the public and to individuals from a ceasing to remember!—See how it would bar prosing—to begin with;—a man who has no memory *can't* bring his great uncles and grandfathers upon you.

One stands pretty safe against invention, because, even where it exists, it is slow in its operations; but can there be a sentence pronounced upon a sinner—what is the Tread Mill—what is a speech upon Parliamentary Reform, from such a man as Hobhouse—to the being shut up with a rogue who has the tales of other days upon his hands—recollects the American war—the French Revolution—or the riots of “Eighty!” I speak perhaps with some personal feeling upon this point, for I had an uncle once who could describe Garrick the actor! He had a friend, too, that had known Charles Fox, and another who had seen General Washington! And there was a third—this was the wretch of all!—who had almost fourteen of Sheridan's published jokes by heart, which he used to say over every day after dinner—and never miss one—as if he had laid a wager that he would drive me into a mad-house.

Here again, the uncertainty to

which I have before adverted of the best memories appears;—the very same man who most vigorously recollects any particular story, invariably forgets how often he has told it. But, by getting rid of the retentive faculty nearly, or altogether, see how much of this visitation would, of necessity, be escaped! Stories would be told but seldom:—here is Potosi gained in half a sentence. Such stories as were still told could hardly by possibility ever be told twice in the same way:—so, much of the *ennui* which, proverbially, attaches to second relations, would be got over.

Again, the explosion of mnemonics would go so very greatly to bring speaking the truth into fashion! Men must lie in the very teeth of the adage who lied with a consciousness of the weakness of their own memories—which would tend to a most important reform in the “memorials” of “ill-used persons,” as well as in the orations and appeals written and delivered to the world in their behalf. And this would not be an advantage confined, as some advantages (the advantage of a man being hanged, for instance) are, to the separate body of community, but it is one in which the individual himself would abundantly share; for the uncertainty of recollection, even under the most favourable circumstances, I think I have demonstrated; and there is no practice so apt as lying to induce men to trust his powers in the way of memory.

In brief, Mr Editor, I am induced to throw out these hints, (upon which, perhaps some of your other correspondents may think it worth while to improve,) because an individual of very considerable merit is about to bring

forward the question of memory, in a new way. This party is of opinion—as I am—that the world labours under a decided misapprehension upon the subject;—that the advantages to be derived from recollecting matters bears no comparison to that which would result from losing sight of them; and that the same view of things might very properly be made general, which has denominated the highest act of Royal mercy and beneficence, an act “of Oblivion.” For the purpose of bringing this question fully forward, and to illustrate the possibility of what he wishes to accomplish, my friend proposes, in the course of the present summer, to make some very curious experiments upon his own memory. The Lyceum Theatre is engaged, and “due notice,” in the theatrical phrase, will be given of the time and nature of the performance, which is expected to carry the art of wanting recollection farther than it has ever gone before.

Among many extraordinary feats, too numerous to mention, the Professor will forget his own name—the place of his birth, and all the principal events of his life—with an almost unconceivable precision. He will afterwards declare three half-crowns to be fourteen and sixpence; and conclude by absolutely “forgetting” himself, and imagining that he is one of the company! To prevent all doubt as to the genuine character of the exhibition (as well as to warrant the public in giving him its support) the performer will declare, beforehand, that he is not a Whig; and the answers will be given upon oath.

T. S.

SIR ROBERT KER PORTER'S TRAVELS.*

IF we abstract from the two large volumes before us, all that is inaccurate, all that is uninteresting, and all that has been quite as well told by former travellers, the balance to be placed to the credit of Sir Robert Ker Porter might have been comprised in a slender octavo. It is much to be regretted that his literary friends had not induced him to compress his materials into a more available compass, for really few people have leisure to read so much about so little as we have here served up for our entertainment.

Though the author formally renounces all pretension to "style in writing," it is impossible to read half a dozen pages in any part of the book, without perceiving, that, notwithstanding the modesty of the renunciation in the Preface, the pretension in the body of the work is very considerable, and that the style is generally much too laboured for the subjects.

Were this the only objection to the manner of our author, we should probably have passed it by untouched, but in his attempts to *work up* many passages to something much *finer* than was at all necessary or fitting—he has given not only very highly coloured, but even very inaccurate representations of the objects which he describes, and has cast over his whole production an air of fiction—of romance—from which there is not enough of sober truth to redeem it.

It is not our intention to complain of the Knight's want of information on the subjects connected with science, but we feel it our duty to state, that his map of Georgia, and part of Persia, is exceedingly inaccurate, and that if the *Depot Imperial des Cartes* at St Petersburg, cannot furnish better materials than Sir Robert would seem to have possessed, the Russian information regarding even their own countries, must be very meagre and erroneous, or what is correct must be carefully concealed. We are more at a loss to account for some of the errors into which the Knight has fallen in the geography of the northern parts of

Persia, as he acknowledges having made use of Major Monteith's very valuable surveys of that part of the country. Now, it has so happened, that, by the kindness of a friend, we have been enabled to compare the map which Sir Robert has given, with the source from which he derived much of his information, and are bound to declare that the deviations from the original are, frequent and important, though not one of them, so far as we are aware, is a deviation for the sake of accuracy.

A correct map of the countries lying between the Caspian and Black Seas, the Caucasus and the Persian Gulf, was much wanted; but this does not supply the deficiency, and we therefore hope, that the intelligent officer who has been so long employed in Persia, will give the public the result of his observations.

What has been said of the text, and of the map, does not, however, apply to the drawings, at least not to all of them. Those which may be comprised under the general description of copies from bas-reliefs, are excellent in their kind, and we have no hesitation in saying, that they are not merely the best, but even the only good representations of these curious works which we have seen. The landscapes, on the contrary, are, for the most part, poor, and give no good idea of the general appearance of the country, or of the particular places they are intended to represent.

It is a pity that it should be so, but we regret the absence of better things the less, as we expect a series of Persian, and other Eastern landscapes, from the same hand which gave us views in the Himalah; and if we may judge by some specimens which we have seen, there will be little cause to regret the omissions, in this department, of any previous traveller.

The murder which Sir Robert has committed on almost every Eastern word which has by any accident fallen into his hands, is more to be regretted than wondered at; but the

* Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. &c. During the years 1817-18-19 and 20. By Sir Robert Ker Porter, with Engravings, &c. In two vols. 4to. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Browne, London, 1821-22.

use of one proper name for another, which so frequently occurs, is in no way excusable, and his confused and short notices of events in modern Persian history, are, by his total ignorance of the language, and the native orthography of the names, rendered almost unintelligible.

The preface would lead us to attribute the errors which have occurred in writing eastern names to the transcriber. But the author's own ignorance of Asiatic languages cannot be concealed, even at the expense of his penman, and ought in candour to have been frankly and openly avowed.

The Knight may claim praise for his extreme good nature, for he seems to be pleased with everybody he meets, and he half intimates that everybody is pleased with him. Indeed, the raptures in which he indulges whenever chance brings him in the way of a *great man*, are often very amusing, and the pains which he takes to exonerate them from charges to which they have been subjected are sometimes truly laborious.

Having thus given our general opinion of the work, we shall proceed to examine it more in detail, and in so doing we shall conform as much as possible to the author's wish, that he should be judged by what he calls his "pretensions," which are "truth in what he relates, and fidelity in what he copies."

The Knight left St Petersburg on the 6th of August (O. S.) 1817, and proceeded to Odessa, with the intention of passing through Constantinople on his route to Persia, but having heard that the plague was then raging in the Turkish capital, he changed his course, and determined to enter Asia by the way of New Tcherkask, the capital of the Don Cossacks, where he was received and entertained in a very edifying manner, by the Hetman Platoff. Our author passes a suitable encomium on the merits of the veteran soldier, and on the beauty of the new capital. But though we are inclined to give the Hetman credit for his military and social qualifications, it must be allowed that he shewed little judgment in the choice of a situation for his new city, and that the removal of so large a portion of the population from the vicinity of the navigable river, has been injurious to the country, by diminishing its trade, and de-

priving them of the advantage of supplying themselves with everything they imported by water.

From Tcherkask our author proceeds through endless perils across the Terik, where he buys a Circassian horse, and escaping dangers even more formidable than he had passed on his way to the river, arrives at Vlady Caucas, a considerable Russian military station, close to the foot of the mountains from which it takes its name. Shortly before his arrival at this station, he had a full view of the range of the Caucasus, which, our author informs us, "was a sight to make the senses pause; to oppress even respiration, by the weight of the impression on the mind, of such vast overpowering sublimity."

From Vlady Caucas, he advances to cross the mountains into Georgia, and on his way is again inclosed in a net of dangers, from all of which, however, he happily escapes unhurt. On his approach to Derial (a narrow pass in the mountains) the road, he says, "leads for a considerable way through a subterraneous passage cut in the solid rock." This passage, however, is subterraneous, in the usual acceptance of the word, only for the space of three or four feet.

We may here mention, that in a sketch, shewing the height of the Caucasus, which the Knight has copied from the work of Englehardt and Parrot, he has made an important error. He has placed the level of the Caspian considerably *above* that of the Black Sea, whereas, by the barometrical measurements of the German travellers, confirmed by subsequent observation, the Caspian is actually something more than fifty toises *below* the level of the Black Sea, and its shores may perhaps therefore be considered the lowest country in the globe.

Crossing the Caucasus seems (from our author's account) to be by no means an ordinary undertaking, and the picture he draws of the terrors of passing the Good Gara mountain, is really tremendous. His account is as follows:—

"Nothing can paint the terrific situation of the road which opened before us at Good Gara. It seemed little better than a scramble along the perpendicular face of a rock, whence a fall must be instant destruction. The path itself was, in fact, not more than ten or twelve feet wide, and this

wound round the mountain during the whole circuit, with a precipice at its side, of many hundred fathoms deep. While pursuing this perilous way, we saw the heads of high hills, villages, and spreading woods, at a depth so far beneath, the eye could not dwell on it for a moment, without dizziness ensuing. At the bottom of the green abyss, the Aragua appeared like a fine silver line. I dared not trust myself to gaze long on a scene, at once so sublime, and so painfully terrible. But leading my horse as near as I could, to that side of the road whence the Good Gara towered to the sky, and therefore opposite to that which edged the precipice, I looked with anxiety on my fellow-travellers, who were clinging to the stony projections, in their advance up this horrid escalade."

Who would imagine that this "horrid escalade" is almost daily effected by carriages, nay, that the author's own calash mounted with himself—that for a hundred yards or more, immediately below the road, this "green abyss" is yearly mown for hay by the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages; and that a path leads almost directly down it, by which this hay is carried to the foot of the mountain, over the backs of asses?—Yet such is the fact.

The Knight having overcome the difficulties of the mountain road, and passed through the ruins of Mesket, (the ancient Harmastis,) where he saw some remains of a Roman wall, at length found himself safe at Tiflis, the capital of Georgia.

The most remarkable feature of this city is its castle, the ruins of which still stand on a hill above the tower; but our author was mistaken in supposing that he saw within its present lines the mosque mentioned by Chardin, for that still stands where Sir John saw it, near the river to which the walls of the lower works (where the mosque was situated) then extended. This lower fort no longer remains, and nothing is now left but that on the crown of the hill. Our author falls into another mistake, when he says that the river Koor, (Cyrus,) which runs through Tiflis, passes through Moghan to the north-west coast of the Caspian; whereas it divides Moghan from Sheerwan, and empties itself on the west coast of the Caspian, near its southern extremity.

From Tiflis Sir Robert proceeds towards Persia, and on his way visits the ruins of Anni, a deserted, but

scarcely ruinous Armenian city, within the Turkish frontier. From hence he journeys on to Etchmiatzin, (the three churches,) built by St Gregory, according to a plan shewn him in a vision, and on his road thither, the Knight has a view of the mountains of Ararat. He thus describes his feelings on beholding them:—

"But the feelings I experienced while looking on the mountain, are hardly to be described. My eye not able to rest for any length of time on the blinding glory of its summits, wandered down the apparently interminable sides, till I could no longer trace their vast lines in the mist of the horizon; when an irrepressible impulse, immediately carrying my eye upwards again, refixed my gaze upon the awful glare of Ararat; and this bewildered sensibility of sight being answered by a similar feeling in the mind, for some moments I was lost in a strange suspension of the powers of thought."

This is rather too much of a good thing. We can allow a man to be much struck with the first view of a fine mountain, and we can admit of his describing the feelings which it excited within any natural or reasonable bounds; but the Knight has gone not only beyond every natural feeling, but even beyond common sense and possibility, and gives one the impression that he is describing what he supposed might be felt, rather than what he actually did feel, on the occasion.

From Etchmiatzin Sir Robert went to Erivan, near to which city is the lake of Sevan, which he supposes to be the Palus Lychnites of Ptolemy; but he seems to have a very inaccurate idea of its dimensions, for he states its circumference at thirty miles, while it is in fact something more than one hundred. He commits another error in enumerating amongst the districts of Erivan "Sharagil," (Shooragil,) which belongs to Russia. In his account of the value of the Persian toman, which he here first notices, he has not been more fortunate. He states it at half a guinea; but as its value is to that of the Dutch ducat as four to three, if we consider the ducat worth nine shillings, it will give twelve for the toman; and we believe it has not been beneath this price.

On his departure from Erivan, at about nine miles from that city, Sir Robert finds the ruins of Ardashir, and gives us a very pathetic account

of the deserted loneliness of the place. We were astonished, after this, to find that the ruins (which are not of great extent) contain no less than three villages.

Ardashir our author sets down, contrary to every evidence, as Artaxata, the city built by Hannibal when he sought refuge in Armenia. Artaxata is described by all the ancient authors who notice it, as situated on the banks of the river Araxes, (now Aras,)—as having a castle which stood on a high neck of land, washed on three sides by the river; and mention is also made of its bridge across the Araxes. Now Ardashir is situated, by the author's own account, six miles from the Aras, and the furthest limits of the present ruins on that side do not approach the river nearer than five miles. We have no castle washed by the river on three sides, no hill indeed on which it could have stood, (for that put down in the plan is a mere heap of ruin,) and we have no symptoms of a bridge. The level of Ardashir, too, is so much above that of the bed of the river, that we cannot suppose the Aras to have run near it at any time; and, in short, we have not between Ardashir and Artaxata one single point of resemblance.

Morrier mentions, on the information of Major Monteith, a place which corresponds much more nearly with the accounts which have reached us of the "modern Carthage;" and the subsequent observations of that officer seem to have established their identity. This place is situated close to the river, has its castle washed on three sides by the stream, and still can shew the ruins of a noble bridge, as well as the scattered fragments of what appear to have been dwellings on both sides of the water. Almost all the stones to be found there are of basalt or trap, hewn with much care; but the bridge has the peculiarity of having been built of a compact lime-stone, which must have been brought from a distance.

From Ardashir Sir Robert pursued his journey to Nukshivan, (which he believes to be the Naxuana of Ptolemy,) and laments over the fall of its vineyards, once so famous,—of which he says, "nothing more are (is) now to be seen beyond a few old walls of two or three gardens, where a remnant of grapes may yet be found, to mark perhaps the spot of some old wine-press." It is rather unfortunate for the accu-

racy of our Knight, that Nukshivan is still famous for its vineyards, and that the chief supports of the place are wine, prepared grape-juice, and raisins.

From Nukshivan the Knight makes his way to Tabreez, and not far from that city passes over what he imagines may be the plain of Kalderan, (correctly, Chalderan,) where Shah Ismael, the founder of the Sophy (Suffoveeah) dynasty of Persia, was defeated by the Turks. But Chalderan is as well known as Tabreez, and lies at least a hundred miles from where the Knight supposes he may have found it. It is close to the Turkish frontier, on the side of Bayazede.

Tabreez (the ancient Gaza) is the capital of the province of Azerbyjan, (Atropatia,) and is the seat of government of his Royal Highness Abbas Meerza, the viceroy of the province, and elected heir-apparent to the throne of Persia. When Sir Robert arrived, the Prince was absent at Khōy, and our Knight employed himself in seeing the lions, which were not many. He finds occasion, however, in describing them, to make some mistakes. He talks of a ruined mosque, called Allee Shah, which does not exist, and adorns it with painted tiles. There is a building called Allee Shah, but it is not a mosque, neither has it any ornament; and there is an ornamented ruined mosque, but it is not called Allee Shah, neither is it within the present line of fortification, which the Knight tells us his ornamented mosque is.

It is seldom that Sir Robert ventures to trouble us with anything like statistical information; but when he does, his calculations are curious. We give the following as a specimen:—

"Chardin mentions, that, in his time, the capital of Azerbaijan contained half a million of people. The consequence which had been attached to maintaining its military strength, under Abbas the Great, must, of course, have increased the inhabitants of the city. But, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, we find its population so wonderfully reduced, that, at the earthquake of 1727, which demolished the chief part of the town, *not more than seventy thousand persons were victims; an incredible disproportion to the rate of its inhabitants just before.* And at the succeeding shock, which happened sixty years afterwards, *only forty thousand remained to be swallowed up in the second gulph.* If the vast number reported by Chardin as the

population of Tabreez, in the year 1686, were the real fact, how terrible must have been the events of war, and its attendant evils, famine and pestilence, which must have swept the province of Azerbijan, and reduced its capital city, in the course of little more than forty years, (from the time of his calculation to the first earthquake,) from half a million of souls, to hardly more than one-fifth of that multitude."

Here Sir Robert sets out with half a million, and at the end of a little more than forty years finds that only one hundred and ten thousand were left, because the earthquake which occurred in 1727 destroyed only seventy thousand. Whatever he may think of the number, we think it a very fair proportion of the original population to be destroyed by the falling of their houses upon them. This earthquake, however, was a reasonable and well-behaved one compared with that which followed; for whereas this first left, by the knight's calculation, forty thousand inhabitants still in the city, the second left not even one to tell the story. He says, "only forty thousand remained to be swallowed up in the second gulph." What he means by a gulph, we are at a loss to comprehend. If he means that the earth opened and received the unfortunate forty thousand who had escaped the first *gulph*, we can assure him that nothing of this kind occurred. But we rather imagine it is only the Knight's mode of speaking.

While at Tabreez the Knight visited the palace of the Prince, and the females being absent, was admitted to view the Underroom, or Haram Khouah, which presented nothing remarkable. He had an audience of Malik Kossim Meerza, a fine boy of thirteen, with the deportment of a man. This leads our author to descant largely on the improvement which has taken place in the mode of educating princes in Persia, which we have not room to insert, but which gives him occasion to extol *the powers that be*, at the expense of all their predecessors since the days of Cyrus.

Some of Sir Robert's observations on the habits of the Persians are rather remarkable. He observes, that few of them increase their clothing during the winter, which is the more extraordinary, as it is well known that they pass much of their time, even in the most inclement seasons, in rooms

without fires, and often sitting close to an open window. We are at a loss to conjecture what the Persians make of the great quantities of furs which are sent into their country, and of the endless supplies of sheep-skin coverings called Poosteens, Oimas, &c. which are sold in such numbers in every bazar in Persia.

The cold at Tabreez is very intense, and its effects appear to be appalling, for the Knight informs us, that from the practice of closing the city-gates at night, and not opening them till morning, travellers who arrive too late to be admitted are frequently destroyed by the cold. His words are, "And during the inclement season, at opening the gates, *very often* a terrible scene of death unfolds itself close to the threshold. Old and young, animals and children, lying one lifeless heap!" This account is not *entirely* without foundation, for we believe that there is one instance on record, or at least told, of some persons having been frozen to death at the gates of Tabreez. But we will venture to assert, that nothing at all resembling Sir Robert's description has occurred more than once within the memory of man. This is what Sir Robert understands by *very often*.

At Tabreez he has occasion to give us some farther account of Persian coins, which he does with his usual accuracy. He informs us that one real is equal to twenty-four copper "shys," (shahees,) but we have it from better authority that the real is equal to twenty-five.

Sir Robert having been invited by the Prince Royal to accompany him to Teheran, whither his royal highness was going to assist at the festival of the Nowroze, prepared for his journey. He gives rather a lively description of the group which was formed at starting. Not far from Oojan, (a summer palace at which the Prince rested,) is a cave containing a vapour destructive to animal life, and it seems to excite the Knight's no small wonder, that the top of the cave is free from the fatal gas. He does not seem to have even conjectured, that the specific gravity of the deadly exhalation, (as he calls it,) may have been greater than that of atmospheric air. We have no doubt that this excavation, like hundreds of others, contains carbonic acid gas.

The next place of any importance to which we come is Miana, famous for its bug, of which so many stories are told, all of which our Knight seems to have swallowed implicitly. His alarm for these bugs was such, that he even forgot himself so far as to beat the man whom the Prince had sent to entertain him on the road. The bite of this formidable bug, our Knight assures us, is fatal, producing death at the expiration of *eight or nine months*. The people of the village, however, experience no inconvenience from it.

From Miana Sir Robert proceeded across the Koffan Kooh, (where Mr Browne was mysteriously murdered,) to Teheran, where the Knight was present at the celebration of the festival of the Nowroze. As this is a remarkable part of the court proceedings in Persia, we shall notice some errors into which he has fallen in describing what occurred; and first, we must say, that wherever Sir Robert got the king's speech which he has given us, it is entirely fictitious, and such as the King of Persia would not (we will venture to say) repeat on such an occasion for almost any bribe. The Nowroze, (New Day,) though it is called so from its having been the first day of the year amongst the ancient Persians, is not the first day of the Mahomedan year, and has nothing to do with the regulation of the days of any month; it therefore must seldom happen that this day falls on the first of a month. The love of unity with his subjects which the king is here made to express, is a sentiment which it would be thought quite beneath the dignity of majesty to utter, and never was uttered by the Shah at such a time.

Sir Robert mentions a bird-headed staff which was carried before the master of the ceremonies, and, supposing it to represent the ancient Persian eagle-standard, moralizes "in good set terms" on its degradation. But he might have reserved his sorrow for a more fitting occasion, as we can assure him that the carrying of a staff before the master of the ceremonies must have been accidental, and that the wand which that august personage usually bears in his own hand, has a bird or beast, or anything else, or nothing at all, on the top of it, just as to his excellency may seem right.

Our author states that his majesty

the Shah wore the two famous diamonds, the Mountain and the Sea of Splendour. But his majesty has only the latter. The former (if we mistake not) was last heard of amongst the Afghans.

The Knight was very much startled by a sudden burst of sounds from the Moolahs, who, he informs us, were sounding the king's praises. Now it happens that the speech in praise of the king, which also implores a blessing upon him, is always read by one person. At the conclusion the Moolahs draw out Ameen, (Amen,) which is the whole sum of their vociferations.

Something induced the Knight to suppose, that he saw under a shed at the gate of the ark or inner fort which contains the palace, "the ruinous brass cannon which Chardin mentions having seen in the Maydan i Shah at Ispahan." In this, however, he was mistaken, for the "ruinous cannon" was taken from Looft Allee Khan, whose name was erased to make room for that of Futteh Allee Shah.

After having witnessed the celebration of the festival of the Nowroze, Sir Robert extended his researches beyond the city walls. Nothing seems to have captivated him so much as the palace and garden of the Negaristan, (Place of Paintings,) which he thus describes:

"One of the delicious spots to which I paid the most frequent visits after the commencement of the genial weather I speak of, was the garden of Negaristan, another garden of the king's, in the same direction as the one just described, but only half a mile from the city."

And then he goes on to say,—

"Narrow secluded walks, shaded above, and enamelled with flowers below, with cuts of clear and sparkling water, silvering the ground, and cooling the air, vary the scene, from parts which the hand of neglect, (or taste assuming graceful negligence,) has left in a state of romantic wilderness."

And again,—

"On my first entering this bower of fairy land, (indeed, I may call it the very garden of Beauty and the Beast,)"

(No reference, we hope, to Futteh Allee Shah.)

"I was struck with the appearance of two rose trees full fourteen feet high, laden with thousands of flowers in every degree

of expansion, and of a bloom and delicacy of scent that sweetened the whole atmosphere with the most exquisite perfume, &c." "But in this delicious garden of Negaristan, the eye and the smell were not the only senses regaled by the rose. The ear was enchanted by the wild and beautiful notes of multitudes of nightingales, whose warblings seem to increase in melody and softness with the unfolding of their favourite flowers, &c.

"At the upper end of the garden is a small and fantastically built palace, inclosed in a little paradise of sweets. The Shah often retires thither for days together at the beginning of summer, before he removes to more distant and temperate regions; and accompanied by the softer sex of his family, forgets, for a while, that life or the world have other seasons than the gay and lovely spring. This building was of a light architecture, and, with its secluded garden, presented altogether a scene more congenial to the ideas I had conceived of one of those earthly imitations of the Houris' abodes, than any I had yet met in the east.

"The palace was nearly circular, full of elegant apartments, brilliantly adorned with gilding, arabesque, looking-glasses, and flowers, natural and painted, in every quarter. Some of the largest saloons were additionally ornamented with pictures; portraits of the Shah and his sons; of the chief personages at court; also of foreign ministers; and amongst the rest were General Sir John Malcolm, Sir Hartford Jones, Sir Gore Ouseley, Monsieur Gardanne, &c. &c. &c. all portrayed in high costume, and all like one and the same original. The carpets and nummuds of these apartments were of the most delicate fabric, and literally as we moved we felt treading on velvet. But the place of greatest attraction to an Oriental taste certainly was the summer-bath. It seemed to comprise everything of seclusion, elegance, and that luxurious enjoyment which has too often been the chief occupation of some Asiatic princes, and perhaps will ever be the favourite recreation with them all. This bath saloon, or court, (for it is difficult to give it an exactly appropriate name,) is circular, with a vast basin in its centre of pure white marble, of the same shape, and about sixty or seventy feet in diameter. This is filled with the clearest water, sparkling in the sun, for its only canopy is the vault of heaven; but rose-trees, with other pendant shrubs bearing flowers, cluster near it, and at times their waving branches throw a beautifully quivering shade over the excessive brightness of the water. Round the sides are two ranges, one above the other, of little chambers looking towards the bath, and furnished with every refinement of the Harem. These are for the accommodation of the

ladies, who accompany the Shah during his occasional sojourns at the Negaristan. They undress or repose in these, before or after the delight of bathing; for so fond are they of this luxury, they remain in the water for hours, and sometimes, when the heat is very relaxing, come out more dead than alive. But in the delightful recess, the waters flow through the basin by a constant spring, thus renewing the body's vigour by their bracing coolness, and enchantingly refreshing the air, which the sun's influence and the thousand flowers breathing around might otherwise render oppressive with their incense. The royal master of this HORTI Adonis frequently takes his noon-day repose in one of the upper chambers which encircle the saloon of the bath, and, if he be inclined, he has only to turn his eyes to the scene below, to see the loveliest objects of his tenderness sporting like Naiads amidst the crystal stream, and glowing with all the bloom and brilliancy which belongs to Asiatic youth. In such a bath court, it is probable that Bathsheba was seen by the enamoured king of Israel. As he was 'walking at evening tide on the roof of his palace,' he might undesignedly have strolled far enough to overlook the Underoon of his women, where the beautiful wife of Uriah, visiting the royal wives, might have joined them, as was often the custom in those countries, in the delights of the bath."

Of all the instances of excessive embellishment (and these are not a few) with which our author has favoured us, none surpasses this absurdly exaggerated description; for besides giving a most inaccurate impression of the whole, he describes things which do not exist. We shall only notice one or two of them.

The bath saloon, or court, which he describes as circular, is an octagon, and the basin, instead of being of pure white marble, is of good brick and lime, with an edging only of marble, and that all above water. So far from being surrounded by "rose-trees and other pendant shrubs bearing flowers," the basin extends to the walls of the surrounding buildings, between which and the water there is nothing but stone. It does not, therefore, and cannot by possibility, contain a single shrub.

The garden is extensive, but miserably kept, and laid out without taste, more for profit than for beauty. The trees are so close together that it is impossible, with any comfort, to go amongst them, and there are no walks except the two avenues which divide each other at right angles in the cen-

tre of the place. The fruit-trees are almost entirely hid by ranges of tall poplars, which are set in straight lines so close that their stems almost touch. The palace is a poor building, constructed partly of brick and partly of mud. The small apartments round the bath saloon are much out of repair; indeed, have never been quite finished, and more resemble the cells of anchorites than the habitations of queens. The great chamber or hall which contains the curious painting representing almost every variety of Eastern costume, is dark and dingy, and the whole place, though probably a comfortable spring residence, has little to boast beyond its clear water and its nightingales.

"It is a rarity in these times," says the Knight, "to see a Persian of any class intoxicated with drink." That he should have passed through the country without having seen any of these scenes of drunkenness which so constantly occur, is no bad evidence of the very superficial manner in which he has observed the habits and occupations of the people.

Amongst our author's foibles, none is more remarkable than his desire to add to his own importance by letting us know how much he has been honoured by every great man with whom he comes in contact. A ludicrous instance of this weakness occurs in the account which he gives of taking the Shah's portrait. "His majesty," says Sir Robert, "entered on that which was the object of the morning, and desired me to draw as near him as I should deem necessary, and to be seated." This command was considered the highest personal honour he could confer on any man." Sir Robert's vanity and ignorance of Eastern manners induced him to consider it as such; but had he known more of the matter, he would have discovered, that this is an honour which many professional gentlemen share with him, and amongst others that respectable personage the king's barber, who, when in the exercise of his calling, whether cutting his majesty's toe-nails, or shaving his kingly scalp, invariably receives the same order, to be seated. His majesty knows well that the barber cannot perform the duties of his office without being permitted to squat, and he justly concluded that our Knight could not so readily transfer his royal phy-

siognomy to paper or canvass unless he was allowed a similar privilege.

About three miles from Teheran are the ruins of the city of Rhey Rhages, of which Sir Robert has given us a plan. Though not by any means an accurate one, it may still serve to give some idea of the place.

From Teheran he proceeded towards Ispahan, by the way of Koom, (a city held sacred by the Persians from its containing the tomb of Fatima, the daughter of Mahommed,) where, he mentions, many Persians purchase themselves graves at a considerable cost, though those who can afford a still greater expenditure obtain a participation in the sanctity of Hoossein, Kerbela, or Allee, at Mesched. This is another blunder. The tomb of Allee is at Nujif, near Kerbela, not far from Bagdad, whereas Mesched is the capital of Khorassan, quite in the opposite direction, and is the burying-place of another martyred saint named Imaum Reza.

Passing from Koom through Kashan, (famous for its silk and velvet manufactures,) our Knight arrives at Koh-rood, after having been again put in bodily fear by the difficulties of the road. Here he discovers an old tombstone, which moved him to much admiration; and being told that it covered the remains of some *Pelhiva*, (Peilhewan,) and that this word means a warrior, his imagination connects it with Pelhavee, (the ancient language of Persia,) and immediately puts before his "mind's eye" a warrior of the days of Cyrus. Peilhewan did, and still does mean a warrior, but has been extended by courtesy, and is now generally applied to wrestlers, and other gymnastic performers; in short, a Peilhewan of the present day in Persia is pretty nearly what our Gentleman of the Fancy is in England.

Crossing a range of lofty mountains, (which, by the by, is omitted in the map,) Sir Robert journeys on, through heat and direful thirst, to Ispahan. Here he finds the Nizam ud Dowlut, son of the Ameen ud Dowlut governor. This is a mistake which has been continued throughout the work. The Nizam ud Dowlut is the father, not the son of the Ameen ud Dowlut. At Ispahan, the Knight gives us a description of the Chehel Seitoon, (a palace of the Suffooveah Kings,) which is cast in the same mould as that of the Ne-

garistan at Teheran, but is scarcely so preposterous, for the Chekel Seitoon does possess some merit. He assures us that the country round Ispahan is "capable of the most productive cultivation;" but unfortunately it is quite the reverse—it is even unusually sterile and unfruitful, and but for the immediate vicinity of so large a city, could not possibly pay the expense of tillage.

But Sir Robert has fallen into another and a more important error, (as it affects the character of a considerable body, already sufficiently depressed and reviled,) in the account which he gives of the morals of the Armenian population of Julpha. That small remnant of a scattered Christian people, ground by their rulers, and bearing the weight of insult and contempt, as well as of grievous political oppression, have certainly deviated much from the rules of their religion, and fallen from the character which they held in better times. But amongst all the evils by which they have been surrounded, they have at least maintained their character for one virtue, and it ill became an Englishman to tread under foot those of his own faith, who are already at the mercy of every ruffian, and to seek to deprive them of the merit of retaining one of a few virtues, to which they may fairly and honestly lay claim. The charge against the Armenian females of Julpha is unfounded; and we wonder the more to find it here, as the "young Persian,"* Sedak Beg, who accompanied Sir Robert, (and through whom he must have procured almost all his information,) is himself an Armenian in the Persian service, and though not a native of Julpha, might be supposed to have some natural regard for the character of the people of whom he was one.

From Ispahan the Knight proceeded through a country abounding in bands of robbers and assassins, and mountain precipices and trackless ways, towards Persepolis. On his journey he chanced to see a wild ass, which he pursued, but did not kill. "A few days after this," says the Knight, "we saw another of these animals, and pursuing it determinately, had the

good fortune, after a hard chase, to kill it, and bring it to our quarters. From it I completed my sketch."

We believe this is the first instance upon record of the wild ass having been run down in such a manner. We beg leave to extract a few lines from Mr Morier's account of this animal, and of the mode of hunting it.

"On the desert, before we reached Casvin, in the grey of the morning, we gave chase to two wild asses, which the Persians call gour khur, but which had so much the speed of our horses, that when they had got at some distance, they stood still, and looked behind at us, snorting with their noses in the air, as if in contempt of our endeavours to catch them. The Persians sometimes succeed in killing them, but not without great dexterity and knowledge of their haunts. To effect this they place relays of horsemen and dogs upon the track which they are known to pursue, and then hunt them towards the relays, when fresh dogs and horses are started upon the half-exhausted animal. The whole of this account agrees with Xenophon, who says, that their horsemen had no other means of catching them, than by dividing themselves into relays, and succeeding one another in the chase."

From these accounts—from what is generally known of the fleetness of the wild ass, as well as from our own more minute information, we have no hesitation in saying that it was not a wild ass which our Knight describes himself to have slain. It must therefore have been a tame one; and probably some poor villager, who had to bewail the loss which he sustained, has, from that time to this, been wondering by what mysterious hand his ass had been carried from his pastures, little suspecting that the plunderer was no other than a Christian Knight. We really think that Sir Robert would do well to find out the unfortunate man whom he thus deprived of his property, and reimburse him in the full value of the animal.

If any evidence were wanting to prove that it was not a wild ass, we might find it in the description and the drawing of the animal. For we are told that it had no dark line running down its back, which the wild ass invariably has, though it has no bar across the shoulder; and certain we

* This Sedak Beg is the same of whom an account is given in John Bull—and who dined in company with the Duke of Sussex on some public occasion.

are, that no wild ass ever carried such a head on such a neck as is here represented.

At one of the stages between Ispahan and Persepolis, Sir Robert stumbled upon a very liberal-minded Moolah, which gives him occasion to make some remarks on the feelings of Persians towards Europeans, arising from the difference of their religions; and as some of his observations are calculated to mislead persons not well informed on these matters, we shall notice one of them, which is more particularly erroneous. He assures us, that few Persians in the northern parts of the country would have any objection to eat out of the same tray with an European. It is impossible to imagine anything much more inaccurate than this statement. We venture to assert that scarcely any Persian in north or south, who has not emancipated himself from the restraints imposed by his religion, will dip his hand into the dish with an European. We are aware that some remarkable exceptions to this assertion might be quoted, but we say that these have only occurred where the Persian was willing to purchase some considerable advantage by doing what was disagreeable to himself, and what he conceived to be high honour to the infidel with whom he deigned to eat out of the same dish.

In speaking of the Eeleaut, (the wandering tribes of Persia,) Sir Robert displays an ignorance which is quite inexcusable in a man who pretends to give an account of the country. He imagines that all the Eeleaut are of Tartar origin, with the single exception of the Bukhtiarees, whereas nearly one-half of their number belongs to neither the one nor the other, and are probably older inhabitants of the country than the divisions which he has mentioned.

The wandering tribes of Persia, comprised under the general term Eel, (of which Eeleaut is the plural,) are usually divided into four nations, viz. The Lacks, who believe themselves to be aborigines of Persia—The Koords, (Carducians,) who have migrated from their own country, or been removed by conquerors—The Toorks, who are of Tartar origin, and most of whom came into these parts with Chengis Khan, or with Timoorlung, (Tamerlane;) and the Arabs, who probably came to Persia soon after the Mahom-

edan Conquest. The Bukhtiarees are generally considered as a tribe of the Lack nation, or division; and they speak a dialect of the same language. The language of the Lacks is said to have a near affinity to the Pelhavee, as has also that of the Koords; and a Lack can make himself understood even now in Koordistan. It is therefore not improbable that they may be of the same stock; and that the mountainous parts of Persia and Koordistan may have originally been inhabited by the same people.

The Bukhtiarees (though considered as a tribe of Lacks, from speaking nearly the same language) do not believe themselves to have at all times resided in Persia, but think that they have come from the westward, and are, therefore, not improbably of Koordish origin. It has been suggested that the Bukhtiarees may be a portion of the Greek colony from Bactria, but this is contradicted by their own tradition that they came from the west.

Each of the four nations above enumerated is divided into numerous tribes, and these tribes subdivided into clans, and even the clans into smaller parts. Of these tribes some have almost entirely abandoned their wandering life, and have settled themselves in fixed habitations. Others are in progress towards the same change, having built houses, which they inhabit in the winter; but many spend the whole year in their tents, and have places of encampment for the winter, in some warm spots, and ranges of mountain pastures for the summer.

That Sir Robert should have fallen into so great an error regarding the most interesting portion of the population of Persia, is the more remarkable, as Kerreem Khan, one of the worthiest in the list of Persian monarchs, was himself a Lack, of the tribe Zund, and no more descended from Tartars than from Celts.

The Knight represents this wandering population as living under tents made of *horse hair*—a singular supposition, as in that case a man would require the tails of nearly a hundred horses to complete the most ordinary habitation; and as the Persians have a great aversion to cutting their horses' tails, we must imagine each of the individuals who possesses a tent the master of more than a hundred horses. The tents are made of a cloth

manufactured from goats' hair, with sometimes a mixture of coarse wool.

At Moorghaub (Passagardæ,) the Knight finds the remains which were described by Morier, and to satisfy us that the tomb given by the country people to the mother of Solomon, and believed by Morier to be the tomb of Cyrus, is actually the place of rest of that monarch, he quotes a passage from Arrian, which, had he given it rightly, would have gone to prove quite the reverse. He professes to give the words of Arrian, and gives them thus—

“ ‘ The tomb of Cyrus was in the royal paradise of Passargadæ, round which a grove of various trees was planted. It was supplied with water, and its fields were covered with high grass. The tomb was, below, of a quadrangular shape, built of freestone; above, was a house of stone, with a roof. The door that leads into it is so very narrow that a man, not very tall, with difficulty can get in.’ ”

Let us see what Arrian says, in Rooke's translation.

“ The tomb was placed in the Royal gardens at Passargadæ, and round it was planted a grove of all kinds of trees: the place also was well watered, and the surface of the earth all round clothed with a beautiful verdure. The basis thereof consisted of one large stone, of a quadrangular form. Above, was a small edifice, with an arched roof of stone, and a door, or entrance, so very narrow, that the slenderest man could scarcely pass through.”

Here we have a remarkable difference between the two translations; the one stating that the base was built of freestone; the other, that it was of one stone. The one, that it was a house of stone, with a roof; the other, that it was a small edifice, with an arched roof of stone. The one, that a man not very tall, with difficulty can get in; the other, that the slenderest man could scarcely pass through. Now this tomb has not a basis of one quadrangular stone, neither has it an arched roof, neither is the door so narrow, that the slenderest man could scarcely pass through.

Notwithstanding these things, however, we are still inclined to believe that this edifice is the tomb of Cyrus, and, consequently, that Mooghaub is Passagardæ, or Passargadæ, as Arrian writes it. At all events, it corresponds much more nearly with the descriptions which have reached us, than any other place which has been pointed out.

From Passagardæ our author proceeded to Nakshee Roostam, where he found ample occupation for his pencil in copying the bas-reliefs sculptured on its rocks, to which he has done great justice in his drawings. He then went to Persepolis, whence he has brought another set of drawings, which form the most valuable part of his work.

He endeavours to prove that Persepolis owes its ornaments to Darius Hydaspes, but unless we put our faith in Professor Grotefeud's skill to decipher the arrow-headed or Persepolitan character, and to translate the language which it is used to represent, we have not before us evidence sufficient to establish the era to which these truly magnificent ruins belong; and we are sorry to find, that some of the first Orientalists in Europe are very doubtful of the efficacy of Professor Grotefeud's system to bring us to a right understanding of these inscriptions.

At Persepolis, Sir Robert was taken ill, and left something undone which he intended to have done. If he has left any bas-reliefs uncopied, his having been obliged to leave the ruins is much to be regretted. From Persepolis he proceeded to Sheeraz, the city of Hafiz and of Saadee. Here he was for a considerable time in bad health, and was prevented by his indisposition, and the heat of the weather, from descending into the low country. We have lost something by his not having been able to visit Shahpore, for though Morier's drawings of the sculptures there are tolerable, there is a mighty difference between them and those which Sir Robert would have given.

Not far from Sheeraz the Knight saw, on a hill, the ruins of an edifice, on the remaining parts of which (the four doorways) he observed some sculptures, resembling those of Persepolis, but rejects the idea that these have been brought from the great ruin, and states that they must have been executed for their present situation. In this he is certainly mistaken. The lintel of one, at least, of the door-ways is sculptured on the lower side, and so placed that the head and feet of the figure represented upon it rest on the pillars which form the door-posts, and are thereby hid—which could not have been the case, had the stones been originally intended for their present situation. Moreover, the foundations of the walls, which have connected these

door-ways, (and which may still be seen by clearing away a little earth and rubbish,) are, in part, composed of fragments of sculptured stones, and of pillars corresponding, in the mode of fluting, with those still standing at Persepolis. We may also remark that the proper name of this ruin is not Mesched Mader i Sooliman, as Sir Robert supposes, but Kasr Aboo Nasr.

Before we take leave of the first volume, we must state that the Knight has throughout called the Prince Governor of Sheeraz, not Hoossein Allee Meerza, which is his name, but Hassan Allee Meerza, which is the name of another son of the King, who has never been Governor of Sheeraz. But this Sir Robert no doubt considers a trifle, as he has given us several specimens of the same sort of inaccuracy.

At Sheeraz, Sir Robert is joined by Dr Sharpe, who is proceeding to Teheran, and who advises the Knight to return northward. They accordingly set out together, and on their third day's march from Sheeraz, they enter a narrow valley, bounded on the right by a mountain, which their guide informs them is Istakhr; but the information is immediately rejected as inaccurate, because, from the form of the mountain, our author imagines that no fort or city could have stood on or beneath it. Yet the guide was right; it was even Istakhr which he pointed out; just there it stands, with its crown of rock, like a huge column rising from the centre of the mountain; and with all due deference to the Knight's knowledge of military matters, we must differ from him in opinion regarding the possibility of constructing a fort on the top; for had he ascended, he would there have found the remains of a considerable fortification.

During this day's march too, near Mayen, our author might have examined the ground on which Aga Mahommed Khan was encamped when Looft Allee Khan made his famous night-attack on the lines of his rival, and nearly succeeded, with a handful of men, in excluding the Kajars (the present Royal family) from the throne of Persia. But Sir Robert was probably ignorant even of the event which gave interest to the ground over which he was passing.

At Imaum Zada Ismael, (a village so called from its being the burying-place of Ismael, a descendant from

some one of the Mahommedan saints of the line of their prophet,) Dr Sharpe was taken ill, and they were forced to remain there for some days. Our author admires the domestic policy of his host, who, like the other inhabitants of the sanctified village, was a seyud, or descendant of the prophet, and particularly commends his judgment for dividing his attentions equally amongst his wives. Sir Robert does not seem to be aware that such a division is particularly enjoined by his host's ancestor in the Koran.

From this village the travellers proceeded towards Ispahan; and we have again all the horrors of break-neck roads, beset by merciless banditti, depicted by the Knight in gloomy colours. From Aspass, (the district once governed by one of the Shirleys,) they proceed on their journey; but, before reaching the ancient capital, were destined to sustain a most formidable attack from a party of mounted Bukhtiarees, whom, however, they succeeded in repulsing after a sharp affair, in which the robbers came off second best. We trust the Knight himself saw these Bukhtiarees, otherwise we should be inclined to suspect that the whole affair was a trick of his guards.

At Ispahan, our Knight thought himself sufficiently acquainted with the Persian character to give us a full-length portrait of it. His account certainly has the merit of novelty. We cannot give it a place here; but we will beg any one who may be desirous to know more about it, to compare it with what he will find on the same subject in the works of Purchas, Chardin, Fryer, Hanway, Colonel Johnstone, and Elphinstone, in his account of Cabul, which, though very short, is perhaps the most accurate of the whole. We will also beg leave to contrast Sir Robert's confidence of his own capability to draw this picture, with what Morier says at the close of his first journal; and take the liberty of mentioning, that Morier had over Sir Robert a signal advantage, in being able to speak a language which is known to almost all the inhabitants of the northern parts of Persia, whereas it is but too obvious that Sir Robert knows nothing of even the colloquial part of any language spoken in Persia; at least of any language of which he has had occasion to use one word. Of the comparative merits of the works of the

two authors, we think it unnecessary to offer any opinion. It will be sufficiently obvious to any one who will take the trouble to read them.

From Ispahan, Sir Robert betook himself to Hamadan, (Ecbatana,) the ancient capital of Media, and visited the sculptured tablet of arrow-headed writing, which is still to be found in the mountain of Alwend, (Orontes,) above the town. In giving an account of Ecbatana, professedly from Herodotus, our author mis-states, or misunderstands, what has been said regarding it by the historian. On his authority, he gives us the distance of the city from Mount Orontes, which we have not been able to find that he anywhere mentions; and he assures us, that the city had no outer or surrounding wall, which the ancient author certainly affirms that it had; and farther states, that the outer wall was nearly equal in extent to the circumference of Athens. He says that Deioeces commanded the body of the people to fix their habitations beyond the walls which protected his residence, by which is to be understood, we presume, that he did not permit them to fix their habitations within the inner walls, which *immediately* surrounded the Palace and Royal Treasury. This he might very well do (as there were seven lines of walls, one within another) without driving them beyond the last or seventh line.

There are one or two objects of interest at Hamadan, which our Knight has not noticed—though, amongst so much uninteresting matter, a place might have been made for them with advantage. The one is the tomb of Avicenna, (here called Aboo Allee Ebn Senna,) which is venerated by all classes of natives, and in which offerings are made by all the sick people of the vicinity. It is a mean building, with a low dome-shaped roof, and contains an humble tomb, void of any ornament. It is curious to observe how confidently the Persians look for medical assistance from the manes of the departed physician. Another object worthy of remark, is a colossal representation of a lion cut from one great stone. It is now much mutilated and injured by exposure; but it is probably of Greek workmanship, and some mysterious sanctity is attached to it. When the peasants want rain or wind, they are in the habit of sacrificing a lamb or kid at the foot of this lion; and those

who are too poor to afford either of these animals, sacrifice a fowl. The stone is encrusted with the blood of the victims. This practice looks very like something which had been taught by the Greeks.

The country about Hamadan is inhabited chiefly by the Karagoostoo, or black-eyed tribe of Toork (Tartar) Eeleaut, who have almost all settled themselves in villages, and betaken themselves to agriculture. Their Chief, Sir Robert calls Hagee Mahmoud Khan; but his name is Mahommed Hoossein Khan. We may here mention, that Mahmoud and Mahommed are names as distinct and unconnected as John and James; and that the name which our Knight has given the chief is as different from his real name as Sir Robert Ker Porter is from Sir Rowland.

From Hamadan, the Knight passes towards Kermanshah, and having copied some remarkable sculptures at Tukht i Bostan, proceeds to those of Beeseitoon. While he is busily occupied at the latter place, he is visited by one of the ministers of the Prince Governor of Kermanshah; the oldest son of the Shah, and the only one who had avowed his intention to oppose the succession of his brother Abbas Meerza. The Knight insists upon calling the Prince of Kermanshah Mahmoud Allee Meerza, though his name is Mahommed Allee Meerza; and in the same way misnames almost every Prince whom he has occasion to mention. But to return to the minister. It would appear that he was sent to invite Sir Robert, in the name of his master, to his capital; and to request an opportunity of shewing him the attentions which he was desirous to pay to every British Gentleman. This condescending and truly polite invitation, the Knight not very politely declines, because he had received attentions from Abbas Meerza, and chose to arrogate to himself a right to mix most indelicately in the politics of a country through which he was passing a mere travelling stranger; and to act as if an open and avowed quarrel existed between the two brothers, whereas they at all times appeared publicly on good terms. They had the good sense to cast a veil of politeness and reserve over their inward feelings, which Sir Robert had the want of delicacy and perception to put aside, and considered

himself the enemy of the one, because he had been politely treated by the other. It was a poor compliment to Abbas Meerza, to suppose him capable of being gratified by so petty a display of party spirit in an unknown and unimportant individual, who, entering the country as he did, was bound by every proper feeling to consider himself totally unconnected with its parties and its politics, and to receive, as an act of hospitality and condescension, by which he was highly honoured, the invitation he thus rudely rejected. But the whole is related with an affectation of importance which belongs to Sir Robert; and his whole object appears to be, to make us think himself a person of such consequence, that his visiting, or not visiting, Mahommed Allee Meerza, was likely to be considered a matter of moment by the Prince Royal.—Poor Sir Robert!

In mentioning the extreme cheapness of living in the vicinity of Kermanshah, our author falls, as usual, into an error, in stating the value of coins. He says, three reals (his daily expenditure for ten persons and twelve horses, with mules in proportion) are equal to about two shillings and sixpence of our money; but as six reals are equal to one Dutch ducat, and the ducat is worth more than nine shillings, the three reals must be estimated at not less than four shillings and sixpence sterling—a sum certainly small enough.

From Kermanshah, Sir Robert pursued his journey towards Bagdad, for the purpose of exploring the ruins of Babylon. On the way we have an account of another gallant action, in which our Knight seems, by his firmness, to have preserved the whole caravan, consisting of nearly a thousand pilgrims. Before his arrival at Bagdad, his servants got sick, and he finds himself under the necessity of sending a man in advance to Mr Rich, the East India Company's Resident, to get a supply of money. The keeper of the caravansary, however, having discovered the state of his finances, supplies him liberally, and affords a most gratifying instance of the confidence with which our public agents in the East have inspired all classes of people in British integrity and honour. Sir Robert remarks how necessary it is, that our Residents and diplomatic agents in those remote countries should be libe-

ral-minded men, who will supply the pecuniary wants of a traveller without hesitating about "the why or the wherefore;" and pays a just tribute to the character of Sir Robert Liston and Mr Rich, who have not failed, on emergency, to administer to the wants of their countrymen. But we think these demands on persons in remote situations may be carried too far; and we deeply lament to state, that the undoubting kindness of one at least, if not of both of these gentlemen, has more than once been abused, and that even they are not the only persons who have paid for such liberality.

Our author arrives in Bagdad, with high ideas of the city, borrowed from the Arabian Nights; but finds that the capital of Haroun al Rasheed has changed monstrously since the days of the facetious caliph. In fact, it appears to be a filthy place, and one which no man can enter without sacrificing the splendid associations which these tales had led him to connect with the name of Bagdad.

From hence our author proceeded to the ruins of Babylon, which consist of mounds of various sizes, containing the remains of brick masonry, fragments of tiles and pottery, and one of them at least dead bodies. The Birsi Nimrod is the most remarkable remain, and is supposed to be a remnant of the tower of Babel or Belus. The mound called the Kasris is believed to have been the palace near which Nebuchadnezzar constructed the famous terrace gardens for his Median queen. Regarding the former condition or purpose of the numerous edifices, the sites of which are marked by other mounds of smaller dimensions, no probable conjecture has been formed.

In giving an account of the importance of Babylon in former times, our author has again misquoted Herodotus more than once. He makes that historian say, that the revenues of Babylon constituted *half* the income of the Kings of Persia; now Herodotus distinctly says *one-third*, and not *one-half*. He attributes to Nebuchadnezzar, the facing of the bank of the river with brick, and the turning of the river's course to facilitate its accomplishment. Herodotus says, that the river was turned, and the embankment of brick, as well as the bridge, completed by Netocris, queen of Babylon, whose son enjoyed the empire when Cyrus

attacked it. Sir Robert farther states, that Babylon had three walls, of which Cyrus destroyed the first, and Darius lowered the second: Herodotus says, "As soon as Darius became master of the place, he levelled the walls, and took away the gates, *neither of which things Cyrus had done before.*" After this, it is as difficult to trust to our author's quotations, or his borrowed information, as to his original descriptions.

We may also mention, that Sir Robert has mis-stated another passage in Herodotus. On one of the Babylonian cylinders, he imagines to be represented of the females dedicated to the worship of the moon.

"*These dedicated females,* (says the Knight,) we are told by Herodotus, once in their lives, sat at the shrine of Venus, their heads bound with garlands, and their bodies with cords. Thus exposed, if any stranger threw *gold* into her lap, she was obliged to retire with him *into the temple*, where her charms became the victim of its impure rites. The money was then laid upon the altar to be consecrated to the goddess."

Herodotus does not state this of any particular class of females, but distinctly of "every woman who is a native of the country." He does not state that they were led into the temple, but to a distance from the temple, and makes no mention of gold, but particularly asserts that the money, however small, could not be refused.

The disturbed state of the country having put it out of the Knight's power to visit the ruins of Susa, he gives us a short account of it from Major Monteith, with drawings of two sculptured stones, which the Major had seen there. One of them had on one face figures resembling Egyptian hieroglyphics, on another arrow-headed writing. The second had on it a representation of a man lying under the raised paw of a lion. We must exclaim against Sir Robert's drawings of these stones as being antiquarianized to an inadmissible extent. Major Monteith's sketches, which have been sent to this country, represent the stones with their sculptures, as in the highest preservation, their corners still retaining all their original sharpness. The second stone was found near the tomb of the prophet Daniel.

From Babylon, Sir Robert returned to Bagdad, and entered Koorsdistan

(Carducia) on his way back to Persia. He is here again in the most imminent danger, from banditti and dreadful mountain roads—two perils of which he does not fail to give us ample details wherever he is in want of other matter. In Koordistan, he passes through Sooltanceah, the ancient Sizurus. The district is even now called Shehr i Zoor, (the city of strength,) of which the ancient name seems to have been a corruption, but Sir Robert writes it Shehr i Zool.

Amongst the marvellous stories which our author has collected, is the account which he gives of the Zezeedee tribe of Koords, called also Zezeedees, whose character he paints in the most terrific colours. He represents them as taking a singular and savage delight in murdering any unfortunate Turk, Persian, Jew, or Christian, on whom they can lay their hands; and concludes by stating, that, "of all the lawless tribes he has ever heard of in the East, this appears the most detestable." Let us compare this with the account given of the same people, by Macdonald Kinnear, who, by some miracle, succeeded in passing through this country without being martyred. He says,

"They (the Zezeedees) are also scattered over this part of Koordistan, and entertain a hereditary antipathy to the Mussulmen, by whom their sect has suffered many bloody persecutions; they are a brave and active race of men, drink wine and other strong liquors; and although cruel from education and principle, *yet more tolerant on points of religion*, and free from many of the narrow prejudices of their neighbours."

We do not see anything very detestable in this; they are cruel, it is true; but a sect which has suffered many bloody persecutions, may be forgiven for being so; and for the rest, they appear to be really very good fellows. They are brave and active—drink wine, which is much in their favour; and are more tolerant on points of religion, and more free from narrow prejudice, than their neighbours. In short, they seem to be the best people going in that part of the world.

Regarding the modern history of Persia, Sir Robert seems to be nearly as accurately informed as he is on everything else. On his way from Koordistan to Tabreez, he meets a man named Boodah Khan, whom he calls Bondah

Khan, and who he states was blinded by the governor of Maragha for his adherence to the present royal family, when that governor was a competitor for the throne. Now the governor of Maragha was himself one of the firmest adherents of the present royal family; and, after the murder of Aga

Mohammed Khan, preserved the crown jewels for the present king.

Another instance of our traveller's extraordinary inaccuracy, occurs in his list of the governments of the royal princes of Persia. We subjoin it with one corrected from better authority.

Sir Robert's List.

* " Mahmoud Allee Meerza, governor of Kermanshah.	
Abbas Meerza, - - -	Azerbaijan.
Abdoolah Meerza, - - -	Zenjan.
Hoossein Allee Meerza, - - -	Sheeraz.
Allee Nakee Meerza, - - -	Casvin.
* Hassan Allee Meerza, - - -	Ghilan.*
* Mahmoud Koolee Meersa, - - -	Khorassan.
* Mahmoud Tukeh Meerza, - - -	Boorjird.
Allee Shah Meerza, - - -	Teheran.
Sheik Allee Meerza, - - -	Chumcen."

Corrected List.

* Mahommed Allee Meerza, governor of Kermanshah.	
Abbas Meerza, - - -	Azerbyjan.
Abdoolah Meerza, - - -	Zenjan.
Hoossein Allee Meerza, - - -	Sheeraz.
Allee Nakee Meerza, - - -	Casvin.
* Hassan Allee Meerza, - - -	Khorassan.
* Mahommed Koolee Meerza, - - -	Mazanderan.*
* Mahommed Tukeh Meerza, - - -	Boorjird.
Allee Shah Meerza, - - -	Teheran.
Sheik Allee Meerza, - - -	Chumcen.

By comparing these it will be found, that in a list of ten governments, with the names of their governors, there are no less than six errors. Three princes are misnamed; one government (Mazanderan) is entirely omitted, and one (Ghilan) is put in its place, which was not governed by a prince; while the prince who actually governs Mazanderan is made to govern Khorassan.

Sir Robert seems reluctant to touch anything like statistical information, and certainly not without reason, if we may judge from the few specimens he has given us. We may notice his account of the state of trade between Russia and Persia, which, he assures us, shews a balance much in favour of the former. But, in his calculation, he seems to have entirely omitted the most important of the Persian exports, the silk of Ghilan, a large proportion of which is taken to Russia, and paid for chiefly in cash. In the year 1821, the Georgian merchants from Tiflis brought into Persia 600,000 Dutch ducats, nearly L.300,000 sterling, independent of the sums paid for silk by the merchants of Astrakan, which may

be estimated at not less than 200,000 ducats, or L.100,000; giving in favour of Persia a balance of about L.400,000 sterling for the year 1821, the year after Sir Robert left Persia.

From Tabreez Sir Robert went again to Teheran, to take his leave of the Shah, and presented his majesty, "as a token of gratitude," a portrait, finished from the sketch which he had made. His majesty received it graciously, and lost no time in sending presents to the artist. This is all very fine; and looks well for Sir Robert, and not amiss for the Shah. But what shall we say when we are informed, that our Knight was much mortified to find his presents only amount to about 200 tomans, and fought a good battle to get a larger value placed on his "token of gratitude?" Nor was he entirely unsuccessful; for the order of the Lion and the Sun was added to what had originally been contemplated, that the Knight might not go away discontented.

On an excursion which Sir Robert made to the lake of Oroomia, after his return from the capital to Tabreez, he

saw an encampment of a fierce and lawless tribe, called by the formidable name of "Shassivannees," of whom he gives us some account; but he does not seem once to have imagined, that these dreadful Shassivannees are in truth no other than his old friends the Shah Sevunds, of whose origin he gives us a true account (taken from Malcolm's History of Persia) in the first volume, and whose name being interpreted signifies King's friends.

On the same excursion, he also visited a sort of military colony, established by the Prince Royal for his artillery-men, and thence called Tope-Killah; Tope signifying a cannon, and Killah a fort. It is situated, he informs us, in the district of Ramatabad, so called in honour of the commandant of artillery, Ramat Allee Khan. But we find the district called Marhamatabad, (the dwelling of kindness,) long before the Topchee Bashee (head artillery-man) was born.

In our author's remarks on this colony we find some curious observations. His system of political economy is somewhat startling. He is of opinion, that in a country situated as Persia is under an absolute monarchy, the most certain way to obtain for the population the blessings of liberty is to raise a regular army. The Knight, we much fear, has been too long residing under a military despotism to retain any accurate notions of liberty, or of the measures by which its progress is to be advanced or retarded.

Sir Robert is of opinion, that fifty thousand Persians, fully organized and officered by Europeans, "would prove more formidable during a campaign in the East than four times the number of the best European veterans!!"—This comes of Sir Robert's knowledge of military matters.

During his visit to the lake of Oroomia, Sir Robert saw Goorchin Killah, (correctly, Googoorchin Killah, the fort of pigeons;) but the most remarkable circumstance connected with this rock has escaped his observation. It contains numerous fossil shells, of species not now to be found within many hundreds of miles of the place, if, indeed, they exist at all.

Sir Robert at last sets out from Tabreez on his return to Europe; and, on his way to Erivan, again visits Ardashair, which he confidently calls Artaxata; and, to give a colour of proba-

bility to his position, finds the river Guerne running close to the ruins. But this river runs several miles distant; and what he mistook for it, was nothing more than a canal cut for the purposes of husbandry. He visited also the ruins of the city of Guerne, which are situated on the bank of the mountain valley, or rather chasm, through which the river flows. There he found the ruins described by Morier, which are supposed to be those of a building erected by Tiridates in honour of his sister, to which Sir Robert gives the name of Takht i Tiridate, a name applied by the natives not to that ruin, but to the ruins of Ardashair.

Proceeding farther up the valley to Keghort, he sees what he calls the Birs; but it was not the Birs, for that ruin is situated far amongst the mountains, and is not visible from any point of the road which the Knight travelled. He next gives us an account of the church and excavations of Keghort, but omits the most remarkable object to be found there, viz. the inscription given by Morier, which commemorates the plunder of the place by Tymoerlung, (Tamerlane).

On his entering Erivan, Sir Robert found the *Soonechs* making bitter lamentations over the sons of Allee, Hoossein and Hassan, who were martyred. This festival is called the *Mohurrum*, and is held in Persia with much pomp, solemnity, and mourning. But our author has, in his account, made the trifling mistake, of attributing the whole to the *Soonechs*; whereas they are known, in some places, to hold the same festival with rejoicing: and it is the *Sheeahs* who, from their veneration of Allee, and everything that is his, make much lamentation over the death of his sons. The whole may be found in Morier.

At Erivan a report is spread, that the plague is prevailing at Kars, a Turkish town and district; but, on his arrival at that place, our author discovers that it was all a trick of the governor of Erivan, to prevent the cotton and grain of Kars from being brought into his province, where he has a monopoly of these articles. This is an error; Kars is too cold to produce cotton, and is supplied with that article almost exclusively from Erivan.

Sir Robert is monstrously offended with Asiatic dirt, and complains, that

to have any idea of filth in a superlative degree a man must visit Asia. We would ask whether he has forgotten Russia; which, if report does not much belie it, surpasses, in the loathsomeness of its uncleanness and impurity, all that is most offensive in the countries of Asia. It is truly an excellent joke to hear a man, who has resided and travelled in Russia, speak of the intolerable filth of any other country.

Our author, amongst other flatteries, flatters himself, that he has found out the precise spot on the mountains of Ararat on which Noah's ark rested after the flood. As a specimen of his mode of reasoning, we shall state the process by which he arrives at this interesting conclusion. He imagines, that, as the ark had a window on the top, no mountains could have been seen from it unless they were much higher than the situation of the vessel; and that, as the ark is said to have rested on the *mountains* of Ararat, it must have been so placed as to rest partly on each, which would bring it into the valley between the two peaks.

Let us see how far this reasoning corresponds with the account given in the book of Genesis, chap. viii. ver. 4. and 5. There we find, "And the ark rested on the *seventh* month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat. And the waters decreased continually until the tenth month. In the *tenth* month, on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen."

Here we have nearly two months and a half between the time when the ark rested, and that at which the tops of the mountains were seen. But if the ark had rested where he supposes, the tops of Ararat must have been dry even long before it rested, and might have been seen as well on the first day thereafter, as at the end of two months and a half. It is therefore obvious, that what is meant by "the tops of the mountains," is the tops of other mountains, which, being much lower than Ararat, were so much longer of presenting themselves above water.—Sir Robert should not meddle with these things.

Our author proceeded through Arzeroom to Constantinople; and, as usual, entertains us with dreadful stories of robbers and murderers, who seem to have haunted the Knight almost continually. After a journey full of danger,

he at last relieves us from infinite anxiety by announcing, that he has once more set his foot on the soil of Europe. A dozen times, during the perusal of his work, did we think ourselves on the brink of something dreadful. Plunder, and wounds, and captivity, have been continually in our minds; every new excursion threatened to verify our fears; and we trembled whenever we found his road leading amongst mountains.

Before taking our leave of the knight-errant, we must make a few observations on his map; but they shall be very few.

In Georgia, he has made the province of Kartalinia include the greater part of the province of Somhetia, so that the whole of the name of the former province, as it stands in this map, is within the limits of the latter, which he has omitted altogether. He has omitted the great range of mountains which divide Georgia from the Turkish province of Akhiska. He has omitted the large village of Shoolaver, *one of the places at which he himself halted*. He has attached the mountain of Alleghuz to a range from which it is completely detached; and has detached the mountain of Sevelan from a range, of which it is a part. He has made the river Augee fall into the lake of Oroomia, to the north of the island of Shahee, whereas it falls in to the south. He has omitted the part of the high range of Koflan Kooh, which lies between Miana and the river Kizil Ozun; and has made the road from Zenjan to Sooltanceah cross a range of mountains which does not exist. He has nearly omitted the very lofty range south of Kohrood, and that between Imaum Zada Ismael and the plain of Oojan. We could easily enumerate fifty such errors, and some even more important than most of these; but we have chosen to give only some of those which have attracted our attention in places *where he has himself been*, and where consequently no one else can be answerable for his errors.

On the whole we are free to declare, that we have never seen so large a book so meagre and wanting in useful information,—so full of extravagance and romance,—so inaccurate in everything,—and altogether so likely to give the most erroneous ideas of the countries, nations, tribes, and persons, of which and of whom it professes to give an account. A love of exciting wonder, and

a love of great events, seem to be its chief characteristics. To represent as great and formidable the difficulties of a journey which would have been easy to every one else;—to raise his own importance, by attaching motives and a consequence which did not belong to them to the conduct of others towards himself;—in short, to make himself the knight-errant hero of a romantic story, rather than the narrator of sober facts, seems to have been his object.

Nothing can be more in point than the account which he has given of his travels. *We* should scarcely have ventured so to describe him, had *he* not chosen the likeness. "Therefore, (says

the knight-errant,) in the language of some doughty follower of that renowned Arab, Cid Hamet Benengeli, I may report myself as once more collecting my horses, mules, and trusty squire, and one fine morning, towards the close of April, (it should have been the first,) *like the Knight of La Mancha, sallying forth over mountain, dale, and desert, in search of fame and honours at the court of a great king of the east.*"

It is strange how people sometimes catch a glimpse of their own follies sufficient to expose them, and single out for themselves likenesses equally ridiculous and fitting.

THE SUICIDE.

BASTA.—I'll think no more about it. I have closed the accounts, and bring myself in debtor to death. All that remains to be considered is, how I am to do the business. I have been reading all the suicides I could gather, during the last week, and I do not find one exactly conformable to my ideas on the subject.

Shall I blow my brains out?—It is well my uncle Nicholas is not present, for the old rogue used always to say that I had none; but he was ever a calumniator. No, I shall not blow my brains out, even supposing I have any. It is a dirty way; a man's collar is quite disarranged, and his shirt most disagreeably stained with batter and blood. Then you are quite a disgusting-looking devil, actually a bore to a sensitive coroner and a sympathetic court of pie-powder. Besides, after all, you are not sure. Robespierre, for instance, as we all know, disfigured himself awfully, and yet lived long enough to gratify the kind people of Paris with a guillotine exhibition, *al fresco*, at his expense. If you miss, the cursed report of the pistol calls up the household, and you are restrained by their civil interference from committing the "rash act;" and in any case, you fill the room with a filthy smoke, smelling most diabolically of sulphur. There is not a cook-maid in my kitchen but would say, "Ay, ay, poor master was wanted, sure enough—the ould 'un was looking for him. When *he* called, he could not help coming, poor gentleman! there was a smell of brimstone, my dear, in the room, that would knock down a horse." On which coachee would re-

mark, "No doubt on't, Molly; he has gone bang, four-in-hand, to where he will get enough of that 'ere commodity."

It is then a ruled point that I shall not blow my brains out.—Cut my throat? No bad notion. Yet stop a while. Does not the objection of be-daubing myself hold here also? O surely, and in a tenfold degree: you must, besides, give yourself the trouble of taking off your cravat; and you may miss *there* too. I have known people to slit the weasand, and yet have the wound cobbled up by some tailoring surgeon, and live, as the newspapers have it, respectable members of society. I never could hit the carotid, for I do not know where it is; and if I did, there would be some cit lying perdu with his jest, ready to call me "Carotid-artery cutting so-and-so." I am, moreover, of opinion that it must hurt a man sadly to cut his throat. I remember once upon a time how a barber cut me into the bone while shaving me, and I was so stung with the pain that I knocked him down. Should not I then be a jackass of the first ear to hurt myself ten times worse than the knight of the pole? Just think of a jagged razor going through your windpipe! The mere thought is hideous. Razor, avant! I'd not cut my throat for a thousand pounds.

Shall I poison myself? What! die the death of a rat? Not I, I thank you. That were descending in the scale of creation most scandalously. Then what a pretty account of my personal appearance there would be in the reports! "The body of the un-

fortunate gentleman was blown up like a tun, and there were livid and pea-green spots all over his countenance. His right eye was drawn down to his mouth, and his left twisted up over his eyebrow."—A pretty picture, in truth! And just take up a sheet medically descriptive of poisons, with their effects, symptoms, &c. Gripping of the guts, burning of the stomach, parching of the throat, shivering of the sides, lolling out of the tongue, twisting of the mouth, and ten thousand other disagreeable abominations. Besides, you would, during the time of the operation, be wishing yourself all manner of ill wishes for being so great a goose, and praying the deed undone. Believe me, you would repent it sadly. If you were discovered, what a tumult there would be, and what a vehicle for all kind of uncleanly draughts your unfortunate wind-pipe would be made. "Pour down a tureenful of melted butter," one fellow would exclaim,—“pour it down without a moment's delay.”—“If it be an alkali poison he has swallowed,” another would put in his word, “neutralize it with an acid.”—All my life long I hated the jargon of the chemists. “Give him tartarized antimony,” would be the cry of a third. “Nothing in the whole world is so efficacious in such misfortunes,” a fourth would exclaim, “as the tincture of poluphloisboio.” [N.B. This fellow would be a quack doctor, who had taken out a patent for the tincture—a composition of brandy and tobacco water.]

In Japan, a gentleman, when he falls into disgrace at court, has the privilege of taking a sword and ripping out his bowels. What is to be thought of that? Cato of Utica did the same.

“What Cato did, and Addison approved, Cannot be wrong!” said Eustace Budgell, and flung himself over the side of a wherry into the Thames, with a couple of nine-pound balls in his coat pockets. It was rather a queer way, after all, of imitating Cato. If I had written these lines, I should have done what the old Uticanian did *au pied de la lettre*. But, in good truth, I have no such notion. Fough! a man to die with his puddings out, like the foolish two-headed giant deluded by Jack-the-giant-killer. I never approved of Cato's principles, having been all my life a Tory, who, if I had breathed the vital air in

the days of Julius Cæsar, would have voted for him through thick and thin. I therefore do not find myself at all bound to follow Cato's practice. As for the Japanese, there is nobody in these parts of the world that I know of bound to follow their example, except Robert Warren, of No. 30, Strand. *He* may embowel himself, if he likes—I shall not.

Hanging is obviously not even to be named. It does not accord with a gentleman's ideas. I have always lived independent, and have no fancy for dying dependant on anything. A man is a long time in suspense. I hate your *pas seul* upon nothing, and never should wish to earn thirteen pence halfpenny by such a plebeian occupation, particularly when executed upon myself. I do not see, moreover, but it would be an unfair and poaching kind of intrusion on the office of the King's final magistrate. Sheriff Laurie—I beg his pardon—Sir Peter Laurie would have just cause of indignation against me, if I were to cheat his new drop of its legal right to turn off all pensile people within his bailiwicks of London and Middlesex.—There must be a great many disagreeable sensations about being hanged. I knew a man once, who had escaped the gallows after having been turned off, and he told me that you felt as if a lump of something edible stuck in your gullet, while you were at the same time knocked with a chuck down an interminable precipice. Then you saw all kind of flashing fires before your eyes; and after you were at rest, a flaming bolt appeared to enter each of the soles of your feet, and to make way up rapidly, but gradually, to your pericranium. Who could feel pleasure in a posture of this kind? Your neck-attitude, too, is mighty unseemly. Look at the picture of Lord Coleraine—heretofore George Hanger—in the second page of his Memoirs, or of old Izaak Walton, in the present exhibition at Somerset-House, and you will see how awkward a crick-in-th'-neck-like position it is. Why Wainwright thought proper to exhibit old Izaak as just after being hanged, I do not know, and firmly believe that he has no warrant for it in any biography of the old piscator; but look at No. 268, in the above exhibition, and you will see him there evidently with the wry-neck twist of the gallows about him.

In a word, I do not choose to be strung up. Hang puppies and high-women with all my heart.

Drown myself? The sun is shining bright on the Thames, as I see it from one of my windows in the Temple. It looks tempting.

“Says she, my dear, the wind sets fair—
And you may have the tide.”

So sung Katharine Hayes a hundred years ago—but so sing not I. There are many grave objections to drowning a man's self. First, you are choked with water, and I never could prevail on myself to swallow as much as a half pint of that liquid.

“Had Neptune, when first he took
charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry
as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and in-
stead of his brine,
Would have filled the vast ocean with
generous wine.”

In that case there might have been a difference in my ideas; but water—and Thames water too—the thought is intolerable. If you succeed, what a neat article you are when you are found! In nine days, I am told, a body inevitably rises—and *how* does it rise? A colony of prawns and shrimps have fastened themselves on you, and are making free with your person, in the most gourmand fashion. A crab has eaten out your eyes—a cod is fattening his sounds on the drums of your ears—and a turbot has revenged himself for all the liberties you have taken with his tribe, by making your face as flat as his own spine. As one of our poets—I forget his name—says on a similar occasion—

“The perch did perch between his ribs;
the sole,
Sole reveller, feasted on his nibbled
jowl;
The plaise was placed where'er he
pleased; the pike
Shouldered itself, yet lay levelled in act
to strike.
A maiden sought his hand, but sooth to
say,
That amorous maiden was a maiden
ray,” &c.

I never could agree with old Demonax in Lucian, that it is merely an act of gratitude to the fishes to let them eat *you*, after you have eaten so many of *them*. Then, too, there are many chances of your *not* succeeding. There is the whole body of the Humane So-

ciety, including Alexander of Russia, regularly leagued and bonded to pull people out of the vast deep volentes volentes. How awkward you would look on awaking, to find yourself stretched out upon a table, with a fellow puffing a bellows into your very nostrils, or rubbing you with a hot cloth!

As for jumping off the Monument, “like Levi the Jew,” (Rejected Addresses, hem!) or any other height, *that* is quite out of the question. I get giddy even *looking* out of a three pair of stairs window; how odious to my nerves it must be, therefore, to *jump* from one! Poor Levi, I understand, after he was fairly off, made a grasp with his hand back again at the balustrade of the Monument. How he must have felt during that second, when perfectly conscious of the entire desperation of his case! I shudder to think of it just now, and am obliged to shut the window through mere nervousness. And when you are down, what a pretty looking lump of smash and abomination! You are lying on the ground like a lump of bloody mortar, prepared for dashing the front of the house of some Ogre-like King of Dahomey.

Nor would starvation at all agree with me. I fasted one day on a pound of beef and a half quartern, and I could have cried when evening came on. Oh, no! whenever or however I die, let me go out of the world with a full stomach. When a man is hungry, hideous and beggarly ideas are apt to get into his head, and he cannot see his way clearly before him. A windy vapour rises from the stomach, which fills the brain with odious chimeras. I never could stand it. All my firmly fixed resolves on death, if I were to attempt it that way, would be knocked up by the smell of the first cook's shop, or the distant prospect of an Alderman waddling up Fleet Street. It is impossible.

Well, then, shall I stab myself *more majorum*? Die in a Roman fashion, sheathing a dagger in my bosom like Lucretia, or falling on my sword like Brutus. It would be something pathetic and romantic. I am afraid, however, that the days of pathos and romance are most considerably gone by. To confess the fact honestly, I do not think I could ever muster up courage to drive a long spit of cold steel into my breast; and as to falling

on my sword, in the first place I have not a sword to fall on, and it would be quite absurd to buy one for such a purpose ; and, in the second place, if I had one, I am perfectly certain that I should miss it, or make some other fatal blunder—or rather some blunder which would not be fatal—if I attempted to fling myself on it. Then how like an unfortunate gaby I should look!

Let me cogitate for a short while. I have dismissed, as unpracticable, shooting, throat-cutting, poisoning, unbowelling, hanging, drowning, tumbling, starving, stabbing. What remains? Softly a while. My uncle Nicholas used always to say, that many a man killed himself by drinking—and my uncle Nicholas was a man of observation. Perhaps that would be an easy, comfortable, cosey kind of way of doing the business, after all, without tumult or stuff. However, I have no idea of doing it at a glass, and going before a coroner stretched upon a door, smelling like a rum-cask, and open to the opprobrious verdict of “Died by excessive drinking.” That

is evidently low. I, on the contrary, shall try if my uncle’s prediction of such suicide being slow but sure, were right, and if it poisons me, let it operate on me like a slow poison—

“So glides the meteor through the sky,
And spreads along a gilded train,
But when its short-lived beauties die,
Dissolves to common air again.”

Is not that very pretty and very poetic? Here, then, Anthony, get you down to the Rainbow, and fetch me a stoup of liquor, as the Gravedigger in Hamlet has it. I am bent on death.

“Come fill me a glass, fill it high,
A bumper, a bumper, I’ll have—
He’s a fool that will flinch,
I’ll not bate him an inch,
Though I drink myself into the grave.”

I am bent on death. Perhaps, too, I may have the good luck to go off in a flash of flame, or be burnt to death by voluntary combustion, thereby to afford a subject for a new novel by a new Brockden Brown. So now

“Farewell, fair world! and light of day,
farewell!”

For I have closed the shutters.

SONNET TO A CHILD.

THOU darling child! When I behold the smile
Over thy rosy features brightly stray,
(Its light unrivall’d by the morning ray,)
Thy fair and open brow upraised the while,
With an appealing glance so void of guile,
(Untaught the trusting bosom to betray ;)
Thy sinless graces win my soul away
From dreams and thoughts, that darken and defile!—
Scion of beauty! If a stranger’s eye
Thus dwell upon thee ; if his bosom’s pain,
Charm’d by thine holy smile, forget to smart,
Oh! how unutterably sweet *her* joy!
Oh! how indissolubly firm the chain,
Whose links of love entwine a *Mother’s heart!*

I. D.

SONNET.

THE Summer sun had set!—The blue mist sail’d
Along the twilight lake,—no sounds arose,
Save such as hallow Nature’s sweet repose,
And charm the ear of Peace! Young Zephyr hail’d
In vain the slumbering Echo!—In the grove
The song of night’s lone bard, sweet Philomel,
Broke not the holy calm ; the soft notes fell
Like the low whisper’d vows of timid love!
I paused in adoration,—and such dreams
As haunt the pensive soul, intensely fraught
With silent incommunicable thought,
And sympathy profound, with fitful gleams,
Caught from the memory of departed years,
Flash’d on my mind, and woke luxurious tears!

L. D.

CELEBRATED FEMALE WRITERS.

No. I.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

WHEN we resolved on presenting our readers with a succession of Essays on the works and talents of the most distinguished female authors, we did not for a moment hesitate in deciding to whom the right of precedency was due. The name of Joanna Baillie instantly suggested itself to our minds. We were delighted with the opportunity afforded us of offering our tribute of admiration to one, who, in point of genius, is inferior to no individual on the rolls of modern celebrity—whose labours have given a tone and character to the poetic literature of our nation—whose works were the manuals of our earliest years, and were carried by us, in our school-boy days, to shady nooks, and unfrequented paths, and our most favourite solitudes—whose touching portraitures of the workings of the human soul awakened in us an enthusiasm, to the full as ardent as that which is only inspired in our present youth by the effeminizing sensuality of Moore, or the gloomy and bewildering fascinations of Lord Byron—whose deep and affecting morals, illustrated by the moving examples of her scenes, touched the heart and nerved the mind, and improved the understanding by the delightful means of an excited imagination—and whose pages we have never returned to, in our days of more matured judgment, without reviving the fading tints of admiration, and justifying our early estimate of her high intellectual superiority.

We have attributed to Joanna Baillie a strong influence in operating the change that has taken place in our poetic literature. We are aware that this is a supposition which will be considered as humiliating to the pretensions of the stronger sex; that it supposes the distinguished fraternity of bards, of whom our country is so justly proud, and who have united in forming of the reigns of George the Third and Fourth another Age of Genius, only second to that of Elizabeth, to have laboured in a region which was opened to them by the hand of a woman. But however startling this assertion may sound, or however repulsive it may appear to our

male prejudices and our tenacious love of superiority, we make the assertion without the slightest fear of contradiction, for it is supported by the incontrovertible testimony of facts. The evidence to substantiate its truth is seen in the state of our national poetry before the publication of the principles laid down by our authoress in her preliminary Essay, and of the Tragedies that exemplified and illustrated her principles; and in the state of our present national poetry, of which every one of the master spirits, who have arisen into subsequent celebrity, have received, almost as boys, the impressions of her genius, and have either avowedly or unconsciously followed in the track marked out by her example.

When the first volume of Plays on the Passions was presented to the public, nothing could be much more degraded than the state of our poetic literature. Beattie was the man of highest and of most deserved reputation. The Minstrel has perhaps been over-rated, and a few stanzas of a most rare perfection have given currency to a work which is, for the most part, heavy and uninteresting; which so evidently betrays the labour of the author, that the reader suffers a sympathetic fatigue from his exertions; which is occasionally tainted by a morbid or affected sentimentality—as when the old hermit wreathes flowers round the antlers of the stag; and which is not a little disfigured by the verbose and cumbrous circumlocution, to which the author was constrained by want of dexterity in the management of the Spenser stanza. With all these imperfections to detract from the merit of an incomplete production, the Minstrel was, at the time Joanna Baillie's Tragedies appeared, incomparably the best work from the hand of any living writer; and the rest followed—*longo intervallo*—by name, Dr Darwin, Mr Hayley, Mr Pye, Miss Seward, Mrs Barbauld, Charlotte Smith, Mr Roscoe, Mr Bowles; *cum multis aliis quos nunc prescribere longum est*; while all our stock of dramatic literature, that was not utterly contemptible, was comprised in the productions of Cumberland and Mur-

phy. There was a crew inferior to these, whom Mr Gifford had levelled to the earth, as they were starting into sudden notoriety, by the force of his just and inimitable satire; and he, indeed, by the exquisite truth and tenderness of his elegy, "*I wish I was where Anna lies,*" had proved himself as capable of setting an example of excellence, as of apportioning the just chastisements of folly; but he chose to dedicate the treasure of his days to illuminating the works of others, rather than improving us by his own; and for the rest of the then flourishing and thriving poets, they were the imitators of imitations—the third pressing of an exhausted wine-press—the ninth and dwindled farrow of the school of Pope and Addison. Poetry had degenerated into a trick and knack of verse-making, with which it had become synonymous. It had lost all the variety and elasticity of nature. A certain set of words, combinations, and images, had become conventionally agreed upon, as the common stock and joint property of the rhyming world—the sonnet of Mr B. was elegant, and round and smooth as the elegy of Mr C.; and in every man or woman of moderate education, nothing more was wanting to qualify the individual for a poet of distinction, than a recollection of the authorised epithets, a fund of accredited expressions, a tolerable ear for rhyme, a sufficient acquaintance with Tooke's Pantheon, and the ordinary quantity of fingers to facilitate the computation of the syllables!

The heavy and dull monotony that ensued was universally felt. The children of art themselves were perfectly conscious of the evils of the school they had adopted. They became as wearied as their readers and their auditors; and they attempted to revive the jaded attention of the public, and to relieve that formal sameness and rigid mannerism, which is inseparable from works of art, the moment the study and the imitation of nature is deserted, by change of subject—by new artifices of style—and by elaborate and unusual modes of expression. They sought in affectation the diversity which is only to be found in truth. Thus perceiving that the old ground was exhausted; aware that no interest could any longer be awakened for Epistles to a Friend, and Odes

to the Moon—for Monodies on Parrots, and Elegies on Lap-dogs—for Lines to May—and Stanzas to Delia; conscious that the opening a new volume of poems, was always accompanied by a yawn, prognosticative of the soporific nature of its contents, Dr Darwin turned aside from the ordinary topics treated by his contemporaries, to indite indecent cantos, in pedantic and scarcely intelligible language, on subjects that are only interesting in the plain and homely prose of the lecture-room; while the insect tribe of the *soi disant* della Cruscan school—a race now only remembered in the existence of the splendid weapon by which they were destroyed—endeavoured to moan and insinuate themselves into celebrity, by an absurd pretension to *Italianism*, which caricatured refinement, and surpassed Keats in folly, and Shelley in obscurity, and was not inferior to Leigh Hunt himself in vulgarity and affectation.—A better state of things might reasonably have been anticipated, as the result of those diligent labours among the glorious company of Elizabethan writers, which had occupied the learned in their united efforts for the restoration of the pure text of Shakspeare. But the reform had not ensued. The public taste had been awakened a moment to the tones of nature; but it was too weak and enervated to sustain the excitement, and fell back exhausted into its habitual slumbers in the arms of art.

In this calm and listless moment—in this be-darkened hour of our poetic literature, the deep tones of Joanna Baillie's genius struck upon the ear with a thrilling sublimity, like the voice of her own De Montford, amid the silence of the midnight forests.—She penetrated the real cause of the evil, and she meditated its cure. She saw that poetry—of which the themes are as copious as the streams of human thought and feeling, and as various as the beauties and wonders of Creation, had appeared to languish in exhaustion, because it had been charged with burthens that were not its own, and urged to repugnant efforts, among scenes that were foreign to its character, and in an atmosphere that oppressed its aspirations. She endeavoured to correct this melancholy perversion; she sought to direct the taste of the nation, and the exertions of its authors, to the legitimate objects of

poetry; she brought to the task her counsel and her example. The first volume of her plays was preceded by an introductory Essay, in which she traced the pleasures that we receive from the higher works of the imagination to their true source,—to that sympathetic interest, with which we are affected under every circumstance that is affecting to the individuals of our species, and which attaches the mind with fixed and immovable curiosity on the progress of every action in which the workings of human passion, and the varieties of human character, are laid open to our contemplation. In this preliminary essay, our authoress appeared as the advocate of nature, against the false refinements and exaggerations of art; and exhibiting her own peculiar and highly philosophical views of the scope of Tragedy, and the means by which its purposes might be best accomplished, she asserted the reformation, which her works were calculated to achieve, with a masterly force and distinctness of conception, with a nervous eloquence of style, with a brilliant copiousness of expression, and an aptness and beauty of illustration, which must for ever rank her name among the classics of English prose composition. All those gorgeous monsters of virtue and of vice, which had been imported with the hoop petticoats and flowing wigs of Paris, and which we had cherished as the heroes and heroines of our plays and poems, from a vague conception of reaching an ideal beauty independent of the imitation, and superior to the realities of ordinary existence, were for ever set aside as objects of admiration, by the complete exposure which she entered into, of their inability to influence the affections, and of the consequent folly of continually multiplying copies of such shadowy and uninteresting chimeras. This portion of her splendid preface is too long for insertion; and it were unfair to mar it by extracts and curtailment. It is continued from the 13th to the 36th page of the first volume of her Plays on the Passions; and, if sound sense and persuasive eloquence are capable of operating a change in public opinion, we are certainly justified in pointing out those pages as the instruments of the reform that has been effected in the taste and literature of our nation. The facts speak for them-

selves. We have seen what was the state of the poetic press when this powerful appeal in favour of the truth and simplicity of nature was thought necessary. We only need remind our readers of the excellence which it has since attained under the auspices of men, all cordially agreeing with Sir Walter Scott, in their enthusiastic admiration of the genius of Joanna Baillie; all avoiding in their writings the quicksands she had warned them to avoid, and all so evidently persuaded by her arguments to return to the more diligent study and closer imitation of man, in his real and essential attributes, that the very fault objected to them by the few lingering advocates of the antiquated and more ambitious manner, is the too servile resemblance of their portraits.

It may be objected, perhaps, that her observations and her example, being restricted to dramatic poetry, could have no sensible effect beyond the particular style of composition to which she had dedicated her talents. This cavil, a moment's reflection must prove to be without foundation. There is always a certain harmony in contemporary works of the imagination, however diversified in their kinds. If affectation struts the hero, and mouths it as a remorseless tyrant on the stage, the romances will be of invincible knights and peerless virgins; the odes will hold parley with the clouds, and swell into turgid common-places; every rhymester, wooing his love under the plaintive *alias* of Strephon, or of Corydon, will receive the responses to his vows, adorned by the masquerade signature of Nerissa, or of Delia; and the elegies, by which affection endeavours to embalm the memory of the dead, instead of dwelling on their peculiar virtues, and offering an intelligible picture of the survivors' sorrow, will lament their absence from the charge of visionary flocks and herds, and mourn the breaking of imaginary sheep-hooks, and feign the sympathetic fading of non-existent flowers. The first who is awakened to the evil of such a state of exaggeration and absurdity, and, on the sound principles of good sense and cultivated taste, communicates his conviction to his countrymen, as by his failure he would incur the penalty of ignorant vituperation, so by his success does he deserve the honours which are due to the

accomplishment of a meritorious reform. It matters not in what particular department of the art the improvement was begun. Touch any single note of the Diapason with a master's hand; and, if the sound be not overpowered by the jests of folly, and the clamour of prejudice, the others will be gradually tuned in harmony with the string that has been struck.

That Joanna Baillie produced the change which has been wrought in the public taste by the instrumentality of the drama, may account for the peculiarly dramatic character which is perceptible in nearly all the most favourite productions of our time. And this, in connexion with the other proofs, not only establishes that the reformation, and the merit of the reformation, is hers, but, if we are not much deceived, the most popular authors of our time manifest in their writings other glimpses of the light by which their talents were directed. We conceive that it were no difficult task to point out, in the poems of Sir Walter Scott, and in the works of the Author of *Waverley*, several characters, of which the prototypes exist in different tragedies of our authoress; and however Lord Byron may endeavour to mislead the judgment, by referring the public to Miss Leigh's *Kruitznier*, as the source of his inspiration, there are few persons intimate with modern literature, who will fail perceiving that the dark shadows of his Lordship's imagination have received a deeper gloom from his early acquaintance with those wild and midnight forests, in which the passion of *De Montford* consummated its dreadful purpose, and the dim aisles in which it met its retribution.

That an individual to whom literature is so deeply indebted, should have her reputation so little bruited by the public voice, may appear somewhat extraordinary. Her works have never yet obtained a success proportioned to their merits. The celebrity of Joanna Baillie has been of a most peculiar nature—her fame has had about it a kind of virgin purity. It has been the unparticipated treasure of the world of taste and intellect. The admiration of her lofty talents never made itself heard in the loud huzzas of the Theatre, or in those unmeaning expressions of approval, which are reiterated by the reading

public, in the words of their several and respective Magazines, with the docility and the intelligence of the mocking-bird. She was never *written up*, to use the modern technical expression, in the Reviews and Magazines. She was placed, both by her station in society, and by her independence of character, above any communication with these mere drudges and mercenaries of literature, into whose hands the fame of our living authors is entrusted, and by whose daring pens and uncultivated opinions the public taste is so very generally directed. These she was naturally unknown to, and was too proud to court; they were too busied in celebrating each other, to raise their eyes to the contemplation of any higher object: while, just as her works were slowly and certainly advancing to their justly merited distinction, without any factitious aids to prosper them, an impediment was cast in the way of their success, by the malignant observations of the *Edinburgh Review*, which had burst into sudden popularity, and which, with an unaccountable and unwarrantable aversion to all female authorship, after exhibiting the indications of its monstrous propensities, in one of its earliest numbers, by an ineffectual blow at the fame of *Madame de Staël*, commenced the next by a more elaborate, and a far more skilfully directed article, against the rising celebrity of Joanna Baillie.

This paper, the production of the editor himself, followed up as it was with a perseverance quite unparalleled in the annals of literary hostility, effected an injury to the general success of her publications, from which their intrinsic merits have never been able to deliver them; and perhaps it would be impossible to produce a more striking instance of the facility by which the just admiration of the public may be diverted from its objects, than the article* in which this wrong to genius was committed. With an air of metaphysical and philosophical acuteness, it uttered a mass of paradoxical absurdities, that would have incurred the scorn and hissing of the dullest reader, but for the exquisite language with which they were communicated and disguised. Of the plays themselves scarcely anything was said;

* *Edinburgh Review*, Number IV. Article 1st.

and all that was said was contradicted by the very extracts, which, without forfeiting every pretension to fairness, it was found absolutely impossible to keep back. The whole brunt of the reviewer's eloquence was directed against the principles laid down by our authoress in her Preliminary Discourse—against the scheme which she had in view—and against the end which she proposed in its execution. As we have never heard the name of Joanna Baillie mentioned in society, without hearing the repetition of some of the objections that were then raised against her works, we will briefly suggest an answer to them.

The principle laid down by our authoress in her Preliminary Discourse is, that truth of character is the paramount source of the interest that we derive from dramatic compositions. This has been disputed. We will not enter upon the arguments of objection, because we conceive that a moment's consideration will prove to any unprejudiced reader that Johanna Baillie is right, without putting him to the intellectual trouble of deciding a controversy. It will not, we presume, be doubted, that true and fictitious narratives move us on the same principles. And, in the ordinary course of private life, why are we more pleased with the success of one man than another, but from our previous knowledge of their moral qualities. Why are we so differently affected by hearing of the reverses of the honest or the dishonest, of the prudent or the careless, but that in one case our natural sense of justice commiserates an undeserved affliction, and in the other calmly contemplates a well-merited punishment. Why, while we read with the most complete indifference of the death of the vicious, do we feel our souls awakened into immediate sympathy with the fate of the virtuous, but that character is the powerful instrument in acting on the affections. We place the principle insisted on in this form, because it has been asked, whether interest of situation is not an equally effective means of exciting the emotions of the heart? To this we unhesitatingly answer, that it certainly is not; that situation of itself is nothing; that the most complicated scene of distress only becomes interesting when we are informed of the dispositions and habits of the persons; and that its

effect is augmented or diminished, in proportion as their dispositions are amiable or repulsive, or as their previous habits have rendered them easily susceptible to the stings of sorrow, or have prepared them for contending with it. If it were not so—if it were not that the expression of character formed the main principle of the interest which we receive from the works of art, in every department of art—the living busts of Chantry would attract as little of our regard as the symmetrical heads in the windows of the per-ruquier,—the speaking portraits of Reynolds would fatigue the eye, like the flat delineations of Kneller,—and the finest scenes of Shakspeare would touch the heart as little as the gesticulations of a pantomime. But, according to Joanna Baillie, this principle extends still farther. It is not only that the just representation of character forms the soul of the drama, but it is also a propensity to investigate the workings of the human heart that conducts us to the theatre. Whether our greatest dramatic authors had each, for himself, discovered the truth of this theory, and concealed it as a mystery of art, or whether they acted upon it from an intuitive impulse of their talents, without entering into any philosophical consideration on the subject, it is now impossible to determine; but that they have written as if they entertained the same convictions with our great modern tragic writer, is perfectly undeniable. They have been so persuaded, that if they could present the audience with a strong and consistent portraiture of the workings of the human mind, they should have gratified the expectations by which they were collected within the walls of the theatre, that we find Ben Jonson, Massinger, Moliere, and Shakspeare,—not to mention a multitude of inferior names,—each founding the subject of many of their plays on the development of a single character; framing the plot so as more effectively to disclose the peculiar properties with which they had conceived it; setting aside all other means of interesting the affections; and confidently assured, that, if their task were adequately achieved, they might rely, for the certain success of their production, on that “strong sympathy which most creatures, but the human above all, feel for others of their kind; and from

which nothing has become so much an object of man's curiosity as man himself."*

It is also a strong corroboration of Joanna Baillie's theory, that the plays so formed, though their respective authors may have written others infinitely more striking in dramatic effect, or pathetic situation, have been among the most popular of their works; and that audiences are as readily collected to contemplate the fraudulent machinations of Volpone—to detect the grasping passions that swayed in the bosom of Sir Giles Overreach—to survey the guilt, and await the unmasking of the Tartuffe—or to trace the ambitious cunning by which Richard of Gloucester raised himself to a tottering and a short-lived throne, as to assist at the exhibition of those pieces which are more intrinsically pathetic—which have a more powerful command over the light sensations and deep emotions of the soul; and which shake us with louder bursts of laughter, or swell the breast with stronger throes of sensibility. It certainly appears to us, that Joanna Baillie has discovered the true origin of our interest in the Drama. Plays seem to be effective, or otherwise, exactly in proportion as they have, or have not, been composed in coincidence with those principles to which she has recalled the observation of her cotemporaries, and by which her great predecessors appear to have been successively actuated. From admitting the truth of her principles, we must necessarily admit, that in making each passion the subject of a separate play, she has directed her talents to an object legitimately dramatic; for, if the development of a single character be sufficient to sustain the interest of an audience, with only such accessory circumstances as are required to excite and illustrate its qualities, there can be no doubt but such a character, displayed under the influence of a growing passion, by which all others are gradually over-mastered and absorbed, and which the author has placed in situations skilfully designed to call forth its attributes, to shew its extent and bearing, and to evince the malignity of its consequences, would be as much more powerful, as the means em-

ployed are of a more impressive and exciting nature. That the metaphysical exposure of the operations of a single passion in a course of dramatic action, is among the legitimate objects of dramatic talent, may be discovered by the very names which have been selected by some of our popular playwrights as attractive titles for their works. What other promise was held out to collect an audience when Young, and Fielding, and Coleridge, gave to their several productions the names of *The Revenge*—*The Miser*—and *The Remorse*?

We are almost afraid lest we may have made this part of the defence of Joanna Baillie against the objections of those who have sought to depreciate her labours too evident—we fear lest we should seem to be defending what none could have had the temerity to oppose; we can only say, that we should not have thought it necessary to fatigue our readers with the repetition of such truisms, if the attempt to diminish the celebrity of our authoress, had not been made by attacking those very principles which only require to be stated to be admitted as axioms in dramatic criticism. We shall say a very few words upon our authoress's scheme of composing a tragedy and comedy on each passion of the mind. It must be immediately perceived, that any objections against such a design, can have no real bearing on the plays themselves. It is like casting aside the pearls of price, to vent our spleen upon the petty thread that strings them. But, wholly irrelevant as the question is to the merits of the plays themselves, it does appear to us that such a collection would make a very valuable supplement to the library both of the moralist and the metaphysician—that it was one very likely to have been formed by selections from the works of various authors, and that it cannot possibly be the worse for being executed by the hand of an individual. All that really bears against the grand and extensive scheme of our authoress, would be just as appropriate to a work collected from those writings of our best dramatists, which most skilfully elucidate the operations of the different passions; and in which *Romeo and Juliet*, and

The Wonder, might have been given as exhibiting the force of love in its tragic and its comic situations; while *Othello* and *The Jealous Wife* were produced as exemplifying the mournful and the ridiculous effects of Jealousy. It has been said, that the scheme is impracticable. We have been told of the absurdity of writing "Tragedies on Hope and Joy, and Comedies on Hatred and Revenge."* On Joy, there was no necessity to attempt a tragedy. It was only with the permanent dispositions of the mind that Joanna Baillie had proposed to occupy her talents, and she had expressly stated that Joy and Anger were excluded from her plan, as being the results of the gratification or the irritation of those deeper affections which her scheme was designed to embrace.

But why should any critic attempt to limit the powers of the human mind, or measure the extent of another man's capacities, by the narrow limits of his own imagination? On Joy a very powerful and affecting tragedy might be written. Under certain circumstances it is a passion eminently pathetic. The scene in Douglas, which discovers to Lady Randolph the existence of her lost child, might have formed a principal scene of such a drama. Would it be difficult to devise a tale of sorrow, leading on through deeper and more deep distresses, which the sufferer himself imagines to be inevitable; the agency of kind friends is secretly working for his deliverance—the spectator is interested in the uncertainty of the event—the good arrives; and the sudden revulsion from sorrow to unexpected joy, is the thrilling pang of death. With respect to a tragedy on Hope—which has also been declared impracticable—we can scarcely conceive a more exquisite subject for that sweet, and touching, and domestic interest, which was excited by the muse of Heywood, than the mild and gentle temperament of a hopeful man, bearing up against the accumulation of evil—wronged by those he trusted, but still unsuspecting of those who had not yet deceived him; injured in his most dear affections, but only attaching himself with a closer love and more reposing confidence to those that remained;—and,

when fortune and fame, and friendship and love, had left him, still wringing tears from the spectators, by the charm of his unmerited affliction—by the mild accents of his religious resignation, by the expressions of sincere forgiveness to the foes that had wronged and the friends that had deserted him, and with the native spirit of his soul enduring to the last, sinking into the arms of death, amid the beatific visions of religious hope. We are aware that such a drama would afford no opportunity for the starts and rants and melo-dramatic extravagancies of Messrs Kean and Macready; but it might make the subject of such a play as *The Woman killed with Kindness*—a play that was sufficiently effective to move the stoutest hearts of our ancestors, in those good old times when the theatres were small enough for the business of the scene to be heard and understood. It is said that comedies cannot be written on Hatred and Revenge—Nonsense! The bad and violent passions are only grand as long as they are terrific:—They are meant the moment their effects cease to be fearful, and when baffled; they evince their real littleness, and become ridiculous, the moment they fail of being sublime.

The end which Joanna Baillie proposed to herself in undertaking this laborious work, was to warn the mind against the access of passion—to disclose to our observation the progress of the enemy, and to point out those stages in his approach, where he might most successfully be combated, and where the suffering him to pass may be considered as occasioning all the misery that ensues:—This is an object worthy of the exalted talents which were dedicated to its accomplishment, and, if the moral influence attributed to theatrical representations be as powerful as has been ascribed to them by every individual who has treated of the subject from the days of Aristotle to our own, the object was rationally pursued. But, though it had always been conceived that the very object of the drama was to inform the public mind, by addressing its affections—though the instructions communicated from the stage have been always considered as so effective, that

* Edinburgh Review of Joanna Baillie's Third Volume.

every country has found it necessary to establish a controlling superintendance to regulate the exhibitions of the theatre, lest by their means the multitude should be imbued with injurious sentiments, or violently excited to sudden tumults and insurrections—yet, that a female's genius might be impugned, or an attractive article produced, or a paradox ingeniously defended, the authority of all preceding times, and the experience of all the nations of Europe, have been encountered by the bold assertion, that *plays have no moral effect at all.** “They are seen and read,” says the reviewer of the *Plays on the Passions*, “for amusement or curiosity only; and the study of them forms so small a part of the occupation of any individual, that it is altogether fantastical to ascribe to them any sensible effect in the formation of character.” If this be true, under how strange a delusion has the world been labouring! The observation, of course, equally extends to all works of fiction that are designed to instruct the understanding, and to refine the heart, by the force of imaginary examples:—It extends, perhaps, even to history itself, *which*, according to Bolingbroke, *is but philosophy teaching by examples.*† But we cannot consent, on the mere unsupported assertion of any individual, to suppose that all former poets, and philosophers, and legislators, have been deceived—that so many highly gifted intellects have dissipated their faculties on superfluous efforts; and that there is no other result to be expected from witnessing *Macbeth*, or *Othello*, than the reproach of having misemployed the hours which were occupied by the performance.

Such plays as these address to the reflecting mind a grand and important moral. They appeal to us in the form by which mankind are most willingly instructed—*Pauci prudentia, honesta ab deterioribus, utilia ab noxiis, discernunt; plures aliorum eventis docentur*: Such was the opinion of Tacitus; and whether the example is contemplated in the events of real life, or the representations of the stage—in the page of biography, or of the moral tale, as far as our own observation and ex-

perience can be trusted on such a subject, we should say that it made very little difference in the strength or the permanency of the impression produced. All men willingly coincide in opinion with respect to the evil effected by the immoralities of the stage; because they come in a shape that cannot be contradicted. We acknowledge the force of its agency, when we hear of troops of young men forming themselves into bands of freebooters, seduced by the malignant influence of Schiller's *Robbers*—or of the night offences in our own streets being more than doubled during the representation of a late popular burletta at a minor theatre. These consequences are admitted, because they cannot be denied; and the conviction to be derived from them is this:—that the theatre is indeed a very powerful instrument both of evil and of good—of evil, when the exhibitions are of an immoral—of good, when the exhibitions are of a moral tendency; and from the evil which *is seen*, we may fairly presume the existence of that good, which, from the very circumstances of the case, must necessarily be concealed among the secrets of a man's own mind, and impervious to another's observation. We read the confessions of the man who is converted from honesty to vice by the gay profligacy of *Macheath*; but we never can be informed of the secret reformations, and of the many families who have been saved from ruin by the timely admonition of the fate of *Beverley*. To say that “plays have no sensible effect, because they are only seen and read for amusement or curiosity”‡—is as perfect a *non sequitur* as ever disgraced the pages of criticism. It has always been considered as their highest recommendation, that they *instruct by pleasing*. The mind is, as it were, self-taught by the reflections awakened as the scene proceeds, without being wearied by the dry discussion of abstract questions of ethics; and the affections, deeply touched, retain an apprehension of the horrors and consequences of guilt, which could never have been inspired by the cold and systematic precepts of the moral philosopher.

The reflections into which we have

* Edinburgh Review, vol. II. p. 275.

† Letters on History.

‡ Edinburgh Review, vol. II. p. 275.

been led are absolutely due, as an act of justice, to the literary reputation of the distinguished writer, of whose works we shall now proceed to give some account, and lay some specimens before our readers.

The first of Joanna Baillie's productions was the tragedy of Basil. A young and victorious General, hastening to unite his forces to those of Francis the First, previous to the battle of Pavia, is detained by the artifices of the Duke of Mantua and his minister, who successfully work upon his passion for the Princess Victoria. While he is hesitating between his love and his duty, the news of the defeat of Francis arrives; and, overwhelmed by the sense of the calamity which the arrival of his reinforcements might have prevented, and by the recollection of the ignominious motives to which his absence might be attributed, he seeks from his own hand the conclusion of his life, his love, and his disgrace. The characters of this play are most skilfully delineated. The generous, the noble, and love-betrayed Basil;—the honest and good-natured Rosenberg;—the envious Frederic;—the mean spirit of the Machiavellian policy, exposed to deserved contempt, in the persons of the narrow-minded Duke of Mantua and his more crafty minister;—the high-principled Albini;—the petted cunning of the child Mirando; and above all, Victoria—the beautiful, vain, playful Princess Victoria, form altogether a group so forcibly depicted, and so skilfully assorted and diversified, that it is only in the volumes of Shakespeare that we could have any chance of discovering its equal. The charm of language which enriches this tragedy, may be estimated by the following sweetly modulated lines, which will remind the reader, who is familiar with our elder dramatists, of many passages of theirs, with which it may boldly challenge a comparison.

Victoria. Nay, speak not thus, Albini,
speak not thus

Of little, blue-eyed, sweet, fair-hair'd Mirando:—

He is the orphan of a hapless pair,
A loving, beautiful, but hapless pair,
Whose story is so pleasing and so sad,
The swains have turn'd it to a plaintive
lay,

And sing it as they tend their mountain
sheep.

Besides, I am the guardian of his choice;

When first I saw him in the public garden,
Perch'd in his nurse's arms, a roughsome
quean,

Ill suited to the lovely charge she bore,
All steadfastly he fix'd his looks upon
me,—

His dark eyes shining through forgotten
tears,—

Then stretch'd his little arms, and call'd me
mother!

What could I do? I took the bantling
home—

I could not tell the imp he had no mother.

We would observe, that the works of Joanna Baillie are full of such lines as the following.—

Time.

Time never bears such moments on his
wing,

As when he flies too swiftly to be marked.

A Summer Cloud.

As though an angel in his upward flight,
Had left his mantle floating in mid air.

Such are the inferior gems which are cast off involuntarily from her pen, and give a life and brightness to the progress of her story.

As it is our intention to give a series of scenes from Ethwald, which shall, at the same time, afford a just specimen of the talents of the author, and contain the interest of a dramatic story, we shall not be able to afford any room for extracts. But we would particularly direct the attention of the reader to the scene of the meeting, and to the scene between Basil and Victoria in the grove, in the fourth act. It has always astonished us, that Basil should never have been produced upon the stage. It is as striking in situation and character as any tragedy can possibly be, without forfeiting all pretensions to an imitation of nature, and degenerating into melo-dramè. And if the authoress had anticipated that perfection in his art which has been achieved by the study and the talents of Charles Kemble, she could not have devised a part better calculated for the display of that manly tenderness and generous intrepidity which he so admirably personifies. By the by, the Edinburgh Reviewer has said, that there was nothing culpable in Basil's passion for the Princess Victoria. Surely this is bad morality. To a certain degree, vice and folly are commensurate, and he who surrenders up his heart to an attachment, which, from the very circumstances of his situation, must be hopeless, consents to all the evil to himself and others, which so unblest

an affection is calculated to produce, and is as guilty as imprudence and selfishness can render him.

Of De Montfort we shall not speak. It is too well known to require our recommendation. It has been twice produced upon the stage. It was, at its first representation, worthily supported by the finest performance that can be conceived, on the parts of Mrs Siddons and Mr Kemble. It was subsequently caricatured at Drury Lane. In the course of a debate, originated by a petition for a new theatre, when the misapplication of the two great patent theatres to shows and pantomimes, was alleged as another motive for allowing such an infringement of their licensed monopoly—it was argued by the late Mr Sheridan, that all sentiment for legitimate drama had perished in this country—that the proprietors had been unwillingly urged to this miserable degradation of the stage by the unanimous call of the public; and that the failure of De Montfort was a sufficient evidence of the corruption of the public taste.*

The two parts of Ethwald, are Tragedies on Ambition;—they form the history of an imaginary Sovereign, whose existence this great dramatist has feigned during the half-civilized, half-barbarous times of the Heptarchy, with such a persuasive truth of sentiment, of manners, and of character, as almost to induce the reader to seek in the pages of authentic history for the records of her hero's actions. From this play we shall make our extracts, and lay before our readers a selection of scenes from the first part of Ethwald, containing the fate of the gentle and guileless Bertha, the object of that love which Ethwald sacrificed to ambition.

Ethwald, a stripling, the younger son of an inferior Thane, is discovered leaning against a pillar, in a small apartment of his father's castle. After a pause, he comes forward.

Is it delusion this?

Or wears the mind of man within itself
A conscious feeling of its destination?
What say these suddenly imposed thoughts,
Which mark such deepen'd traces on the
brain,

Of vivid real persuasion, as do make
My nerved foot tread firmer on the earth,

And my dilating form tower on its way?
That I am born within these narrow walls,
The younger brother of a petty chief,
To live my term in dark obscurity,
Until some foul disease or bloody gash,
In low marauding strife, shall lay me low?
My spirit sickens at the hateful thought!
It hangs upon it with such thick oppression,
As doth the heavy, dense, sulphureous air
Upon the breath it stifles.

*(Pulling up the sleeve of his garment,
and baring his right arm from the
shoulder.)*

A firmer strung, a stronger arm than this,
Own'd ever valiant chief of ancient story?
And lacks my soul within, what should
impel it?

Ah! but occasion, like th' unveiling moon,
Which calls the advent'rer forth, did shine
on them!

I sit? the shade! no star-beam falls on
me!

*(Bursts into tears and throws himself
back against the pillar. A pause—
He then starts forward full of ani-
mation, and tosses his arms high as
he speaks.)*

No! storms are hush'd within their silent
cave,

And unflesh'd lions slumber in the den.

But there doth come a time!—

*(Enter Bertha, stealing softly upon
him before he is aware.)*

What, Bertha, is it thee who steal'st upon
me?

Ber. I heard thee loud:

Conversest thou with spirits in the air?

Eth. With those whose answering voice
thou canst not hear.

Ber. Thou hast of late the friend of such
become,

And only *they*. Thou art indeed so strange,
Thy very dogs have ceased to follow thee;
For thou no more their fawning court re-
ceiv'st,

Nor callest to them with a master's voice.
What art thou grown, since thou hast loved,
to pore

Upon those magic books?

Eth. No matter what! A hermit an
thou wilt.

Ber. Nay, rather, by thy high-assumed
gait

And lofty mien, which I have mark'd of
late,

Oftimes thou art, within thy own mind's
world,

Some king or mighty chief;

If so it be, tell me thine honour's pitch,
And I will tuck my regal mantle on,
And mate thy dignity.

(Assuming much state.)

Eth. Out on thy foolery!

* Mr Kemble always attributed this failure to the bad acting of the performer who played Rezenvelt.

Ber. Dost thou remember
How, on our throne of turf, with birchen
crowns,
And willow branches waving in our hands,
We shook our careless feet and caroll'd
out,
And call'd ourselves the King and Queen
of Kent?

Eth. Yes, children ever in their mimic
play
Such fairy state assume.

Ber. And bearded men
Do sometimes gild the dull enchanting face
Of sombre stilly life, with like conceits.
Come, an you will, we'll go to play again.

(*Tripping gayly round him.*)

Eth. Who sent thee here to gamble
round me thus?

Ber. Nay, fie upon thee! for thou
know'st right well

It is an errand of my own good will.
Know'st thou not the wand'ring clown is
here,

Who doth the ozier wands and rushes weave
Into all shapes who chaunts gay stories
too;

And who was wont to tell thee, when a
boy,

Of all the bloody wars of furious Penda?
E'en now he is at work before the gate,
With heaps of pliant rushes round him
strew'd;

In which birds, dogs, and children roll and
nestle,
Whilst, crouching by his side, with watch-
ful eye

The playful kitten marks each trembling
rush

As he entwists his many circling bands.
Nay, men and matrons, too, around him
flock,

And Ethelbert, low seated on a stone,
With arms thus cross'd, o'erlooks his cu-
rious craft.

Wilt thou not come?

Eth. Away! I care not for it.

Ber. Nay, do not shake thy head, for
thou must come.

This magic girdle will compel thy steps.
(*Throws a girdle round him playfully,
and pulls it till it breaks.*)

Eth. (*Smiling coldly.*) Thou see'st it
cannot hold me.

(*Bertha's face changes immediately;
she bursts into tears, and turns
away to conceal it.*)

Eth. (*Soothing her.*) My gentle Bertha!
Little foolish maid!

Why fall those tears? Wilt thou not look
on me?

Dost thou not know I am a wayward man,
Sullen by fits, but meaning no unkindness?

Ber. O, thou wert wont to make the
hall rejoice,
And clear the gloomy face of dark Decem-
ber!

Eth. And will, perhaps, again. Cheer
up, my love!

(*Assuming a cheerful voice.*)

And plies the wand'ring clown his pleasing
craft,

Whilst dogs, and men, and children round
him flock?

Come, let us join them too.

(*Holding out his hand to her, whilst
she smiles through her tears.*)

How course those glancing drops adown
thy cheeks,

Like to a whim'ring child!—Fie on thee,
Bertha!

(*Wipes off her tears, and leads her out
affectionately.*)

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In defiance of every precaution,
Ethwald leaves his father's home, on
hearing the rumours of impending
war; recalls the flying troops to their
duty, and is highly honoured by his
sovereign, for the aid which he had af-
forded him in so desperate a moment.
The news of his exploit have arrived
at his father's castle, and Ethwald is
momentarily expected. Sigurtha and
Bertha are together.

Ber. Nay, mother, say not so. Was he
not wont,

If but returning from the daily chase,
To send an upward glance unto that tower?
There well he knew, or late or cold the
hour,

His eye should find me.

Sig. My gentle Bertha, be not thus dis-
turb'd.

Such busy scenes, such new, unlook'd-for
things

Ruffle the flowing stream of habit; men
Will then forgetful seem, though not un-
kind.

Ber. Think'st thou?

(*Shaking her head.*)

I saw him by his sovereign stand,
And O, how graceful! every eye to him
Was turn'd, and ev'ry face smiled honours
on him;

Yet his proud station quickly did he leave,
To greet his humbler friends who stood
aloof.

The meanest follower of these walls, al-
ready
Some mark of kind acknowledgment hath
had—

He look'd not up—I am alone forgotten!

Sig. Be patient, child: he will not long
delay

To seek thee in thy modest privacy;
Approving more to see thee here retired,
Than, boldly to the army's eye exposed,
Greeting his first approach. I, the mean-
while,

Intrusted am with orders from the Thane,
Which must not be neglected. (*Exit.*)

(*Bertha, after walking up and down,
agitated, and frequently stopping to
listen.*)

Ah no! deceived again! I need not listen!
No bounding steps approach.

(*She sits down despondingly. Enter Ethwald behind, and steals softly up to her.*)

Eth. Bertha!

Ber. (*Starting up.*) My Ethwald!
(*He holds out his arms to her joyfully, and she bursts into tears.*)

Eth. Thou dost not grieve that I am safe return'd?

Ber. O no! I do not grieve, yet I must weep.

Hast thou, in truth, been kind? I will not chide:

I cannot do it now.

Eth. O fie upon thee! like a wayward child

To look upon me thus! cheer up, my love.

(*He smiles upon her joyfully, and her countenance brightens. She then puts her hand upon his arm, and stepping back a little space, surveys him with delight.*)

Ber. Thou man of mighty deeds!

Thou, whom the brave shall love, and princes honour!

Dost thou, in truth, return to me again,

Mine own, my very Ethwald?

Eth. No, that were paltry: I return to thee

A thousandfold the lover thou hast known me.

I have, of late, been careless of thee, Bertha.

The hopeless calm of dull obscurity,

Like the thick vapours of a stagnant pool,
Oppress'd my heart, and smother'd kind affections;

But now the enlivening breeze of fortune wakes

My torpid soul—When did I ever fold thee

To such a warm and bounding heart as this? (*Embraces her.*)

The king has given me Mairneth's earldom—

Nay, smile, my Bertha!

Ber. So I do, my Ethwald.

Eth. The noble Ethling greatly honours me

With precious tokens: nay, the very soldiers

Do cock their pointed weapons as I pass;
As though it were to say, "There goes the man

That we would cheerly follow."

Unto what end these fair beginnings point

I know not—but of this I am assured,

There is a course of honour lies before me

Be it with dangers, toil, or pain beset,

Which I will boldly tread. Smiles not my love?

Ber. I should, in truth: but how is this? methinks

Thou ever look'st upon the things to come

I on the past. A great and honour'd man

I know thou'lt be: but O, bethink thee then!

How once thou wert, within these happy walls,

A little cheerful boy, with curly pate,
Who led the infant Bertha by the hand,
Storing her lap with every gaudy flower;
With speckled eggs stol'n from the hedge-
ling's nest,

And berries from the tree: ay, think on this,

And then I know thou'lt love me!

(*Trumpet sounds—catching hold of him eagerly.*)

Hear'st thou that sound? the blessed saints preserve thee!

Must thou depart so soon?

Eth. Yes, of necessity: reasons of weight
Constrain the king; and I, new in his service,

Must seem to follow him with willing steps.

But go thou with me to the castle gate,

We will not part until the latest moment.

Ber. Yet stop, I pray, thou must receive my pledge.

See'st thou this woven band of many dyes,

Like to a mottled snake? its shiny roof

Was whiten'd in the pearly dew of eve,

Beneath the silver moon; its varied warp

Was dyed with potent herbs, at midnight cull'd.

It hath a wond'rous charm: the breast that wears it

No change of soft affection ever knows.

Eth. (*Receiving it with a smile.*) I'll wear it, Bertha. (*Trumpet sounds.*)

Hark! it calls me hence.

Ber. O, go not yet! here is another gift.

This ring, enrich'd with stone of basilisk,
Whenever press'd by the kind wearer's hand,

Presents the giver's image to his mind.

Wilt thou not wear it?

Eth. (*Receiving it.*) Yes, and press it too.

Ber. And in this purse—

(*Taking out a purse.*)

Eth. What! still another charm?

(*Laughing.*)

Thou simple maid!

Dost thou believe that witch'd gear like this

Hath power a lover faithful to retain,

More than thy gentle self!

Ber. Nay, laugh, but wear them.

Eth. I will, my love, since thou wilt have it so.

(*Putting them in his breast.*)

Here are they lodged, and curs'd be the hand

That plucks them forth! And now receive my pledge.

It is a jewel of no vulgar worth:

(*Ties it on her arm.*)

Wear it, and think of me. But yet, belike,

It must be steep'd into some wizard's pot,

Or have some mystic rhyming mutter'd o'er it,

Ere it will serve the turn.

Ber. (*Pressing the jewel on her arm.*)

O no! right well I feel there is no need.

Eth. Come, let us go: we do not part,
thou know'st,
But at the castle gate. Cheer up, my Bertha!
I'll soon return, and oft return again:

(*Exeunt.*)

Vol. II. page 143 to 148.

But he does not return. Fortune smiles on the schemes of his ambition. The aged monarch dies; the young Edward, the lawful heir to the crown, is artfully dispossessed of his right: Ethwald, having usurped his power, is united to the daughter of the deceased king, the cold, the imperious, the cheerless Elburga; and it is not till she and her ladies are awaiting the approach of Ethwald to join in the coronation procession, that the tender and forgotten Bertha is again introduced.

A song heard without.

Ah, maiden! bear the biting smart,
Nor thus thy loss deplore;
The thane's daughter has his heart,—
He will return no more.

1st Lady. 'Tis strangely melancholy.

Dwina. 'Tis like the mournful sounds
which oftentimes

The midnight watcher, in his lonely tower,
Hears, with the wailing blast most sweetly
mingled.

Elb. (To attendant.) Go thou and lead
her hither.

Att. I will, great queen;—but here she
comes unbidden.

(*Enter Bertha, with a wild unsettled
air, and her hair scattered upon her
shoulders. The ladies gather about
her with curiosity.*)

1st Lady. How fair she is!

2d Lady. Her eyes of lovely blue,
Gentle but restless. Dost thou see that
glance? (*To 1st Lady.*)

I fear to look upon her.

Dwina. Fie, fie upon it! press not near
her thus;

She seems offended: I will speak to her.

(*To Bertha.*) Sweet lady, art thou sad?

(*Bertha looks steadfastly at her, then
drops her head upon her breast and
makes no answer.*)

We would be kind to thee.

(*Bertha then looks more gently on her,
but is still silent.*)

1st Lady. Dost thou not speak, thou
who canst sing so well?

Dwina. Who taught thee those sweet
notes?

Ber. The night was dark. I met spirits
on my way.

They sung me sweet songs, but they were
sorrowful.

Dwina. Ah, woe is me! and dost thou
wander, then,

In the dark night alone, no one to tend thee?

Ber. When the moon's dark, I follow
the night-bird's cry,

And it doth guide my way.—But he'll
return,

So do they-tell me, when sweet violets blow,
And summer comes again.

Dwina. And who is he?

Ber. List, and the winds will tell thee
as they pass:

The stilly air will whisper it. But softly!
Tell it to none again, they must not know
How stern he is, for he was gentle once.

Dwina. A cruel heart had he who could
forsake thee!

*Ber. (Putting her hand eagerly on Dwi-
na's mouth.)* Hush, hush! we'll not offend

him. He is great,

And must not be offended.

Elb. (Coming near her.) What! say'st
thou he is great?

Rent are thy weeds, and thin thy ruffled
robe.—

Why didst thou leave thy home thus un-
protected?

Ber. (Turning hastily upon her.) I saw
his banner streaming in the air,

And I did follow it.

Elb. His banner in the air!—What is
thy love?

Ber. (Looking fiercely at her.) They say
he is a king.

Elb. (Smiling.) Poor maid!—'Tis ever
thus with such as she;

They still believe themselves of some high
state,

And mimic greatness.

Ber. Thou art a fair dame and a gay—
but go;

Take off thine eyes from me, I love thee
not.

[*Shrinks from Elburga, walking back-
wards and looking frowningly at her;
then beckoning to Dwina, she speaks
in her ear.*]

They say a royal dame has won his faith,
Stately and proud. But in a gloomy dream

I heard it first, confuses and terrible;

And ofttimes since the fiend of night re-
peats it,

As on my pressed breast he sits and groans.
I'll not believe it

Dwina. What is thy name, sweet lady?

*Ber. (Rubbing her hand across her fore-
head as if trying to recollect)*

I had a name that kind friends called me
by;

And with a blessing did the holy man
Bestow it on me. But I've wander'd far

Through woods and wilds, and strangely
on my head

The numbing winds have beat, and I have
lost it.—

Be not offended with me;

For, lady, thou art gentle, and I fear thee.
(*Bowing submissively to Dwina.*)

Enter ETHELBERT.

*Eth. (To Dwina, after looking at Ber-
tha.)*

What maid is that so haggard and so wild?

Dwina. A wand'ring maniac, but so fair and gentle,

Thou needs must speak to her.

Eth. (*Going up to Bertha*) Fair lady, wilt thou suffer—Gracious Heaven! What see I here! the sweet and gentle Bertha!

Ah, has it come to this? Alas, alas!—Sweet maiden, dost thou know me?

Ber. (*After looking earnestly at him.*) I know thee well enough. They call thee mad;

Thy wild and raving words oft made the ears

Of holy men to tingle.

Eth. She somewhat glances at the truth. Alas!

I've seen her gay and blooming as the rose, And cheerful, too, as song of early lark. I've seen her prattle on her nurse's lap, Innocent bud! and now I see her thus!

(*Weeps.*)

Ber. Ah! dost thou weep? are they unkind to thee? (*Shaking her head.*) Yes, yes! from out the herd, like a mark'd deer.

They drive the poor distraught. The storms of heaven

Beat on him: gaping hinds stare at his woe;

And no one stops to bid heav'n speed his way.

Eth. (*Flourish of trumpets.*) Sweet maid, retire.

Ber. Nay, nay! I will not go; there be without

Those who will frown upon me.

Eth. (*Endeavouring to lead her off.*) I pray thee be entreated!

(*Dwina takes hold of her also to lead her off, but she breaks from them furiously.*)

Ber. Ye shall not force me! Wist ye who I am?

The whirlwind in its strength contends with me,

And I o'ermaster it.

Eth. Stand round her then, I pray you, gentle ladies!

The king must not behold her.

(*The ladies gather round Bertha and conceal her.*)

Enter ETHWALD, followed by Thanes and Attendants.

Ethw. (*After returning the obeisance of the assembly.*)

This gay and fair attendance on our person,

And on our queen, most honoured lords and dames,

We much regard; and could my heart express—

(*Bertha hearing his voice, shrieks out.*)

What cry is that?

Dwina. Regard it not; it is a wand'ring maid,

Distracted in her mind, who is in search, As she conceits it, of some faithless lover. She sings sweet songs of wildest harmony, And at the queen's command we led her in.

Ethw. Seeking her love! distracted in her mind!

Have any of my followers wrong'd her? Speak!

If it be so, by righteous heaven, I swear! The man, whoe'er he be, shall dearly rue it.

(*Bertha shrieks again, and breaking through the crowd, runs up to Ethwald. He starts back, and covers his eyes with one hand, whilst she, catching hold of the other, presses it to her breast.*)

Ber. I've found thee now, and let the black fiend growl;

I will not part with thee. I've follow'd thee Through crag and moor and wild. I've heard thy voice

Sound from the dark hill's side, and follow'd thee.

I've seen thee on the gath'ring twilight clouds,

Ride with the stately spirits of the storm. But thou look'st sternly on me.

O be not angry! I will kneel to thee;

For thou art glorious now, as I am told, And must have worship.

(*Kneeling and bowing her head meekly to the ground.*)

Eth. (*Turning away.*) O God! O God! where art thou, Ethelbert?

Thou might'st have saved me this.

(*Looking round and seeing that Ethelbert weeps, he also becomes softened, and turns to Bertha with great emotion.*)

Ber. They say she's fair and glorious; woe is me!

I am but form'd as simple maidens are, But scorn me not: I have a powerful spell, A Druid gave it me, which on mine arm When once enclasp'd, will make me fair as she;

So thou wilt turn to me.

Eth. O Ethelbert! I pray thee pity me!

This sight doth move me, e'en to agony.

Remove her hence; but O deal gently with her!

(*Ethelbert endeavours again to lead her off, and the ladies crowd about her. She is then carried out, and is heard to scream as they are carrying her.*)

Vol. II. pp. 221-227.

We omit the splendid conclusion of the first part of Ethwald, and many passages of extraordinary beauty, to present to our readers a short extract from the concluding scene of the tyrant's life, descriptive of the jealous apprehensions of his wakeful night. It possesses an earnestness and a reality that we never remember to have seen surpassed. The Queen is watch-

ing in the sick-chamber of Ethwald.
It is midnight.

Eth. Hark! some one comes.

(*Listening with alarm.*)

Queen. Be not disturb'd, it is your faithful groom
Who brings the watch-dog; all things are secure.

Eth. Nay, but I heard the sound of other feet.

(*Running to the door, and pushing in a great bar.*)

Say, who art thou without?

Voice without. Your groom, my lord, who brings your faithful dog.

Eth. (To the *Queen.*) Did'st thou not hear the sound of other feet?

Queen. No; only his. Your mind is too suspicious.

Eth. I, in his countenance, have mark'd of late

That which I like not: were this dreary night

But once o'ermaster'd, he shall watch no more.

(*Opens the door suspiciously, and enters an armed man leading in a great watch dog: the door is shut again hastily, and the bar replaced.*)

(To the *dog.*) Come, rough and surly friend! Thou only dost remain on whom my mind Can surely trust. I'll have more dogs so train'd.

(*Looking steadfastly at the groom.*)

Thy face is pale; thou hast a haggard look: Where hast thou been?

(*Seizing him by the neck.*)

Answer me quickly! Say, where hast thou been?

Groom. Looking upon the broad and fearful sky.

Queen. What say'st thou?

Groom. The heavens are all a flaming o'er our heads,

And fiery spears are shiv'ring through the air.

Eth. Hast thou seen this?

Groom. Ay, by our holy saint!

Queen. It is some prodigy, dark and portentous.

Groom. A red and bloody mantle seems outstretch'd o'er the wide welkin, and——

Eth. Peace, damn'd fool!

Tell me no more: be to thy post withdrawn.

(*Exit groom by a small side-door, leading the dog with him.*)

Eth. (To himself, after musing for some time.)

Heaven warring o'er my head! there is in this

Some fearful thing betoken'd.

If that, in truth, the awful term is come; The fearful bound'ry of my mortal reach;

O'er which I must into those regions pass Of horror and despair, to take my place

With those, who do their blood-earn'd crowns exchange

For ruddy circles of devouring fire; Where hopeless woe, and gnashing agony, Writhe in the dens of torment; where things be,

Yet never imaged in the thoughts of man, Dark, horrible, unknown——

I'll mantle o'er my head, and think no more.

(*Covers his head with his cloak, and sinks down upon the couch.*)

Queen. Nay, rather stretch you on this fleecy bed.

Eth. Rest if thou canst, I do not hinder thee.

Queen. Then, truly, I will lean my head a while;

I am o'erspent and weary.

(*Leans on the couch.*)

Eth. (Hastily uncovering his face.)

Thou must not sleep. Watch with me, and be silent;

It is an awful hour!

(*A long pause; then Ethwald starting up from the couch with alarm.*)

I hear strange sounds ascend the winding-stairs.

Queen. I hear them too.

Eth. Ha! dost thou also hear it?

Then it is real. (*Listening.*) I hear the clash of arms.

Ho, guard! come forth.

Re-enter GROOM.

Go rouse my faithful dog;

Dark treason is upon us.

Groom. (*Disappearing, and then re-entering.*)

He sleeps so sound, my lord, I cannot rouse him.

Eth. Then, villain, I'm betray'd! Thou hast betray'd me!

But set thy brawny strength against that door,

And bar them out. If thou but seem'st to flinch,

This sword is in thy heart.

Vol. II. page 354-356.

Ha! dost thou also hear it?—Then it is real!—What a distinct conception do these few words inspire of the constant agitation and feverish suspicion of the usurper's mind!

We have not left ourselves space to speak at length of the remaining plays.

The tragedy of Rayner is, though containing many beautiful passages, almost a failure. It was an early effort. The plot—to use a word of Garriek's—is ill concocted; the subject is unpleasing; and it is altogether a scrambling and uninteresting play.

Constantine Paleologus is perhaps

the very finest of our author's works. The taste which has given up the stage in our great national dramatic establishments, to the empty absurdities of French melo-dramas and equestrian spectacles, seems to have taken refuge in the minor theatres. Constantine, neglected by both Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, was acted with the greatest applause for upwards of fifty nights in succession at the Circus.* The last scene of this play is peculiarly beautiful. "It has," says the Edinburgh Review, "all the truth and simplicity of nature, but no effect." If events so interesting and important as those occupying the concluding scene of Constantine, be indeed portrayed with "the truth and simplicity of nature," the want of effect cannot be ascribed to the imperfections of the author, but to the defective sensibilities of the critic.

Orra, notwithstanding the unpleasant vulgarity of one of the inferior characters, is a most exquisite and touching performance. It has been said, that the subject of this play is "A Young Lady who is afraid of Ghosts."† And, in the same manner, the subject of Othello is a black gentleman, whose wife had lost her pocket-handkerchief; but the shallow disseminators of such trumpery observations are beneath our contempt; they are not directed by a spirit of criticism, but of calumny; they sacrifice the just claims of talent, to the paltry vanity of uttering a smart and pert expression; and they can propose to themselves no imaginable result from their facetiousness, beyond that of arming the uninventive spleen of mediocrity, with a collection of ready-made insinuations against the exertions of superior genius.

The Dream, a prose tragedy, in three acts, we should class, with Rayner, in the inferior class of Joanna Baillie's writings; except that the opening and the concluding scenes are very far superior to anything contained in the earlier published play.

The beautiful little sketch, the Beacon, concludes her volumes:—and it is with difficulty that we refrain from offering another extract. The third scene of the second act is faultless. It

is the perfection of natural tenderness, of delicacy of thought and feeling, and of grace of expression. But we may quote no more from the dramatic works, or there would be no space allowed us, to afford a specimen of the lyric compositions of this various and delightful writer.

SONG FROM THE BEACON.

1.

Wish'd-for gales the light vane veering,
Better dreams the dull night cheering;
Lighter heart the morning greeting,
Things of better omen meeting;
Eyes each passing stranger watching,
Ears each feeble rumour catching,
Say he existeth still on earthly ground,
The absent will return, the long, long lost
be found.

2.

In the tower the ward-bell ringing,
In the court the carols singing;
Busy hands the gay board dressing,
Eager steps the threshold pressing;
Open'd arms in haste advancing,
Joyful looks through blind tears glancing;
The gladsome bounding of his aged hound,
Say he in truth is here, our long, long lost
is found.

3.

Hymned thanks and bedesmen praying,
With sheathed sword the urchin playing;
Blazon'd hall with torches burning,
Cheerful morn in peace returning;
Converse sweet that strangely borrows
Present bliss from former sorrows—
O, who can tell each blessed sight and
sound,
That says, he with us bides, our long, long
lost is found!

SONG.

Oh, welcome, bat and owlet gray,
Thus winging low your airy way;
And welcome, moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ear came humming by;
And welcome, shadows long and deep,
And stars that from the blue sky peep;
Oh, welcome all! to me ye say,
My woodland love is on her way.
Upon the soft wind floats her hair,
Her breath is in the dewy air,
Her steps are in the whisper'd sound
That steals along the stilly ground.
Oh, dawn of day, in rosy bower,
What art thou to this witching hour!
Oh, noon of day, in sunshine bright,
What art thou to this fall of night!

* The Fazio of Milman was also first played at this theatre.

† Edinburgh Review of Miss Baillie's Third Volume of Plays on the Passions.

If the passages which we have here presented, do not fully justify the high admiration which we have expressed for the genius of the exalted woman whose works have formed the subject of the present observations; we may have compromised our own reputation for discernment, but we have at least dealt fairly with our readers, and afforded them, by the copiousness of our extracts, the opportunity of judging and deciding for themselves.

We have not mentioned the Comedies of our authoress, because, though they are evidently the productions of a very clever woman, they are by no means entitled to the high distinction of being placed in contact with the more splendid efforts of Joanna Baillie's genius.—We wish they had not been published; for, to have disappointed, in one branch of literature, the expectations which have been excited by an author's success in another, will always, to a certain degree, impair the lustre of any, even the brightest, reputation.

It is not given to the human foresight to divine which, among the many distinguished names of our cotemporaries, shall circulate in the conversations of posterity, and become illustrious among the generations that are yet unborn. Posthumous celebrity is not the certain recompense of superior genius. It is not pre-eminent abilities, and the worthy occupation of them alone, that are sufficient for the raising up a deathless name. Much of chance and accident is mingled in the preservation of the works, and in effecting the permanent renown of those who are emulous of literary distinction; and in contemplating the labours of our living poets, no man can with any confidence decide which among them shall successfully float down upon the stream of time, or which shall be stranded by untoward circumstances on the banks and shoals of the current. But if the authoress of Plays on the Passions would consent to publish an edition of her collected works, omitting all the comedies and the few tragedies that are unworthy of her, and adding only such among her manuscripts as are equal to the best efforts of her pen—if she would alter such defective lines as some judicious male friend would readily point out to her, which do not perhaps exceed a hundred in the whole aggregate of her works, and of

which some occur to impair the influence of her most exquisite passages—If she would thus remove the imperfections on the surface of her works, which, though they detract little from the admiration of the candid and the discerning, afford most admirable topics for the malignity of that multitude of readers, whose shallow talents are sufficient for the detection of a fault, but incapable of the apprehension of beauty, and who delight in discovering an opportunity of vindicating their intellectual inferiority by sarcasms on the exertions of the more endowed—if our authoress would consent to such a sacrifice, we should say that there were no productions of any living writer so certain of encountering few impediments to their progress, and securing the admiration of posterity, as those of Joanna Baillie. Her powers are not inferior to those of the most illustrious of her cotemporaries—to Southey—to Scott—or Byron. She is not a writer for any particular age or fashion, but trusts, like Shakspeare, for the success of her works to the general sympathies of our race, and appeals to those permanent affections which are common to us all. There is a peculiarity in her style and language, which casts over the moving picture of her scenes a sweet, autumnal hue, caught from the deep and mellow tints of our elder Dramatists; but she is far superior to all that mannerism of thought and feeling which is engendered of narrow views of life, and of a poor and bounded imagination. We are aware that in entreating her to cast aside her comedies and a few other of her works, we call upon her to make an enormous sacrifice; we feel it to be such; we call on her to cast aside much that we should regret to lose, but this advice is given in a spirit of zealous admiration that cannot be distrusted. We wish her to cut away the weaker branches to secure the preservation of the thriving trunk; the works already published cannot, perhaps, be totally recalled, but the world will think kinder of their errors when they are no longer sanctioned by the protection of so powerful a parent, and it must ever be remembered, that to have published less than our competitors, is one of the most certain means of outstripping them in the race of fame.

PROFLIGACY OF THE LONDON PERIODICAL PRESS.

IF there be one topic more than another on which we have especially enlightened the eyes of the public, it is the utter profligacy of the London periodical press. That there are many honourable and upright men connected with it, is, of course, quite true; but that the pervading spirit of those who are deep in its *arcana*, and occupied in directing its energies, is base and villainous, we are as clearly persuaded, as that there are stars in the sky.

The answer to us is, of course, easy and obvious. "Who expects that it should be otherwise—and again, of what sort of importance is it to anybody out of its immediate sphere, whether it is so or not? We read the *Times*, it will be said, without caring a farthing for the *canaille* engaged in conducting and writing for it.—We pore listlessly, in the beginning of a month, over the Magazines, &c. when they happen to lie on the table of our clubs or libraries, without troubling our heads to inquire to whom it is that we are indebted for the volume of filth, stupidity, or ignorance, which they have catered for us." We admit the truth of this reply—but beg leave to rejoin, that there are classes of society, which do not look on the things in this light—which take their tone from these publications—which retail their opinions at second-hand—and are inclined to offer a tribute of respect to their conductors or contributors. It is to them that we mean to speak—not to those whose rank or education puts them entirely above the sphere of being in any way influenced by the pollution of those, whom one of the most pestilent of the crew has called by the happy and appropriate name of VERMIN.

Of late years, since the angry heats of politics have considerably cooled, and those wretches are not able to earn their unhappy bread by brawling against their country, they have taken a new direction, and intromitted with literature. Into this they have carried all the natural filthiness of their Whig spirit—(everything mean or degraded has a tendency to Whiggery, and may be safely classed under that great generic term for everything filthy) to which they have added the spiteful

feelings of personal envy. In politics, though they railed at the great and worthy, it was without this additional taint. They had curses on their lips, and venom in their hearts, against the Duke of Wellington, for having prostrated the implacable foe of England, but none of them was so Bedlamitish, as to fancy that he himself was *personally* aggrieved by the prominence of the Duke in military affairs. They uttered spiteful hissings at the Lord Chancellor, but except those whom that eminent and inflexible lawyer has most justly and firmly kept from undeserved honours in the profession which their participation in it tends to degrade, none of the scribblers looked with jealous leer malign on his occupancy of the Woolsack, as depressing them in the prosecution of their laudable callings. They hated them, and other such men, because they were great, and friends to the interests of England; but there did their hatred cease. When they turned from literature to politics, this new incentive to spite made its appearance. The great writers of the Tory party they hated for the same reason as they hated the great chiefs of the Tory party; but, moreover, every poor pen-dribbler of the set thought that their supremacy in literature cast a shadow over himself. A creature who was employed at a penny a-line to write a tale for an "Entertaining and Instructive Miscellany," felt sore at the talent of the author of *Waverley*. A three-penny critic foamed at the mouth, because his lucubrations remained unread by those who chuckled over the articles of John Wilson Croker. All the eminent gentlemen who write for the Sunday papers bellowed against the wit and poignancy of John Bull; and, assuming for granted that Theodore Hook was its writer, made him the butt for all the petty weapons of cowardly malignity. *We*, of course, in this order of affairs, came in for our share of the current abuse from the miserable things of other Magazines, and were rejoiced at the circumstance. We need hardly extend this catalogue any farther.

We said that *We* were rejoiced at being attacked by such people. We are so, because we can with truth sing

as Mars is made to do in Dibdin's dull burletta of Poor Vulcan :

— You know *our* trade is WAR,
And what should we deny it for?—

and any hostilities against us have been in general provoked by our uncompromising tone, our open and never-ceasing display of contempt, and the fierce front that we have always shewn in defiance. *We*, therefore, complain not; far from it indeed. We take admirable care that any antagonist deserving of our notice, shall rue the day that his evil fate led him to provoke an adversary, whose powers and inclination to smite the ungodly have never been denied or even doubted. For the same reason, we make no complaint over their attacks on John Bull. He destroyed those to whom he opposed himself, and is still in ever-restless activity in the same pursuit. That the Whigs in their desperation should have resorted to the till then unheard-of method of calumniating the supposed editor by name, is only in accordance with the usual shabbiness of their conduct. We should be ashamed, indeed, that any of our writers, turning away from the consideration of the *principles*, should abuse the *editors* of the Morning Chronicle and Times—Mr —, or Mr —, by allusion to their personal history, even if their lubrications happened by any rare chance to possess sufficient talent to call forth our anger.

But admitting, as we freely do, the propriety of attacking us, and others like us, we must add, that the literary scavengers who took up the trade of assassin, displayed a feeling of filthy malignity in their impotent attacks on the great writers of the party, which is laughable from its feebleness, while it disgusts by its baseness. Wordsworth is taunted in the Edinburgh Review, and a thousand minor puddles, with being a stamp-master, as if that had anything to do with the Excursion. Southey is abused for being Laureate, and his boyish extravagancies flung in his face—how Coleridge has been insulted, it is needless to recapitulate—and the amiable life, and undeviating kindness of Sir Walter Scott, cannot save him from venomous nibblings from people, whose exertions in this sort remind us of the achievements of the mouse in the *Batrachomyomachia*,

— ἔσσι λέντρον ἰών, ἀκρον δάκτυλον κατα
δάκνω
Καὶ πωτένης λαβόμενι, καὶ οὐ πόνος ἴκανος
ἀνδρα.

As they cannot understand what we have quoted, we may as well inform them, that in their attacks on the most eminent literary character of the country, in cowardice of manner, in skulkingness of operation, in imbecility of effect, and total want of impression on the object assailed, they may find their prototype in their brother VERMIN.

We shall give our readers one specimen of their attacks. In the London Magazine for February, 1823, it may perhaps be remembered by some few people, there was a review of Peveril of the Peak, marked by an insulting spirit. The Author of Waverley was compared to Cobbett, &c. All this is perhaps fair enough, and not more absurd than what is given us by the idiots of the New Monthly, who find evidences of a conspiracy against the liberties of the country in the Scotch Novels; but we distinctly recollect feeling a slight sensation of disgust on reading it. We did not at the time know, what has since come to our knowledge, that it had contained a passage of consummate blackguardism. Between the first and second paragraphs as they now stand, another was originally printed, and, good reader, here it is.—[Observe that the Vermin had attributed the Scotch Novels already by name to Sir Walter Scott—an assertion which he repeats immediately after.]

“There were two things that we used to admire of old in this author, and that we have had occasion to admire anew in the present instance,—the extreme life of mind or naturalness displayed in the descriptions, and the magnanimity and freedom from bigotry and prejudice shewn in the drawing of the characters. This last quality is the more remarkable, as the reputed author is accused of being a *thorough-paced partisan in his own person*,—*intolerant, MERCENARY, MEAN; A PROFESSED TOAD-EATER, A STURDY HACK, A PITIFUL RETAILER OR SUBORNER OF INFAMOUS SLANDERS, A LITERARY JACK KETCH, who would greedily sacrifice any one of another way of thinking as a victim to prejudice and power, and yet would do it by other hands, rather than appear in it himself.* Can this be all true of the Author of Waverley; and does he deal out such fine and heaped justice to all sects and parties in times past? Perhaps (if so) one of these extremes accounts for the other; and, as

'he knows all qualities with a learned spirit,' probably he may be aware of this practical defect in himself, and be determined to shew to posterity, that *when his own interest was not concerned, he was as free from that nauseous and pettifogging bigotry, as a mere matter of speculation, as any man could be.* As a novel-writer, he gives the devil his due, and he gives no more to a saint. He treats human nature scurvily, yet handsomely; that is, much as it deserves; and, if it is the same person who is the author of the Scotch Novels, and who has a secret moving hand in certain Scotch Newspapers and Magazines, we may fairly characterise him as

'The wisest, meanest of mankind.'

"Among other characters in the work before us, is that of Ned Christian, A COLD-BLOODED HYPOCRITE, PANDER, AND INTRIGUER; yet a man of prodigious talent,—of great versatility,—of unalterable self-possession and good humour, and with a power to personate agreeably, and to the life, any character he pleased. Might not such a man have written the Scotch Novels?"

[*Sic in the first copies of the London Magazine for February 1823, p. 205-206. In the copies, as now published, it does not appear, and the space it occupied in the page is supplied by a piece of balaam, being an anecdote of Dr Franklin.*]

Well, reader, what do you think of that? Here is a wretch directly calling one of the greatest and best men of the country, a toad-eater, a hack, a suborner, a slanderer, a Jack Ketch,—a man intolerant, mercenary, and mean, and, by implication, a cold-blooded hypocrite, a pander, and an intriguer. Is it expected that we should say a word in answer? No, we leave you to decide on the construction of the head and heart of him who wrote it, without adding a word.

This man is, if we may trust the chatter of booksellers' shops, MR TAYLOR, senior partner of the house of Taylor and Hessey, 90, Fleet Street, and 13, Waterloo Place. We take a pleasure in hanging him upon a gibbet as a fit object for the slow-moving finger of scorn, with the appropriate label of, "This is Mr Taylor, who wrote the review of Peveril of the Peak for his Fleet Street Miscellany." After it was printed, terror seized the cowardly spirit of the proprietor, and after having disposed of two or three hundred of them, they were called in with the most breathless rapidity.

Some, however, were out of their reach, and from one of them is printed the above. What a combination of filth there is in the whole transaction! The paltry motive, the direct falsehood, the low and ridiculous envy, the mean venom of the composition, well harmonize with the poor and snivelling poltroonery of its suppression. It says as plainly as a fact can speak, We would be assassins if we durst. Our cowardice, and not our will, prevents.

Enough of this. We have just one observation to make, and we conclude. The *pretect* alleged in the above extract for insulting Sir Walter Scott, is his connexion, his "secret moving hand in certain Scotch newspapers and magazines." There is no need of blinking the question in mentioning his connexion with magazines. It is insinuated that Sir Walter writes for us; and that such a procedure, on his part, would be construed into a high crime by those whom we have demolished, is natural enough. They, however, who know Edinburgh society in almost any of its branches, know well, how little need we have of even his powerful assistance, and how completely free he has always stood from any connexion, real or suspected, with the various literary squabbles in which it has been our lot to have been implicated. The allusion to the newspaper is to the Beacon business, and there, too, it was evident as the sun at noon-day, that he had nothing whatever to do with that unfortunate paper. Chuckle-pated indeed must that critic be, who, after having perused a column of it, could have suspected such a man of dabbling in so feckless a concern.

This we know to be mere waste of words in Edinburgh, or for the decent circles of London. But let us for a moment conceive the possibility of Sir Walter Scott's having not merely a secret moving hand in certain obnoxious Scottish publications, but suppose him actually to have written the papers on the Cockney School of Poetry, the Letters on Professor Leslie's ignorance of Hebrew, the Pilgrimage to the Kirk of Shotts, the Sorrows of the Stot, the Chaldee MS., the Review of the Age of Bronze, the Horæ Scandicæ,—in short, all the articles of this Magazine which crushed our enemies

to the earth; or to have been the author of the exposure of Lord Archibald Hamilton, which cost the proprietors of the Beacon the sum of twelve pence; or all and sundry, the pungent, or would-be-pungent articles in the Beacon and Sentinel, and any other newspaper which has given offence to those eminent friends of the liberty of the press, the Whigs of Scotland. Suppose him the very concentrated and embodied essence of all this, and then let us look at the different conduct of Whig and Tory, under the same circumstances. Had he done this, and more than this, he never would have been in any proportion so unsparing and so unfeeling a libeller of the Whigs, as Lord Byron or Mr Thomas Moore have been of the Tories. We put it out of the question, that all our Tory attacks on the Whigs were TRUE, while all their Whig attacks upon us have been false, wishing merely to measure the compositions of both parties, as nothing but emanations of party hostility; and to deny that all the papers above enumerated, and as many more of the same nature as the most eager investigator of such a subject can hunt up, amount in violence to the avowed publications of Moore and Byron. Have we insulted female character and outraged female feeling, as the author of the infamous Twopenny Post-Bag? have we ransacked all the rancorous records of political hate, to scrape up the vile personal attacks upon private life, which form the attraction of the equally infamous Fudge Family? have we, like the author of these books, made women the constant and never-failing butt for scurrilous and unmanly wit, as he has done in his "friend Mr Perry's" paper? for all which things—even now when they are forgotten, and their piquancy lost by the utter disapproval of all their slanders and insinuations—are praised as most admirable effusions by the Westminster Reviewers. Has any Tory writer insulted the memory of a man who perished in one of the most awful visitations which can befall humanity, as Lord Byron has done to Lord Castlereagh?—a piece of heartless rascality, rendered more hideous by the studied and cold-blooded defence set up for it by the nauseating creatures of the Liberal. When has there flowed from our pens such sarcastic pry-

ings into the domestic circumstances of family as displayed in Don Juan, wherever its author had to speak of Dr Southey, or his friends? In a word, is there anything that has ever been said or feigned of the atrocity and recklessness of uncalled-for libel which cannot be matched from the writings of the two most eminent of the Whig poets? Nothing.

Now, here is the contrast of Whig and Tory complete. Because Sir Walter Scott is *supposed* to have "*had a hand*" in writing attacks on Whigs for Tory Magazines or Newspapers—truly or falsely supposed—it happens to be falsely, but that does not at all affect the question under consideration—he is to be laid open to the unsparing calumny of the Whig press—and even a work of imagination attributed to his pen, cannot be reviewed without spiteful insinuations. On the contrary, the only men whom the Whig party can at all be conceived to put forward as his equals in talent, are *avowedly* the authors of most insolent and false libels on the Tory party; and when did that circumstance ever influence any of our critiques? No—everywhere due credit is given to the talent displayed by their productions—they are never made at all the objects of personal hostility. So far from having the circumstances of their private life looked into, their very peccadilloes (we use a light word designedly) are concealed from inspection; and when one of them, Moore, falls into difficulty, that very government and its supporters, whom he has been so long and so actively calumniating, come forward to give him every helping hand in their power, while, at the same time, a gentleman under similar misfortune, (but produced by far less blameable and injurious circumstances,) Mr Hook, is persecuted with a rabidity of hatred unparalleled in the annals of political hostility.

We have said, perhaps, more than enough on this subject, but it is one which cannot be too often inculcated on the minds of the Tory party. They may depend upon it, that the Whigs, particularly the low writers of the faction, *hate* them, and that no weapon is too dirty or too deadly, which will not be used by the faction. We have, besides, an underplot of our own, which we shall explain in a line. Let

our readers go back and see what has been said of Sir Walter Scott by this Whig Magazine*—and then let them listen to the peddling and pitiful out-

cries against what *we* have said about the Cockney creatures, with what appetite they may.

* "It differs from that noble master-piece in this, that Sir Walter," p. 205.—And again, "Now, Sir Walter Scott only recalls to us what we already knew," p. 206.—London Magazine for February 1823.

In a stupid attempt at wit in the same number, a poor devil, who signs himself Edward Herbert, calls Sir Walter Scott "*alias* the GREAT UNKNOWN, *alias* BILL BEACON, *alias* CUNNING WALTER."—London Magazine for February 1823, p. 160. Poor Driveller!

MUSIC, A SATIRE.†

WHENEVER the word Music is mentioned, there comes into our mind a story of an old friend of ours, from about the Passes—"Aberdeen awa," who had not a small smatch of the hot Highland blood about him. He was a great pibroch-player; and of course as testy and bigoted about his country tunes as a Cameronian, who has lived fifty-five years upon oatmeal, can be about his religion. He had gone to the South of England upon some business, and unfortunately got engaged one day at the house of a Dilletante of the first water, who, as the devil would have it, had an Amateur Concert for that very evening. The instruments assembled accordingly, and the usual routine of overtures, quintetts, and concertos, went on. Our friend waxed more and more uneasy; he fidgetted mightily on his chair; applied ever and anon to his "mull," and took glass after glass of what the sideboard afforded. He was no quieter. His nether man still swayed uneasily about, and his face grew redder and redder. His deafness to all queries, as to "how he was entertained," evidently increased upon him; and his gruff replications became more and more unintelligible. At last the host, after some elaborate overture, put the question direct,—“Had he ever heard such music before?”—“Na; God be thankit,” was the gruff response. “What? wasn’t he musical? didn’t he like it?”—“Like it!” quoth he, taking the last violent pinch of sneesh, “Troth, it may be guid mathematics, nae doot; but I’ll be d—d if it be music!”

In our youth, to our shame be it spoken, *we* were something of a fiddler. We left it off because we thought

it not very creditable. We did not choose to run the risk, like Doctor Middleton, of being called “fiddling Kit.” Nay, we believe that at one time we were even a pipe-player, though we have always thought it best to keep that a secret; and as our *forte*, to confess a truth, lay less in execution than in pathos, we always had a sort of grudge at those coxcombs who found a sort of harlequin-like fame upon making slight-of-hand shifts upon the violin, or tongueing turkey-cock arpeggios on the German flute, to the utter discomfiture of all melody. We own that we once aided and abetted in scattering some white hellebore amongst a party of glee-singers, who made a sudden finale in a sneezing trio, and at another time lent Odoherty a box of lip salve, which we happened to have in our waistcoat pocket, to *grease* the fiddlestick of a deaf amateur, who shall be nameless. How we enjoyed his airs and flourishes, and “damnable faces,” whilst he imagined he was *leading* a noisy concertante with a fiddle all the while as *dumb* as old Luckie Wanless the spae-wife!

There surely is (more is the pity) a pleasure in the “lex talionis.” In our younger days we remember being *cut*, as the present fashionable phrase goes, by a man with red hair, harsh voice, disagreeable manners, no brains, and spectacles, who for some inexplicable reason suspected himself of being a man of consequence. This, no doubt, mortified us excessively. But we were amply repaid by seeing the cutter cut, the week after, by an officer of a crack regiment of dragoons. We shall not easily forget the satisfactory sardonic smile which we felt unctuously playing over our counte-

† Music, a Satire, by Simeon Sharp, Esq. 12mo. pp. 348. 4s. 6d. Longman, London.

nance at that lucky minute. We never pass that corner of Prince's Street, without a feeling of the gratified. It was, we confess, with something of this feeling, with a touch of mischievous satisfaction, that we took up this little Brochure. In fact, it came over

us like a deviled gizzard upon a retiring nausea. But the reader must judge for himself. We shall not waste time in dilating upon the plan of a satire, the subject of which the title sufficiently elucidates. The author after some preliminary invocations—

O ye, if any such are to be found,
Who, Harmonists, yet leave not sense for sound ;
O ye, if any such are to be had
Who, Melodists, are not yet crotchet-mad,
List to my strain, &c.

dashes into his subject, slashing right and left, something after the manner of the —but comparisons are odious. The sacrifice of meaning to execution, is one of the great objects of his indignation.

When Casuists of Demosthenes inquired
That gift, by orators the most desired,
'Tis said the sage, to their full satisfaction,
Spoke in brief thunders, " Action ; Action ; Action !"
Strange freak of fate—The great Athenians' saw,
Forgot in pulpits, gives a fiddler law,
Calls down coy Fame, and regulates the doom
Of him who would enchant a concert-room.
What is yon puff-inspired coxcomb's boast ?
Not that his air, but elbow *moves* the most.
Talk of the raptured Minstrel, who can bring
The soul of pathos from the trembling string,
Can voice the swell of Patriot daring, high,
Or breathe at will the Lover's softest sigh ;
Talk of such aims, such requisites as these ?
Preach to the whirlwinds, or beseech the seas ?
In vain, fond fool, thine eloquence thou wastest,
He wins who jerks his fiddlestick the fastest ;
Great and more great his glory eye shall grow
Who skips from A in alt to B below ;
And hark ! the Dilletantis' general roar—
He shakes—as shake was never shook before !

* * * * *

To Stringo's feats I have no sort of grudge—
Fiddlers have taught him, and let fiddlers judge ;
Do but observe him scampering up amain
The ladder of the notes, then down again ;
He to the topmost step with ease can climb,
And mark—how true his stamping foot beats time.
See him at concerts, perking in the middle
Of horn and hautboy, great drum and great fiddle—
Like " the just man," his tone of truth is found
Still undismay'd amid the crash of sound,
When worlds of meeting quirks the mind appal,
Like the last day (oh ! were it so) of all.
I bear no grudge—yet who will not turn sick,
When he calls *music* what is only trick ;
Trick—that may serve to kill an idle hour,
And teach the ear, though not the soul, its power ?
Trick—that might to expression lend a grace,
But when she's banish'd, ill supplies her place,
I bear no grudge—it is my simple wish,
That shall not pass for flesh, which is but fish ;
Let but, hung out, a gilded board appear
With " *Slight of hand in harmony done here,*"

So it shall pass beneath its proper name,
And we shall cease to hope and cease to blame.

* * * * *
In days when true ambition had control,
The ear was but the entrance to the soul,
The ivory gate through which the minstrel's strain
Might a fit passage to her state obtain,
Stirring with tender, gay, or warlike calls,
The secret chamber or the lofty halls ;
Sport saw the chase ; Desire his mistress charms ;
Hope bent to hear, and Courage grasp'd his arms ;
Peace softer smiled ; Grief raised her languid head ;
And Care, as Joy tripp'd lightly forward, fled—
But now, too oft the strain, like humble Hodge,
Stops short, and revels in the porter's lodge,
There plays quaint tricks, stirs up a vulgar rout,
And getting tiresome, is at last kick'd out.

The next passage we would seriously recommend to the attention of the Amateurs of the Society for " Ancient Music." When they have fairly got through the anthems, and motets and fugues of Doctor Bull or Dr Blow, why not go back again? 'twould be variety. The idea is certainly new. It would be as good as a *double* in hare-hunt, with all the beagles in full cry, precisely over the ground they had just run—

Why—if in quavery labyrinths ye delight,
" Runs up," so high they're almost out of sight,
" Chords" that would puzzle e'en Apollo's art,
And " crashes" that might give the devil a start,
Why, if in these the real secret lies,
Not copy him, of old, who gain'd the prize
By driving slyly in the self-same track
Where he had driven before, his chariot, back ?
If 'tis a feat to thread that mazy strain,
It must be worse to thread it back again ;
Start at the end ; and read, however crabby,
As 'twere the Talmud—you a Hebrew Rabbi ;
Play on ; nor doubt applauses shall pursue :
It must be *fine*—both *difficult* and *new* ;
Play on ; nor dread lest amateurs miscall ye,
I warrant *they'll* take prelude for finale !

The following shrewd rule is addressed to those who would shine as concert performers. We quote it for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

A concert ? If in concerts thou would'st shine,
Take, once for all, this simple rule of mine—
He farrest in an exhibition tells
Who makes his instrument a *something else*.
'Tis Dragonetti's very pink of grace
To run a jig upon the double bass ;
Whilst, hark ! Clementi might and main lays on
To make his keys out-rumble a Trombon ;
If Puzzi came, they might as well be mute,
Unless their horns became a German flute ;
Lo ! Nicholson. Would'st thou escape his scorn,
Then let thy German flute become a horn.
Ask ye how Treble half of London drew ?
Why, he could make one whistle sound like two ;
Unequall'd Fame ! which nothing shall resist
Until a fiddle turns ventriloquist.

Rule the second for vocalists, is equally to the purpose. Certain tragic performers, too, might profit by it.

Sense, poetry, and feeling—what are they?
 Your true musician's key-note is *display*.
 Hear *Madame*, in the intervals of song,
 Lug in cadenzas, twenty minutes long;
 See *Signor*, gaping in an endless swell,
 To shew us that his lungs are like a bell;
 Copy them, Kean. It cannot be a sin
 In Hamlet's pauses to play harlequin;
 Or, if the gods above thy fencing clap,
 Embrace th' occasion—*thou* art up to trap,
 And when thy foil Laertes shall subdue,
 Tip 'em some more on't—pink Horatio too.

Our author's indignation next turns upon the absurdity which, in truth, is glaring enough, of people becoming composers upon the strength of their being performers, as if a quick hand argued a nimble wit, or a strong finger a powerful imagination.

Now novelty is in such high demand,
 That every tasteless dabbler tries his hand;
 Each pence-paid scraper must the public dare;
 Each opera-singer must contrive an air;
 To few, or none, the favouring heavens have lent
 Voice to perform and genius to invent;
 Yet see—how one the gaping town invades
 With pining "Ellens" and "Bewilder'd Maids,"
 And many a maudlin mawkish strain, that we,
 For lack of better, call a melody,
 Just as the flow'ret which at Christmas blows,
 Scentless and poor of hue, is term'd a Rose.
 —Oh! potent reasoners, never to be shaken,
 Unmatch'd from Aristotle down to Bacon.
 Yes; with the chaplet be their logic graced,
 Who from a windpipe argue to a taste.
 Let "Nelson," murder'd, in your gizzard stick,
 Or the "Bewilder'd Maiden" make you sick.
 This is the clencher of the world polite,
 The Jew can sing, and *therefore* he can write.
 Contented not with praises justly due
 For warbling airs, unless he makes them too.
 He, with a wisdom somewhat of the frail,
 Seeks both "the cod's head and the salmon's tail."
 Thus false ambition cheats each class; the man
 Who executes the work must also plan.
 Play'rs will write dramas; druggists fix the dose;
 Masons be architects, and B——m compose.

The stupid indifference of composers to the quality of the words they set, has been often exposed. Singers are just as bad. Burns and Moore have each written words for the air of Robin Adair, yet mark the trash which you still hear appended to it in public. However, hear Simeon Sharp, Esq.

If mid some goldsmiths gewgaws you behold
 A brooch or bracelet glittering o'er with gold,
 Would ye not startle to find nothing in't,
 But some vile shard or despicable flint?
 Surely but two conclusions could remain—
 'Tis tinsell'd copper, or the man's insane.

Give *Breve* a peg to hang his notes upon,
 And be it brick or ruby, 'tis all one ;
 The muse of Shakespeare, or the Bellman's stuff ;
 Give *Breve* but syllables, and that's enough—
 —Say, gentle reader, and oblige the muse,
Which horn of the dilemma would you choose ?

The *good musician* is lastly summed up, something after the spirit of the "True-born Englishman." It is rather too savage—absolutely shocking ; and would, we think, startle Dr Johnson himself, even upon his own definition of "a good hater."

Of men, if there's one class above the rest
 That from mine inmost nature I detest ;
 One fellow-trav'ler on this common road,
 Whose company I loathe, above a toad :
 If from the herd one coxcomb I must pick,
 At whom my gorge heaves and my soul grows sick ;
 Were I compell'd to doom him to perdition,
 That one should surely be "a good musician."
 Without a fancy, where shall we appeal ?
 Without an eye to note, a heart to feel ;
 Without or soul or sense to understand,
 Without—*with* nothing but a *nimble hand* !
 Since him his stars have not a tailor made,
 The pickpocket's were sure a better trade
 Than thus, sans passion, feeling, mind, or heart,
 To murder nature and dishonour art.

Let us take breath !—"A little civet, good apothecary." Marry—

 " —Here's a stay
 That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death
 Out of his rags."

Thank Heaven ! the next page is of a milder character, and we hasten to quote it. To those who have ever had their hearts warmed, or the tears brought into their eyes, by the stirring and pathetic old melodies of Scotland or Ireland, we think it will give pleasure. We confess we ourselves like it well enough to wish there were more such in the book.

O ! I have lived in many a snatch of song,
 Old as the mountains, as their breezes strong ;
 In many a stirring, many a mournful lay,
 Of times gone by, preserved through many a day,
 Which, heard but once, the heart will ever keep,
 O'er which our grandsires wept—our sons shall weep,
 And felt them fall and soothe, when ill at ease,
 Like scatter'd oil upon the ruffled seas,
 Till all my nature bow'd to their control,
 And the sweet sounds dissolved my very soul.
 Who were the minstrels ? How perverse their lot,
 Their lays surviving, and their names forgot ;
 Unlike the sires of many a ponderous strain,
 Whose scores have moulder'd, but whose names remain.
 Where are the tomes of many to be found
 Who heretofore have fill'd the world with sound ?
 Destroy'd, forgotten, heeded not—Oh, shame !
 Hath noisy counterpoint but deafen'd fame ?
 Methinks I see th' indignant shade of Gluck,
 Piccini, still inclined to win a muck ;
 And Frenchman Lulli, with his arms a-kimbo ;
 Where are they now ?—Forgotten—gone—in limbo ;

Each in his day a star that never sets ;
Where are their works ?—" *With all the Capulets.*

Our author can be in a good humour when he pleases.

" Stephens, no doubt, is sweet, but you may hear
In many a theatre a voice as clear ;
And for her science, why, sir, I will stake
A sovereign, Hallande makes a better shake."—
" A sovereign ! nay, bet *something*."—" Sir, content ye,
If you think one too little, make 'em twenty.
And then, for flexibility of throats,
Let Stephens run the scale in quarter-notes !
No ; Catalani's is the pipe for *power*,
I do believe she'd 'hold' a good half hour.
Ballads are Stephens' *forte* :—I can't endure a
Mere ballad-singer straining at bravura."—
" Sir, very probably ; and, with submission,
I'll take the *converse* of your proposition.
Still there's one gift, one charm, beyond all these"—
" A charm indeed, pray, name it, if you please."—
" Ay, sir, one grace beyond the reach of art."—
" And what is that, in God's name ?"
" Sir, a *heart* ;
That spell, that periapt, that master-zest,
Which, like Aladdin's lamp, dims all the rest."

Again, take his sketch of a modern concert.

The flippant *leader* seats him in the middle ;
The tenor grave, and pompous the great fiddle ;
The hautboy at his solo squints with pride ;
The simpering flute sits with his head aside ;
They tune ; the books are oped ; the master's bow
Lets fall the well-known tap, and off they go !
— Think ye, yond fashionables shall endure
To sit mumchance through a whole overture ?
No ; chitchat to the Aria lends a grace,
And whisper'd scandals help the thorough bass,
Till suddenly, perhaps, they're ta'en aback,
Caught by some "*pause*" in the full tide of clack.
— Another *crash*—bows, elbows jerk amain,
And tongues and fans are at their work again.
Strange exhibition !—and is this the goal ;
The feast of sound ; the rapture of the soul ;
The treat where none can sympathy refuse,
The heights of art, and triumph of the muse ?

But we must have done ; and shall conclude with the following *encomiastic* passage, being addressed to certain bibliopoles, for whom (as Odoherty says) " we have a particular regard." We are sure our good friends, Messrs Boosey, Monzani, Goulding, &c. will take it as a compliment.

Farewell !—yet ere my wearied quill I raise,
Take from the satirist one drop of praise ;
I laud ye—if ye'll swallow laud of mine,
For never making your fine things too fine.
In sooth, your mystery would soon be past,
If these fine things were fine enough to—last ;
If every finest did not meet with finer ;
And every major dwindle to a minor ;
And 'tis the ne-plus-ultra of the art,
That still Rossini overcrows Mozart.

Oh! 'twere a grief for modern sons of song,
 If their huge tomes of crotchets lived too long ;
 For who would be at charge to buy him new,
 With five score ancient folios to play through ;
 Or who, that had immortals by the score,
 Could make him room for fifty folios more ?
 Full many a sheet would due admirers lack,
 Did aught remain of Lulli, Bull, or Bach,
 And music-sellers feel a gap in nature,
 If great musicians did not yield to greater.
 If German fiddlers deathless rondeaus made,
 Why, what the vengeance would become of trade ?
 This be your motto, be what will your crest,
 " What's best is newest, and what's newest best !"

" A perilous shot out of an elder-gun." Go thy ways, old Simeon.—Thou runnest, we conceit, no little risk of getting thy head broken with a Cremona, which, if it improved the harmony of thy verses, were a consummation to be wished. We think we could guess at thee through thy *nomme de guerre*,—but we refrain. *Vive la Bagatelle!* we believe we owed thee something of a review, and we are glad of so good an opportunity of quitting old scores.

MISS LANDON'S POETRY.*

As you travel from the great western boundary of the city of Westminster—namely Hyde Park Corner—and proceed gingerly and genteelly towards that divarication of the road which takes you off in one direction through Brompton, Fulham, Putney, Richmond, and thence into the country far away ; and on the other, by Knightsbridge, where the Baron of Waithman

Urged his courser on,
 Without stop or stay,
 Down the powdery way,
 That leads to Kensington—

and thence to Hammersmith, and the village, the way to which is famous in the History of Punning, as the remedy for pens suffering under the yellowness of antiquity.

If you travel towards this fork, we say, you leave on your right hand the Cannon Brewery, and on the left, the youngest of the Hans towns. Concerning the Cannon Brewery, it is not our intention here to speak, save to say, that its porter is not equal by any means to champagne, and it is generally allowed to be the cause why so many eminent poets who live in that neighbourhood, and are from dire necessity compelled to drink it, have not that beautiful appearance which we see depicted in the countenances of the

Apollo Belvidere, and other illustrious lumps of marble. The physiological reasons for this would lead us too much into detail at the present moment, and would, besides, trench in upon an eminent work on porter drinking in general, which has been for several months engaging the pen of one of the first theologians in the country.

We therefore leave the Cannon Brewery to the right, and luff to the larboard. Here you find yourself at the *debouchement* of a wide street, flanked by a pair of gas lamps, at the base of one of which is an inscription in comely capitals, informing you that you are in one of the Hans towns ; and, looking up, you will read—for *thou* can't read, as Gray says, else you would not be perusing this article—that you have to walk down Sloane Street. If you be an antiquarian repository, you will then begin to think that you are in a region denominated after that illustrious native of the county of Down, in the province of Ulster, who founded the British Museum ; or if you be not, in which case we shall think the better of you, you may proceed along, not troubling yourself with such reflections, but on the contrary whistling, like Dryden's Cymon, as you go, for want of thought,

* The Improvisatrice ; and other Poems. By L. E. L. with embellishments. London : Printed for Hurst, Robinson and Co. 90, Cheapside, and 3, Pall-Mall, London ; and Archibald Constable and Co., Edinburgh.

or flourishing your bamboo in the manner of Corporal Trim, when his master went courting the widow. Marching through this street, right shoulders forward, and we know nothing to stop you, except the Cadogan coffeehouse in the middle of the way, where, if you have taken nothing to signify since breakfast, you may stop for a whet, as nothing is so bad as suffering the body to pine for want of nutriment—you come into Sloane Square, which does not in any respect resemble the squares of Grosvenor or Russell. Through this you may, if you like, meander again toward through the Park, through streets of a raffish description, and emerging (for instance) at the Horse Guards, you may, if you have nothing better to do, go look at the new house Mr Murray of Albemarle Street has just taken in that quarter of the world; but if you do, you will decidedly have made a cursed round for nothing.

Good heaven! somebody will say, what is the meaning of this rigmarole cock-and-a-bull sort of nonsense? Do you take us for Peripatetics? By no means, my good friends, but there is no need for hurry. The day is young. Hooly and fairly goes far. Take the world easy. Blow not your horse in the morning, and you will be the farther on when night falls. We are now going on with the review of a book, though you may not perceive it, in the most orderly manner conceivable. We were formerly pupils of the illustrious Professor Von Feinagle, and recollect that he, like Cicero before him, insisted upon the application of Topics which the judicious reader will find that we have, in due order, brought to bear in this case.

For, to go without farther prelude to the matter in hand, in that very street down which we bade you shape your course, namely, Sloane Street, at the hundred and thirty-first number thereof, dwells Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landon, who has just published a very sweet volume of poetry under the signature of L. E. L. Now it is not because she is a very pretty girl, and a very good girl, that we are going to praise her poems, but because we like them. We are altogether, and by many years, too old,

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or in the tangles of Neara's hair,

and, therefore, may be considered by many as equally incapacitated for admiring love-poetry, as we are avowedly from making love. But it by no means follows, *non sequitur*, as they have it in the schools—for he who cannot handle a pencil may admire Leslie,—the guiltless even of gloves may delight in Spring, and he who never cracked a joke during his existence, may yet be able to pucker up his mouth in a shower of smiles at the facetiousness of some of our articles. So, though quite *hors de combat* in the fields of Cupid, we may yet give critical judgment on the productions of his favourite muses.

We have heard it said that in Miss Landon's volume there was too much love, and that it would be desirable if she would write on something else. We beg your pardon—it would not. If she could change her sex, and become a He, then, as the conundrum has it, the affair would be altered; but as things are, she is quite right. Nothing can be truer than that maxim of our MIGHTY MORALIST,* that woman equals man in that one glorious passion, and that one only; and, consequently, in it alone has she any chance of rivalling the bearded lords of creation. What a pretty botchery Mrs Hemans, clever and brilliant as indeed she is, has made of it, when she takes upon herself to depict the awful fall of the last of the Cæsars, in the breach of the last wall of Byzantium! Or who does not pity the delusion of Miss Porter, when she fancies that she is giving us the grim features of Sir William Wallace, with a white handkerchief to his face, and a bottle of aromatic vinegar under his nose? Again, what more odiously blue-stocking and blundering, than Madame de Stael's Germany. We should almost as soon read one of her beau Sir James M'Intosh's articles in the Edinburgh Review. What more vivid, more heart-stirring, than those parts of Corinne which have escaped the desire of shewing off literature? Miss Holford's Falkirk, Miss Mitford's Lyrics, Miss Porden's Mineralogy, &c. &c. &c. are all doomed, by the very principle of their existence, to a speedy dissolution, as rapid as Lady Morgan's politics. But on their own ground, LOVE, who doubts but that these ladies would be a model for the odious male crea-

* Odoherly. Maxim xxi.

tures who venture on it? Take our most eminent amonist, Lady Holland's little man, Tom Moore,—and see how cold, glittering, tinsel-like, nine-tenths of his poetry on the subject are, and how completely, how immeasurably under his model, Sappho, he sinks, even in his most elevated and successful efforts. Sappho! did we say? Why, he is inferior to many passages in the little volume before us, in real and true warmth and tenderness of delicate feeling.

The principal poem of Miss Landon's book, is entitled by a name most jaw-breakingly perplexing to the population of Cockaigne; particularly that portion of them who have an affection for lovely Italy,—the *Improvisatrice*. The idea is pretty; a young lady of great poetical powers falls in love, unhappily, as usual, and her adventures afford a thread on which to hang little poems of her composition. The opening is a very melodious piece of versification.

"I am a daughter of that land,
Where the poet's lip and the painter's
hand

Are most divine,—where earth and sky
Are picture both and poetry—

I am of Florence. 'Mid the chill

Of hope and feeling, oh! I still

Am proud to think to where I owe

My birth, though but the dawn of woe!

My childhood pass'd 'mid radiant things,

Glorious as Hope's imaginings;

Statues but known from shapes of the
earth,

By being too lovely for mortal birth;

Paintings whose colours of life were caught

From the fairy tints in the rainbow wrought;

Music whose sighs had a spell like those

That float on the sea at the evening's close;

Language so silvery, that every word

Was like the lute's awakening chord;

Skies half sunshine, and half starlight;

Flowers whose lives were a breath of de-
light;

Leaves whose green pomp knew no wither-
ing;

Fountains bright as the skies of our
Spring;

And songs whose wild and passionate line
Suited a soul of romance like mine."

There are many other as swelling and Coleridge-like passages through the poem—and some of the stories introduced are highly poetical—particularly the Moorish Romance. But we are puzzled how to make quotations. Somehow or other, the newspapers have got hold of this poem, and quoted from it so liberally, that they have

left nothing for the more slow moving critiques of Monthly reviewers. The *gens de plume* in London have pawed the book kindly, we doubt not, but clumsily, and we fear that there may be a reaction. The clever lads who write for Knight's Quarterly Magazine, have called Miss L. E. L. the "girl puffed in the newspapers," and though they hasten to do away the apparent unkindness by a civil and flattering notice, yet the very use of the phrase (not a very gallant one for you, young gentlemen) marks the nature of the impression likely to be made by panegyrics proceeding from such contraband, and indeed, we may safely add, incompetent dealers in criticism.

Miss L. has a good command of language, and a fair store of poetical ideas, with a great deal of taste in arrangement, and an ear tuned to the varied melodies of the language. She would do much better if she did not write after so many different models, and in so many distinct keys. But the lady is young, in her teens we are told, and, of course, will not listen to the voice of advisers like us powdered with the snow of years. We shall not therefore now trouble her with such unpalatable food, but, quoting a couple of specimens from her smaller poems, put an end to our article.—From "The Legend of the Rhine."

"Lord Herbert sat him in his hall; the
heart

Was blazing as it mocked the storm with-
out

With its red cheerfulness; the dark hounds
lay

Around the fire; and the old knight had
doff'd

His hunting-cloak, and listen'd to the lute

And song of the fair girl who at his knee

Was seated. In the April hour of life,

When showers are led by rainbows, and the
heart

Is all bloom and green leaves, was Isa-
belle;

A band of pearls, white like the brow o'er
which

They past, kept the bright curls from off
the forehead; thence

They wander'd to her feet—a golden
shower.

She had that changing colour on the cheek
Which speaks the heart so well; those

deep-blue eyes,

Like summer's darkest sky, but not so
glad—

They were too passionate for happiness.

Light was within her eyes, bloom on her
check,

Her song had raised the sprit of her race
Upon her eloquent brow. She had just
told
Of the young Roland's deeds,—how he
had stood
Against a host and conquer'd ; when there
came

A pilgrim to the hall—and never yet
Had stranger asked for shelter and in vain !
The board was spread, the Rhenish flask
was drain'd ;
Again they gather'd round the hearth,
again
The maiden raised her song ; and at its
close,—

' I would give worlds,' she said, ' to see
this chief,

This gallant Roland ! I could deem him all
A man must honour and a woman love !'

' Lady, I pray thee not recall those words,
For I am Roland !' From his face he
threw

The hood and pilgrim's cloak,—and a
young knight

Knelt before Isabelle !'

*They loved ;—they were beloved. Oh,
happiness !*

*I have said all that can be said of bliss,
In saying that they loved. The young
heart has*

*Such store of wealth in its own fresh wild
pulse ;*

*And it is Love that works the mine, and
brings*

*Its treasure to the light. I did love once,
Loved as youth—woman—Genius loves ;
though now*

*My heart is chill'd and scar'd, and taught
to wear*

*That falsest of false things—a mask of
smiles ;*

*Yet every pulse throbs at the memory
Of that which has been ! Love is like the
glass,*

*That throws its own rich colour over all,
And makes all beautiful. The morning
looks*

*Its very loveliest, when the fresh air
Has tinged the cheek we love with its glad
red ;*

*And the hot noon flits by most rapidly,
When dearest eyes gaze with us on the
page*

*Bearing the poet's words of love : and then
The twilight walk, when the link'd arms
can feel*

*The beating of the heart ; upon the air
There is a music never heard but once,—
A light the eyes can never see again ;*

*Each star has its own prophecy of hope,
And every song and tale that breathe of
love*

Seem echoes of the heart.

And time past by—

As time will ever pass, when love has lent
His rainbow plumes to aid his flight—and
Spring

Had wedded with the Summer, when a
steed

Stood at Lord Herbert's gate,—and Isa-
belle

Had wept farewell to Roland, and had
given

Her blue scarf for his colours. He was
gone

To raise his vassals, for Lord Herbert's
towers

Were menaced with a siege ; and he had
sworn

By Isabelle's white hand that he would
claim

Its beauty only as a conqueror's prize.

Autumn was on the woods, when the blue
Rhine

Grew red with blood :—Lord Herbert's
banner flies,

And gallant is the bearing of his ranks.

But where is he who said that he would
ride

At his right hand to battle ?—Roland ?
where

Oh ! where is Roland ?

Isabelle has watched

Day after day, night after night, in vain,
Till she has wept in hopelessness, and
thought

Upon old histories, and said with them,

' There is no faith in man's fidelity !'

Isabelle stood upon her lonely tower ;

And as the evening-star rose up, she saw
An armed train bearing her father's ban-
ner

In triumph to the castle. Down she flew
To greet the victors :—they had reached

the hall

Before herself. What saw the maiden
there ?—

A bier !—her father laid upon the bier !

Roland was kneeling by the side, his face
Bowed on his hands and hid ;—but Isa-
belle

Knew the dark curling hair and stately
form,

And threw her on his breast. He shrank
away

As she were death, or sickness, or despair.

' Isabelle ! it was I who slew thy father !'

She fell almost a corpse upon the body.

It was too true ! With all a lover's speed,
Roland had sought the thickest of the fight ;

He gain'd the field just as the crush be-
gan ;—

Unwitting of his colours, he had slain

The father of his worshipp'd Isabelle !

They met once more :—and Isabelle was
changed

As much as if a lapse of years had past :

She was so thin, so pale, and her dim eye
Had wept away its luxury of blue.

She had cut off her sunny hair, and wore

A robe of black, with a white crucifix :

It told her destiny—her youth was vowed
To Heaven. And in the convent of the
isle,

That day she was to enter, Roland stood
Like marble, cold, and pale, and motion-
less :

The heavy sweat upon his brow was all
His sign of life. At length he snatch'd the
scarf

That Isabelle had tied around his neck,
And gave it her,—and pray'd that she
would wave

Its white folds from the lattice of her cell
At each pale rising of the evening-star,
That he might know she lived. They part-
ed.—Never

Those lovers met again ! But Roland built
A tower beside the Rhine, and there he
dwelt,

And every evening saw the white scarf
waved,

And heard the vesper-hymn of Isabelle
Float in deep sweetness o'er the silent river.
One evening, and he did not see the scarf,
He watch'd and watch'd in vain ; at length
his hope

Grew desperate, and he pray'd his Isa-
belle

Might have forgotten him :—but midnight
came,

And with it came the convent's heavy bell,
Tolling for a departed soul ; and then
He knew that ISABELLE was dead ! Next
day

They laid her in her grave ;—and the moon
rose

Upon a mourner weeping there :—that
tomb

Was Roland's death-bed !”

We also insert the

BALLAD OF CRESENTIUS.

“ I look'd upon his brow,—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there,
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er Despair
He had a power ; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that Death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,
He raised them haughtily ;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now.
Around he looked with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh :

The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before ; he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands throng'd the road
And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,
And graved with many dint that told
Of many a soldier's deed ;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chained and alone,
The headsman by his side,
The plume, the helm, the charger gone ;
The sword, which had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near ;
And yet no sign or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride ;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
With an uncover'd eye ;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
Who throng'd to see him die.
It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame,
A nation's funeral cry,
Rome's wail above her only son,
Her patriot and her latest one.”

So far for Miss Landon. We trust that she will continue sedulously to cultivate her powers, and that in due course of time we may be favoured by another effusion of her muse, when her mind is more matured by experience, and expanded by additional stores of knowledge. It is but a poor compliment that we pay her, when we tell her that she is the cleverest girl in print. It will be in her own power to arrive at more positive distinction. We hope that all the *bon-bons* which have been distributed to her with unwonted liberality by the stern censors of books, will not spoil her ; and that we shall have to greet her as cordially at her next appearance as we do now ; and, of course, Miss L., *under a different name*. Is not that a good wish to end with ?

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

No. XVII.

SCHILLER'S FIESKO.

AMONG Schiller's plays, perhaps there is not any one that has more "capabilities" of being rendered effective and interesting in another language, than the "Conspiracy of Fiesko." From beginning to end it exhibits a bustle and variety of incident and situation, with a passionate liveliness of dialogue, and strength in the delineation of character, which are truly admirable. But it has been less noticed than the others, because, with much energy, it combines many faults, and because the catastrophe (especially the accidental death of the heroine, by the hand of her husband) seems exactly calculated to provoke the censures of minor critics. Nothing, however, could be more easy than to change the concluding scenes if requisite; nor would there be any difficulty in modifying the dialogues regarding the intended fate of Bertha, (part of the underplot,) in such manner that they would not prove offensive to the over-fastidious delicacy of an English reader or auditor, who cannot forgive in Schiller, that boldness which he approves, even in his own minor authors, provided time has given them a sanction.

As to the "Fiesko" being written, like the "Robbers," in prose, this objection has been obviated already by Dr Reinbeck, whose edition of the play (in very good blank verse) we shall have recourse to at this time. Indeed, there can be no good reason why the "Robbers" should not be treated in like manner. The fashion of writing tragedies in prose has long since gone by in Germany as well as here; and there can be little doubt, that a refacimento of the "Robbers," (for, in a country where Shakespeare is remodelled, so must Schiller be,) would obtain great applause, if properly condensed, and wrought down to that level, which is suited to the powers of English actors, and the so called refined taste of English audiences. With Fiesko, the difficulties would be greater, particularly because it could not be carried through by means of three or four good performers. Not only are the dramatis personæ numerous, but there are many characters, which must

be played with energy and skill, otherwise the effect would be lost; and where an author finds it difficult enough to obtain adequate representatives even for one hero, and one heroine—this obstacle is indeed almost insurmountable.

For the same reason (that is, because the characters are so numerous,) we shall not insist on analysing the complicated underplots, but set down only such notices as will render a few extracts intelligible. The less need be said, because bad translations (in prose) of the "Fiesko" have been already published, and the story (if nothing more) can be judged of by them.

Fiesko, Count of Levagna, who, at an early age, has obtained the highest distinction as a soldier, and has married a lady of very noble birth, entertains a mortal hatred towards the house of Doria, the then reigning Dukes of Genua, not, indeed, against the old Duke Andreas, but against his nephew, the Crown-Prince Giannettino, whose enormous wickedness renders the supreme power vested in his family highly dangerous and oppressive. Fiesko has already, at the commencement of the play, laid plans for a revolution, and in order to conceal those plans more effectually, he leads a life of seeming careless festivity, and even abandoned libertinism. Above all, he pretends to have fallen vehemently in love with the Princess Julia, the sister of Giannettino, a woman of great beauty, but of unbounded vanity, and almost fiendish wickedness.—[In this respect, her character, as Schiller, in one of his letters, confesses, rather "oversteps the immodesty of nature."]—Consequently, he neglects the society of his amiable wife, to whom he has not imparted his plans, their success depending wholly on his being able to keep up this assumed part, to which the distress suffered by his Countess obviously contributes. If he can but wait unsuspected, and delude the minds of persons in power, until his plans are fully ripened, that is, until the arrival of certain troops in the harbour of Genua, he can then throw aside the mask, and carry his great designs openly into execution.

The under-plot is made up by the proceedings of the Genuesse nobility, who not being at first in the secret, imagine that Fiesko is really become indifferent to his duties, and to the public weal,—also, by the crimes of Prince Giannettino, and a certain negro, whom he has hired to assassinate Fiesko, but whom the latter discovers, pardons, (*pro tempore*,) and afterwards renders subservient to his own purposes. But by far the most interesting personages are Fiesko himself, and his countess. At the commencement of the play, the latter fully believing in the guilt of her husband as to his intrigue with the Princess Julia, enters pale and disordered, attended by two female friends. She has broken away, in her masquerade dress, from a grand entertainment given by Fiesko, in order to keep up his assumed character. At a distance are heard the loud sounds of music, and all the tumult of a large assembly.—

Leonora, (*tearing off her mask*.)

No more, I'll hear no more!

I am degraded,—lost!

Rosabella. Nay, dearest lady!

Leon. Before mine eyes, how shameless!—In the sight
Even of all Genua's nobility.

(*Much moved*.)

Before my weeping eyes, oh *Rosabella*!

Rosab. Yet, reckon this for what it was,
no more

Than playful gallantry!

Leon. How, gallantry?

Their shameless interchange of stolen
looks,

His anxious watching every glance of hers,
The long-protracted kiss, that, on her arm
Imprinted, left a flame-red spot,—nay,
more,

His mood of deep and rapturous thought,
as if

Th' external world had melted from around
him,

And in the realms of space he was alone,
With this dear Julia! Playful gallantry?

Go, go! Thou hast not loved. Dispute
not then

With me, what are love's tokens!

Sophia. Dearest countess,

Then be it so.—*One* husband lost, 'tis
said,

Is *ten* Ciccsbeos won.

Leon. A husband lost?

The current of his love but for a space
Hath wandered, and thou deem'st Fiesko
lost?

Away, away!—There's poison on thy
tongue,

'Twas guiltless badinage,—'twas mockery.
Say, *Rosabella*?

Rosab. Doubtless, 'twas no more.

Leon. (*Lost in thought*.)

But, that she dream'd of ruling in his heart,
That on his memory dwelt her form alone,
Of her alone all nature spoke with him!
Ha, whither am I wandering?—that the
world,

With all its bravery, were nothing more
Than the fine gem whereon her beauteous
form

For his delight was graven,—that he loved
her,

Loved Julia!—Here, your arm; I pray you,
child,

Support me!

(*Pause. The music is again heard
from within.*)

Hark! Was that Fiesko's voice,
That rose above the tumult? Can he
laugh,

When Leonora weeps in solitude?

But no,—'twas not his voice,—'twas
Giannettino's,

The rough tones of that clownish Doria.

Rosab. It was, signora. But, I pray
you, come.

In that chamber—

Leon. Bella, thou art pale,—

Thou liest! Even now I trace it in thine
eyes,

Even in the Genuesan countenance,

The looks of *all* I read a mystery.

(*Covering her face*.)

Enough—the habitants of Genua
Know more than to Fiesko's loving wife
May be disclosed.

Soph. How jealousy contrives

All things to aggravate!

Leon. (*With melancholy enthusiasm*.)

While he was yet

Fiesko—was HIMSELF, i' the laurel grove,
Amid the blushing band of maidens there,

How came he, like a God, a young Apollo,
With all Antinous' grace and symmetry!

How proudly and majestic then he moved,
As if on youthful shoulders lightly borne

Came with him all the pomp of Genua!
How did our timid looks steal after him,

And if they met the lightning of his eyes,
They tremblingly recoil'd, as if surprised

In sacrilege; and yet, oh *Rosabella*,
How eagerly did we drink up those looks,

How enviously we counted those bestowed
On others, even upon a bosom friend!

They were, like *Eris*' apple, thrown among
us,

And loving eyes gleamed wilder, and soft
hearts

Beat stormily—Affection's bonds were broke
By jealous strife.

Rosab. Ay, truly, I remember,

'Twas like the tumult of an insurrection,
All women strove to gain this matchless
prize.

Leon. And now to call him *mine*! Oh!
fearful lot—

Too much good fortune! Genua's greatest
hero!

Minc,—in whom nature hath combined all
gifts!—

Hear, Child, I cannot longer hide it from you,

But will at once entrust you with my heart's Most secret thoughts.—As with Fiesko placed

Before the sacred altar I did stand, And waited silent, for the church's blessing,

Then, like a gleam of lightning through my soul,

Arose the bold and lofty thought—Fiesko,

The man whose hand now gently rests in thine—

(Hush—mark if no one watches our discourse!)

Thy husband—(Girl, if at that mighty thought

Thy heart not higher heaves, then woe to thee!)

Thine own Fiesko one day will release Genua from slavish bonds.

Rosab. How? On that day, Such dreams could haunt a woman's breast?

Leon. Ay, Rosa— Well may'st thou wonder;—mid the pride and joy

Even of that bridal-day!—But though a woman,

I feel mine own nobility of blood, And cannot patiently look on, and mark How the proud tree of Doria lifts its boughs In triumph o'er my nobler ancestors.

Andreas, 'tis true, is mild,—benevolent; The good old man may still be Genua's duke;

But the vile Giannettino is his nephew; That man so stained by crimes, is his next heir:

And then Fiesko—weep for me, good girls! Fiesko loves the sister of this—demon!

Rosab. Unhappy fate!

Leon. Go now—and mark the hero, The idol of all Genua,—where he sits Amid his paramours and parasites, Tickling their ears with coarse, unseemly wit,

With stories, not of battles—but intrigues. *That is Fiesko!*—Genua so hath lost Her warrior—I my husband!

Rosab. Speak not loudly; Some one approaches!

Leon. Fly then—'tis perchance Fiesko, and my clouded looks might now Disturb his mirth.

Exeunt.

To this succeeds an interview between the wicked prince Giannettino and Hassan the Moor, in which the former instructs the latter how he is to assassinate Fiesko; and on the Moor's suggestion that he must, immediately after the deed, fly from Genua, the Prince rashly pays him with a large sum beforehand. Through the

whole play, the character of the Moor is well kept up, and affords one of the best specimens of a mercenary villain that have been yet produced. In the third scene comes a very lively interview between Fiesko and Julia, in which the former makes vehement love to the princess. Then an interview between Giannettino, and his creature Lomellin, when the prince first betrays his design of obtaining possession, by violence, of Bertha, the beautiful daughter of Verrina, one of the first noblemen in the city. The whole of the first, second, and third acts, is occupied by a constant variety of scenes, exhibiting with increased strength of colouring, the unhappiness and jealousy of Leonora, the wavering character of Fiesko, who though a republican, yet aims, like other republicans, at the acquisition of power, the cabals and conflicts of the noblesse, the fates of Bourgognino and Bertha, the latter of whom is grossly insulted by Giannettino, in consequence of which, her lover (Bourgognino) is driven to despair, (whereupon he becomes a conspirator,) and her father, in a fit of frenzy, invokes on her a curse, never to be recalled, until such time as the present government is overthrown, and the dishonour she has sustained amply compensated.—Then there are the constantly recurring short scenes with the Moor Hassan, (one of the acting principles of evil,) with Giannettino, who, at a public meeting of the Senate, behaves in a manner the most outrageous, and then forms a plan for assassinating twelve of the *nobili*, and placing himself at once on the throne, &c. &c.

It would be requisite to give longer extracts than we have now room for, in order to afford a proper view of the very great merits of this tragedy. [The powerful scene relating to Bertha alone occupies twenty pages.] "Fiesko" exhibits truly a concentration of varied interest, an exuberance of effective genius, and we doubt not that in its composition, Schiller (who was then but a very young man) felt himself inspired and elevated in no ordinary degree.

The third act commences with the following soliloquy. The scene is a hall in Fiesko's house, with a balcony and large glass door in the back-ground, through which is visible the red light of the dawning day.

Fies. (At the window.) Lo, there! the moon already hath declined,
And from the sea mounts fierily the morning.

Wild fantasies have broke my nightly rest,
And now my soul, my whole existence,
toils

Beneath ONE mighty and o'erpowering thought.—

I must into the cool air!

(*He opens the glass door to the balcony, through which are visible the town, &c. in the red light of morning. Fiesko walks vehemently up and down.*)

Am I not

The first—the greatest man in Genua?

And should not meaner spirits move around me,

As do the lesser planets round the sun,

Submissively, in meek obedience?

But virtue—(*Stands still*)—conscience?

How? for lofty minds,

Are not temptations different far prepared,

From those that do mislead ignoble souls,
And wherefore should like virtue be from us

Demanded? Armour that for pigmy frames

Is fashioned—will it clothe a giant's limbs?

(*The sun rises over Genua.*)

Ha, now! This town, so full of natural beauty,

Its harbours, towers, and princely palaces,

To hover o'er them like the royal eagle,

To call it MINE! To beam out, over it,

Even like th' imperial sun in the high heavens,

All fervid passions, and unsated wishes,

To merge at once into this vasty sea!

To gain such prize even stratagem is virtue.

Dishonourable 'twere, to plunder gold,

Even though the sum were millions; but

A CROWN,

That theft is NAMELESS GREAT! Aspiring crimes

Soar above shame. To OBEY and to COMMAND!

Oh what a gulf betwixt these adverse points!

Take all that life affords, most estimable;

Ye conquerors, come with trophies, laurel crown'd;

Ye artists, bring your never-fading works;

Ye sensualists, add all your sweetest pleasures,

And voyagers, your new-found seas and isles!

To OBEY and to COMMAND? Being or death!

Whoe'er shall pass the void that separates

Inferior spirits from th' eternal God,

May measure out this vasty chasm!

(*With enthusiastic gestures.*)

To stand

Exalted on that fearful height,—to smile

From hence upon the tumults of mankind,
And mark how destiny doth lead them on;
To guide unseen that armour'd Titan

JUSTICE,

And if he dares with impotent wrath to knock

Too loudly at th' imperial gate,—t'inflict
Wounds that he dare not seek to compensate!

To check with playful rein, like harness'd steeds,

The passions of the multitude,—and if
The ruler's sceptre, with creative power,
Should in some vassal's heart wake regal dreams,

Even with one breath to crush into the dust

His insolent pretensions! Oh these thoughts,

These fairy visions, bear the ravish'd mind
Far o'er each bound and limit.—To be

KING

But for a moment,—this alone involves,
Concentrated, the quintessence of life.

'Tis not the sphere wherein we live, but that

Which we therein possess, which makes us poor

Or wealthy.—Lengthen out in tones diffuse
The thunder's voice, and therewith shalt thou lull

Children to sleep. But, be those tones collected

Into ONE fearful burst, and at the sound,

So regal and imperative, the heavens

Will tremble. I am now resolved!

To this admirable soliloquy, (which must prove a stumbling-block in the way of every translator, for it is very difficult to render,) succeeds a scene of expostulation between the Countess and Fiesko.

Leon. (*Timidly.*) My lord,
Can you forgive me, if I thus disturb
The quiet of your morning hours?

Fies. (*Confused.*) Leonora,
Doubtless your coming now hath much surprised me.

Leon. 'Twixt lovers, this, methinks,
should never be.

Fies. But wherefore trust your beauty,
dearest Countess,

To this cold morning air?

Leon. Ask rather why
Those poor remains of beauty should be saved,

For grief to feed upon.

Fies. For grief indeed?—

How's this, Leonora? On your peace of mind

No state intrigues, no toilsome duties prey,
Like those which break my rest.

Leon. It may be so,
And yet my heart even fails amid this quiet.

I came, my lord, to trouble you even now

With a poor supplication, if you can
But cast away a few brief moments on me.
For seven fleeting moons, strangely enough,
I dream'd that I was Countess of Levag-
na ;

That dream is fled, but yet mine eyes are
heavy.

I must indeed try, if I cannot bring
Somewhat of youth's gay sun-light back
again

From fairy realms of childhood, to dis-
perse

Those vain illusions ; therefore I entreat
That I may go from hence to my dear
mother.

Fies. (Confounded.) How,—Countess ?

Leon. 'Tis a spoil'd and wayward thing
This heart of mine, and you must bear
with me.

The slightest recollection of that dream
Disorders my sick fantasy, and therefore
I bring these pledges, now grown fearful
to me,

Back to their proper owner. Take them
all :

(Lays jewels on the table.)

This, too, that like an arrow struck my
heart—

(His love-letters.)

And this,—and—

(Weeping violently, and about to
retire in haste.)

BUT I PART NOT WITH THE WOUNDS !

Fies. (Agitated, and detaining her.)

Nay, what a scene, Leonora !—For Hea-
ven's sake !—

Leon. If I deserve not now to be your
wife,

Still, for your sake, I should have been re-
spected ;

And yet, how tongues malicious hiss at me,
And Genua's maids and matrons look
askance

And scornful !—“ Mark how the vain beau-
ty fades

Who married Count Fiesko !”—So they
speak,

And cruelly my sex revenges now
The pride, that once I cherish'd, when
Fiesko

Stood with me at the altar.

Fies. What wild words !

I pray you, Countess—

Leon. (Aside.) Ha ! he changes colour—

Now pale, now red.—I breathe again !

Fies. Two days—

Only for two days trust me.

Leon. But to think—

(Oh virgin light of day ! how dare I speak
Of such a crime ?) to think that I am thus
Renounced and cast off for a lewd co-
quette !—

No—look on me, Fiesko. What ! those
eyes

Whereat all Genua trembles, cannot meet
A woman's tears ?

Fies. No more of this, Signora.

Leon. (Bitterly.) To tear and crush a
weakly woman's heart !

Oh ! this, forsooth, doth well become a
hero.

I threw myself into this warrior's arms,
Confiding to him all mine earthly hopes
And joys ; now they are sacrificed, and all
Given up for one who—

Fies. (Vehemently.) No, my Leonora !

*Leon. My Leonora !—*Oh ! thanks,
thanks—Kind Heaven !

That tone again had love's true melody.
False man !—yet I should hate thee, and
I snatch

Eagerly at the broken crumbs that now
I, as a beggar, gain from thine affection.

What have I said, Fiesko ?—Hatred ?—
No !

My falsehood well may teach me how to
die ;

But to hate thee !—Oh, never !

Fies. Leonora,

Grant me one poor request.

Leon. What'er thou wilt

Of me demand, only not cold indifference.

Fies. This is all—But for two days
Ask me no questions, and condemn me not.

(Exit.)

At length, towards the end of the
fourth act, Fiesko, though his plans are
yet unknown to the public, has ripened
them all. He has on his side a regu-
lar band of conspirators, among the
leading members of whom are Verrina,
father of the injured Bertha, and Sci-
pio Borgognino, her lover. The
troops that he had expected have se-
cretly made their way to Genua, and
are prepared to execute, at a given sig-
nal, whatever he may command, in or-
der to complete the work of the revolu-
tion. Under these circumstances
Fiesko gives another great festival,
under the pretext of having hired a
company of comedians for a grand
dramatic spectacle. This is to take
place at his own house, where, on
some pretence or another, he contrives
to lead the Princess Julia into a dark
room, where he has previously direct-
ed his Countess, Leonora, to conceal
herself behind the arras. She obeys,
humbly and passively, without know-
ing wherefore. To this succeed the
three following scenes, which we think
unrivalled. The first of them depends
more on the effect of *situation* than on
language ; and his character of Julia
is, perhaps, too coarsely drawn, but
the succeeding dialogue between Fi-
esko and Leonora has every possible
beauty.

SCENE XII.

JULIA, FIESKO. (*Enter together.*)

Julia. (Agitated.)

No more, my lord!

Your words no longer fall on heedless ears,
But on a beating, burning heart.—Where
am I?

We are alone, mid the seductive darkness.
Oh, whither, Count, are you resolved to
lead

Your careless and confiding friend?

Fies. Where love

Grown desperate, feels new courage, and
where passion

With passion freelier speaks.

Jul. No more, Fiesko,

For Heaven's sake, let me go. Were not
the night

So dark, thou would'st behold how my
cheek burns,

And have compassion.

Fies. Rather from that fire,

My courage would be kindled into flame.

(*Kisses her hand.*)

Jul. Ha, truly, Count, your lip burns fe-
verishly,

Like your discourse, and on my features,
too,

I feel with shame, the reflex of a fire

Before unknown—Then let us go from
hence!

Amid this gloom our senses might delude
us;

And then your party waits. I do conjure
you!

Fies. And, wherefore, Princess, this an-
xiety?

Can then the mistress fear her slave?

Jul. Oh MEN,

And their unlimitable artifice!

As if when you appeal to our self-love,

You were not then the fearfullest conqu-
rers.

Fiesko, shall I tell at once the truth,—

That vice alone till now preserved my
virtue?

My pride alone defied your stratagems;

And but *so far* my principles upheld me:

But when you lay your wonted mask aside,
I am by them forsaken.

Fies. And in sooth,

What inj'ry by such loss can you sustain?

Jul. If I unthoughtful thus confide to
you

The key of all that woman holds most sa-
cred,

Wherewith, when'er thou wilt, thou
mak'st me blush,

What have I less to lose than all?

Fies. That treasure

Where, Julia, could you place at interest
higher,

Than in the exchequer of my boundless
love?

Jul. Ay, truly, nowhere better, no-
where worse.

But how long will that boundless love en-
dure?

Too much already I've betray'd to thee,
Now to conceal aught. To engage thy
heart,

I doubted not, that I had charms, but how
To hold thee fast I knew not—

(*Steps back and covers her face.*)

Oh, for shame,

What have I uttered?

Fies. Even in one breath two crimes—

Mistrust of thy Fiesko's judgment, then—

High treason 'gainst thine own surpassing
beauty

Of these what is the hardest to forgive?

Jul. Falsehood is but the armour of a
fiend,

And can Fiesko need it to ensure

His victory over Julia? Hear one word!

We are true heroines while we know that
still

Our virtue is in safety; but are babes

If we defend it—furies in revenge,

When 'tis ignobly lost. If coldly thou

Should'st work my ruin —

Fies. (*Suddenly, as if in anger.*) Cold-
ly? Nay, by Heaven!

What would the unsated vanity of Wo-
man?

When Man doth kneel before her in the
dust,

And still she doubts!—Ha! now my spi-
rit wakes!

In good time have mine eyes been open'd,
lady.

(*With cold composure.*)

What then would I obtain by supplication?

Can all the favour Woman could bestow

Deserve that Man should e'er be so degra-
ded?

(*With a distant bow.*)

Take courage, then, Signora; you are safe.

Jul. (*Confounded.*) Count, what, in all
the world?—

Fies. (*With increasing coldness.*) Nay,
nay, Signora,

Your words were wise and prudent. We
have both

Honour at stake. Therefore, allow me,
Princess,

Amid the friendly circle that awaits us,

To manifest once more my full respect

And reverence.

(*Is about to go.*)

Jul. (*Brings him back.*) Stay! stay!
Art thou mad? Must then

Thy madness force from me this declara-
tion,

That all thy sex, prostrate, with groans
and tears,

As on the rack, should vainly strive to ext-
ort

From a proud heart like mine? Even this
dense gloom

Is not enough to hide upon my cheeks

The fiery blushes that my words enkindle.

Henceforth, all womankind, by me dis-
graced

And wounded, will my name abhor.—
Fiesko,

I love—I worship thee!

(Falls at his feet.)

Fies. (Recoils three steps, leaving her prostrate, with a laugh of triumph.)

Indeed, Signora?

You do me too much honour!

(He lifts the arras, and brings out Leonora.)

Here, my love.

My dearest wife!—

(They embrace.)

Julia. (Starting up.)

Oh villain, villain!

SCENE XIII.

CONSPIRATORS, (entering from one side.) LADIES, (from the other.)

Leon. Nay,

Fiesko, this was too severe!

Fies. A heart

Like hers, deserved no less, and to thy tears

I owed this compensation. Worthy friends, Think not that on occasion light, or none, My temper thus would break out into wrath.

No; mortals by their folly long amuse

Ere they provoke me; but for her who stands here, (Pointing to Julia.)

She merited mine anger; for 'twas she

Who mix'd this poison for my angel wife.

(Shewing the phial.)

Jul. (With repressed anger, and about to go.)

Good, my lord; very good!

Fies. (Draws her back.) I beg your patience

Yet for a space, Signora; we've not done. My worthy friends would gladly know the reason

Wherefore, so long, I did pretend to have lost

All rational identity, and play'd

That comedy with Genua's arch-coquette.

Jul. No, 'tis not to be borne; but tremble, villain!

Still Giannettino rules in Genua;—

I am his sister!

Fies. Fearful words, Signora!

But, alas! I must bring th' unwelcome news,

That from your puissant brother's stolen crown

Fiesko de Levagna hath woven a noose,

Wherewith he thinks even this night to upraise

That prince to an unlook'd-for elevation.

(She turns pale, and he laughs scornfully.)

Ha! that was unexpected.—Mark you, lady,

Therefore I deem'd it best to furnish out Some special objects for the watchful eyes Of your illustrious house to gaze upon.

Therefore I wore the foolscap of feign'd passion,

And left this precious gem neglected here.

(Pointing to Leonora.)

My thoughtless prey were quickly caught; but now

I thank you, lady, for your courtesies, And thus resign my stage habiliments, No longer needful.

(Gives her the portrait, with a low bow.)

Leon. (Timidly entreating.) Nay, she weeps, Fiesko!

I pray you, spare her!

Jul. (Violently.) Hated reptile, silence!

Fies. (To a servant.) Come hither, friend, and shew your gallantry.

This demoiselle would visit our state prison;

Give her your arm, and take strict care that no one

Come thither to disturb her privacy.

The night air is too sharp; were she without,

The storm that rends to-night the oak of Doria,

Might scorch her lovely tresses.

Jul. All the plagues

Of hell be on thy head, thou hypocrite!

(To Leonora.) Yet, boast not of thy victory!—Ere long

He will bring ruin on himself and thee!

(Rushes out, followed by the servant.)

Fies. (To the guests, ladies, &c.)

You have been witnesses; go, clear mine honour

Mid all the citizens of Genua.

(To the conspirators.) Friends, to your duty. Here shall I remain

Till the first cannon-shot: be that the signal.

(Exit all but Leonora and Fiesko.)

SCENE XIV.

LEONORA. FIESKO.

Leon. (Comes timidly up to him.) Fiesko, I but half can understand,

And yet begin to tremble.

Fies. Once, Leonora,—

'Twas at a proud and public festival,—

I saw thee favour'd with a second place

At the left hand of a Genuesan lady;

Saw the knights lead thee second in the dance—

That sight was painful to mine eyes;—I swore

It should not be so, and it shall not be!

Go Countess now to rest! By dawn of day,

I come to wake thee.—*Duchess.*

Leon. (Clasps her hands, and throws herself into a chair.)

Mercy, Heaven!

My worst fears then are all confirm'd!

Fies. (with dignity.)

Nay, dearest,

Hear me but calmly,—I had ancestors

Who wore the triple crown. Fieskan blood

Flows tranquilly but under purple robes!—

But shall your husband be with borrow'd fame

Contented ? What ?—For all his grandeur still,

Be thankful to capricious destiny,
That in some kindly mood has kneaded up,
From mouldering trophies of the past, a man,

Like Giovanni Luigi Fiesko ?

No—no—Leonora !—I am far too proud,
To take that as a gift, which for myself
I can with powerful arm obtain ;—and therefore,

Ere one day more hath dawn'd, I shall consign
My borrow'd plumes back to th' ancestral grave.

Levagna's *Counts* from henceforth are extinct ;
From that hour shall the *princes* date their rise.

Leon. (*lost in her own wild thoughts.*)
I see him overpower'd by deadly wounds ;
See the dull silent bearers bring towards me
My husband's bloody corse !—that cannon-

shot,
That first that fell amid his friendly band,
Hath struck him to the heart !

Fies. Be quiet, child ;

*Twill not be so !

Leon. So confidently, then,
Fiesko dares to challenge Providence !
And if among a thousand,—thousand chances,

'Twere possible, it might be true,—and I
Might lose my husband !—Oh, Fiesko, think,

Heaven is at stake ; and if a billion prizes
Were to be drawn, and but one blank for all,

Yet would you dare this fearful lottery !
Heaven is at stake,—your soul's eternal weal,

And is not every venture on such game,
Rebellion 'gainst your God ?

Fies. Be unconcerned.

Fortune and I are friends ;—but OF ALL DANGERS,
THE DEADLIEST IS FAINT-HEARTED COWARDICE ;

And Grandeur from her votaries must have homage.

Leon. Grandeur, Fiesko ? oh that with my heart

Your spirit bears so little sympathy !
Mark,—I shall trust to that which you call fortune.

Say you have conquer'd ; woe's me, then, of all

On earth, the poorest, most unhappy wife !
You fail—then I am lost !—Worse, if you triumph.

Here is no choice, Fiesko must be duke,
Or perish ; but when I embrace the duke,
I lose for evermore my dearest husband.

Fies. Leonora, now you speak in mysteries.

Leon. No, no. Mid the cold sphere
around a throne,

Love like a tender flower must pine and wither.

Man's heart, even though Fiesko's were that heart,

Has not for two conflicting tyrant powers,
At one time space enough. Now would'st thou lay

Thy head upon my bosom, but thou hear'st
Rebellious vassals storming at thy gate.

Smiling, I'd rest in my true lover's arms,
But with a despot's faltering heart he hears
The rustling of a murderer's step behind
The costly hangings of th' imperial hall,
And flies from room to room. Nay, dark mistrust

At length destroys all household unity,
And if Leonora to thy parch'd lip holds
The cool refreshing cup, thou dar'st not drink,

But deem'st that with the blandishments of love

She brings thee poison !

Fies. (*Much agitated.*) Hideous dreams !
No more !

I cannot now recede ; the bridge whereon
I came so far is broken from behind me.

Leon. And this were all ? Oh, deeds alone, Fiesko,

Are here irrevocable. (*Tenderly and half ironical.*) In past days,

Have you not sworn that Leonora's beauty
From proud ambition's paths had quite misled you ?

Flatterer ! these vows were false, or her poor charms

Have early faded. Question thine own heart,

Who is to blame ?

(*Ardently, and embracing him.*)

Come,—come to me once more !

Be yet a man ! Renounce these fearful schemes,

And love shall be thy recompense. If such Affection cannot still thy restless mood,
Trust me, the crown will prove yet more deceitful.

Come, I shall learn by rote each wish of thine,

Will in one kiss blend all the charms of love,

That in his silken bands I may for ever Hold thee, too venturesome runaway ! (*In tears.*) If 'twere

But to make one poor being happy, one, Who but upon thy bosom lives in heaven,
Say, should not this alone fill every void Within thy restless heart ?

Fies. (*Overcome.*) Oh, Leonora,

What have you done ? How shall I meet the looks

Of those who now will claim my promises ?

Leon. (*joyfully.*) Oh, dearest, let us fly from hence, cast off

At once all pomp and idle pageantry,
In tranquil woods and fields live but for love !

Clear as the Heaven's unchanging azure vault,

Our souls will be no more with sorrow
dimm'd,
But like a sparkling pleasant stream, our
lives
Roll onward to the Giver of all good.

Leonora's supplications are here interrupted by the expected cannon-shot, the signal of the conspirators, several of whom now rush into the apartment, exclaiming, that "the hour is come," and Fiesco determines to go with them. Hereupon Leonora faints, and Fiesco waits only to see her again open her eyes, and attended by her confidantes, Sophia and Rosabella; then rushes out with his companions. This ends the fourth act.

Were we to analyse the fifth, almost as many columns would be required as we have allowed to the four preceding. It involves the accidental death of Leonora, and closes with the suicide of Fiesco. Several critics in Germany have objected to the manner of Leonora's death, yet most of them

have agreed, that in order to the completion of a *perfect* tragedy, it must, however objectionable in other respects, be suffered to remain as it now stands. Our ideas are different, however. We think the fifth act might be sufficiently tragical, and yet admit of such changes as would obviate the censures to which its plan is at present liable.

In the few extracts that we have given, some instances occur where strict *literality* might have been adhered to without strengthening the general impression, and this, accordingly, has not been done; for example, in Leonora's allusion, in the last line of her eloquent supplication, to the "*flötende quelle*," (musical fountain.) But, in fact, such accuracy has never been aimed at in the hasty sketches of which our "*Horæ Germanicæ*" have consisted, (of which, by the by, we intend for the future a *regular* continuation.)

THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

Essay III.—Part I.

On the real nature and utility of what are called facts in Political Economy:—are they such as to supersede the necessity of establishing it on general principles, and reducing it to the form of a science?

It was a frequent and favourite remark of the late Dr Cullen, that there are more false facts current in the world, than false theories; and a similar observation occurs more than once, in the *Novum Organon*. "Men of learning," says Bacon, in one passage, "are too often led, from indolence or credulity, to avail themselves of mere rumours or whispers of experience, as confirmations, and sometimes as the very groundwork of their philosophy; ascribing to them the same authority as if they rested on legitimate testimony. Like to a government which should regulate its measures, not by the official information received from its own accredited ambassadors, but by the gossipping of news-mongers in the streets. Such, in truth, is the manner in which the interests of philosophy, as far as *experience* is concerned, have hitherto been administered. Nothing is to be found which has been duly investigated; nothing which has been verified by a careful examination of proofs; nothing which has been reduced to the standard of weight or measure."—STEWART'S *Elements*, Vol. II. p. 441-2, 4to Edit.

Quin et factis ipsis, licet humani animi pignora sint certissima, non prorsus tamen fidendum, nisi diligente ac atente pensitatis prius illorum et magnitudine et proprietate.—BACON, *De Augment. Scient.* Lib. viii. c. 2.

Ita finitima sunt falsa veris, ut in precipitem locum non debeat se sapiens committere.—CICERO, *Quæst. Acad.* Lib. iv. c. 21.

I have no great faith in Political Arithmetic.—ADAM SMITH, *Wealth of Nations*. Vol. II. p. 310. 8vo Edit. 1799.

RASH and unwarranted conclusions are perhaps in no investigations more frequent and dangerous, than in those which relate to Political Economy. Against their occurrence and influ-

ence, therefore, we ought to be most carefully and continually on our guard, especially as they often steal upon us unawares, or insinuate themselves into our opinions or reasonings, under

the guise of well-founded and indisputable truths.

This caution is more particularly necessary and salutary, when opposite and conflicting opinions are under our examination and judgment: having succeeded in proving satisfactorily and unequivocally, that one set of opinions are erroneous, we naturally and almost imperceptibly permit the opposite set to glide into our minds, and to take firm and permanent possession there. It is well though quaintly remarked by the author of "New and Old Principles of Trade compared," that almost every Scylla in Politics has a Charybdis in its neighbourhood; and that we must remember in *vitium ducit culpa fuga, si caret arte*.

To hasty and superficial reasoners it might seem, that, because we have succeeded in proving that the most popular and celebrated Political Economists have failed in establishing that science on sound and unexceptionable principles, and in explaining what has occurred, and pointing out what ought to be done in the economy of nations—Political Economy would resist all attempts to be moulded into a science—Philosophy possessed no power over it—it did not admit of being reduced to first principles—and that what are called practical, or matter-of-fact men, were the only safeguards and instructors in whatever related to it.

Hasty and superficial reasoners will be the more apt and disposed to admit these conclusions, because they find a powerful ally in almost every mind, in the prepossession which is so generally entertained in favour of what is called experience and fact, when set in opposition to what is called theory and speculation. To all general reasoning, however sound may be the principles from which it sets out, however regular and connected the gradations and links of argument, drawn from those principles, and conducted to a legitimate conclusion—it is deemed quite sufficient to oppose what is called a fact, or to appeal to experience; few, after this, will venture to maintain the speculative opinion.

Perhaps no stronger illustration and proof of the evil influence of mere words in checking the progress of truth can be given, than that to which we have just alluded; since the Baconian method of induction has gained such

a powerful and general ascendancy, no theory or opinion will be long adhered to, which does not rest on facts, or which can be proved to be contradicted by them. Among the ancient philosophers, facts were disregarded, theories were produced and established without the smallest reference to them; things were supposed to exist, or, if really existing, were supposed, without any proof, to operate in that manner, which would account for the phenomenon under investigation. In many cases, mere words, to which no possible meaning could be fixed, were substituted for causes, or first principles. Philosophy, and the progress of the human mind and of society in all that concerns their real good, were thus checked. Bacon changed all this entirely and essentially; he taught and proved that observation and experience alone can conduct us, through facts, to the laws of nature, which we may, after we understand them, apply to our benefit.

Bacon was right; but we must not be deceived by names. We cannot possibly have any safe guides to science but facts; but we must not call those facts which are not such; we must not confound words, or prejudices, or inferences, with facts, nor place any reliance upon such facts as are not viewed in every possible light under a great variety of circumstances, and in all their connexions and consequences.

What is the real value and use of the testimony of practical or matter-of-fact men, in questions relating to Political Economy? Are their testimony, experience, and advice, so enlightened, sound, and universally applicable, as to supersede the necessity of establishing and applying philosophical principles to this subject? If they are, we need not undertake to prove that Political Economy can be reduced to a science. A preliminary investigation will therefore be proper and necessary, in which we shall examine the claims of practical men to guide us through all the mazes and difficulties of Political Economy. The difference between practical and speculative opinions in Political Economy, is well and fairly pointed out in the following passage of Mr Stewart:—

"They who have turned their attention, during the last century, to in-

quiries connected with population, national wealth, and other collateral subjects, may be divided into two classes: to the one of which we may, for the sake of distinction, give the title of Political Arithmeticians, or Statistical Collectors; to the other, that of Political Philosophers. The former are generally supposed to have the evidence of experience in their favour, and seldom fail to arrogate to themselves exclusively the merit of treading closely in the footsteps of Bacon. In comparison with them, the latter are considered as little better than visionaries, or, at least, entitled to no credit whatever, when their conclusions are at variance with the details of statistics."

In opposition to these claims, he goes on to state generally the real merits of those two classes:—"It may with confidence be asserted, that, in so far as those branches of knowledge have any real value, it must rest on a basis of well-ascertained facts; and that the difference between them consists only in the different nature of the facts with which they are respectively conversant. The facts accumulated by the statistical collector, are merely particular results, which other men have seldom an opportunity of verifying, or of disproving; and which, to those who consider them in an insulated state, can never afford any important information. The facts which the political philosopher proposes to investigate, are exposed to the examination of all mankind; and while they enable him, like the general laws of physics, to ascertain numberless particulars by sympathetic reasoning, they furnish the means of estimating the credibility of evidence resting on the testimony of individual observers."—*Elements of Philosophy*, Vol. II. c. 4. § 5. p. 447-8. 4to edit.

But it will be necessary to examine more closely and minutely, the real value of the facts, as they are styled, of the political arithmetician, in order that we may ascertain whether his labours ought to supersede those of the political philosopher. The political arithmetician boasts that he rests on facts alone, and does not permit himself to be swayed or prejudiced by general reasoning or theory; and that, therefore, he is the only safe guide in Political Economy. But theory or prejudice enters more frequently into the human

mind, than the political arithmetician is aware, when he boasts that he is exempt from their influence. He must possess a very superficial and limited acquaintance with mankind, who does not perceive, that on all subjects where their interest is concerned, or which are surrounded with a variety of circumstances, prejudice or theory either renders facts imperfectly or erroneously seen, or prevents them from being stated exactly as they exist and appear. The remarks of Mr Stewart apply with equal propriety and force to practical Political Economy, as to medicine. "So deeply rooted in the constitution of the human mind, is that disposition on which philosophy is grafted, that the simplest narrative of the most illiterate observer, involves more or less of hypothesis: Nay, in general, it will be found, that in proportion to his ignorance, the greater is the number of conjectural principles involved in his statements.

"A village apothecary, and, if possible, in a still greater degree, an experienced nurse, is seldom able to describe the plainest case, without employing a phraseology, of which every word is a theory; whereas, a simple and genuine specification of the phenomena which mark a particular disease; a specification unsophisticated by fancy, or by preconceived opinions, may be regarded as unequivocal evidence of a mind trained by long and successful study, to the most difficult of all arts, that of the faithful interpretation of nature."—P. 443.

The statements of the political arithmetician, therefore, and what he calls the results of his own observations, and experience, and inquiries, drawn aside as they are by interest or theory, on this ground alone, are certainly undeserving of the character and claims which they assume, and cannot be permitted to supersede the investigations of the political philosopher.

But it may be urged, that those who are practically engaged in commerce, are more worthy of our confidence as instructors and guides in Political Economy; and that the facts which they have accumulated during a life of personal observation and experience, must be not only well-founded; but also directly and profitably applicable to the most difficult and complicated cases of this science.

This, however, we suspect will be found far from the truth. In the first place, few men engaged in commerce are acquainted with any branch of it except that which they themselves follow: in the second place, the small number whose thoughts and interests are directed to commercial objects on a large scale, seldom or never possess a deep and extensive insight into human nature. It seems, therefore, impossible to meet with merely practical men, who can instruct us from their own observation and experience in the fundamental principles of commerce. Let us, however, examine of what worth and utility they will be as guides in their own particular department. The object of Political Economy, as a science, is the increase of wealth and prosperity of communities at large, not of any class or portion of them, at the expense of another. The object of the commercial man is to benefit himself: he looks no farther; he decides on the propriety, the prudence, or the wisdom of every plan and measure, according as it is advantageous to the line of business he pursues, and, more especially, according as it is advantageous to himself individually.

Hence, navigation and corn-laws, bounties, prohibition of foreign goods, or heavy duties upon them, have not only been defended, but extolled as beneficial; and facts are appealed to in support of this opinion, in opposition to what is sneeringly called speculative notions on Political Economy. Here, then, is one fertile source of fallacy in the facts of practical men; they state the fact and consequence of any measure, but not the whole fact and consequence; the fact and consequence as they affect their own interest, or the interest of that particular branch of trade in which they are engaged, but not as they affect the national interest. They know and feel that they are benefited by the measure, but they are ignorant, and they do not inquire, whether, while they are benefited, by their very benefit, others, and the nation at large, are injured.

“In all his meditations upon these principles,” observes Child, in his *Discourse on Trade*, “the reader should warily distinguish between the profit of the merchant and the gain of the kingdom, which are so far from being

parallels, that frequently they run counter one to the other; although most men, by their education and business, having fixed their eye and aim wholly upon the former, do usually confound these two in their thoughts and discourses on trade, or else mistake the former for the latter.”

Adam Smith has a similar remark.—“The merchants know perfectly well in what manner to enrich themselves; it was their business to know it; but in what manner it enriched their country was no part of their business.”—SMITH'S *Wealth of Nations*, Vol. II. p. 8, 4to edition.

But facts, to be useful, must be stated not only impartially, and with a full and clear display of their influence on the wealth of the community at large, but they must also be traced to their remote and permanent consequences. In this respect, we shall find the facts of practical men of little value or utility; they do not look wide enough, and they do not look far enough; their individual interest does not require such a view, and therefore they do not take it. But the interest of society absolutely requires not only an extensive view on all sides, but a penetrating and long view to remote and permanent consequences.

What is the consequence of an increase in the circulating medium of a country? To this question, very opposite answers will be given by practical men, and each answer will appeal to facts; but if we examine these facts, we shall find, that they either do not take in all the circumstances, (a source of error we shall afterwards advert to,) or they are not traced in all their consequences.

Those who maintain that an increase in the circulating medium does not enhance prices, nor add to produce, state the facts in support of their opinion in the following manner.

They admit, that the first and immediate effect of an increased circulating medium is to enhance the price of the article on which it is expended; but this effect, they allege, is counteracted by a diminution of demand, occasioned by that enhanced price. The price of meat rises 25 per cent in consequence of more money than usual being applied to its purchase; this is one part of the fact; but, on the

other hand, those who before purchased a certain quantity of meat, determine to diminish their purchases, owing to the increase of prices. This is another part of the fact; and thus they say the whole facts bear out their position, that an increased quantity of money, by being brought to bear on any particular article, though it at first enhances the price, yet by that very circumstance repelling a portion of the former demand, the price reverts to its former level, or nearly so.

But here two things are confounded which are really distinct, and the whole fact is not traced. A person, in consequence of the increased price of meat 25 per cent, may resolve to purchase 25 per cent less than usual. As far as he is concerned, therefore, there is a demand for less meat; but if he determines to spend as much money in the butcher market, and this, in fact, he will do, if, when the price is raised 25 per cent, he buys 25 per cent less meat, the diminution in his purchases, the money he lays out being to the same amount, cannot have any effect in counteracting the supposed increase in the quantity of money drawn into the butcher-market.

But our principal business at present is to prove, that the fact is not traced far enough. Let us then grant, that in consequence of the increased price of meat, a certain class of purchasers expend on this article 25 per cent less money than formerly; this, certainly, will tend to bring the price of meat down to its former level. But what becomes of the money thus withdrawn from the butcher-market? We cannot suppose it is suffered to lie idle and unemployed; it will be spent on some other article of food, probably on bread. In this case, the speculative demand for bread is increased, and its price will rise, and if, in consequence of this rise in its price, some persons expend less on it than they were wont to do, what is thus withdrawn from expenditure on bread will be spent on some other article, the price of which it will enhance. We thus see what a difference it makes in the nature and bearing of a fact, when we stop short in the middle of it, and when we trace it to its termination.

Let us illustrate this position by an examination of the facts of the opposite party, of those who declaim against

any increase in the circulating medium, as having no effect but the bad one of raising prices. They stop short at the first and immediate consequence of an increase in the circulating medium; it necessarily must raise prices; on this ground they rail against it. They look no farther; they do not even look at the other side of the fact. Prices are raised; this is bad to those who have to purchase, but it is good to those who have to sell; it holds out a stronger stimulus to their industry; and the usual consequences follow: more is produced, the community is rendered more wealthy, and prices fall. Thus, the whole fact leads to an inference quite opposite to that drawn from the partial fact; the general and permanent result is very different from the immediate and temporary result.

Machinery is introduced into a certain department of manufactures, which previously were wrought by manual labour: the workmen are thrown out of employment. Here is what the enemies of machinery call a decisive and undoubted fact in support of their opinion. Can anything be plainer or stronger? they exclaim. Speculative notions must yield to experience. Let us, however, view the case a little more closely. Machinery is introduced: employment is less easily procured, and wages fall. We shall allow, that the introduction of machinery is the cause of this evil, though "the only facts in this case are, that the machinery is in operation, and the men are destitute of employment; that one is the cause of the other, is an inference to account for the state of affairs." To this blending of facts and inferences, which is one of the grounds of the objections of mere matter-of-fact men to the conclusions of Political Economy, and of the assumption continually made with regard to that science, that theory and experience are at variance, we shall afterwards advert.

First, as we have said, we shall grant, that the introduction of machinery is the cause of the evil. Why is machinery employed? Because thus the goods can be made, and consequently sold, at a cheaper rate, than when manual labour is employed in their manufacture. But if they are sold cheaper, will they not be within the reach of a greater number of peo-

ple, and will not this enlarge the demand for them, and, in course of time, give employment not only to those labourers who at first were thrown out of employment, but to many more? The whole fact, in all its consequences, has been so palpably and frequently brought before us within the last half century, that an appeal to the temporary result of the introduction of machinery now possesses little weight. Indeed, this is a most striking and instructive instance of a fact confidently appealed to, against what are called speculative opinions, gradually unfolding itself, till it proves decidedly hostile to those very persons who brought it forward, and as decidedly in favour of Political Economy.

But the consequences of the introduction of machinery may be traced in another direction, which will equally prove our position, that facts are little worth unless they are whole in themselves, and viewed in connexion with all their consequences; and that what are called the facts of practical men seldom being of this description, are more likely to be prejudicial than serviceable—to lead from the truth, and the well-being of society, than to them.

Machinery saves labour and lowers prices; but the money thus saved from expenditure in articles made by machinery, will be expended on other articles; this will increase the demand for them, and, of course, for labourers to make them; and thus machinery, which directly threw workmen out of employment, will indirectly procure them employment.

We trust we have said enough to prove, that what are called facts are not always such; that they are often mixed up with theory and prejudices; and that even when political arithmeticians or practical men state what is really the case, they do not state the whole case; that when they assert that a certain measure is beneficial or injurious, they most frequently have viewed it only as regards their own interest, or particular line of inquiry or business, or in its immediate and temporary results, and not as it affects the interest of the community at large, and displays itself in its remote and permanent consequences.

We shall now attend to the circumstances of facts, on which, as much as

in their consequences, depend their value and authority, either as the ground-work of general principles, or as opposed to them.

A general principle in Political Economy, or any other science, is laid down, after having been carefully deduced from a vast number of facts and observations, under a great variety of circumstances. A practical man denounces this general principle as erroneous and prejudicial; he says, it recommends a certain measure, which he has adopted, and found not to be attended with the alleged result. The advocate of this general principle first examines whether it really recommends the measure proposed; he finds it does; he next investigates the consequences said to have flowed from the adoption of this measure, and he finds them, through their whole extent and train, to be such as described, and quite at variance with what his general principle predicts. He is staggered: there is one other inquiry, however, to be made; under what circumstances was the measure adopted and pursued? This inquiry conducts him to the real fact, which he no longer finds to be at variance with his general principle. The measure was good in itself; it was exactly such as the general principle recommended, and it would have produced the beneficial results pointed out in the general principle, but it was adopted and pursued under circumstances which altered essentially its character and effects. Strip of these circumstances, the measure would have proved beneficial: altered by them, it has proved injurious;—but both results are, in fact, confirmations of the general principle. “Little, if any regard,” observes Mr Stewart, “is due to a *particular phenomenon*, when stated as an objection to a conclusion resting on the *general laws* which regulate the course of human affairs. Even admitting the phenomenon in question to have been accurately observed, and faithfully described, it is yet possible that we may be imperfectly acquainted with that combination of circumstances whereby the effect is modified; and that if these circumstances were fully before us, the apparent exception would turn out an additional illustration of the very truth which it was brought to invalidate.” (P. 448.)

That war is prejudicial to a nation, in drawing off its labour and resources from profitable industry, and directing them to schemes of ambition and conquest,—in introducing, confirming, and widely spreading habits of national profusion, and in introducing that laxity of morals among a large class of citizens, which must always result from a state of warfare directly, as well as from those fluctuations in the wages of labour and in the manufactures and trade of a country, to which they are more frequently and deeply liable in war than in peace, is a maxim long and firmly fixed in the minds of most reflecting and observant people, a maxim drawn from the experience of the world as far back as history carries us, and not less convincing to the political philosopher, than it is consoling to the friend of humanity, who is accustomed to regard these evils as some check on the ambition both of princes and their subjects.

But we all must recollect how expressly and decidedly the late wars with revolutionary France were held up as having conduced to our national prosperity, by many people; how their termination was regretted, and how the slightest chance of a renewal of hostilities was hailed as a certain prelude to increased national wealth and prosperity. If the philosopher was incredulous, and the friend of humanity was shocked at this doctrine, and repelled it as not less unfounded than dangerous, the supporters of it were ready with what they called facts. These, they contended, were obvious, decisive, and numerous. They appealed to the state of our commerce previous to the commencement of the war, during its progress, at its termination, and after it had ceased for some time. The tables of our exports and imports—the state of our principal manufactures—the rapid and large fortunes made by our merchants—the enormous loans they were able to accommodate government with—the improvements in agriculture, and the signs of improvement and wealth displayed in the increase of building and population, as well as in the improved style of living among many classes—all were facts appealed to, as proving that war, so far from being an evil, was a blessing.

This is plausible reasoning: to all appearance it is supported by a train

of obvious, undoubted, and applicable facts. But it will not bear close and careful scrutiny and examination, and it affords another instance and proof of the worthlessness of what are called facts, in many topics of Political Economy, and the doubt and suspicion with which they ought to be regarded; especially when, as in the present case, so directly and utterly at variance with general principles, that is, with the confirmed and long experience of mankind.

In the first place, the supporters of this opinion bring into notice only the fair side of the question; they carefully keep out of view all the evils which the war they so loudly commend inflicted on commerce and national happiness, directly and indirectly. They appeal to the list of exports and imports, but they forget, or willfully overlook, the list of bankrupts. They appeal to the wages of the manufacturers, but they forget the increase of the poor-rates; and they do not advert to the circumstance, that, if wages were sometimes very high, they were often also very low; that these fluctuations were rapid and excessive; and that no circumstance can be more prejudicial, not only to the real and permanent wealth and prosperity of a nation, but also to its moral improvement, than these rapid and excessive fluctuations of wages. Secondly, they not only overlook the evils, but they do not carefully examine, whether, what they called the good of war, was really so, or only in appearance; and whether it was not the good of one portion of the community, procured at the expense of another portion. If so, it could not be national good, nor could the fact appealed to be indicative of national wealth and prosperity. But that this was the case; that in many respects the good was rather specious than solid, and that in other respects it was only individual good, acquired at the expense of other individuals, will, we believe, appear evident on a close and impartial investigation.

Thirdly, what is the obvious and necessary consequence of this doctrine? Is it not that we should always be at war, because war advances national prosperity more than a state of peace? But ought not those facts, as they are called, which seem to lean to this conclusion, be rejected as unfound-

ed or inapplicable? They recommend not only a state of war, but a state of continual war; that is, not only what all considerations of justice and humanity condemn, to which the experience of all ages and nations is opposed, but what is absolutely impossible.

Fourthly, all the consequences of that war, which is so strikingly recommended as productive of national prosperity, are not brought forth and exposed to view by those who maintain this opinion. As it is impossible a nation can always be at war, the consequences of war, when peace returns, ought to be regarded, as well as its alleged good effects, while it continued. This conducts us to the exposure of another weakness in the cause of those who appeal to facts in defence of the advantages of war, and its preferableness to peace. War is beneficial to the commerce of a nation, and peace the reverse, because while at war, we flourished, and at the return of peace, our prosperity languished. But was the peace the cause of this decline in our commerce? Was it not the effects of the long war, in which we had been stimulated to make such unprecedented and extraordinary exertions? And is it not as absurd and unfair to ascribe our decayed prosperity, on the return of peace, to peace, as it would be to ascribe the feeble and worn-out condition of a person who had been long stimulated to great exertions by powerful exciting causes, whether applied to the mind or body—not to these causes, but to the cessation of their application?

If peace had really brought national evil, would not that evil have continued, and increased as the peace continued? Is this the case?—Is not the reverse the case? If, therefore, war, allowing for a moment that it really benefits a nation, must close at some time or other, and at its cessation must cause a revulsion, probably proportionate in degree, extent, and continuance, to those circumstances attending it, which rendered it really, or in appearance, conducive to national good, ought not this fact to be taken into consideration and account by those who appeal to facts in behalf of the advantages of war? And in contrasting the effects of war with those of peace, ought not the latter to be in full operation, and not struggling with the

evils entailed on it by war, before its real and permanent effects are traced? But, lastly, a most important circumstance, which distinguished our wars with revolutionary France from all former wars, is omitted by the advocates for war. We allude to the immense expenditure by government, chiefly supported by loans. Large portions of these were given to foreign powers, not, indeed, in the shape of money, but in the produce of our manufactures; or rather, foreign nations were enabled to purchase an increased quantity of our manufactures by means of the money our government supplied them, and which money was raised in this country by loans. This is a circumstance which distinguishes the revolutionary war from all former wars, and which therefore ought to be specially and particularly noticed and estimated, in considering any results of that war, differing from the results of war in general. We have dwelt thus long in our own consideration of this case, because it affords an instructive instance of the different aspect a fact assumes when partially viewed, and when viewed in all its circumstances and consequences.

But it is not only matter-of-fact political economists, who are led astray themselves, and lead others astray, from not attending to all the circumstances of a case. Even those writers who insist most strongly on the necessity and advantage of general principles in political economy, are apt, when they state facts in confirmation and illustration of their principles, to take a narrow and imperfect view of them. In the last Number of the *Edinburgh Review*, LXXIX., there is a glaring instance of this. We allude to the elaborate article on the *Standard of National Prosperity*, and the *Rise and Fall of Profits*. On the doctrines contained in that article, and the reasoning by which they are supported, it is not our purpose to animadvert; but only to notice one part of the article, as illustrating our position, that facts, unattended with all the circumstances attending them, are worse than worthless, are actually deceptive, and injurious to the cause of truth.

The reviewer, after extracting from Mr Malthus's pamphlet on *Value*, an authentic account of the price of day-labour at Kirkcudbright, in the stew-

arty of that name, and annexing the fair prices of wheat in the stewardry, thus remarks :

“ Now it appears from this table, that the mean price of labour at Kirkcudbright in 1793 was 10½d. a-day, and its mean price in 1812, when at the highest, 22d. a-day, being an advance of 109½ per cent ; but in the same period the price of the boll of wheat had risen from 55s. to 128s., being an advance of 133 per cent ; shewing that husbandry labourers got 22½ per cent less of the produce, or of the value of the produce, raised by them in 1812, than in 1793 ; a fall of proportional wages sufficient to account for a very great rise of profits !

“ This table affords an equally satisfactory solution of the fall of profits that has taken place since the peace.

The average price of wheat at Kirkcudbright in 1811-1812, was £5, 18s. 5d. per boll ; and its price in 1822 was £2, 7s. 5d. ; being a fall of nearly 60 per cent. But the money prices of labour had, in the same period, only fallen 39 per cent ; so that its relative value, as compared with the main article of agricultural produce, had really risen 21 per cent., accounting completely for the fall of profits in the interval.” (P. 20—29.)*

The doctrine the reviewer wishes to establish is this, that profits must always vary inversely as wages ; that is, when wages rise, profits must fall, and when wages fall, profits must rise. (P. 11.) We shall not object to this doctrine, that, if it means anything, it must mean, that the fall and rise must be proportional, or at least ac-

* This article, as well as one in the Second Number of the Westminster Review, on Tithes, affords additional confirmation, if it were wanting, of what we endeavoured to establish in our last Essay, that Political Economists of the present day are blind guides in the mazes of this science ; and that, in most cases, Milton's description of Chaos is applicable to them :—

—Chaos umpire sits,
And his decision more embroils the fray.

A very few observations on the Tithes article, will, we think, justify the censure, so far as the Westminster Review is concerned. One of the objects of the Reviewer is, to controvert the opinion that tithes are no tax, but a portion of the rent of land. “ They who support this proposition,” he observes, “ are driven to deny the doctrine of rent, as propagated by Mr Ricardo,” &c. This doctrine, therefore, he explains : “ Rent is that portion of the return on capital, employed upon the land, which exceeds the ordinary profit of stock, and is paid to the landlord for the use of the land.” Again—“ The least fertile soil of all, or that which returns no more than the ordinary profits of stock, will return no rent whatever.” It is not our intention to examine this doctrine, but only to shew from it and what the Reviewer says of tithes, that rent and tithes are proved by him to be the same, though his object is to prove them quite distinct and different. We now come to the important conclusion. This may be stated in a few words. “ The lowest soil in cultivation pays no rent. Every soil, from which produce is extracted, pays tithes. Rent, therefore, and tithes, are not identical, but altogether different.”

This is very logical in form and in word, but the reverse in reality. Tithes are part of the produce ; they are evidently not the property of the cultivator, and therefore do not constitute any of the profits of stock ; they are therefore that portion of the return on capital employed upon the land, which exceeds the ordinary profits of stock ; but this is the Reviewer's definition of rent. Tithes and rent, therefore, are not different, but identical. The Reviewer, indeed, adds to his definition of rent, that it is paid to the landlord for the use of his land ; but it matters not under what name, or to whom that portion of the return on capital employed upon the land which exceeds the ordinary profits of stock, is paid ; that cannot alter its real nature. Tithes and rent, therefore, according to the Reviewer's own shewing, are essentially the same, though paid under different names, and to different people. The real difference, however, he has not pointed out ; it is this—Rent is arranged between tenant and landlord ; if in money, its proportionate value to the produce depends upon and varies inversely, as the quantity of the produce multiplied by its price ; if in kind, its proportionate value to the produce varies inversely as the produce ; whereas tithes is fixed independently of the former, and always bears the same proportion to the produce. Rent is paid for the landlord's right of property in the land, and for the capital laid out in improving it ; but not for capital expended during the currency of a lease. Tithes is paid for the tithes-owner's right of property in the land ; for the capital laid out in improving it, and rendering it more fertile ; and also for the capital expended during the lease, in so far as that increases its produce.

ording to some definite ratio, otherwise it is incapable of proof. We shall not object to it, that, as wages form a very small part of the expenses of a farmer, it would require a great reduction of them to produce a small increase in his profits, and a great rise in them to produce a small diminution in his profits. Nor shall we object to it, that it necessarily leaves undetermined and undeterminable, when wages rise and profits fall, or when the reverse occurs, which is the cause, and which the effect; nor this more serious and fundamental objection:—the real wages are estimated by the price of corn; by this price the farmers' profits are supposed to be regulated; and yet the rise and fall of these profits are stated to be occasioned by the rate of real wages. What is this but saying, that the real wages of the labourer, which depend on the price of corn, are the cause of the rise and fall of the profits of the farmer? or, in other words, are both cause and effect! We shall not urge these objections, because at present we are not examining the general doctrine. We shall confine ourselves to the facts, and endeavour to shew, that they are not stated in all their circumstances.

In the first place, the wages of the labourer are measured by their power over the purchase of wheat, and they are said to be greater or less, according as they enable him to purchase more or less of it. Why is not the same standard applied to the profits of the farmer?—Why is an increase in the mere money price of his wheat set down as an increase of his profits; and a diminution in the money price, as indicating a diminution of his profits? The same standard ought to be applied to both; either the money received for wages and wheat, or the power of money, in both cases, over commodities. If the real wages of labour, though advanced from 12 to 18 in money, are in fact no higher, because wheat has advanced from 60s. to 90s., neither are the real profits of the farmer, if, while he gets the latter price for his wheat, he be obliged to pay 50 per cent more for what he buys. He can live no better than he did, and he can save no more than he did.

But there is an omission of a much more material circumstance than this: the profits of the farmer are estimated by the price of his wheat alone, and

not, as they undoubtedly ought to be, by the price of his wheat multiplied into the quantity of wheat he has to sell. What a different aspect does the fact wear, when exhibited with all its circumstances! If a farmer sells a quarter of wheat for 90s. instead of 60s. he receives 50 per cent more for that quarter; but if his produce is only 24 bushels per acre instead of 36, a little calculation will convince us, that though the price of wheat has risen from 60s. to 90s., his profit remains the same.

Similar remarks may be made with regard to the impossibility of ascertaining the proportion of the produce, or of the value of the produce obtained by husbandry labourers, by means of the imperfect facts supplied by those tables, as it is evident that this proportion must depend not solely on the wages and the prices of wheat, but on the price of wheat multiplied into the quantity produced. We may further observe, that there is no necessary connexion between fluctuations in the real wages of labour, or their command over produce, and fluctuations in the proportionate share of the produce or the value of the produce raised by them, which their wages will procure; a simple case will shew this; let us suppose wheat to rise from 40s. to 60s., the quarter and wages from 1s. to 1s. 6d. a-day. It is evident that the real wages of the labourer are not altered. Let us now suppose that when wheat is at 40s. the produce per acre is four quarters, and that when it is at 60s. the produce is only two quarters; that is, in the first instance, L.8 the acre; and in the other, only L.6. It is obvious that the wages of the labourer, in both instances enabling him to purchase the same quantity of wheat, in fact give him the command over a greater portion of the produce of an acre of land, and of the value of that produce, in the latter instance than in the former. His real wages, and his share of the produce, would remain stationary, though his money wages advanced from 1s. to 1s. 6d., if, while wheat rose from 40s. to 60s., the produce remained the same; and his real wages would remain stationary, while his share in the produce would be diminished, if, while wheat rose from 40s. to 60s., the produce per acre rose above four quarters.

Again, if his wages remained at 1s.

while wheat advanced from 40s. to 60s., it is evident that his real wages would have fallen, though, if along with this rise in the price of wheat the produce had fallen from four quarters to two, his share of the produce, or of the value of the produce, would have been increased.

But to conclude this digression, what then becomes of all the inferences drawn from tables, which exhibit only the price of wheat, and not also the quantity sold, in support of the doctrine, that when wages rise, profits must fall, and when wages fall, profits must rise, since such tables do not exhibit all the facts on which profits can be calculated?

Let us next suppose that all the circumstances attendant on any particular measure or occurrence are faithfully and fully stated, and that all the consequences resulting, not only immediately, but ultimately and permanently, not only to a particular branch of commerce, but to national prosperity, are also faithfully and fully stated: there is still a source of error to which Practical Political Economists are liable. They are apt to substitute inferences for facts. "The utility of the distinction between them," observes a sensible and ingenious author, "is very perceptible in all questions of national policy. In public affairs there is commonly such a multiplicity of principles in operation, so many concurring and counteracting circumstances, such an intermixture of design and accident, that the utmost caution is necessary in referring events to their origin; while in no subject of human speculation, perhaps, is there a greater confusion of realities and assumptions. It is sufficient for the majority of political reasoners, that two events are co-existent or consecutive. To their conception, it immediately becomes a fact, that one is the cause of the other. These remarks serve to shew, what at first sight may appear paradoxical, that those men, who are generally designated as prac-

tical and experienced, have often as much of the hypothetical interwoven in their opinions, as the most speculative theorists. Half of these facts are mere inferences, rashly and erroneously drawn. They may have no systematic hypothesis in their minds, but they are full of assumptions, without being aware of it. It is impossible that men should witness simultaneous or consecutive events, without connecting them in their imagination as causes and effects. There is a continual propensity in the human mind to establish those relations amongst the phenomena subjected to its observation, and to consider them as possessing the character of facts. But in doing this, there is great liability to error, and the opinions of a man who has formed them from what Lord Bacon calls *mera palpatio*, purely from what he has come in personal contact with, cannot but abound with rash and fallacious conclusions, for which he fancies himself to have the authority of his own senses, or of indisputable experience."*

There are two classes of cases in which mere practical men are most liable to confound facts and inferences; the first is, where an event is preceded by a single circumstance; the other is, where an event is preceded by several circumstances.

The first does not occur so frequently as the second, nor is it so liable to lead us into error; it happens, however, sometimes, that two events are simultaneous or consecutive, to which we assign the respective names of cause and effect; whereas we either mistake the one for the other, or regard them in this relation, though in fact they are both effects of some latent and unnoticed cause. If any very striking occurrence takes place which strongly draws our attention and interests us, and this has been accompanied or preceded by any remarkable event, the mind imperceptibly unites them as cause and effect. The flash and report of a gun, the light-

* "Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions, and on other Subjects"—"Essay on Facts and Inferences." This little volume is much less known than it deserves to be; it is distinguished for a clear, successful, and interesting application of intellectual and metaphysical inquiries to the most important practical purposes. The subsequent work of the same author, "Questions on Metaphysics, Morals, Political Economy, &c." is of very inferior merit; the thought from which it sprung is good, but the plan and execution are very defective.

ning and thunder, are set down as respectively cause and effect, by those who are unaccustomed to them. There are many similar instances in Political Economy, where two events are regarded as cause and effect, where there is either no such connexion between them, or where both are effects proceeding from one unobserved cause. Sometimes the effect is mistaken for the cause; what opinion is more common than that a free constitution will render men enlightened, free, and prosperous? This mistaken notion has led to the foolish expectation, that, in order to give civil, religious, and political freedom to a state, it was only necessary to decree that the power of the sovereign should be limited,—the people should be represented, discussion on all topics allowed, &c. The advocates for this opinion appeal to what they call facts; they appeal to Britain and America; these countries, they say, have free constitutions, and the people are enlightened, free, and prosperous. The consequence seems to them to follow naturally; the state of the people is the effect of their constitution,—therefore give the same constitution to other people, and they will also become enlightened, free, and prosperous.

This unfolds to us another source of error, in collecting what are called facts; it not unfrequently happens that what has been the cause becomes the effect, and it is very necessary to attend to the period and circumstances of this change in the character of the event. Britain contains the most numerous and the best modes of conveyance of any nation in the world, but it is evident that these must facilitate commerce: the inference seems fair and sound; make similar modes of conveyance in another country, and its commerce will also flourish. Here is an instance of misapprehension of facts, or rather of the connexion between cause and effect, from not attending to the change of character in consecutive events to which we have alluded. The process seems to be, a certain stimulus given to industry, enterprize, and the consequent acquisition of a certain portion of capital; these lead to the formation of roads, canals, &c. and these, in their turn, increase industry, enterprize, and capital. The facts viewed in this light and connexion are useful and important;

viewed otherwise, they will only lead to error and vain or mischievous actions. So with respect to real freedom, and a free constitution; real freedom must first spring from circumstances which enlighten men, and teach and enable them to expand their views and wishes, and to know and appreciate their rights and capabilities. This will produce not only the forms, laws, privileges, and protections, of a free constitution, but infuse into all these such an animating and influential spirit, as will, in its turn, act on the state of the people, and increase their freedom.

The other class of cases, in which mere practical men are liable to confound facts and inferences, comprehends all those where an event is preceded by several circumstances.

In such instances a mere practical man is apt to be bewildered and led astray, especially if it happens (as it often does) that his prejudices, or his individual interest, lead him to fix on one circumstance, without examination or inquiry, to the exclusion of all the others, as the only real and efficient cause. Numerous cases of this kind are continually occurring: one may suffice. Soon after the establishment of peace, there was a very great depreciation in the price of agricultural produce, and consequently in the rent and value of land. What was the cause of this? The circumstances immediately preceding, were a change from war to peace—the renewal of commercial intercourse with foreign powers—diminished taxation and expenditure—the return to cash payments—and two or three abundant harvests. Each of these preceding events was separately and exclusively assigned as the cause of the depression of agriculture: and each party appealed to what they called facts. Agriculture flourished during war, and while we were shut out from the continent:—it languishes now that there is peace and intercourse with the continent; the case is clear; here is double proof—an event occurring under certain circumstances, being co-existent with those circumstances, and disappearing when they do. The advocates for the other opinions argued in a similar manner. Such is the worth of what is usually styled facts and experience. How the real truth is to be obtained in such cases, we shall afterwards in-

quire, when we investigate the mode by which the science of Political Economy can be placed on the basis of general principles, and those principles deduced from well-ascertained causes and effects.

This will form the subject of two more portions of this Essay, one relating to the general investigation of the mode in which we arrive at truth, in the principal departments of human knowledge, and to the nature of the evidence on which they are founded; and the other, applying the results of this general investigation to the department of Political Economy, considered as a science.

We cannot better conclude this part of our Essay, in which we have endeavoured to estimate, at their real and just value, what are called the facts and experience of practical men in Political Economy, than by the following quotation from Mr Stewart, in which he points out and expatiates upon the contrasted effects of statistical and philosophical studies on the progress and the interests of society, and which, it appears to us, exhibits a striking and happy instance of exuberance of thought, conveyed in his peculiarly exuberant and flowing style:

“ From these considerations, it would appear, that in politics, as well as in many of the other sciences, the loudest advocates for experience, are the least entitled to appeal to its authority in favour of their dogmas; and that the charge of a presumptuous confidence in human wisdom and foresight, which they are perpetually urging against political philosophers, may, with far greater justice, be retorted on themselves. An additional illustration of this is presented by the strikingly contrasted effects of *statistical* and *philosophical* studies on the intellectual habits in general: the former invariably encouraging a predilection for restraints and checks, and

all the other technical combinations of an antiquated and scholastic policy: the latter, by inspiring, on the one hand, a distrust of the human powers, when they attempt to embrace in detail interests at once so complicated and momentous; and on the other, a religious attention to the designs of Nature, as displayed in the general laws, which regulate her economy, leading no less irresistibly to a gradual and progressive simplification of the political mechanism. It is, indeed, the never-failing result of all sound philosophy, to humble, more and more, the pride of science before that Wisdom, which is infinite and divine; whereas, the farther back we carry our researches into those ages, the institutions of which have been credulously regarded as monuments of the superiority of unsophisticated good sense, over the false refinements of modern arrogance, we are the more struck with the numberless insults offered to the most obvious suggestions of nature and of reason. We may remark this, not only in the moral depravity of rude tribes, but in the universal disposition which they discover to disfigure and distort the bodies of their infants:—in one case, new-modelling the form of the eyelids; in a second, lengthening the ears; in a third, checking the growth of the feet; in a fourth, by mechanical pressure applied to the head, attacking the seat of thought and intelligence. To allow the human form to attain, in perfection, its fair proportions, is one of the latest improvements of civilized society: and the case is perfectly analogous in those sciences which have for their object to assist nature in the cure of diseases; in the development and improvement of the intellectual faculties; in the correction of bad morals; and in the regulations of *Political Economy*.”—*Elements of the Philosophy, &c.* Vol. II. p. 451-2.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

CHAPTER III.

WITHIN a short distance of my own habitation stands a picturesque old church, remote from any town or hamlet, save that village of the dead contained within the precincts of its own sequestered burial-ground. It is, however, the parish church of a large rural district, comprising several small hamlets, and numerous farms and cottages, together with the scattered residences of the neighbouring gentry; and hither (there being no other place of worship within the parish boundary) its population may be seen for the most part resorting on Sundays, by various roads, lanes, heath-tracks, coppice and field-paths, all diverging from that consecrated centre. The church itself, nearly in the midst of a very beautiful church-yard, rich in old carved head-stones, and bright verdure, roofing the nameless graves—the church itself stands on the brow of a finely wooded knoll, commanding a diversified expanse of heath, forest, and cultivated land; and it is a beautiful sight on Sundays, on a fine autumn Sunday in particular, when the ferns are assuming their rich browns, and the forest trees their exquisite gradations of colour, such as no limner upon earth can paint—to see the people approaching in all directions, now winding in long straggling files over the open common, now abruptly disappearing amongst its innumerable shrubby declivities, and again emerging into sight through the boles of the old oaks that encircle the church-yard, standing in their majestic beauty, like sentinels over the slumbers of the dead. From two several quarters across the heath, approach the more condensed currents of the living stream; one, the inhabitants of a far distant hamlet, the other, comprising the population of two smaller ones, within a shorter distance of the church. And from many lanes and leafy glades, and through many field-paths and stiles, advance small groups of neighbours, and families, and social pairs, and here and there a solitary aged person, who totters leisurely along, supported by his trusty companion, his stout oak staff, not undutifully consigned by his neglectful children to that silent companionship, but willingly loitering be-

hind to enjoy the luxury of the aged, the warmth of the cheerful sun-beams, the serene beauty of nature, the fruitful aspect of the ripening corn-fields, the sound of near and mirthful voices, the voices of children and grandchildren, and a sense of quiet happiness, partaking surely of that peace which passeth all understanding.

And sometimes the venerable Elder comes, accompanied by his old faithful helpmate; and then they may be seen once more side by side, her arm again locked within his as in the days of courtship; not, as then, resting on his more vigorous frame, for they have grown old and feeble together; and of the twain, the burthen of years lies heaviest upon the husband, for his has been the hardest portion of labour. In the prime of life, during the full flush of his manly vigour, and of her healthful comeliness, he was wont to walk sturdily onward, discoursing between whiles with his buxom partner, as she followed with her little ones; but now they are grown up into men and women, dispersed about in their several stations, and have themselves young ones to care and provide for; and the old couple are, 'as it were, left to begin the world again, alone in their quiet cottage. Those two alone together, as when they entered it fifty years ago, bridegroom and bride—alone, but not forsaken—sons, and daughters, and grandchildren, as each can snatch an interval of leisure, or when the labours of the day are over, come dropping in under the honey-suckle porch, with their hearty greetings; and many a chubby great-grandchild finds its frequent way to Granum's cottage; many a school truant, and many a "toddlin' wee thing," whose little hand can hardly reach the latch of the low wicket, but whose baby call of "fletcherin' noise an' glee" gains free and fond admittance. And now they are on their way together, the old man and his wife.—See!—they have just passed through the last field-gate leading thitherward to the church. They are on their way together towards the house of God, and towards the place where they shall soon lie down to rest "in sure and certain hope," and they lean on one

another for mutual support; and would it not seem still, as they are thus again drawn closer together, as they approach nearer to the term of their earthly union, as if it were a type and token of an eternal re-union in a better and a happier state? I love to gaze upon that venerable pair,—ay, even to note their decent, antiquated Sabbath raiment—what mortal tailor—no *modern one to be sure*—can have carved out that coat of indescribable colour—something of orange tawny with a reddish tinge—I suspect it has once been a rich Devonshire brown, and perhaps the wedding-suit of the squire's grandfather, for it *has had* a silk lining, and it *has been* trimmed with some sort of lace, gold probably, and there adown each side are still the resplendent rows of embossed, basket-work gilt buttons, as large as crown-pieces—it must have been the Squire's grandfather's wedding-suit. And how snowy-white, and how neatly plaited is the single edge of his old dame's plain mob cap, surmounted by that little black poke bonnet, flounced with rusty lace, and secured upon her head, not by strings, but by two long black corking pins. That bit of black lace, of *real* lace, is a treasured remnant of what once trimmed her mistress's best cloak, when she herself was a blithe and buxom lass, in the days of her happy servitude; and the very cloak itself, once a rich mode silk of ample dimensions, now narrowed and curtailed to repair with many cunning engraftings, the ravages of time—the very cloak itself, with a scrap of the same lace frilled round the neck, is still worn on Sundays, through the Summer and Autumn, till early frosts and keener winds pierce through the thin old silk, and the good red hooded cloak is substituted in its stead. They have reached the church-yard wicket; they have passed through it now, and wherefore do they turn aside from the path, a few steps beyond it, and stop and look down upon that grassy hillock? It is no recent grave, the daisies are thickly matted on its green sod, and the heap itself has sunk to a level nearly even with the flat ground. The little head-stone is half-buried too, but you may read thereon the few words, the only ones ever engraven there—“William Moss, aged 22.” Few living now remember William Moss. Few at least think of him. The

playmates of his childhood, the companions of his youth, his brothers and sisters, pass weekly by his lonely grave, and none turn aside to look upon it, or to think of him who sleeps beneath. But in the hearts of his parents, the memory of their dead child is as fresh as their affections for their living children. He is not *dead to them*, though, eight-and-twenty years ago, they saw that turf heaped over his coffin—over the coffin of their eldest born. He is not dead to them, and every Sabbath-day they tarry a moment by his lowly grave, and even now, as they look thereon in silence, does not the heart of each parent whisper as if to the sleeper below,—“My son! we shall go to thee, though thou shalt not return to us.”

Look down yonder under those arching hawthorns! what mischief is confederating there, amongst those sunburnt, curly-pated boys, clustering together over the stile and about it, like a bunch of swarming bees? The confused sound of their voices is like the hum of a swarm too, and they are debating of grave and weighty matters; of nuts ripening in thick clusters down in Fairlee Copse, of trouts of prodigious magnitude leaping by the bridge below the Mill-head; of apples—and the young heads crowd closer together, and the buzzing voices sink to a whisper—“Of cherry-cheeked apples hanging just within reach of one who should climb upon the roof of the old shed, by the corner of the south wall of Squire Mills's orchard.” Ah Squire Mills! I would not give sixpence for all the apples you shall gather off that famous red-streak to-morrow. But who comes there across the field towards the stile? a very youthful couple—Sweethearts, one should guess, if it were not that they were so far asunder, and look as if they had not spoken a word to each other this half hour. Ah! they were not so far asunder before they turned out of the shady lane into that open field, in sight of all the folk gathering into the church-yard, and of those mischievous boys, one of whom is brother to that pretty Fanny Payne, whose downcast looks, and grave, sober walk, so far from the young miller, will not save her from running the gauntlet of their teasing jokes as she passes—and pass she must, through the knot of conspirators. Never mind it, Fanny Payne!

Put a good face on the matter, and above all, beware of knitting up that fair brow into anything like a frown, as you steal a passing glance at that provoking brother of yours; it will only bring down upon you a thicker shower of saucy jests.—See! see! that little old man, so old and shrivelled, and lean and wizen, and mummy coloured; he looks as if he had been embalmed and inhumed a century ago, and had just now walked out of his swathing bands, a specimen of the year one thousand seven hundred and ten. His periwig is so well plastered with flour and hog's lard, that its large sausage side curls look as durably consistent, as the "eternal buckles cut in Parian stone" that have immortalized Sir Cloudeley Shovel; and from behind dangles half-way down his back, a long taper pig-tail, wound round with black ribbon, the which, about half-way, is tied into an elegant rosette.—On the top of that same periwig is perched a diminutive cocked hat—with such a cock! so fierce! so triangular! the little squat crown so buried within its triple fortification! The like was never seen, save in the shape of those coloured sugar comfits called cock'd-hats, that are stuck up in long glasses in the confectioners' windows, to attract the eyes of poor longing urchins; and his face is triangular too, the exact centre of his forehead where it meets the periwig, being the apex thereof—his nose is triangular—his little red eyes are triangular—his person is altogether triangular, from the sloping narrow shoulders, to where it widens out, corresponding with the broad square fan-tail flaps of that green velveteen coat. He is a walking triangle! and he carries his cane behind him, holding it with both hands wide apart, exactly parallel with the square line of his coat-flaps. See! he is bustling up to join that small group of substantial farmers, amongst whom he is evidently a person of no small consequence; they think him, "as one should say, Sir Oracle," for he knows every fluctuation of stocks to a fraction—criticizes the minister's discourses—expounds the prophecies—explains all about the milleniums and the number of the beast—foretells changes of weather—knows something of physic and surgery—gives charms for the ague and rheumatiz—makes ink—mends pens, and writes a won-

derful fine hand, with such flourishes, that without taking his pen off the paper, he can represent the figures of Adam and Eve, in the involutions composing the initial capitals of their names! He is "Sir Oracle," and not the less so, because people do not exactly know what he has been, and where he comes from. Some think he has been a schoolmaster—others conjecture that he has been a doctor of some sort, or a schemer in mechanics, about which he talks very scientifically—or in the funds—or in some foreign commercial concern, for he has certainly lived long in foreign parts, and is often heard talking to his old grey parrot in some outlandish tongue, and the bird seems to understand it well, and replies in the same language.

There are not wanting some, who suspect that he has not been always in his perfect mind; but however that may be, he is perfectly harmless now, and has conducted himself unexceptionably ever since he came to settle in the village of Downe, ten years ago. In all that time he has never been known to receive within his dwelling any former friend or kinsman, and he has never stirred beyond the boundary of the parish, but to go once a-year to the banker's in the nearest town, to receive a small sum of money, for which he draws on a mercantile house in Lombard Street. He boards and lodges with a widow, who has a neat little cottage in the village, and he cultivates the finest polyanthus and auriculas in the flower-plot, of which she has yielded up the management to him, that were ever beheld in that neighbourhood. He is very fond of flowers, and dumb animals, and children; and also the children in the place love him, and the old white Pomeranian dog, blind of one eye, who follows his master everywhere except to church. Now, you know as much as I or any one knows of Master Jacob Marks, more, perhaps, than was worth telling, but I could not leave such an original subject half-sketch'd.—Behold that jolly-looking farmer and his family approaching up the green lane that leads from their habitation, that old substantial-looking farmhouse yonder, half embowered in its guardian elms.

They are a portly couple, the farmer and his wife! He, a hale, florid, fine-

looking man, on whose broad open brow time has scarcely imprinted a furrow, though it has changed to silky whiteness the raven hue of those locks, once so thickly clustered about his temples. There is a consciousness of wealth and prosperity, and of rural consequence, in his general aspect and deportment; but if he loves the good things of this world, and prides himself in possessing them, there is nothing in the expression of his countenance that bespeaks a selfish and narrow heart, or a covetous disposition. He looks willing to distribute of his abundance, and greetings of cordial goodwill, on both sides, are exchanged between the farmer and such of his labourers as fall into the same path, in their way to the church. Arm-in-arm with her spouse marches his portly helpmate, fat, florid, and, like himself, "redolent" of the good things of this world, corn, and wine, and oil, that sustaineth the heart of man, and maketh him of a cheerful countenance.

A comely and a stately dame is the lady of Farmer Buckwheat, when, as now, she paces by his side, resplendent in her Sunday-going garb, of ample and substantial materials, and all of the very best that can be bought for money. One can calculate the profits of the dairy and the bee-hives, the pin-money of the farmer's lady—not to mention his weightier accumulations—by the richness of that black satin cloak and bonnet, full trimmed with real lace, and by the multitudinous plaits of that respectable-looking snuff-coloured silk gown and coat.

It is true, her old-fashioned prejudices would have been in favour of a large double silk handkerchief, pinned neatly down, and a flowered chintz gown, drawn up through the pocket-holes over a white quilted petticoat; but the worthy dame has two fair daughters, and they have been brought up at a boarding-school, and they have half-coaxed, half-teazed their Ma'a out of such antiquated vulgar tastes, though even those pertinacious reformists have been obliged to concede the point of a pelisse in favour of the satin cloak. But when they have conceded one point, they have gained at least two. See, the old lady's short sleeves, neatly frilled just below the elbow, are elongated down to the wrists, and finished there by a fashionable cuff, out of which protrudes

the red, fat, fubby hand, with short dumpty fingers nubbed between, broad and turning up at the tips, looking as if they had been created on purpose to knead dough, press curds, and put up butter; and, lo! on the fore-finger of the right hand a great garnet ring set in silver, massy enough for the edge of a soup tureen. It is an heir-loom from some great-grandmother, who was somehow related to somebody who was first cousin to a "*Barrow-knight*," and was herself so very rich a lady—and so the misses have rummaged it out, and forced it down upon their Ma'a's poor dear fat finger, which sticks out as stiffly from the sensation of that unwonted compression, as if it were tied up and poulticed for a whitlow; and the poor lady, in spite of all hints and remonstrances, will walk with her gloves dangling in her hands, instead of on them; and altogether, the short pillowy arms cased up in those tight cearments, with both hands and all the fingers spread out as if in act to swim, look, for all the world, like the fins of a turtle, or the flaps of a frightened gosling. Poor worthy dame! but a sense of conscious grandeur supports her under the infliction of this fashionable penance. And then come the Misses Buckwheat, mincing delicately in the wake of their Pa'a and Ma'a, with artificial flowers in their Leghorn bonnets, sky-blue spencers, fawn-coloured boots, flounces up to their knees, a pink parasol in one hand, and a pocket-handkerchief dangling from the other; not neatly folded and carried with the handsome prayer-book in the pretty fashion that so well becomes that fair modest girl, their neighbour's daughter, whose profound ignorance of fashionable dress and manners is looked on as quite pitiable, "poor thing!" by the Misses Buckwheat. For what are *they* intended, I wonder! For farmers' wives? To strain milk, churn butter, fat pigs, feed poultry, weigh out cheeses, and cure bacon hogs? Good lack! They paint landscapes! and play on the piano! and dance quadrilles! and make bead purses! and keep Albums! and doat on Moore's Melodies and Lord Byron's poems! They are to be "tutor-esses," or companions, or—something or other—*very genteel*—*Ladies*, for certain, anyway. So they have settled themselves, and so the weak, doating mother fondly anticipates, though the

father talks as yet only of their prosperous establishment (all classes talk of establishing young ladies now,) as the wives of wealthy graziers, or substantial yeomen, or farmers, or thriving tradesmen. But he drinks his port wine, and follows the hounds. And then, bringing up the rear of the family procession, lounges on its future representative, its sole son and heir. And he is a smart buck, far too genteel to walk arm-in-arm with his sisters; so he saunters behind, cutting off the innocent heads of the dangling brier-roses, and the tender hazel shoots, with that little jemmy switch, where-with ever and anon he flaps the long-looped sides of his yellow topped boots; and his white hat is set knowingly on one side, and he wears a coloured silk handkerchief knotted loosely round his throat, and fastened down to the shirt bosom by a shining brooch,—and waist-coat of three colours, pink, blue, and buff,—a grass-green coat, with black velvet collar, and on his little finger, (the wash leather glove is off on that hand,) a Belcher ring as thick as the coil of a ship's cable. Well done, young Hopeful! That was a clever aim! There goes a whole shower of hazel-tops. What a pity your shearing ingenuity is not as active among the thistles in your father's fields! The family has reached the church-gate; they are entering now; and the farmer, as he passes through, vouchsafes a patronizing nod, and a good-humoured word or two, to that poor widow and her daughter, who stand aside holding the gate open for him, and dropping humble curtsies to every member of the family. The farmer gives them now and then a few days' work,—hoeing, weeding, or stoning, or, at hay or harvest time, on his broad acres; but his daughters wonder "Pa should demean himself so far as to nod familiarly to such poor objects." They draw up their chins, flirt their handkerchiefs, and pass on as stiff as poker. And last, in straggles Master Timothy—(He hates that name, by the by, and wishes his sponsors had favoured him with one that might have shortened buckishly into Frank, or Tom, or—*Tim* won't do, and his sisters scout the barbarous appellation, and have re-christened him "Alonzo." They would fain have bestowed on him the name of Madame Cottin's interesting Saracen, Malek Adhel, but it was

impossible to teach their mamma the proper pronunciation of that word, which she persisted in calling "Molly Coddle")—In straggles Timothy Alonzo, but he is even more condescending than his papa, and bestows a very tenderly expressive glance at the widow's daughter, as she drops her eyes, with her last and lowest curtsy to him.

Well, they are gone by, thank Heaven! and the poor woman and her child follow at humble distance to their Master's house.—They will not always be abused there. The widow Maythorn and her daughter Rachel are a very poor, but a very happy pair. Her daughter is sickly and delicate, and folks say, in our country phrase, "hardly so sharp as she should be," but she has sense enough to be a dutiful child, to suffer meekly, to hope humbly, to believe steadfastly.—What profiteth other knowledge? The mother and daughter possess a little cottage, a bit of garden, and a cow that picks its scanty pasture on the waste. They work hard, they want often, but they contrive to live, and are content. The widow Maythorn and her daughter are a happy pair!—Yonder, winding slowly up that shady green lane, come the inmates of the parish work-house—the in-door poor. First, the master, a respectable-looking middle-aged man, with somewhat of pompous sternness in his deportment; but there is nothing hard or cruel in the expression of his eye, as ever and anon he looks back along the line of paupers, of all ages and sexes, so decently marshalled under his command. On the contrary, he hangs back, to speak a few words of hearty encouragement to that weary old man, who totters along so feebly on his crutches, under the burden of his fourscore years of toil and trouble, and the increasing load of his bodily infirmities. And the grateful look of old Matthew, and his cheerful, "Lord love ye, master!" are eloquent vouchers, that for once, the man "armed with a little brief authority" abuseth not his trust. The mistress has less dignity, but more severity of aspect, as her sharp, quick glance runs back often and suspiciously along the line of females—and she calls them peremptorily to order, if their voices are heard too voluble; and she rebukes the straggling children, and denounces exemplary vengeance against those two detected urchins in particular—de-

tected in the misdemeanor of skulking behind to pull those tempting clusters of almost ripe nuts, that peep so invitingly from the high hazel hedge. But her denunciations are not listened to, it should appear, with any very vehement demonstrations of dread. I believe o' my conscience, "her bark is waur than her bite;" and that half her terrors lie in that long, sharp, bowsprit nose, those little red gimblet eyes, and in the sound of a voice, shrill, cracked, and squeaking like the tone of a penny trumpet. Very neat, decent, and respectable is the appearance of the long line of parish poor. They are all comfortably clad in whole and clean apparel; and even that poor idiot, who brings up the rear, straggling in and out of the file of children,—who can restrain his vagaries? Even he is clothed in good grey woollen, and a whole new hat, in lieu of the scarlet tatters, and old battered soldier's helmet, with its ragged red and white feather, in which he delights to decorate his poor little deformed figure on week-days, calling himself corporal, captain, general, or drum-major, as the whim of the moment rules his wayward fancy,—each grade, as he assumes it, the most honourable in his estimation. They are passed on, all of them—men, women, and children—the two culprits still lagging in the rear—I wager they have another pluck at the forbidden fruit, on their way back to the work-house.

More children still! marshalled in double files—boys and girls, three scores at least; each sex uniformly clad; the master and mistress leading the van of their respective divisions.—That is the subscription charity school, and the children have just donned their new clothing, and—do but see! poor urchins! what hogs in armour some of them look like? good clothing it is—warm and decent, and of durable material;—thick grey frieze for the boys, with dark blue worsted hose, and black beaver hats—*black* hats at least; and for the girls, grogram gowns, and wild-boar petticoats—(reader, did you ever hear of such materials?) and stiff enough they are, Heaven knows; and as the things are all sent down ready made from a London warehouse, they are of necessity pretty much of the same size, as having the better chance to *fit*, or, at all events, to *do* for all. So you shall see

a poor little boy muffled up in a coat that looks like his grandfather's great-coat, the flaps of which dangle almost to the ground; the collar is turned half way down his back, or it would mount up so high as to bury his head, which is indeed already buried, under a hat, the brim of which rests upon his shoulders and the bridge of his nose; and when he hangs down his arms, you cannot see so much as the tip of his fingers peeping from within those long enormous sleeves. To complete the picture of comfort, he skuffs along in a pair of shoes, the stiff upper leathers of which reach up to the middle of his shins, and the poor little legs stick in them like two chumpers in a couple of butter churns. Altogether he looks like a dangling scarecrow set up in a corn-field.

But then, the little muffled man presents a fine contrast to his alongside mate. His long-tailed coat makes him a short jacket. His arms are squeezed through the sleeves, to be sure, but then they stick out like wooden pins on either side, with excessive tightness; and there, see, dangles half a yard of red, lean wrist, and all the blood in his body seems forced down into those great blue bony knuckles. It was a good hearty thump, certes, that jammed down that stiff skimming-dish of a hat, even to where it now reaches on his unlucky pate. The great flat *unhemmed* red ears stick out from under it, like two red cabbage leaves; and for his shoes!—The blacksmith would have shod him better, and have inflicted less pain in the operation; for, see! his feet are doubled up in them, into the form of hoofs, and he hobbles along, (poor knave!) like a cat in pattens, or as if the smooth green lane were paved with red-hod flints. And the girls are not much better off; some draggle long trains after them, and have waists down to their hips; and others are well-nigh kilted; and that long lanky girl there, Jenny Andrews, would reveal far more than a decent proportion of those *heron* legs of hers, were it not that she has ingeniously contrived to tie the wild-boar petticoat a reef below the grogram gown, thereby supplying the deficiencies of the latter. Well! they are all new clothed, however—spick and span—and all very proud of being so, even he of the crumpled-up toes, who will soon poke his way

through those leathern fetters, and in the meantime, limps along in contented misery. "New clothes!" thinks he—"Good clothes! handsome clothes!" thinks Madam Buckwheat.—"Fine clothes! fashionable clothes!" think the Misses Buckwheat.—"Brave clothes! pretty clothes!" thinks the poor idiot, when Monday comes, and he is allowed to resume his old scarlet tatters. All are puffed up with the self-same species of conceit, variously modified, and so are many greater, and many finer folks than they—ay, and many wiser ones too—many more talented. Witness Goldsmith, in his peach-blossom coat, and Johnson, (who ridiculed the poor poet's puerile vanity,) in his gala suit of fine brown broad-cloth. One spread his tail like a peacock, and strutted about to show off its gaudy colours; the other, arrayed like the bird of wisdom, in grave and sombre plumage, was equally proud of the dignity it conferred, and oraculously opined, that a gentleman was twice a gentleman in a full dress suit. Vanity! vanity! thou universal leaven! from what human heart art thou absolutely excluded?

Hark! the trampling of horses, and the sound of wheels. The Squire's carriage sweeps round the corner of the churchyard. He and his family arrive thus early, that the horses may be stabled in that long low shed, appropriated for the purpose, and the servants ready to enter the church at the same time with their master, and to partake with him of the benefit and comfort of the confession and absolution. Some people seem to consider those parts of the service as a mere prelude,—a sort of overture as hack-nied, and about as solemn, as that to Lodoiska; and if they reach their pews by the time they are half over, it is well. As for the servants; what can it signify to them? There alights another carriage load—and another—and another—and the comers in a car,

and in two tax-carts, and on sundry steeds; and there the patrician party is congregating together round the great east door; and there stands the clerk, with hat in hand, peering down the vicarage-lane, under the pent-house of his other shading hand, for the first glimpse of the minister. Now! he describes the white face of the old roan mare. Another look, to be sure; it is indeed that sober-footed palfrey, bearing her reverend burthen; and then he turns hastily into the bell-fry; and immediately the cracked chimes subside into a few quick single strokes, announcing the near approach of the clergyman, and the speedy commencement of divine service. That fine ruddy lad, with the white smock-frock, has been immoveably posted at the churchyard wicket for the last half hour. His patience will accomplish its purpose; he is the first to start forward, (hat in hand, and smoothing down his glossy yellow hair,) to receive the bridle of the old man, which the vicar resigns into the hand of careful Will, with the usual charges, and a smile, and a few words of kind notice. The minister has passed into the vestry; the clerk has followed him; a few more strokes, and the bell ceases; a few more seconds, and the churchyard is left to its lonely silence, and to its quiet occupants; and the living are gathered together within those sacred walls, to hear the words of eternal life, on the surety whereof, the sleepers without (with whom they must one day lie down in the dust) have been committed to their narrow beds "in sure and certain hope."

But my discourse purported to be of Churchyards only; and I have rambled from the text. No matter; I am come (as we all must) to the churchyard at last, and my next Chapter shall be of "graves, and stones, and epitaphs."

C.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XVII.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

On the Last Westminster Review.

DEAR NORTH,

Have you room for two or three pages upon the "Westminster Review?" You need not be afraid that by reviewing it you are advertising it, for it really is a book of pith, which *must* be read, as expressing the opinion of the most blood-thirsty and dangerous crew of political speculators in England. The Edinburgh is utterly dished by it. We gave it its knock-down blow,—this new-comer has given it the *coup-de-grace*.

Here, then, in its third number, we have the opinion of the Radicals as to the prosecutions of the Blasphemers, and, strange as it may sound, it thoroughly coincides with mine, pink of Toryism as I am. Our grounds of condemning these prosecutions are different, but the reviewer *does* condemn them, and so do I; he, because he thinks that these writers, if let loose, and safe from the vengeance of offended laws, would overthrow the religion which it is evident he hates; I, because I know that there is no need of putting down the wretches by any means but the pen. I am no more afraid of the Deists or Atheists than I was of the Whigs, at a time when there was some semblance of talent observable among them, for I felt confident that we could write them down, *as we did*, and now I have the same confidence that we could *squabash* the infidels by the same weapon. There is, I admit, some truth in what this hater of religion says in his article—

"Let the abettors of these prosecutions look, for a moment, at the *prima facie* case which they are creating against Christianity. The history of all ages and nations shews, that man is a religious animal, and will generally have a religion of some sort or other; Christianity is allowed, even by its enemies, to be one of the best systems of religion, if not the most excellent; it descends to the present generation from their forefathers, and the rising generation is educated in its faith; it has been, and is, professed by the most excellent men, defended by the most learned, and recommended by the most eloquent; we have an established clergy of about 18,000 educated men, for its defence, and a dissenting ministry of about 8000 more, who

have, thus far, a common cause; our public seminaries are universally Christian; independently of the conditions attached to filling public offices, the state of opinion is such as to render avowed, or even suspected unbelief, anything but favourable to a man's progress in society: religious periodical publications are sent forth in immense numbers, the sale of the Evangelical and Methodist Magazines is upwards of twenty thousand each, monthly; and they can scarcely be more than a moiety of the whole: and we have Bible, Tract, and Prayer-book Societies, whose annual distribution is, literally, reckoned by tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, and millions; it may be mentioned as a sample, that in the year of Carlile's trials, the Religious Tract Society added a million and a half of tracts to its issue, which was four millions in the preceding year; the average revenue of this Society is about L.9000—that of the Christian Knowledge Society, above L.50,000—and that of the Bible Society, about L.100,000. Now, if religion with all this extensive aid, all these immense advantages in addition to its proper evidence, cannot stand its ground without prosecutions for its support, we hesitate not to say, that it ought to fall. Were it the grossest imposture that ever existed, here is force enough to enable it to fight a long and hard battle with truth and common sense. If with these fearful odds, there be the slightest occasion for penalty and imprisonment to secure its ascendancy, falsehood may be at once branded on its front. Those who contend for their inflection are the real missionaries of Infidelity, and by far its most successful propagators."

I, of course, do not admit the validity of all the conclusions here adopted, and am not at all deceived as to the real feelings of their author, who, it is evident from his very tone, believes that Christianity *is* at war with "truth and common sense," (meaning, possibly, Tom Paine's or Sir Richard Phillips's common sense, in which case I should agree with him,)—that "falsehood *is* branded on its front," and that it "ought to fall." But I think with him, that a religion, defended as it is by the most learned and most eloquent men, (he might have added, by the mightiest geniuses and the most profound thinkers that ever adorned the surface of the earth,) does not stand in any danger from the

efforts of the poor, malignant, and stupid creatures, who are now attacking it, and that it can support itself, *ponderibus librata suis*, without calling in the assistance of Newman, Knollys, or that eminent Christian Thomas Denman.

I beg leave, however, to put in what the logicians of the schools would call a *distinguo*. When the Westminster reviewer takes up any other ground of objection to the prosecution of the infidels than those of their utter inefficacy against Christianity, and the immeasurably superior powers of their antagonists, he and I part company. I cannot follow him through his special pleading, as to the limits of free and fair discussion on theological points. He argues, that an unlimited range of language be allowed to those who address the Bench in defence of their blasphemies, and reasons, with what he no doubt deems irresistible conviction, against the absurdity of endeavouring to set bounds, either in speech or printing, to the decorousness or indecorousness of language. I shall answer him by an argument of his own. When he comes, in the course of his oration, to the case of Carlile, he laments the severity of the sentences against him. For the quantum of punishment inflicted on him, he says that Carlile might have revelled in crime; and the very first crime specified by the reviewer is, in his own words, that "He (C.) might have debauched half the ladies' boarding-schools in London by the introduction of obscene pictures." Now, Mr Reviewer, on your own principles, may I ask you, where is the crime there? I shall follow your own argument to the letter. We all know that the topics which form the subject of the infamous things you mention, are all to be found treated of copiously and minutely, nay, even, to a great extent, engraved in books of medicine, surgery, physiology, pathology, &c. &c. We know, moreover, that the scenes they describe all exist in nature. Where, then, is the offence of transferring to copper or canvass that which is made matter of grave discussion by some of the most virtuous and

thoughtful men in the world? "If the proposition, that *unchastity exists*, may be legally conveyed to the mind, what can be more absurd than to say, that to express that proposition by certain undefined and undefinable selections of *painted figures* shall constitute a crime."*

Depend upon it, Mr Philosopher, you will not get out of that dilemma. Your defence of blasphemy cannot co-exist with your objection to obscenity. I know that you can answer by saying, that these studies (medicine, &c.) do not corrupt, and that your sole objection arises from the filthy pictures (which, by the way, are sold by the same class of booksellers as the venders of blasphemous productions) being made use of for the purposes of corruption. Your answer shall not avail you a fig's end. Do you think that you or I could be corrupted by looking over all the productions of Julio Romano? Of course, not. But girls may be so corrupted, will be rejoined. And why? Because their want of knowledge, or the more inflammable nature of their passions, expose them to that danger from which we are free. If that be your answer, Mr Philosopher, and I protest I can see no other, your cause is given up. What you say of girls, I say of the mob. As medical disquisitions on any subject whatever could not, in any degree, corrupt the mind of a woman capable of studying and comprehending them, while foul appeals to the coarser elements of passion might produce that result in the minds of the inexperienced,—so say I, while discussions addressed to the upper orders, or the educated, on any point of theology, can have no bad effect, blasphemies and ribald affronts to sacred things and sacred names, would decidedly loosen the habitual reverence for such things in the minds of those who have neither the education nor the abilities for comprehending arguments of a higher mood. There is no use in saying anything more about it. *Whatever defence can be set up for the vender or utterer of mere blasphemy, can be set up for the utterers of indecent pictures.*

* See Westminster Review, p. 17.—"If the proposition that *Christianity is untrue*, may be legally conveyed to the mind, what can be more absurd than to say, that to express that proposition by certain indefinite and undefinable selections of *terms*, shall constitute a crime?" I have marked in italics the words altered. The argument is the same.

I trust my antagonist is too much of a philosopher to shrink from his own premises. Besides, is there not something *illiberal* (is not that the word?) in objecting to obscenity.

As I said before, and I cannot repeat it too often, there is no argument against prosecuting blasphemers, but one, which I do not scout. That one, I own, is to me conclusive; they give an importance to creatures that otherwise would be thoroughly despicable. Nothing can be more contemptible than the new brood of plebeian deists. Carlile and his crew are ignorant even of the strength of their own question. With them, Paine is looked on as the most eminent of the opposers of Christianity, when everybody else, everybody who has read his books, well knows that he was decidedly uninformed on almost every topic he handled. A more paltry work than the Age of Reason does not exist. Watson of Llandaff, Whig as he was, utterly put it down in all particulars, beyond the hope of reply. The Westminster reviewer remarks, (p. 11, *prop. fin.*) that the educated classes have totally withdrawn from the banners of Deism, giving, as usual with his party, a false reason for it—and none remains but the mere draff and filth of the smatterers. Carlile's own attempts at writing are helplessness itself. Our reviewer here notices as a bad effect of prosecutions, (p. 14,) that this poor dolt has been by them converted from Deism to Atheism; as if it were matter of the slightest moment, what were the opinions of a man who cannot write three sentences of plain English, or connect together two propositions of an argument.

As I have mentioned Carlile personally, I may as well notice a sentence of the review about him. "This man's moral character, be it remembered, is wholly unimpeached. A public scrutiny of it has been dared, and no doubt private ones have taken place." (p. 23.) O! Mr North, what think ye of that? Because nobody has thought it worth his while to expose Carlile's private history, or because, as you and I well know, any exposition of the private life of Whig people, in any of the phases of Whiggery, is open to be proceeded against by *information*, as in the case of the late Queen, where no justification is allowed you, we are to suppose the private charac-

ter is unimpeachable! I must say, that the very way in which Carlile and his associates make their livelihood, affords a *prima facie* case against their morality. We are told in this review, that their opposition to the Established Religion of the country, is similar to that exerted by the Apostles against Paganism—and the reformers against Popery. (p. 7.) Does the man who writes this believe what he says? If he does, he has a lamentable obliquity of intellect. When Saint Paul attacked the rubbish of Heathenism—when Martin Luther denounced the corruptions of the Church of Rome—they had no design of making money by it. They did not calculate that the passions of those they addressed would afford them a revenue. They opened no shops in the Fleet Streets of their respective residences, where, by puff and placard, and advertisement, and by all the meretricious tricks of bookselling, (enumerated at p. 13 of the Review,) they could throw off thousands of volumes per annum. In short, there is no trace of filthy lucre about *them*; about Carlile and Benbow, (who has been just convicted of publishing an obscene libel,) there is the trace of nothing else—and I wish for the discontinuance of the prosecutions, principally to put down this foul traffic, as I am sure it would do. In the present temper of the people, they would not otherwise be heard of.

I have written so diffusely on the first article of the Westminster, that I must gallop over the rest *ourrente calamo*. The second article, on War Expenditure, is written in the jargon of the new political economy, which I therefore leave to the proper authorities; and the third, on Cowper's Correspondence, is a common-place concern, not worth talking about.

The next article, which is rather quaintly entitled the Use of the Dead to the Living, is, on the whole, a clever paper; shewing the danger and the absurdity of the prejudices against exhumating bodies for the purpose of dissection. It is well worth reading; but perhaps it would be better to let the subject sink *sub silentio*. You never will argue away the prejudices against the practice, and the best way is to permit it to be done by connivance. In the course of my life, I have observed frequent ebullitions of popular feeling against exhumation, and as

frequent lapses of forgetfulness, when it is not called forth by discussion against it, or for it. I do not think the remedy here proposed the best. I should recommend that the punishment against robbers of the dead should be considerably mitigated—Say commuted to an imprisonment of not more than two years, or less than one calendar month, and inflicted as rarely and as reluctantly as possible, always, of course, in the smallest quantity. The existence of a punishment against it would satisfy the mob, whom this reviewer does not hold in as high reverence as his brethren do, and its slightness and facility of evasion would ensure plenty of subjects. Let me extract one sentence from this paper, for I fear that there is some truth in it.

“The Medical School of Edinburgh, in fact, is now subsisting entirely on its past reputation; in the course of a few years it will entirely be at an end, unless the system be changed.”

This should be looked to. Dublin is rising on us, a fact which should call forth, not our jealousy, but our emulation. I hope we shall be able to keep undimmed the ancient and well-won glories of the Northern Hive of M.D.’s.

We have next an Essay on Charitable Institutions, written in the peculiar vein of cold-blooded atrocity which characterizes this school of reasoners. It is laid down here flatly, that population is the evil of this country, and that “encouraging procreation,” (the actual infamous words of the reviewer,) is the great crime of several almost godlike charities. Lying-in hospitals, are the object of his peculiar wrath. I shall quote his words. “If there were no such receptacles, women would then be left to their own prudence, and might, perhaps, reflect upon the inconveniences that necessarily attend a state of pregnancy, and guard against them beforehand.” (P. 114.) So, to please a puppy theory, women are to be suffered to perish in the streets. He is graciously pleased to say something in behalf of hospitals for accidental wounds, because these evils cannot be foreseen. And does the unmanly wretch imagine that women get into the “inconveniences that attend pregnancy,” because they foresee that there is a lying-in hospital, in which they may be

attended to? I certainly shall not waste any time defending such institutions against this unnatural writer, but I shall use all my exertions to find out his name and *his habits*. When I do so, the public shall not be long without a commentary on both. He is, I warrant, of the same class as that tailorly creature, who sat down in cold blood to devise a method for procuring abortion, or something worse, which I dare not describe; and who declared publicly, that it would be a good deed to kill all the children born in the next twelvemonth—a project, the only objection to which was, the fear of a milk-fever among the women! There is no need, I should hope, of arguing against such beasts as these. Let them philosophize in their own dirty coteries. They cannot contaminate the public.

The Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans afford the materials for an article to abuse the ancient regime of France, of which the worst part, at the worst period, is here depicted in the most glowing colours. It is a kind of defence of the necessity of the Revolution. The whole argument is a mere sophism. These irregularities, for in very few cases did they amount to state crimes, were all capable of correction, and *were* corrected by that very king and queen whose heads were cut off. At all events, it does not follow, that because the ladies of the Regent’s court were strumpets, 16,171 people should be guillotined in a year in Paris for nothing. Murder, however, was committed, and that is all these reviewers require. It is, *therefore*, a glorious Revolution. Let me say, that bad as the French court was, there is no reason for believing it so bad as here depicted, for the Duchess was not very charitable in her commentaries, and evidently, in many instances, wrote through mere spite. The errors of the wretched translator picked up by Whittaker, are very fairly exposed in this review.

Greece, and its popular poetry, form the subject of the next article, and Lord Byron in Greece, the last. The former is no great affair. The latter is curious, on account of containing some particulars of his lordship’s death, extracted from his correspondence. He and the Greek cause obtain vast laudation. I hardly think so highly of either, but let it pass.

You must allow me, however, to laugh at the last sentences,—“The Greeks will not despair, when they think how great a sacrifice has been made for them,” &c. when we know from this very article that they almost murdered him, and that there is every reason to believe that he died from what his admirers may call anxiety of mind, and what the lovers of plain English have been in the habit of calling fright.

The review of Travels in the United States is shabby trash. It happens most unluckily, that this very moment the North American Review has appeared in this country, shewing up the total and wretched ignorance of a fellow of the name of Hodgson, who is here the subject of all kinds of praise, for his accurate knowledge of America. The same Review ruthlessly exposes the nonsense of Jerry Bentham's people, in their extolment of what they think is the mode of doing business in the United States. The clew to the praise is easily discoverable. Truth or falsehood was never an object of solicitude with such people. They only wished to slander their own country, and cared not a farthing how it was done.

We have next a review of—Red-gauntlet! “It is the established custom of critics to commence all notices of the Scotch Novels with some wonderment, touching the prolific powers of the author.” Heaven help the blockhead! The established custom of critics! Much do people care about the critiques on the Waverley Novels. They well know they are poor hacks who scribble at so much a-sheet, showing *their* opinions on the productions of the first writer of the age. Who cares a blackberry about them? This particular ass finds, among other things, that Nanty Ewart is not worthy of a passing notice, and that Wandering Willie's tale is a Sicilian story! God pity him.

“Newspapers,” is a panegyric on the gentlemen of the press, with a special praise of Mr Walter and other heroes of that stamp. John Bull is vehemently abused in it, *en passant*. The prin-

cipal charge against John is, that he described the late Lady Wrottesley as a woman of unchaste life, *because* she was a sister of Mr G. Bennet. Well did this writer know that he was writing a falsehood. An effort was made to get up a dress circle for the late Queen, and John was employed in proving that the families who were busy in this effort were no better than they should be. The most stinging part of the libel, though not actually so declared, was the song. (I quote from memory.)

“Next the illustrious household of Tankerville

Came in a body their homage to pay—
They, who themselves are annoyed by a
canker vile,

Joy to find others as faulty as they.

So, therefore, there came on

The ci-devant Grammont,

And —— as Ammon,

Her eloquent spouse,” &c. &c.

For this sin, John was proceeded against by *information*—the Whig way, you know, of defending character—and amply punished. It is ill policy to stir that business again. Lady Wrottesley was, no doubt, a very excellent woman, but John Bull was not the inventor of the anecdote about her. I am afraid to say anything more.

The Danciad, a silly poem, by a London dancing-master of the name of Wilson, is here attributed to Professor Wilson, as the ground-work of a dull joke. The writer is evidently actuated by some low spite against that eminent man, and goes as far to indulge it as he dares. I wonder Mr Baldwin, who owns this Review, did not recollect that he formerly had another editor in his wages, who began the same slanderous trade. If he remembered it, he would, I think, have paused a little before he made room for another of the same unfortunate gang to yelp to the same tunc. But, as Hogg says, the whole effort at jesting is “a' havers.”

With which word now, I conclude. I am, dear North, yours, &c.

T. T.

Southside, August 15.

P. S.—The small text is not worth notice. The ignorance of one of the crack men of the Edinburgh is, however, pretty well exposed in a review of of Bentley's Hindu Astronomy.

MAGALOTTI ON THE SCOTCH SCHOOL OF METAPHYSICS.*

RECOLLECTING that the Emperor of Austria observed some months since to Rosconi, the learned Professor of Anatomy at Pavia—who begged of him some patent in remuneration for a discovery—that he did not like innovation even in anatomy, the present little volume as much surprised us, springing from Padua, as a sturdy little oak-plant would have done, rearing itself beneath the shelter of the Upas. It is pleasing to find that philosophical research is not all extinct in the University of Galileo; whence, however, for many years, nothing learned has issued, save a dull *German Journal* of petty and pretended discoveries in the sciences, a new reading in philology, and accounts of some coin, or helm, or relic of antiquity dug up amidst the ruins of the city of Antenor.

It must be a man of more than ordinary genius, who can step forward from the back-ground of a country, at least two centuries of civilization in arrear, and assume his place confidently amidst the philosophers of more liberal climes. The mere attainment of books is a matter of enormous difficulty, in the *ci-devant* Venetian States especially; a train of argument, if not treasonable, brings down upon the reasoner the utmost vigilance of the police; and, all these difficulties surmounted, where is the audience, where the readers, even in Padua, to whom such disquisitions could be addressed, with any prospect of their being understood? But if Italy be subdivided and parcelled out between different rulers, she has a common bond in language, and the Paduan Professor, who can find no disciples in his own university, may hope to be read by the enlightened and unpersecuted literati of Florence, and by the solitary sages who meditate in secret in the princely hermitages of Rome and Naples. Such may be the hope of Professor Magalotti, or perhaps it is his desire to visit happier countries, and he employs this intellectual mode of making himself feared and banished, much in the same way that here an unfortunate vagabond picks a pocket, in order to get

himself comfortably transported. The comparison may seem injurious to the philosopher, but it expresses the truth of what has been put in practice by more than one learned Italian.

Signor Magalotti commences his essay with some general remarks on the state of philosophy at the present time, (a date which, with us, may answer to about thirty years since;) and while he allows all the praise of subtlety and acumen to the British followers of Locke, "*gli antagoniste di Locke non essendo altri che i suoi seguaci,*" he accuses them of having lost sight of the true end of mental inquiry, of having mis-spent their powers and time in idle quarrels and differences, "which arose merely either from their neglect or inability to define what they meant either by *existence* or *idea*;" and, finally, that even when their exertions took the forward path of invention, they were still employed but "in the shell, or the mask of the spiritual object of philosophy."

"A system," says he, "which avowedly has had its origin in the wish to obviate the pernicious conclusions of another system, is one which, however it may perform its proper object of refutation, can never, at the same time, establish a just one in the place of that which it has destroyed. The view, the end of the philosopher, has necessarily been sinister from the beginning, with one eye bent on his antagonist, the other on the truth; and little is to be hoped from intentions so distracted;" &c.

"But," continues he, "the worshipful (*colendissimo*) Doctor Reid has not even attained the solitary end of refutation; for all the conclusions of his countrymen, Berkely and Hume, as to the non-existence of matter and spirit, can be argued as well from his more ideal system as from Locke's ideal,—from Reid's *impressions*, as from Locke's *ideas*. Nay, more—Reid leaves the existence of external objects resting even upon a less solid proof than that left by his sceptical antagonists. For they argued but to the possibility of its non-existence, whereas, he says

* Salla Scuola Scozzese di Metafisica, Parte prima. Opera di Giambattista Magalotti. Padova, 1824.

its existence is *suggested* to us. Where's the difference? 'Tis true, he proceeds to invest this *suggestion* with the dignity and force of being a primary law of nature—a supposition which any man's sense will reject, without my taking the trouble to disprove it eminently from the system of the Scotch philosopher himself.

“The existence or non-existence of the objects that surround us, is a question which we may safely leave at issue, permitting the rejectors of common sense and the gospel to choose the sceptic side, if they please. The possibility of non-existence must remain while man retains the power of imagination; but the proof of the contrary must ever be confined to the improbability—the argument advanced by Descartes, that it is beneath the Almighty to deceive us. To this old and neglected proof must we recur at last, after the vain labours of the many renowned philosophers that have agitated the question.”

After an eloquent introduction, in which Professor Magalotti asserts, that the German psychologists have taken a path more astray, though with a nobler and juster intention than the British *grammarians*,—for such is the expression, and if we recall old phraseology, not injurious appellation, by which he distinguishes our metaphysicians—he proceeds to examine the British and Scotch school of philosophy, previous to his entering upon that of the Germans, “it being wise,” says he, “to observe the surface of a country, and to cull the various fruits which it brings forth, ere we attempt to sink mines into the earth, and search for the metallic treasures which lie buried in its depths.”

It would trespass by far too largely on our limits, to quote at length his examination of the “*Sistema negativa*,” as he calls it, of Dr Reid; we can merely give a few hints, from which the reader interested in these matters may judge of the scope and arguments of the Paduan philosopher. He begins with an examination of the word *idea*. “Since Dr Reid has not defined this subtle little enemy, whose annihilation he meditated, I, as one of his opponents, would give him or his followers too great an advantage by stepping forward to define it; suffice it for me, if there be any *ens*, material or spiri-

tual, whose existence will produce the same conclusions which have been drawn from *ideas*.” That there is, he proceeds to shew.

“In actual impressions, or in passive memory, it is impossible to distinguish an idea from an impression; but in active, self-exerted memory, in what Mr Stewart calls *conception*, it is absurd to uphold, that the objects of our thoughts are impressions or sensations. In the dark, dreaming, what has the retina or its sensations to do with the many and glorious visions which stand so palpably before our mental vision? That there are ideas of the light at least—I can but appeal to any reflecting man—is it not absurd to deny? But let me take Dr Reid's own confession, his own words, and shew how therein is involved the existence of ideas of this sense at least. He talks in one place, of objects being painted on the retina—of the optic nerve taking up these paintings or impressions, and flashing them upon the mind. This flash is *idea* sufficient for my purpose; and, indeed, this leads to what I think the most philosophical definition of a sensible idea, *i. e.* the *point of junction between matter and mind*. That it partakes of both essences, is likely, but not to the purpose.”

Signor Magalotti having thus, as he imagines, proved that there do exist ideas of sight, opens his system further by dividing the senses into dependent and independent. The dependent ones, *i. e.* the touch, taste, and smell, are but impressions, and furnish no ideas. They may be perceived, and passively remembered, that is, when experienced the second time, they are recognized; but objects of active memory they cannot be. Ideas are the objects of active memory, and these senses afford more. “Who,” says the author, “if he reflects, can believe himself capable of recalling the idea of a smell, of a taste, or of a particular kind of touch? He may recall such sensations by the help of visionary objects to which they were attached; but it is only the visual peach or violet he can recall, and then pass to the odour,—the odour alone the recollection can by no means grasp.” “Here,” continues he, “is the true refutation of the sceptical arguments of Berkely and Hume; their reasonings apply but to the fallacious sense of vision, of which these are ideas.

But touch has none; and it is by touch alone that we are convinced of the existence of matter."

The Professor's arguments with respect to *hearing*, although, perhaps, they are more ingenious and new than any others which he has broached, are still extremely meagre; so much so, that we are quite at a loss to conclude whether he is for or against the existence of ideas of this sense.

"The ear, but for its close connexion with the organ of speech, would be evidently but a dependent sense. It possesses faint reflections and echoes of sounds, especially of words, which one would be inclined to characterize as ideas, if they were not rather remembrances of articulation, independent altogether of hearing. Words, nay, whole paragraphs, flit in our memory without being at all repeated: they are, I think, remembrances of articulation, though undoubtedly extremely difficult to distinguish from the memory of objects of hearing."

"Seeing and hearing, then, are the two independent senses: the eye supplied by the faculty of imagination, the ear supplied by the organ of speech, afford the objects of sensible memory. Of spiritual perception or thought, in other words, the conversing of the mind with what are oddly called *ideas of reflection*,—with this part of the phenomena of mind, British philosophers have been, and are, quite in the dark. They are worse than ignorant of this, the worthiest portion of metaphysical science, inasmuch as all their opinions on the subject are founded on analogies with sensations, into which, in spite of their affected vigilance, they all fall headlong," &c.—
"There cannot be a more remarkable

instance of this than in the book of Professor Stewart,* which commences with such acute and philosophical distinction being established between matter and mind, between sensation and reflection. No sooner, however, has the Professor passed the limits of his first chapter, than he falls himself egregiously into the very analogical blunders that he at first so justly censures. In *abstraction*, a subject to which he devotes a considerable chapter, what can be more inconsonant and unphilosophical than to designate, by this one term, the very different operations by which the mind arrives at general terms in material objects, and at general terms in spiritual? In material objects, every universal or general is made up of particulars, *i. e.* is really abstracted; not so in spiritual objects; there every general is included in every particular. It is absurd to apply the term *abstraction* to ideas of reflection; and it is the grossest instance of that abuse of analogy, so denounced, and yet practised, by the Professor."

The Paduan's temper seems, for some reason or other, to rise when he speaks of Dugald Stewart,—whether it is that reverence for the dead checks any harshness towards the other objects of his remarks and animadversions, or that he has some particular pique against our distinguished countryman, with whose writings, indeed, he seems but partially acquainted. The only volume he knows, he characterizes with force, and not without some justice, as "*ingeniosa assai, anche eloquente, ma molto diluta.*" With this *tranchante* opinion Signor Magalotti concludes his Essay, and we our notice of it.

* Signor Magalotti seems as yet ignorant of the existence of the second volume of Stewart's Elements of Philosophy; nor do the writings of Brown seem to have reached his country, the modern Thule of literature. So much is moral geography reversed.

BALLAD.

“ She is not dead—She has no grave,
 But lives beneath Lough Corrib’s water,
 And in the murmur of each wave,
 Methinks I catch the song I taught her !”

Thus many an hour on Corrib’s shore,
 Sat Cormac, raving wild and lonely ;
 Still idly muttering o’er and o’er,
 “ She lives, detained by spells unholy !”

“ Death claims her not, too fair for earth,
 Her spirit lives, alien of Heaven,
 Nor will it know a second birth,
 When sinful mortals are forgiven !

“ Cold is this rock, the wind comes chill,
 Dense mists the gloomy waters cover,
 But, oh, her soul is darker still,
 To lose her God—to leave her lover !”

The lake was in profound repose,
 Yet *one* white wave came gently curling,
 And as it reach’d the shore, arose
 Dim figures—banners gay unfurling.

Onward they move, an airy crowd,
 Through each thin form a moon-light ray shone,
 While spear and helin, in pageant proud,
 Appear in liquid undulation !

Bright barbed steeds, curvetting, tread
 Their trackless way with antic capers ;
 And certain clouds hang over head,
 Festoon’d by rainbow-colour’d vapours.

And when a breath of air would stir,
 That drapery of Heaven’s own wreathing,
 Light wings of prisms gossamer,
 Just moved and sparkled to the breathing !

Nor wanting was the choral song,
 Swelling in silvery chimes of sweetness,
 To sounds of which this subtle thing,
 Advanced in playful grace and fleetness !

With music’s strain all came and went,
 Upon poor Cormac’s doubting vision,
 Now rising in wild merriment,
 Now softly fading in derision !

“ Christ save her soul !” he boldly cried,
 And when that blessed name was spoken,
 Fierce yells and fiendish shrieks replied,
 And vanish’d all—the spell was broken.

And now on Corrib’s lonely shore,
 Freed by his word from power of Faëry,
 To life, to love restored once more,
 Young Cormac welcomes back his Mary.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XVI.

XPH Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
 ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. ap. Ath.

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
 An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
 Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
 " NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
 " BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
 And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]*

C. N. ap. Ambr.

ODOHERTY.

By the way, North, have you seen a little book lately put forth by Hurst and Robinson, " On the present State of the Periodical Press ?" The subject is worth your notice, I should think.

NORTH.

Certainly, Ensign. I have considered the subject pretty seriously, I believe, and I have also seen the duodecimo you mention. But I am not so well skilled in the minutiae of these affairs as to be able to give any opinion as to its minute accuracy.

ODOHERTY.

I don't mean to swear for all the particulars neither, for I have only dipped into it; but it seemed to me that there was an air of credibility over what little I read of it. How did you find it as to the Journals with which you are really acquainted ?

NORTH.

Really, I cannot pretend to be really acquainted with many of them. Blackwood and the Quarterly are the only ones of the greater class that I always read; and as for the papers, you know, I have long been contented with the Courier, New Times, John Bull, and Cobbett. I used to take the Chronicle while Jamie Pirie lived, and I took in the Examiner till his Majesty of Cockaigne went to Italy. Of late I see none of these trash.

ODOHERTY.

Pooh! that's nonsense—you should see everything.

NORTH.

Sir, I can't read without spectacles now-a-days; and I am very well pleased to let Tickler read the Edinburgh and Westminster for me, and you may do the same for me if you have a mind, *quoad* the minor diurnals of the same faction. Cobbett I always must read, because Cobbett always must write. I enjoy my Cobbett.

ODOHERTY.

Surely, surely. But what think ye of the proposal which this new scribe sets forth? I mean his great plan for having the duties on the newspapers lightened? What will Robinson say to that?

NORTH.

I have very little doubt that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will, in the course of a few Sessions, bring in and carry through a bill for this purpose. It is the only way to level the arrogance of those great a-thousand-times-over-be-cudgelled monsters—I mean the Old Times and such like—the worst disgrace of the nation.

ODOHERTY.

It would do that, to be sure, with a vengeance; but would not the revenue get some sore slaps?

NORTH.

Not one cuff, I honestly believe. These overgrown scampish concerns are, at present, enabled to brave, not merely the influence of government, for it is

no evil, but a great good, that newspapers should be independent of this—no, no, that is not what I think of—but the general indignation of all honest men of all parties, the wide, the deep, the universal scorn with which the whole virtue and sense of the British people regard the unblushing, open, avowed, acknowledged, even boasted profligacy, of some of those establishments.

ODOHERTY.

They are so to a certain extent, I admit; but, surely, the little book exaggerates their triumphs.

NORTH.

I don't know that, nor do I care for a few hundreds or thousands, more or less. But this I am certain of, that if the duty on the advertisements were considerably lowered, and also the duty on the newspapers themselves, two consequences would infallibly be the result. People would advertise in more papers than they do at present, and people would take in more papers. These are clear and obvious consequences, and from them I hold it scarcely less certain, that two others would ensue. I mean, that an honest new paper would contend on more equal terms with a dishonest old one, and that the far greater number of advertisements published, and the far greater number of newspapers circulated in the country, would more than atone to the Exchequer for the loss Mr Robinson might at first sight apprehend, from a measure so bold and decided as that of striking off one-half of the newspaper tax, and of the tax on advertisements.

ODOHERTY.

Which are——

NORTH.

Threepence-halfpenny on each copy of each newspaper—and three and sixpence on everything, however trifling, that assumes the character of an advertisement.

ODOHERTY.

I confess it appears a little hard to tax journals of one sort, so heavily, and journals of another sort not at all—Why not tax a Magazine or a Review, as well?

NORTH.

Certainly. The excuse is, that newspapers are carried postage-free; but this is, of course, quite inapplicable to the enormous proportion of all papers circulated exclusively in London and its suburbs—and it is far too much to make a man living in Bond-Street pay threepence-halfpenny, in order that a man living in the Orkney Islands may get his newspaper so much the cheaper.

ODOHERTY.

Viewed in one light it may seem so; but do you not see the policy in those days of trying to make the provinces balance the capital, by equalizing their condition as to all such things, in so far as it is by any means possible to do so?

NORTH.

Very true too, sir. But I can tell you this, O'Doherty, that I see very great danger in this same balancing and equalizing you talk of, and nothing so likely to meet the danger as the adoption of the plan I am lauding. It is obvious, that the speedy conveyance of the papers published in the capital into every part of the empire, is gradually enabling those who influence the political feelings of the capital to influence also, and this almost in the same moment of time, the feelings of the remotest provincialists. Thus, in another way to be sure, London bids fair to become to Britain, what Paris has so long been to France;—and that London never can become, sir, without the whole character, not only of the Constitution, but of the nation, suffering an essential and a most perilous change. To check the danger of this, I again tell you, I see nothing half so likely, as the adoption of a scheme which will at once deprive old hard determined villainy of its exclusive means of lucre, and soon reduce all papers whatever under a decent measure of subjection to the general opinion of decent society. Sir, had there been no three-and-sixpence duty on advertisements, the thirty or forty traders who own the Times, would not

have dared to meet together in a tavern, and decide by a vote, whether that already infamous journal should, or should not, double its load of infamy, by fighting the battle of the late miserable Queen. This *maximum opprobrium* had been spared.

ODOHERTY.

I don't follow you, exactly—why?

NORTH.

I can't help it, if you can't see what is to me as plain as any pike-staff. A groom out of place advertises in only one paper, because he can't afford to pay two three-and-sixpences to the King—make the duty only one shilling and ninepence, and he will give himself the benefit of two advertisements, and a clever lad is he if he finds means to patronize another paper as blackguard as the Times. But I take much wider ground than all this, sir. If the newspaper press, particularly the Sunday one, were as free and unshackled, (I mean as to taxes,) as every other press is, we could not see it so infinitely above any other press that exists on the score of profligacy. We could not see it the daily, the hourly practice of a newspaper to take BRIBES, if the bribers were, in consequence of a greater competition, compelled to bribe many more than they at present have to do with. Thus, for example, we should see no more of the scandalous subjection to the interests of particular Stock-jobbers and brokers—we should have no more of these egregious lies which every day shews and detects—we should have no more of those attacks on men who pay ten guineas next day, or next week, to have their characters vindicated. This most crying evil of open venality would at least be greatly, very greatly diminished.

ODOHERTY.

Well, I had rather see than hear tell of it, as Hogg's phrase is.

NORTH.

You remember what Clement of the Observer did about the trial of Thistlewood. The Court prohibited in the most solemn manner the publication of any part of the evidence, in any one of that batch of trials, until the whole had been terminated. Mr Clement was the only one who disobeyed this. Well, he was ordered into the Court, and fined 500*l.* for the contempt—and what followed?

ODOHERTY.

I can't charge my memory, i'faith, with such doings.

NORTH.

Why, he paid the money, and after he had done so, very coolly informed the public, that he had not only paid the fine out of the extra profits of the paper containing the offensive matter, but put, over and above, a very handsome sum into his own pocket. This was as it should be!

ODOHERTY.

Quite so.

NORTH.

The second part of my plan would, however, tell quite as severely on many other quacks, as on the quacks of the Daily and Weekly Papers. If it cost less to advertise, more would advertise—Your King Solomon would have brothers nearer the throne—In short, the thing by being egregiously overdone at the first, would soon and effectually correct itself. This is very well argued in the little book you have tabled.

ODOHERTY.

Be it so. But things will go on in the old way, notwithstanding. To tell you the truth, I skipped all that affair at once, as unquestionable balaam.—What I looked to was the individual history of the different Journals—Their comparative sales, &c. &c. &c.

NORTH.

All which, much distrusting, I scarcely gave one glance to.

ODOHERTY.

Distrusting? Why?

NORTH.

Why? for this simple reason, sir, that there is no means of ascertaining the actual sale of any one newspaper in existence. They themselves, to be sure,

pretend, that, when they refer you to the Stamp-office, which will prove uncontestably the issuing of so many thousand stamps, for such and such a paper, it is impossible for any man in his senses to doubt that that number of the Times, the Chronicle, or whatever it be, was actually distributed among the British public on the day alleged. But this is all the merest bam. The fact, sir, is—and I know it—that it is the daily custom of the London papers to send and pay for a vast number of stamped sheets more than they want. Some provincial paper or other is happy to make use of their surplus paper, provided the London office will only save them the trouble of having a separate agent of their own in town, to get their stamps for them. One paper, one of the principal proprietors of which confessed the fact to me t'other day, supplies regularly no less than fifteen different provincial prints with their stamped paper in this way: but, although I did not exactly put that question, it cannot be doubted the whole aggregated sale of the said fifteen is made to figure as part and parcel of the circulation of my friend's own concern, in the yearly or half-yearly statements thereof, which you are in the habit of staring over.

ODOHERTY.

All this is, I confess, news to me.—So you believe nothing, then, of the statements they all do put forth?

NORTH.

Nothing; unless I happen to know of my own knowledge, that the property and management of the paper, (for I don't speak at present of either of these taken separately,) are united in the hands of a man above having any connection with the promulgation of any falsehood on any subject whatever.—Such a man as Stoddart or Mudford, for example—nobody believes they would lie for anything, far less for this sort of filth.

ODOHERTY.

Certainly not.—By the by, now you mention it, I was thunderstruck to find it laid down distinctly, that the total number of political journals circulated in the British islands has trebled—yes, trebled, within the last forty years.

NORTH.

No wonder. The American Revolution—the French Revolution—Buonaparte—Wellington—the stream of events, and the immense increase of readers of everything else—when you take this into view, no wonder at the increase about the newspapers.

ODOHERTY.

I suppose nobody ever heard of such editions of even the best books a hundred years ago, as we now daily hear of.

NORTH.

No; not at all. In Pope's time, sir, 500 copies was a great edition—you will find this taken for granted in all the books of the time.—Even in Dr Johnson's time, 750 was reckoned a very large edition of the most popular book, by the most popular author of his day. Even twenty years back, things were in a totally different condition from what we are now accustomed to. What would anybody have said, to an edition of 10,000, or 12,000, of a new novel?—What would anybody have said to a Review selling 12,000 or 14,000 regularly every number, as I believe the Quarterly has done, for several years back? Sir, this business has *progressed* in the most astonishing ratio.

ODOHERTY.

Ay, i'faith, and nobody has more reason to rub his hands thereupon than yourself.

NORTH.

So—Well, well, let that pass—now that your segar is out, pray have the kindness to unlock the balaam box here, and let's see what's to go on; for the 12th draweth on, and my heart panteth for Bræ-Mar.

ODOHERTY.

And that's what I will do, my hearty; and many's the time we have done more for each other before this night was born. Here, give me the key; you always keep it at your watch, I think.

NORTH.

There it is; take care of my grandmother's repeater;—'Tis the little queer-looking fellow, with the B. B. B. B. woven in cypher upon it.

ODOHERTY.

What, four B's?

NORTH.

Yes, Bailie—Blackwood's—Balaam—Box. 'Tis his box, you know,—because, according to our friend's verses long ago, out of every one of these bunches it is highly probable

“Our worthy Publisher purloins a few
About his roasting mutton-shanks to screw—”

ODOHERTY.

Here's something in old Tickler's fist—shall we begin with overhauling that lad?

NORTH.

Certainly—Does he mean to stay all the summer in Dublin, I wonder? Read him, Morgan.

ODOHERTY, (*reads.*)

“Letters of Timothy Tickler, Esq. to Eminent Literary Characters, Number —to Sir James Mackintosh, Knt. late Recorder of Bombay—”

NORTH.

What? what? what? Sir Jamie again?

ODOHERTY.

Pooh! don't be alarmed—one would have thought you had seen Parr's wig or Gerald's ghost, or the Bonassus rampant—'tis only a letter to Sir Jamie, I perceive, about his articles on Brodie's History, and Croker's edition of the Suffolk Papers, in the last Edinburgh Review.

NORTH.

Come, that's rather too much, Timotheus. I thought he had sufficiently squabashed those two concerns in one of his late effusions to Jeffrey. But read on.

ODOHERTY.

Excuse me—'tis a cursed small hand—I see it begins as usual with a philippic *anent* things in general—“Burke”—“Pitt”—“Gibbon”—“Hume”—“Brodie”—“Charles”—“Colonel Harrison”—ay, ay, we may hop over a little of this ground. “Your last Number, sir,”—Here we are more likely to have something—“Flagrant”—“calumnious,”—Pooh! pooh! what a pother about nothing! Come, here's something in double column, and one half in red ink, I swear. Listen to him here, North—(*reads*)—“It may be thought that the trivial punishment I have already inflicted on your critique was as much as the affair merited. It may be so, very probably. But it so happens, sir, that you have to do with a queer old gentleman, three-fourths of whose library is made up of old books, and one half of whose time is spent in hunting up and down among them in quest of matters nearly as insignificant as the party spleen of an Edinburgh Reviewer, or the historical accuracy of a Sir James Mackintosh.” Come, Timothy gets prosy.

NORTH.

Let me hear the double column part of it.

ODOHERTY.

Oh! it is infernally long—I hav'nt wind for it, really.

NORTH.

A specimen, then—corrections of Sir James' corrections as to matters of fact, I presume?

ODOHERTY.

Exactly—ay, he puts the sentence of blue and yellow on the first column, and his own in red ink opposite to it. Ha! I see where he had begun to write with a new pen. I can make him out here, I believe—here goes, then.

*Thus reciteth and correcteth Sir J.
Mackintosh, Knt.*

*To which respondeth Timothy Tickler
Esq.*

“Henry Grey, only Duke of Kent,
died in 1740,” for which read 1741.

The Duke of Kent died the 5th
June, 1740. See London Magazine
for 1740, p. 301, and Gent. Mag. for
1740, p. 314.

NORTH.

Very well, Timothy!—Go on.

ODOHERTY.

Sir Jamie again.

"Hereldest son (George,) afterwards second Lord Hervey." *There was John, first Lord Hervey, afterwards created Earl of Bristol. Carr, second Lord Hervey, his eldest son. John, third Lord Hervey, his second son; consequently Lady Hervey's son, George, was the fourth Lord Hervey.*

To which again Timotheus.

These four Lords Hervey did really exist, and yet the editor of Lady Suffolk's Letters is right, and the critic egregiously wrong.

John, first Lord Hervey, so created in 1703, was created Earl of Bristol in 1714. His eldest son, Carr, was only a commoner, called Lord Hervey by courtesy. So was his second son John for many years; but in 1733, the latter was created a peer, (see Coxe,) by the title of Lord Hervey, and on his death, (old Lord Bristol being still alive,) his son George became the second peer of the creation of 1733, and on Lord Bristol's death, he became also the second peer of the creation of 1703. So that the critic is doubly wrong; and without any excuse; for all these facts may be gathered from the editor's notes, as well as from the peerages.

NORTH.

Well hit again, Tim.

ODOHERTY.

At it again, boys.

Sir James!

"Leonel, seventh Earl, and first Duke of Dorset, died in 1765."—*For 1765, read 1763!*

Southside!!!

The Duke of Dorset died 9th October, 1765. See London Magazine, p. 598, and Gentleman's Magazine, p. 491.

ODOHERTY.

Round fourth!

The Recorder!

"Lord Scarborough put a period to his existence in 1739."—*For 1739, read 1740.*

Longshanks!!!

This is not mere inaccuracy on the part of the critic; it is ignorance. He has forgotten that the *style* was not yet changed, and Lord Scarborough died on the 4th February, 1739, old style.

NORTH.

A facer!—Does he come to time?

ODOHERTY.

Round the fifth. Here they go.

Jem!

"The great Lord Mansfield died on the 20th March, 1793, in the eighty-eighth year of his age."—*Lord Mansfield was born on the 2d March, 1705, and was therefore in the eighty-ninth year of his age.*

Tim!!!

I have already laughed at the value and importance of this *correction*, if it even were one; but unfortunately the erudite critic again forgets the change of the style. March 1705, old style, would be March 1706, new style; so that Lord Mansfield seems to have wanted some few days of completing his 88th year.

NORTH.

Enough, enough, man; such errors and such corrections are in themselves wholly inconsiderable, and not worth the notice of a pipe-stapple. It was ridiculous enough to see a solemn jackass set about such amendments; but to find that his grave amendments are, in fact, flagrant blunders, is as comical as anything in Mathews's American judge. But we have other fish to try. Just put Timothy into my portfolio, and see what comes to hand next.

ODOHERTY.

“Remains of Robert Bloomfield.” Ay, poor fellow! there was one genuine poet, though of the lowly breed.

NORTH.

He was so indeed, Odohertry. I thought that book would be found in the box; for I had a letter not long ago mentioning the thing from his family. They sent me, by the way, most of the proof-sheets of the book, and a specimen of his hand-writing. Should you like to see it?

ODOHERTY.

Not I; give it to D’Israeli. He, you recollect, is one, not of the Bumpologists, but of the Fistologists; he will take it quite as a compliment.

NORTH.

I dare say they have sent him another letter and specimen of the same cut already. You must table your coin on this occasion, Odohertry. Bloomfield, from no fault of his own, has died poor, and left a worthy and amiable family in rather a dependent condition. You must take a few copies of the Remains at all events.

ODOHERTY.

Why, as neither you nor I have any young ladies to put to school, I don’t know in what other way we can do anything for Bloomfield’s daughters. Well, put me down, editor.

NORTH.

I will, sir; but there is no school in the case. Miss Hannah Bloomfield, indeed, wishes to have a situation as a musical teacher in some respectable family, and as she is evidently, from what appears in these very volumes, possessed of very considerable musical taste and skill, I trust the worthy daughter of such a man will not be long in getting the establishment she wishes. The whole family have been brought up, I well know, in the most exemplary manner; as indeed what else could anybody expect from the paternal solicitude of a man whose native strength of mind kept him at all times superior to the manifold temptations with which his lot naturally surrounded him, and who, in every line he ever wrote, shewed himself the friend of virtue? Sir, we have had but few real poets from this class of people; and, alas! fewer still, who, like Bloomfield, adhered steadily to the virtuous feelings of their lowly youth, when circumstances had introduced him to the dazzle and bustle of the upper world. I honour the memory of Robert Bloomfield.

ODOHERTY.

Yes, he was always one of your favourites. I see they have printed here your pretty verses on his death—this is right, too—and some verses of Montgomery’s also, which I now recollect to have seen somewhere before.

NORTH.

In the Sheffield Iris, probably—or Alaric Watts’ Leeds Intelligencer—which, by the way, is a paper of very high merit in a literary point of view; indeed the best of all the Literary Gazettes.

ODOHERTY.

Literary Gazettes!—What a rumpus all that fry have been keeping up about Miss Landon’s poetry—the Improvisatrice, I mean.

NORTH.

Why, I always thought you had been one of her greatest admirers, Odohertry. Was it not you that told me she was so very handsome?—A perfect beauty, I think you said.

ODOHERTY.

And I said truly. She is one of the sweetest little girls in the world, and her book is one of the sweetest little books in the world; but Jerdan’s extravagant trumpeting has quite sickened everybody; and our friend Alaric has been doing rather too much in the same fashion. This sort of stuff plays the devil with any book. Sappho! and Corinna, forsooth! Proper humbug!

NORTH.

I confess you are speaking pretty nearly my own sentiments. I ran over the book—and I really could see nothing of the originality, vigour, and so forth, they all chatter about. Very elegant, flowing verses they are—but all made up of Moore and Byron.

ODOHERTY.

Nay, nay, when you look over the *Improvisatrice* again, I am sure you will retract this. You know very well that I am no great believer in female genius; but nevertheless, there is a certain feminine elegance about the voluptuousness of this book, which, to a certain extent, marks it with an individual character of its own.

NORTH.

I won't allow you to review this book, my dear Standard-bearer for I perceive you are half in love with the damsel concerned; and under such circumstances, a cool and dispassionate estimate is what nobody could be expected to give—least of all you, you red-hot monster of Munster.

ODOHERTY.

No abuse, my old Bully-rock.

NORTH.

Nay, 'tis you that must be called Bully-Rock, now—for I suppose you acknowledge the "Munster Farmer" now to be but another of your aliases—I knew you at the first page, man. No drawing of straws before so old a cat.

ODOHERTY.

The book is mine, sir. I need keep no secrets from you.

NORTH.

Gad-a-mercy! I now for the first time begin to suspect that you had nothing at all to do with it.

ODOHERTY.

Even as you please, most worshipful. These trifles do not affect me or my equanimity.

NORTH.

Impenetrable, imperturbable brazen face!—But get on, man.

ODOHERTY.

My eye! here's Gillray Redivivus. Here's the first number of the reprint of his caricatures—you must put on your spectacles now, Mr Christopher.

NORTH.

Ah! and that I will, my hearty. Well, this was really well thought on. What a pity that these things should have been sinking into the great gulph! Ha! ha! the old paper-money concerns once more! Here's Sherry ipsissimus. "Don't take the notes, John Bull; nobody takes notes now-a-days; they won't even take mine!" How good this view of the fine old sinner's phiz is—and Charlie, too, with his cockade tricolor! Well, these days are over.

ODOHERTY.

What a capital Pitt!—The pen behind the ear, and all!—And John Bull, too—why, Liston never sported a better grin. Turn over—ay, ay, this will do.

NORTH.

"The Broad-bottomites getting into the grand costume!"—Long live the immortal memory of 1806. Glorious Charlie! in what a pother you are shaving!—Illustrious Lansdowne! in what majesty dost thou strut!—Profound Ego! what gravity is in thy self-adoration!—Oh dear! oh dear!—That face of Lord Henry Petty and that toe—they are enough to kill a horse!

ODOHERTY.

This grand one of old George, with Boney on his hand,—how vividly it recalls to my memory the laughter of the years that were! Hang it! if I were to live a hundred years, I should never see any new thing to affect me in the same manner. How intensely familiar we all were made with the honest, open, well-larded countenance, of Georgius Tertius! What a solemn, fatherly suavity, in his goggling eyes! How reverend his bob-major! how grand his blue ribbon! how ample his paunch! What a sweet in-falling of the chin, honest old Cock!

NORTH.

Excellent monarch! Pater patriæ truly, if ever there was one. Here, again, is a very worthy one; one of Gillray's very best things, Odoherly. Behold Nap, *en gingerbread baker*, thrusting a new batch of pie-crust kings into his oven. Ye glorious Josephs, Jeromes, Louises! where are ye all now?—quite chop-fallen!—Bavaria! Wirtemberg! Baden!—Ah! Morgan, what queer times these were, my man!

ODOHERTY.

Indeed they were, old Royster ; and may they that wish for the like of them find the short cut to Gehenna, say I.—We have no political caricaturist now-a-days, North.

NORTH.

Why, George Cruikshank does many things better ; and yet it is impossible to deny great merit to many of his things about the time of the Queen's row. Alderman Wood was quite a hero for the pencil, and her Majesty was such a heroine—Of late he, or whoever feeds the shop-windows, has fallen off sadly. The whole batch of the Battier concerns was deplorably stupid, and as for the Windsor-Park sketches, saw ye ever such a leaden, laborious dulness of repetition ?

ODOHERTY.

Pooh ! they're very well fitted for the time. Party spirit is very cool at present, and you would not have the party caricatures to be very pointed when that is the case. No, no, the public are taken up with other things, North.

NORTH.

True, Morgan ; and, moreover, the great circulation lately of exquisite engravings of scenery among us shews decidedly a new and more polished sort of taste spreading among the people. Why, you can't go into a print-shop now-a-days without seeing a whole swarm of new works coming out in numbers, any one leaf of which would have been looked on as a real wonder some dozen or ten years back. There's Hugh Williams's Greek engravings, now, have you seen those ?

ODOHERTY.

To be sure I have, and i'faith they are worthy of the drawings themselves, and that is compliment enough. Gad ! what a fine thing we should have thought it, when we were young lads at our classics, to be able to get such divine views of all the scenes the old ones said and sung about, for such a mere trifle of money. The engraving of the Tombs of Plataea ! Well, I really had no notion that the effect of that most original and undescribable work of art could have been so nearly given in black and white, to say nothing of the great reduction of scale.

NORTH.

There are many others of the series not a whit less interesting. One, of the Temple of Jupiter Panthellenius in Ægina, particularly struck me—and Thebes ! faith, I believe, that is, after all, the very chef-d'œuvre. But, perhaps, you don't know, Odoherly, what is one of my chiefest delights when I look over this work ; and that is neither more nor less than this, sir, that Williams has had all his engravings done by native artists, and young, very young ones mostly. Sir, these things may shew themselves by the side of the very best that London can produce. The fortunes of Horsburgh and Miller are made ; for, as to James Stewart, he, you know, was up enough long before this job. His engraving of Allan's last picture is a grand thing. I never saw an artist who shewed greater tact in preserving the minutiae of his painter's peculiar touches.

ODOHERTY.

Stewart is a fine handy lad, and a very modest one too. So good luck to him,—and here's a bumper to Williams.

NORTH.

Welchman though he be, he is an honour to Scotia—here he goes. His Views of Athens will live as long as her memory.

“ Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene
Which others rave of, though they knew it not ?
Though here no more Apollo haunt his grot,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave—
Some gentle Spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave !”—

ODOHERTY.

Byron !—hum !

NORTH.

Come, come, none of your sneers. Hugh Williams' prints are certainly the best illustrations any one can bind up with Byron's poems. Others give you views, caricatures, (call them as you will,) of his personages, more or less happy, but this is nothing. Williams has been, like the poet, inspired by the sky, the mountains, the ruins of Greece, and the kindred stamp of their inspiration looks you in the face whichever way you turn among their works.

ODOHERTY.

I was glad to see the prints were so small, for this was the purpose I at once thought of turning them to.

NORTH.

Upon the same principle I take Thomson of Duddingstone's Fast-Castle to be the finest and most satisfactory accompaniment for the Story of Lammermoor—and Nasmyth's Old Prison of Edinburgh stands ditto, ditto, for the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

ODOHERTY.

I wish Williams would give us a series of his Italian things too—and particularly his Sicilian ones—for Agrigentum and Syracuse are, after all, less known to most people than any other old places of anything like the same interesting character.

NORTH.

People may rail about boyish tastes, and what not, as long as they have a mind. I confess I like a book all the better for its being illustrated. Perhaps 'tis my imagination cooling, Ensign; but there, for example, was Basil Hall's book about South America: I confess I would fain have had a few cuts of his San Martins, O'Higginses, and the rest of them.

ODOHERTY.

And I own I should have liked to see what sort of a figure old Cochrane cuts in his outlandish riggery. He was a rum one enough in that long blue tog, and low-browed, broad-brimmed castor, as we used to see him lounging about town.

NORTH.

By some accident I never saw Lord Cochrane in my life. He is a noble fellow—mad, of course—but that's what he can't help.

ODOHERTY.

Was it madness that dished him?

NORTH.

Certainly; the only thing that dished him was the denying of the hoax, in the way he did, in the House of Commons. Had he stood firm on his feet, and said what was God's truth, that he was a sailor, and not a moral philosopher; and that if he had acted wrong, his error consisted merely in doing cleverly and successfully what thousands both of the most holy saints, and the most honourable sinners in the land, were trying to do every day; if he had stood up with a bold face, and spoken plain common sense after this fashion, I should like to know who would seriously have thought a pin the worse of him, at least for more than a week or two. Not I, for one. But the truth is, that every one thing he ever did in this country after he began to think himself a politician, was a perfect proof of madness.

ODOHERTY.

Well, 'tis lucky he has got into a walk, where, what you are pleased to call madness, does better than all the wisdom in the world would do. Will he ever come home again, think ye?

NORTH.

I don't know. Many queer stories are going about. Some say he has done things about the English shipping that would land him inextricably in law-suits if he shewed his nose here. Others, again, maintain that he has arranged all these concerns of late, and that it would be nothing strange if he should be seen parading Pall-Mall within this twelvemonth. For my part, I know nothing of the matter. Captain Hall could tell, no doubt.

ODOHERTY.

Aye, aye; but Hall was a great deal too knowing to tell half what he knew about some of those folks in his book.

NORTH.

To be sure he was; and, in particular, I have heard that his MS. Journal could furnish a very extraordinary bundle of Cochraniana, over and above what the book sets forth. Well, we can't quarrel with this reserve.

ODOHERTY.

Bless your soul, I quarrel with nothing. I think Hall's book is a perfect model in its way. Great art in both the whole-speaking part of it, and the half-speaking.

NORTH.

The Edinburgh Reviewer of Basil, whether he was Sir Jamie or not, devil cares, made a grand attempt to persuade the world that the weight of the Captain's authority lay entirely his own way as to the question of revolutions in South America, and, by implication, elsewhere; but as you have seen the work, I need not tell you this is just another trick of the old trade.

ODOHERTY.

And what else should it be? He, of course, gave no opinion about any other revolution question except that on which all the world has all along been exactly of the same way of thinking. I mean, the total impossibility and absurdity of every scheme for re-establishing the government of Spain over her great American colonies.

NORTH.

Exactly so—he speaks decidedly, as he should do, upon this head, and as to all the details of the different humbug constitutions that have been knocked up and down like so many nine-pins in that quarter during the last ten or twelve years, he says, in spite of Sir Jamie,—he says not one word but what is perfectly consistent with the truth and justice of the views which I have recently been putting forth as to those concerns. He, in fact, hints continually his total contempt for everything connected with these new establishments, except only the individual merits, (such he esteems them,) of San Martin in Chili and Iturbide in Mexico. The wild and cruel ruin which, with scarcely one exception, the insurgent party has everywhere heaped on the private and domestic fortunes of those opposed to them, or suspected of being opposed to them in opinion,—the brutal sulky rage with which everything venerable for rank, station, refinement, and virtue, has, in a thousand instances, been sacrificed to the mean and jealous demon of Liberalism,—the outrages on age, elegance, loveliness,—the rash, remorseless villainy which has trampled all that ennobled the soil into the dust of degradation, nay, of absolute misery,—of all this, sir, Captain Hall, being a Scottish gentleman and a British officer, could not possibly think a whit differently from all the others of the same class of men I have ever happened to converse with on any of the topics in question, nor has he said one syllable that looks as if he had done so; though I have no sort of doubt the critique in the Edinburgh Review, and Sir James's puff parliamentary, were both of them dictated in some measure by a skulking sort of notion that the *brutum vulgus* might be bamboozled into the belief that Captain Hall had really written a Whiggish book touching South America.

ODOHERTY.

Does Sir James owe Constable any money?

NORTH.

Not knowing; can't say.

ODOHERTY.

Well, well.—The Captain should certainly have given us a few prints of his heroes. He had some grand affairs in his Loo-choo book.

NORTH.

Aye, and so he had. By the by, have you heard that it turns out that he was completely taken in by those petticoated prigs? That his primitive Loo-choo lads are now understood to be, without exception, the prettiest set of old rascally cunning swindlers that ever infested the Yellow Sea?

ODOHERTY.

I had not heard of the humbug being ripped up. Well, I am sorry to hear this, for I really had been much affected with the simplicity of their manners. The print of the leave-taking, in particular, was rather too much for my feel-

ings—they *booin* and Basil *booin*—them doing him, and him Loo-choosing them. 'Twas a fine picture of humanity on the umbrella system.

NORTH.

Aye, aye. Well, he has got hold of people whom he could understand this time, and he has done himself justice. His book, sir, is, after all, one of the few sprigs of 1824, which won't wither with the season. I back Captain Hall's South America, and Captain Rock Detected, against any three octavos, or duodecimos either, of the growth.

ODOHERTY.

Have you seen a Tour in Germany lately published by Constable's people? I hear 'tis rather a clever thing.

NORTH.

I was reading some parts of it over again this very evening. I like the book very well upon the whole. Who writes it?

ODOHERTY.

A Mr Russell, I hear; a young man who has just been called to the bar here.

NORTH.

I hoped it might turn out to be a very young man, for otherwise there would be something offensive in the style occasionally. Cursedly spruce and pointed—you understand me.

ODOHERTY.

O aye; but I hear this is a genuine clever fellow, so one must overlook these little things, and expect better hereafter.

NORTH.

Why, as to that, I made no objection to anything, but a little occasional false taste in style—a thing which, in an early work like this, is of no sort of consequence. The stuff of his book is good, and his feelings are good throughout. We must get Kempferhausen to bring him here some night—for being a German—*Nihil Germanici a se alienum*—you understand me?

ODOHERTY.

Yes, yes, of course, the lad has laid his lugs in our friend's Steinwein long ere this time of day. Well, the Germanic faction is getting on; this gentleman and young Carlyle—he who translated Meister—are two pretty additions to Kempferhausen's battalion. To be serious, North, we shall run some risk of inundation. Have you seen the last London Magazine, how bitter they are on the poor William Meister?

NORTH.

Not I, i'faith—I see none of these concerns—not I. What are they saying?

ODOHERTY.

Oh! abusing the Germans up-hill and down-dale—buzzing like fiery myriads of sand flies.

NORTH.

And stinging?

ODOHERTY.

Not knowing, can't say.

NORTH.

Well, I should have thought my friend Opium would have kept them from this particular piece of nonsense—but that's true too, the whole may be one of his quizzes: He was always fond of a practical joke, hang him.

ODOHERTY.

He says old Goethe is an idiot—this is pretty abuse, surely.

NORTH.

Aye, aye, about abuse as well as other things, 'tis a true saying enough that most people consider it as “no loss, that a friend gets.”

ODOHERTY.

You would disapprove, I suppose, of the attack on De Quincey in the John Bull Magazine?

NORTH.

Disapprove?—I utterly despised it, and so, no doubt, did he. They say he is no scholar, because he has never published any verbal criticisms on any Greek authors—what stuff! then, I take it, the best *scholars* in the world are

such creatures as Dr Parr—rubbish that I honestly confess, I never used to think any sensible man would condescend to class much higher than a Petralogist, or a—

ODOHERTY.

I'll defy you to fill up that sentence—go on.

NORTH.

Parr indeed! Persuade me that that goggling ass knows anything about the true spirit of Athenian antiquity! That egregious consumer of shag, a fit person to analyse the soul of Sappho!—that turnip-headed buffoon in a cassock, able to follow the wit of Aristophanes—no, no, sir—no tricks upon travellers. What has he done? what has he done? That is the question.

ODOHERTY.

Why, all the world knows what he has done—he has drunk a great deal of bad beer, smoked a great deal of bad tobacco, uttered a great deal of bad jokes, and published, thank heaven! *not* a great deal of dull prose, out-caricaturing the pomposity of Dr Johnson's first and worst style, accompanied with some score or two of notes in English, and *Notulæ* in Latin, of which it is entirely impossible for any human creature to decide which is the most contemptible—their strutting boldness of language, their blown-up inanity of thought, or the vile self-satisfied grin of their abominable pædogical republicanism—a disgusting old fellow, sir!

NORTH.

Old? Is that an epithet of contempt, Mr Ensign?

ODOHERTY.

Beg pardon—a disgusting fellow—

NORTH.

Thou hast said it. An excellent clergyman in his parish, an excellent schoolmaster in his school, but in his character of a wit and an author, one of the most genuine feather-beds of humbug that ever filled up a corner in the world—all which, however, is no matter of ours—wherefore pass we on—I would not have thought it worth while to name his name, even to you, had it not been that I lately remarked sundry attempts to bolster up his justly battered reputation, not in the writings of any of his own filthy party, for that would have been quite right, but in one of D'Israeli's recent works—which of them I at this moment forget—so help me, my memory, Morgan, even my memory begins to—

ODOHERTY.

Stuff—stuff—stuff!! What's the use of what they call a good memory?

NORTH.

You will perhaps think more of that, young gentleman, when your hairs, like mine—

ODOHERTY.

Pooh! pooh! I've worn falsities these five years. But what signifies your grand memory? Things really of importance to any man's concerns, are by that man remembered—other things are of no consequence. I, for my part, find it is always much less trouble to fill up the details of any piece of business from the creation of fancy, than by cudgelling one's brains for the minutæ of fact—In fact, sir, I despise fact.

NORTH.

Aha! my lad, very pretty talking all this! But, as Coleridge says in his *Friend*, we always think the least about what we feel the most. In the heroic ages, they had not so many words as we have now for expressing the different shades and shapes of personal beauty or personal valour; there was less talk about chivalry among the *Cœur-de-lions* than among a pack of dandy hussars;—and from what lips does one hear so much about honour and patriotism as a puppy Whig's?—But I'm weary of talking to you, Ensign.—Here, draw another cork. I desired our friend, the Ambrosian, to have him touched with the ice—just touched.—Aye, that's your sort. What a satisfactory thing this is now!

ODOHERTY.

Sam, I suppose—Aye, I thought so from the twist of your lips.

NORTH.

Now, take your pen in your hand like a good diligent lad, and touch me off a neat handy little article on this same Tour in Germany.

ODOHERTY.

Me? Bless you, I have not read one word of it.

NORTH.

Never heed—begin with a sounding paragraph about things in general; at the close of each paragraph you shall have a bumper.—Yea, stick we to the old bargain.

ODOHERTY.

Pretty little pebbles of paragraphs we shall be having; well, here goes! But to save time and trouble, tell me, since you have read the book, what you really think of it—honestly now, Kit.

NORTH.

Well, well—fill my glass again, boy. 'Tis an excellent little book, I assure you, Sir Morgan. The author appears to have spent some time at Jena, and after making himself well acquainted with the language, to have travelled considerably over the north of Germany, and a little in the south also. He has given, in what will probably be the most amusing part of his book to common readers, a very graphic account indeed of the mode of life prevalent among that apparently queerest of all queer orders of beings, the German students. He has entered into full and, *ex facie*, accurate details of their extravagant, enthusiastic, absurd, overbearing, hobblethoy existence, their pride, their folly, their clubs, their duels, their whiskers, their tobacco-pipes, their schnaps, their shirt-collars, and their enormous jack-boots. All other bodies of students that I have seen or heard of, would appear to be but milk-and-water shadows of their academical absurdity—and yet, strange to say, it appears to be by no means clear, that a German university is not at this moment the place where the most extensive and the most accurate learning may be acquired at the cheapest rate. Sir, this affair seems to be made up of one bundle of anomalies. You must, on reflection, read the whole of the chapters he has devoted to its consideration, ere you review them.

ODOHERTY.

If their way of thinking be either more queer or more laudable than what we had to do with at old Trin. Coll. Dub., I shall consider myself as a rump and dozen in my victim's debt.

NORTH.

As to that, not knowing, can't say. But the really important part of the book is its politics, and it was this that made me wish you should do something in it for Maga. Sir, we have been much abused by the people who have written and spoken about Germany for the last five or six years.

ODOHERTY.

As how?

NORTH.

Why, for example, we have been deaved with the hoarse cry, that the King of Prussia has behaved in all manner of beastly ways to his people. We have been told that he has promised to do everything for them, and that he has done nothing: and this sort of thing has been repeated so often by all the regiment of bawlers, from Brougham the Bold downwards, that honest people have really been dinned into some sort of belief, that the thing must be so.—But here we have the facts—Sir Morgan O'Doherty, here we have the plain facts of the case; and I assure you, I think the author of this book would have deserved no slight commendation had his work consisted merely of this one excellent expose. He has shewn, sir, in the most complete and satisfactory manner, that in so far as it has been possible for the government of Prussia to increase the political privileges of the people of Prussia, the thing actually has been done. The king and his ministers have reformed to a very great extent—but they have reformed like men of sense, wisdom, and experience—not after the fashion of your Bolivars, your Riegos, your Robespierres, your Pepes, your Thistlewoods. Here is the rub.

ODOHERTY.

A real defence of the Prussian government must be of high importance at present. Whereabouts is this subject taken up?

NORTH.

Give me the book—ay, here it is—I shall be happy to hear it once again ; so read aloud—begin where you see the mark of my pencil.

ODOHERTY.

Well, if it must be so—“The Prussian government is usually decried”—

NORTH.

That’s the passage I mean.

ODOHERTY.

And a pretty long one it seems to be.

NORTH.

No matter ; I assure you, you will find Mr Russell’s prose much more entertaining than my prosing. Get on.

ODOHERTY. (*reads.*)*

“The Prussian government is usually decried amongst us, as one of the most intolerant and illiberal of Germany, attentive only to secure the implicit and unthinking obedience of its subjects, and therefore encouraging everything which may retain them in ignorance and degradation. Every Briton, from what he has heard, must enter Prussia with this feeling ; and he must blush for his hastiness, when he runs over the long line of bold reforms, and liberal ameliorations, which were introduced into the whole frame of society and public relations in Prussia, from the time when the late Chancellor Prince Hardenberg was replaced, in 1810, at the head of the government. They began, in fact, with the battle of Jena ; that defeat was, in one sense, the salvation of Prussia. The degradation and helplessness into which it plunged the monarchy, while they roused all thinking men to see that there must be something wrong in existing relations, brought likewise the necessity of stupendous efforts to make the resources of the diminished kingdom meet both its own expenditure, and the contributions levied on it by the conqueror. A minister was wanted ; for domineering France would not allow Hardenberg, the head of the Anti-Gallican party, and listened to only when it was too late, to retain his office, and he retired to Riga. *Prenez Monsieur Stein*, said Napoleon to the king, *c’est un homme d’esprit* ; and Stein was made minister. In spirit, he was a minister entirely suited to the times ; but he wanted caution, and forgot that in politics, even in changing for the better, some consideration must be paid to what for centuries has been bad and universal. He was not merely bold, he was fearless ; but he was thoroughly despotic in his character ; having a good object once in his eye, he rushed on to it, regardless of the mischief which he might be doing in his haste, and tearing up and throwing down all that stood in his way, with a vehemence which even the utility of his purpose did not always justify.

“Stein was too honest a man long to retain the favour of France. An intercepted letter informed the cabinet of St Cloud, that he was governing for Prussian, not for French purposes ; and the king was requested to dismiss *le nommé Stein*. He retired to Prague, and amused himself with reading lectures on history to his daughters. His retirement was followed by a sort of interregnum of ministers, who could contrive nothing except the cession of Silesia to France, instead of paying the contributions. From necessity, Hardenberg was recalled ; and whoever will take the trouble of going over the principal acts of his administration will acknowledge, not only that he was the ablest minister Prussia has ever possessed, but likewise, that few statesmen, in the unostentatious path of internal improvement, have effected, in so brief an interval, so many weighty and beneficial changes,—interrupted as he was by a war of unexampled importance, which he began with caution, prosecuted with energy, and terminated in triumph. He received Prussia stripped of half its extent, its honours blighted, its finances ruined, its resources at once exhausted by foreign contributions, and depressed by ancient relations among the different classes of society, which custom had consecrated, and selfishness was vehement to defend. He has left it to his king, enlarged in extent, and restored to its fame ; with a well-ordered system of finance, not more defective or extravagant than the struggle for the redemption of the kingdom rendered necessary ; and, above all, he has left it freed from those restraints which bound up the capacities of its industry, and were the sources at once of personal degradation and national poverty. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that, while Hardenberg had often to contend, in the course of these reforms, now with the jealousies of town corporations, and now with the united influence and prejudices of the aristocracy, he stood in the difficult situation of a foreigner in the kingdom which he governed, unsupported by family descent or hereditary influence. His power rested on the personal confidence of the king in his talents and honesty, and the confidence which all of the people who ever thought on such matters, reposed in the general spirit of his policy.

“It was on agriculture that Prussia had chiefly to rely, and the relations between the peasantry who laboured the soil and the proprietors, chiefly of the nobility, who owned

* See Tour in Germany, in 1820, 1821, 1822. (Edinburgh, Constable, 2 vols. 12mo.) Volume second, p. 110, et seq.

it, were of a most depressing nature. The most venturous of all Hardenberg's measures was that by which he entirely new-modelled the system, and did nothing less than create a new order of independent landed proprietors. The *Erbunterthänigkeit*, or hereditary subjection of the peasantry to the proprietors of the estates on which they were born, had been already abolished by Stein: Next were removed the absurd restrictions which had so long operated, with accumulating force, to diminish the productiveness of land, by fettering the proprietor not merely in the disposal, but even in the mode of cultivating his estate. Then came forth, in 1810, a royal edict, effecting, by a single stroke of the pen, a greater and more decisive change than has resulted from any modern legislative act, and one on which a more popular form of government would scarcely have ventured. It enacted, that all the peasantry of the kingdom should in future be free, hereditary proprietors of the lands which hitherto they had held only as hereditary tenants, on condition that they gave up to the landlord a fixed proportion of them. The peasantry formed two classes. The first consisted of those who enjoyed what may be termed a hereditary lease, that is, who held lands to which the landlord was bound, on the death of the tenant in possession, to admit his successor, or, at least, some near relation. The right of the landlord was thus greatly inferior to that of unlimited property; he had not his choice of a tenant; the lease was likely to remain in the same family as long as the estate in his own; and, in general, he had not the power of increasing the rent, which had been originally fixed, centuries, perhaps, before, whether it consisted in produce or services. These peasants, on giving up *one-third* of their farms to the landlord, became unlimited proprietors of the remainder. The second class consisted of peasants whose title endured only for life, or a fixed term of years. In this case, the landlord was not bound to continue the lease, on its termination, to the former tenant, or any of his descendants; but still he was far from being unlimited proprietor; he was bound to replace the former tenant with a person of the same rank; he was prohibited to take the lands into his own possession, or cultivate them with his own capital.* His right, however, was clearly more absolute than in the former case, and it is difficult to see what claim the tenant could set up beyond the endurance of his lease. That such restrictions rendered the estate less valuable to the proprietor, may have been a very good reason for abolishing them entirely, but seems to be no reason at all for taking a portion of the lands from him who had every right to them, to give it to him who had no right whatever, but that of possession, under his temporary lease. But this class of peasants, too, (and they are supposed to have been by far the more numerous,) on giving up *one-half* of their farms, became absolute proprietors of the remainder. The half thus taken from the landlords, appears just to have been a price exacted from them for the more valuable enjoyment of the other;—as if the government had said to them, give up to our disposal a certain portion of your estates, and we shall so sweep away those old restrictions which render them unproductive to you, that what remains will speedily be as valuable as the whole was before.

“It cannot be denied, therefore, that this famous edict, especially in the latter of the two cases, was a very stern interference with the rights of private property; nor is it wonderful that those against whom it was directed should have sternly opposed it; but the minister was sterner still. He found the finances ruined, and the treasury attacked by demands, which required that the treasury should be filled; he saw the imperious necessity of rendering agriculture more productive; and though it may be doubted, whether the same end might not have been gained by new-modelling the relations between the parties, as landlord and tenant, instead of stripping the former to create a new race of proprietors, there is no doubt at all as to the success of the measure, in increasing the productiveness of the soil. Even those of the aristocracy, who have waged war most bitterly against Hardenberg's reforms, allow that, in regard to agriculture, this law has produced incredible good. ‘It must be confessed,’ says one of them, ‘that, in ten years, it has carried us forward a whole century;’—the best of all experimental proofs how injurious the old relations between the proprietors and the labourers of the soil must have been to the prosperity of the country.

“The direct operation of this measure necessarily was to make a great deal of property change hands; but this effect was farther increased by its indirect operation. The law appeared at a moment when the greater part of the estates of the nobility were burdened with debts, and the proprietors were now deprived of their rentals. They indeed had land thrown back upon their hands; but this only multiplied their embarrassments. In the hands of their boors, the soil had been productive to them; now that it was in their own, they had neither skill nor capital to carry on its profitable cultivation, and

* This regulation has sometimes been ascribed to anxiety to keep up the numbers of the peasantry to fill the armies; a more probable explanation is to be found in the exemption of the nobility, that is, generally speaking, the landholders, from taxation. They established this exemption in favour of the property which they retained in their own hands, by abandoning to taxation the lands which they had given out to the peasantry, *Bauernhöfe*. It thus became the interest of the Crown to prevent any diminution of the *Bauernhöfe*, the only taxable land in the country. To abolish this restriction, was one of Stein's first measures, in 1808; for he was determined to make all land taxable, without exception.

new loans only added to the interest which already threatened to consume its probable fruits. The consequence of all this was, that, besides the portion of land secured in free property to the peasantry, much of the remainder came into the market, and the purchasers were generally persons who had acquired wealth by trade or manufactures.* The sale of the royal domains, to supply the necessities of the state, operated powerfully in the same way. These domains always formed a most important item in the revenue of a German prince, and one which was totally independent of any control, even that of the imperfectly constituted estates. In Prussia, they were estimated to yield annually nearly half a million Sterling, even in the hands of farmers, and, under the changes which have so rapidly augmented the value of the soil all over the kingdom, they would soon have become much more profitable. But, while compelled to tax severely the property of his subjects, the king refused to spare his own; and, in 1811, an edict was issued, authorizing the sale of the royal domains at twenty-five years' purchase of the estimated rental. These, too, passed into the hands of the purchasers not connected with the aristocracy; for the aristocracy, so far from being able to purchase the estates of others, was selling their own estates to pay their debts. The party opposed to Hardenberg has not ceased to lament that the Crown should thus have been shorn of its native and independent glories; 'for it ought to be powerful,' say they, 'by its own revenues and possessions.' Our principles of government teach us a different doctrine.

"Beneficial as the economical effects of this division of property may have been, its political results are no less important. It has created a new class of citizens, and these the most valuable of all citizens; every trace, not merely of subjection, but of restraint, has been removed from the industrious, but poor and degraded peasants, and they have at once been converted into independent landed proprietors, resembling much the *petits propriétaires* created by the French Revolution. In Pomerania, for example, the estates of the nobility were calculated to contain 260 square miles. Those of free proprietors, not noble, only five miles. Of the former, about 100 were *Bauernhöfje*, in the hands of the peasantry; and, by the operation of the law, 60 of these would still remain the property of the boors who cultivated them. Thus there is now twelve times as much landed property, in this province, belonging to persons who are not noble, as there was before the appearance of this edict. The race of boors is not extinct; for the provisions of the law are not imperative, if both parties prefer remaining in their old relation; but this is a preference which, on the part of the peasant at least, is not to be expected. Care has been taken that no new relations of the same kind shall be formed. A proprietor might settle his agricultural servants upon his grounds, giving them land, instead of wages, and binding them to hereditary service; this would just have been the seed of a new race of boors to toil under the old personal services. Probably the thing had been attempted; for, in 1811, an edict appeared, which, while it allows the proprietor to pay his servants in whole or in part with the use of land, limits the duration of such a contract to twelve years. It prohibits him absolutely from giving these families land *hereditably* on condition of service; if a single acre is to be given in property, it must either be a proper sale, or a fixed rent must be stipulated in money or produce. Hardenberg was resolved that his measure should be complete.

"When to the peasants who have thus become landholders, is added the numerous class of citizens, not noble, who have come into the possession of landed property by the sales of the royal domains, and the necessities of so many of the higher orders, it is not difficult to foresee the political consequences of such a body of citizens gradually rising in wealth and respectability, and dignified by that feeling of self-esteem which usually accompanies the independent possession of property. Unless their progress be impeded by extraneous circumstances, they must rise to political influence, because they will gradually become fitting depositaries of it. It would scarcely be too much to say, that the Prussian government must have contemplated such a change; for its administration, during the last fourteen years, has been directed to produce a state of society in which pure despotism cannot long exist but by force; it has been throwing its subjects into those relations which, by the very course of nature, give the people political influence

* It will scarcely be believed that, up to 1807, a person not noble could only by accident find a piece of land, whatever number of estates might be in the market, which he would be *allowed* to purchase. By far the greater portion of the landed property consisted of estates-noble; and if the proprietor brought his estate into the market, only a nobleman could purchase it. The merchant, the banker, the artist, the manufacturer, every citizen, in short, who had acquired wealth by industry and skill, lay under an absolute prohibition against investing it in land, unless he previously purchased a patent of nobility, or stumbled on one of those few spots which, in former days, had escaped the hands of a noble proprietor, small in number, and seldom in the market. Even Frederick the Great lent his aid to perpetuate this preposterous system, in the idea that he would best compel the investment of capital in trade and manufactures, by making it impossible to dispose of it, when realized, in agricultural pursuits,—a plan which led to the depression of agriculture, the staple of the kingdom, as certainly as it was directed in vain to cherish artificially a manufacturing activity, on which the country is much less dependent. This could not possibly last; the noble proprietors were regularly becoming poorer, and the same course of events which compelled so many of them to sell disabled them generally, from buying; destitute of capital to cultivate their own estates, it was not among *them* that the purchasers of the royal domains were to be looked for. In 1807, Stein swept away the whole mass of absurd restrictions, and every man was made capable of holding every kind of property.

by making them fit to exercise it. Is there anything in political history that should make us wish to see them in possession of it sooner? Is it not better, that liberty should rise spontaneously from a soil prepared for its reception, and in which its seeds have gradually been maturing in the natural progress of society, than violently to plant it on stony and thorny ground, where no congenial qualities give strength to its roots, and beauty to its blossoms, where it does not throw wide its perennial shadow, under which the people may find happiness and refuge, but springs up, like the gourd of Jonah, in the night of popular tumult, and unnatural and extravagant innovation, to perish in the morning beneath the heat of reckless faction, or the consuming fire of foreign interference?

“This great, and somewhat violent measure, of creating in the state a new order of citizens possessing independent property, was preceded and followed by a crowd of other reforms, all tending to the same end, to let loose the energies of all classes of the people, and bring them into a more comfortable social relation to each other. While the peasantry were not only set free, but converted into landholders, the aristocracy were sternly deprived of that exemption from taxation which, more than anything else, renders them odious in every country where it has been allowed to remain. They struggled hard to keep their estates beyond the reach of the land tax, but the king and Hardenberg were inflexible: ‘We hope,’ says the royal edict, ‘that those to whom this measure will apply will reflect, that, in future, they will be free from the reproach of escaping public burdens at the expence of their fellow-subjects. They will likewise reflect, that the tax to be laid upon them will not equal the expence to which they would be put, if called on to perform the military services which originally burdened their estates.’ The whole financial system acquired an uniformity and equality of distribution, which simplified it to all, and diminished the expence of collection, while it increased the revenue. Above all, that anomalous system, under which every province had its own budget, and its peculiar taxes, was destroyed, and Hardenberg, after much opposition, carried through one uniform and universal system for the whole monarchy. This enabled him to get rid of another monstrous evil. Under the miserable system of financial separation, every province and every town was surrounded with custom-houses, taxing and watching the productions of its neighbours, as if they came from foreign countries, and discouraging all internal communication. The whole was swept away. At the same time, the national expenditure in its various departments, the ways and means, the state of the public debt, and the funds for meeting it, were given forth with a publicity which produced confidence in Prussia, and alarm, as setting a bad example, in some less prudent cabinets. Those amongst ourselves who clamour most loudly against the misconduct of the Prussian government, will allow, that the secularization and sale of the church lands was a liberal and patriotic measure; those who more wisely think, that an arbitrary attack on any species of property endangers the security of all property, will lament that the public necessities should have rendered it adviseable. The servitudes of thirlage,* of brewing beer, and distilling spirituous liquors, existed in their most oppressive form, discouraging agriculture, and fostering the ruinous spirit of monopoly. They were abolished with so unsparing a hand, that, though indemnification was not absolutely refused, the forms and modes of proof of loss sustained to found a claim to it were of such a nature, as to render it difficult to be procured, and trifling when made good. This was too unsparing.

“In the towns there was much less to be done; it was only necessary to release their arts and manufactures from old restraints, and rouse their citizens to an interest in the public weal. Hardenberg attempted the first by a measure on which more popular governments have not yet been bold enough to venture, however strongly it has been recommended by political economists; he struck down at one blow all guildries and corporations,—not those larger forms, which include all the citizens of a town, and constitute a *borough*, but those subordinate forms which regard particular classes and professions. But, whether it was from views of finance, or that he found himself compelled, by opposing interests, to yield something to the old principle, that the public is totally unqualified to judge who serves them well, and who serves them badly, but must have some person to make the discovery for them, the Chancellor seems to have lost his way in this measure. He left every man at liberty to follow every profession, free from the fetters of an incorporated body; but he converted the government into one huge, universal corporation, and allowed no man to pursue any profession without annually procuring and paying for the permission of the state. The *Gewerbesteuer*, introduced in 1810, is a yearly tax on every man who follows a profession, on account of that profession; it is like our ale and pedlar licences, but it is universal. So far, it is only financial; but the licence by no means follows as a matter of course, and here reappears the incorporation spirit; every member of those professions, which are held to concern more nearly the public weal, must produce a certificate of the provincial government,

* Let those who accuse the Prussian government of disregarding the improvement of its subjects reflect, that it was only in 1799, that the British Parliament thought of contriving means to rescue the agriculture of Scotland from this servitude.

that he is duly qualified to exercise it. Doctors and chimney-sweepers, midwives and ship-builders, notaries-public and mill-wrights, booksellers and makers of water-pipes, with a host of other equally homogeneous professionalists, must be guaranteed by that department of the government within whose sphere their occupation is most naturally included, as perfectly fit to execute their professions. The system is cumbersome, but it wants, at least, the exclusive *esprit de corps* of corporations.

“The other and more important object, that of rousing the citizens to an active concern in the affairs of their own community, had already been accomplished by Stein in his *Städteordnung*, or Constitution for the cities, which was completed and promulgated in 1808. He did not go the length of annual parliaments and universal suffrage, for the magistracy is elected only every third year; but the elective franchise is so widely distributed among all resident householders, of a certain income or rental, that none are excluded whom it would be proper to admit. Nay, complaints are sometimes heard from persons of the upper ranks, that it compels them to give up paying any attention to civic affairs, because it places too direct and overwhelming an influence in the hands of the lower orders. There can be no doubt, however, of the good which it has done, were there nothing else than the publicity which it has bestowed on the management and proceedings of public and charitable institutions. The first merchant of Breslau, the second city of the monarchy, told me it was impossible to conceive what a change it had effected for the better, and what interest every citizen now took in the public affairs of the corporation, in hospitals and schools, in roads, and bridges, and pavements, and water-pipes. ‘Nay,’ added he, ‘by our example, we have even compelled the Catholic charities to print accounts of their funds and proceedings; for, without doing so, they could not have stood against us in public confidence.’ This is the true view of the matter; nor is there any danger that the democratic principle will be extravagant in the subordinate communities, while the despotic principle is so strong in the general government of the country.

“Such has been the general spirit of the administration of Prussia, since the battle of Jena; and it would be gross injustice to her government to deny, that in all this it has acted with an honest and effective view to the public welfare, and has betrayed anything but a selfish or prejudiced attachment to old and mischievous relations; that was no part of the character of either Stein or Hardenberg. The government is in its forms a despotic one; it wields a censorship; it is armed with a strict and stern police; and, in one sense, the property of the subject is at its disposal, in so far as the portion of his goods which he shall contribute to the public service depends only on the pleasure of the government; but let not our just hatred of despotic forms make us blind to substantial good. Under these forms, the government, not more from policy than inclination, has been guilty of no oppressions which might place it in dangerous opposition to public feeling or opinion; while it has crowded its administration with a rapid succession of ameliorations, which gave new life to all the weightiest interests of the state, and brought all classes of society into a more natural array, and which only ignorance or prejudice can deny to have been equally beneficial to the people, and honourable to the executive. I greatly doubt, whether there be any example of a popular government doing so much real good in so short a time, and with so much continued effect. When a minister roots out abuses which impede individual prosperity, gives free course to the arts and industry of the country, throws open to the degraded the paths of comfort and respectability, and brings down the artificial privileges of the high to that elevation which nature demands in every stable form of political society; while he thus prepares a people for a popular government, while, at the same time, by this very preparation, he creates the safest and most unerring means of obtaining it, he stands much higher, as a statesman and philosopher, than the minister who rests satisfied with the easy praise, and the more than doubtful experiment, of giving popular forms to a people which knows neither how to value nor exercise them. The statesmen of this age, more than of any other, ought to have learned the folly of casting the political pearl before swine.

“This is no defence of despotism; it is a statement of the good which the Prussian government has done, and an elucidation of the general spirit of improvement in which it has acted; but it furnishes no reason for retaining the despotic forms under which this good has been wrought out, so soon as the public wishes require, and the public mind is, in some measure, capable of using more liberal and manly instruments. On the other hand, it is most unfair (and yet, in relation to Prussia, nothing is more common) to forget what a monarch has done for his subjects, in our hatred of the fact that he has done it without their assistance, and to set down his government as a mere ignorant, selfish, and debasing tyranny. The despotism of Prussia stands as far above that of Naples, or Austria, or Spain, as our own constitution stands above the mutilated Charter of France. The people are personally attached to their king; and, in regard to his government, they feel and recognize the real good which has been done infinitely more strongly than the want of the unknown good which is yet to be attained, and which alone can secure the continuance of all the rest. They have not enjoyed the political

experience and education which would teach them the value of this security; and even the better informed classes tremble at the thought of exacting it by popular clamour, because they see it must speedily come of itself. From the Elbe to the Oder, I found nothing to make me believe in the existence of that general discontent and ripeness for revolt which have been broadly asserted, more than once, to exist in Prussia; and it would be wonderful to find a people to whom all political thinking is new, who knew nothing of political theories, and suffer no personal oppressions, ready to raise the shout of insurrection.

“To this it is commonly added, that the general discontent is only forcibly kept down by the large standing army. The more I understood the constitution of the Prussian army, the more difficult I found it to admit this constantly repeated assertion. Not only is every male, of a certain age, a regularly trained soldier, the most difficult of all populations to be crushed by force, when they are once warmed by a popular cause, but by far the greater part of this supposed despotic instrument consists of men taken, and taken only for a time, from the body of citizens against whom they are to be employed. There is always, indeed, a very large army on foot, and the foreign relations of Prussia render the maintenance of a large force indispensable; but it is, in fact, a militia. ‘We have no standing army at all, properly speaking,’ said an officer of the Guards to me; ‘what may be called our standing army is, in reality, nothing but a school, in which all citizens, without exception, between twenty and thirty-two years of age, are trained to be soldiers. Three years are reckoned sufficient for this purpose. A third of our army is annually changed. Those who have served their three years are sent home, form what is called the War Reserve, and, in case of war, are first called out. Their place is supplied by a new draught from the young men who have not yet been out; and so it goes on.’ Surely a military force so constituted is not that to which a despot can well trust for enchaining a struggling people; if popular feeling were against him, these men would bring it along with them to his very standard. I cannot help thinking, that, if it were once come to this between the people and government of Prussia, it would not be in his own bayonets, but in those of Russia and Austria, that Frederick William would have to seek a trust-worthy ally.

“It will never do to judge of the general feeling of a country from the mad tenets of academical youths, (who are despised by none more heartily than by the people themselves,) or from the still less pardonable excesses of hot-headed teachers. When I was in Berlin, a plot, headed by a schoolmaster, was detected in Stargard, in Pomerania; the object was, to proclaim the Spanish Constitution, and assassinate the ministers and other persons of weight who might naturally be supposed to be hostile to the innovation. This no more proves the Prussian people to be ripe for revolt, than it proves them to be ready to be murderers.

“In judging of the political feelings of a country, a Briton is apt to be deceived by his own political habits still more than by partial observation. The political exercises and education which we enjoy, are riches which we may well wish to see in the possession of others; but they lead us into a thousand fallacies, when they make us conclude, from what our own feelings would be under any given institutions, that another people, whose very prejudices go with its government, must be just as ready to present a claim of right, bring the king to trial, or declare the throne to be vacant. Prussia is by no means the only country of Germany where the people know nothing of that love of political thinking and information which pervades ourselves. But Prussia is in the true course to arrive at it; the most useful classes of her society are gradually rising in wealth, respectability, and importance; and, ere long, her government, in the natural course of things, must admit popular elements. If foreign influence, and, above all, that of Russia, whose leaden weight is said to hang too heavily already on the cabinet of Berlin, do not interfere, I shall be deceived if the change be either demanded with outrageous clamour from below, or refused with unwise and selfish obstinacy from above. No people of the continent better deserves political liberty than the Germans; for none will wait for it more patiently, receive it more thankfully, or use it with greater moderation.”

NORTH.

Thank ye, O'Doherty—that's a good boy.

ODOHERTY.

May I take the book home with me? I must certainly read the rest of it.

NORTH.

By all means. I assure you you will find the writing throughout clever, the facts interesting, and the tone excellent. Ring, Morgan, I must have my chair.

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. XCII.

SEPTEMBER, 1824.

VOL. XVI.

DR M'CRIE'S LIFE OF ANDREW MELVILLE.

THE Christian religion, ever since its birth, has acted like a Deity upon earth, and its history forms a chain of stupendous miracles. Its wonderful origin, its miraculous spread, its astonishing triumphs, the mighty changes which it has wrought in the conduct and condition of mankind, and the inestimable benefits which it has showered upon the nations that have practised it,—these things amaze us in contemplating them with their superhuman character, and overwhelm us with the conviction, that Christianity must of necessity have proceeded from Heaven.

The Reformation, or, to speak more correctly, the resuscitation of this religion, after it had been virtually destroyed by those who professed to be its own ministers, exhibited characteristics but little less wonderful than those which it displayed in its first rise and progress. In the one case, as in the other, it triumphed by trampling under its feet what seemed to be the laws of nature, and moral and physical impossibilities. Nearly all earthly authorities were opposed to the reformers—rulers, as well as subjects, were almost everywhere, with regard to religious matters, the slaves of the Pope—the Catholic religion possessed everything that could render it attractive in the eyes of governments, and that of the reformers displayed many things that were calculated to fill governments with dislike and dread. The Catholic clergy left nothing unemployed that promised to seduce and enslave

mankind; they indulged the passions, tolerated almost every sin, filled the path to heaven with worldly pleasures, ensured paradise to the whole of their followers, and doomed all who might forsake them to perdition; while the reformers forbade even innocent amusements, insisted upon self-denial and privations, made salvation a matter of difficult attainment, and used that for making proselytes which was in the highest degree unpalatable to human nature. Yet the powerless prevailed against the mighty—governments were conquered by the books and sermons of a few proscribed individuals—the most powerful chains that could be rivetted on nations were broken by the mere breath of those whom the world was instructed to regard as the accursed instruments of the devil—human nature rejected gratification for austerities and mortifications, and Christianity once more became a reality, as well as a name, to bestow on mankind temporal benefits and eternal happiness.

The same end was to be reached in different nations, the circumstances of which were perfectly dissimilar; and therefore the Reformation worked in different countries by instruments of the most opposite character. In one it employed the humblest individual, in another a monarch was its unconscious agent; here the poor and ignorant fought its battles, there the nobility ranked among its most efficient champions. Political intrigues, the unprincipled strife of factions, national

* The Life of Andrew Melville, containing Illustrations of the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Scotland, during the latter Part of the Sixteenth and beginning of the Seventeenth Century. By Thomas M'Crue, D.D. 2 vols. 8vo. Second Edition. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London, 1824.

quarrels, the profligacy and crimes of sovereigns, extraordinary and unnatural events, the efforts of those who upheld the cause of Catholicism, all harmoniously conspired to give success to the Reformation. It was essential for its success, as far as human reason can judge, that the guilt of Mary of Scotland and Henry the Eighth of England was so great, and was of so singular a character. Considered apart from the Reformation, all these things seem but a chaos of accidents; but, considered in connexion with it, they appear to form a wonderful combination—a scheme so complex, vast, magnificent, and perfect, as to render it impossible for us to ascribe it to chance, or to anything less than over-ruling Providence.

Perhaps the most curious and interesting portion of the history of the Reformation appertains to Scotland. The beauty of Mary—her wild and fatal attachment—the romantic and singular nature of her errors and guilt—the soft and womanish character of her conduct, notwithstanding its criminality—and her misfortunes and sorrows;—the towering character of Knox—his fire and heroism—his austerity and inflexibility—the prodigious influence which he acquired by his talents and zeal—and the remarkable vicissitudes through which he passed;—all these matters, combined with the striking and contrasted characters and deeds of the other personages, who intentionally or unconsciously bore a part in the Reformation of Scotland, give to its history the seductive air and dramatic interest of a romance.

Dr M'Crie's literary fame is too well established to need from us support or illustration, and we notice his *Life of Melville* rather to direct the attention of such of our readers as are unacquainted with it, to a work replete with interest and instruction, than to emblazon his merits. If Melville and James will not take hold of the feelings like Knox and Mary, and if the struggles which established and overthrew the Presbyterian polity will not bear comparison, in point of importance, with the events of the Reformation, the book still falls but little below its learned author's *Life of Knox*, with regard to its capability of yielding pleasure and profit. It is, in fact, as Dr M'Crie observes, a continuation of that work, with respect to the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, and it

places before us the conduct of the Reformers after they had crushed Popery, their contests with Morton and James, their triumph over Episcopacy, and their subsequent overthrow; and it moreover gives a mass of information touching the state of learning in Scotland during this period of Scottish history. Our readers will readily believe, that such a writer as Dr M'Crie could not write on matters like these without producing a most valuable publication.

Andrew Melville sprung, in 1545, from a highly respectable family, though his father seems to have possessed but a slender fortune. After giving evidences of great genius, and making himself master of all the learning that could be gained in his own country, he left it at the age of nineteen, to prosecute his studies on the Continent. He went first to Paris, and afterwards to Geneva. He distinguished himself at both places, and became acquainted with several of the first scholars of the age.

The Reformers had to fight their way against governments, and therefore they were compelled to mingle politics with religion; they could not advance a step without asserting the principles of civil liberty, and attempting both to define and to contract the power of rulers. This imperious necessity will go far towards justifying them for assuming to so great an extent as they did the character of politicians. They cut, however, but a sorry figure in this character, and they were unable to practise the principles of liberty when the power came into their hands. With the celebrity which Geneva acquired for the political nature of the theology taught within it, our readers are familiar. It was there, in the words of Dr M'Crie, "that Knox first felt the hallowed flame of liberty kindle in his breast; and, while he breathed the free air of that republic, he conceived the enterprize of breaking the fetters of religious and political bondage by which his native country was enthralled;" and it was there where Melville became confirmed in those opinions which had animated Knox.

Melville returned to his native country, after an absence of ten years, with a brilliant reputation for piety, talents, and learning. He received an offer of being appointed domestic in-

structor to the Regent Morton until a more valuable situation could be given him, which he declined; and he soon after was admitted Principal of the university of Glasgow. "The literary history of the university of Glasgow," observes Dr M'Crie, "properly commences with Melville, though the seminary had subsisted for upwards of a century before he was connected with it." He found it literally in a state of ruin; and, by his energy, perseverance, and talents, he speedily raised it to a flourishing condition.

When Melville returned to Scotland ecclesiastical matters were in great confusion. The Popish Church had just been overthrown, and the reformed one had assumed no settled and recognized form.

"The young King was still a minor, and James, Earl of Morton, exercised the supreme authority, to which he had been raised on the death of the former regent, the Earl of Mar."—"The revenues of the Church tempted his cupidity; and, as the sacredness of that fund had been already violated, he looked to it as the most convenient source of enriching himself, and increasing the number of his dependents. The irregularities of his private life made him dread the reproofs and censures of the preachers; and the dependence which he had on Elizabeth, conspired, with his love of power, in inducing him to seek the suppression of the liberties of the Church, and to bring it as nearly as possible to a conformity, in point of government, with the Church of England.

"The Church of Scotland, from the beginning of the Reformation, did not acknowledge any permanent ecclesiastical office superior to that of the pastor; the employment of superintendents was a provisional and temporary expedient adopted to supply the deficiency of ministers. The superintendents possessed no episcopal authority in the common acceptation of that term; they were ordained in the same manner as other pastors, and derived the special powers with which they were invested from the General Assemblies of the Church, to which they were made accountable at every meeting for all their managements. At the establishment of the Reformation, the Popish prelates, secular and regular, were allowed to retain the greater part of their revenues; and they continued to occupy their seats in Parliament, to which they were entitled, in the eye of the law, equally as other lords, as long as their baronial benefices were not taken from them by the state. Some of them embraced the reformed doctrines; but even these did not represent the Protestant Church in Parliament; and, if they exercised any ecclesi-

astical authority, it was not in the character of bishops, but in consequence of their having been admitted into the ministry, or of their having received a specific commission to that purpose from the General Assembly. This observation may be applied to deaneries, rectories, and inferior livings. With the exception of the third part, the incumbents enjoyed their benefices; and, upon joining the Protestant Church, they were admitted ministers, if found qualified, according to the ordinary forms. In this case, the rank which they had held in the Popish Church, and the benefices which they continued to enjoy, gave them no precedence or superiority to their brethren, although they might still be called by their old titles in the way of courtesy, or from the power of custom.

"In this state matters continued until the year 1571, when it became necessary to fill several prelacies become vacant by the death or the forfeiture of the incumbents. The Church had already expressed her judgment on the subject, both in the Book of Discipline, and in representations repeatedly made to the Parliament and Privy Council, in which she craved that the bishoprics should be dissolved, and their revenues applied to the support of superintendents and ministers. But to this measure the regent and the greater part of the nobility were decidedly averse. Accordingly, the vacant bishoprics and other great benefices were bestowed on noblemen, who presented preachers to them, after they had taken care to secure to themselves a certain portion of their revenues.

"These proceedings, as soon as they transpired, were protested against by the Commissioners of the Church, and they everywhere excited the greatest dissatisfaction."

We cannot perceive that Morton's desire to see the Church of Scotland assume the form of that of England, necessarily implied a wish to destroy its liberties. The Reformers had now got far beyond a reformation of religion; what they were labouring for involved a mighty political change in the constitution. The abolition of Popery was a matter of religion, it left the constitution as it found it; but the abolition of Episcopacy affected in no essential point religious opinion, and it was, in a very great degree, a political question. The Reformers had mixed freely in the strife of parties; they had, in no reserved manner, discussed matters in the pulpit that were purely political; they had avowed the doctrine, that kings might be put to death by their subjects for mal-government, and they had shewn that there might be cases in which they would willing-

ly, and in virtue of their office, take upon themselves to be the judges of the royal criminals. While they had done and said what virtually placed the church above the government, and gave her the power of becoming its despotic judge at pleasure, they were seeking to separate her entirely from it, and to obtain the absolute control over her revenues and conduct. Morton would have been without either honesty or sanity, if, as a ruler, he had not vigorously opposed them. The right to reconcile the doctrines of the church with the Scriptures, and to purify her clergy, was not a right to reduce her to a heap of ruins, that she might be rebuilt in the form that was the most at variance with the public weal, and the refusal to permit the Reformers to do this was anything but an invasion of her liberties.

Had Morton gone heartily along with the Reformers in correcting the doctrines of the church, in properly appropriating her revenues, and in purging the clergy of all improper members, he might then have made a stand with every prospect of success. Justice and reason would have been with him, and, in all probability, would have rallied the intelligent portion of the people around him, as well as the nobility. But he committed a capital error in suffering the high church dignities to be disposed of as they were. Such disposal was a flagrant and crying abuse, and it threatened the church with the most serious evils; it could not fail of disgusting all who wished to see things properly established, and of rendering essential service to the Reformers in their war against Episcopacy. The one side was thus about as deep in error as the other, and the troubles that followed were a natural consequence.

After an ineffectual attempt to prevail over the Reformers by harsh measures, the Regent endeavoured to soothe them into acquiescence. The Convention of Leith was formed to devise a scheme for removing the dissension. The issue was unsatisfactory. The Convention conceded certain minor points to both sides, but it left the great evil, the root of contention, much as it found it. The *Tulchan* prelates were not removed for realities, and the manner of disposing of the higher dignities of the church remained unaltered.

Dissatisfaction and strife increased, and both sides plunged still deeper into wrong. The sees were filled with improper persons. The patrons of benefices, not being bound by any law, refused to comply with the regulations of the Convention, and they were secretly encouraged to do so by Morton. The Regent made the most unjustifiable encroachments on the rights of the church. The ministers protested against, and held consultations touching the best means of resisting them, and Morton then charged them with sedition and treason, withdrew his countenance from their Assemblies, questioned their right to meet and transact business without his express allowance, and advanced a claim to supremacy over the church.

In this perilous crisis, the Reformers were destitute of an efficient leader. They were common-place men, disqualified, in almost every way, for fighting such a battle as they were engaged in. Had not a leader appeared among them gifted with a large portion of the spirit of Knox—intrepid and inflexible—capable both of judging and acting—able to inspire them with courage and unanimity—and having the power to give a tone to public feeling, and to rally around him the body of the people, it is probable that the encroachments, which their own attempted encroachments had perhaps in a great measure produced, would have involved them and their cause in ruin. Such a leader appeared among them in the person of Andrew Melville. He at once took his place at their head, struck boldly at the whole structure of Episcopacy, and rendered them again the assailants.

Our limits will not allow us to give a summary of the series of struggles that followed, and that gave to the reformers a momentary triumph. The following interview between Morton and Melville is highly characteristic.

“Morton said that the General Assembly was a convocation of the King's lieges, and that it was treasonable for them to meet without his allowance. To this Melville answered, that, if it were so, then Christ and his apostles must have been guilty of treason, for they convoked hundreds and thousands, and taught and governed them, without asking the permission of magistrates; and yet they were obedient subjects, and commanded the people to give what was due unto Cæsar. Having appealed, in proof of this assertion, to

the *Acts of the Apostles*, the Regent replied, scornfully, 'Read ye ever such an *Act* as we did at St Johnston?' referring to the armed resistance which the Lords of the Congregation made to the Queen Regent at Perth, in the beginning of the Reformation. 'My Lord,' answered Melville, 'if ye be ashamed of that act, Christ will be ashamed of you.' He added, 'that, in a great crisis, the conduct of men was not to be rigidly scanned by common rules; and actions, which, in other circumstances, would be highly censurable, may be excused, and even approved; as our Saviour virtually justified those who introduced to him a palsied invalid by the roof of a house, without waiting the permission of the proprietor. At that time the kingdom of Heaven suffered violence, and all men pressed into it, without asking the leave of prince or emperor.' The Regent, biting the head of his staff, exclaimed in a tone of half-suppressed indignation, which few who were acquainted with his manner and temper could hear without alarm, 'There will never be quietness in this country till half-a-dozen of you be hanged, or banished the country.'—'Tush, sir,' replied Melville, 'threaten your courtiers after that manner. It is the same to me whether I rot in the air or in the ground. The earth is the Lord's.—*Patria est ubicunque est bene*. I have been ready to give my life where it would not have been half so well wared, at the pleasure of my God. I have lived out of your country ten years, as well as in it. Let God be glorified; it will not be in your power to hang or exile his truth.' "

Few things lower the Reformers more in our opinion, than their unnatural interpretations of the Scriptures, and their practical adoption of the doctrine, that the end justifies the means. Our English puritans could discover nothing that the Bible called for more loudly than the destruction of the Protestant church of their country—nothing that the Bible more fully justified, than the bloodshed and devastation which they were employed in spreading.

The strife of parties, and the consequent weakness of the government, for some time prevented the Reformers from experiencing any decided opposition; but soon after James took the reins into his own hands, the government re-commenced offensive operations against them. Lennox obtained his ascendancy over the king, and in furtherance of his other views, the restoration of Episcopacy was determined on. The regulations of the convention of Leith were revived by an act of privy council; the disposal of

the see of Glasgow was given to Lennox, "who offered it to different ministers, upon the condition of their making over to him its revenues, and contenting themselves with an annual pension." It was at last accepted by Robert Montgomery, minister of Stirling, a person designated by Robertson as "a man vain, feeble, presumptuous, and more apt, by the blemishes of his character, to have alienated the people from an order already beloved, than to reconcile them to one which was the object of their hatred." This most impolitic and iniquitous measure produced its natural consequences; it excited universal indignation. It embroiled the government and the Reformers in open war, and it gave the latter the advantage altogether in point of justice. If anything could reconcile us to the hostilities which the Reformers waged against Episcopacy, it would be conduct like this on the part of those who defended it; in truth, such conduct was well calculated to make it the object of general enmity among the people.

In the strife which followed, Melville occupied the most distinguished part; he was at once the sage and the hero of his party. After much unwarrantable injustice on the part of the government, and determined resistance on that of the ministers, the *Raid of Ruthven* destroyed the power of Lennox and Arran, and produced a temporary peace.

While Melville was engaged in this contest, he was involved in the performance of extraordinary duty at St Andrews, of which he had been admitted Principal. He frequently preached in the room of one of the regular ministers. The following extract is too highly illustrative of his character to be omitted.

"As long as he continued to preach, it was impossible for him to refrain from condemning the conduct of those who obstructed the settlement of the parish. The umbrage taken at this was increased by the plainness with which he rebuked the more flagrant vices which prevailed among the inhabitants, and were overlooked by those in authority. Galled by his reproofs, the provost one day rose from his seat in the middle of the sermon, and left the church, muttering his dissatisfaction with the preacher. Placards were affixed to the gate of the new College, threatening to set fire to the Principal's lodging, to bastinate him, and to chase him out of the

town. His friends became alarmed for his safety, but he remained unintimidated, and refused to give place to the violence of his adversaries. He summoned the provost before the presbytery for contempt of divine ordinances. He persevered in his public censures of vice. One of the placards was known, by the French and Italian phrases in it, to be the production of James Learmont, younger of Balcomy. This Melville produced to the congregation at the end of a sermon, in which he had been uncommonly free and vehement, and described the author of it, who was sitting before him, as 'a Frenchified, Italianized, jolly gentleman, who had polluted many marriage-beds, and now boasted that he would pollute the church of God, by bastinading his servants.' He silenced his adversaries at this time, but they soon found an opportunity of revenging themselves for the freedoms which he had taken with them."

It can excite no surprise that conduct like this made him enemies, but it may excite some surprise that a man possessing the talents, learning, experience, and sagacity of Melville, should be so far ignorant of his spiritual duties, and of the nature of religion, as, from report and a spirit of revenge, to point out publicly one of the congregation to all the rest as a common adulterer. Many of our readers will believe, that the Church of God was as deeply polluted by this as it would have been by the "bastinading" of the minister.

Arran recovered his influence, and the ministers were again involved in storms; spies were placed round them by the favourite, and Melville was soon cited to appear before the Privy Council, to answer to the charge of having uttered seditious and treasonable speeches. He appeared, and defended himself with great spirit, but was found guilty of "declining the judgment of the Council, and behaving irreverently before them," and was condemned to be imprisoned in the Castle of Edinburgh, and to be further punished in his person and goods at his Majesty's pleasure. He kept concealed in the capital, and, finding that it was intended to confine him in the castle of Blackness instead of that of Edinburgh, a solitary and unwholesome dungeon, kept by a creature of Arran's, he determined upon, and accomplished, a flight to England. In his absence, presbytery was overthrown by the Parliament, and the

chief portion of his colleagues either exiled themselves, or were brought over by the court.

On Melville's return to his native country with the banished noblemen, his first object was the restoration of presbytery. The preachers, for reasons which, we think, may be gathered from their previous conduct, met with but little support from the noblemen, who referred them to the king himself. War was again commenced between them and the court. The spirit in which it was carried on by the preachers, may be discovered by the following extracts.

"James Gibson, minister of Pencaitland, in a sermon which he preached in Edinburgh, made use of the following indiscreet language: 'I thought that Captain James Stewart, Lady Jesabel his wife, and William Stewart, had persecuted the Church, but now I have found the truth, that it was the King himself. As Jeroboam and his posterity were rooted out for staying of the true worshipping of God, so I fear, that if our King continue in his present course, he shall be the last of his race.'"

Our readers need not be reminded, that James did not seek the re-establishment of Popery; that he did not dispute with the ministers touching religious doctrines; and that the main question between them was, whether Episcopacy should or should not exist. The mere wish to have bishops, was, it seems, in the eyes of those who regarded themselves as the only true expounders of the Scriptures, so heinous a sin, as could scarcely fail of being visited by divine vengeance.

Archbishop Adamson had been the chief adviser of the laws which overthrew presbytery:—

"James Melville (the nephew of Andrew) preached at the opening of the provincial synod of Fife, which met at St Andrews in April 1586. In the course of his sermon the preacher turned to the archbishop, who was sitting with great dignity in the assembly, and charged him with overthrowing, in violation of his promises, the scriptural government and discipline of the Church of Scotland; and then, addressing himself to the members of the synod, exhorted them to act the part of bold chirurgeons, by cutting off such a corrupt member. Adamson complained of this injury; but the synod instantly converted the admonitions of the preacher into formal charges, and put the bishop on his trial."

Episcopacy was at length abolished by the government, and for some time matters went on peaceably. The conspiracy of the Popish lords, however, renewed the discord between James and the preachers. Justified as the conduct of the latter, described by the following extracts, perhaps was, by the peculiar circumstances of the times, it could not fail of being exceedingly offensive to James's exalted notions of kingly authority.

“Arran presumed at this time to present himself in the palace, and the reception he met with shewed that he still retained a place in his majesty's affections. With the view of establishing himself at court, and in the hopes of regaining his former station, he applied to the presbytery of Edinburgh, professed great regard for the Church, and offered to give satisfaction for any offences which he might formerly have committed. But the presbytery met his advances with the most discouraging coldness. They at the same time appointed a deputation to wait upon his majesty, and to warn him against admitting such a dangerous person into his counsels.”

“Alarmed at the tendency of this policy, (the lenity of James towards the Popish lords,) the provincial synod of Fife, which met in September, 1593, came to the resolution of excommunicating the four Popish noblemen, Huntly, Angus, Errol, and Hume, with their two principal adherents, Sir Patrick Gordon of Auchindown, and Sir James Chisholm of Dundurn. This sentence was communicated to the other synods, and was unanimously approved and intimated in all the pulpits.”

On the trial of the lords,—

“Melville attended as one of the commissioners of the Church, and used his wonted freedom in uttering his sentiments. He reproved the king for the manner in which he allowed himself to speak of those who had been the chief instruments of the reformation, and the best friends of his throne; and for the uniform partiality which he had shewn to the avowed enemies of both, and particularly to the house of Huntly. He challenged those who advised his majesty to favour the Popish noblemen to come forward and avow themselves before the Estates; pledging himself to prove them traitors to the crown and kingdom of Scotland, provided they were made liable to punishment, if found guilty; and engaging that, if he failed in his proof, he would himself go to the gibbet. The king and courtiers smiled at his offer, and said that he was more zealous than wise.”

In consequence of the conduct of James towards the Popish lords after their return from exile, the commissioners of the General Assembly, as-

sisted by some public-spirited gentlemen, met at Fife, and appointed a deputation to go to Falkland, “and exhort him to prevent the evil consequences which would ensue from the measures which his council were pursuing.” The deputies were admitted to a private audience. They had agreed that James Melville should be their spokesman; but he had scarcely begun to speak, when the king angrily interrupted him. James Melville was preparing to reply in his mild manner, when his uncle stepped forward, and addressed the king.

“His majesty testified the strongest reluctance to listen to his discourse, and summoned up all his authority to silence him; but Melville persevered, and taking hold of the sleeve of the king's gown in his fervour, and calling him *God's silly vassal*, he proceeded to address him in the following strain:—“Sir, we will always humbly reverence your majesty in public; but since we have this occasion to be with your majesty in private, and since you are brought in extreme danger both of your life and crown, and along with you the country and the church of God are like to go to wreck, for not telling you the truth, and giving you faithful counsel, we must discharge our duty, or else be traitors both to Christ and you. Therefore, sir, as diverse times before I have told you, so now again I must tell you, there are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland: there is King James the head of this commonwealth, and there is Christ Jesus the king of the Church, whose subject James the Sixth is, and of whose kingdom he is not a king, nor a lord, nor a head, but a member. Sir, those whom Christ has called, and commanded to watch over his church, have power and authority from him to govern his spiritual kingdom, both jointly and severally; the which no Christian king or prince should control and discharge, but fortify and assist; otherwise they are not faithful subjects of Christ, and members of his church. We will yield to you your place, and give you all due obedience; but again I say you are not the head of the church; you cannot give us that eternal life which we seek for even in this world, and you cannot deprive us of it. Permit us, then, freely to meet in the name of Christ, and to attend to the interests of that church of which you are the chief member. Sir, when you were in your swaddling-clothes, Christ Jesus reigned freely in this land, in spite of all his enemies—his officers and ministers convened and assembled for the ruling and welfare of his church, which was ever for your welfare, defence, and preservation, when these same enemies were seeking your destruction, and cutting off.

Their assemblies since that time continually have been terrible to these enemies, and most steadable to you. And now, when there is more than extreme necessity for the continuance and discharge of that duty, will you (drawn to your own destruction by a devilish and most pernicious counsel) begin to hinder and dishearten Christ's servants, and your most faithful subjects, quarrelling them for their convening, and the care they have of their duty to Christ and you, when you should rather commend and countenance them, as the godly kings and emperors did? The wisdom of your counsel, which I call devilish, is this, that ye must be served by all sorts of men, to come to your purpose and grandeur, Jew and Gentile, Papist and Protestant; and because the Protestants and ministers of Scotland are over-strong, and control the king, they must be weakened and brought low by stirring up a party against them, and, the king being equal and indifferent, both shall be fain to flee to him. But, sir, if God's wisdom be the only true wisdom, this will prove mere and mad folly; his curse cannot but light upon it; in seeking both, ye shall lose both; whereas, in cleaving uprightly to God, his true servants would be your sure friends, and he would compel the rest counterfeitedly and lyingly to give over themselves and serve you!

We have given this extraordinary speech at length, not more to throw light upon the character of Melville, than to develope the principles of the Presbyterians.

Disputes thickened between James and the preachers, and the recourse which the latter had to politics in the pulpit, became intolerable to the monarch. He, however, triumphed against them mightily, both by force and cunning.

After the accession of James to the English throne, a letter was delivered from him to Melville, commanding the latter, "all excuses set aside, to repair to London before the 15th of September following, that his majesty might treat with him and others, his brethren of good learning, judgment, and experience, concerning such things as would tend to settle the peace of the church, and to justify to the world the measures which his majesty, after such extraordinary condescension, might find it necessary to adopt, for repressing the obstinate and turbulent." Similar letters were delivered to James Melville and six others. The object of this was manifestly to rid Scotland of the most refractory of the Presbyterians, that the projects of James might be realized.

The eight ministers obeyed, though with great reluctance, the royal summons. Our limits will not allow us to give any account of the conferences in which Melville displayed his wonted intrepidity. After these, which naturally enough ended in nothing, closed, the ministers were detained in London under various pretences, and at length Melville's imprudence furnished James with what he, no doubt, eagerly wished, the means of separating him from Scotland for ever. The ministers were required by the king to attend the royal chapel on the festival of St Michael. On the altar were placed two shut books, two empty chalice, and two candlesticks with unlighted candles. On returning to his lodgings, Melville composed the following verses on the scene he had witnessed—

"Cur stant clausi Anglis libri duo regia
in ara,

Lumina caeca duo, pollubra sicca duo?

Num sensum cultumque Dei tenet Anglia
clausum,

Lumine caeca suo, sorde sepulta sua?

Romano an ritu dum regalem instruit aram,
Purpuream pingit religiosa lupam?"

Thus rendered in an old translation—

"Why stand there on the royal altar hie
Two closed books, blind lights; two basins
drie?

Doth England hold God's mind, and wor-
ship closs,

Blind of her sight, and buried in her dross?
Doth she, with chapel put in Romish dress,
The purple whore religiously express?"

"By means of some of the court-spies who frequented the house in which the ministers lodged, a copy of these verses was conveyed to his majesty, who was, or affected to be, highly incensed at them. And it was immediately resolved to proceed against their author."

Melville was summoned before the Privy Council. He acknowledged the epigram, justified himself, and declared that he had given out no copy of it. Bancroft, the Archbishop of Canterbury, argued that—

"Such a libel on the worship of the church of England was a high misdemeanor, and even brought the offender within the laws of treason. This was too much for Melville to bear from a man of whom he had so unfavourable an opinion as Bancroft. He interrupted the primate.—'My lords,' exclaimed he, 'Andrew Melville was never a traitor. But, my lords, there was one Richard Bancroft, (let him be sought for,) who, during the life of the late queen, wrote a treatise against his Majes-

ty's title to the crown of England; and *here*, (pulling the *corpus delicti* from his pocket,) *here* is the book, which was answered by my brother, John Davidson.' Bancroft was thrown into the utmost confusion by this bold and unexpected attack. In the meantime, Melville went on to charge the archbishop with his delinquencies. He accused him of profaning the Sabbath, of maintaining an antichristian hierarchy, and vain, foppish, superstitious ceremonies; and of silencing and imprisoning the true preachers of the gospel for scrupling to conform to these. Advancing gradually, as he spoke, to the head of the table, where Bancroft sat, he took hold of the lawn sleeves of the primate, and shaking them, and calling them *Romish rags*, he said, 'If you are the author of the book called English Scottizing for Geneva Discipline, then I regard you as the capital enemy of all the reformed churches in Europe, and, as such, I will profess myself an enemy to you and to your proceedings, to the effusion of the last drop of my blood, and it grieves me that such a man should have his Majesty's ear, and sit so high in this honourable council!' Bishop Barlow at last stepped in between the archbishop and his accuser, but he was handled in the same unceremonious way. Melville attacked his narrative of the Hampton-Court Conference, and accused him of representing the king as of no religion, by making him say, that 'though he was in the Church of Scotland, he was not of it.' He then proceeded to make strictures on the sermon which he had heard Barlow preach in the Royal Chapel. 'Remember where you are, and to whom you are speaking,' said one of the Scottish noblemen. 'I remember it very well, my lord,' replied Melville, 'and am only sorry that your lordship, by sitting here and countenancing such proceedings against me, should furnish a precedent which may yet be used against yourself or your posterity.'

"He was at last removed, and his brethren were called in."—"After the council had deliberated for some time, Melville was again called in, and having been admonished by the chancellor to add modesty and discretion to his learning and years, was told that he had been found guilty of *scandalum magnatum*, and was to be committed to the custody of the Dean of St Paul's, until the pleasure of the king, as to his farther punishment, should be known."

Some time after this, Melville was again summoned before the council.

"His majesty did not make his appearance; but he had placed himself in a closet adjoining to the room in which the council was met: A low trick, and disgraceful to royalty, by which the prisoner was encouraged to use liberties which he might not otherwise have taken, and which

were overheard by the person who was ultimately to decide upon his fate. The only charge which the council had to bring against him was the *epigram*, for which he had formerly been questioned. Irritated as he was by what he had suffered and by what he had seen, he was not prepared to make apologies or retractions. 'The Earl of Salisbury,' (says the French ambassador, to whom we owe the account of this interview,) 'took up the subject, and began to reprove him for his obstinacy in refusing to acknowledge the primacy, and for the verses which he had made in derision of the royal chapel. Melville was so severe in his reply, both in what related to the king and to the earl personally, that his lordship was completely put to silence. To his assistance came the Archbishop of Canterbury, then the Earl of Northampton, then the Lord Treasurer,—all of whom he rated in such a manner, sparing none of the vices, public or private, with which they are respectively taxed, (and none of them are angels,) that they would have been glad that he had been in Scotland. In the end, not being able to induce him to swear to the primacy, and not knowing any other way to revenge themselves on him, they agreed to send him prisoner to the Tower. When the sentence was pronounced, he exclaimed, 'To this comes the boasted pride of England! A month ago you put to death a priest, and to-morrow you will do the same to a minister.' Then addressing the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Mar, who were in the council, he said, 'I am a Scotchman, my lords, a true Scotchman; and if you are such, take heed that they do not end with you as they have begun with me!' The king was more irritated at this last saying than at all which had passed."

Melville was thrown into the Tower; his nephew was commanded to leave London, within six days, for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and not to go beyond ten miles from that town, on the pain of rebellion. The rest of the ministers were confined to different parts of Scotland. We join most cordially in the philippic which Dr M'Crie pronounces against the atrocious treatment of Melville and his brethren.

After being kept in the Tower four years, during which time Presbytery was overthrown in Scotland, Melville was permitted to proceed to France, where he died in the year 1622, at the age of 77. We regret that our limits will not permit us to give any specimens of his literary compositions, or any notice of Dr M'Crie's illustrations of the state of literature in Scotland, during the period in which Melville lived. In this edition, these illustra-

tions have been re-modelled, and placed in two chapters at the close of the work. In this second edition, too, the care of the author, in improving his style, is very perceptible.

We who now hold the pen belong to England and its Episcopal Church, and it will therefore excite no surprise if we qualify our praise of Dr M'Crie and his work in one particular.—He assumes occasionally the character of the controversialist, and attacks, with much boldness, persons and things of the present times, as well as of the past, that have given him but little provocation, and that he ought to have spared. He, moreover, sometimes manifests a degree of bitterness and want of fairness in his attacks, which a minister of religion, in writing ecclesiastical history, ought to have cautiously avoided. This will, however, do but little injury of any kind, if it do no harm to Dr M'Crie and his book. The Life of Melville is written by an apologist of the old Presbyterians, it breathes a certain portion of their spirit, and still we think it as powerful a defence of Episcopacy as could be composed.

It was our intention to point out, at the close of this article, some of the political errors of Knox, Melville, and their brethren. The higher the claims of the Reformers to our admiration are for their services in the cause of religion, the more necessary it is that their errors, in deed and opinion, should be distinctly made known. We would deal tenderly with the conscience in matters of religion; but we humbly presume, that the shape and practical authority which the clergy should take in the community, is not altogether a matter of religion. The Scottish reformers, after they triumphed over Popery, plunged recklessly into things that, in our judgment, were far more political than religious in their nature, and we have strong doubts touching the wisdom of some of their conduct. Want of space, and some other reasons, compel us to abandon our intention, but we are not the less convinced that it was a proper one. Episcopacy is, and has long been, furiously attacked; and it is curious enough, that those who profess to be extremely religious, and those who deny the truth of Christianity, are alike hostile to it, although it cannot provoke the enmity of the one without deserving the friendship of the other.

We wish that our pretended friends of liberty would ponder well the fact, that liberty in Europe has never been able to advance a step into the regions of Popery. Ireland has had the British constitution forced upon her, but it remains practically inoperative; the vast mass of the inhabitants obstinately spurn from them the greater portion of the freedom which it offers them, and they would gladly exchange it for a Catholic despotism. In France, the love of liberty among the people, and liberty itself, have declined in exact proportion as the Catholic Church has recovered its former influence. In Spain and Portugal, the Catholic clergy war as bitterly against the smallest portion of popular freedom, as against democracy; and they are too powerful for their respective monarchs, supported as these are by the influence of every government in Europe.

All this is perfectly natural. The discipline, interests, and, in many points, the creed of the Catholic Church, are irreconcilably hostile to popular freedom. If the latter be by main force planted where the former exist, it must inevitably destroy them, or be destroyed by them. Nothing but Heaven itself could prevent such a consummation. The Catholic clergy have everything to lose that can be dear to individuals or bodies, by the establishment of liberty, and they have nothing to gain by it; they would therefore be more than men if they did not oppose it to the utmost. A church which insists upon a monopoly of conscience, upon individual confession, upon the right to impose penance and to pronounce excommunication; which maintains that it can work miracles, and that it is infallible, and which expressly prohibits the people from reading the Bible, works of religious controversy, or anything that may tend to weaken its authority; in a word, which actually prohibits the exercise of not only religious, but civil liberty, and labours to the utmost to make passive slaves of its followers—such a church cannot possibly look upon a free form of government as anything but a mortal enemy. So long as the clergy of this church shall possess irresistible influence over the vast mass of a nation, so long will it be as easy to make the exotic bloom on the iceberg, as to plant in that nation liberty that will endure. They cannot be conscientious men, according to the

tenets of their religion, without being the enemies of almost everything that constitutes or nourishes popular freedom; and they cannot be the friends of these without being the enemies of themselves.

The continental revolutionists had the sagacity to perceive that the Catholic Church was their most deadly enemy, and they first endeavoured to conquer it by inculcating infidelity. The people were to be induced to throw off its yoke, by being taught to regard religion as a fable. The scheme was worthy of its idiotic authors, and it had a very natural termination. It converted the dregs of the people into godless, lawless ruffians, and it converted the great body of the people into the bitter enemies of the revolutionists. Infidelity may for a moment have great success; if it be suffered to be openly taught, it may enable the scum of a community to establish atheism by law, as the history of France abundantly proves,* but it still must ultimately be put down by religion. A nation will change its religion, but however false and pernicious this may be, it will cleave to it, if the alternative be no religion at all. When the revolutionists found that the Catholic Church was too strong for them, they then, after robbing it, exasperating it, suffering it to know that they were deists, and that they hated it, granted it a monopoly of conscience. They actually granted such a monopoly to such a church, at the very time when they pretended to establish liberty. Of course, they only raised a gimcrack, lying, impracticable thing, called a free constitution, in one moment, for it to be crumbled to ruins the next.

In our judgment, the spread of the reformed religion must precede all successful attempts to establish liberty on the Continent. The ecclesiastical tyranny of the Catholic Church must be destroyed before civil liberty

can take root, and this can only be effectually destroyed by Protestantism. The creed and discipline of our church allow and sanction the full exercise of civil and religious freedom, those of the Catholic Church jealously prohibit it; and while this is the case, the followers of the one may be free, but the followers of the other must be slaves. When the people of the Continent shall be taught the practice of genuine Christianity—when they shall be taught to purge their religion of its errors—when the influence of their religious teachers shall be duly restricted to religious matters—and when they shall be as free from clerical despotism as the people of England—then, and we think not before, they may be endowed with liberty. The practice of Christianity must, on the one hand, form the foundation of freedom; and on the other, a people never can be free, when the discipline of the church amounts practically to religious and civil despotism. We find abundant proof in Ireland, that it is idle for the government and the law to tell a man that he may do this, that, or the other, if his priest forbid it. We quarrel not with names, but things; any body of men that might hold the opinions and possess the influence and authority of the Catholic clergy of Catholic states, would assuredly wish to render the government despotic for its own security, and it would possess abundant power for doing it. If Ireland were to be at this moment converted into a distinct, independent kingdom, the government, whatever might be its wishes, would be irresistibly compelled to become despotic, both in shape and operation.

The Catholic Church has lately most unceremoniously and decisively given the lie to those who have so long descanted on its change of doctrine and feeling, but, alas! it has done this to little purpose. Our Earl Greys, and Broughams, and Burdetts—would to

* We wonder that those who argue so strenuously against the prosecution of blasphemy, on the ground that infidelity cannot prevail against Christianity, do not remember that a very few years since, the ruling powers of France solemnly decreed death to be an eternal sleep. It may be said that atheism was confined to a small part of the population, but, nevertheless, it was for a moment triumphant, and in that moment it wrapped France in the most awful horrors that could visit a nation. If the argument cannot establish, not only that religion will always ultimately prevail against infidelity, but that it will always prevent it from producing any considerable share of public evil, it is not worth a straw, and the single fact which we have cited will for ever prevent it from establishing this.

God that the list ended here!—can calmly look upon the conduct of this church in Portugal, in Spain, and in Italy—they can coolly read the late epistle of the Pope—and then they can stand up in Parliament and demand that this church may be entrusted with political power in our own country! They can demand this when the fact stares them in the face, that the Catholics comprehend one-third of our population, and are as ignorant, as bigotted, as much infuriated against Protestantism and civil liberty, as those of any nation in Europe! At the very moment when the Catholic Church is solemnly proclaiming throughout the world, that the least vestige of popular freedom is incompatible with its existence, our public men seem more resolutely determined than ever, to bring it, with the tremendous means which it possesses among us, into full operation against our Constitution! This may be called

conciliation, it may be called liberality, it may be called political wisdom, and those who support it may call themselves the only knowing and sagacious statesmen in the kingdom; but if cause can produce effect, if fire can burn and water can chill, if that which is hostile to freedom can injure freedom, its success would give the most deadly wound to British liberty, that it ever received since it recovered from its last overthrow, and would surround the Constitution with dangers from which it could only escape by miracle. Heaven preserve our country! when its children are taught to strip themselves naked, that their enemies may obtain their clothing; and to throw themselves into the flames, that they may avoid the pinching but invigorating influence of the northern blast, and when they are, moreover, taught that this alone is “knowledge,” “light,” and “wisdom.”

Y. Y. Y.

MODERN HISTORY OF ITALY.*

It is a long time since the world was treated with a history like this, so *naïve*, so simple, so free at once from the prejudices and the jargon of the times. Italian critics, it seems, all exclaim against Mr Botta for his old-world thoughts and antiquated style, and they think him beneath consideration, because he is not, like Sismondi, immersed in the speculative *liberalism* that pervades the literary coteries of the continent; and because, despising the emasculated and worn-out tongue of the Italians of his day, he has resorted to the pages of Machiavelli and Guicciardini for virility both of style and thought. M. Botta certainly is not an historian of supereminent genius—his History of the American War is cold and meagre, alike devoid of interest and information; indeed, such grave, declamatory historians, are quite at fault and out of character, when they attempt to narrate the unclassic causes that are so prominent in every modern history: taxes, court-intrigues, and paper-war, are elements too subtle for those imitators of the classic historians, whose forte is describing the picturesque in act or in individual character, and who are by no means equal to grasp or compre-

hend the mighty and manifold springs of action in the great world of modern civilization. But Italy presents not yet so involved and difficult a subject to the historian—the daring violence with which its peace was violated, and its hopes of prosperity blasted, (we aver what the impartial history before us plainly proves,) presents but one bold outline of injustice, easily seized, and to portray which with the passion of just indignation, *leads* not to partiality or misrepresentation. In that country there were no opposite powers and parties, whose conflicting interests render history, as with us, a problem of most difficult solution: there the historian has little need of secret memoirs and state-papers to throw light upon the unaccountable course of events—there all is plain, violence on one side, and submission on the other—the revolutions that are produced by the sword, require the portraiture more of a feeling than of a knowing pen.

Hence we think M. Botta has chosen for the subject of his history, not only the times and country with which he was necessarily best acquainted, but has also chosen that which most befitted his simple character and limited talents. His personal rank and im-

* Storia d'Italia, dal 1789 al 1814, Scritta da Carlo Botta. T. 4. Parigi, 1824.

portance, for he was one of the three governors of Piedmont, must render M. Botta's work, even if it were far inferior to what it is, most interesting as cotemporaneous history; add to this the known probity of the man, who retired poor from a situation, in which others gleaned enormous fortunes, to become an humble instructor of youth in a provincial town. M. Botta held the chair of some professorship at Rouen, till the anti-laic regulations of the Bishop of Hermopolis lately ejected him from it. With respect to the historian's style,—for we think it better to discuss our author's merits previous to entering on the more absorbing topics of which his history treats—it was to us at first somewhat difficult, on account of its antiquated terms and expressions, and it may appear affected for the same reasons to those (and we don't envy them) whose vernacular tongue is the modern Italian. Avowing ourselves extremely bad judges on this point, still we must declare we find a great charm in this antiquated style—it is as though Machiavel had re-arisen to lay hold of his pen, and moralize as sedately and as straight-forward as he did of old; for, with the good leave of our readers' prejudices, we know no simpler moralist than Machiavel. The adoption of this much reprobated style, is no small proof of the historian's true grandeur of mind. He disdains to herd with the cotemporary writers of his country, or to be classed at a future day with the grammarians and diletanti, that usurp the name of *literary characters*, forsooth, in Italy. With prophetic discernment he has foreseen that future ages can afford to study and become acquainted but with one dialect, one phase of a land's language; and since fate has denied him birth in the days of Guicciardini and Machiavel, he is resolved to retrocede as much as possible into their fraternity, and so pass to future ages in their company, rather than as one of the all-prostituted penmen of modern Italy. The effect of this resolution, too, has been more ennobling than perhaps the adoption of style has, in a great measure, induced a similarity of ideas and views; and so it is, that M. Botta, instead of writing in the hackneyed vein of either revolutionism, or anti-revolutionism, seems to contem-

plate tranquilly and describes impartially, as with a century's interval between him and them, the events and scenes amongst which he lived, and of many of which he was himself a spectator.

The first chapter of M. Botta's history commences with a description of the state of Italy previous to the year seventeen hundred and eighty-nine. The account he gives of the spirit in which each country was governed, is far other than that which the misrepresentations of our travellers would lead us to suppose. With them the coming of Napoleon into Italy, was the descent of an Avatar to rescue it from ignorance, superstition, and slavery: in opposition to this opinion, let us consider with so able and enlightened a guide as the historian under review, the very wretched and illiberal ideas which are said to have prevailed universally amongst the governors of this proverbially ill-governed country. First of all, Rome—The philosophic Ganganelli had not long ceased to occupy the pontifical throne, and Braschi, who succeeded him, still adhered in the main to the liberal politics of his predecessor. The Jesuits were not restored to their influence, not even to their rights, and even if money was raised by exorbitant taxes on the Roman people, the mode of its expenditure at least was such as could scarce be censured by the pioneers of philanthropy.—Tuscany was governed by Leopold, in a more liberal and popular spirit than ever republican assembly was known to sway a realm; and not only were his views of reform directed against actual oppression, feudal or ecclesiastical, they were even directed against the spiritual supremacy of Rome. The doctrines of the Port Royal professors, merged amongst the French in deism, were extremely popular throughout all Italy, and were especially cherished and propagated by the successive Archbishops of Pistoia, the heads of the Tuscan Church. And no ecclesiastical synod has ever made a more rational stand against the corruption and usurpations of the Romish church than that of Pistoia, commenced under the influence of Leopold, and Ricci, their archbishop. But the French invasion soon inundated the country, and choked those noble germs of religious independence, which, had their growth been allowed in quiet

to mature, might now have been producing the fruit of moderate and rational principles in religious government.

To continue our review of Italian governments at this period.—The house of Bourbon, now declared so necessarily hostile to the progress of liberal ideas, reigned in Parma and in Naples. In the former state, Dutillet, a Frenchman of active and enlightened mind, managed state affairs beneath two succeeding princes, and followed all along the generous impulse, which the reigning princes of the house of Austria (another anti-liberal house) had given to popular and philanthropic ideas. In Naples, Ferdinand, the present *tyrant*, or quasher of revolutions, and imprisoner of his subjects, amused himself—how? in an Utopian scheme of founding a republic at Santé Sencia, to be governed according to the primitive ideas of the philanthropic Filangieri. So that in those times we find this most terrific of all despots, a very Quixote, in pursuit of civil reform and perfection. The mania of liberty and philanthropy seems to have laid hold of every Italian sovereign; the last of the D'Estés was not behindhand in these new ideas. Venice and Genoa were old, staunch, self-governed republics. Lombardy was ruled by Joseph the Second, a very patriarch of liberal monarchs, and by Count Firmian, a viceroy more liberal and philanthropic even, if that were possible, than his master. And Piedmont, much as the rage of its princes for military glory prevented them from being foremost in the political quixotism of the age, joined in the task of self-amelioration, in which it beheld its neighbours so zealously employed.

Now we would ask, when or where was there ever displayed such a disposition towards liberty, in both ruled and rulers, as was manifested in Italy at this period? Where has all this philanthropy vanished to, and how have all its dreams been overthrown?—By the boasted revolution and liberty of France. Well might Alfieri exclaim, in indignant astonishment,

“Di liberta maestri i Galli?”

Italy stepped forward gradually, 'tis true, but surely, towards the glorious boon, when the fraternizing French appeared, overran that wretched and

divided country, with promises of speedy liberty and independence, and finally dragged it down along with itself into the lair of bondage, and finally of disgrace, into which it fell.

It may be too fantastic a mode of reviewing human events, to consider that at this time the spirit of liberty was allowed its full scope, by way of a moral experiment, to shew how far it would proceed, and to what good end. It has had its day, has enjoyed its reign, and an ill use, Heaven knows, it made of its ascendancy. If, at this moment, the contrary principle is allowed its turn and trial, say in the person of the Holy Alliance, (for we are here amusing ourselves with suppositions,) if it does go too far at times in its due reaction, is it not fair? And would not an unbiassed beholder of the strife between these two adverse principles—the liberty and slavery of mankind—would he not say, that the alternate ascendancy of each was just, and that the beings, who could make no better use of the one than mankind, or at least than the French have done, deserved most richly to be driven to endure the extremities of the other?

But to return to the history before us. As soon as the French Revolution had gathered some confidence in its military force, Italy seemed marked out by its chiefs as the channel into which the stream of ferocity and violence that then inundated France was to be turned. Belgium, often overrun, was looked upon as an easy and a certain conquest. The countries on the Rhine were too near the heart of Austria, and too well guarded by her numerous armies, to render invasions on that side either tempting or feasible; whilst the phlegmatic character of the inhabitants offered little hopes that they would join in the wild principles of democracy that had excited the French. The known national character of the Italians offered all the temptations that were denied by that of the Germans; the ancient associations, too, connected with the classic land of liberty, could not but be supposed still to influence her sons, and incline them to grasp at an opportunity of recovering their ancient liberty, and of vindicating their former fame. Popular as were the wars of Belgium and that on the Rhine, still the volunteers that flocked thither were of the lower orders; whilst, as soon as an

army was formed for the conquest of Italy, the scholar left his college, and the concealed young noble his hiding-place, that they might partake in the pleasure of not only beholding the Roman land, but of beholding it as conquerors and liberators. The same motives urged on the French to invade Italy that had done so in all ages of the monarchy, in spite of the continued and manifold disasters which it was their fate, according to the proverb, to meet with in that country. Thither, then, was bent the principal force of the republican armies.

Of the princes of Italy, who all could not fail to watch with anxiety the intentions and acts of the French, the most exposed was naturally the first proposer of a general league of the Italian powers; and to this intent the court of Turin early addressed the powers of the peninsula, and received in return promises of alliance and assistance from all of them, Venice alone excepted, who from the beginning was resolved to adhere to the fatal principles of unarmed neutrality. The powers in consequence began to arm, rendered confident by their own union, and the alliance of Austria. Semonville, dispatched by the Directory to Victor Amadeus, to entreat a passage for their troops through Piedmont, was stopped at Alexandria, and ordered to retire. This was in September 1792. The consequence was a declaration of war on the part of France against the King of Sardinia; and in a few months General Montesquieu was master of Chambery, and Anselm of Nice, without one act of defence worth recording having been performed by the Piedmontese—troops, by the way, that at the time bore almost the highest reputation of any in Europe, and who commenced the campaign with the greatest contempt for their republican enemies.

This is not the place to write a history of Italy, or give a detailed account of the French invasion and conquest of that country: the utmost we aim at is to offer to our readers some connecting and obscure facts, that have not as yet found place in the military annals and memoirs of campaigns, which have alone hitherto formed the materials for modern Italian history. One of those curious facts certainly is the mode in which the court of Rome sought to turn revolutionary princi-

ples, then disseminating so rapidly, to its own advantage. We translate an account of this from the Italian of Signor Botta:—

“As this was a war not only of arms but of opinions, Rome bethought itself of a singular method to turn to its own advantage those spreading principles that threatened so dreadful a destruction to all princes. Fearing the entry of these doctrines into Italy along with the French themselves, it was deemed advisable to pre-occupy men’s minds; to pretend that religion itself sanctified those very principles, in order that they might never be used against her, and at the same time to shew that she was the most efficacious, or rather the only means of preventing the abuses which necessarily followed the insurrections of the people against their sovereigns. For this purpose, therefore, it was so managed that a certain Spedalieri, a man learned, and of no despicable talent, published at Assisi, in 1791, a book, entitled ‘*I Diritti dell’ Uomo*’—‘The Rights of Man.’ It was dedicated to Cardinal Rabrizio Ruffo, then treasurer of the Apostolic Chamber, and Pius the Sixth rewarded the author with a benefice in St Peter’s. In this official work, Spedalieri upholds that human society, or the compact by which men are united in the civil state, was formed originally and directly by men themselves; that all is their work, and that the Deity had no part in producing such a state but as first being or cause; in other words, that the social-compact comes from God, but in the same manner as all other natural effects are said to proceed from him. He farther affirms, that despotism is no legitimate government, and that the nation has a right to declare the sovereign dethroned, &c. in case he violates the compact. These propositions he corroborates by the authority of St Thomas, who, it seems, in his work, ‘*De Regimine Principum ad Regem Cypri*,’ has fully demonstrated the truth of them.”

To this, then, was the Romish church reduced. Here is another sample of her infallible principles. It is a wonder that Jacobinism was not more grateful to her Papal votaries for such unheard-of condescension; and had Napoleon not proved an apostate to the democracy that engendered him, he, or his friend Lepaux, might with ease have converted the Pontiff into the

high priest of Theo-philanthropism, and extorted what ethical or theological decrees they fancied from the successor of St Peter; for what might not have been wrung from a Pope that voluntarily sends forth an Italian edition of Tom Paine? for nothing more nor less was this redeeming work of Braschi's hopeful protégé Spedalieri. We are not done, however, with the ethics of Pope Braschi and the Roman court, which in a little time were found in a direct contradiction with this hopeful liberalism, and dictated by the same courageous devotion to truth. It was in 1796, after the treaty of Tolentino, that the Pope issued a brief, addressed to his flock in France, in which he exhorted the insurgent royalists, that were then vainly sacrificing themselves in the cause of loyalty and religion, to submit quietly to the powers that then ruled over France. "All temporal power," quoth the infallible Pontiff, "is the result of Divine Wisdom." He quotes the Apostle Paul in support of the divine right of the Directory, and consigns his flock to damnation if they resist any hunchback whom chance may have elevated to the task of ruling them—"Avere Paulo Apostle statuito, che ogni potestà da Dio procede, e che chi alle potestà resiste, alla volonta di Dio resiste."

The total want both of talent and zeal, in the Piedmontese commanders, together with the feeble succours which Austria at first dispatched to their aid, contributed, as much as their own ferocious valour, to the success of the French. The obstinacy of Victor Amadeus has been justly censured, for not having entered warmly into the plans of Precy and General Devins, for marching straight to the aid of Lyons, then in arms against the Convention; but the King was rashly bent on succouring the faithful inhabitants of the Nice, who had proved themselves so devoted to his cause. The French still made progress under their successive commanders, Kellerman and Schirer, till the latter yielded the command to Bonaparte, not from the reason assigned by Botta, but from habits of perpetual drunkenness, that incapacitated Schirer from command. The nefarious rapine and violence, with which the French everywhere behaved, after their affected forbearance, on their first descent from the Alps, are depicted with

a lively pencil by the historian, himself a Piedmontese, and a neighbour, if not a witness, of the horrors they committed.

The battle of Montenotte, Bonaparte's first action, was won, not through the skill of the general, but in spite of his blunders, by the daring valour of Rampon; Millesimo followed, and Piedmont was undone. Bonaparte crossed the Po at Piacenza, and encamped his army on the Lombard territories of his true enemies, the Austrians. At Piacenza, (*par parenthesin,*) Bonaparte and his coadjutor Saliceti, robbed the *Monte di Pietà*, an act of flagrant injustice, which they afterwards repeated at Milan and Bologna. To estimate the full infamy of such a robbery, our readers should know that the *Monte di Pietà* is not only a national office where money is lent on pledge, but that it is a bank where the jewels, valuables, and money of individuals, are deposited for security. Those who were thus spoiled, could not be accused by the republican general, with the court crime of being *aristocrats*, the Mount of Piety being in fact through Italy the savings-bank of the poor, where the jointure of the widow, and the heritage of the orphan, were deposited for security. "Sacro era presso a tutti il nome di monti di pietà, non solo perchè era segno di fede pubblica, ma anco perchè le cose depositate, la maggior parté, appartenevano a persone o per condizione, o per accidente bisognose!" these were the first *civil* acts of Napoleon in Italy.

The entry of the victorious robber into Milan, with his reception there, and the encomiums lavished on him, as the Scipio, the Hannibal, nay the Jove, of the day, (for so Ranza addressed him,) are ironically described; and the state of parties in the north of Italy at this time, laid open with an acute and veracious pen. The author takes a true view of his subject, in estimating the *patriziato*, or patrician-ship—an aristocracy of a different kind be it considered, from that of feudal nobles—as the most powerful and enlightened party, a circumstance that completely separates Northern from Southern Italy, where the aristocracy is far debased below the level of the middling ranks. Here, indeed, the author might have indulged in some few statistical observations, of which he cannot be ignorant, and which clearly

demonstrate the absolute necessity of a strong aristocratical faction in the Lombard territories. This we will supply. The chief cultivation of Lombardy consists in rice, and the grass-grounds necessary for the produce of the country cheeses. The irrigation necessary for these, requires an immense outlay, such as no tenant unpossessed of a large sum of money could undertake. Consequently all the grounds of Lombardy are in the hands of rich and immense proprietors—subdivision of land is impracticable—and the mode of cultivation is much too profitable to allow it to be superseded by any other, however more friendly to liberal policy, and the amelioration of the poorer orders.

In the midst of the conquests of Bonaparte, nothing is so remarkable as the distrust of the Directory, their total want of confidence in the duration of their fortunes. Even after the surrender of Milan, and the retreat of the Austrians behind the Mincio, their dispatches to Bonaparte order him to extract all the money possible from the countries he had overrun,—“Let the canals too,” said they, “and the other public works of the country, bear marks of the devastation of war!” They evidently, as yet, looked on Lombardy as a country temporarily possessed, and which, since they could not hope to keep, it was their interest to waste. When such was the advice of the civil government to their victorious soldiers, it is not to be supposed that the violence and rapacity of these were to be restrained by any bounds. To shew their liberality and reverence for learning, they cajoled such men as Parini and Verri, to become members of the municipal government, which they established only to dishonour, by sending forth the most arbitrary edicts, and ordering the most oppressive taxes, with the forced sanction of such respectable names. The country people rebelled, but were soon reduced and massacred, and Pavia, the second city in the duchy, was made to undergo all the horrors of a four-and-twenty hours’ sack. Such were the first blessings of liberty which the French brought upon regenerated Lombardy.

After driving Beaulieu into the recesses of the Tyrol, Bonaparte lorded it over the Italian powers with a high hand. Tuscany and Naples bowed to a submissive peace with him. Bologna

was revolutionized, and still the Pope was compelled to appear contented. Verona was occupied by French troops, in spite of the neutrality of the Venetians, when Austria poured a third army into Italy, under the command of Marshal Wurmser. With its first show of success, and final defeats at Castiglione and Reveredo, we need not trouble ourselves, except remarking by the way, that at Castiglione Bonaparte displayed the same weakness of character that he since shewed in Russia and at Waterloo; and all historians of this campaign agree, that he was about to retire in despair from the field of Castiglione, till his activity and resolution were aroused by the reproaches of Augereau, who, in fact, gained the day for him, and in spite of him. Wurmser in consequence shut himself up in Mantua.

The interval between the defeat of Wurmser and the descent of the fourth Austrian army into Italy, under the command of Alvinzi, was occupied by Napoleon, in revolutionizing the towns beyond the Po, and erecting them into a republic styled *Emilia*: Venice also occupied his cares; and with an account of its fall, we shall also occupy ourselves a little, it being the case on which Napoleon and his slaves most perhaps exerted their powers of misrepresentation. It was a deed too of the conqueror in his days of youth and heroism, with all that vaunted purity of principles about him, which his admirers plead for, till, as they say, necessity made him a despot. Not that we join Signor Botta in commiserating the fall of Venice, or in esteeming its ancient government as the very acme of perfect legislation. We are very unromantic in matters of policy, and profess a total want of admiration for the prisons, the Bridge of Sighs, the Lion’s mouth, and the Inquisition of State. If ever a government or state became effété, it was that of Venice, and in contemplating its final subversion, we are at a loss which most to censure and despise—the machiavelism of its destroyer, or the pusillanimity of the once famed republic.

In 1796, after the defeat of Wurmser, Clarke was dispatched by the Directory to Italy, with the ostensible purpose of bringing about a treaty with the Emperor, but chiefly to spy into the designs of Napoleon, and deprive him at least of the civil glory of con-

cluding the treaty, as he had won that of putting an end to the war. But Bonaparte was no man to be juggled, and Clarke, who was keen enough to descry the rising sun, abandoned the interest of the Directory, and became subservient to the aspiring general. The views of the Directory, however selfish at home, were far more disinterested than those of Napoleon, with respect to Italy. They desired, first of all, to revolutionize it entirely, and had no objection to the union of all its states; but the despot in embryo had other views, and was determined to leave Italy divided, as a future prey for himself. Thus he spared the Pope, in spite of the urgent commands of the Directory to subvert at once the pontifical throne. With the King of Piedmont, whom, as an absolute and military monarch, he loved and admired, Bonaparte concluded a treaty, guaranteeing his states against any revolutionary attempts on the part of the Piedmontese—a treaty, at the stipulations of which the Directory stood aghast, refusing to hear them, much less agree to them, till the victorious general at last cajoled them into acquiescence. Of Lombardy, of most part of the Venetian States, of the Legatins, &c. he formed a republic, as a stay expressly for himself, as an appanage or secure retreat for himself, in case his views on the throne of France should fail. That such were his views from the beginning there cannot be a doubt; but how to reconcile Austria to the cession of Lombardy, as well as of the Low Countries, was the consideration of the greatest difficulty. For this end the cession of Venice to that power could not have escaped Napoleon; he and his jackalls, however, Mr Daru amongst the rest, uphold that the giving up of Venice to Austria was an afterthought of Napoleon, a resolution taken by him, not until after the massacre of the French at Verona, and the other hostile acts of the Venetians, during the time that his army were engaged with the Archduke in the perilous passes of Corinthia and the Tyrol. But Mr Botta proves the contrary of this, and shews that long before the descent and defeat of Alvinzi into Italy, both Bavaria and the Venetian territories on the Adriatic were offered by Clarke to the Emperor, who showed very natural reluctance to a recom-

pense at the expense of his innocent neighbour. In order to overcome this reluctance, the wily Frenchman prepared a dilemma for poor Venice, and made an offer to her of a league against Austria, in which she should join in concert with Turkey and with France. If Venice accepted the offer, the Emperor would have ample plea to invade her, whilst her treacherous allies would look on:—did she refuse, then she had slighted the friendship, the alliance of the *great nation*, and was in consequence to be considered as an enemy. Lallemand, in fact, made the offer of alliance to the Venetian state; they refused to break their determined neutrality; and to shew how much at variance were the Directory and their general, the Venetian ambassador at Paris, Querini, was informed by the Directory that Venice was right, and that the alliance could not be expected of her. Still Bonaparte thundered forth not the less his indignation and menaces against the republic, not only to all who civilly approached him, but expressly to the proveditor Foscari, whom he threatened with immediate burning of Verona, and a declaration of war. At these tidings, the republic, on the first of June 1796, ordered the defence of Laguna; these measures of defence are brought forward by Daru and the Bonapartists, as the cause of the war and the provocation, and assert them to have preceded the menaces of Bonaparte, instead of being, as they were, the natural consequences of these. Any journal might have informed M. Daru, if he took the trouble of examining, that Bonaparte menaced Foscari on the first of May, and that the tardy Venetian Senate did not debate finally on these measures till a full month after.

Venice, however, gained a momentary respite from her threatened fate, by the coming of Alvinzi, at the head of a fresh army of Austrians, that once more burst from the Tyrol upon the French. The fate of this army, it is but too well known, resembled that of its predecessors; it was annihilated at Arcola and Rivoli, and Würmsers, justly despairing to keep Mantua much longer, delivered up to the French that last bulwark of the Austrian power in Italy. The Emperor was not even safe in his German dominions; Bonaparte followed over the Alps, checked by the Archduke Charles, who, at the

head of the defeated Austrians, still covered the frontiers of the empire. At length preliminaries of peace were signed at Leoben, and left Bonaparte at liberty to turn his arms and artifices against the Italian powers. This, indeed, the approaching peace necessitated, in which the French general foresaw he must offer Venice and its dependencies as a recompense to the emperor, who, on his side, recovered marvellously from his early delicacy, and appeared willing to accept the spoil that was offered.

A long time previous a secret committee had been formed at Milan, under the auspices of Bonaparte, for effecting revolutions in such parts of Italy as the French deemed necessary. The members of this junta were actively employed against the Venetian States, while the French were pursuing the Austrians through the Tyrol; both Brescia and Bergamo fell an easy prey to their machinations. On hearing of their revolt, the senate dispatched envoys to Bonaparte at Gorizia, demanding a declaration of his against the insurgents. He offered to reduce the rebels, if the Venetians entrusted him with their defence; but those cautious republicans judged the remedy worse than the disease, and still begged for a declaration, which they avowed would be sufficient. Bonaparte, by turns, menaced and cajoled them, and in the midst of their delays came the news of a revolution in Cremona also. At the same time, Bonaparte, from his own mouth, ordered Pico, one of his agents, to follow up his revolutionary views on Verona, although the agent himself remonstrated that it was not yet time. But the youthful conqueror was as impatient in conspiracy as in the field of action, and answered Pico, "Gisse pure, e sommuovesse Verona." The consequences are well known. The Veronese rose upon the French, massacred every one they could lay hold on, as well as every Veronese, whom they suspected of favouring their innovations—cannonaded the castles where the French had taken refuge, and so successfully imbrued their hands in the blood of their enemies, that this insurrection has ever gone by the name of the *Paques Veronaises*, as a pendant to the *Vepres Siciliennes*. The inhabitants of the country around rose also against the invaders, and a defeat

of a French detachment by the insurgents of Salo infused spirit and hope into the Veronese. All this was precisely what Bonaparte wanted; but to render the supposed culpability of the Venetians complete, a manifesto was forged at Milan, by one Salvadori, an agent of the French, and published with the name of Battaglia, the Venetian provveditor, affixed to it; it called furiously on the inhabitants of Terra Firma to rise upon their oppressors and massacre them. That Battaglia, the officer of such a cautious and coward state as Venice, could publish such a declaration, is impossible to suppose; besides, it bears in its very style the stamp of French sans-culottism; and, moreover, Bonaparte, when he demanded the delivery of his peculiar enemies at Venice, never once prosecuted Battaglia, who, by the by, so egregiously did his agents blunder, had long sold himself over to the French interest.

The armistice was signed at Leoben, in the midst of the troubles of Verona, which unfortunately could not then hope for holding out longer against the victorious enemy. It surrendered to Kilmaine almost at discretion; and the blood of the noble Veronese propitiated French vengeance. Among those then put to death, the chief was the noble Count Emilio degli Emilj. To the insurrection of Verona, chance unfortunately produced another plea of provocation for the French against Venice. A castle on the Lido had fired upon a French brig, and killed some of the crew. That it was produced by some error of flag or salute, is evident; but Napoleon laid not the less hold of it, and threatened instant war, demanded the liberation of all prisoners, and that the admiral, the commander of the Lido, and the three Inquisitors of State, should be put into his hands: General Baraguay d'Hilliers was ordered to approach the Lagunes. Consternation reigned in Venice. Villetard, a youth attached to the French embassy, remained still at his post, the centre of a revolutionary party; Condulmer, commanding the armed force in the Lagunes, was won, either by fear or French gold, to declare he could make no efficient resistance; and the poor wretch Manini, the last of the Doges, ran wringing his hands about that ducal palace, whose very walls might have awakened nobler thoughts, cry-

ing out, "This very night we are not safe in our beds." The Grand Council was at last assembled, and the Doge proposed, in fact, his own destitution, and the solution of the state into democracy. This was enough for Francis Pesaro, who retired, uttering the well-known sentence, "*Ogni pace per un galantuomo xe patria.*"—"Any land to a gentleman may prove his country."

At this meeting, the Grand Council of Venice, uniting the noble descendants of those heroes whose fame had filled Europe for centuries, bowed before the revolutionary party in Venice,—viz. Villetard, a clerk in the French embassy, Dandolo, an attorney, Spada, a convict, and Gorzi, a druggist. Of these men did the Venetian Grand Council beg to know what they should do; and by such illustrious advice did these noble Venetians abolish their government and order, give liberty to all their prisoners, dismiss their Sclavonian troops, and erect a municipal government in Venice. The French were, of course, sent for; and, on the 18th of May, the Venetians found four thousand French troops drawn up in the Place of St Mark.

So far the feelings excited by those events is but supreme contempt for the Venetians; nor do we believe such a course of poltroonery can be matched in any history, as this most impotent conclusion of the descendants of Zenos and Pisani. But the machiavelism of their destroyer, not the less detestable because their pusillanimity deserved it, is yet to be detailed.

It is not, of course, to be supposed that the Venetian nobles would have consented to these acts of self-destitution and humility, if the independence of their republic had not been understood to be therein stipulated; and in consequence, a treaty of peace was signed between the French and Venetian Republics, mentioning some small exchange of territory agreed on, the French promising to preserve tranquillity in Venice, by keeping there a detachment of troops. In spite, however, of all these negotiations, and simultaneously with them, Napoleon

sent off troops to take possession of Corfu; and General Baraguay d'Hilliers proceeded to plunder and ship off all the valuables of the ducal palace, himself and suite insolently occupying the palace of the Pisani, and living at the expense of that noble family. The famous bronze horses, too, were seen to be removed from over the portico of St Mark, in the very face of that tree of liberty, but a few days planted in celebration of the Venetian democracy, by their obliging allies. Meantime, Bonaparte arrived at Leoben; he traversed the Venetian territories, cajoled the municipal governors with promises of affection and protection, in sign whereof he dispatched his wife, Josephine, to Venice, where, amongst other obliging proofs of her affection to the republic, she robbed the treasury of St Mark of a celebrated pearl necklace, of inestimable value, and, till now, kept unprofaned for the use of the Virgin. The fate of Venice was all along fixed in the conqueror's mind, but he prudently kept the tidings from escaping, until his own beloved person was out of danger from popular vengeance. Questioned at Vicenza as to the fate of the republic, he answered, smiling, that France had no power or authority to dispose of her ally; when at Verona, nearer to security, he half owned the surrender of Venice to De Angioli. The French by this time, on pretence of popular commotions, had disarmed the inhabitants of Venice. After which, what shall we say to Bonaparte's answer to De Angioli, when the indignant Venetian asked him, "How he durst sell the people that had trusted to him?"—"Ebbene, difendetevi," said Napoleon—"Defend yourselves." After the rogue had completely disarmed them, taken money, arms, ammunition, ships, stores, everything, he says, "Defend yourselves!"—This we think the very acme of political treachery and impudence. "*Vattene, traditore,*" said De Angioli to him, "*e syombra da queste terre: rendici le armi che ci hai tolte, e ci difenderemo!*" And in his person may be said to have been spoken the last words of Venice.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF EDMUND KEAN, ESQ.

SHERWOOD and Co. have been seduced into the rash act of publishing a collection of nonsensical Memoirs of the eminent Men, Women, and Children, who perform plays now-a-days for us, under the title of Biography of the British Stage.* We cannot compliment the author on the execution of his work. It is only a series of daubing puffery upon almost every name mentioned, and that laid on thick. We believe the only exception is poor Claremont, who is abused unkindly and unnecessarily.

It is evidently the composition of somebody intimate with the worthies whom he commemorates; as he is manifestly afraid to say a word against any of them. But a still more decisive proof exists in the indignation occasionally expressed against the management of the theatres. From time immemorial, players, particularly the underlings, have been thoroughly convinced that nothing can be more partial, villainous, and unjust, than the manner in which managers overlook their immense merits, so particularly visible to themselves. Hence, they are always ready to exclaim, that there is something rotten in the theatrical cabinet—and their biographers, as in the present instance, find it convenient to adopt their tone. We hear accordingly, of the “infamous partiality,” or the “consummate imbecility” of the managers, from such people. It is true, that we do not look upon R. W. Elliston or C. Kemble, to be actually a pair of wise men, on the plan of Solon or Lycurgus, and we doubt not that they occasionally commit as much absurdity as can be reasonably expected; but, nevertheless, they in general know what they are about, and must not be bullied down without reason. Our own jolly old friend, Elliston, who, by the by, will not be a bit obliged to us for calling him *old*, may safely despise these little buzzings, and empty his magnum of claret, or knock down his man, both of which things the ancient of Drury well knows how to do, unaffected by the uproar of the *Dii minorum gentium* of the stage, or their bottleholders. And Charles Kemble—but we have not yet sufficiently forgiven

him for Falstaff, to speculate upon what he is to do under the circumstances.

As for us, who never go to a play now-a-days, we should not have thought of noticing this pen-dribble at all, but that we wished to expose before the eyes of our readers Mr Kean's auto-biography. From p. 104 to p. 144, an eighth part of the volume, is occupied with the memoirs of this gentleman, written by himself. We speak merely from internal evidence, for not even a pot-house Plutarch could think of wasting forty pages on such a hero. None but himself could think of such an enormity; and as we have lately been pleasantly amusing the reading public by the discussion of the memoirs of our worthy Shepherd, and other stars of the age, as a *pendant* we shall give them Kean's opinions on himself and things in general.

It begins well—Plutarch had just given the life of Richard Jones, the most perfect gentleman of the stage, on or off it. We shall not stop to puff Jones—for everybody knows his merits in public; and as to private life, we shall only say this of him, that he is one of the few actors whom we have ever met who can put the actor off, and take his place in society as a gentleman—and, of that few, the man who can do it most completely and most easily. Now, how do you think, reader of ours, that the *life* following his is introduced? Why, then, by this motto—

“As one who, long in thickets and in brakes
Entangled, winds now this way and now
that,

His devious course uncertain, seeking
home,

Or, having long in miry ways been foiled
And sore discomfited, from SLOUGH to
SLOUGH

Plunging, and half despairing of escape;
If chance at length he finds a greensward
smooth,

And faithful to the foot, his spirits rise,
He chirrup brisk his ear-erecting steed,
[Qu. ass.]

And winds his way with pleasure and with
ease.”

So that having been entangled in the thickets and brakes of Richard Jones, foiled and discomfited in his miry way, and plunging from slough to

* The Biography of the British Stage; being correct Narratives of the Lives of all the Actors, &c. 12mo. Sherwood and Co. London. 1824.

slough, in narrating the adventures of his life, the biographer finds green-sward smooth in gamboling his donkey over the *res geste* of Mr Kean! Delicate compliment! modest historian!!

We go on just as well. "This EXTRAORDINARY individual, whose name heads this memoir, and which name will be imperishable in dramatic annals, was born," &c. &c. Bravo! Kean! Extraordinary, however, you are, beyond all question; for never before, in the annals of a civilized country, was it heard of, that a man, who could not act, was puffed off as the prince of actors, by people who could not write, and the audacious lump of pomatum swallowed, even by the capacious gullet of the long-eared monster who acts audience at our play-houses.

His sire, it appears, was a tailor.—This is no disparagement to any man. There is Place of Charing Cross is a tailor—a ninth-part fraction of humanity,—and yet he writes articles which Jerry Bentham swears are as clever as his own; and he talks in them most valorously of altering all the old habits of the country—of mending Parliament, as if it were a pair of corduroys—and of changing state-measures, as if they were no more than the graduated slip which he rolls over his finger while taking the nether circumference of a Whitechapel victualer. If tailors are such great fellows as this comes to, we cannot see why Kean's father should not have been a tailor. In truth, we never looked at him performing Romeo, that that truth did not immediately flash across our mental optics. None but the offspring of the shop-board could have acted the part in the manner which he did. But it appears also that he had a bandy-legged uncle in the same employment, from whom we opine he borrowed his novel and original method of treading the stage. Under these auspices, he was introduced to the stage almost in childhood, and put under the tuition of a posture-master. To him Kean slyly attributes the distortion of his legs, which everybody who reads the memoir must see was solely owing to the Persian fashion of sitting, which has been the custom of the sartorial tribe from time immemorial. The honest posture-master did his best to correct his tailorly appearance, by putting him in irons, but the only thanks he receives from his

grateful patient is to be accused of having been the occasion of the defect which he endeavoured to remedy.

The next great action of Kean's life, according to himself, is thus narrated in this veridical tome. It is one of the immense and thriving family of "the lie with circumstance;"—viz.

"In the performance of *Macbeth*, at the opening of the new house, in March 1794, Mr John Kemble, who was at that time manager, imagined that he could increase the effect of the incantation scene, and therefore resolved that 'the black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey,' should be brought before the audience in *proprid persona*, and a number of children were accordingly appointed to personate a party of goblins and other fantastical creations, who were to dance in a circle, while the witches were moving round the cauldron, winding up the charm that was afterwards to deceive the usurper of Donald Bain's throne. Among those selected for this purpose, young Kean of course was employed, as being accustomed to the stage; but his appearance on that occasion was as little advantageous to himself as his employer. Just at the moment of *Macbeth's* entrance into the cavern, the boy made an unlucky step, from which, owing to the irons about his limbs, he could not recover; he fell against the child next to him, who rolled upon his neighbour, who, in turn, jostled upon the next, and the impulse thus communicated, like an electric shock, went round the circle, till the whole party 'toppled down headlong,' and was laid prostrate on the floor. The comedy of this event mingled not very harmoniously with the tragic-sublime of the scene, and the laughter of the audience was, if possible, still less in unison with the feelings of Mr Kemble, who, however remarkable for self-possession, could not fail to be disconcerted by an accident so ludicrous. He was a decided enemy to everything that in the slightest way infringed upon the decorum of the scene; of course, then, he looked upon this accident as a serious evil, and in consequence determined to dismiss the goblin troop from *Macbeth*, observing, 'these things must not be done after these ways, else they will make us mad.' The cause of this confusion, however,

'Smiled in the storm,'

and very philosophically replied to all reproaches, that 'he had never before acted in tragedy,' a reply which by no means altered the manager's resolution; he was dismissed from *Macbeth* and the theatre. This anecdote, if true, is certainly most curious. Little could the manager have thought, that the mischief-making goblin who had thus spoiled his beautiful invention, would one day become the rival of his fame!"

Oh! Jupiter Gammon! there's a bouncer!—What a picture!—a brat making a philosophical reply to Kemble! and the future rival of his fame! But the thing never happened—no, nor anything bearing the slightest resemblance to it.

In the theatre, he remarks, he had the benefit of a total want of education—a very gratuitous piece of news; and he congratulates himself that the energies of his mind were not enfeebled or destroyed by the contamination of school. His mother thought differently, and sent him to the celebrated Academy of Orange-Court, from which, however, he ran away, and went on board a vessel bound for Madeira as cabin-boy. Here the engraver, with a propriety of judgment that cannot be too much commended, gives us a vignette of a little naked cherub, or seraph, sitting aft in a yawl, with a skull in his left hand, and a church and steeple on the palm of his right, scudding before the wind with a full foresail—typical, no doubt, of Kean. But our cherubical cabin-boy got tired of this life, and, according to the truth-telling history before us, practised the ingenious trick of shamming deafness and lameness. For his great ingenuity in doing this, he receives much laud; but there is not a word of truth in the story. The captain was glad enough to get rid of his bad bargain, and there required no trick whatever to induce him to turn the youth adrift.

Arrived in London, he was taken up by a Miss Tidswell, an actress, who behaved kindly to him, and put him in the line of characters for which nature and education had designed him. She made him a tumbling boy, and shewed him about the streets. This is an unpalatable part of the story, and therefore the auto-biographer gets over it, by assuring us that, in the meantime, he was taking lessons from his uncle Moses, the tailor, in tragedy, to whom, it appears, the world is indebted for Mr K.'s conceptions of Lear and Richard the Third, (p. 111.) We always suspected something of the kind. But these lectures were merely in private: in public he shone in the characters of Monkey and Serpent—a pair of characters which have been, indeed, at all times very prominent in his acting through life. However, he tells us that “it is said” he was at Eton School for three years, where he read Virgil,

Cicero, and Sallust—rather an odd course of reading—and called forth much applause by the manner in which he recited a Latin ode. This intelligence strikes us as being rather apocryphal.—By whom is it “said” that Kean was at Eton? We are most incredulous, for we think the thing next to an impossibility.

Under the name of Carey, he commenced soon a strolling life, the particulars of which are dexterously veiled in oblivion. Many idle stories, we are told, are in circulation concerning the events of this period of his life; but it is insinuated that they are not deserving of credit. *Id populus curat scilicet*—we can scarcely help laughing at the idea of people putting stories “in circulation” about Kean. No doubt there are public-house anecdotes enough, which might be gleaned among the elegant circles which make up the company at such places of resort, and two or three of them, *deserving of credit*, have casually come to our ears, which the biographer knows as well as we do. He suppresses them, because he cares for his hero—we suppress them, from the very opposite reason, because we do not care a farthing about him, and therefore we do not think them worth wasting paper about. Among other rambles, he went to Guernsey, where it appears he met with a judicious critic. We shall give the passage which contains the account of his row with the Guernsey audience, and the reason of it, p. 114.

“Here,” quoth the auto-biographer, “we meet with the following curious and *authentic* document, [what does he mean by authentic?] which deserves to be recorded, as a warning to all *ignorant* and *malicious* critics on the one hand, and to a too credulous public on the other.”

We leave it to our readers to decide whether the criticism displays ignorance. Abating a little spooniness about respect due to the audience, which, however, is quite natural in so very provincial a writer, it appears to us to be a most sensible piece of criticism, and one fully justified by the result.

“Last night a young man, whose name the bills said was Kean, made his first appearance in Hamlet, and truly his performance of that character made us wish that we had been indulged with the country system of excluding it, and playing all the other characters. This person had, we understand, a high character in several parts

of England, and his vanity has repeatedly prompted him to endeavour to procure an engagement at one of the theatres in the metropolis: the difficulties he has met with have, however, proved insurmountable, and the theatres of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden have spared themselves the disgrace to which they would be subject, by countenancing such impudence and incompetency. Even his performance of the inferior characters of the drama would be objectionable, if there was nothing to render him ridiculous but one of the vilest figures that has been seen either on or off the stage; and if his mind was half so well qualified for the conception of Richard III. which he is shortly to appear in, as his person is suited to the deformities with which the tyrant is said to have been distinguished from his brothers, his success would be most unequivocal. As to his Hamlet, it was one of the most terrible misrepresentations to which Shakespeare has ever been subject. Without grace or dignity he comes forward; he shews an unconsciousness that anybody is before him, and is often so forgetful of the respect due to an audience, that he turns his back upon them in some of those scenes where contemplation is to be indulged, as if for the purpose of shewing his abstractedness from all ordinary objects. His voice is harsh and monotonous, but as it is deep, answers well enough the idea he entertains of impressing terror by a tone which seems to proceed from a charnel-house."

This article, it appears, produced a sensation.

"When he first appeared in Richard, he was greeted with laughter and hisses, even in the first scene; for some time his patience was proof against the worst efforts of malignity, till at last, irritated by continued opposition, he applied the words of the scene to his auditors, and boldly addressed the pit, with—

'Unmanner'd dogs, stand ye when I command.'

The clamour of course increased, and only paused a moment in expectation of an apology. In this, however, they were deceived; so far from attempting to soothe their wounded pride, Kean came forward and told them, 'that the only proof of understanding they had ever given, was the proper application of the few words he had just uttered.' The manager now thought proper to interfere, and the part of Richard was given to a man of less ability, but in higher favour with the brutal audience."

Spoiled actors, we see, treat audiences as Whigs do juries. The spectators are discerning, and perspicacious, and everything that is delectable, as long as they applaud; but when they discover incompetence, or scout down impertinence, they are malignant and

"brutal." Had Kean behaved as he says he did, a kicking would have been too good for him; but, as usual, there is no foundation whatever for the story, farther than that he was hissed by the men of Guernsey.

Governor Doyle took his part with his usual kindness—paid his debts, and offered to take charge of his child, whom Kean had the inhumanity to bring forward on the stage at the age of two. There is an immensity of silly vapouring in this part of the book;—how he wanted to go into the army as an officer—his sole claim to such honour being neither more nor less than that he was a hooted player—how he spouted before Governor Doyle; and how he made fine speeches about his wife and children. All stuff. The only piece of truth about his affairs in Guernsey is the story of a trick which he resorted to, to draw company. At this time poor Lady Douglas had been clamoured down for telling what now we all know to have been the truth, about the late unfortunate Queen, and she was obliged to retire from England. Kean privately circulated a report that she was to appear at his benefit, and thereby gathered a large audience—it was a respectable way of doing business. Though it is out of our way to make any political remarks while going over the memoirs of a stroller, yet we cannot refrain from observing on the consistent conduct of the Whigs, and the blackguards with whom they linked themselves, on the Queen's business. Nobody with more brains than a turnip doubts the guilt of the Queen now; and yet if we venture to say a word about it, we are told of our barbarity in attacking a woman, and she, too, in her grave. Now we submit, that Lady Douglas is a dead woman, every whit as much as Queen Caroline: and yet these good people feel no scruple in talking of the "infamous" conduct of that much injured lady, or in stigmatizing her as being "artful" and "abandoned." God bless the Whigs, they are a darling set of fellows; but we must go back to Kean.

He continued to act in the obscurity which he deigns not to enlighten until somebody pointed him out in 1813, while playing at Exeter, to the notice of Mr Pascoe Grenfell, a wise member of Parliament, and one of that egregious body, the Managing Com-

mittee of Drury Lane. Pascoe sent down Arnold, the stage-manager, to report on Kean's abilities, and the report was favourable. Kean came up, and acted at Drury Lane. There is an attempt to vilify Elliston, for endeavouring to keep Kean to his word, made in this authentic biography; but it only plunges the hero into farther dirt. The speculation was a good one for the house, which was at that time sinking under the mismanagement of Whitbread, Douglas Kinnaird, and other great men, who were equally great in the theatre as the state. Shylock, he says, he played with an originality of style, and a vigour of genius; but he informs us that it was reserved for the performance of his Richard III. to place him at once on the highest pinnacle of dramatic glory. In Hamlet, he assures us, the force of his genius broke through the disadvantages of his figure, and the brilliant points which illuminated his delineation of the character were so numerous, as entirely to cast his defects into the shade. Othello actually electrified the audience—Luke, in Riches, commanded universal applause; and so on through all his *roles*. In a word, he was the passion of the day. Novelty will always command notice in London, and Kean's acting, happily, was a novelty on the English stage. His croaking tones—his one-two-three-hop step to the right, and his equally brusque motions to the left—his retching at the back of the scene whenever he wanted to express passion—his dead stops in the middle of sentences—his hurre hurre hurre, hop hop hop! over all passages where sense was to be expressed, took amazingly. His very defects told in his favour. Don't you think, a doubting critic would say, Kean is rather low?—Yes, quoth a critic of the mob, rather low, I confess; but you see how well he acts, in spite of his wretched appearance—Garrick was low.—I am of opinion, said another hesitator, that his voice is bad.—Oh yes, retorted the critic, rather hoarse, I confess; but you see how well he acts, in spite of his wretched voice.—But, persevered the first interlocutor, I do not think he understands his author.—Why, *entre nous*, was the reply of the critic, I can't exactly say; but you see how well he acts, though he does not un-

derstand his author.—What could a man say after that?

But the real secret of this ultra-popularity was what Cobbett calls the *BASE PRESS*. At that time, gentle reader, there flourished a knot of numskulls, absolute over the dramatic world. Flourished, we say, for now it is laid prostrate. There will be a sighing among the Strephons, and a wailing among the Wiolars, when we name—the Cockney School! Dead they are now—down, down, among the dead men do they lie. But away with banter! At that time the most conceited, insolent, filthy, and ignorant dominion was exercised over all dramatic concerns by the Examiner. Its writers are now sunk, and we have no wish to trample on their misfortunes; but it must have cost the principal libellers of that set many and bitter pangs, if they were possessed of any feeling whatever, to be conscious in their own day of suffering, when Z. was gibbetting them as objects for the slow-moving finger of scorn to point at, how many wanton stabs at the reputation and livelihood of poor players had been given by their malignant stilettos; how much acute and poignant misery a remark of theirs, penned in drunkenness, or folly, or spite, must have occasioned to luckless actors, whose very bread depended probably on the way in which a manager might have regarded the lucubrations of the puppy critic. A congeniality of soul drew these fellows to Kean. Their word was potential over the apprentice-boys and young Whigs of the pit—the milliners of the gallery and their beaux—and the ladies of the saloons. Even decent people at that time used to read the playhouse critiques of the Examiner; and as impudence frequently passes for talent, and blustering always terrifies those who do not think for themselves, some ten years ago they were looked on by the theatrical people as models of elegance, deep reading, and acumen. The whole tribe puffed Kean, and silenced the voice of common sense. We of this Magazine glorify ourselves for having put an end for ever to such folly. We have put heart into right-thinking people, and, accordingly, now-a-days, if a mere incompetent fellow was endeavoured to be blown up into importance, even by men of talent, not to say by men of

straw, like the folk of the Round Table, a re-action would immediately take place, and people would be found to denounce the idol as a thing of clay, even in the very teeth of his idolaters.

Things went on differently then, and the Cockneys had it all to themselves. Creatures whom the most paltry of the two-pennies of London would not *now* admit as gratis contributors, *then* directed the taste of "the town." They went about trim, crisp, and jaunty, weaving chaplets of laurel, and venting sonnets on one another. You heard a sigh at every corner about fine gusto, and virtue, and keeping, and those down-looking Greeks, of whom, by the way, they could not spell the names, far less read them, if written in their native characters. Poor devils! When we look back at their happy state, our heart is sometimes "wae" within us on reflecting that it was we who marred their Elysium—a feeling which, however, fades in an instant all away when we recollect that they used the power they possessed to insult merit—to outrage decency—to vilify religion—to puff meanness—and to beslaver all that was venerable and glorious in the land. These were Kean's patrons—they pronounced him a second Garrick, and the town bent in prostrate reverence before the fetid breath of the oracle.

Under the auspices of this gang, Kean went on and prospered. He soon entertains us with an account of a most asinine speech he made, at the most asinine ceremony of presenting him with a gold cup, which was delivered to him by Palmer. And in a page or so afterwards, he gets so delighted with his oratory, that he again favours us with another most brilliant harangue, delivered by him at the opening of the Wolf Club, of which he was the appropriate grand-master. Its design was to *howl* down, as its name implies, everybody who had any chance of rivalling the quack actor, who got them together, though Kean here seems to insinuate that they were merely a drunken set of soakers, who met to make themselves "comfortable," p. 130. He was at last obliged to knock it up. The opening sentence of the speech is too good. Conceive such a man as Kean beginning an oration thus:—

"GENTLEMEN! (there was not one in the room, except a few gentlemen

of the press)—Gentlemen and brothers!

"If we look to tradition, our arts and sciences, our laws and governments in embryo were uncertain, disputable, and vague."

This is a deep discovery.

"To accomplish *perfection* in any degree, (there being of course various degrees of *perfection*,) has been, and will remain, the work of ages and constant perseverance.

"I am THEREFORE aware of the difficulties we have to encounter in bringing our little society," &c. &c. &c. What an *Argal!* Arts, sciences, laws, governments, ages, and tradition, lugged in by the head and shoulders, to preface the formation of a drunken club! The force of bathos could no farther go.

He went in 1818 to France—dined with Talma—and got a snuff-box from some French players—all of which important events are duly dated. It is from circumstances of this kind, that we conclude it must be an auto-biography, for surely no man alive would take the trouble of finding out, that, on the 15th of July, 1818, Kean dined with Talma, or would care a pinch of snuff whether, on the day afore-mentioned, he had gone supperless to bed. After this, we have him acting in Howard Payne's most stupid of all stupid plays, Brutus, very much to his own contentment. He tells us, that the leading feature of his acting was dignity, "dignity approaching to the sublime, and downright simple energy." This is too audacious. Kean act Brutus with dignity! Howard Payne write a play in which anybody could act with dignity! Author and actor were worthy of one another. We wish somebody would tell Kean what George Coleman said of his fine and original way of mispronouncing the word "prisoner," in the passage which extorted all the approbation from the Cockney critics. We doubt if he would try it again.

We next slur over his indefensible conduct to poor Jenny Porter, and her play of Switzerland—as also his behaviour to Bucke's Italians. He owes he had the worse of the latter controversy; but defends his letter in answer to Bucke, by saying that it was written under angry feelings. He must have been not angry with Bucke only, but with the language of the country, for it was full of words mis-

spelt from beginning to end—just such a fine composition as he some time after had the folly to write to John Bull, and which Bull, with malicious mirth, printed verbatim as it came from the pen of the writer.

Good old Sir John Sinclair after this makes his appearance, with the silly epistle which he wrote on the occasion of some foolish people of our modern Athens having clubbed their shillings to buy Kean a sword. It was an unjustifiable and cruel proceeding, after all; for the sword being unfortunately too large for Kean's body, he appeared, whenever he was tied to it, like a poor cockchaffer transfixed by a huge corking-pin. Sir John favours his correspondent with some remarks on swords, and on the history of Macbeth, very pleasant to read, and quite germane to the matter. The sword, he tells him, is of the true Highland make, whence we conclude that the Celtic Society was at the bottom of the business, for it is quite fit for them. It is adorned, moreover, "with some of the most valuable stones that Scotland produces." We flatter ourselves that *that* is a touch redolent of the north side of the Tweed. It is good to be merry and wise. None of your outlandish diamonds, therefore, which cost siller, when we can get our own canny cairngorms for nothing. The inscription on the sword is worthy of them that gave, and him who received. We copy it as it appears in this authentic tome, p. 136.

This sword was presented
TO
EDMUND KEAN, ESQ.
WHEN he appears on the stage,
As
Macbeth,
The King of Scotland.

What it means is beyond our capacity.

Next follow his adventures in America, briefly related for good reasons; and the whole is wound up by a good deal of puffing, on some of his freaks of ostentatious generosity. Some insolent language of his to a tavern-keeper in Portsmouth, comes in for its

share of applause, but the story is simply this: When Kean was a strolling player, he asked this man for half-a-pint of porter; and Boniface would not give it to him until he paid the penny beforehand—such was the shabby appearance of the poor fellow. We think the man was quite right, as every one ought to take care of his property. Afterwards, when Mr Kean was rich, this landlord, as landlords will do, came bowing and scraping to him, and Kean remembering the indignity of having been refused tick for a penny, made a most indignant speech, and left the house. He knit his brow, he says, most awfully, and among much other stuff, he announced himself as "The same Edmund Kean that I was fifteen years ago, when you insulted me. Look at me again, sir. What alteration beyond that of dress do you discover in me? Am I a better man than I was then?" &c. &c.

Heaven help us! Here is nonsense in all its altitudes! To be sure, he was not a better man—very possibly he might have been a worse man—but he was decidedly *richer*—better on 'Change. The landlord, when he saw *poor* Mr Kean, was afraid of his money, and refused him credit—when he saw *rich* Mr Kean, he looked to a good stiff bill—and that made all the difference. Kean never was so besotted as when he imagined the compliment paid to his purse was paid to his person.

"On Kean's acting," continues he, "we decline offering any criticism; he is beyond it." Quite beyond it indeed—but there are two kinds of beyonds, above and *below*. A worse actor never trod the stage—we mean, pretending to enact such characters as he has taken on himself to murder.

Here ends the auto-biography. We go no farther, having nothing to do with Kean except to expose quackery, puffing, and humbug. He is going down very fast, and we flatter ourselves that this Life of his, though intended for a different purpose, will freshen his way a trifle down the ladder of popularity.

FUTURE PROSPECTS OF THE WORLD.

SPIRIT of Concord ! shall it still be thine
 To mourn thy sorrows, an unending line ?
 Shall never Wisdom, in her robes of white,
 Chase Ignorance afar, and Error's night ?
 Shall never War recline his leaden ear,
 Or spareless Phrenzy cast aside the spear ?
 Must it be thine, despairingly to weep
 Bloodshed on shore, and Rapine on the deep ?
 While seasons hold their course, and heaves the main,
 Shall Sin light Misery's watch-towers o'er her reign ?
 Can Mercy send no star of heavenly birth,
 To cheer the aspect of this darken'd earth,
 And, with a radiance gloriously sublime,
 Illume the footsteps of departing Time ?
 Say, never shall the strife of Discord cease,
 And Man, with Fellow-man, embrace in peace ?—
 Or, doomed for ever to her scythed car,
 Shall fire-eyed Vengeance wield the sword of War ;
 In ruin mock the lightning and the flood,
 And drench her reeking blade in human blood,
 Turn, smiling, turn from Life's expiring throe,
 And scorn, in mockery wild, the plaint of woe ?

No ! heavenly light dispels the shapeless gloom,
 And Hope presents to Man a brighter doom ;
 Far through the shadowy mist of years, I see,
 Degraded world, thy glorious jubilee !
 See from the fetter'd hands the shackles fall,
 And Peace appear at Mercy's pleading call ;
 See Ignorance and error take to flight,
 And Abdera's new uprising glad the sight ;¹
 See truth present the scene, by Fancy given,
 And open'd to Mankind the gates of heaven ;
 While glorious on the view the prospects rise
 Of cloudless Joy, and blooming Paradise !

As Herod's heart to Mariamne turn'd,²
 Hung o'er her recollected charms, and burn'd,
 Sorrow'd for frailties past, and fondly swore
 To love her memory, and to err no more ;
 So shall the devious mind, that hath deplored
 Its errors past, to Virtue be restored ;
 And, as Repentance drops the bitter tears,
 Mercy expunge the strains of other years !

While o'er the rolling earth, and heaving main,
 The voice of strife is heard, and terrors reign ;
 Lo ! Friendship gazes with prophetic eye,
 And, hopeful, reads our future destiny !

“ Behold,” she says, “ what clouds of dreary shade,
 To wither all its charms, the scene pervade ;

Beneath a chilling breeze, a frowning sky,
 Droop all the fragrant summer sweets, and die.
 Yes! Sin her upas poison breathes around,
 And sink her victims writhing to the ground:
 Dark is the wilful destiny of man;
 Nature laments her controverted plan;
 And where, of yore, emblossom'd Eden smiled,
 Peace is o'erthrown, and innocence exiled!

“ With cypress coronal, and robes whose dye
 Surpass in darkness Zembla's midnight sky,
 'Mid yon dim cloudy bowers, from which the day
 Melts off with baffled and impervient ray,
 Sits Superstition, she whose hydra hands
 Have bound the rolling world through all its lands,
 To lingering death her captived thousands thrust,
 And bow'd the laurel'd conqueror to the dust;
 As if in scorn corporeal forms to bind,
 She wreathes her mystic fetters on the mind;
 Degrades celestial Reason from her throne,
 Chains Fancy's feet, and makes all sway her own:
 'Twas she, amid Dahomey's groves of blood,³
 That edged the brand, and loosed the purple flood;
 'Twas she, 'mid Brama's wilds of awful gloom,⁴
 That gave the widow'd wretch a living tomb;
 'Twas she, that o'er the necks of erring love,
 The wheels of Juggernaut triumphant drove;
 'Twas she that sent the banner'd cross afar,
 Whose mandate kindled Palestine to war,
 That bow'd the crest of Turkey's haughty lord,
 That drench'd in Moslem blood the Christian sword,⁵
 That gave—ah! record of eternal shame!—
 A Ridley to the stake, a Cranmer to the flame!!

“ And yonder, see, within a trackless maze,
 The dreadful power that Pyrrho worshipp'd strays;
 Like midnight skiff without a magnet, tost,
 Dubious of wreck, yet certain to be lost;
 Dim is the mist-attired horizon round,
 Gulfs yawn before her—yet no hope is found,
 No sign like that, which, pointing Israel's way,
 Forbade the weak to sink, the bold to stray:
 She looks beneath—there is no prospect, save
 A wakeless sleep, and everlasting grave,
 Across whose precincts, in unhallow'd bloom,
 The nightshade waves its canopy of gloom;
 She casts her glance above her, to descry
 A chance-created heaven—a godless sky,
 And wavering Fancy wanders to explore,
 In helmless bark, a sea without a shore;
 While Silence, like a guardian, grasps the key
 That opens the portals of futurity!

“ 'Tis night; and lo! from yon beleaguer'd wall,
 Shatter'd with shot, and tottering to its fall,

Burst shrieks and shouts, that pierce the shuddering ear
 With wild amazement, and delirious fear ;
 There, where red Murder walks his hourly round,
 Where ashes smoke, and wrecks bestrew the ground,
 The mother tends, with fear-dejected eyes,
 The couch whereon her slumbering infant lies,
 And feels for danger and for death prepared,
 So dooms propitious Heaven that it be spared !
 The orphan relic of her house she sees,
 Hangs o'er its beauty on her trembling knees,
 And pours, alas ! 'tis lost in empty air,
 Her choicest blessings, and her warmest prayer ;
 For scarcely from her tongue the words depart,
 Fraught with the holiest feelings of the heart,
 Ere bursts the fire-wing'd globe, and spreads a flood
 Around her household walls of guiltless blood,
 And down she sinks, released from earthly pain,
 To wake, and meet her babe in heaven again !—
 Thunders reverberate, dire lightnings flash,
 Sink down the crumbling towers, the temples crash.
 The curses of revenge, the shrieks of pain,
 Burst forth from lips that ne'er unclosed again ;
 While, reft of life, the patriot drops his blade,
 By foes o'er-master'd, or by friends betray'd,
 And o'er paternal fields, and native plains,
 In Power's licentious pride, the tyrant reigns !

“ See o'er the earth, with waste and woe replete,
 Lithe Flattery crouching at Corruption's feet ;
 Ambition mounting by the neck of Sin ;
 And Wisdom's small voice drown'd by Folly's din.
 Lo ! at the beck of Luxury, Wealth awaits ;
 While haggard Famine, prone before the gates
 Falls down, without a robe to shield her form
 From the sharp winds, and night's descending storm :
 There Industry, his day-long labour vain,
 Looks on his half-fed family in pain ;
 And Beggary, with her orphans at her back,
 Climbs slowly on up Virtue's rocky track,
 Turns from Temptation's paths, whose sweets invite,
 'Mid Nature's craving wants, her longing sight ;
 Expects not human aid, and to the skies
 Trusts only for the help which man denies !

“ No longer gaze in anguish and affright
 Upon the realms of uncongenial night,
 But o'er them, where Elysian prospects lie,
 Far to yon glowing summit turn thine eye,
 To yon bright tract, where Hope and Fancy roam,
 And share the spring of pleasures yet to come ;
 Cimmerian shadows, that o'erhang the day,
 Abide not yonder sun, but melt away,
 While night expands before the ravish'd view,
 But scenes of garden bloom, and skies of blue !

" Behold that seraph in the robes of white,
 Who waves her snowy wings, diffusing light ;
 Bright glows her cheek in everlasting youth,
 Her birth-place is the sky, her name is Truth :
 Lo ! as she comes, the shadows melt away,
 Like night-collected dews at dawn of day ;
 Around her glows an atmosphere of light,
 To which the sun is dim, the noon is night :
 Sent from the glorious mansion of her birth,
 Onwards she bears, descending to the earth ;
 To wondering man her brightness shall appear,
 And Error vanish on the wings of Fear !

" Though frowning labyrinths of earth and sky,
 Stretch'd like infinitude, between us lie,
 Behold in glory, on yon mountain blue,
 Dim though the sight, and indistinct the view,
 —Yet how inviting is the goodly scene,
 How sweet the landscape looks, and how serene
 Sits Peace enthroned ! the roses of her cheek
 Are bright as morn, but yet as evening meek ;
 Sedately pure, the azure of her eye
 Excels the tints of Autumn's cloudless sky,
 And brows of snow seem whiter still beneath
 The auburn tresses, and the myrtle wreath :
 Her generous hand the horn of plenty bears,
 And in her zone the olive leaf she wears :
 Behind her, see, the cherub train appear,
 Love in the front, and Mercy in the rear ;
 While gloom and grief melt off before her sight,
 As flee before the sun the stars of night ;
 And earth again, as vision'd seers foretold,
 Is nether heaven, the paradise of old,
 Ere yielding woman, to her duty blind,
 Tasted the fruit of sin, and cursed mankind.

" Behold the breast of Nature clothed again
 With flowery Carmels, and with Bactrian grain ;⁶
 Its current stainless, and its banks undyed,
 Through bloomy vales rolls on the silvery tide ;
 Perennial music, floating on the air
 Of summer noontide, charms away despair ;
 He who had borne the sword now bears the crook,⁷
 The hand that grasp'd the brand the pruning-hook ;
 No more in thunder through the midnight skies,
 To desolate the earth, volcanoes rise ;
 But rural sounds and sights, ordain'd to blind
 The sense of sadness, elevate the mind,
 And bring, when sin and sorrow melt away,
 A placid, calm, and intellectual day !

" Look to the habitants of earth, behold
 With doubled bliss returns the age of gold ;⁸
 Since pleasure's flames with purer radiance glow
 Above the embers of extinguished woe,

There is no joy like that which owes its birth
 To inward purity and conscious worth ;
 There is no joy in mind's capacious sphere,
 That is not brightly won and worshipp'd here :
 Untired benevolence, whose bounds extend
 Firm and unfeign'd to earth's remotest end ;
 Celestial gratitude, whose ardent eye
 Beams with delight, and fastens on the sky ;
 Sincerity and Truth, that scorn to move,
 And blameless Justice, and unsullied Love,
 Rule every heart, and deal that bliss around
 The Muses feign, though men have never found !"

Spirit of Wisdom ! haste, descend, and bear
 Celestial beauty to the shores of care ;
 With thee thy train of heavenly graces bring,
 And shake immortal pleasures from thy wing.
 Lo ! from thy sight night's prowling wanderers fly,
 And withers sin beneath thy radiant eye ;
 War breaks his brand, finds not a welcome shore,
 But mounts the whirlwind, and is seen no more ;
 While science, from her hill, walks forth in mirth,⁹
 And spreads her glorious empire o'er the earth :
 Through clouds she passes, and they melt away
 Before her wand, as darkness flies from day ;
 O'er rocks she climbs, and 'neath her tread the ground
 Expands in level beauty smiling round ;
 She bids the tempest fruit and fragrance bring,
 And robs the fire-eyed lightning of its sting ;
 Darts daylight into Error's darkest cave ;
 Reigns o'er each realm, and stills the stormy wave.

And thou, Religion, though through fire and flood
 By saints upheld, and seal'd with holiest blood,
 From clime to clime thy glorious light expands,
 And chases Darkness from rejoicing lands :
 Sin's rod is broken ; Superstition, long
 The only mistress of Earth's erring throng,
 Wraps round her mantle, and in wild affright
 Flies shrieking downward to congenial night ;
 No more beneath her knife the victim reels ;
 No more bedews with blood her chariot wheels ;
 No more, torn reckless from the light of day,
 Pines in the hopeless grave a living prey ;
 But light all pure, ineffably serene,
 Illumes mankind, and brightens every scene ;
 At the same altar, tribes by every sea
 In sacred adoration bend the knee.—
 Far in the wilds of Afric's torrid zone,
 'Mid burning sands, where verdure is unknown,
 At vesper hour, when all around is mute,
 Save sullen sound of camel's wearied foot,
 Kneels, by the scanty well, the Arab dun,
 And, in the broad light of the setting sun,
 Pours out, all glowing as the cloudless west,
 The fears, the hopes, the wishes of his breast,

And lifts, in holy dread, his mental eye
To him, his God, who bled on Calvary !

While, lo ! the voice of psalms, the tones of praise,
Hard by the icy pole, believers raise :
Though Day upon the waste and wildering scene
Shuts up, and howl afar the billows green ;
And the sad night of desolation drear
Glooms o'er their world, and saddens half the year,
Beneath impending storms, and circling snows,
No chilling doubts the fur-clad shiverer knows ;
With Faith's unfaltering eye he looks abroad,
Through the wild storm, to mark the works of God ;
Beholds the traces of his power afar
In the blue sky, and each revolving star ;
Trusts, with a hope that softens, yet sublimes,
For happier seasons, and serener climes,
And knows that He, who formed this rolling ball,
Is still the Lord, and shall be Judge, of all !

Oh happy time, when crimeless all shall be,
And in the spirit's sunshine walking free,
No more by vice degraded and deprest !
No thought but peace awaking in the breast,
Earth, calm'd to beauty, shall again resume
Primeval bliss, and Eden's forests bloom,
Bright as when Adam, with a holy kiss,
Embraced his chosen in the bowers of bliss !
Love o'er the world shall spread his halycon sway,
The weak shall own it, and the wise obey ;
The summit of the hills shall murmur love,
And echo catch the sound in glen and grove ;
Creatures that, far from human face exiled,
Prowl'd the dim forest or unpeopled wild,
Shall leave their dwellings, and, with meekness bland,
Crouch at the feet of man, or lick his hand,
And Nature, all his errors past forgiven,
Proclaim him Lord, and own the loved of Heaven !
From shore to shore, from isle to isle around,
Shall spread of holy peace the welcome sound ;
Far on the deep, where nought but wave and sky
Extends, and scarce is heard the sea-bird's cry,
The streamer'd flags of far-spread realms shall meet,
And hail each other in communion sweet ;
Brothers in heart, all jealous fears subdued,
Love's sever'd links harmoniously renew'd,
The South shall hail the North, and East with West
Embracing, own one feeling and be blest !

Advancing glory, hail ! although the day,
When Earth shall bow, subservient to thy sway,
To Truth's severe and chastened gaze appears
Dim, through the shadows of uncounted years,
Yet Hope, the siren prophetess, whose eye
Darts through the twilight of Futurity,

The first to come, the latest to depart,
 Enchains thee, by her anchor, to the heart ;
 O'er barrier rocks bids Expectation climb,
 And sheds a halo round the march of Time !



NOTES.

¹ *Abdera new uprise to glad the sight.*

At Abdera, in Thrace, (Andromeda, one of the tragedies of Euripides being played,) the spectators were so much moved with the object, and those pathetic love speeches of Perseus, among the rest, *O Cupid, prince of gods and men, &c.* that every man, almost, a good while after, spake pure iambics, and raved still on Perseus' speech, *O Cupid, prince of gods and men.* As carmen, boyes, and prentises, when a new song is published with us, go singing that new tune still in the streets ; they continually acted that tragicall part of Perseus, and in every man's mouth was, *O Cupid ;* in every street, *O Cupid ;* in every house, almost, *O Cupid, prince of gods and men.*—BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III. Sect. 2.

Much has been said, and justly, concerning the exquisiteness of Sterne's genius ; as to its disdain of plagiarism, the reader of the above passage may turn to *Sentimental Journey*, vol. I. Fragment commencing—"The town of Abdera, notwithstanding Democritus lived there ;" and to Dr Ferriar's Illustrations, *passim*.

² *As Herod's heart to Mariamne turn'd.*

See the story of Herod and Mariamne, collected from the historian, Josephus, in *Spectator*, No. 171. Who recollects not Byron's fine melody,

Oh, Mariamne, now for thee
 The heart for which thou bledest is bleeding ?

³ *'Twas she amid Dahomey's groves of blood.*

How incredible are the acts of atrocity to which the unbridled passions of man subject him ! even Fancy must fail to communicate half the horrors which but too accurate history has supplied us with. Without adverting to the lamented Bowdich's Mission to Ashantee, and other voyages or travels, we refer, as more immediately connected with the text, to Dalzel's History of Dahomey, and the particulars contained therein.

⁴ *'Twas she mid Bramah's wilds of awful gloom.*

About the year 1798, twenty-eight Hindoos were reported to have been crushed to death at this very place, *Ishera*, under the wheels of Juggernaut, impelled by sympathetic religious phrenzy. The fact of their deaths was notorious, and was recorded in the Calcutta papers ; but so little impression did it make on the public mind, and so little inquiry was made by individuals into the subject, that it became doubtful at last whether the men perished by accident, or, as usual, by *self-devotement* ; for it was said, that to qualify the enormity of the deed in the view of the English, some of the Hindoos gave out that the men fell under the wheels by accident.—DR BUCHANAN'S *Journal*, p. 35, in *Christian Researches in Asia*.

"At Lahor," says Bernier, "I saw a very handsome, and a very young woman burnt ; I believe she was not above twelve years of age. This poor unhappy creature appeared rather dead than alive when she came near the pile ; she shook and wept bitterly. Meanwhile three or four of these executioners, the Bramins, together with an old hag that held her under the arm, thrust her on, and made her sit down upon the wood ; and, lest she should run away, they tied her legs and hands ; and so they burnt her alive. I had enough to do to contain myself for indignation."

Under the delusion of what sophism, such a learned and enlightened man as Colonel Mark Wilks, can come to defend such a practice, I know not, but behold it written in *Historical Sketches of the South of India*, Vol. I. p. 499.

⁵ *That drenched in Moslem blood the Christian sword.*

Innumerable are the anecdotes of enormity and atrocity ascribed to the Crusaders, by travellers and annalists, as if the misfortune of being Mahometans took from their enemies all title of being treated like men.

"The valour of Richard (Cœur de Lion) struck such terror into his enemies," says Chateaubriand, "that, long after his death, when a horse trembled without a visible cause, the Saracens were accustomed to say that he had seen the ghost of the English monarch."—*Travels*, Vol. II.

⁶ *With flowery Carmels, and with Bactrian grain.*

“Bactriana, a country between Parthia and India, celebrated for the largeness of the grain of its wheat.”—*Note on a passage in Sotheby's admirable translation of the Georgics.*

⁷ *He, who had borne the sword, now bears the crook.*

“They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.”—*Isaiah, chap. 2, ver. 2.*

⁸ *With doubled bliss returns the age of gold.*

————— he sang Saturnian rule

Return'd, a progeny of golden years,

Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.—*Excursion.*

⁹ *While Science from her hill walks forth.*

When we look back to the discoveries of the last half century, perhaps it is no exaggeration to say, that Science has been making more rapid strides towards perfection, however far distant that may yet be—than in any previous age of the world. Every day introduces some new improvement, whereby the invaluable art of printing is rendered more diffusive in its operation, and consequently more extensively blessed in its effects. Chemistry has established itself as one of the most brilliant and useful of the sciences, and in the hands of a Davy, a Thomson, and a Dalton, who will be bold enough to set a limit to its operation? But, above all, the mighty power of steam, subjecting itself to science, has put into the possession of man an engine, alike applicable on land and ocean, and which may come in time to render the boast of Archimedes scarcely a hyperbolic exaggeration.

LETTERS OF MR MULLION TO THE LEADING POETS OF THE AGE.

No. I.

To Bryan W. Proctor, Esq., alias Barry Cornwall.

MY DEAR PROCTOR,

You see I write quite familiarly to you, though I never have had the pleasure of beholding the light of your countenance. You are a man for whom, as ODoherty says, I have a particular regard, and therefore do not stand upon matters of mere ceremony. As for styling you Barry Cornwall, for God's sake, drop that horrid humbug. Everybody is laughing at you about it; and in reality it is not right or creditable to have an *alias*. Write as Cobbett and I do, always with your real name. It would be much more sensible, and less pick-pocket like.

I cannot charge my memory, or my conscience, with having read any of your poetry. I occasionally see scraps of it in periodical works, of which you know I am a most ardent and constant reader, but I regularly skip them. I understand that you have a fancy that you can write after the manner of “those old, down-looking Greeks;” but do give up the idea. It is fudge at this time of the day—mere fudge—and more particularly in you, who know nothing of the language or the

ideas of the people. When Quintus Horatius Flaccus, of whom you may have heard under the name of Francis's Horace, botched it, though he had lived in the country—spoken the language—wrote in it—knew the people thoroughly—professed the creed of its mythology—you may take it for granted that you cannot do any good in the line. In like manner, I am told, you are vainly at work on Italian literature, writing about Colonnas, Mirandolas, &c. Let me beg of you to give up *that* too. You are aware that you do not know as much Italian as would suffice you to call for a mouthful of bread, and if you were left alone in any town of Italy, you would be compelled to open your mouth, and point to it, whenever your nether guts grumbled for their mess of pottage. In this state of things, you can never be a Boccaccio—[by the by, an Italian scholar like you, ought to know that his name is Boccaccio]—in rhyme. In a word, let me inform you, that it is always as well to let writing on subjects which have engaged master minds altogether alone; and that a know-

ledge of such subjects is not to be acquired by any one, without deep and severe study—if, indeed, a foreigner can ever acquire it at all.

But though I have not read your verse, I am a great reader of your prose. This, indeed, I do *ex officio*. For I rejoice to perceive that you contribute to various magazines, reviews, and newspapers, wherewith I regale myself; and, as I said before, I am a great swallower of that kind of nutriment. In particular, I read the Edinburgh Review, a circumstance, I should suppose, of which you are aware, and in it I frequently, with much pleasure and profit, peruse your lucubrations on poetry. On the subject of your last appearance in print, it is that I am about to address you—you know I mean the review of Percy Shelley's poetry, which appeared in the last number of that excellent and highly-respectable periodical, and must tend to uphold the present general opinion of the wit and wisdom displayed in its pages.

As that Journal does not go much into public, you will no doubt feel gratified when I announce to you, that it is my intention to make some remarks on your article, which will, I am pretty sure, have the effect of drawing more attention to it than it would otherwise have received. I am, in general, very much thanked by my friends for such favours; but, my dear Bryan, between you and me, such compliments would be quite superfluous. Without further preamble, then, we may as well get at once to the matter in hand; and, therefore, I just copy out, "slick right away," the very first sentence of your composition.

"Mr Shelley's style is to poetry what astrology is to natural science—a passionate dream, a straining after impossibilities, a record of fond conjectures, a confused embodying of vague abstractions,—a fever of the soul, thirsting and craving after what it cannot have, indulging its love of power and novelty at the expense of truth and nature, associating ideas by contraries, and wasting great powers by their application to unattainable objects."

There is a degree of clearness in this description of Shelley's poetry, that must strike the most unenlightened. Obtuse must be the pericranium of that plebeian who would not, off-hand, understand the whole history and mystery of the business, out of this simple paragraph. "Pray, Mr Tims," Miss

Anner Mariar Price will say, "vat is your hown hopinion hof Mr Shelley's wersedes?"—"Vy, ma'am," Mr Tims, graciously bending over his tea-cup, will answer, "hit his to poetry vat hastrojoly his to natteral science."—"Look, just now only think o' that!" Miss Anner Mariar will exclaim; "vy, Mr Tims, you ave it the nail on the ead, and taken the right sow by the hear."

Such will be the conversation, dear Proctor, among your friends; but, as I have not time to go through all they will say from that to the seventh cup, I shall quote no more of their interesting chit-chat. Your next observation is kind and considerate. "Poetry, we [that is I, Bryan Proctor] grant, creates a world of its own." After this permission, it would go to work without delay, but, unfortunately, the next clause hurts the grant somewhat.—"But it creates it out of existing materials." Now this is a queer sort of creation. John Locke (he was an eminent metaphysician and commissioner in the days of King William, Bryan, and perhaps you may have heard of his name) would demur a little, but that, to be sure, is nothing to you. Henceforth we shall never say at Ambrose's, "Make me a tumbler of punch;"—but "Create a tumbler." It is a magnificent word. It will have a grand sound to say, "What are you doing down at the end of the table, Jamie Hogg?"—"CREATING a bowl!"

"I thank thee, scribe, for teaching me that word," and shall certainly use it hereafter.

"Mr Shelley," you next tell us, "is the maker of his own poetry out of nothing." If he were so, he would be a creator in good earnest, but unluckily it happens not to be the case. The materials of Shelly's poetry existed as much as those of any other poet in the world. He imposed on you and other profound and original thinkers like you, nonsense for sublimity, but in his most ultra-mundane flight, you will find that there is not an idea which is not as mundane as one of Hogg's novels, and, moreover, nine-tenths of them, such as they are, were in print, in *types*, Bryan, before he was created.

"In him," we find as we get on, "fancy, will, caprice, predominated over, and absorbed, the natural influences of things." This is a touch beyond me. What are the natural influ-

ences of things? How does fancy absorb them? Drop me a note by return of post, for I have been ransacking my brains these three hours about this sentence, and now must leave it in my rear while I march on. But the remainder of this second paragraph is indeed difficult reading, being composed in that style of which you are a distinguished professor, and which may be classed under the great generic name of *havers*. [As you write for a Scotch review, I need not add the interpretation of that admirable word.] There are two pretty specimens which I shall embalm by reprinting them.

“When we see the dazzling beacon-light straining over the darkness of the abyss, we dread the quicksands and the rocks below.”

Here Shelley is an abyss of rather a singular nature, with beacon-lights above it, and quicksands and rocks below it; but in the next he is a mere segar. “The fumes of his vanity rolled volumes of smoke, mixed with sparkles of fire, from the cloudy tabernacle of his thought.” This is fine. Cloudy tabernacle is a famous name for a tobacco-box. Henceforward, when I call my boy after dinner, it shall be thus: Ho, flunky of mine, bring me my cloudy tabernacle, that I may roll a volume of smoke. But after all, it is not fair to call Mr Shelley’s book “volumes of smoke,” though, to be sure, they might serve to light a pipe well enough.

Having thus so successfully settled his genius, we now come to his person. “Mr Shelley was a remarkable man; his person was a type and shadow of his genius; [Did it not strike you, Bryan, that it is rather impossible that it should be both?] his complexion fair, golden, freckled, seemed transparent with an inward light.” In my school-boy days—alas! a long time ago—I remember we used to frighten the neighbourhood by setting a scooped turnip upon a pole, with a candle in it, making its countenance “transparent with an inward light,” to the great terror of the rustics; but I cannot agree with you, my dear Proctor, that it was a very handsome-looking physiognomy. However, “de gustibus,” &c. Nor do I agree with you, that freckles are so peculiarly beautiful; but in this I am not positive, recollecting that the Duchess of Orleans declares, that one of the beauties of Louis the Fourteenth’s court was

“belle comme une ange,” though from head to foot she was “entirement rousse;” which my friend Whittaker’s delightful translator renders “red-haired,” he being as intimately and gracefully skilled in the language as yourself.

However, let us keep moving. Shelley “reminded those who saw him of some of Ovid’s fables.” In the name of Jupiter, Bryan, keep away from the classics. Of which of the fables? Was he like Actæon, horned? or like Lycæon, raving against the gods, and howling for human blood? or like Medea, scattering poison? or like Bottom the weaver, with a Whig head upon his shoulders? [You know, Bryan, you will find this eminent classic in the 53d book of the *Metabame-seon*, l. 1416, a book which you have read, I am sure, as often as you have read Ovid in Latin.] Or rather like Narcissus, I suppose, for “his form, graceful and slender, stooped like a flower in the breeze”—in other words, he was round-shouldered. But, in truth, is there not something sickening and Italianized in thus beslaving a man’s personal appearance? What need MEN care about his freckled phiz and his hang-a-bone stoop?

Let us turn to the criticism, which you continue with your usual wisdom. I shall skip a few sentences, in order to exhibit your reasoning powers in a most amiable light. “He thought,” you tell us, “and acted logically;” though how *you*, who do not know a syllogism in Barbara from a paralogism in Darapti, discovered this fact, is hard to conjecture; but you soon explain it to us. This gentleman, who, Mr Barry Cornwall informs us, thought logically, “spurning the world of realities, rushed into the world of *nonentities and contingencies* like air into a *vacuum*. If a thing was old and established, this was with him a *certain proof* of its having no foundation to rest upon; if it was new, it was good and right. EVERY PARADOX WAS TO HIM A SELF-EVIDENT TRUTH.” After which it is quite evident that he had a logical mind, and that you are the boy who can judge of one.

You soon take a fine fizgig into your head, but I shall let you speak for yourself. “The two extremes [infidelity and orthodoxy] in this way often meet, jostle, and confirm one another. The infirmities of age are a foil to the presumption of youth; and

' then the antics sit' mocking one another—the ape Sophistry, pointing with reckless scorn at ' palsied eld,' and the bed-rid hag Legitimacy, rattling her chains, counting her beads, dipping her hands in blood, [what, while counting her beads?—think for a while, Bryan, and you will find it a difficult operation,] and blessing herself [while counting her beads, and dipping her hands in blood] from every appeal to common sense and reason." As polite commentators say, I shall not weaken the force of that fine passage by a word, but recommend you to get your friend Haydon, the Raphael of the Cockneys, to paint the subject on an acre of canvass, and exhibit it at the first show of Incurables, in Suffolk-Street. In a sentence or two after this, your logical mind shows forth to great advantage. "The martello towers, with which we are to repress, if we cannot destroy, the systems of fraud and oppression, should not be castles in the air, or clouds on the verge of the horizon; but the enormous and accumulated pile of abuses which have arisen out of their own continuance." From which it follows, logically, that in order to carry on the war against fraud and oppression successfully, we must accumulate abuses, and make them into martello towers. Oh, my logician!

Your knowledge of mechanics, which shines very soon after, is quite equal to your dialectics. "To be convinced of the existence of wrong, we should read history rather than poetry,—[a deep discovery]—the levers with which we must *work out* our own regeneration, are not the *cobwebs* of the brain, but the *warm, palpitating fibres* of the human heart." A palpitating fibre would make a pretty lever—almost as good as a cobweb—but as that is nothing to you, Bryan, we must pass over it, as I shall do the remainder of the paper, including "the exalting and purifying Promethean heat" which concludes it.

"Mr Shelley died, it seems, with a volume of Mr Keats's poetry grasped with one hand in his bosom"—rather an awkward posture, as you will be convinced if you try it. But what a rash man Shelley was, to put to sea in a frail boat with Jack's poetry on board! Why, man, it would sink a tireme. In the preface to Mr Shelley's poems we are told that "his vessel bore out of sight with a favourable wind;" but

what is that to the purpose? It had Endymion on board, and there was an end. Seventeen ton of pig-iron would not be more fatal ballast. Down went the boat with a "swirl!" I lay a wager that it righted soon after ejecting Jack. "These are two out of four poets—patriots and friends, who have visited Italy within a few years." Stop for a moment, Bryan; I cannot let you go on quite so fast. The four who visited Italy were not four *poets*—they were one poet, one rover, one blockhead, and one KING OF THE COCKNEYS—and I am sorry to say, that the taint of the last corrupted the entire mass. Poor Byron sunk under the connexion, and, sick of his associates, left Italy in despair, to die in Greece of vexation and dread. May his death be a warning to all men of genius, that there is a depth of infamy, from which it is impossible for any talent to extricate itself! I own, Bryan, you are pathetic on the subject of Jack. "Keats died young, and yet his infelicity had years too many. A canker had blighted the tender bloom that overspread a face, in which youth and genius shone with *beauty*." (What! beslobbering men's faces again—fie! fie!) "The shaft was sped—venal, vulgar, venomous, that drove him from his country, with sickness and penury for companions, and followed him to the grave. And yet there are those who could trample on the faded flower—men to whom breaking hearts are a subject of merriment—who laugh loud over the silent urn of genius, and play out their games of venality and infamy with the crumbling bones of genius!" In this last passage you must allude to Cobbett and Tom Paine, for I know not any other person who made play with the crumbling bones of genius on, or rather under, the earth. But do you forget that Byron laughed most heartily of all, at Keats's cause of death? I had hoped you might remember his capital coup-let—

Strange that the soul's ethereal particle
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article!

And, indeed, the brains of him who imagines that Keats or anybody else was killed by the strictures of Mr Murray's Review, must be madness itself. It comes, moreover, with peculiar bad grace in the pages of Mr Jeffrey's work, which has sneered, with the most venal and spiteful malignity conceiva-

ble, on the greatest and most rising geniuses in the world. I applaud, however, your alliteration—wenal, wulgar, venomous—and am sure it will afford a pleasant jingle in the mouth of that noble peer, Wiscount Wictoire de Tims.

Well, now we have at last got to your Review, having blown away the froth, I find that you characterize the compositions of your great poet and departed friend, as “perplexing and unattractive,” “clouded with a dull waterish vapour,” [p. 499] “prosaic in versification,” [p. 500] “bare, indistinct, wild,” “labouring under a due mixture of affectation and meagreness of invention,” “baffling all pursuit of common comprehension,” “difficult to read through,” [p. 502] “more filmy, enigmatical, discontinuous, unsubstantial, than anything *we* [that is, Bryan Proctor] have seen,” “full of crude conceits,” “and involved style and imagery,” [p. 504] “linked and overloaded in diction,” [p. 507] “disjointed, painful, and oppressive,” “choked with unchecked underwood, or weighed down with gloomy nightshade, or eaten up with personality, like ivy clinging round and eating into the shadowy oak.” [Fine, very fine writing this, my dear Bryan.] “Disgusting and extravagant,” [p. 509] “meagre and monotonous,” [p. 511.] Call you this backing your friends? By Juno, the sky queen, I shall not trust you to write a critique on *my* poetry! Why, Bryan, this abuse is as bad as anything old Gifford ever said of Jack Keats. Sir, it is “venal, vulgar, venomous,” and I can only state my indignation by gulping down this quart of porter which has been these ten minutes neighbour to my elbow.

That job being done, I am cool enough to look if you have given this victim of your rage any quarter—any praise, &c. I see you have. Here it is.—“The translations from Euripides, Calderon, and Goethe, in this volume, will give great pleasure to the scholar and the general reader. *They are executed with equal FIDELITY and spi-*

rit.” That is praise; but the question is, my dear lad, how do you know that they are executed with fidelity? Put Euripides out of the question, for that would be taking an unfair advantage of you—did you, or could you, ever read three lines of Calderon? As for Goethe,—Bryan, Bryan, do not imagine you can bam us there. You have supplied the materials for your own utter destruction. Listen, Minstrel of Mirandolar. You quote,

Semi-chorus II.

A thousand steps must a woman take,
Where a man but a single spring will make.

Voices above.

Come with us, come with us from FELUN-
SEE.

Ag. Bryan. FELUNSEE. It is no mistake of the print, for you have copied it so from the volume you are reviewing, when it is so exhibited by Shelley's editor. Now, in Goethe it is *Felsensee*, the sea of rocks; and Shelley, in all probability, not having any English word to his hand, wrote the plain German, which perhaps he might have altered in a happier moment. But the Liberal creatures, who know nothing, printed it from his blurred writing—*Felumee*, and his equal ignorant editor prints it *Felunsee*, which you, his most ignorant reviewer, quote accordingly. It is the more unreasonable, as you must have known that my friend Kempferhassen had already pointed out the stupid blunder in a conversation of ours at Ambrose's, which our reporter has printed in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of this most delectable of all Magazines, Vol. XII. p. 701.

After that, talk of *fidelity*! You criticise German! You read Goethe! You pretend to judge his style! Go—go, man.—Go—to a tea-drinking, go—and there gabble pretty jobbernowls on the sky gods, and the white creatures, and the—Faugh, I cannot go on.—But Goethe.—

Good-night, my dear Bryan.

I am yours affectionately,

M. MULLION.

AUTUMNAL STANZAS.

THE winds are pillow'd, the sun is shining,
 As if it delighted to cheer the land ;
 Though Autumn's tints are around declining,
 And Decay rears altars on either hand.
 O'er western mountains the dark clouds hover,
 Foretelling the chill of approaching showers ;
 The Summer pride of the woods is over,
 And droop in languor the seeded flowers.

Behold the fields that so lately nourish'd
 For man their treasures of golden grain ;
 Behold the gardens that glowing flourish'd
 With all the splendours of Flora's train ;
 Behold the groves that with leaf and blossom,
 Murmured at eve to the west wind's sway,—
 Lo ! all proclaim to the pensive bosom,
 We are of earth, and we pass away !

Oh, thus by the wimpling brook's meander,
 On a Sabbath morn, when all is still,
 It is pure and serene delight to wander,
 For peace encompasseth vale and hill ;
 And the waning tints of the earth before us,
 And the chasten'd hues of the sky above,
 And the red ash leaves that dangle o'er us,
 Like lessons of Faith to the spirit prove.

'Tis now that the thoughtful heart, pervaded
 By a spell, that quenches all earthward strife,
 In submission broods over prospects faded,
 And in colours real sees mortal life.
 Oh, shame now to the dark revealings
 Of anger and spleen towards brother man !
 Oh shame to guilt, and all sullied feelings,
 Which midnight consciences shrink to scan !

When we list to the hermit robin singing,
 With a warning voice, 'mid fading bowers,
 Think we not then how life is winging
 On to the tomb, which must soon be ours !
 The past—the past, like a mournful story,
 Lies traced on the map of thought unful'd ;
 And the future reveals the promised glory
 Of unending spring in another world !

Where are the visions that flash'd and cheated,
 With aurora beauty, our youthful sight ?
 The hopes that we nursed, are they not defeated ?
 Are the loves that bless'd us not quench'd in night ?
 And thus, in abstracted meditation,
 Over vanish'd beauty the spirit grieves,
 Joys lost—friends gone to death's silent nation,
 Are to the heart but its wither'd leaves.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XVIII.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

On the last Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, and on Washington Irving's Tales of a Traveller.

DEAR NORTH,

This is a very wet, gloomy, and uncomfortable day, and I see no likelihood of my being able to stir abroad, therefore I have had a rousing fire made, and, for the first time these three weeks, my pen is in my fingers. You ask me to give you a review of Washington Irving's new book—My dear sir, you may depend upon it, that there is very little to be said upon this book, that can be at all instructive to those who have read it, and compared it with Mr Irving's previous publications. Its character will be at once appreciated: it is one of those productions concerning which there cannot be any diversity of opinion whatever. But your wishes are commands to me, and I shall while away a misty hour, in an endeavour to obey you.

Before I begin, however, allow me to say a word or two on things in general. I have run over the last Numbers of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews with feelings of tedium and disgust, in which I would fain hope every sensible person participates. To say the truth, Christopher, the belles-lettres criticism of our day, is waning very rapidly to its total extinction; and unless *you* turn your attention to these matters with a seriousness and pith beyond even what your pages have hitherto exemplified, I honestly confess I see no chance of the affair outliving another twelvemonth. In the last Jeffrey there are but three articles which have any relation to the elegant literature of the day, and I am concerned to say, that more melancholy specimens than at least two of them could not be discovered in even the most trashy periodicals of our time. Who reviewed Mr John Dunlop's History of Roman Literature I know not—but whoever he is, he is one of the shallowest praters that ever contaminated the fields of classical disquisition by his touch. He proses about the history of the Latin tongue in a style of ignorance which would have been sneered at even a hundred years ago, but

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which, at this time of day, is really deserving of something more than a mere sneer. He is obviously quite as much in the dark as to all that the great philologists of the last fifty or sixty years have done, as if he had written anno Domini 1724. He is ignorant even of the hackneyed distinction between Goth and Celt, and chatters as absurdly about the ancient population of Europe, as any old Greek could have done at the time when anything westwards or northwards of Greece was *barbarous*, and unworthy of being at all considered in the eyes of the most self-sufficient race that ever existed on the surface of the earth. This man has never heard of the clear, complete, and satisfactory theory of European language, with which every scholar in Europe has been made familiar, by the labours of Herder, Adelung, and their disciples. His notions of etymology, and the history of speech, are as dark as those of Samuel Johnson—or even of that man of lead Todd. The Latin language is according to him Æolic Greek, much mingled with *Oriental*, and slightly, with *Celtic* dialects. Poor man! Celtic dialects! he might as well talk of grafting the oak upon the alder. The *Greeks* who colonized Italy, were *Goths* themselves, and they found *Gothic* tribes in possession of that country—these Gothic tribes had many ages before driven the original Celts beyond the Alps, and, if this man had known anything at all about Greek, or Latin, or Gothic, he would have known that every monument that has descended to us, of the language of the Italian tribes conquered by the Romans, *proves* that these tribes were Gothic tribes, who had attained different degrees of progress in the work of polishing their Gothic dialects—some of them acting upon the same principles which guided the Greeks in the work of polishing their Gothic dialect, and others upon very nearly the same principles that have conducted the refinement of the Gothic dialects, now in use over the greater part

of the European world. This man cannot even have read Rose's Letters from the North of Italy.—But really, it is too much to think of exposing such an ignoramus in more than a single sentence. In talking of the formation of the Latin tongue, he says, (p. 391) "The portion derived from the *Celtic* or *Teutonic*, is exceedingly small." He might as well have spoken of the *Gaelic* or *Greek*; and indeed, he has committed, precisely and *literatim*, that very blunder, although how this should be so, he will no more be able to understand, even when he reads my words, than is the King of Ashantee to comprehend the principle of Sir Humphrey Davy's safety-lamp. As for explaining to him how a dialect could be at once Oriental, Gothic, and Greek, I beg to be excused throwing pearls to porkers. It is sufficient to have given all who understand anything about such matters, a glimpse of the awful cimmerianism of the philologer and classical critic of the Edinburgh Review. What I have already said, is indeed more than enough to satisfy every scholar that Mr Jeffrey has been constrained to entrust this department of his work to some worthy, quite upon a level as to knowledge and sense, with the other hero who seems to have assumed the chair as to all questions of English belles-lettres and poetry, in the same glorious journal.

I allude, of course, to the egregious idiot, who has of late been suffered to cockneyfy the contemporary criticism of Mr Jeffrey's oracle—the ass who, about this time last year, puffed the leading paragraphs of the Sunday papers—who, in the penult number, communicated to us his pathetic sensations on discovering a kilted Celt (*not* a Goth or Teuton, Mr Philologer) with old blue and yellow in one hand, and a stick of brimstone in the other—and who, *unus et idem*, has now gratified the world by talking of Keats, Shelley, Hunt, and BYRON, as "four friends, POETS, and PATRIOTS!" This, assuredly, is the *ultimatum*. I happen to know that Lord Byron, when Johnny Keats was first mentioned in the Edinburgh Review, wrote a pamphlet in which he, Lord Byron, expressed his opinion (justified by the event) that the Edinburgh Review would never hold up its head, after stooping to the degradation of lauding

such a brainless creature as Johnny. I know that this letter was seen by half Mayfair—and I call upon John Cam Hobhouse, Esq. in particular, to deny that such a pamphlet *EXISTED*, if he dares.—I also know that Lord Byron was disgusted beyond endurance, when King Leigh came to Italy, and that he cut his majesty very soon, in a paroxysm of loathing. I also know that he had no respect for Shelley, *except as a translator*. I know all these things, and they can all be proved, and one day, full surely, they will all be proved—And yet Jeffrey, who *must* know them as well as I, suffers this animal to eat away the little remains of the Edinburgh Review's character, like a very ulcer. He should recollect that he won't have the excuse *now*, he had such reason to rejoice in on occasion of that glorious roar of laughter that rang forth, when the article "on the periodical press" made itself known to old Momus. He was not in Switzerland this time—and Messrs Thomson and Murray won't share the blame of a *betise* they have had nothing to do with. At least I would not, if I were in their shoes.

The third of those affairs—that on Spanish poetry—is obviously the production of some very young man, who has got together five or six of the most common books about Spanish literature, and woven an article out of them, wherein nothing either very intelligible or very striking is brought forth. He seems, however, to have a command of language; and some of his verse translations are pretty, though they are far too faithless and ornamented to be of any sort of value in the way he wishes us to suppose. For example, to take the first stanza he prints, he renders

" ——— La escondida
Senda por donde han ido
Los pocos sabios que en el mundo han
sido,"

by

" ——— the narrow way—
The silence of the secret road,
That leads the soul to virtue and to
God!!!"

This person has no right to sneer at Dr Southey's translations as "somewhat paraphrastic!" However, this is infinitely a better hand than the other two, and may turn out a good one.

Turn we to the dun cover of the Quarterly, and, sorry am I to say the

thing, we shall find it is little better than out of the frying-pan into the fire. This is a horribly dull Quarterly—one of the heaviest Gifford has ever put through his fingers. The Essay about Political Economy is another of Dr Southey's absurd pawings at a matter of which he never can understand one jot. The Review of Paulding's impertinent book—"Old England, by a New Englandman," is the best thing in the Number, and yet no very great matter, considering the rich fund of fun a *Quarterly* Reviewer ought to have found in it. They are, in general, too bitter when they play the quizzers. Why waste so many words about exposing the obvious fact, that this Paulding never crossed the Atlantic, but merely copied and mangled the trash of *guides, tours, and road-books*? Why not say a thing like this in three words, and then amuse us with a few prime specimens of the idiot's impudence? But some people are always apt to take the coal-hammer to the bumble-bee. This, however, must not be overlooked, that Mr Gifford has of late had a horrid fright about an American business, and may have pared this article sadly as it went through his fingers. For his fright, vide the awkward-looking note with which the Number concludes.

"In the Article on 'Faux's Memorable Days in America,' (Q. R. No. LVIII.) a passage was introduced from that work, reflecting on the reputation of the lady of Mr Law. We have since been fully satisfied that every part of the statement in which she is mentioned is devoid of truth; and we therefore take this opportunity of expressing our regret that a calumny so unfounded should have been unwittingly copied into our pages.

"Now we have mentioned this Article, we may add, that in saying, 'it was not mentioned by what means Mr Law acquired his immense property in India,' there was no thought whatever of impeaching his integrity. We know no more of Mr Law than Faux tells us; and merely meant to say, that nothing was to be found in his work respecting the capacity in which Mr Law acted in India, or the situation which he held."

Now the fact is, that one of this Mr Law's family lately came over to England, for the express purpose of pulling the nose of the person who reviewed Faux's "Memorable Things" in the Quarterly. He went to Barrow, who said he had not written the article, (as, indeed, any one who knows

anything of style might have seen with half an eye;) he then attacked Gifford, Murray, &c. but without success. It was, however, agreed, that the next Review should contain an eating in of the calumnies about the Laws. That on Mrs Law is, I admit, gulped in a manful enough fashion; but the other leek (the story about Law himself) is, I humbly submit, got down in a most awkward and equivocating fashion indeed by poor Pistol. The "since the affair has been mentioned, we may as well," &c. is a lamentable get-off, considering that "*we may as well*" means exactly *WE MUST*; and as for the assertion, that no sneer whatever about Law's history in India had been intended, I shall only say, that if it was not intended, the Quarterly hero must plead guilty of very considerable absurdity in his choice of language.—But let it pass—Glory be to St David!

The bibliopolic influence which so notoriously sways the course and tenor of this Review, is sufficiently apparent in fifty different by-hits scattered over this Number of it. How long will the *public* suffer the existence of this odious, this pestiferous humbug, which all these Reviews play off to the excitement of so much nausea in all who really have eyes to see and ears to hear? How long is it to be a matter of dead certainty, that the Quarterly will puff off as first-rate characters all Mr Murray's authors,—the Edinburgh all Mr Constable's,—the New Monthly all Mr Colbourn's,—and so forth? Are people determined to be blind? I confess I, for one, rejoice in the *extent* to which this affair is carried at the present time, for this one sufficient reason, that I think the veil is now so very egregiously, and staringly, and strikingly transparent, that nobody can much longer refuse to see through it. The Edinburgh Review says, that Basil Hall's book on South America is one of the first books of our time,—the Quarterly, that it is no great shakes. The Quarterly says, that Basil Hall's book on Loochoo is a grand affair,—the Edinburgh sneers at it.—Why so?—Mr Murray published the Loochoo—Mr Constable the South America.—There is the whole mystery. The Edinburgh Review scoffs at the Edition of Lady Suffolk's Letters, as a work full of stupidity and ignorance—the Quarterly holds it up as the very model and beau-ideal of editions.

—Why so?—Croker edited, and Murray published it; and this being the case, I could have told six months ago, just as well as I can now, that its fate was to be lauded in the *Dun-coloured*, and derided and vilipended in the *Blue and Yellow*. This is really becoming a fine concern.

In the next Number of the Quarterly, there will be, *inter alia*, a fine puff of Washington Irving's "Tales of a Traveller," because Mr Irving's publisher is Mr Murray,—and there will also be a puff of it in the *Edinburgh*;—first, because Mr Irving is an American, and, secondly, because his book is not of the kind to interfere at all with any of Mr Constable's own publications. But I am really sick of exposing all this nonsensical stuff.—So turn we to Mr Washington himself, and see what is to be said of these volumes by a plain impartial man, who has nothing to do either with Murray or Constable, and who thinks neither the better nor the worse of a man for being born in New York.

I have been miserably disappointed in the "Tales of a Traveller." Three years have elapsed since the publication of *Bracebridge Hall*, and it had been generally given out that the author was travelling about the Continent at a great rate, collecting the materials for a work of greater and more serious importance. Above all, it was known that Mr Irving had gone, *for the first time*, to Italy and to Germany; and high expectations were avowed as to the treasures he would bring back from these chosen seats of the classical and the romantic, the beautiful and the picturesque.* With the exception of a very few detached pieces, such as the description of the Stage-coachman, and the story of the Stout Gentleman, Mr Irving's sketches of English life and manners had certainly made no lasting impression on the public mind. Everybody recognized the pen of a practised writer, the feelings of an honourable and kind-hearted man, and occasional flashes of a gently-pleasing humour in the tournure of a sentence, but, on the whole, they were but insipid diet. There was no reality about his Yorkshire halls, squires, parsons, gipsies, and generals; and his pathos was not only very poor, but very affected; in point of fact, mawkish and unmeaning were the only epithets any-

body thought of applying to such matters as his *Essay on Windsor Castle*, and James I. of Scotland, his "Broken Heart," his *Student of Salamanca*, &c. &c. These affairs were universally voted Washington Irving's balaam, and the balaam unquestionably bore in *Bracebridge Hall* a proportion of altogether insufferable preponderance. But all this was kindly put up with. It was said that the author had been too hasty, in his anxiety to keep up the effect he had produced in his *Sketch-book*; and that, having dressed up all his best English materials in that work, he had, *ex necessitate*, served up a hash in the successor. But give him time, allow him to think of matters calmly and quietly, open new fields of observation to him, and you shall see once more the pen of Knickerbocker in its pristine glory. This was the general *say*, and when Germany was mentioned, everybody was certain that the third *Sketch-book* would not only rival, but far surpass the first.

The more benign the disposition, the worse for Mr Irving now. He has been not only all over Germany, but all over Italy too; and he has produced a book, which, for aught I see, might have been written, not in three years, but in three months, without stirring out of a garret in London, and this not by Mr Irving alone, but by any one of several dozens of ready penmen about town, with whose names, if it were worth while, I could easily enliven your pages. The ghost stories, with which the greater part of the first volume is occupied, are, with one exception, old, and familiar to everybody conversant in that sort of line. The story of the Beheaded Lady, in particular, has not only been told in print ere now, but much better told than it is in Mr Irving's edition. To say the truth, a gentleman like this, who goes about gaping for stories to make up books withal, should be excessively scrupulous indeed, ere he sets to work upon anything he hears. A new story is a thing not to be met with above once or twice in the ten years; and the better a story is, the more are the chances always against its being new to other people, whatever it may be to one's self. Mr Irving, being evidently a man of limited reading, ought to have consulted

* For example, vide the grand puff about this in Dibdin's ridiculous "Guide to a Young Man," not long since published.

some more crude friend, ere he put most of these things to press. My own dear D'Israeli alone could, I venture to say, have shewn him printed and reprinted editions of three-fourths of them, in one half hour's *sederunt* over a sea-coal fire in the British Museum. It is becoming daily a more dangerous thing to pillage the Germans, and I strongly advise Mr Irving to be more on his guard the next time.

The matter of these ghost stories of his, however, is not the only, nor even the chief thing, I have to find fault with. They are old stories, and I am sorry to add, they are not improved by their new dress. The tone in which Mr Irving does them up, is quite wrong. A ghost story *ought* to be a ghost story. Something like seriousness is absolutely necessary, in order to its producing any effect at all upon the mind—and the sort of half-witty vein, the little dancing quirks, &c. &c. with which these are set forth, entirely destroy the whole matter. [I speak of his management of European superstitions, be it noticed, and not at all of the American.] There were some ghost stories in the Album, well worth half a ton of these. The Fox-hunters are *crambe recoccta*, and bad *crambe* too; for Mr Irving no more understands an English fox-hunter, than I do an American judge. The same thing may be said of the whole most hackneyed story of Buckthorne, which is a miserable attempt at an English Wilhelm Meister; and yet one can with difficulty imagine a man of Mr Irving's sense producing this lame thing at all, if he had read *recently* either that work or the *Roman Comique*. Buckthorne is really a bad thing—*nulla virtute redemptum*. A boarding-school miss might have written it.

But the German part of the adventure has turned out exactly nothing, and this will perhaps be the greatest mortification to those who open Mr Irving's new book. Anybody, at least, who had read Knickerbocker, and who knew Deutschland, either the upper or the nether, *must* have expected a rich repast indeed, of Meinherren and Mynheers. All this expectation is met with a mere cipher. There is nothing German here at all, except that the preface is dated *Mentz*, and that the author has cribbed from the German books he has been dabbling in, some fables which have not the merit either

of being originally or characteristically German.

The Italy, too, is a sad failure—very sad, indeed. Here is an American, a man of letters, a man of observation, a man of feeling, a man of taste. He goes, with a very considerable literary reputation, as his passport at once and his stimulus, to the most interesting region, perhaps, in the old world, and he brings from it absolutely nothing except a few very hackneyed tales of the Abruzzi Bandits, not a bit better than Mrs Maria Graham's trash, and the narrative of a grand robbery perpetrated on the carriage of Mr Alderman Popkins! The story of the Inn at Terracina is, perhaps, as pure a specimen of Leadenhall-street common-place, as has appeared for some time past. Why a man of education and talent should have ventured to put forth such poor second-hand, second-rate manufactures, at this time of day, it entirely passes my imagination to conceive.—Good Heavens! are we come to this, that men of this rank cannot even make a robbery terrific, or a love-story tolerable? But, seriously, the use Mr Irving has made of his Italian travels, must sink his character very wofully. It proves him to be devoid not only of all classical recollections, but of all genuine enthusiasm of any kind; and I believe you will go along with me when I say, that without enthusiasm of some sort, not even a humourist can be really successful. If Mr Irving had no eyes for tower, temple, and tree, he should at least have shewn one for peasants and pageants. But there is nothing whatever in his Italian Sketches that might not have been produced very easily by a person (and not a very clever person neither) who had merely read a few books of travels, or *talked* with a few travellers. Rome, Venice, Florence, Naples—this gentleman has been over them all, crayon in hand, and his Sketch-book is, wherever it is not a blank, a blunder.

Mr Irving, after writing, perhaps after printing one volume, and three-fourths of another, seems to have been suddenly struck with a conviction of the worthlessness of the materials that had thus been passing through his hands, and in a happy day, and a happy hour, he determined to fill up the remaining fifty or sixty pages, not with milk-and-water stuff about ghosts

and banditti, but with some of his own old genuine stuff—the quaintnesses of the ancient Dutch heers and frows of the delicious land of the Manhattoes. The result is, that this small section of his book is not only worth the bulk of it five hundred times over, but really, and in every respect, worthy of himself and his fame. This will live, the rest will die in three months.

I do most sincerely hope this elegant person will no longer refuse to believe what has been told him very often, that all real judges are quite agreed as to the enormous, the infinite, and immeasurable superiority of his American Sketches over all his European ones. If he does not, he may go on publishing pretty octavos with John Murray for several years to come; and he may maintain a very pretty rank among the Mayfair blue-stockings, and their half-emasculated hangers-on; but he must infallibly sink altogether in the eyes of really intelligent and manly readers—whose judgment, moreover, is always sure, at no very distant period, to silence and overpower the mere “commenta opiunionum.”

It is, indeed, high time that Mr Irving should begin to ask of himself a serious question,—“What is it that I am to be known by hereafter?” He is now a man towards fifty—nearly twenty years have passed since his first and as yet his best production, “the History of New York,” made its appearance. He has most certainly made no progress in any one literary qualification since then. There is far keener and readier wit in that book,—far, far richer humour, far more ingenious satire, than in all that have come after it put together; and, however reluctant he may be to hear it said, the style of that book is by miles and miles superior to that in which he now, almost always, writes.

Long ere now, Mr Irving must, I should think, have made considerable discoveries as to the nature and extent of his own powers. In the first place, he must be quite aware that he has no inventive faculties at all, taking that phrase in its proper and more elevated sense. He has never invented an incident—unless, which I much doubt, the *idea* of the Stout Gentleman’s story was his own;—and as for inventing characters, why, he has not even made an attempt at that.

Secondly, The poverty and bareness of his European Sketches alone, when compared with the warmth and richness of his old American ones, furnishes the clearest evidence that he is not a man of much liveliness of imagination; nothing has, it seems, excited him profoundly since he was a stripling roaming about the wild woods of his province, and enjoying the queer fat goings-on of the Dutch-descended burghers of New York. This is not the man that should call himself, as if *par excellence*, a traveller—*calum non animum mutat*,—he is never at home, to any purpose at least, except among the Yankees.

Thirdly, Mr Irving must be aware that he cannot write anything serious to much effect. This argues a considerable lack of pith in the whole foundations of his mind, for the world has never seen a great humourist who was nothing but a humourist. Cervantes was a poet of poets—and Swift was Swift. A mere joker’s jokes go for little. One wishes to consider the best of these things as an amusement for one’s self, and as having been an exertion of the *unbending* powers only of their creator. Now Mr Irving being, which he certainly is, aware of these great and signal deficiencies, is surely acting in a foolish fashion, when he publishes such books as *The Tales of a Traveller*. If he wishes to make for himself a really enduring reputation, he must surpass considerably his previous works—I mean he must produce works of more uniform and entire merit than any of them, for he never can do anything better than some fragments he has done already. He must, for this purpose, take time, for it is obvious that he is by no means a rapid collector of materials, whatever the facility of his penmanship may be. Farther, he must at once cut all ideas of writing about European matters. He can never be anything but an imitator of our Goldsmiths here,—on his own soil he may rear a name and a monument, *ære perennius*, for himself. No, he must allow his mind to dwell upon the only images which it ever can give back with embellished and strengthened hues. He must riot in pumpkin pies, grinning negroes, smoking skippers, plump jolly little Dutch maidens, and their grizzly-periwigged papas. This is his world, and he must stick to it. Out of it, it is but too ap-

parent now, he never can make the name of Washington Irving what that name ought to be.

Perhaps there would be no harm if Mr Irving gave rather more scope to his own real feelings in his writings. A man of his power and mind must have opinions of one kind or another, in regard to the great questions which have in every age and country had the greatest interest for the greatest minds. Does he suppose that any popularity really worthy a *man's* ambition, is to be gained by a determined course of smooth speaking? Does he really imagine that *he* can be "all things to all men," in the Albemarle Street sense of the phrase, without emasculating his genius, and destroying its chances of perpetuating fame? I confess, there is to me something not unlike impertinence, in the wondrous caution with which this gentleman avoids speaking his mind. Does he suppose that we should be either sorry or angry, if he spoke out now and then like a Republican, about matters of political interest? He may relieve himself from this humane anxiety as to our peace of mind. There is no occasion for lugging in politics direct in works of fiction, but I must say, that I cannot think it natural for any man to write in these days so many volumes as Mr Irving has written, without in some way or other expressing his opinions and feelings. He is, indeed, "A gentle sailor, and for summer seas." But he may depend on it, that nobody has ever taken a strong hold of the *English* mind, whose own mind has not had for one of its first characteristics, *manliness*; and I have far too great a respect for the American mind, to have any doubts that the same thing will be said of it by any one, who, two or three hundred years hence, casts his eye over that American literature, which, I hope, will, ere then, be the glorious rival of our own.

But enough for this time. Few people have admired Mr Irving more than myself—few have praised him more—and certainly few wish him and his career better than I do at this moment. I shall, however, make no fine speeches, but wind up with quoting two or three things from these volumes, which will illustrate what I have been saying, or trying to say about them; and I shall take care, that at least one of my extracts shall be an amusing fragment,

for such of your readers as may not have seen the book itself.

Take this as a specimen of Mr Irving's power of describing the emotions of love in a young and enthusiastic and *Italian* mind.

"Among the various works which he had undertaken, was an historical piece for one of the palaces of Genoa, in which were to be introduced the likenesses of several of the family. Among these was one intrusted to my pencil. It was that of a young girl, who as yet was in the convent for her education. She came out for the purpose of sitting for the picture. I first saw her in an apartment of one of the sumptuous palaces of Genoa. She stood before a casement that looked out upon the bay; a stream of vernal sunshine fell upon her, and shed a kind of glory around her, as it lit up the rich crimson chamber.—She was but sixteen years of age—and oh, how lovely! The scene broke upon me like a mere vision of spring and youth and beauty. I could have fallen down and worshipped her. She was like one of those fictions of poets and painters, when they would express the *beau-ideal* that haunts their minds with shapes of indescribable perfection. I was permitted to sketch her countenance in various positions, and I fondly protracted the study that was undoing me. The more I gazed on her, the more I became enamoured; there was something almost painful in my intense admiration. I was but nineteen years of age, shy, diffident, and inexperienced. I was treated with attention by her mother; for my youth and my enthusiasm in my art had won favour for me; and I am inclined to think that there was something in my air and manner that inspired interest and respect. Still the kindness with which I was treated could not dispel the embarrassment into which my own imagination threw me when in presence of this lovely being. It elevated her into something almost more than mortal. She seemed too exquisite for earthly use; too delicate and exalted for human attainment. As I sat tracing her charms on my canvass, with my eyes occasionally rivetted on her features, I drank in delicious poison that made me giddy. My heart alternately gushed with tenderness, and ached with despair.—Now I became more than ever sensible of the violent fires that had lain dormant at the bottom of my soul. You who are born in a more temperate climate, and under a cooler sky, have little idea of the violence of passion in our southern bosoms."

Compare the following with its parent scene in *Peregrine Pickle*, or the somewhat similar one in *Humphry Clinker*, where the boots are run for.

"I was surprised to find between twenty and thirty guests assembled, most of whom I had never seen before. Mr Buckthorne explained this to me by informing me that this was a business dinner, or kind of field-day, which the house gave about twice a-year to its authors. It is true they did occasionally give snug dinners to three or four literary men at a time; but then these were generally select authors, favourites of the public, such as had arrived at their sixth or seventh editions. 'There are,' said he, 'certain geographical boundaries in the land of literature, and you may judge tolerably well of an author's popularity by the wine his bookseller gives him. An author crosses the port line about the third edition, and gets into claret; and when he has reached the sixth or seventh, he may revel in champagne and burgundy.'

"'And pray,' said I, 'how far may these gentlemen have reached that I see around me; are any of these claret-drinkers?'

"'Not exactly, not exactly. You find at these great dinners the common steady run of authors, one, two edition men; or if any others are invited, they are aware that it is a kind of republican meeting.—You understand me—a meeting of the republic of letters; and that they must expect nothing but plain, substantial fare.'

"These hints enabled me to comprehend more fully the arrangement of the table. The two ends were occupied by two partners of the house; and the host seemed to have adopted Addison's idea as to the literary precedence of his guests. A popular poet had the post of honour: opposite to whom was a hot-pressed traveller in quarto with plates. A grave-looking antiquarian, who had produced several solid works, that were much quoted and little read, was treated with great respect, and seated next to a neat dressy gentleman in black, who had written a thin, genteel, hot-pressed octavo on political economy, that was getting into fashion. Several three volume duodecimo men, of fair currency, were placed about the centre of the table; while the lower end was taken up with small poets, translators, and authors who had not as yet risen into much notoriety.

"The conversation during dinner was by fits and starts; breaking out here and there in various parts of the table in small flashes, and ending in smoke. The poet, who had the confidence of a man on good terms with the world, and independent of his bookseller, was very gay and brilliant, and said many clever things which set the partner next him in a roar, and delighted all the company. The other partner, however, maintained his sedateness, and kept carving on, with the air of a thorough man of business, intent upon the occupation of the moment. His gravity was explained to me by my friend Buckthorne. He informed me that the concerns of the house were admira-

bly distributed among the partners. 'Thus, for instance,' said he, 'the grave gentleman is the carving partner, who attends to the joints; and the other is the laughing partner, who attends to the jokes.'

"The general conversation was chiefly carried on at the upper end of the table, as the authors there seemed to possess the greatest courage of the tongue. As to the crew at the lower end, if they did not make much figure in talking, they did in eating. Never was there a more determined, inveterate, thoroughly sustained attack on the trencher than by this phalanx of masticators. When the cloth was removed, and the wine began to circulate, they grew very merry and jocose among themselves. Their jokes, however, if by chance any of them reached the upper end of the table, seldom produced much effect. Even the laughing partner did not seem to think it necessary to honour them with a smile; which my neighbour Buckthorne accounted for, by informing me that there was a certain degree of popularity to be obtained before a bookseller could afford to laugh at an author's jokes.

"Among this crew of questionable gentlemen thus seated below the salt, my eye singled out one in particular. He was rather shabbily dressed; though he had evidently made the most of a rusty black coat, and wore his shirt frill plaited and puffed out voluminously at the bosom. His face was dusky, but florid, perhaps a little too florid, particularly about the nose; though the rosy hue gave the greater lustre to a twinkling black eye. He had a little the look of a boon companion, with that dash of a poor devil in it which gives an inexpressibly mellow tone to a man's humour. I had seldom seen a face of richer promise; but never was promise so ill kept. He said nothing, ate and drank with the keen appetite of a garreteer, and scarcely stopped to laugh, even at the good jokes from the upper end of the table. I inquired who he was. Buckthorne looked at him attentively: 'Gad,' said he, 'I have seen that face before, but where, I cannot recollect. He cannot be an author of any note. I suppose some writer of sermons, or grinder of foreign travels.'"

The following reads like one of the fimsiest imitations of the Goldsmith vein in Bonnell Thornton, or some of the minor wits of the Mirror.

"I now entered London, *en cavalier*, and became a blood upon town. I took fashionable lodgings in the west end; employed the first tailor; frequented the regular lounges; gambled a little; lost my money good-humouredly, and gained a number of fashionable, good-for-nothing acquaintances. I gained some reputation, also, for a man of science, having become an expert boxer in the course of my studies at Oxford. I was distinguished, there-

fore, among the gentlemen of the fancy; became hand in glove with certain boxing noblemen, and was the admiration of the Fives Court. A gentleman's science, however, is apt to get him into sad scrapes: he is too prone to play the knight-errant, and to pick up quarrels which less scientific gentlemen would quietly avoid. I undertook one day to punish the insolence of a porter: he was a Hercules of a fellow, but then I was so secure in my science! I gained the victory of course. The porter pocketed his humiliation, bound up his broken head, and went about his business as unconcerned as though nothing had happened; while I went to bed with my victory, and did not dare to show my battered face for a fortnight, by which I discovered that a gentleman may have the worst of the battle even when victorious.

"I am naturally a philosopher, and no one can moralize better after a misfortune has taken place: so I lay on my bed and moralized on this sorry ambition, which levels the gentleman with the clown. I know it is the opinion of many sages, who thought deeply on these matters, that the noble science of boxing keeps up the bulldog courage of the nation; and far be it from me to decry the advantage of becoming a nation of bull-dogs; but I now saw clearly that it was calculated to keep up the breed of English ruffians. 'What is the Fives Court,' said I to myself, as I turned uncomfortably in bed, 'but a college of scoundrelism, where every bully-ruffian in the land may gain a fellowship? What is the slang language of the 'Fancy' but a jargon by which fools and knaves commune and understand each other, and enjoy a kind of superiority over the uninitiated? What is a boxing-match but an arena, where the noble and the illustrious are jostled into familiarity with the infamous and the vulgar? What, in fact, is The Fancy itself, but a chain of easy communication, extending from the peer down to the pickpocket, through the medium of which, a man of rank may find, he has shaken hands, at three removes, with the murderer on the gibbet?"

"'Enough!' ejaculated I, thoroughly convinced through the force of my philosophy, and the pain of my bruises—'I'll have nothing more to do with The Fancy.' So when I had recovered from my victory, I turned my attention to softer themes, and became a devoted admirer of the ladies. Had I had more industry and ambition in my nature, I might have worked my way to the very height of fashion, as I saw many laborious gentlemen doing around me. But it is a toilsome, an anxious, and an unhappy life: there are few beings so sleepless and miserable as your cultivators of fashionable smiles. I was quite content with that kind of society which forms the frontiers of fashion, and may be easily taken pos-

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session of. I found it a light, easy, productive soil. I had but to go about and sow visiting cards, and I reaped a whole harvest of invitations. Indeed, my figure and address were by no means against me. It was whispered, too, among the young ladies, that I was prodigiously clever, and wrote poetry; and the old ladies had ascertained that I was a young gentleman of good family, handsome fortune, and 'great expectations.'

All this is melancholy trash. I quote it on purpose to let your readers (who have not seen the book) feel as the reader of the book really does, when Mr Irvine gets rid of Europe, and sets foot on his native shores.—*Ecce signum!*

"In the year of grace, one thousand seven hundred and—blank—for I do not remember the precise date; however, it was somewhere in the early part of the last century, there lived in the ancient city of the Manhattoes a worthy burgher, Wolfert Webber by name. He was descended from old Cobus Webber of the Brille in Holland, one of the original settlers, famous for introducing the cultivation of cabbages, and who came over to the province during the protectorship of Oloffte Van Kortlandt, otherwise called the Dreamer.

"The field in which Cobus Webber first planted himself and his cabbages had remained ever since in the family, who continued in the same line of husbandry, with that praiseworthy perseverance for which our Dutch burghers are noted. The whole family-genius, during several generations, was devoted to the study and development of this one noble vegetable, and to this concentration of intellect may, doubtless, be ascribed the prodigious size and renown to which the Webber cabbages attained.

"The Webber dynasty continued in uninterrupted succession; and never did a line give more unquestionable proofs of legitimacy. The eldest son succeeded to the looks as well as the territory of his sire; and had the portraits of this line of tranquil potentates been taken, they would have presented a row of heads marvellously resembling, in shape and magnitude, the vegetables over which they reigned.

"The seat of government continued unchanged in the family-mansion, a Dutch-built house, with a front, or rather gable-end, of yellow brick, tapering to a point, with the customary iron weathercock at the top. Everything about the building bore the air of long-settled ease and security. Flights of martins peopled the little coops nailed against its walls, and swallows built their nests under the eaves; and every one knows that these house-loving birds bring good luck to the dwelling where they take up their abode. In a bright sunny morning, in early summer, it was delectable to

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hear their cheerful notes as they sported about in the pure sweet air, chirping forth; as it were, the greatness and prosperity of the Webbers.

“ Thus quietly and comfortably did this excellent family vegetate under the shade of a mighty button-wood tree, which, by little and little, grew so great, as entirely to overshadow their palace. The city gradually spread its suburbs round their domain. Houses sprang up to interrupt their prospects; the rural lanes in the vicinity began to grow into the bustle and populousness of streets; in short, with all the habits of rustic life, they began to find themselves the inhabitants of a city. Still, however, they maintained their hereditary character and hereditary possessions with all the tenacity of petty German princes in the midst of the empire. Wolfert was the last of the line, and succeeded to the patriarchal bench at the door, under the family-tree, and swayed the sceptre of his fathers, a kind of rural potentate in the midst of a metropolis.

“ To share the cares and sweets of sovereignty, he had taken unto himself a help-mate, one of that excellent kind called stirring women, that is to say, she was one of those notable little housewives who are always busy when there is nothing to do. Her activity, however, took one particular direction: her whole life seemed devoted to intense knitting; whether at home or abroad, walking or sitting, her needles were continually in motion; and it is even affirmed, that, by her unwearied industry, she very nearly supplied her household with stockings throughout the year. This worthy couple were blessed with one daughter, who was brought up with great tenderness and care; uncommon pains had been taken with her education, so that she could stitch in every variety of way; make all kinds of pickles and preserves, and mark her own name on a sampler. The influence of her taste was seen, also, in the family-garden, where the ornamental began to mingle with the useful; whole rows of fiery marigolds and splendid hollyhocks bordered the cabbage-beds, and gigantic sun-flowers lolled their broad jolly faces over the fences, seeming to ogle most affectionately the passers-by.

“ Thus reigned and vegetated Wolfert Webber over his paternal acres, peacefully and contentedly. Not but that, like all other sovereigns, he had his occasional cares and vexations. The growth of his native city sometimes caused him annoyance. His little territory gradually became hemmed in by streets and houses, which intercepted air and sunshine. He was now and then subjected to the irruptions of the border population that infest the skirts of a metropolis; who would sometimes make midnight forays into his dominions, and carry off captive whole platoons of his no-

blest subjects. Vagrant swine would make a descent, too, now and then, when the gate was left open, and lay all waste before them; and mischievous urchins would often decapitate the illustrious sun-flowers, the glory of the garden, as they lolled their heads so fondly over the walls. Still all these were petty grievances, which might now and then ruffle the surface of his mind, as a summer breeze will ruffle the surface of a mill-pond, but they could not disturb the deep-seated quiet of his soul. He would but seize a trusty staff that stood behind the door, issue suddenly out, and anoint the back of the aggressor, whether pig or urchin, and then return within doors, marvellously refreshed and tranquillized.

“ The chief cause of anxiety to honest Wolfert, however, was the growing prosperity of the city. The expenses of living doubled and trebled; but he could not double and treble the magnitude of his cabages; and the number of competitors prevented the increase of price: thus, therefore, while every one around him grew richer, Wolfert grew poorer; and he could not, for the life of him, perceive how the evil was to be remedied.

“ This growing care, which increased from day to day, had its gradual effect upon our worthy burgher; insomuch, that it at length implanted two or three wrinkles in his brow; things unknown before in the family of the Webbers; and it seemed to pinch up the corners of his cocked hat into an expression of anxiety totally opposite to the tranquil, broad-brimmed, low-crowned beavers of his illustrious progenitors.

“ Perhaps even this would not have materially disturbed the serenity of his mind had he had only himself and his wife to care for; but there was his daughter gradually growing to maturity; and all the world knows when daughters begin to ripen, no fruit nor flower requires so much looking after. I have no talent at describing female charms, else fain would I depict the progress of this little Dutch beauty. How her blue eyes grew deeper and deeper, and her cherry lips redder and redder; and how she ripened and ripened, and rounded and rounded, in the opening breath of sixteen summers; until in her seventeenth spring she seemed ready to burst out of her bodice, like a half-blown rose-bud.

“ Ah, well-a-day! could I but show her as she was then, tricked out on a Sunday morning in the hereditary finery of the old Dutch clothes-press, of which her mother had confided to her the key. The wedding-dress of her grandmother modernized for use, with sundry ornaments, handed down as heir-looms in the family; her pale brown hair, smoothed with buttermilk in flat waving lines, on each side of her fair forehead; the chain of yellow virgin gold that encircled her neck; the little cross that just rested at the entrance of a soft valley of

happiness, as if it would sanctify the place; the—but, pooh—it is not for an old man like me to be prosing about female beauty. Suffice it to say, Amy had attained her seventeenth year. Long since had her sampler exhibited hearts in couples, desperately transfixed with arrows, and true lovers' knots, worked in deep blue silk; and it was evident she began to languish for some more interesting occupation than the rearing of sun-flowers, or pickling of cucumbers.

“At this critical period of female existence, when the heart within a damsel's bosom, like its emblem, the miniature which hangs without, is apt to be engrossed by a single image, a new visitor began to make his appearance under the roof of Wolfert Webber. This was Dirk Waldron, the only son of a poor widow; but who could boast of more fathers than any lad in the province; for his mother had had four husbands, and this only child; so that, though born in her last wedlock, he might fairly claim to be the tardy fruit of a long course of cultivation. This son of four fathers united the merits and the vigour of his sires. If he had not had a great family before him, he seemed likely to have a great one after him; for you had only to look at the fresh buxom youth to see that he was formed to be the founder of a mighty race.

“This youngster gradually became an intimate visitor of the family. He talked little, but he sat long. He filled the father's pipe when it was empty; gathered up the mother's knitting needle or ball of worsted, when it fell to the ground; stroked the sleek coat of the tortoise-shell cat, and replenished the teapot for the daughter, from the bright copper kettle that sang before the fire. All these quiet little offices may seem of trifling import; but when true love is translated into Low Dutch, it is in this way that it eloquently expresses itself. They were not lost upon the Webber family. The winning youngster found marvellous favour in the eyes of the mother; the tortoise-shell cat, albeit the most staid and demure of her kind, gave indubitable signs of approbation of his visits; the tea-kettle seemed to sing out a cheery note of welcome at his approach; and if the shy glances of the daughter might be rightly read, as she sat bridling, and dimpling, and sewing by her mother's side, she was not a whit behind Dame Webber, or grimalkin, or the tea-kettle, in good will.

“Wolfert alone saw nothing of what was going on; profoundly wrapped up in meditation on the growth of the city, and his cabbages, he sat looking in the fire and puffing his pipe in silence. One night, however, as the gentle Amy, according to custom, lighted her lover to the outer door, and he, according to custom, took his parting salute, the smack resounded so vigorously through the long, silent entry, as to startle even the dull ear of Wolfert. He

was slowly roused to a new source of anxiety. It had never entered into his head, that this mere child, who, as it seemed, but the other day, had been climbing about his knees, and playing with dolls and baby-houses, could, all at once, be thinking of lovers and matrimony. He rubbed his eyes; examined into the fact; and really found, that while he had been dreaming of other matters, she had actually grown to be a woman, and what was worse, had fallen in love. Here arose new cares for poor Wolfert. He was a kind father; but he was a prudent man. The young man was a lively, stirring lad; but then he had neither money nor land. Wolfert's ideas all ran in one channel; and he saw no alternative, in case of a marriage, but to portion off the young couple with a corner of his cabbage-garden, the whole of which was barely sufficient for the support of his family.

“Like a prudent father, therefore, he determined to nip this passion in the bud, and forbade the youngster the house, though sorely did it go against his fatherly heart, and many a silent tear did it cause in the bright eye of his daughter. She shewed herself, however, a pattern of filial piety and obedience. She never pouted and sulked; she never flew in the face of parental authority; she never fell into a passion, or fell into hysterics, as many romantic novel-read young ladies would do. Not she, indeed! She was none such heroic rebellious trumpery, I'll warrant you. On the contrary, she acquiesced like an obedient daughter; shut the street-door in her lover's face; and if ever she did grant him an interview, it was either out of the kitchen window, or over the garden fence.

“Wolfert was deeply cogitating these matters in his mind, and his brow wrinkled with unusual care, as he wended his way one Saturday afternoon to a rural inn, about two miles from the city. It was a favourite resort of the Dutch part of the community, from being always held by a Dutch line of landlords, and retaining an air and relish of the good old times. It was a Dutch-built house, that had probably been a country-seat of some opulent burgher in the early time of the settlement. It stood near a point of land called Corlear's Hook, which stretches out into the Sound, and against which the tide, at its flux and reflux, sets with extraordinary rapidity. The venerable and somewhat crazy mansion was distinguished from afar by a grove of elms and sycamores, that seemed to wave a hospitable invitation, while a few weeping willows, with their dank, drooping foliage, resembling falling waters, gave an idea of coolness that rendered it an attractive spot during the heats of summer. Here, therefore, as I said, resorted many of the old inhabitants of the Manhattan, where, while some played at shuffleboard.

and quoits, and nine-pins, others smoked a deliberate pipe, and talked over public affairs.

“It was on a blustering autumnal afternoon that Wolfert made his visit to the inn. The groves of elms and willows was stripped of its leaves, which whirled in rustling eddies about the fields. The nine-pin alley was deserted, for the premature chillness of the day had driven the company within doors. As it was Saturday afternoon, the habitual club was in session, composed, principally, of regular Dutch burghers, though mingled occasionally with persons of various character and country, as is natural in a place of such motley population.

“Beside the fire-place, in a huge leather-bottomed arm-chair, sat the dictator of this little world, the venerable Ramm, or, as it was pronounced, Ramm Rapelye. He was a man of Wallon race, and illustrious for the antiquity of his line, his great grandmother having been the first white child born in the province. But he was still more illustrious for his wealth and dignity: he had long filled the noble office of alderman, and was a man to whom the Governor himself took off his hat. He had maintained possession of the leather-bottomed chair from time immemorial; and had gradually waxed in bulk as he sat in this seat of government, until, in the course of years, he filled its whole magnitude. His word was decisive with his subjects; for he was so rich a man that he was never expected to support any opinion by argument. The landlord waited on him with peculiar officiousness, not that he paid better than his neighbours; but then the coin of a rich man seems always to be so much more acceptable. The landlord had ever a pleasant word and a joke to insinuate in the ear of the august Ramm. It is true, Ramm never laughed, and, indeed, maintained a mastiff-like gravity and even surliness of aspect, yet he now and then rewarded mine host with a token of approbation; which, though nothing more nor less than a kind of grunt, yet delighted the landlord more than a broad laugh from a poorer man.

“‘This will be a rough night for the money-diggers,’ said mine host, as a gust of wind howled round the house and rattled at the windows.

“‘What! are they at their works again?’ said an English half-pay captain, with one eye, who was a frequent attendant at the inn.

“‘Ay are they,’ said the landlord, ‘and well may they be. They’ve had luck of late. They say a great pot of money has been dug up in the field just behind Stuyvesant’s Orchard. Folks think it must have been buried there in old times, by Peter Stuyvesant, the Dutch governor.’

“‘Fudge!’ said the one-eyed man-of-war, as he added a small portion of water to a bottom of brandy.

“‘Well, you may believe or not, as you please,’ said mine host, somewhat nettled; ‘but everybody knows that the old governor buried a great deal of his money at the time of the Dutch troubles, when the English red-coats seized on the province. They say, too, the old gentleman walks; ay, and in the very same dress that he wears in the picture which hangs up in the family house.’

“‘Fudge!’ said the half-pay officer.

“‘Fudge, if you please! But didn’t Corny Van Zandt see him at midnight, stalking about in the meadow with his wooden leg, and a drawn sword in his hand, that flashed like fire? And what can he be walking for, but because people have been troubling the place where he buried his money in old times?’

“Here the landlord was interrupted by several guttural sounds from Ramm Rapelye, betokening that he was labouring with the unusual production of an idea. As he was too great a man to be slighted by a prudent publican, mine host respectfully paused until he should deliver himself. The corpulent frame of this mighty burgher now gave all the symptoms of a volcanic mountain on the point of an eruption. First there was a certain heaving of the abdomen, not unlike an earthquake; then was emitted a cloud of tobacco-smoke from that crater, his mouth; then there was a kind of rattle in the throat, as if the idea were working its way up through a region of phlegm; then there were several disjointed members of a sentence thrown out, ending in a cough: at length his voice forced its way in the slow but absolute tone of a man who feels the weight of his purse, if not of his ideas: every portion of his speech being marked by a testy puff of tobacco-smoke.

“‘Who talks of old Peter Stuyvesant’s walking?’—Puff—‘Have people no respect for persons?’—Puff—puff—‘Peter Stuyvesant knew better what to do with his money than to bury it.’—Puff—‘I know the Stuyvesant family.’—Puff—‘Every one of them.’—Puff—‘Not a more respectable family in the province.’—Puff—‘Old standers.’—Puff—‘Warm householders.’—Puff—‘None of your upstarts.’—Puff—puff—puff—‘Don’t talk to me of Peter Stuyvesant’s walking.’—Puff—puff—puff—puff.

“Here the redoubtable Ramm contracted his brow, clasped up his mouth till it wrinkled at each corner, and redoubled his smoking with such vehemence, that the smoky volumes soon wreathed round his head as the smoke envelopes the awful summit of Mount Etna.

“A general silence followed the sudden

rebuke of this very rich man. The subject, however, was too interesting to be readily abandoned. The conversation soon broke forth again from the lips of Peechy Prauw Van Hook, the chronicler of the club, one of those prosy, narrative old men who seem to be troubled with an incontinence of words as they grow old."

Fain would I quote the whole of the excellent story which thus excellently opens, but it is too long for your pages. Take another rich little *bit*, as the Director would call it. Webber has become a money-digger—almost ruined himself of course—is sick, faint at heart, dying—

"His wife and daughter did all they could to bind up his wounds, both corporal and spiritual. The good old dame never stirred from his bed-side, where she sat knitting from morning till night; while his daughter busied herself about him with the fondest care. Nor did they lack assistance from abroad. Whatever may be said of the desertion of friends in distress, they had no complaint of the kind to make; not an old wife of the neighbourhood but abandoned her work to crowd to the mansion of Wolfert Webber, inquire after his health, and the particulars of his story. Not one came, moreover, without her little pipkin of penny-royal, sage, balm, or other herb tea, delighted at an opportunity of signaling her kindness and her doctorship.

"What drenchings did not the poor Wolfert undergo, and all in vain! it was a moving sight to behold him wasting away day by day; growing thinner and thinner, and ghastlier and ghastlier, and staring with rueful visage from under an old patch-work counterpane, upon the jury of matrons kindly assembled to sigh, and groan, and look unhappy around him.

"Dirk Waldron was the only being that seemed to shed a ray of sunshine into this house of mourning. He came in with cheery look and manly spirit, and tried to re-animate the expiring heart of the poor money-digger; but it was all in vain. Wolfert was completely done over. If anything was wanting to complete his despair, it was a notice served upon him, in the midst of his distress, that the corporations were about to run a new street through the very centre of his cabbage-garden. He now saw nothing before him but poverty and ruin—his last reliance, the garden of his forefathers, was to be laid waste—and what then was to become of his poor wife and child? His eyes filled with tears as they followed the dutiful Amy out of the room one morning. Dirk Waldron was seated beside him; Wolfert grasped his hand, pointed after his daughter, and for the first time since his illness, broke the silence he had maintained.

"I am going!" said he, shaking his

head feebly; 'and when I am gone—my poor daughter—'

"Leave her to me, father!" said Dirk, manfully; 'I'll take care of her!'

"Wolfert looked up in the face of the cheery, strapping youngster, and saw there was none better able to take care of a woman.

"Enough," said he, 'she is yours!—and now fetch me a lawyer—let me make my will and die!'

"The lawyer was brought, a dapper, bustling, round-headed little man—Roorback (or Rollebuck, as it was pronounced) by name. At the sight of him the women broke into loud lamentations, for they looked upon the signing of a will as the signing of a death-warrant. Wolfert made a feeble motion for them to be silent. Poor Amy buried her face and her grief in the bed-curtain; Dame Webber resumed her knitting to hide her distress, which betrayed itself, however, in a pellucid tear which trickled silently down, and hung at the end of her peaked nose; while the cat, the only unconcerned member of the family, played with the good dame's ball of worsted, as it rolled about the floor.

"Wolfert lay on his back, his night-cap drawn over his forehead, his eyes closed, his whole visage the picture of death. He begged the lawyer to be brief, for he felt his end approaching, and that he had no time to lose. The lawyer nibbed his pen, spread out his paper, and prepared to write.

"I give and bequeath," said Wolfert, faintly, 'my small farm—'

"What!—all?" exclaimed the lawyer.

"Wolfert half-opened his eyes, and looked upon the lawyer.

"Yes—all," said he.

"What! all that great patch of land with cabbages and sunflowers, which the corporation is just going to run a main street through?"

"The same," said Wolfert, with a heavy sigh, and sinking back upon his pillow.

"I wish him joy that inherits it!" said the little lawyer, chuckling and rubbing his hands involuntarily.

"What do you mean?" said Wolfert, again opening his eyes.

"That he'll be one of the richest men in the place!" cried little Rollebuck.

"The expiring Wolfert seemed to step back from the threshold of existence; his eyes again lighted up; he raised himself in his bed, shoved back his worsted red night-cap, and stared broadly at the lawyer.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed he.

"Faith, but I do!" rejoined the other.

"Why, when that great field, and that huge meadow, come to be laid out in streets, and cut up into snug building-lots—why, whoever owns it need not pull off his hat to the patron!"

"Say you so?" cried Wolfert, half

thrusting one leg out of bed ; ‘ why, then, I think I’ll not make my will yet !’

“ To the surprise of everybody, the dying man actually recovered. The vital spark, which had glimmered faintly in the socket, received fresh fuel from the oil of gladness which the little lawyer poured into his soul. It once more burnt up into a flame. Give physic to the heart, ye who would revive the body of a spirit-broken man ! In a few days Wolfert left his room ; in a few days more his table was covered with deeds, plans of streets, and building-lots. Little Rollebuck was constantly with him, his right-hand man and adviser, and instead of making his will, assisted in the more agreeable task of making his fortune.

“ In fact, Wolfert Webber was one of those many Dutch burghers of the Manhattoes, whose fortunes have been made in a manner in spite of themselves ; who have tenaciously held on their hereditary acres, raising turnips and cabbages about the skirts of the city, hardly able to make both ends meet, until the corporation has cruelly driven streets through their abodes, and they have suddenly awakened out of a lethargy, and to their astonishment found themselves rich men !

“ Before many months had elapsed, a great bustling street passed through the very centre of the Webber garden, just where Wolfert had dreamed of finding a treasure. His golden dream was accomplished. He did indeed find an unlooked-for source of wealth ; for when his paternal lands were distributed into building-lots, and rented out to safe tenants, instead of producing a paltry crop of cabbages, they returned him an abundant crop of rents ; inasmuch that on quarter-day it was a goodly sight to see his tenants knocking at his door from morning to night, each

with a little round-bellied bag of money, the golden produce of the soil.

“ The ancient mansion of his forefathers was still kept up ; but instead of being a little yellow-fronted Dutch house in a garden, it now stood boldly in the midst of a street, the grand house of the neighbourhood, for Wolfert enlarged it with a wing on each side, and a cupola or tea-room on top, where he might climb up and smoke his pipe in hot weather ; and in the course of time the whole mansion was overrun by the chubby-faced progeny of Amy Webber and Dirk Waldron.

“ As Wolfert waxed old, and rich, and corpulent, he also set up a great gingerbread-coloured carriage, drawn by a pair of black Flanders mares, with tails that swept the ground ; and to commemorate the origin of his greatness, he had for his crest a full-blown cabbage painted on the pannels, with the pithy motto, *alles kopf*, that is to say, ALL HEAD, meaning thereby that he had risen by their head-work.

“ To fill the measure of his greatness, in the fulness of time the renowned Ramm Rapelye slept with his fathers, and Wolfert Webber succeeded to the leather-bottomed arm-chair, in the inn-parlour at Corlear’s Hook, where he long reigned, greatly honoured and respected ; inasmuch, that he was never known to tell a story without its being believed, nor to utter a joke without its being laughed at.”

And now, I believe I must lay down my greycanoe-quill, for I perceive that I have quoted the very conclusion of Mr Irving’s book, and moreover, there is that within me that whispers *six o’clock*.

So adieu for the present.

Yours, &c.

T. T.

Southside.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

ONE is continually hearing, more or less, about American literature, of late, as if there were any such thing in the world as American literature ; or any such thing in the United States of North America, as a body of native literature—the production of native writers—bearing any sort of national character, either of wisdom or beauty—heavy or light—*or* having any established authority, even among the people of the United States. And go where one will, since the apparition of one American writer among us, (of whom a word or two more by and by,) some half-a-dozen stories and story-

books ; a little good poetry, (with some very bad poems ;) four or five respectable, and as many more trumpery novels—with a book or two about theology—one is pretty sure to hear the most ridiculous and exaggerated misrepresentations, one way or the other, for or against *American* authorship, as if American authorship (so far as it goes) were anything different from English, or Scotch, or Irish authorship ; as if there were any decided nationality in the style or manner of a book-maker in America—who writes English, or endeavours to write English—to set him apart, or distinguish

him from a book-maker in the United Kingdom, who is engaged in the same business.

With two exceptions, or at the most three, there is no American writer who would not pass just as readily for an English writer, as for an American, whatever were the subject upon which he was writing; and these three are PAULDING, NEAL, and CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, of whom we shall speak separately in due time.

We have hitherto underrated, or, more properly speaking, overlooked the American writers. But we are now running into a contrary extreme; abundantly overrating some, and in a fair way, if a decided stand be not taken against the popular infatuation, of neglecting our own for the encouragement of American talent.

Give the Americans fair play—that we owe to ourselves. Deal justly with all who venture upon the perilous life of authorship—a life that ends oftener than any other in a broken heart, or a disordered mind—that we owe to humanity.

But if we would not over-cuddle the young American writers; kill them with kindness; turn their heads with our trumpeting, or produce a fatal revulsion in the popular mind, let us never make a prodigious fuss about any American book, which, if it were English, would produce little or no sensation. It is the sure way to defeat our own plans in the long run, however profound our calculations may be. Honesty is the best policy after all,—even for booksellers.

It is only insulting the Americans, whom we desire to conciliate by our gentlemanly candour, if we so cry up any tolerable book of theirs, as if it were a wonder to meet with anything tolerable from an American writer.

These noisy rushes of popularity never do any good. They are alike affronting to our countrymen and to the Americans; injurious to our literary men, and ruinous to theirs. They discourage ours, and spoil theirs; or, what is quite sure to be fatal, they provoke a calm, severe investigation of the grounds upon which judgment has been rendered.

The truth is, that there are more American writers in every branch of literature, and they are more respectable, ten times over, than our countrymen would readily believe; but

then, there is no one of them whose works would abide a temperate, firm, unsparring examination, as a *standard* in its way, much less a conspiracy to write it down. We happen to know something of the matter, and without any professions of impartiality, (leaving our behaviour to speak for us on that score,) shall proceed in arranging it systematically, after a few observations.

Our arrangement will be alphabetical, so that those who happen to know the name of any American author, may be able to tell, at a glance, what he has written; while others who know only the work, by referring to the title of the class, may learn the name of the author.

Some of these American writers have been very popular of late, and all are aiming to become so—as who, indeed, is not, even among our own countrymen! But let them be wary. Nothing is more short-lived than violent popularity. It is the tempestuous brightness of a moment—a single moment only—the sound of passing music—the brief blossoming of summer flowers.

Let them remember, that there is one law of nature, which governs alike through all creation. It is one to which all things, animate and inanimate, are subject; and which, if it were thought of, would make men tremble at sudden popularity. It is this—That which is a given time in coming to maturity, shall abide a like time without beginning to decay; and be a like time again in returning to the earth.

It is a law alike of the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdom, applicable alike to the productions of nature and of art.

The longest-lived animals are the longest in coming to maturity. Diamonds, it is thought, since the discoveries of Professor Silliman, may require ages to consummate their virtues; other crystals are formed instantaneously. But the diamond is indestructible, and the latter dissolve in your breath.

Some islands are formed by accretion, and others are thrown up all at once from the bottom of the ocean. Ages and ages will pass away, without obliterating the vestiges of the former, while the others will disappear as they came, in a single night, leaving no re-

cord of their having been, but in the sea-legend of the mariner, or in the conflicting testimony of men upon the same voyage, who had hardly ever lost sight of one another, as their great ships went over the place of contention.

Cities, that are whole centuries in building, flourish for centuries, and are centuries in dropping away; trees, that are a hundred years in coming to maturity, abide for another hundred years, without shaking to the blast, and sink away into dust and ruin again, like the very pyramids. Yet—yet—cities have sprung up in a season, and flowers in a night. But for what?—only for the one to be abandoned, and the other blighted, in the next revolution of the season or the sun.

Let no man be in a hurry about getting a reputation. That reputation is not worth having, which can be had easily, or in a little time.

Why is it that we are astonished at the first efforts of the unknown? It is for that very reason—it is because they are unknown. They have grown up in "brave neglect," in wind and storm; disclosed their powers unexpectedly, without being intimidated or abashed by observation, or worried and fretted with public guardianship. It were better for the very giants to be unknown; and better for all, who would have their progeny either grand or beautiful, to bring forth all their young in the solitude, or the mountain. The world, and the temptations of the world, only enfeeble and enervate them. A sickly offspring is produced with more hardship in the crowded atmosphere of a city, than young lions in the wilderness.

Why is it that the sons of extraordinary men do not more frequently grow to the stature of their fathers? It is because they are intimidated and discouraged by continual comparison with their fathers: It is because they are awed and pestered out of their natural way, by the perpetual guardianship of that public, who never fail to spoil whatever they take a liking to: It is because they are overshadowed by the giants of whom they are born, and compared every hour, from their childhood up, with great full-grown men, who, if they had been watched over in the same way, would never have been full-grown men. Few things

under heaven will endure the guardianship of a multitude, and fewer still, their tyranny and caprice. The plants of genius, like children or costly flower-trees, may require continual attention, but then it is not the attention of the world—that only spoils them—it is the attention of the few, the sincere, and the delicate.

Why is it, that we are continually amazed at the first efforts—and with only the first efforts—of a thousand wonderful young men? *It is because they were not popular.* It is because we expected nothing from them, and they knew it. After their first essay, no matter in what department of art or science, they were known—and of course popular. Our expectations became unreasonable; we worked them beyond all decency,—all humanity. We called upon them to produce, in a few years, or perhaps a few months, amid the bustle, strangeness, and confusion of a great city, that which would be more wonderful than their first effort, though that had been the production of many years, in the spring-time of their heart's valour—in solitude—and had appeared even to ourselves miraculous.

So with all mankind. They never permit the same person to astonish them a second time, if they know it. To be astonished, indeed!—what is it but an imputation upon their breeding, foresight, wisdom, and experience? So they set their faces against it.—They seek, as it were, to avenge themselves for having been surprised into anything so ungentle as a stare, (of astonishment, I mean,) by resolving never to be caught again—by him—whatever he may do.

Let him do better a second time, and he will appear to do worse. Do what he will, they are, and always will be, disappointed. But it is a thousand to one that he does worse. He becomes, on a second appearance, neither one thing nor another. One minute he will repeat himself; the next he will imitate himself, with variations, in those passages, attitudes, and peculiarities, which have taken well; then he will be caught with a sudden whim, (like an only child,) trusting to the partiality of his friends, or to his reputation for genius or eccentricity—coquetting timidly with popular favour, in awkward imitation of established favourites, who do what they please,

and are liked the better for it; then, without any sort of notice or preparation, he will be seized with a sudden paroxysm of originality. He springs into the saddle—up goes the whip, and he precipitates himself, head foremost, at some object, which other people dare not venture upon. But, just at the critical moment, just when nothing but desperation *can* carry him through, his heart fails him, he pulls up, (like the inexperienced rider, who gives whip and spur over the field, and check at a five-bar gate;) and finishes the adventure either by shutting his eyes and breaking his neck, or by turning aside with a laugh that is anything but natural or hearty, or with some unprofitable appeal to the indulgence of a jaded and disappointed public, as if any public ever cared a farthing for one of their pets, after a tumble or a balk.

The unknown do well at first, *because* they are unknown; because nothing was expected of them; because they had everything to gain, and nothing to lose. That made them fearless of heart. And they do badly, in a second effort, because their whole situation is reversed; because they are known—because too much is expected of them; and because, in one word, they have everything to lose, and nothing to gain.

That very reputation, in the pursuit of which they have accomplished incredible things—when overtaken, is a crushing load—a destroying power, upon all their finer and more sensible faculties. Hence it is, that some distinguished men (like Scott and Byron) so often adventure anonymously, or under fictitious names, into the field, whenever they begin to distrust the partiality of the public, or to suspect the mischievous influence of that partiality, upon themselves, or their weapons. There is no other way to reassure their own hearts, when they begin to doubt a diminution of edge or power—they must on with their ponderous armour once more—away from the banquetting place—and scour the world anew, under a blank penon, or a blank shield: and hence is it, that the course of others (like Moore and Southey) is one eternal zig-zag—through every kind of prose, and every kind of poetry—on every subject—now on one side of the question—now on the other.

All are striving by these expedients to avoid the inevitable catastrophe of popular favour: to prolong their dominion; to keep off the evil day; when, whatever may have been their merit, their thrones will be demolished; their crowns trampled on, and their sceptres quenched, by that very multitude who have built pyramids, and burnt incense to them.

The world are unreasonable; and always unmerciful to the second essay of every man—(that is, to his next effort after that which has made him known) but they always appear to the candidate himself, of course, far more unreasonable and unmerciful than they are. And hence is it, that, ninety-nine times out of one hundred, nothing more is ever heard of him. He generally perishes in obscurity, sore and sick at heart, or dies cursing the caprice of the world.—Indeed—indeed—that reputation is not worth having which can be easily obtained.

The truth is, that we dread this kind of popularity, not only for others, but, strange as it may seem, for ourselves; and we would seriously admonish all young writers to be on their guard against it—never to relax—never to lie upon their oars. Beside, there is a kind of reputation that rises about one, like the sea, while, to the common observer who looks only at the surface, it may appear to be receding: and there is another, which goes on slowly, accumulating against the barriers and obstacles which oppose it, until they give way on every side at last, and only serve to augment the power and impetus of that which has overborne them.

But, while we put those who are popular upon their guard against popularity; and apprise others, who are slowly and silently making their way into popular favour, of how much they have to be thankful for, in the neglect of the public—we may as well add a word or two of encouragement for all, by assuring them that the multitude are never long insensible to extraordinary power; that sooner or later, opportunity *will* arrive to the watchful and brave; that those who deserve to succeed, *will*, one day or other, succeed; and that good sense, enthusiasm, perseverance, and originality, combined, are never unsuccessful, or out of fashion for a long time together.

Now, then, for the AMERICAN WRITERS, whom we shall introduce as we have said before, in alphabetical order.

ADAMS JOHN QUINCY—Son of JOHN ADAMS, late President of the United States America—is himself one of the candidates (of whom we gave some account in our MAY Number) for the next Presidency.—There is little or no doubt of his election, at this time.

Mr Adams was born in New-England; educated at Harvard University; made no great figure there; studied law; wrote some common-place poetry; (which has been recently reproduced by certain of his political partizans, in aid of his pretensions to the chair; as if the writing of tolerable poetry were a serious qualification for the office of a chief magistrate over ten millions of people;) and went forthwith into political training, under the eyes of some American minister, to some European court.

Mr Adams is a fine scholar; a capital politician; an admirable writer; and a profound statesman. He has lived nearly all his life in the courts of Europe; and is familiar with all the trick and accomplishment of diplomacy, without having been corrupted by it.

He has written only one book; but that comes nearer to the character of a standard in its way, than any other American work, except the FEDERALIST, which is, and very deservedly too, a sort of national boast in America.

This book, by Mr Adams, is a series of lectures upon judicial and popular eloquence, delivered by himself at Harvard University, an American college, near Boston, Massachusetts, which, from the number and variety of its professors, and the respectability of its endowments, really deserves the name of university. It is an able and beautiful production; and will, after all, perpetuate his name and character among those who may never know of, or care for, his having been President of the United States.

AIMES-FISHER—A New-England-er also; a political writer; a fine orator; a lawyer, and an honest man. No vestiges remain of him, though he wrote continually for the journals and papers of the day, except a volume or two of essays and orations, which are not remarkable for any particular ex-

cellence, although when the latter were delivered by him spontaneously, the sober people of New-England were affected and wrought upon by them, as their more fervid brethren of the south were by the eloquence of Patrick Henry himself.

ALLEN-PAUL.—HISTORY—POETRY—MISCELLANY. This gentleman, after he wrote LEWIS and CLARKE'S JOURNAL—for which office he was chosen, we believe, by the American government, on account of his literary character—chosen, we mean, by intimation, probably from the Secretary of State—was pronounced by no less a man than Mr Jefferson himself, (as we have heard from high authority,) to be the very best, or one of the two best writers of America. This became publicly known, and was a great advantage to Mr Allen, who took rank soon after over everybody in the country, except Robert Walsh, jun., Esq., a gentleman (well known here) of whom we shall speak in due season.

Mr Allen is a native of Providence, Rhode Island, one of the New-England States, and never was out of America. He was educated for the bar; took to poetry at an early age; read of Dr Franklin, and, like him, resolved to seek his fortune—at Philadelphia.

Having arrived in that city, (then the quaker London of America,) he soon became engaged as a writer for the UNITED STATES GAZETTE, or BRONSON'S GAZETTE, as it was called; a paper well known in Europe for the uncommon ability and eloquence of its writers; and, soon after, in the PORT FOLIO, (a periodical miscellany of high reputation, till it fell into the hands of the present editor,) to which he largely contributed, until a few years before the last war between America and Great Britain, when the Federal party of Maryland being about to establish a newspaper for political purposes, engaged Mr Allan for editor. It was called the TELEGRAPH; and, soon after, became incorporated with the FEDERAL REPUBLICAN. Out of these two papers, after their junction, grew the Baltimore mob, of which we have heard in this country—a mob that might have been overawed in ten minutes by a single company of horse, or half a hundred serious, determined men; and, perhaps, (had they been properly countenanced by the authorities of the

city,) without any military aid, by the constables and police; a mob, however, that got possession of the town, (one of sixty thousand inhabitants)—blockaded the streets—demolished a large printing establishment—broke open the public prison—a fortress in appearance, into which a number of distinguished political men of the Federal party had been beguiled by the mayor, under pretence of providing for their safety—beat, mangled, and tortured all whom they found there politically obnoxious to themselves; and, finally, murdered an old revolutionary officer, (General Liſſan.)*

Mr Allen persevered, however, until the political animosity of the two parties having subsided—and the war being over—it was no longer a field worthy of him. Then he established the *JOURNAL OF THE TIMES*, which held up its head only for a few months—abandoned that—and, finally, set up a newspaper, quite of a literary character, called the *MORNING CHRONICLE*, which holds a very high rank among the American newspapers; and that—where newspapers are everything, and where the ablest men of the country are most frequently to be found writing for them—is no common praise.

He remains editor of that paper to this day. His literary works are, (other than a world of miscellany, to be found in the journals and newspapers,) a poem, called *NOAH*; a *HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION*, of which he wrote nothing but the preface, which, I am certain, does not exceed three pages; *LEWIS AND CLARKE'S TOUR*, (a compilation)—and—nothing more. Yet Mr Jefferson has placed him at the head of the American literati.

Mr Allen is a showy, eloquent prose-writer—who never thinks, and, if he can help it, never reasons. His language is often surprisingly beautiful, and as often surprisingly low and common-place, without significance. He has been somehow or other made sensible of the prodigious power in a colloquial style—a familiar, frank, bold, off-hand way of saying things; and he is continually balancing between his natural style, which is rich, harmonious, lofty, and full of picture—

and this of the powerful, simple, and unpretending kind, for which he is utterly disqualified—until the most ludicrous combinations are perpetually occurring to startle or provoke the reader.

Mr Allen is a man of uncommon genius—but no industry (except that of a steam-engine, or a newspaper editor)—and little reflection, else he *might* have been one of the first writers, I will not say merely of his country, but of the age. His prose is full of poetry—his poetry miserably full of prose. His thoughts, which in prose are burning and bright, undergo so many revolutions and eclipses in poetry, as to appear no longer the same. Yet he has the material for a great poet. But the time of achievement has gone by now—he will live and die nothing better than a clever newspaper editor, somewhat given to cant.

LEWIS AND CLARKE'S TOUR is nothing remarkable. The style has no particular attraction—nobody can remember anything about it. But quere—may not that be the highest praise? It has been said of a fine woman, that nobody could ever recollect how she was dressed; and provided that our author can manage to fill our mind with his thoughts, facts, or doctrine, most of us will consent, perhaps, to forego the words.

His *NOAH* is a sad mixture of affected simplicity—boyish combinations—outrageous poetry—and real genius. A short specimen will shew his whole character, and conclude our sketch:

He is describing *NOAH'S VISION* :—
(From *ELISHA*, in *2d Kings*.)

“Scarce had he spoke, when, with a sudden start,

And wild, unusual throbbings of the heart,
He turn'd around him oft a fearful gaze,
Like one bewilder'd in a dread amaze:

‘What mean,’ he cried, ‘these sharpen'd
points of flame,

That move in rapid circles round my
frame?’

Now, they extend, a line of lengthen'd
light;

And now—they flash promiscuous on the
sight!

What mean those nodding plumes, that
round me run,

And give their splendours to the golden
sun?

* And were never punished for it—so much for mobs in that country.

Those shining helms!—magnificent and clear,
 That thus alternate beam and disappear!
 What mean these coursers standing half reveal'd,
 The other half to human eye conceal'd?
 Now they emerge! and now they shake their manes!
 And blazing chariots follow in their trains!
 I see a guard of glory round me stand!
 Horsemen and chariots form a flaming band!
 Proudly the steeds of such immortal birth
 Fret on the rein, and scornful stamp the earth!
 They pant their native element to share,
 And trample with their hoofs the fields of air;
 Could ye but see the congregat'ion nigh,
 The brightest sunbeam would believe the eye!—

—and lo! the Zodiac rings
 With the loud clangour of descending wings.'

BOZMAN.—This author we only know from one work, a book purporting to be a HISTORY OF MARYLAND; and which, but for the fact that there is no other history of Maryland, would not be worth mentioning. General Winder, a celebrated advocate of Baltimore, once undertook to supply the deficiency, in ALLEN'S JOURNAL OF THE TIMES; but the manuscript was bad and the printing worse, so that the plan was given up. Since then, another attempt has been made by a Mr Griffith, but the history of Maryland yet remains to be written.

BRECKENRIDGE, HENRY M.—A Pennsylvanian, a lawyer, and son of Judge Breckenridge, who was alike distinguished as a humourist, a storyteller, and a judge. Mr B., the son, is the author of "VIEWS IN LOUISIANA," a respectable book, made up from personal knowledge of the country, during a long residence, after Louisiana was purchased by the United States, and while Mr B. was traversing it in every direction as a circuit judge. It may be depended upon, so far as it goes. He also wrote a history of the American war (the last) with Great Britain, in which he has faithfully preserved the newspaper accounts of the day, as given by the Americans themselves. It is a work of no merit, either in a literary or political view. It can do no good, and may do much harm, to perpetuate the thousand-and-one lies of the American press, during the uni-

happy season of warfare, and furious political strife. It can do no good, even for purposes of amusement, and must be exceedingly mischievous, when they are put into a popular shape, as this "History of the War" is, and sent abroad through all the "western country" as a sort of school book. I have not forgotten Dr Franklin's newspaper lie (since acknowledged by himself in his own Memoirs) about the "bales of human scalps, marked and numbered," which were supposed to have been forwarded by the Colonial Government of America to this, in the old American war. It was only got up for the day, but has outlived the rancour of many generations, and, spite of the Doctor's own confession, stands now upon grave record in one of the most able journals of the United States, (NILES'S REGISTER)—a journal remarkable for integrity and plain truth—as an historical fact; and, what is worse, yet, is actually believed in America by a large portion of the people. Nobody can think more highly of Dr Franklin's virtues than we do, but we should be sorry to have all the consequences of such a wicked political trick upon our shoulders.

Mr B. is the author of a work upon SOUTH AMERICA—political, commercial, and statistical, which is highly creditable to him. It is the fruit of his own personal observation during a secret mission thither, under the authority of the United States Government, in company with two commissioners, (Mr Justice Bland, now a district judge of the United States courts, and Mr Rodney,) neither of whom will soon be forgotten by the Spanish Americans. Judge Bland understood no language but his own, not one word of Spanish or French; Mr Rodney nothing of Spanish, and, I believe, little or nothing of French; and Mr Breckenridge, their interpreter, secretary, and companion, though he spoke French pretty well, made sad work with Spanish. Yet these were the secret ambassadors of a wise government, in a season of great political anxiety.

BRYANT WILLIAM CULLEN.—This gentleman's poetry has found its way, piece-meal, into England, and having met with a little of our newspaper praise, which has been repeated with great emphasis in America, is now set up among his associates for a poet of extraordinary promise, on the ground

of having produced, within the course of several years, about fifty duodecimo pages of poetry, such as we shall give a specimen of. Mr B. is not, and never will be, a great poet. He wants fire—he wants the very rashness of a poet—the prodigality and fervour of those, who are overflowing with inspiration. Mr B., in fact, is a sensible young man, of a thrifty disposition, who knows how to manage a few plain ideas in a very handsome way. It is a bad thing for a poet, or for one whom his friends believe to be a poet, ever to spend a long time about the manufacture of musical prose, in imitation of anybody,—as Mr Bryant and Mr Percival both do of Milman, who has quite set the fashion in America for blank verse. Some lines, (about fifteen or twenty,) to a “*WATER-FOWL*,” which are very beautiful, to be sure, but with no more poetry in them than there is in the Sermon on the Mount, are supposed, by his countrymen, “to be well known in Europe.” The following is taken from his poem, “*THE AGES*.”

“*Has Nature, in her calm majestic march,
Faltered with age at last? does the bright
sun
Grow dim in heaven? or, in their far blue
arch,
Sparkle the crowd of stars, when day is
done,
Less brightly? when the dew-lipped Spring
comes on,
Breathes she with airs less soft, or scents
the sky
With flowers less fair, than when her reign
begun?
Does prodigal Autumn to our age deny
The plenty that once swell'd beneath his
sober eye?”*

BUCKMINSTER—A clergyman of Boston, remarkable for his pathetic style of eloquence, and singular piety. After his death, two or three volumes of manuscript sermons were published by some of his friends—(who had

not, perhaps, been much acquainted with any sermons but his)—for the sermons of Mr Buckminster. Unluckily, however, a part of them appear to have been printed before, in the names of other people. Some of his own are very beautiful; and those that were not his own, of course, would never have appeared as his with his own consent.

CHANNING—Clergyman of Boston. This gentleman, without any question, may rank among the first sermonisers that ever lived. Such of his writings as have been published are remarkable for simplicity, clearness, and power. The diction is of the heart—not of the schools. It is, as it were, a language of his own—a visible thought.

CHANNING—Professor of RHETORIC and BELLES-LETTRES at Harvard, a brother of the last,—a lawyer, and the Editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW before Mr Everett. There is nothing extraordinary about this man; but the little that he wrote for the North American was highly respectable, without having any particular or peculiar character of its own. He should have nothing to do with rhetoric or belles-lettres, except in the way of a concordance, or an index.—He has no sense of either, but might get up a good history of the country, which is wanted now at every turn by those who care to know the truth of America.

We have now done for the present; another paper of the same length, perhaps, will enable us to finish the whole alphabet of American writers in the same way; when our countrymen will judge for themselves concerning the truth of what we have said, and the course of policy which we have recommended in the outset.

X. Y. Z.

London, Sept. 4, 1824.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

No. XVIII.

Lessing's Laocoon, or, the limits of Poetry and Painting.

GERMANY has always been prolific in men who may be termed "Catholic scholars." Regarding philosophy, poetry, the arts and sciences, as productions of mind, they have never imagined that the knowledge of one of these necessarily excluded that of any of the others. On the contrary, they have looked upon the exercise of all the powers of intellect as essential to its development. The mere naturalist, or the mathematician, men who have cultivated one portion only of the vast field of human thought, are as far removed from all that is beautiful, powerful, and harmonious in mind, as the form of an opera-dancer, who has the body of a Ganymede, attached to the limbs of a Hercules, is from the exquisite symmetry of an Apollo. It is true that no one person can do justice to more than one pursuit; and the experience of every day confirms the homely adage, that to be "Jack of many trades, is to be master of none." This, however, does not in the least invalidate the truth of what we have asserted. When the world require a close and studious devotion to any pursuit or profession, we feel that their claims are perfectly reasonable; but they are unreasonable only when they suppose that the EXERCISE in one branch of knowledge is totally incompatible with a thorough acquaintance with the PRINCIPLES of every other. The exercise in a profession is nothing more than an extension and reiteration of its *principles*. Hence it is the *application* of these principles which requires time and constant devotion, and not the knowledge of the principles themselves. It is by no means our intention by this to assert that the principles of our knowledge are intuitively evident; we mean to say merely, that that man, who, having disciplined his mind with "all the knowledge of the Egyptians," and having extracted from it the principles upon which that knowledge is grounded, gives his nights and days to any one pursuit, is far more likely to become a benefactor to the human race, than he who has studied one thing only. He that knows nothing more than his own profession,

knows little of that. It was this comprehensive grasp at universal knowledge which produced the minds of a Bacon, a Newton, and a Leibnitz. It was this research into *all* the labyrinths of the human heart, and a close observation of *all* the variations of the mind, that made a Shakespeare. And it is allotted to spirits such as these alone, "when darkness is upon the earth," to "move on the face of the deep, and to call forth the light." Lessing was one of those extraordinary minds which are at once comprehensive and minute. The poet, the philosopher, and the critic, were united in the happiest way in him; and his works in these various branches, have served as a leaven to quicken "the dull paste" of posterity. Every one is aware of the influence which the genius of Goethe has had on the present state of European literature; and few German scholars are unacquainted with the acknowledged effects of Lessing's works in forming Goethe's taste. Herder, one of the profoundest critics that has appeared since Aristotle, evidently esteems him as possessing one of the acutest minds among the learned of Germany. And in fact, much of Herder's own writing forms but a most excellent commentary on Lessing. When the Laocoon was first produced in 1766, the state of taste and criticism in art was very much vitiated. The dazzling antithesis, that painting was mute poesy, and poesy eloquent painting, was received without any limitation. The rules of the one were transferred to the other, and the noble simplicity of the ancient masters was merged in the desire for effect and brilliancy—thus bartering the loftier emotions for the stupid gaze of wonder.

Caylus had advocated this doctrine, and carried it to its extremest verge. "It is agreed," says he, "that the more a poem abounds in images and action, the greater is the superiority. This reflection led me to conclude, that the enumeration of pictures which every poem offered, would serve as an excellent mean of comparison of the respective merits of poems and poets. The number, and the kind of pictures

which the great works would present, would have given us a touchstone, or rather a balance, by which the worth of a poem and the talent of its author might be known with certainty."

Tableaux tirés de l'Illiade.—*Avert. p. 5.*

The necessary corollary to such a conclusion was, that "the only point in which Milton resembled Homer, was in his blindness."

"The Paradise Lost," says Lessing, "is not the less, therefore, the first Epopee after Homer, because it affords but a few pictures; nor is the History of the Passion and Death of our Saviour a poem, because we cannot touch any portion of that narrative with the point of a needle, without falling upon a subject which has not occupied a crowd of the most illustrious artists." The Evangelists relate the fact with the most dry simplicity; and the artist makes use of the material thus furnished, perfectly unencumbered by a single spark of pictorial genius given to it by them. There are facts which are picturesque, and facts which are not so—And the historian can relate the most picturesque as unpictorially as the poet can describe the most unpictorial poetically.

We are deceived in fact, by the *équivoque*, when we apply the word "picture" both to painting and to poetry. The ancients had a distinct name for poetical pictures, *φαντασίαι*,

"Phantasies," and these on account of the strength of the illusion they compared to waking dreams. We shall translate a passage from Lessing, which we think shews the distinction of poetry and painting with great felicity.

"If Homer's works had been wholly lost, and we had nothing remaining but a set of pictures such as Caylus has presented, allowing these to be done by the best masters, could we have had any adequate conception, I will not only say of the whole poet, but of his pictorial talents? Take the picture of the plague for an example. What do we perceive upon the canvass? Dead bodies, burning piles, the dying blended with the dead, and the angry god sending forth his arrows from his dark cloud. The richness and the 'fort' in the picture, is the poverty and the "faible" of the poet. For were we to take our idea of Homer from the picture, and convert the picture into poetry, what could we make the poet say? 'Upon this Apollo seized his bow; and his arrows flew among the army of the Grecians—many died, and their bodies were burnt.' This would be the sum-total of a strict conversion of the picture into the poem, supposing poetry and painting to be mutually convertible. Now let us turn to Homer himself.*

Ὡς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·

Ἐὴ δὲ κατ' οὐλύμπιοι κερήνων χρώμενος κῆρ,

Τόξ' ὤμοισιν ἔχων, ἀμφηριφία τε φασέστην.

Ἐκλαλῆξαν δ' ἄρ' ἴσσοι ἐπ' ὤμων χρωόμενοι,

Αὐτοῦ κινήεντος· ὁ δ' ἦε νυκτὶ εἰκίως·

Ἐξείτ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε νεῦν, μετὰ δ' ἰδὸν ἔπκε·

Αἰνὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένητ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.

Οὐρηὰς μὲν πρῶτον ἐπάχετο, καὶ κύνας ἀργούς·

Αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' αὐτοῖσι βέλος ἔχευενκῆς ἑφίης,

Βάλλ'· αἰεὶ δὲ πυραὶ νεκῶν καίοντο θαμναί·"

* Pope's version of this passage is so weak, that we shall give the literal Latin translation of Clarke:—

Sic dixit orans; eum autem audivit Phœbus Apollo;
 Descenditque ex cœli verticibus iratus animo,
 Arcum humeris gestans, et undique tectam pharetram:
 Clangorem autem dederunt sagittæ in humeris irati,
 Ipso moto; ipse vero ibat nocti similis;
 Sedit deinde seorsum a navibus, et sagittam emisit:
 Terribilis autem clangor edebatur splendidi arcus.
 Mulos quidem primum invasit, et canes veloces:
 Sed postea ipsis sagittam mortiferam immittens
 Feriebat: perpetuo autem rogi cadaverum ardebant frequentes.

“Life does not surpass a picture more than the poet rises above the painter here. Apollo seizes his bow and quiver, and descends from the lofty summits of Olympus. I not only see, but I hear him, as he descends; at each step the arrows rattle upon the shoulders of him enraged. But he goes forth like night. Now does he place himself opposite to the ships—he shoots, and dreadful is the clang of his shining bow. The mules and swift-footed dogs first fall, and then the deadly arrows strike men themselves. Funereal piles burn incessantly.

“It is impossible to translate the music of the original into any language; and it is just as impossible to guess that it possessed any, from a mere inspection of the material picture, although the melody is the least of the advantages which the poet here has over the painter. The distinguishing feature between them, is, that the poet carries us through a whole gallery of pictures, for the single one which the painter exhibits.

“It may, perhaps, be said, that the plague is not a very advantageous subject for the pallet. Here is another which has greater allurements for the eye—The gods in council. A golden palace—groups of the most beautiful and revered forms. The goblet, handed by the ever-youthful Hebe. What architecture! What masses of light and shade! What contrasts! What variety of expression! Where shall I begin to feast my eyes? where shall I cease to look? If the painter enchants me, how much more ought the poet! I open the book with eagerness, and find myself—deceived! I find four good plain lines, in which the material of a picture is buried, but which have themselves no picture.*

“An Apollonius, or even a less talented poet, could not have expressed himself more tamely; and Homer is

as much below the painter in this, as the painter was beneath him in the former instance.

“Caylus finds no other picture, besides this one, in the whole of the fourth book of the Iliad.

“And yet, perhaps, there is scarcely another book in the whole of the Iliad, which furnishes so many poetical pictures as this. Where can we meet with anything more strikingly illusive, than the breaking of the truce by Pandarus; or the approach of the Grecian host—or the deeds of Ulysses, when he revenges the death of his friend Leucus? What conclusion are we forced then to draw? Are we not obliged to confess, that the most lovely images of Homer are no pictures for the artist? That the artist can exhibit a painting, where the poet affords no picture? In short, that the number of material pictures is no criterion of pictorial talent of the poet?”

We remember conversing with a very intelligent young artist, whose works have placed him high in the estimation of his professional brethren, and of the public. “Many a devoted admirer of poetry,” said he, “has thrust his favourite passage into my hands, and urged me to make a picture. But I have invariably found that I could do nothing where the poet had done all.”

It is this confounding of poetry with painting, that seems to us to mar the extraordinary talents of one of our first landscape painters. There is always an attempt at the sublime; huge masses of dark clouds, overpowering every distinct idea, take up a vast of canvass. Now, though the sublime may be within the compass of painting, still the mode of attaining it differs *toto cœlo* from the poetical mode. Obscurity is the parent of the sublime in poetry, and of bombast in painting.

We think that the above extracts have fully proved that there is a de-

* Οἱ δὲ θεοὶ παρὰ Ζηνὶ καθήμενοι ἠγορόωντο
Χρυσέω ἐν διαπέδω, μετὰ δὲ σφισὶ πύτνια Ἥβη
Νέκταρ ἰωνοχόει· τοὶ δὲ χρυσέοις δεπέεσι,
Δειδέχατ' ἀλλήλους, Τρώων πόλιν εἰσορόοντες.

And now Olympus' shining gates unfold;
The Gods with Jove assume their thrones of gold;
Immortal Hebe, fresh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine;
While the full bowls flow round, the powers employ
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.

cided difference in the essence of painting and of poetry. But before we proceed to that portion of Lessing's work which fixes the precise limits to each, we shall endeavour to determine those principles which produced the masterpieces of ancient art.

"No person, in modern times, has done so much to throw light on this subject as Winkleman, in his *History of Ancient Art*. His style, like one of the immortal works which he has so well elucidated, is perfect in all its parts; each thought stands forth noble, simple, sublime."

The distinguishing mark of all the Grecian chef-d'œuvres in painting and sculpture, according to him, is *noble simplicity* and *calm magnanimity*, both in the design and in the expression; and, as his theory is embodied in his remark on that sublime group of the Laocoon, we shall beg leave to translate them.

"As the depths of the ocean remain for ever unmoved, amidst all the storms which agitate its surface, so does the expression of the Grecian figures indicate, in all the varieties of passion, the great and settled soul.

"This soul beams forth in the countenance of the Laocoon, and not in the countenance only, amid his agonizing suffering. The torture which is marked in every muscle and tendon of his frame, and which we could see in the painful contraction of the abdomen, even if the countenance were hidden—This torture, I say, notwithstanding, is not proclaimed violently, either in the countenance or in the attitude. He utters no fearful cry, as Virgil sings of his Laocoon—The separated lips do not prove it—There is rather the anxious and suppressed sigh, as Sadolet describes. Bodily suffering and greatness of soul are equally visible in every part of the figure. Laocoon suffers—but he suffers like Sophocles' Philoctetes. His tortures go to our very hearts. But we wish that we may bear tortures as he does.

"The expression of so great a soul far outstrips the beautiful. The artist had felt the spirit within himself which he infused into his marble. Greece had artists and philosophers united in the same individual.

"Wisdom stretched forth her hand to art, and poured more than common souls into her works."

Here then we find simplicity and

calm magnanimity in every variety of expression, to be the leading rule by which the Greeks were guided. The Laocoon could not cry out as Virgil describes him, because then the greatness of soul would no longer have been the grand trait.

Lessing, however, endeavours to shew that the "Beautiful" was the grand characteristic of the Grecian school, and that whatever passion was expressed, still it was ever to be wrought up to the Beautiful, and no farther.

"Every one knows," says Lessing, "the number of very polite things which have been said of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, by Timanthes. The artist had veiled the father's countenance. He did it, says Pliny, because he had made so many sorrowful countenances, that it was impossible to express a deeper grade in that of the father. He did it, says Valerius Maximus, because in the father's situation, his grief was above all expression. I, for my part, can neither subscribe to the want of skill in the artist, nor to the insufficiency of the art. The degree of the passion will work itself on the features, and the strongest effect will produce the most distinct expression; consequently, the easiest to be seized upon by the artist. But Timanthes knew the boundaries which the graces had set to art. He knew that the emotions which Agamemnon felt as a father, must exhibit themselves in convulsive motions of the features, and these are always disgusting and mean. As far as beauty and dignity were compatible with the expression, so far he went. He would willingly have passed over the 'ugly,' or at least have softened it. But as that was not allowable by the composition, what remained, but to conceal it. What he dared not paint, he left to be guessed. In short, this concealing was a sacrifice which the artist offered at the shrine of Beauty. It is an example not of expression, being unattainable by art. But that expression even, must bend to the first rule of art, the law of Beauty."

Now, let us apply these observations to the Laocoon. The master is labouring to produce the highest degree of Beauty, when the frame is under bodily torture. Now, suffering, in all its violence, was totally incompatible with Beauty. He was necessitated therefore to soften it, not because cry-

ing indicated a base soul, but because the symmetry of the face would have been totally annihilated by it in the most disgusting manner. Let any one think on the Laocoon with an open mouth, and judge. Let him cry out, and see. Before, it was a figure which moved our souls with pity, because we saw suffering and corporeal beauty united. Now, it is become a vile disgusting object, from which we would fain turn our eyes. We have no look of the beautiful, to meliorate and qualify the unpleasant feeling which pain naturally excites.

The wide open mouth—not to look at the violence and disturbance which it necessarily causes in the countenance—is a spot in painting, and a cavity in sculpture, which have the most disagreeable effect in the world. Montfauçon betrays very little taste when he supposes that an old bearded head, with a chasm of a mouth, is the Oracular Jupiter. Must a god bellow when he is laying futurity open? Neither do I believe Valerius, who says that Timanthes made Ajax halloving in the picture above-mentioned; for neither Cicero nor Quintilian, in their description of it, make any mention of this bellowing figure.

The criticisms of both Winkleman and Lessing seem to us to have much truth in them. We have only to cast our eyes over the works of the ancients to be assured that Beauty, if not the chief rule, was one of the most constant which guided them. We know that the victors, in their public games, were rewarded with statues; and that caricaturing, or the imitation of the “ugly,” was punished by fine. But we think that nothing is more strikingly illustrative of their intense love of Beauty, a passion which could only become intense by being fed with the most luxuriant examples of it, than their personification of Death, as compared with ours.

Our monkish ancestors have given us the “King of Terrors” under the hideous symbol of a ghastly skeleton; while the Grecians personified him as a boy, the twin-brother of Sleep, reposing in the bosom of Night. Now, although we agree with Lessing, that Beauty was a principal guide, yet we must not go too far, and say it was the only one. We imagine that Winkleman has also been too exclusive, when he makes truth, dignity of ex-

pression, the prominent guide to excellence.

The latter cannot imagine the Laocoon crying out, because that would have been mean. The former would banish the cry, because the features would have gone beyond the line of Beauty. Goethe, who, like Lessing, is an universal scholar, said, that he *could not cry out*, on account of the contractions of the muscles of the abdomen. This is a very acute remark, although his reason is not altogether sufficient. A medical friend of ours has informed us, that the principal muscles which move the chest are inserted into the arms; so that when we make any violent effort with the chest, we are obliged to fix the arms, to allow these muscles to act on the chest only.

Thus an asthmatic man, during the paroxysm of coughing, seizes upon the back of a chair, or anything else, in order to fix his arms and give his chest full play. If, on the contrary, we wish to make any considerable efforts with the arms, we take a full inspiration, and then, having fixed the *chest*, we allow all the muscles which proceed from it to co-operate in the act of exertion. Now, let us apply these observations to the Laocoon.—He is evidently endeavouring to disentangle himself from the folds of the serpents. His arms are extended, and the muscles indicate considerable effort. He has just taken a full breath. The chest is large and convex, and the muscles of the abdomen drawn in, and it is now that the effort can be made with any hope of success; but, during the effort, it is impossible for him to cry, as any one may try upon himself. Thus, although Goethe had remarked that the abdominal muscles were contracted, yet this was only a remote cause why the sculptor had not made the figure shouting. This only indicated the act of inspiring, but does not shew us the necessity of the half-closed lip, and convulsive efforts of the mouth of the Laocoon.

Winkleman, therefore, seems to us to have augured justly when he asserts that the Greeks were faithful copyists, and deep observers; for, certainly, if the above theory be true, we have a full proof of their close attention to nature. The state of anatomical knowledge could not have led them to those conclusions; but we must also agree with Lessing, that Beauty was their inspiring genius.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

CHAPTER IV.

My next Chapter, I think, was to be of "graves, and stones, and epitaphs." Come then to the churchyard with me, whoever shrinketh not from thoughtful inspection of those eloquent sermon books. Come to that same churchyard where lately we saw the assembled congregation—the aged and the young—the proud and the lowly—the rich and poor collecting together on the Sabbath morning to worship their Creator within those sacred walls. Many months since then have slept away—the green leaves have withered, and dropt, and decayed, and the bare branches have been hung with icicles, and bent down under the weight of winter snows, and again they have budded and put forth their tender shoots, and the thick foliage of summer has cast its broad shadow on the dark green sod, and again "decay's effacing fingers" are at work, and the yellow tints of autumn are gaining on the rich verdure of summer. And man!—the ephemeron! who perisheth as a flower of the field—whose time on earth is like the shadow that departeth—how hath it fared with him during the revolving seasons! How many are gone to their long home, and their place on earth knoweth them no more! How many of those who, when last we looked upon this scene, stood here among their friends and neighbours, full of life and health, and the anticipation of long years to come, full of schemes, and hopes, and expectations, and restless thoughts, and cumbersome cares, and troubles and pleasures of this life! How many of these are since returned to this spot—Yea—but to tarry here—to occupy the house appointed for all living—to lie down and sleep, and take their rest, undisturbed by winter winds, or summer storms—unawakened by the chime of the church-bells when they summon hither the Sabbath congregation, or by the voices of those they loved in life, who pass by their lowly graves, already, perhaps, forgetful of "the form beloved" so recently deposited there!

"So music past is obsolete—
And yet 'twas sweet! 'twas passing sweet!
But now 'tis gone away."

This is again a Sabbath day—the evening of an autumnal Sabbath—Morning and afternoon divine service has been performed within those walls, and now Nature is offering up her own pure homage. The hymns of her winged choristers—the incense of her flowery censor—the flames of her great altar, that glorious setting sun. See! how his departing beams steal athwart the churchyard between those old oaks, whose stately trunks, half darkly defined in the blackness of their own shadow, half gilded by the passing brightness, prop that broad canopy of "many twinkling leaves" now glittering underneath with amber light, while above, the dense mass of foliage towering in heavy grandeur, stands out in bold and bleak relief against the golden glory of the western horizon. How magnificent that antique colonnade! How grand that massy superstructure! Lo! the work of the great Architect, which might well put to shame the puny efforts of his creatures, and the frail structures they erect to his glory, were it not, that He whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, hath vouchsafed to promise, that where a few faithful hearts are gathered together to worship him in spirit and in truth, He will be there in the midst of them, even in their perishable temples. Therefore, though yon majestic oaks overtop with their proud shadow the low walls, and even the ivied tower of that rustic church, yet are they but a fitting portico, an "outer porch," to the sanctuary more especially hallowed by His presence. Neither is their spreading arch, too magnificent a canopy for those obscure graves, so peacefully ranged beneath it. Many a sincere and humble Christian rests from his labours beneath those green hillocks. Many a faithful believer, who has drunk without a murmur his earthly cup of bitterness, because it was awarded to him by the divine will, and because, trusting in the merits of his Redeemer, he cast down his burden at his feet, looking forward, through his promises, to be a partaker of the glory which shall be revealed hereafter. Many a one, "to fortune and to fame unknown," who

walked thus humbly with his God, sleeps unrecorded in the majestic shadow of those venerable trees. But when those giants of the earth shall have stood their appointed season,—shall have lived their life of centuries,—them also, the unsparing hand shall smite, and they too shall lie prostrate in the dust; and for their sapless trunks there shall be no renovation, while the human grain, now hidden beneath their roots, retains, even in corruption, the principles of immortality, and shall, in the fulness of time, spring up to life eternal.

What histories—not of great actions, or of proud fortunes, or of splendid attainments, but of the human heart, that inexhaustible volume! might be told over these graves, by one who should have known their quiet tenants, and been a keen and feeling observer of their infinitely varying natures! Nay, by one who should relate from his own remembrance, even the more obvious circumstances of their obscure lives!—What tales of love, and hope, and disappointment, and struggling care, and unmerited contumely, and uncomplaining patience, and untold suffering, and broken hearts, might be extracted from this cold earth we tread on! What heart-wrung tears have been showered down upon these quiet graves! What groans, and sighs, and sobs of uncontrollable grief, have burst out in this spot from the bosoms of those who have stood even here, on the brink of the fresh-opened grave, while the coffin was lowered into it, and the grating cords were withdrawn, and the first spadeful of earth rattled on the lid, and the solemn words were uttered—“Dust to dust!” And where are those mourners now, and how doth it fare with them?—Here!—they are here!—And it fareth well with them, for their troubles are over, and they sleep in peace amongst their friends and kindred; and *other* mourners have wept beside *their* graves, and those, in turn, shall be brought back here, to mingle their dust with that of foregone generations.

Even of the living multitude assembled here this day twelvemonths, how many, in the short interval between that and the present time, have taken up their rest within these consecrated precincts! And already, over the graves of many, the green sods have again united in velvet smooth-

ness. Here, beside that of William Moss, is a fresher and higher hillock, to which his head-stone likewise serves for a memorial; and underneath his name there are engraven on it—yes—two other names. The aged parents and the blooming son at last repose together; and what matters now, that the former went down to the grave by the slow and gradual descent of good old age, and that the latter was cut off in the prime and vigour of his manhood? If each performed faithfully the task allotted to him, then was his time on earth sufficient; and, after the brief separation of a few years, they are re-united in eternity. But here—behold a magnificent contrast to that poor plain stone!—Here stands a fine tall freestone, the top of which is ornamented in basso-relievo, with a squat white urn swaddled up in ponderous drapery, over which droops a gilt weeping willow—it looks like a sprig of sapphire—the whole set off by a blue ground, encircled by a couple of goose wings. Oh! no—I cry the sculptor mercy—they are the pinions of a pair of cherubims. There are the little trumpeters’ cheeks puffing out from under them; and the obituary is engraven on a black ground in grand gold letters, and it records—Ah! Madam Buckwheat—is it come to this? Is all that majesty of port laid low? That fair exuberance of well-fed flesh! That broad expanse of comely red and white, “by Nature’s sweet and cunning hand laid on.”—Doth all this mingle with the common earth? That goodly person, clad in rustling silks! is it shrunken within the scanty folds of the shroud, and the narrow limits of a cold brick grave? What! in the very flush of worldly prosperity—when the farmer’s granaries were overflowing with all manner of store—when your dairy had yielded double produce—when the stock of cheeses was unprecedented—when your favourite Norman had presented you with twin calves—when you had reared three broods of milk-white turkeys, and the China sow had littered thirteen pigs! Just as the brindled heifer of that famous cross was coming into milk—and just as the new barn was built, and the parish rates were lowered, and the mulberry tree was beginning to bear—and just as you had brought yourself to feel at home in your long sleeves, and unfettered by the great garnet ring, and to wear gloves when

you were out visiting ; and, to crown all, just as your youngest hope—your favoured daughter—had made a splendid conquest of a real gentleman—one who had come down from Lunnon in his own shay, and talked about “Hastleys,” and “the Hoppera,” and “Wauxhall,” and the Wild Beasts, and Waterloo Bridge, and all them there things, and was to install Betsey (the old lady always forgot to say Eliza) lady and mistress of a beautiful ouse in Fleet Street. Oh ! at such a time to be torn from “Life and all the joys it yields !” Ah, Madam Buckwheat ! is it so indeed ? Alas ! too true—

“A heap of dust is all remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.”

Take care !—never tread upon a grave—What ! you saw it not, that scarce distinguishable hillock, overshadowed by its elevated neighbour. It is, however, recently thrown up, but hastily and carelessly, and has of late been trodden down almost to a flat surface, by the workmen employed in erecting that gilded “tribute of affection,” to the memory of the farmer’s deceased spouse. A few more weeks and it will be quite level with the even sod, and the village children will gambol over it unmindful of their old friend, whom yet they followed to that grave with innocent regretful tears, the only tears that were shed for the poor outcast of reason. The parish pauper sleeps in that grave—the workhouse idiot. He for whom no heart was tenderly interested, for he had long, long outlived the poor parents to whom their only child, their harmless Johnny (for they thought him not an idiot), was an object of the fondest affection. There were none to take to him when they were gone, so the workhouse afforded him refuge, and sustenance, and humane treatment ; and his long life—for it was extended nearly to the term of seventy years—was not on the whole joyless or forsaken. His intellect was darkened and distorted, but not so as to render him an object of disgust or terror, or to incapacitate him from performing many tasks of trifling utility. He even exercised a sort of rude ingenuity in many little rustic handicrafts. He wove rush baskets and mats, and neatly and strongly wove them, and of the refuse straw he plaited coarse hats, such as are worn by plough-boys, and

he could make wicker cages for black-birds and magpies, and mouse-traps, and rabbit-hutches ; and he had a pretty notion of knitting too, only that he could never be brought to sit still long enough to make any great proficiency in that way. But he was useful besides, in many offices of household drudgery, and though his kind master never suffered poor Johnny to be “put upon,” he had many employers, and as far as his simple wits enabled him to comprehend their several wills, he was content to fulfil them. So he was sent to fetch water, and to watch that the coppers did not boil over, and to feed the fire, and blow the bellows, and sift the cinders, and to scrape carrots and potatoes, and to shell beans, and to sweep the floor, (but then he would always waste time in making waves and zigzags on the sand,) and to rock the cradles, and *that* office he seemed to take peculiar delight in, and would even pretend to hush the babies, as he had seen practised by their mothers, with a sort of droning hum which he called singing. But besides all these, and other tasks innumerable, more extended trust was committed to him, and he was never known but to discharge it faithfully. He was allowed (in exception of those rules of the house imperative on its sane inmates) to wander out whole days, having the charge of a few cows or pigs, and for a trifling remuneration, which he brought regularly home to his master, who expended it for him with judicious kindness, in the purchase of such simple luxuries as the poor idiot delighted in,—a little snuff and tobacco, or the occasional treat of a little coarse tea, and brown sugar.

Then was old Johnny in his glory, when, seated on some sunny road-side bank, or nestling among the fern leaves in some bosky dingle, within ken of his horned or grunting charge, of which he never lost sight, he had collected about him a little cluster of idle urchins, with whom he would vie in dexterity in threading daisy necklaces, or sticking the little white flowers on a leafless thorn branch, or in tying up cowslip balls, or in making whistles, or arrow heads of hollow elder stalks ; or in weaving high conical caps of green rushes, and then was Cæsar in his element, for then would he arm with those proud helmets the heads of his childish mates, and marshal them (nothing loath) in military order,

each shouldering a stick, his supposed musket; and flourishing his wooden sword, and taking the command of his new levies, he marched up and down before the line of ragged rogues, gobbling like a turkey cock, with swelling pride, in all the martial magnificence of his old cocked-hat and feathers, and of his scarlet tatters with their tarnished lace.

But sometimes was he suddenly cast down from that pinnacle of earthly grandeur, by the malicious wantonness of an unlucky boy, who would slyly breathe out a few notes from an old flute, well anticipating their effect on poor Johnny. Rude as were those notes, they "entered into his soul." In a moment his proud step was arrested, his authoritative, uplifted hand fell nerveless by his side; his erect head dropt, and large tears rolled down his aged face; and at last sobs—deep, heavy, convulsive sobs! burst from the bosom of the poor idiot, and then even his mischievous tormentor almost wept to see the pain he had inflicted. Yes, such was the power of music, of its rudest, simplest tones, over some spring of sensibility, deep hidden in the benighted soul of that harmless creature, and he had apparently no control over the tempestuous ebullition of its excited vehemence, except at church, during the time of divine service.

There, while the Psalm was being sung, he was still, and profoundly silent. But when others rose up from the form beside him, he sunk still lower in his sitting posture, and cowering down, bent forward his head upon his knees, hiding his face there within the fold of his crossed arms, and no sound or sob escaped him, but his poor frame trembled universally, and when the singing was over, and he looked up again, the thin grey hair on his wrinkled forehead was wet with perspiration. *Now*, let the clarion sound, or the sweet haut-boy pour out its melodious fulness, or the thrilling flute discourse, or the solemn organ roll over his grave its deep and mighty volume, and he will sleep on undisturbed—ay, till the call of the last trumpet shall awaken him, and the mystery of his earthly existence shall be unfolded, and the soul, emerging from its long eclipse, shall shine out in the light of immortality—At that day of solemn reckon-

ing, how many, whose brilliant talents, and luminous intellect, have blazed out with meteoric splendour, not to enlighten, but to dazzle and mislead, and bewilder the minds of their fellow-mortals, in the mazes of inextricable error—How many of those who have so miserably abused the great trust reposed in them, shall be fain to exchange places with that unoffending innocent, crying out in the agony of their despair, "to the mountains, fall on us, and to the hills, cover us!"

Farewell, old Johnny—quiet be thy rest!—harmless and lowly was thy life!—peaceful and unnoticed thy departure!

Few had marked the gradual decline of the poor creature, but for many months he had wasted away, and his feeble, deformed frame had bowed nearer and nearer to the earth, and he cared little for any nourishment, except his favourite regale of tea, and the mistress's occasional bounty, a slice of white bread and butter; and there was less willingness to exert himself than formerly. He still crept about his accustomed tasks, but slowly and silently, and would sometimes fall asleep over his more sedentary employment, and when spoken to, he seldom replied but by a nod and a smile—that peculiar smile of idiotic intelligence. Some said the old man grew lazy and sullen, for "what could ail him?" they wondered. Nothing—nothing ailed him—nothing to signify—only the cold hand of death was on him, and he dropt at last with the leaves in autumn. One evening, long after milking-time, the cows he had been entrusted to watch came straggling home without their keeper. Search was made for him, and he was soon discovered by the children, who were well acquainted with his favourite haunts and hiding-places.

They found him gathered up in his usual posture, among the dry fern leaves, at the foot of an old hawthorn, near which ran a reedy streamlet. His back rested against the hawthorn's twisted stem, his old grey head was bare, and a few withered leaves had dropt upon it. Beside him lay a half-finished cap of woven rushes; one hand was on it, and the other still grasped the loose materials of his simple fabric. There was a smile upon his countenance, (he was always smiling

to himself,) but his head had dropt down on his bosom, and his eyes were closed as if in sleep. He was dead—quite cold and stiff—so they took him from his pleasant fern bank, to his late home, the workhouse, and the next day he was screwed down in the

shell of rough boards, the last allowance of parish bounty, and before sunset, those green sods were trampled down over the pauper's grave.—Farewell, old Johnny!

A.

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN.

CHAPTER XII.

“ Plow through it, plow through it, my trim-sailing wench!
Cut through it, cut through it, and never say die!
I'll be hanged else, my brat, if we near her an inch—
Why she tears it away so, she seems for to fly—
Going faster and faster.”

“ Lord-a-mercy! good skipper,” the sea-boat replied,
You for sartain must think I as dull as a log;
Doesn't see I wants wind, and good sea-room beside—
Would'st ha' me to run my full speed in a fog—
Surely not, my kind master!”

WE left his Majesty's sloop of war the Tottumfog in full stretch after a vessel to windward, and we now return to find the most of her crew planted on deck, glutting their eyes on their supposed victim, in the fullest expectation she would prove their prize. Nor was all this without some excellent reason; for if anything at all might be placed on the circumstance of the stranger's flying from them under a heavy press of sail the instant they gave chase, certainly both Captain Switchem and his officers were fully justified in concluding, that at the least she was not unlike the Irish smuggler, who, being seized and interrogated as to his refusal to await the custom-house officer's usual inspection, indignantly replied, “ Why didn't I wait for him, said your worship?—becase, by St Patrick, I was in a hurry, and didn't at all like his company, dear.”

The chase, therefore, was still continued with unabated zeal by both parties, when, the hour of meridian being already long past, Captain Switchem ordered dinner to be piped, at the same time cautioning all hands to be on the alert, and ready to jump on deck at the first sound of the call, as he might need them. Such an exhortation, however, was entirely unnecessary to a body of men already too much engrossed in the subject to care a single straw about either meat or drink.

Nor is this in the least surprising. Does not the zealot of the turf or the ring occasionally ride two hundred

miles at a stretch, in order to see a favourite piece of horse or human flesh gain the shout of the day? And has not the curler or the fowler been known to spend sixteen hours out and out, with all the stupid philosophy of the jack-ass, amid ice, and snow, and December's surly wind—the first, with icicle at nose, wriggling his head, carcase, arms, and feet, *almost* as well as old Grimaldi in a pantomime—and the second, with snout in no better plight, floundering amid naked brush-wood or half-frozen marshes, with double-barrel *at secure*, fingers thrust in mouth, or anywhere else equally comfortable, mud-boots leaking, and trowsers torn—when they might both spend the same time in their own warm, comfortable parlours in social converse and the *realities* of life, were they not both equally cursed with the most enviable wish to shine as the first man on the ice, or the *most famousest* shot in the county? We know that such things are—we believe it all—and yet can honestly add, that it sinks into utter insignificance when compared with the fervid energies displayed by British seamen in a chase. Who that has seen the keen and enlarged eye fixed steadily on the object of desire in view—the ready zeal and laughable good-humour which pervades all ranks in their eagerness to assist in the work indispensable to that end—the fervency of their frequent addresses to the wind, coaxing, and whiffing, and wheedling to it with all the uxoriousness of do-

tary, or to the vessel which carries them in a style equally ludicrous, to blow or place them speedily alongside of it;—who that has seen these, in conjunction with the placid coolness, the lion heart, the determined hand, and utter disregard of every peril before action, combined with the most sovereign contempt of all advantage, the blunt, honest, manly feeling humanity, and even kindness, displayed after it—in short, the marvellous compound of the lion and the lamb—but must acknowledge, that they are characteristics which, compared with every nation, tribe, and tongue under Heaven, whether aquatic or terrene, belong, and exclusively belong, to the ocean warriors of this great and glorious empire?

During the time of dinner, and while, even in this short period, the hatchways were thronged with passers to and fro, eager to have a peep how the chase was getting on, Captain Switchem, with his officers and the pilot of the ship, each, glass in hand, kept carefully surveying the stranger, and watching her movements.

“I think the wind lulls, Fyke,” said the Captain, “and that we are losing ground fast. Turn up some dozen or two of the fellows on deck, and let them fill the engine. I’ll have the courses wet directly.”

“Twill be doing no more than our chase is busy about just now, sir, if my eyes don’t belie me,” replied Lieutenant Fyke, still holding the glass to his eye. “Pon my soul, I’m right. She is both wetting and getting up a fresh topsail on her after-mast—I see them crossing the yard even now. By my honour, she is a charming, lively creature, and goes through it spank-ingly.”

“A trim boat, beyond a doubt,” returned the Captain. “But come, let us bustle. Ettercap, d’ye hear, boy—jump, and tell Master Marlin I want him.”

“Here I am, sir,” cried the Boatswain, coming aft.

“O, Master Marlin, pipe up the idlers directly, and get the engine filled without delay—I’m going to wet the courses.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” cried the Boatswain; then clapping his pipe in his mouth, he astonished the whole mess-tables with “*All the idlers on deck, hoy!*”

“Thunder and wounds!” cried the bulky Boatswain’s-mate, rising somewhat testily from his half-finished din-

ner, “what the devil wants he now, and with such pretty fellows as the idlers too? Damnation! he might let a fellow have his wittals in season, however, I think.—D’ye hear there, fore and aft, all the idlers on deck—Come, jump, my boys—jump like smart and lively lads, as God knows you all really are. D’ye hear in the galley there?—all the idlers on deck. Come, old Slushyfists, what are you thinking on—why don’t you and your cleanly chum there jump on deck?—Doesn’t hear the call?”

“O yes, Bird, we hears the call,” growled the one-armed Cook; “but how the blazes can I go on deck now, and leave them there coppers in such a blasted pickle. D—n me, they’ll freeze in a minute, and then there will be the devil to pay; so what’s the use of talking about it? I must even clean them out now the water is hot, or leave ’em alone, and that’s more than my warrant is worth. There’s Dick there, he may go, and I’ll come the moment I’m done with my coppers, for I can’t and won’t leave them now—and that’s an end to the matter.”

“You can’t and won’t, d’ye say, Master Cook?” replied Bird, with something of surprise in his countenance; “’tis mighty well, and devilish sulky, however, though mayhap you’re right. You knows the weight of your warrant, I see, my lad, and long may you keep it for what I care; but it’s a d—d sight more than I durst say, that’s all. Come, Dick, douse that swab, and jump on deck.—Yo hoy, there! what art thinking of, you roasters and broilers? Don’t you hear the idlers called? Mayhap you’ll be for touching us off with your can’ts and won’ts also.”

“Pon my soul, Tom,” cried the Captain’s Cook, “you must excuse me at present, lad. I dare not leave my charge now, ’tis more than my life is worth. Bless your heart, my dear fellow, were I to be a moment absent just now, the Captain’s dinner would be completely spoilt.”

“Well, and what though it should, Master Sheepshank?” cried Bird; “’tis no more than what he often does to other folks.—Come, come, my lad of sweet morsels, douse your stew-pans and goblets into the ash-pit there for a few minutes, and jump on deck.”

“Douse the devil into the ash-pit there!” cried the enraged Cook, brandishing his flour-roller in a menacing attitude; “d’ye think I’m going to

spoil the Captain's dinner, and get myself into trouble, for either you or your infernal deck? Not I, indeed, Master Bird—I'll be d—d sooner, and that's flat."

"You won't go then, Master Consequence?"

"Not I—I'll move never a foot from where I am, unless I'm forced, and then they—I mean whoever does so—may stand the consequences."

"Very well, Master Cook," replied Bird, in a somewhat subdued tone, "I'll see if we can't get some folks forced on deck, in spite of their consequences, and high flashing—Blast me, if I won't."

"You, Bird," bawled the Boatswain down the galley-skuttle, "why, what the devil are you after there, palavering all day?—didn't hear me pipe the idlers up about five minutes ago? and the devil a one's on deck but the armourer, the carpenters, the purser's steward, some servants, dirty Dick, and that old lazy humbug of a soldier the shoemaker."

"Why, what can I do, sir," growled the crest-fallen Bird, "when the whole of them there d—d cooks are such mighty men, they'll not even budge a peg unless they please? Idlers on deck, indeed!—by the Lord Harry, if I wouldn't sooner turn up both watches at midnight."

"Who is it that won't budge a peg, Tom?"

"Why, old Slushyfists here is one, forsooth, that swears he can't and won't turn himself up, until he cleans out his coppers; and this here fine fancy man of the cabin is another, and he says as how he can't let go his pots and gimcracks for a minute, without completely spoiling the Captain's dinner. But I'll see other days with them both yet, I hope, and then they may look out, that's all."

"Oh, you needn't be bragging and threatening, Bird, because Master Marlin is present," cried the Captain's Cook; "you knows well, I'm not the lad that will truckle under *you*, for as bulky as you are.—I can assure you, Master Marlin, I have said nothing but the real truth, whatever Bird may growl at. Here I have my custards, and my table-bread, besides some half-dozen of covers all in the oven—both my blamange and flummery are ready mixed up—and all these, my dear sir, I'm sure you knows, will go to the devil if I leaves them, were it but for a moment."

"D—n your custards, and kick-shaws to boot, you pie-making lubber!" cried the Boatswain; "you're never in want of an excuse when anything is to do.—Never mind him, Bird; jump up here and get the engine filled, with what hands you have—the Captain wants the courses in steep as soon as possible."

"Ay, ay, sir," growled Bird, coming on deck, and surveying in silence the motley band of idlers;—who now, in the extremes of cleanliness and filth, stood listlessly gazing, with folded arms, before him, awaiting orders.

"Here's a precious set of customers," he cried, scratching his pate, from mere vexation, "for a poor fellow to make anything of.—Wet the courses, indeed; by the Lord, I'll swear we shan't have the engine set a-going for two bells to come. However, 'tis all one to Bird; he may vex himself as he likes, but 'twill make it no better.—D'ye hear there, you Master Whitestockings, jump up on the gunnel there, like a jolly serving-man, and draw water—but no, avast, d—n me, you'll not do—your paws are too fine, and we shan't have a bucketfull out of your twenty attempts, so that would be only a losing of time. Here, you shoemaker—no, dang it, you'll not do either—What an infernal set of mongrel curs I've got to deal with!—D'ye hear there, dirty Dick of the coppers? come this way, my cleanly beauty—by the hookey, you're used to the game, you know—jump up there, my fine greasy fellow, and draw water. D'ye hear me, old ship! jump, and bear a hand. The rest of you clap all to the engine, and see that you work her like devils."

After repeated exhortations of nearly a similar description, the engine was at length filled, and set a-going, Bird directing the pipe in person. It was worked, however, so inefficiently, and with so many interruptions, caused by the scanty supply of water, as not only to make him lose all patience, but to storm, and bawl, and swear like a madman, to the infinite amusement of the few officers who were onlookers.

Things were in this state, when the man at the mast-head suddenly sung out, "On deck, there!"

"Hilloah!" answered Tom Bird, gladly seizing on an occasion that had the smallest probability of putting an end to his present irksome employment.

"A sail on the weather quarter," cried the mast-head.

"Ask him what appearance she has, Bird," cried the Captain from the stern.

"Ay, ay, your honour," answered Bird, repeating the question.

"She is square-rigged, and has her stunsails above and below, bearing down upon us," said the mast-head-man.

"Oh," cried the first Lieutenant, "she'll be one of our own cruisers in chase."

"Think you so, Fyke?" said the Captain. "It will be as well, however, to be certain of that.—Signalman, see that you're ready, as soon as she nears us, to inquire her number."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the signalman, bending on his pendant.

"Zounds, how the wind lulls, Fyke!" continued the Captain; "Isn't it most teasingly vexatious—why, we haven't neared the chase a single length this last half hour, and we can't carry on in this manner much longer; for we're too nigh the land, you know.—By the by, where's the pilot? where Mr Kenilcoast? Pinafore, tell him I want him."

By the diligence of the boy, the pilot stood speedily at his elbow, and was introduced to his notice by the laconic trio of "The pilot, sir."

"O, Kenilcoast, you're there—pray how far did you say we were off the Vigin Isles this morning? for I positively forget."

"By the report I made you, Captain Switchem," answered the pilot, "we were nearly thirty miles to the south-west of them this morning."

"Good Heavens! so very near, Kenilcoast, and my vessel running in their tract all day—Why, surely, surely we must be close in with them by this time, pilot?"

"That is just what I expect, sir, and, indeed, have been looking for this last half hour from the fore-castle."

"And why not inform me of all this sooner, Kenilcoast? Really, by my honour, I take this negligence of yours very unkind indeed, who should know the anxiety I feel on such occasions so well.—I suppose now the sooner I shorten sail the better—eh?"

"By no means, Captain Switchem; there is not the smallest danger in the world, I assure you, sir. We have plenty of water, a fine bold shore—

excellent sea-room, and moderate weather; and while this continues, I would really advise you to carry on, at least for another half-hour. I confess, I am the more anxious for this, sir, as I expect ere the expiry of that time to make the land, and particularly as I had every reason to think, before leaving the fore-castle, that the weather had all the appearance of becoming hazy, which it undoubtedly will do if the wind continues to lull as rapidly as it has done for this last hour. I have another reason to mention, sir, and it is this, that if the sail now approaching our quarter, should turn out to be one of our cruisers, which I have little doubt she is——"

The pilot was here very unceremoniously interrupted by the signalman, who came to announce to his commander that the vessel on his quarter had hoisted the private signal.

"Has she indeed, Jerry?—let me see—hand me that glass—Ay, so she has, my fine fellow, so she has, sure enough.—Eh—nine—seven—four—who is that again, Fyke?"

"Why, sir, 'tis Farrell and his Whippersnapper," answered the first Lieutenant.

"Oh, now I recollect, so it is.—Well, Farrell is a fine dashing fellow, well acquainted with this quarter, and my junior—and all these I take to be excellent hits.—Harkye, Jerry, jump aft there, haul down your pendant, and hoist our number directly. Be so good, Fyke, as to see that he is correct.—Well, Kenilcoast, you can now proceed, for you see it is one of our cruisers as you supposed."

"I was merely going to make the simple remark, sir, that in my opinion you ought to follow the chase as long as you can see her,—for I have no doubt but she has hopes of giving you a French leave among the islands, to which she is evidently making the best of her way; and now that you are so ably seconded by Captain Farrell, who has been many years in these seas, and knows them in all their minutæ, my notion is strengthened, and I now consider her ultimate escape from you, with proper management, to be nearly impossible. I would therefore strongly advise your carrying on for another half hour at the least, or for a shorter period, should we make the land; which will not only enable you to come up with your chase all the sooner, but will give you plenty

of time to concert measures with Farrell upon what you may think best to be done—which certainly cannot be a very difficult matter, where you can even employ your boats against her with excellent effect.”

“Bravo! my good Kenilkcoast—I certainly am bound to thank you for your simple remark, as you are modestly pleased to call it, which, however, I think, is a pretty shrewd one, and which I pledge you my honour, Fyke and I shall certainly discuss without delay. Well, we shall carry on for the time you mention, or longer, if you wish it.—Meantime, my brave fellow, d’ye think you are certain of the ground we are on?”

“Perfectly so, sir,” answered the Pilot.

“And you know what bottom we have also, I suppose?”

“We have no bottom, sir, within a reel’s line, until we get close in upon the Vigtins—probably, say, within short mile of ’em.”

“Ah, very good, Kenilkcoast, very good indeed—Now would you oblige me so far as to take a trial at soundings as soon as you please, merely to satisfy my curiosity?”

“O, certainly, sir, nothing can be more easy.—Quartermaster, get me the deep-sea lead loaded directly, and pass the line forward: I’m going to take soundings.”

“And you, Fyke,” said the Captain, “do go forward, and halt these fellows at the engine, who you see are doing little good except making us uncomfortable. Knock them off, therefore, get the engine stowed away, and call the watch, that the Pilot here may get his soundings taken in a proper manner.”

The order came like music to the ears of the much-chafed Bird.

“Ay, ay, sir,” exclaimed he, exultingly, unscrewing the director, and throwing it from him, “knock-off is it, at last? by the jetty of Yarmouth and it’s no more than time, I think, craving the pardon of some folks.—Come, come, my lively customers, don’t you hear the news? have done, have done. D’ye hear there, my greasy beauty? knock off, if you please, we’ve had water enough. By the Lord, Dick, a spell of this kind does you a world of good, for, dang it if your own dirty mug is not sparkling and shining just now like a new paint-

ed bulk-head in the sun.—Here, old Saw-dust, away with them there hose and director to your store-room; and you, my spinks of files, awls, and hand-towels,—smart lads though—capsize that engine of its water, and bundle it down to the hold.—Come, smartly, lads, smartly, for time is precious, as the skipper says in his preachments.”

Having thus, by dint of swearing and shouldering, cleared the deck of his idlers, Bird now wiped his highly coloured forehead, blew his whistle, and called the watch; bawling to them as they hurried on deck, “Come, jump up, jump up, my jolly dogs,—upon the guns there, and hand along the line.”

“Are you all ready, forward there?” cried the first Lieutenant.

“All ready, sir,” answered a fore-castleman, from the spritsail yard, holding the lead.

“Heave, then; heave, my lad!” was his next command, echoed by the words—“Watch, there, watch!” sung out by each topman to his mate, as the coil of line receded from his hand, until it came aft to the place where the Captain stood posted observing the Pilot, who, doubtless, beheld with some satisfaction his prediction of no bottom amply verified.

“Aft here, you afterguard, and haul in the line,” bawled the stormy Bird.

“I see you are quite correct, Kenilkcoast,” said the Captain, turning round and surveying his sails;—“but you expect to make the land shortly, don’t you?”

“Every moment, sir,” replied the Pilot. “Were it not getting so cursedly hazy, the look-out must have seen it before now.”

“Ah! say you so, Kenilkcoast?—Well, well, my good fellow, we must just keep our eyes about us all the smarter, that’s all.” Then turning to his first Lieutenant, as the Pilot walked away to his old station on the fore-castle, he said, “How now, Fyke—how get we on, think you?”

“Oh, very ill, sir—vastly ill indeed. She falls off astonishingly—and then this cursed fog—”

“Is rather unfortunate, to be sure,” interrupted the Captain; “but it matters not. Kenilkcoast assures me there is not the smallest danger, so I think we will just carry on in the best manner we can, until the night breeze

spring up, when certainly we shall then overtake her, unless she is actually the Flying Dutchman in reality."

"I much doubt, sir, if that will be done so easily, if she gains the land before us," said the first Lieutenant. "The coast is full of creeks, which are navigable, to be sure, but then they are absolutely crawling with the enemy's row-boats."

"Pshaw!—nonsense with your row-boats, Fyke;—why, what the deuce need we care for all the row-boats of Denmark, while the wind holds good? I'd pledge you my honour, I'd make my vessel run 'em down like nine-pins."

"And yet," replied his first Lieutenant, smiling, "we have a vessel in our company at present, not near so large to be sure, but commanded by as spirited a young fellow as holds a commission in the fleet, which, no longer ago than last winter, was glad to run from these same row-boats. Nay, I've heard Farrell myself honestly confess, that had not the breeze fortunately freshened on the instant, he would have been compelled to strike his colours to them."

"Indeed, Fyke! they must be harder stuff than I could have supposed. By the by, how long has Farrell been on this station, d'ye know?"

"Not exactly, sir; but this far I know, that he was cruising here when I joined this brig, and that is nearly three years gone now."

"O, in Captain Blunt's time, no doubt. I was at that time in the West Indies, snug enough, with the Sucking Turkey. But I say, Fyke, now I think on't, what though we should telegraph Farrell to board us? He must be well acquainted with this coast by this time, I should think, and might possibly suggest a useful hint or two—Don't you think so?"

"Indeed, the idea is not amiss at all, in my opinion," replied the first Lieutenant. "Farrell, undoubtedly, has made many captures lately, which I've always heard attributed to a practice he has of standing his own pilot on this coast. I have no doubt but he could give us some excellent information, if he chooses."

"That's what I think myself, Fyke; and we can only try him, you know. If he fights shy, why there's an end to the matter. Be so good as direct Jerry with his flags, while I go below for a

moment. I'll be with you again in a twinkling."

He had just, however, set his foot on the top of the companion-ladder, when his ears were saluted with, "*Land ahead!*" sung out lustily from the mast-head.

"Hand me that glass, young Pinafore," cried the Captain, running forward, and leaping on the forecastle; "point to it, my lad."

"It lies right a-head, sir," said the Pilot, without taking the glass from his eye. "I see it quite distinctly—we shall make it in less time than I thought."

"Ay, shall we indeed, Kenilkcoast?" said the Captain; "that will be exceedingly fortunate, however, for you see the fog gains ground upon us rapidly."

"O, I care not a straw about the fog now," cried the Pilot; "a very short time will put me in possession of the land-marks, and then I'll be able to give you something like an opinion regarding the stranger to windward of us. In the meantime, Captain, I really think you should embrace the opportunity you now have of conferring on the subject with Captain Farrell—I hardly suppose you will get a better."

"There are worse hints than that often given, my good friend," said the Captain; "and, depend upon it, it shall not be thrown carelessly away. In my absence, do you therefore keep a bright eye on the safety of my vessel, and let me know the instant you think yourself close enough to the land. Pinafore, you'll attend on Master Kenilkcoast, and bring me any message he may give you."

Then leaving the forecastle, he hurried aft to the quarter-deck, and halting, said, "Well, Fyke, have you invited Farrell on board?"

"I have, sir; and they are now busied in lowering his boat."

"Ah, that is just what it should be. Minikin, come hither, boy; go and tell Mr Marlin to attend the side."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the young gentleman, running forward in search of the boatswain.

Captain Farrell came now on board, and was received with the utmost complaisance and respect by Captain Switchem and his officers. The ceremonial of introduction being happily got over, the chase became naturally the subject of discourse.

"O, I first observed her," replied Captain Farrell, to an interrogation put to him, "almost the minute after I bore down upon you; but as there is some whisper abroad of the Danish brig Laland being at sea, I determined to see who and what you were, before I made up my mind to close in with the coast; and, now that we are met, I will think it very miraculous indeed, if we let her slip through our fingers."

"Are you then so confident of making her your own?" said Captain Switchem.

"O, no; not quite so certain as if I'd her astern of me, made fast to the end of a good strong hawser," said Captain Farrell; "though, by my honour, I'd not care a sous how soon I were put to that trouble. You are too recent in these seas, Captain Switchem, to have the smallest idea of what a long arrear of good hard blows I've got to clear away with these same North men. Sorry am I to confess I am very deeply their debtor on that score, which circumstance makes me, I confess, not a trifle the more anxious to seize the first opportunity that comes in my way of paying them off, with handsome interest, though it were only a part."

"I've heard that affair of yours often talked of, Farrell, and must confess you made a lucky escape. Pray, on what part of the coast did it happen?—anywhere nigh this, eh?—for in that case, you know, we might stretch a point a little to do them a mischief; 'twould be an excellent drill to my fellows."

"Why, sir," said Captain Farrell, "I'll be able, in a very short time, to conduct you to the very spot where these sandy-haired rascals had so very nearly peppered me, for we are getting onward towards it as fast as we may. I see our chase has every intention of leading us a dance through the Danske's Hellgates, as my fellows call it, and that was the very passage through which I effected my escape last winter. O, it was a humbling affair, to be compelled to run from a horde of open row-boats, which spun round me like a nest of hornets, sending me shot from all quarters. All was well, however, as soon as I made that channel; and, grieved and chagrined as I was, 'pon my soul 'twas impossible to keep from laughing when I saw the boats of the scoundrels so completely chucked about by the con-

flicting waters as to become nearly unmanageable, and compel them to desist from following me. As soon as we get through that passage, I'll point out the scene of my mishap to you."

"Is this same Danske's Hellgates, as you phrase it, of any length, Farrell?"

"Oh, no—probably about half the length, or nearly so, of our own Pentland, but of excellent depth, and far more boisterous—a boat can barely live in it. The moment we enter it we'll have to shorten sail, for the high lands on either side of us make sudden squalls uncommonly frequent."

"Ah, well, that's of small moment, Farrell, since I always consider a known danger as no danger at all, seeing we can have our remedy at hand. But, Heaven help me, what am I thinking of, to be so very destitute of good manners and hospitality? We are a good hour's distance from the land yet; let us go below, and have a little farther discourse. I've some excellent Rhenish, very much at your service.—Fyke, keep a sharp look-out, and tell me if anything happens."

The two commanders accordingly adjourned to the cabin, and over their wine arranged their various plans of co-operation and signal so much to their mutual satisfaction, that it was not without some regret they heard the moment of separation announced. They were close upon the entrance of the channel, and Farrell's presence aboard his own vessel indispensable.

"Oho!" he cried, looking out ahead the moment he came on deck, "she breasts the currents bravely—that is not her first essay, I'll be sworn. I say, Switchem, for I must be off in a moment now, I'll take the lead, if you please, and keep you in my wake until we clear the channel; I'll then burn a blue light, and you can make sail, for I see she leads the very way I told you of. Meantime, get all your gear in readiness, for I've little doubt but we'll need 'em; and I'll send Tod-drell to ye at the hour appointed."

"But what if this fog should thicken?" said Captain Switchem.

"But what if this fog should thicken?" said Captain Farrell. "O, as to that, have no apprehension. The night-breeze generally springs up pretty early in the first watch, and it is commonly quite clear by midnight—at present I think the fog in our favour. All we have to do is to keep close to-

gether. — Goodbye t'ye," he added,
 "my good sir—dear Fyke, goodbye
 —Gentlemen all, success and adieu!"
 So saying, Captain Farrell stepped

into his gig and shoved off, the boat-
 swain's pipe sung its shrill farewell,
 and gives us an opportunity of con-
 cluding this chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

The signal was given, and though shatter'd and riven,
 So boldly in shore did we stand, my boys;
 And many a boat, in the shower of their shot,
 Drove her keel in the proud foeman's sand, my boys.—
 O then was the say nought but—"Fire!—blaze away!—
 See, they give ground already—halloo! dear boys!"
 We carried the prize—but tears stand in my eyes,
 When I think how they cut up our crew, dear boys.

WITH all their flying gear, then, completely thrown aside, and their courses cleared up, the two vessels of war lost no time in entering this troubled and narrow channel, which winds and rushes boisterously, from either sea, through the centre of that interesting group of islands known by the name of the Vigtins—the Tottum-fog, greatly to the mortification of her first Lieutenant and Pilot, humbly attending in the wake of that "d—d little cockerell," as Kenilcoast called her, the Whippersnapper. Though the evening still continued partially hazy, and the precipitous, black, naked rocks on either side rose often so prodigiously high as completely to exclude the curious eye from farther exploration than was afforded from their rugged sides, veined and variegated with the most beautiful colours, and along which a countless immensity of sea-fowl of all descriptions winged their ceaseless way, yet ever and anon, through the oft-occurring yawning chasms into which the solid granite had been splintered by the contending waters, could they get a momentary glimpse of their chase, which, having cleared the perilous spot where the waters of either sea fought with endless hostility, was now far a-head, making the best of her way from them smoothly and swiftly.

"By my honour," cried Captain Switchem, looking wistfully after her with his glass, "but he's making sail on her, Fyke. Well, come of her what will, we can't call it his fault; for he has shewn excellent seamanship and must be a clever fellow.—Keep a steady eye on Farrell, Fyke; I must go and look after matters."

Under his own superintendance, therefore, the utmost bustle pervaded every corner of the vessel's interior.

The decks were cleared of everything not absolutely necessary—the gunner's safety-screens were hung round the hatchways, completely excluding the remaining light from the lower deck, which was now rendered barely visible by the miserable twinkles of the Purser's rush-lights, made still more miserable by being placed in lanterns—and the magazine and arm-chests were rifled of their stores. Every face was animated and interesting—all ears were open—and, excepting those of command, every tongue was mute.

This business being at length accomplished, and everything according to his mind, Captain Switchem, aided by his first Lieutenant, next mustered the seamen and marines on deck fully armed, and carefully examined their various equipments—snapping their flints, examining their cartouch-boxes, and drawing his nail over the edge of their naked and highly polished cutlasses with evident satisfaction.—"Now, my lads," cried he, after ordering all hands aft on the quarter-deck, "you've nothing farther to do at present, but patiently to stand by ready to execute with cheerfulness the orders given you. You had better therefore go to supper, and I'll advise every one of you to eat a hearty one—for after the hatches are put on, you know 'twill be impossible to allow of any skulking. Our chase continues ahead of us to be sure, and has cost us no small trouble; but what of that, my fine fellows—let us but once get through this narrow channel, and we have her once more in deep water and good sea-room. She must be ours, that's certain. The mainland is close at hand—she will be compelled to run in somewhere—and run in where she pleases, by my honour I'm determined to have her. Serjeant of marines, take

the small-armed men's muskets and ammunition from them, and stow them abaft there in the meantime.—Place your cutlasses and pikes in their racks there, my lads, and be ready to jump for them when you're ordered.—Boat-swain's mate, pipe to supper.”—The order was speedily obeyed, Captain Switchem himself shewing the cheering example, by making an immediate retreat to his cabin to a very late-houred dinner.

During this hurried meal, the subjects that came under discussion were as numerous as they were various; and it seemed by the general loudness of the vociferation, as though each individual was determined in this hour of license to make ample amends for his involuntary taciturnity. While some were, therefore, narrating their various feats and marvellous escapes aboard this ship or t'other during the war—others guessing and teasing their brains about what was likely to be their employment for the night—and a third party, more doubtful and composed, were arranging their little matters finally with one another, preparing for the worst—the vessel suddenly began to roll, and her timbers to crack in such an unusual manner, as instantly to attract the general attention, and to hurry not a few on deck to see what was the matter.

“By the powers of Moll Kelly,” cried the lively Mahony, who, followed by Edward, had been amongst the first who gained the fore-castle, “if the devil like of that I ever saw in my born days;—did you, Ned? Och, och, we're bewitched, that's sartin, dear!—else how the blazes could the crazy ould hooker get on in this manner,—soul of me, as lively and frisky as my grandmother's kitten running after its own darling tail, sure;—and leaping, and shivering, and tossing her head and her tail in the air like another mad-bull!—Och, and in faith we're bewitched, and that's all.—Don't you think so, Ned?”

Edward replied not, but eagerly gazed on a scene at once to him novel, perilous, and sublime. They had now reached the spot where the opposing currents met; and there they stood before him, erect and high raised, grappling one another like two powerful and determined wrestlers, whilst the vessel for some time, like an intruder disagreeable to both, was bandied from one to the other with irresist-

ible force. By imperceptible degrees, however, and after a severe conflict, which the loud and repeated concussions of her timbers amply declared, she forced her way through this tumult of mighty waters, and joyfully declared her emancipation by instantly shooting away with a velocity and a smoothness altogether astonishing.

“Well behaved, my good ould woman,” cried Dennis, who had watched the vessel's progress with considerable interest; “may you ever be able to give the devil, and his rocks, and his winds, and his sands, and d—d lee-shores, the same clever double you have given just now to that plaguy boiling-pot!—Did you ever see the like of that ashore now, Ned?—Och, botheration and turf, but it puts my own pipe out completely, that's been at sea all my life. Soul of me, if I know what to think on't; for I'd always be for supposing that these same waters would naturally be after running all the same way, instead of meeting one another in the teeth in that frascally manner, and jolting, and bellowing, and murdering each other, as thof they were paid for it.—But, come, let us be after taking our bodies below, Ned, for you see it's all over now, and we may palaver here long enough without knowing anything of the matter at all, at all. Besides, I'm most savagely hungry, and mean to tuck into me as much as will keep me from starving for the first twelve hours to come.—Do you the same, darling; and don't let your small-guts be cursing you for a nig-gard ere you once more get hold of the bread-bag.”

Continuing thus under easy sail, the night was well advanced ere they cleared this perilous channel—a circumstance which was formally announced to them by a blue light gleaming dimly through the haze from the stern of the Whippersnapper; and shortly afterwards, a light breeze springing up which dispersed the fog, top-gallant sails were set, the courses hauled aboard, and away they drove for the mainland at random, (having completely lost sight of the chase,) the Tottumfog speedily taking the lead from her companion, in despite of every exertion to the contrary.

“You'll be satisfied now, old boy,” said the first Lieutenant, smiling, and advancing to the Pilot.

“Ay, to be sure,” answered the old

man gruffly; "for she's no more now than in the place that belongs to her. D—n me, Lieutenant, but I was always accustomed to be with skippers who were the first to begin and the last to give over—I hates snivelling, and caution, and all that sort of stuff, as heartily, from my soul, as my old commander Harvey did psalm-singing, Crack on her, I say, and let's have the matter settled at once."

"Spoke like yourself, my ancient calculator," cried the first Lieutenant; "'twere well for the service if spinks of your determination were more common."

"Come, come, Lieutenant, belay if you please—d—n your sidewipes and flattery—he's a silly goose that doesn't know there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out on't."

The two vessels, therefore, alike emulous in the cause, thus dashingly carried on, until the returning dawn summoned the look-out of the Tottumfog to his station at the mast-head, which he had hardly gained when he announced the land, and the chase running in to it, in the same breath. Crowding more sail on their vessels at this intelligence, and the breeze freshening up, a very short time brought them so close in shore, that they could plainly perceive the object of their solicitude, as she swiftly made her way towards the mouth of one of those numerous fiords, or inlets, so common on the coast of Norway, which she immediately entered, displaying for the first time the Danish standard, as she disappeared from their view.

"I say, Lieutenant," cried the Pilot, pointing abaft to the Captain, who, after surveying the mouth of the inlet with great attention for some time, to which the vessel was rapidly approaching, was now in the act of giving orders to the signal-man—"I say, Lieutenant, will it be really possible he hasn't the pluck to dash in?"

"Silence, Kenilkcoast, silence," replied the first Lieutenant; "you know very well that is a very improper question to me."

"O, it may be so in the new, though it was not so in the old school," replied the Pilot, "that I'll be sworn to. No, no, Lieutenant, we spurned the idea of making a cat's-paw of our juniors to fight our battles, and then diddling them out of their laurels.—In my day, it was the usual language of the telegraph, *Stand by, young ship-*

mate, and I'll shew you how an old battered hulk can beat these fellows; but now the case is reversed—the young sapling fights the battle, while the lousy, cowardly—"

"In God's name, Kenilkcoast, hold your tongue," cried the first Lieutenant—"you are absolutely out of all compass—I will not, cannot, hear you a word farther."

"Well, well, Lieutenant, well, well," cried the mortified cynic, following the first Lieutenant with his eyes, as he slowly walked away—"all that may be very true. You won't hear truth, because it brushes some people—and belike yourself—I don't care a d—n; 'tis all one to Ben Kenilkcoast—his word will be taken as soon as any on ye—so you may make it a court-martial if you please."—Then giving his usual mouthful of tobacco an extra turn, and squirting the superfluous juice on the deck, he once more took his solitary stand on the forecastle.

Though exceedingly cautious and circumspect, however, Captain Switchem was by no means deficient in courage. He had marked, in the bravado of exhibiting her national standard, a confidence in the chase, which not only told him what he had to expect, but that there was not a moment to be lost. Telegraphing, therefore, his companion to stand on and penetrate the fiord, he immediately shortened sail, got out his boats, and, thus prepared for action, followed slowly after, ready to act according to circumstances.

This order was promptly obeyed by Captain Farrell, and the Whipper-snapper, after dropping her boats, moved swiftly on and entered the fiord. The Tottumfog followed more slowly, and had barely got round an enormous rocky pile, which seemed placed at its mouth by the hand of nature, as a barrier against the devastations of the ocean, when her impatient and mortified ship's company beheld the Whipper-snapper far a-head, making swiftly towards a little thickly-wooded point, which, descending abruptly from the surrounding high land, ran into this little inland sea like a natural pier. Behind this point, and close under the high land which completely over-topped it, the chase had taken shelter, and now lay at anchor with her sails furled, the tops of her masts being distinctly seen peering above the surrounding dwarfish fir and pine

brushwood. Towards this point, therefore, and its overhanging promontory, all eyes were naturally turned. They beheld the Whippersnapper glide smoothly on until she rounded the point and stood in towards the chase, when suddenly the watchful enemy opened a close heavy fire upon her of cannon and musketry, which was as cheerfully and gallantly returned,—nothing shortly being to be seen of either vessel or point, so completely were they enveloped in smoke, but the rapid flashes and thickening reports of the guns and small arms.

“Now is the moment, my lads,” cried Captain Switchem, sword in hand, “to serve your King and country, to gain prize-money and glory—away there, boarders!—Fyke, I trust implicitly to your own discretion, and shall second your efforts to the best of my power. Make for the nearest point, and carry that battery on the height as fast as you can—I wish you every success—shove off.”

The boats accordingly made for the shore with their utmost celerity, covered by the Tottumfog, which, running close alongside of it, kept up such a steady raking fire as speedily cleared the beach of its musketry; then suddenly dropping her anchor in three fathoms water, with her broadside to the land, she immediately commenced such a heavy and well-directed fire upon the battery on the heights, as evidently to put to silence a goodly portion of that of the enemy. In this situation, however, we must leave both vessels for a moment, and follow the fortunes of our hero.

Edward and his friend Dennis, with many others, and the marines of both ships, were now in the boats, under the command of Lieutenants Fyke and Toddrell; and pushed for the land with the most strenuous exertion—the shot from either party meanwhile whistling and buzzing over them in a most discomposing and alarming manner. Luckily, however, for them, they were too busy for serious thought;—nor was it until he stood up to leave the boat that our hero discovered that the lad who sat close to him on the same thwart, and had rowed the opposite oar, was completely dead. The poor fellow, indeed, still clutched the oar in his hands, but the boat had been so crowded, and the shot he received so effectually fatal, that he had absolutely died unnoticed.

“Who is it, who is it, Davis?” exclaimed half a dozen voices to our hero as he leaped ashore.

“Why, it’s Dick Lingridge, poor fellow—he’s received a slapper right smack in the bosom.”

“Pshaw! never mind him, my brave fellows—jump ashore, jump ashore,” cried Lieutenant Fyke, “and follow me.—You boat-keepers, on your lives stir not from this place—we shall be back with you in a minute or two—so have all ready for us. Toddrell, lead you on the marines; and recollect serjeants, we’re to have no firing until I give you positive orders.—Come, my bold Blue-Jackets, we’ll take the front;—sling your muskets o’er your shoulders, and trust to the cutlass—it is far the most effectual weapon of the two, besides being an excellent walking stick. Bear a hand, boys—come, more quickly—keep silence—stick firmly together.”

Such were the detached exhortations of Lieutenant Fyke as the whole party clambered silently and rapidly after him up the steep ascent, directing their march by the sound of the guns, which bellowed overhead with the utmost fury, retarded and impeded by the looseness and rottenness of the rock, and the tangled dwarf-birch and juniper bushes through which they had to force a passage. On gaining the summit, they saw, to their evident mortification, that they had still to pass an open area of about two hundred yards, completely exposed to the fire of the fort the moment they were discovered, which they could hardly fail to be the instant they broke cover. In this dilemma there was a momentary pause, and some consultation took place, during which Lieutenant Toddrell and the two serjeants agreed in strongly recommending the taking a more circuitous route, and so come on the enemy from behind.

“Oh, by the powers of Highokey,” cried Dennis, who heard this proposal, “if we’re to halt and consider on the best way to plaster a head before it is broke, boys, by my soul and it’s all over wid us.—Take another round—about way, said you, Mr Redjacket? Not I, by St Patrick; the devil a trotter will Dennis Mahoney move in such a direction, dear. Botheration and turf! what is the matter wid you all now, that you halt here all at once, as thof you had seen the ghost of your great grandfathers? I m sure, honies,

here we are within a short brush of the thing already, all clane, and sound, and ready for anything; and what the devil's to hinder us from going forward, instead of round about, is more than I can think of at present, or will ever think of to the end of the chapter. Och, bad luck to your blarney, and to them who pays the smallest attention to it, say I.—Come, come, Mr Officers, never listen to these lobster-backed spalpeens, who are good for nothing but brushing your shoes, and putting fine fellows like myself in irons, when they get malty. Soul of me! let them go their roundabout by themselves, and be d—d to every mother's son of them. Rather take a common jack's advice, darlings; and come this way at once; it's far the shortest, and the soonest over—and, sure, that's what every lad of mettle likes.—Come, Mr Fyke, you're my own officer, you know; and by the same token, Paddy may use a little more freedom wid you—come yourself, if none of them will. I swear by the beard of my ould father, the devil a hair of you shall be injured if Mahoney can help it. Faith, I can tell you, master of mine, that if we stand here palavering shilly-shally to no purpose much longer, and the grey-coated flaxen-headed Spraakens once smell us out, we shall all be kilt and murdered with their d—d long-barrelled muskets, and do devil a thing deserving it at all at all.”

This precious piece of oratory, delivered with greater rapidity than it could well be read, had a powerful effect, and knocked the roundabout proposal completely down. Lieutenant Fyke immediately put himself at the head of a select division of his small-armed men, assigned another to his second in command, ordered the marines to fix bayonets, and pointing out three places to which they were to direct their several attacks, gave the word, and the whole emerging from their verdant concealment, set forward towards the fort at a round rifle-trot.

So entirely was the enemy's attention attracted to the shipping, that Lieutenant Fyke and his party were almost close upon the outward barriers of the fort before they were observed; but from that moment commenced a combat of the most sanguinary description. Swords, pistols, pikes, muskets, even missiles, such as shot, fragments of rock, &c. &c. were hurled without computation or mercy

at the assailants' heads: nevertheless, though the garrison were far more numerous than the storming party, and the barrier-fences, three in number, composed of good solid turf and earth compactly put together, would have proved no mean defence in the hands of men of spirit, yet nothing could withstand the impetuosity of our seamen, armed with their favourite weapon, the cutlass. The assault was commenced and led on by Lieutenant Fyke in person, who was among the first who succeeded in getting firm footing inside the fort; yet, though he was ably seconded by Mahoney, Lyson, Sedley, and several other able swordsmen, so powerful and numerous were his opponents, that his life or liberty was for some minutes in jeopardy. He was zealously supported, however, by his whole party, who rallied firmly round him, and fought like devils; and the other party and marines pouring rapidly in to their assistance, all opposition was shortly overcome, the cutlass made a clean sweep of the enemy from their guns, made them fly the fort, and levelled Denmark's standard in the dust.

“Well, serjeant,” cried Lieutenant Fyke, wiping his fiery forehead, “what have you made of Toddrell? I don't see him—he's not wounded, I hope?”

“He's down, sir,” replied the breathless serjeant—“lost his number completely—lies in the outer trench yonder—had hardly commenced work, when it was given him, slap through the head, sir.”

“Poor fellow! that was unlucky.—Send four of your stoutest hands, serjeant, and let them hurry down with his body to the boats directly—we must not leave it here upon any account; see after that in an instant, and return to me, for we'll have to fly in our turn directly, and I'll want you.”

“Heaven bless your honour!” cried Mahoney, running up to Lieutenant Fyke at this moment, and laying hold of him by the arm, “come this way, just please you, for one moment, and you'll see a sight that will tickle your own blessed daylight's just to a nicety—Och, by my soul, and it's beautiful!” He then hurried him unresistingly to the front of the fort which overlooked the shipping, exclaiming, as he pointed to the smooth and beautifully-wooded water below, “Now there now, Mr Officer of mine, just look at that now—isn't that a comely and a pretty

sight? Och, by the powers, and good luck to the happy thought of Dennis Mahoney, that put it first into his own beautiful head to have devil the do with your roundabout roads at all at all!—What say you, bless your honour?"

Lieutenant Fyke smiled, but replied not. He saw that his commander, rightly judging of his success by the silence of the fort, had lost not a moment in dispatching his gig full of men to bring off the boats; that he had manned them a second time, and sent them in to board the prize—a deed they had accomplished, after a brief and sharp conflict with the row-boats. He now, therefore, beheld the prize standing out, under easy sail, to join the two vessels of war, whose boats were once more making for the shore with all possible celerity. He gazed for a few moments on the shouting and bustle on the water below, whose scenery was beautiful, with the highest admiration, when his attention was suddenly recalled to his situation by the shrill music of a musket-ball, which, whistling rapidly and closely past his left ear, felled a young and laughing seaman to the earth, who accidentally stood beside him. Instantly wheeling round, therefore, he immediately issued his orders, and all hands were now turned eagerly to the work of destruction. The guns were either spiked, or hurled, along with the shot, over the parapet-wall fronting the shipping; the neat, tasty, little wooden barracks were consigned to the flames, and the magazine and stores blown in the air. Everything was done as quickly as possible, and yet so much time was consumed, and so quickly did the natives rally, that a rapid retreat was deemed indispensable.

Ordering the serjeant, therefore, to the rear with his marines, and the blue-jackets once more to pick up their muskets from the ground, he commenced his retreat by the same route by which he had ascended, while the enemy's balls, which at first were few and far between, now began to whistle in rapid succession around

the party from all quarters excepting their front. Urging each other onwards, therefore, they descended towards the beach with the utmost rapidity, followed as alertly by the shouts and shot of the natives, who, gathering strength every moment, began to appear boldly now in a sort of determined array. In vain did Lieutenant Fyke, at the head of his remaining marines and seamen, charge them at every open space they passed—they fled at his approach, and took shelter in the nearest brushwood; but it was only momentary, to reload their muskets, and then return with double violence on their pursuers—from behind detached rocks, from thickets, and every portion or position of ground which could conceal themselves, while it exposed their enemies to a steady sure aim, would their cool, unseen, and destructive fire be then renewed. It was with infinite regret, however, that he at length found himself under the mortifying necessity of giving orders to his party to leave their wounded and dying comrades, and redouble their speed. That was also of little avail; the Normen followed with equal speed, and, hanging with determined obstinacy on the party's rear, galled his now reduced and gallant little band with a most destructive and unceasing fire. It was not, therefore, before a display of the most cool, determined, and intrepid courage, and leaving behind them nearly one half of their numbers, that the few survivors, breathless and exhausted, at last reached their boats, leaped in, and shoved off, followed by the shot and the curses of the brave but exasperated natives.

We think it unnecessary, at this part of our story, to detain our readers a single moment from better amusement, by a dull prosing about killed and wounded. It is sufficient to add, that both ships and men suffered severely, and that a very short period, aided by a fair wind, brought them and their prize, which was of insignificant value, safely to the anchorage of Leith Roads.

Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty, Bart.

Part the Third.

INTRODUCTION.

GENTLE READER,

I HAVE already said that I do not fear the danger of cloying you with this my Series of Maxims. *Toujours perdrix*, &c. is a true saying, no doubt, for you do get tired of partridges, [which, *ut ubiler dicam*, that is, in plain English, *en passant*, are very so in France,] but there is no danger of your getting tired of a varied dinner. Thus, in this affair of mine, if it were like the New Monthly Magazine, a series of humdrum papers eternally upon the same subjects, you would certes feel no little lassitude, but I humbly submit to your superior judgment, that I am not by any means in the predicament of that old-womanly journal, edited by my friend Tom Campbell of Glasgow, a man for whom I have a particular esteem, and concerning whom I shall probably tell a good story next month.

I honestly have stuck by my original bargain with you, gentle reader, and give you downright and actual observations on human life. There is not a Maxim which I have not tried, as Dr William Kitchener did his cookery recipes. In all other books of Maxims which I have read, the greater proportion by far is mere moonshine, of no practical utility whatever. I have a vague recollection of having read a book by a Dr Hunter, of York, I believe, from which all I gleaned, certainly all that has stuck to my memory, is an advice to have your stairs painted stone colour to save soap—to send your cards to your bookbinder to shave off their edges, which will permit you to play with them three times as long as you otherwise would—and if your wife wears a wig, never to look at her bare skull, for it is a hideous spectacle. Of which the two first are piperly, and the third I know nothing about, not being enrolled in the ranks of matrimony.

So also in “Lacon, or Few Things in Many Words,” I defy you to point out a solid practical Maxim, at least I cannot recollect one. And if not practical, they are nought. The contrary of the law of theology holds in this case. In Scotland I have heard people say, “It is no sound doctrine, it is the law o’ warks.” Now, unless apophthegms are exclusively confined to *works*, their doctrine is not sound. While writing this, I have happened perchance to take up a morning paper, wherein I find excerpts from the Maxims of one Balthasar Gracian; and what are they? “Learn to obtain and preserve reputation,” a pretty copy-line for a school-boy, I own. “Learn to command your passions. The passions are the breeches of the mind;” he might as well have said the petticoats of the Celtic. Who learns anything by such twaddle?

In a word, gentle reader, these things pass away. If they glitter or dazzle they are but a kind of *Fata Morgana*, which is baseless and transient, and altogether different from the *Effata Morgana*, by which name you may, if you like, call the dicta of,

Unalterably thine,

Gentle Reader,

MORGAN ODOHERTY.

AMBROSE'S, ATHENS, }
August 27, 1824. }

Maxim Eighty-Third.

WE moderns are perhaps inferior to our ancestors in nothing more than in our epitaphs. The rules, nevertheless, for making a good epitaph, are exceedingly simple. You should study a concise, brief, and piquant diction; you should state distinctly the most remarkable points in the character and history of the defunct, avoiding, of course, the error into which Pope so often fell, of omitting the name of the individual in your verses, and leaving it to be tagged to the tail or beginning of the piece, with a separate and prosaic "*hic jacet.*" Thirdly, there should be, if possible, some improvement of the subject,—some moral or religious or patriotic maxim,—which the passenger carries with him, and forgets not. I venture to present, as a happy specimen, the following, which is taken from a tomb-stone in Winchester church-yard, and which tradition ascribes to a late venerable prelate of that see, Dr Hoadley:—

"PRIVATE JOHN THOMS LIES BURIED HERE,
WHO DIED OF DRINKING COLD SMALL BEER:—
GOOD CHRISTIAN! DRINK NO BEER AT ALL,
OR, IF YOU WILL DRINK BEER, DON'T DRINK IT SMALL."

Nothing can exceed the nervous pith and fine tone of this, both in the narrative and the didactic parts. It is really a gem, and confers honour on the Bishop—on whom, by the way, a clever enough little epitaph was written shortly after his death by a brother Whig and D. D. Bishop Hoadley was, in this doctor's opinion, a heretical scribe, and his monument encroached too much on one of the great pillars of the Cathedral.

"HERE LYING HOADLEY LIES, WHOSE BOOK
WAS FEEBLER THAN HIS BEER.—
ALIVE, THE CHURCH HE FAIN HAD SHOOK,
BUT UNDERMINES IT HERE."

Maxim Eighty-Fourth.

There is not a truer saying in this world, than that truth lies on the surface of things. The adage about its lying in a well was invented by some solemn old ass, some "passymeasures pagan," as Sir Toby Belch calls him, who was ambitious of being thought deep, while, in point of fact, he was only muddy. Nothing that is worth having or knowing, is recondite or difficult to be discovered. Go into a ball-room, and your eye will in three seconds light (and fix) on the beauty. Ask the stupidest host in the world to bring you the best thing he has in his house, and he will, without doubt, set a bottle of claret forthwith on your table. Ask the most perfect goose of a bookseller who is the first poet in the world, and he will name Shakespeare. Ask Macvey which is the best Magazine, and he will utter in response the name of Blackwood. I have never been able to understand the advantages of hard study, deep researches, learned investigations, &c. &c. &c. Is there any really good author lying concealed anywhere among the litter of lumber ransacked only by the fingers of the Bibliomaniacs? Is there anything equal to punch, with which the drinking public in general remains unacquainted? I think not. I therefore take things easy.

Maxim Eighty-Fifth.

Few idiots are entitled to claver on the same form with the Bibliomaniacs; but, indeed, to be a collector of anything, and to be an ass, are pretty nearly equivalent phrases in the language of all rational men. No man collects anything, of which he really makes use. Who ever suspected Lord Spencer, or his factotum, little Dibdin, of reading? The old Quaker at York, who has a museum of the ropes at which eminent criminals have dangled, has no intention to make an airy and tassell-like termination of his own terrestrial career—for

that would be quite out of character with a man of his brims. In like manner, it is now well known, that the three thousand three hundred and thirty-three young ladies who figure on the books of the Seraglio, have a very idle life of it, and that, in point of fact, the Grand Seignor is a highly respectable man. The people that collect pictures also, are, generally speaking, such folk as Sir John Leicester, the late Angerstein, and the like of that. The only two things that I have any pleasure in collecting, are bottles of excellent wine, and boxes of excellent segars—articles, of the first of which I flatter myself I know rather more than even Lord Eldin does of pictures; and of the latter whereof I make rather more use than old Mustapha can be supposed to do of his 3333 knick-knacks in petticoats—or rather, I beg their ladyships' pardon, in trowsers.

Maxim Eighty-Sixth.

Something I was saying recalls to my mind the intense scorn I have for what they call *seeing sights*! When you go out to visit a friend in the country, "I am so glad to see you, my dear fellow," says he,—“come away, and you shall feast your eyes on our grand cascade—abbey—lake—castle—plain—forest,” or whatever the sight of that vicinity may happen to be. If he took you out to his field, and said, “Look at these sheep—are you a judge?—which of them shall I order to be killed?” or asked one to give him an opinion about the state of his hot-house, to inspect the drawing of his fish-pond, or anything of this kind, the man might be borne with. But, in general, in-door prospects are the best. What purling brook matches the music of my gurgling bottle? What is an old roofless cathedral compared to a well-built pie?

Maxim Eighty-Seventh.

Of late they have got into a trick of serving up the roasted pig without his usual concomitants. I hate the innovating spirit of this age; it is my aversion, and will undo the country. Always let him appear erect on his four legs, with a lemon in his mouth, a sprig of parsley in his ear, his trotters bedded on a lair of sage. One likes to see a pig appear just as he used to do upon the board of a Swift, a Pope, an Arbuthnot. Take away the customs of a people, and their identity is destroyed.

Maxim Eighty-Eighth.

Claret should always be decanted. I find it necessary to observe this, because the vile Frenchified fashion of shoving the black bottles about is fast coming into vogue in certain quarters. These outlandish fellows drink their wine out of the black bottle for two reasons—first, that they can't afford crystal, and, secondly, because sending all their best wine over to us, they of course are in the habit of consuming weak secondary trash among themselves, which will not keep, and has therefore no time for depositing grounds. But why should we imitate such creatures as these? The next thing, I suppose, will be to have ruffles without a shirt, and to masticate frog's blubber. No good can come of lowering our good old national pride, antipathies, and principles in general.

Maxim Eighty-Ninth.

Liberality, Conciliation, &c. &c. are round-about words for humbug in its lowest shape. One night lately I had a very fine dream. I dreamt I was in heaven. Some of the young angels were abusing the devil bitterly. Hold, hold, said an ancient-looking seraph, in a very long pair of wings, but rather weak in the feather,—you must not speak in this way. Do not carry party-feelings into private life.—The devil is a person of infinite talent—a very extraordinary person indeed.—Such a speaker, &c. &c. In regard to dreams, I have now adopted the theory of the late Dr Beattie, author of the *Minstrel*, a poem; for I had been supping that night among the *Pluckless*.

Maxim Ninetieth.

There are *two* kinds of drinking which I disapprove of—I mean dram-drinking, and port-drinking. I talk of the drinking of these things in great quantities, and habitually; for as to taking a few drams and a few glasses of port every day, that is no more than I have been in the custom of doing for many years back. I have many reasons that I could render for the disgust that is in me, but I shall be contented with one. These potables taken in this way, fatally injure a man's personal appearance. The drinker of drams becomes either a pale, shivering, blue-and-yellow-looking, lank-chopped, miserable, skinny animal, or his eyes and cheeks are stained with a dry, fiery, dusky red, than which few things can be more disgusting to any woman of real sensibility and true feminine delicacy of character. The port-drinkers, on the other hand, get blowsy about the chops, have trumpets of noses, covered with carbuncles, and acquire a muddy look about the eyes. Vide the Book of the Church, *passim*. For these reasons, do not, on any account, drink port or drams, and, *per conversum*, drink as much good claret, good punch, or good beer, as you can get hold of, for these liquors make a man an Adonis. Of the three, claret conveys perhaps the most delicate tinge to the countenance; nothing gives the air of a gentleman so completely, as that elegant lassitude about the muscles of the face, which, accompanied with a gentle rubicundity, marks the man whose blood is in a great proportion *vin-de-Bourdeaux*. There is a peculiar delicacy of expression about the mouth also, which nothing but the habit of tasting exquisite claret, and contemplating works of the most refined genius, can ever bestow. Punch, however, is not without its own peculiar merits. If you want to see a fine, commanding, heroic-looking race of men, go into the Tontine Cofferoom of Glasgow, and behold the effects of my friend Mr Thomas Hamilton's rum, and the delicious water of the *Arns* fountain so celebrated in song; or just stop for a minute at the foot of Millar Street, and see what you shall see. Beer, though last, is not least in its beautifying powers. A beer-drinker's cheek is like some of the finest species of apples,

—“the side that's next the sun.”

Such a cheek carries one back into the golden age; reminding us of Eve, Helen, Atalanta, and I know not what more. Upon the whole, I should, if called upon to give a decided opinion as to these matters in the present state of my information and feelings, say as follows: Give me the cheek of a beer-bibber—the calf of a punch-bibber—and the mouth of a claret-bibber—which last indeed I already have.

N.B.—Butlers should be allowed a good deal of port, for it makes them swell out immensely, and gives them noses *à-là-Bardolph*; and the symptoms of good eating and drinking should be set forth a little *in caricaturâ* upon the outward man of such folk, just as we wish inferior servants to wear crimson breeches, pea-green coats, and other extravaganzas upon finery. As for dram-drinking, I think nobody ought to indulge in it except a man under sentence of death, who wishes to make the very most of his time, and who knows that, let him live never so quietly, his complexion will inevitably be quite spoilt in the course of the week. A gallon of good stout brandy is a treasure to a man in this situation; though, if I were in his place, I rather think I should still stick to my three bottles of claret and dozen segars *per diem*; for I should be afraid of the other system's effects upon my nervous system.

Maxim Ninety-First.

In one of my previous Maxims I have laid it down, that “the intensely amorous temperament in a female, stamps melancholy on her eye-lid.” This, I find, has given rise to much remark, and a considerable controversy is still going on in one of the inferior periodicals. Shakespeare, however, is entirely on my side. When he was a young man, and wrote his *Troilus and Cressida*, he appears indeed to have thought otherwise. It was then that he made his Ulysses say,—

—————“Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip!

Nay, her foot speaks : her wanton spirits look out
 At every joint and motion of her body.
 Oh, these encounterers ! so glib of tongue,
 That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
 And wide unclasp the tablet of their thoughts
 To every ticklish reader. Set them down
 For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
 And daughters of the game——”

Animated and beautifully said, but the theory of the sage Greek quite false ! The same poet, after looking at human nature for a number of years, arrived at truer views. It was then that he represented Juliet.

“ See ! how *she* leans her cheek upon her hand !”

It was then that he conceived the rich and meditative voluptuousness of the all-accomplished Cleopatra, and described the pious resolves of “ the curled Antony,” as feeble and ineffectual when opposed to the influence of that

———“ GRAVE charm,
 Whose eye beck'd forth his wars, and call'd them home ;—
 Whose bosom was his crownet, his chief end.”

Helen, in Homer, is also uniformly represented as a melancholy creature, and the most pathetic thing that has ever been written, is her lamentation over her virtue in the 24th Iliad. To conclude, the late Rev. Lawrence Sterne (a prime connoisseur) has recorded, in distinct terms, his opinion as to which is “ the most serious of all passions.” We four, then, are of the same way of thinking as to this matter.

Maxim Ninety-Second.

In helping a lady to wine, *always* fill the glass to the very brim ; for custom prevents them from taking many glasses at a time ; and I have seen cross looks when the rule has been neglected by young and inexperienced dandies.

Maxim Ninety-Third.

The King, if Sir Thomas Lawrence's last and best picture of him may be believed, wears, when dressed for dinner, a very short blue surtout, trimmed with a little fur, and embroidered in black silk upon the breast, and all about the button holes, &c.—black breeches and stockings, and a black stock. I wish to call general attention to this, in the hopes of seeing his Majesty's example speedily and extensively adopted. The modern *coat* is the part of our usual dress, which has always given most disgust to the eye of people of taste ; and I am, therefore, exceedingly happy to think, that there is now a probability of its being entirely exploded. The white neckcloth is another abomination, and it also must be dismissed. A blue surtout, and blue trowsers richly embroidered down the seams, form the handsomest dress which any man can wear within the limits of European costume.

Maxim Ninety-Fourth.

Mediocrity is always disgusting, except, perhaps, mediocrity of stature in a woman. Give me the *Paradise Lost*, the *Faerie Queen*, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, that I may feel myself elevated and ennobled ; give me *Endymion*, or the *Flood of Thessaly*, or *Pye's Alfred*, that I may be tickled and amused. But on no account give me an eminently respectable poem of the Beattie or Campbell class, for that merely sets one to sleep. In like fashion, give me, if you wish to make me feel in the heaven of heavens, a *hookat*. There is no question that this is the *Paradise Gained* of the smoker.—But, if you cannot give me that, give me a *segar* ; with which whoso is not contented deserves to inhale sixteen pipes of *assafoetida per diem in secula seculorum*. What I set my

face against is the vile mediocrity of a *pipe*, properly so called. No pipe is *cleanly* but the common Dutch clay, and that is a great recommendation, I admit; but there is something so hideously absurd in the appearance of a man with a clay pipe in his mouth, that I rather wonder anybody can have courage to present himself in such a position. The whole tribe of *meerschauts*, &c. are filthiness itself. These get saturated with the odious oil of the plant, and are, in fact, poisonous. The only way in which you can have a pipe at once gay-looking and cleanly, is to have a glass tube within it, which can be washed with water immediately after use; but then the glass gets infernally hot. On the whole, unless you be a grandee, and can afford to have a servant expressly devoted to the management of your smoking concerns, in which case a *hookah* is due to yourself, the best way is to have nothing but segars.

Maxim Ninety-Fifth.

The Havannah segar is unquestionably at the head. You know it by the peculiar beauty of the firm, brown, smooth, delicately-textured, and *soft* leaf, and, if you have anything of a nose, you can never be deceived as to its odour, for it is a perfect *bouquet*. The *Chinese* cheroots are the next in order; but the devil of it is, that one can seldom get them, and then they are almost always dry beyond redemption. The best Chinese cheroots have a delicate greyish tinge; and, if they are not complete sticks, put them into an air-tight vessel with a few slices of a good juicy melon, and, in the course of a few hours, they will extract some humidity from their neighbours. Some people use a sliced *apple*, others a *carrot*, either of which may do when a melon is not to be had, but that is the real article, when attainable. As to all the plans of moistening segars by means of tea-leaves, rum-grog, &c., they are utterly absurd, and no true smoker ever thinks of them. Manilla segars occupy the third station in my esteem, but their enormous size renders them inconvenient. One hates being seen sucking away at a thing like a walking-cane. I generally find that Gliddon of London has the best segars in the market. George Cotton, of Edinburgh, is also very *recherché* in these articles. But, as I believe I once remarked before, a man must smuggle, in the present state of the code.

N. B. It will be observed that I have changed my views, as to some very serious parts of this subject, since the year of Grace 1818, when I composed my verses to my pipe—

“Divine invention of the age of Bess,” &c.

which John Schetky is so fond of reciting, and which Byron plagiarised so audaciously in his mutineering production. As my friend Mr Jeffrey lately said, when toasting Radical Reform, “Time makes us all wiser.”

Maxim Ninety-Sixth.

Cold whisky-punch is almost unheard of out of Ireland, and yet, without instituting any invidious comparisons, it is a liquor of most respectable character, and is frequently attainable where cold *rum*-punch is not. The reason why it has got a bad name in Great Britain is, that they make it with cold water, whereas it ought always to be made with *boiling* water, and allowed to concoct and cool for a day or two before it is put on the table. In this way, the materials get more intensely amalgamated than *cold* water and *cold* whisky ever do get. As to the beautiful mutual adaptation of cold rum and cold water, that is beyond all praise, and indeed forms a theme of never-ceasing admiration, being one of Nature's most exquisite achievements. Sturm has omitted it, but I mean to make a supplement to his Reflections when I get a little leisure.

Maxim Ninety-Seventh.

No real smoker uses any of these little knick-knackereries they sell under the name of segar-tubes, and the like of that. The chief merit of the thing is the extreme gentleness and delicacy with which the smoke is drawn out of the leaf by the loving and animated contact, and eternally varying play and pressure of

that most wonderful piece of refined mechanism, the lip of man; whereas, if you are to go to work upon a piece of silver, ivory, horn, wood, or whatever these concerns are made of, you lose the whole of this, and, indeed, you may as well take a pipe at once.

Maxim Ninety-Eighth.

The reason why many important matters remain in obscurity and doubt is, that nobody has adopted the proper means for having them cleared up. For example, one often hears of a man making a bargain with *one* friend of his, that whichever of the pair happens to die first will, if possible, revisit the glimpses of the moon, and thereby satisfy the survivor of the existence of ghosts. This, however, is ridiculous, because it is easy to see that there may be special circumstances to prevent this particular spirit from doing what is wanted. Now, to put an end to this at once, I hereby invite one and all of my friends who peruse this Maxim to pay me a visit of the kind alluded to. Surely you cannot all be incapable of doing the thing, if it is to be done at all.

Maxim Ninety-Ninth.

In order to know what cod really is, you must eat it at Newfoundland. Herring is not worthy of the name, except on the banks of Lochfine in Argyleshire; and the best salmon in the whole world is that of the Boyne. Dr Kitchener, in all probability, never tasted any one of these things, and yet the man writes a book upon cookery! It is really too much for a man to write about salmon, who never eat it until it had been kept for ten days in a tub of snow, which is the case with all that comes to London, excepting the very few salmon caught in the Thames, and these are as inferior in firmness and gusto to those of a mountain stream, as the mutton of a Lincolnshire Squire is to that of Sir Watkin of Wales, or Jamie Hogg of Ettrick. This fish ought to be eat as soon as possible after he is caught. Nothing can then exceed the beautiful curdiness of his texture, whereas your kept fish gets a flaccidity that I cannot away with.

N. B. Simple boiling is the only way with a salmon just caught; but a gentleman of standing is much the better for being cut into thickish slices—cut across I mean—and grilled with cayenne. I have already spoken as to the sauce.

Maxim One Hundredth.

The best of all pies is a grouse-pie; the second a black-cock pie; the third a woodcock pie (with plenty of spices;) the fourth a chicken-pie (ditto.) As for a pigeon-pie, it is not worthy of a place upon any table, so long as there are chickens in the world. A rook-pie is a bad imitation of that bad article; and a beef-steak-pie is really abominable. A good pie is excellent when hot; but the *test* of a good pie is, "how does it eat cold?"—Apply this to the examples above cited, and you will find I am correct.

Maxim One Hundred and First.

Never taste anything but whisky on the moors. Porter or ale blows you up, and destroys your wind. Wine gets acid immediately on an empty stomach. And put no water to your whisky, for if you once begin swilling water, you will never stop till you make a bag of yourself. A thimbleful of neat spirits once an hour is the thing; but one bumper at starting, and another exactly at noon, is found very wholesome.

Maxim One Hundred and Second.

No man need be afraid of drinking a very considerable quantity of neat whisky, when in the wilds of Ireland or Scotland. The mountain air requires to be balanced by another stimulus; and if you wish to be really well, you

must always take a bumper before you get out of bed, and another after getting into it, according to the fashion of the country you are in.

Maxim One Hundred and Third.

The Scotch writers of our day seem to consider it as an established thing, that their country furnishes the best breakfast in Europe; but this I cannot swallow—I mean the assertion—not the breakfast, which I admit to be excellent, but deny to be peerless. The fact is, that breakfast is among the things that have never yet received anything like the attention merited. The best breakfast is unquestionably that of France; their coffee, indeed, is not quite equal to that of Germany, but the eatables are unrivalled; and I may be wrong, but somehow or other, I can never help thinking that French wines are better in the morning than any others. It is here that we are behind every other nation in Europe—the whole of us, English, Scotch, and Irish; we take no wine at breakfast.

A philosophic mind devoted to this subject, would, I think, adopt a theory not widely differing from the following, which, however, I venture to lay down with much diffidence. I say, then, that a man's breakfast should be adapted to his pursuits—it should come home to his business as well as to his bosom. The man who intends to study all the morning, should take a cup or two of coffee, a little well executed toast, and the wing of a partridge or grouse, when in season; at other times of the year, a small slice of cold chicken, with plenty of pepper and mustard; this light diet prepares him for the elastic exercise of his intellectual powers. On the other hand, if you are going to the fox-chase, or to the moors, or to any sphere of violent bodily exertion whatever, in this case your breakfast will be good and praiseworthy, exactly in proportion as it approaches to the character of a good and praiseworthy dinner. Hot potatoes, chops, beefsteaks, a pint of Burgundy, a quart of good old beer—these are the sort of materials a sportsman's dejeuner should consist of. Fried fish is an excellent thing also—particularly the herring. If you have been tipsy overnight, and feel squeamish, settle your heart with half a glass of old cogniac, ere you assume the knife and fork; but on no account indulge the whimsies of your stomach, so as to go without a real breakfast.—“*L' appétit vient en mangeant,*” quoth the most voracious of adages—therefore begin boldly upon something very highly peppered, and as hot as Gomorrah, and then no fear of the result. You will feel yourself another man, when you have laid in a pound of something.

Of tea, I have on various occasions hinted my total scorn. It is a weak, nervous affair, adapted for the digestion of boarding-school misses, whose occupation is painting roses from the life, practising quadrilles, strumming on the instrument, and so forth. Old people of sedentary habits, may take chocolate if they like it; I, for my part, stick to coffee when I am studious.

Maxim One Hundred and Fourth.

By eating a hearty breakfast, you escape the temptation of luncheon—a snare into which he who has a sufficient respect for his dinner will rarely fall.

Maxim One Hundred and Fifth.

I agree with Falstaff, in his contempt for the prevalent absurdity of eating eggs, eggs, eggs at breakfast. “No pullet-sperm in my brewage,” say I. I prefer the chicken to the egg, and the hen, when she is really a fine bird, and well roasted or grilled, to the chicken.

Maxim One Hundred and Sixth.

Cold pig's face is one of the best things in the world for breakfast, but it should not be taken unless you are to be active shortly after, for it is so good that one can scarcely help taking a great deal when one begins to it. Eat it

with shallot vinegar and French mustard. Fruit at breakfast is what I cannot recommend; but if you will take it, be sure not to omit another dram after it, for if you do, you will certainly feel heavyish all the morning.

N. B.—The best breakfast dram is whisky, when it is really very old and fine, but brandy is more commonly to be had in perfection among the majority of my readers. Cherry brandy is not the thing at breakfast; it is too sweet, and not strong enough. In the Highlands of Scotland, people of extraordinary research, give you whisky strongly impregnated with a variety of mountain herbs. And this I am bound to admit, is attended with the most admirable consequences;—but they will not part with their receipts, therefore it is not worth while for me to do more than merely allude to the fact. Be sure you take it when on the spot.

Maxim One Hundred and Seventh.

Some people wear Cossacks with silk stockings—nothing can be in worse taste. These gentlemen seem to think that their Cossacks smack of the *Don*, whereas nothing can be so decidedly *oriental*.

Maxim One Hundred and Eighth.

Never wear a coat with a velvet collar—not even a surtout. This maxim is, however, almost unnecessary; for no tailor, whose coat it is possible to wear, would ever think of putting a velvet collar on any vesture intended to be worn on the west side of Temple-Bar.

Maxim One Hundred and Ninth.

Never eat turtle at the West End of the Town, except at the houses of West Indians. The turtle at the occidental coffeehouses is always lean and poor, and wants the oriental richness and flavour of Bleaden's.

Maxim One Hundred and Tenth.

There is nothing so difficult as the invention of a new tie. You might almost as easily find out a sixth order of architecture. I once made a drawing of a *nodus* from a Lachrymatory found at Herculeaneum, and found it had a good effect when reduced to practice. Its great beauty was, that you did not know where the knot began, nor where it ended. Even of the originality of this tie, I was for some time doubtful, till one evening at the Opera I heard Hughes Ball exclaim, in an ecstasy of surprise and admiration,—“By G—d, there's a new tie!”

Maxim One Hundred and Eleventh.

Man and wife generally resemble each other in features, never in disposition. A goodnatured man marries a shrew—a choleric man, an insensible lump of matter—a witty man, an insipid woman—and a *very great fool*, a blue-stock-
ing.

The reason of the resemblance in face I take to be this; every man thinks himself the handsomest person in existence; and therefore, in looking out for a wife, he always chooses the woman that most nearly resembles himself.

The reason for dissimilarity in disposition, is even more plain. Every one respects another for the quality, good or bad, which he himself wants. Besides, this sort of opposition prevents the holy and happy state from getting flat, as it otherwise would, and produces upon it the same effects as acids upon an alkali. The worthy Bishop of Durham was lamenting to Dr Paley the death of his wife—“We lived nineteen years together,” said his lordship, “and never had two opinions about anything in all that time. What think you of that, Doctor?”—“Indeed, my Lord,” rejoined Paley, in his broad Carlisle accent, “I think it must ha' been vera flat.” I am orthodox, and quite agree with Dr Paley.

Maxim One Hundred and Twelfth.

Some people talk of devils; all our common devils are damnable. The best devil is a slice of roasted ham which has been basted with Madeira, and then spiced with Cayenne.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirteenth.

In Paris there is no restaurateur whose house unites all the requisites for dining well. I have had long experience of them, and can speak with authority. Beauvilliers' is a good quiet house, where you get all the regular French dishes admirably dressed. His *fricassees de poulet*, are not to be surpassed; they have a delicate flavour of the almond, which is quite inimitable—and his *pates* and *vol-au-vents* are superb. But he has neither his vegetables nor his venison so early as Véry. I don't by any means agree with those people who extol the cookery at Véry's; it is excellent, certainly—but not better than that of the other first-rate houses. The thing in which Véry really surpasses all the rest, is in his *desserts*; his fruits are magnificent, and look as if they came from the gardens of Brobdignag. I used to like the cookery and the chambertin of the *Trois freres provençaux*, but I think this house has fallen off latterly in everything but those delicious sallads—"Spots of greenery," as Mr Coleridge calls them. The cookery at Grignon's, I think decidedly bad; but his white wines, and particularly the Haut Barsac, have what my friend Goethe calls a paradise clearness and odour. The only place where one can dine well, from soup down to Curaçoa, is at the Rocher de Cancale, though it stands in a villainous dirty street. If anybody wants to know how far the force of French cookery can go, let him dine at the Rocher—especially if he is a piscivorous person, like myself. The soups are beyond all praise—and the *potage prentaniere*, (spring soup,) absolutely astounds you by the premaritarity of vegetation which it proves. I ate asparagus soup at the *Rocher de Cancale*, on the 18th of January. *Rupes Cancaliensis, esto perpetua!*

Maxim One Hundred and Fourteenth.

At a restaurateur's, when you ask for any wine above the pitch of vin ordinaire, always examine the cork before you allow the sommelier to draw it. This is a maxim worth any money. The French have an odious custom of allowing people to have half bottles of the higher wines. The waiters, of course, fill up the bottle with an inferior sort, and seal it again; so that you frequently get your Saunterne christened with Chablis. I am sorry to be obliged to say, that at the *Rocher de Cancale*, this trick is very commonly played off. It certainly injures the respectability of the house, and even endangers the throne of the Bourbons. I ought here in gratitude to mention, that at *Prévo's*, one of the best of the second-rate restaurateurs, I have drunk delicious *Chateau grillé*—a wine very rarely found in the *Cartes*.

Maxim One Hundred and Fifteenth.

In Paris, when you have two invitations for the same evening, (one from an English, and one from an Irish lady,) always accept the latter. You may be quite sure of having supper at the Irish house, which will not be the case at the English one; and you may depend upon having the best punch.

Maxim One Hundred and Sixteenth.

As a general rule, never accept an invitation to a French Soirée, unless you are fond of *Eau sucrée Ecarté* at night, and disorder of the colon next morning.

Maxim One Hundred and Seventeenth.

When you have an invitation to one or more parties in the same evening, always accept that of an *old maid* (if you receive one) in preference to the

others. You are sure of being better received, and—I don't know for what reason, but the fact is so—old maids are generally fond of that last meal of the day, commonly called supper. Your attention, besides, to the lots of iced punch, dispenses you from paying much to the ladies *à la glace*, who muster in great force on such occasions.

Maxim One Hundred and Eighteenth.

Never wear a bright purple coat—it does not harmonize well with any colour of trowsers.

Maxim One Hundred and Nineteenth.

All the poets whom I have ever seen, except Sir Walter Scott, look lean and hungry. I do not except Coleridge, because he never writes.

Maxim One Hundred and Twentieth.

The best coffee in Paris is made at the *Café des Mille Colonnes*—or, as Mr Jeffrey rejoiceth more to spell it, the *CAFFEE des MILLES Colonnes*; and the liqueurs are superb. The Belle Limonadière, alas! hath passed away—but the rooms are more splendid than ever. There is a paradise opened lately on the Boulevard, called the *Café Ture*; but then it is on the Boulevard du Temple—and who ever went there since the Revolution? The gardens are but half lighted—so as to throw a delicious and dreamy twilight about you—and this contrasts admirably with the blaze of glory which flashes on you as you enter the saloon itself, all glittering with mirrors, and glowing with gold, and fretted with what seem diamonds, rubies, and amethysts! The *Café* is built in the form of a superb Turkish hall, and is gorgeous as the Opium-Eater's Oriental Dreams, or a Chapter in *Vathek*! Mr Wordsworth described this *Café*:

“ Fabric it seems of diamond and of gold,
With golden column upon column high
Uplifted—towers, that on their restless fronts
Bear stars—illumination of all gems—
Far sinking into splendour, without end !”

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-First.

Nothing is so humiliating to a man of reflection, on awaking in the morning, as the conviction which forces itself upon him that he has been drunk the night before. I do not mean, gentle reader, that he repents him of having been drunk—this he will, of course, consider meritorious—but he cannot help the intruding persuasion, that all the things he uttered after he entered into a state of civiliation (if he recollects anything about them) were utter stupidities, which he mistook at the time for either wit, wisdom, or eloquence.

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-Second.

People often say of a man that he is a cunning fellow. This can never be true—for if he were, nobody could find out that he was.

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-Third.

Cayenne pepper in crystals is a most meritorious invention of those worthy lads, the Waughs in Regent Street. Before their time the flavour of Cayenne could never be equally distributed through soups and sauces.

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth.

No artist or musician, that was ever good for anything *as such*, was ever good for anything else. Even Michel Angelo was a very indifferent poet—though Mr Wordsworth has taken the trouble to translate some of his sonnets.

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth.

It is singular that scarcely any tailor who can make a coat well, can make pantaloons. Such tailors are like those historical painters who could paint figures, but not landscapes. Stulze is the Raphael of tailors, but he is falling fast into a hard and dry style of cutting: Nugee is the Correggio—but there is no Michel Angelo—no master of the *gran Contorno*. Place is the Radical tailor—but since he became a Westminster reviewer, he is more engaged in cutting up than cutting out. I wonder if he sends in his bills quarterly as well as his reviews! Cameron & Co., the army tailors of Henrietta Street, make the best pantaloons in London: and nobody can achieve like them a pair of tight pantaloons—a thing, as Dr Johnson pathetically observes, always expected, and never found!

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth.

There is one sort of tie which it is very difficult to make, and which I cannot explain to my readers without a diagram. It contains in itself, however, the elements of all other ties: and when a man can make this one well, he has the secret of all the rest.

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh.

Much is said about the French politeness. I do not think them a polite people, and for this reason: In France, if you ever do get drunk, it must be while the ladies are at table—for they quit it along with you. Now, I hold it to be a proof of utter want of politeness to get drunk before women—and not to get drunk at all, proves a man to be equally unfit for a state of civilization.

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth.

Despise humbug.—I once dined with Wilberforce, in company with a black who had been manumitted. Mr Wilberforce's reason for placing him at table with gentlemen, was, that "he was a man and a brother." I think Mr Wilberforce's black servants must have thought their case very hard as compared with that of the ex-slave.

Maxim One Hundred and Twenty-Ninth.

Of Whisky there are more numerous varieties than of any other spirit. Perhaps, however, in this I may be deceived, for my greater intimacy with that fluid may make me more sensitive as to the minute distinctions of taste. It is probable, that in France the palate of the connoisseur is equally cognoscent of the varieties of brandy. I repent, that during my late tour in that country, I did not make inquiries on this most important point; but I shall decidedly ask my friend the Vicomte d'Arincourt, a man for whom I have a particular esteem, concerning it, when I next shall have the pleasure of seeing him at Ambrose's.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirtieth.

With respect to the last maxim, it is to be remarked, in corroboration of the hypothesis there hinted at, (*hinted at*, I say, for I by no means pledge myself to the dead certainty of the fact,) that a most particular diversity of taste exists in the several rums. Antigua has a peculiar smack and relish, by which it is to be known from Jamaica at first gulp. Yet it is very possible, *experto crede*, to bam even a connoisseur, by giving him good whisky—free from the empyreumatic taste which is frequently observable on several even of licensed whiskies, and *always on potheen*—mixed subdolosly with burnt brown sugar. It is a great imitation.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-First.

To return to whisky. Inishowen is generally accounted the best potheen; but as far as regards my own private drinking, I prefer that manufactured at Roscrea, in the county of Tipperary, where I have frequently drunk it with the Rev. John Hamilton, who, by the by, is most untruly and unfairly abused by the little Whig libeller, Tom Moore, in his Fudge Family, (p. 61,) in company to be sure with much higher people, which, of course, is a consolation. Potheen improves much by age. I must say, that one principal reason of its being preferred to Parliament whisky, arises from the natural propensity to do what is forbidden; and I add as my candid opinion, that if it were taxed, it would not be in such estimation, as that procured by scientific distillation from large stills—that is, if the great distillers could be depended upon for honesty, and were not to be suspected shrewdly of making use of other ingredients than malt.

N. B.—I here intended to have gone in at some length to the divers qualities of all the whisky fluids of the empire, and, with a minute and critical, and, on mine honour, an impartial survey of the whole, to have given my opinion on their various merits or demerits; but I fear that the consideration would be too lengthy for a list of mere maxims. Brevity is the very soul (not of wit, to be sure, in this case, for that vain and frivolous ingredient ought to be far from our thoughts when discussing subjects of interest to the human race, but—) of apophthegms; but when these my Maxims are gathered, as, God willing, they shall be, into a separate volume, I shall about this part of them insert a long and deeply meditated paper, in which I shall chemically, scientifically, compotically, and empirically,—a word which I here use, Mr Coleridge, in its true and original sense,—discuss the whole subject, in such a way, that, like Dr Barrow preaching before King Charles the Second, it will be universally conceded to me that I have exhausted it. Mr William Thomas Brande and Sir Humphry Davy have kindly consented to draw up the chemical tables, with the same precision as they have already done those for wines. I have also in hand a paper written by a couple of ingenious philosophers, “On the Uses and Abuses of Porter,” seriously summed up by them with that skill and talent which so truly marks those eminent and erudite men; and that, too, I shall insert in some conspicuous part of my volume. It will be found to be a very instructive and interesting paper.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-Second.

In parts out of Ireland, you cannot convince people of the right method of pronouncing and spelling POTHEEN. They will have it that it is Potch-cheen, or some such thing. It is simply the diminutive of *pot*, and would, indeed, be more correct without the medial *h*, which, however, has gained insertion in consequence of the thick utterance of the people. So *squire* makes *squireen*, a poor little squire, as

“We'll take it kind if you provide
A few *squireens*.”

THOMAS MOORE.

Devotee, contracted (by aphæresis) to *'votée*, becomes *'voteen*, to signify a little, mean, superstitious worshipper. *Buckeen* is a poor attempt at being a *luck*, such as you see in Prince's Street, Edinburgh, for instance, &c. &c. So *Potteen*, corrupted to *Potheen*, is a little *pot*; and thence, by a natural metonymy, signifies the production of that utensil.

A curious book might be written on mispronunciations. Is there a man in ten who calls Bolivar correctly? Every one almost is ready to rhyme him as

Bold Simon Bolivar,
Match for old Oliver, &c. &c.

• Whereas it should be,

Few can deceive, or
Baffle Bolivar.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-Third.

In playing domino, you cannot be said to have a good hand unless you have five of one number, and one of these a double. This, well played, with first move, ought in general to win the game.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-Fourth.

In vino veritas is an old saying, but scarcely a true one. Men's minds, when elevated by wine, or anything else, become apt to exaggeration of feeling of every kind. I have often found *In vino asperitas* to be a much truer *dictum*.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-Fifth.

Some people tell you that you should not drink claret after strawberries. They are wrong, if the claret be good. The milky taste of good claret coheses admirably with the strawberry—somewhat like cream. If the claret be bad, it is quite a different affair; and suspect it, if you find the master of the house anxious not to make the test. George Faulkner of Dublin—I was going to say, my friend Faulkner, until I recollected that he was dead some thirty odd years before I was born—Swift's printer, Foote's Peter Paragraph—who does not know George?—used to sit a whole night with a solitary strawberry at the bottom of his glass, over which he used to pour generally four bottles of claret. I do so, George would say, because a doctor recommended it to him for its cooling qualities. The idea that cold wine should not be drunk after cool fruit is nonsense. If you feel the claret chill you, you will find the remedy in the seventy-fifth maxim of this series.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth.

If you be an author, never disturb yourself about little squibs, &c. against you. If you do, you will never be at rest. If you want to annoy the squibber, pretend never to have heard of them. It is only five days ago since I was in company with Rogers and Tom Moore, and no pair could harmonize better.—Yet who does not know Tom's epigram on Sam? Rogers had made him a present of a copy of *Paradise Lost*, in which there was the very common frontispiece of the devil in shape of a serpent, twining round down the tree of knowledge, with the fatal apple in his mouth, which he was in the act of presenting to Eve; and under it Tom, instigated no doubt by the evil spirit, whose picture he was inspecting, wrote—

“WITH EQUAL GOOD NATURE, GOOD GRACE, AND GOOD LOOKS,
AS THE DEVIL GAVE APPLES, SAM ROGERS GIVES BOOKS.”

An unkind return certainly for civility. The cut at the looks was particularly unfair, as Mr Rogers is a bachelor; but he only laughed, as he always does, and the thing passed off like water from a duck's back.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh.

Never repine on account of that mediocrity of station in which it has pleased Providence to place you. Why should you do so? Would you wish to be the King? I, for one, should unquestionably consider that situation as a decided bore. What! submit to have all your motions placarded in the papers? low scribes spouting away pro and con every time you alter your dress, your house, your ministers, your tittle—anything, in short? What! to be surrounded by an eternal retinue of lords and grooms, and God knows all what? A shocking state of suffering indeed, and demanding more than Christian endurance. I would not be King, in anything like a free country at least, upon any possible terms. If one were a real despot, the case might be better, I admit; for then one could appoint some under-scrub of a Viceroy, or Lord Lieutenant, or Captain-General, or so, to hold the courts, give the grand dinners, sign the

death-warrants, ride in state, and all the rest of it, in place of one ; while you enjoyed yourself, as it pleased your fancy, in some central retreat, such as Capræ, or the Happy Valley in Rasselas. But even that is not what I envy. I have no wish to exercise despotic power, and therefore I have no wish to possess it. Any crown would be to me so much *du trop*. What is the object of human life ? to be happy ?—admitted. In what does happiness consist ? In deciding who shall, and who shall not, be hung ? In having a flag on the top of the house ? In talking politics with Canning, Eldon, Liverpool, Metternich, Hardenberg, Pozzo de Borgo ?—I despise all such doings. Does a man enjoy his beef-steak, his bottle of excellent port or claret, his segar, his flirtation, his anything you please to think of, a bit the more for being called King, or Duke, or Emperor, or so ? Not one bit. I utterly deny the thing. Were I not Morgan O'Doherty, I should like to be Mustapha Abn Selim.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-Eighth.

I scarcely look upon it as much better to be a Duke than to be a King. On the contrary, I have often thought it is almost as bad. You are annoyed with the same eternal troop of hangers-on, only they are, if possible, of a still inferior description. Your house is not your own, nor your time neither ; for the one is always full of hum-drum bores, crack-wits, assenting idiots, lions, lionesses, and I know not what trash ; and the other is taken up all the after-part of every day with doing the civil to these creatures ; and all the morning you have cursed letters to write about country gentlemen's sons wanting to be promoted, learned lads wanting livings, dandies that aspire to sit in the Foreign Office, political tracasseries, farms to let, money to raise, bonds, mortgages, promises to and from Mr Peel—in short, as I said before, you are never your own man. The late Duke of Norfolk, to be sure, used to dine every day by himself, in one of the boxes of a common coffee-house in Covent-Garden, drink two bottles of port, and then rumble home to St James's Square in a jarvie. He did so—Well, and can't I do the same thing quite as well, without being called your grace at the end of every pint of wine ? I can, and I know it. Nay, I am of opinion that I can do the same thing more comfortably than the Duke, for I can do it without any human creature taking the slightest notice of what I do. He was not merely the stout gentleman in the grey coat, and I am the tall one in the blue—no, there was always some suspicion of his rank floating about, or at least suspected of doing so—no real sense of the delights of perfect obscurity. In point of fact, such adventitious affairs have no influence whatever on the real sum of human felicity. I remember one day I was walking with my friend Dr Mullion, and we came in front of Burlington House. "Mull," says I, "what a noble mansion this is ! Look at it attentively, my hearty." He fixed his fine grey eye upon the stately pile, and after perusing it with the utmost diligence of admiration for some space, made answer, "It is a grand house indeed, man. Hech me, man ! what a dinner I could eat in a house like that !" Chewing the cud of this philosophical reflection, we jogged along for a minute or two, till the well-known azure pillars of Cork Street happened to attract my friend's notice. My mind was still brim-full of the beautiful architecture, stately air, grand outline, &c. &c. &c. of the patrician mansion which we had just left to leeward, when, lo and behold ! the Doctor gives me a little touch on the elbow, just as much as to hint whereabouts we were. "Pooh, pooh !" said I, starting round upon him—"Confound your blood, Dr Mullion, what makes you attract my attention to this low, shabby, dirty, abominable piece of plebeian brick-work, ornamented in front with two vile, shapeless wooden posts, with foreheads villainous low, and daubed over with a little sky-blue paint ?—pooh, pooh !"—"Weel, aweel," quoth Mull, "say what you like—but, hech me, man ! what a dinner I could eat in a house like that !" This did me.

Maxim One Hundred and Thirty-Ninth.

It was a long while ere I discovered the most convenient method of supporting my drawers. It is a bore to have a separate pair of braces, and the usual

schemes of looping are, all of them, liable to objections. The true way is, have two small pieces of tape placed *horizontally* along the waistband of the nether integuments, at those parts of them which correspond to the parts of the upper, touched by the extremities of the braces; have these horizontal tapes, say three inches is reached; but that, I freely admit, appears to me to be by no means free from radical defects. The pressure comes too exclusively on particular parts of the shoulders. By a row of buttons all round, this evil might be remedied. That again would involve inconveniences of quite another, though perhaps an even more distressing order. On the whole, this is a matter which modern artists have too much neglected, and I hereby promise, by means of a separate and distinct MAXIM, to make not only the fame, but the fortune, of the man who, within six months from this date, satisfies me that he has paid proper attention to the hint now conveyed.

Maxim One Hundred and Fortieth.

No young lady should ever go to a masquerade in any dress associated in the minds of mankind with the habits of an inferior order of society. Put you on the dress of a pretty Abigail; and the devil is in it, if there be no gay lad ready enough to treat you as he would treat a pretty Abigail. The same objection applies to the whole race of milk-maids, hay-makers, nuns, &c. &c. Every one thinks it fair to be a little particular in his attentions to beings of these orders. So, if you go after the publication of this Maxim, we shall all know what you are expecting.

Maxim One Hundred and Forty-first.

Instead of a Maxim there ought to be a volume, aye, a quarto, upon the order to be observed in the wines handed round during dinner. I have long ago mentioned, that I disapprove, on general and philosophical principles, of a great mixture of wines during the repast; but this was said with an eye to those, on the one side, who, unlike myself, are of a delicate, stomachic organization, and to those, on the other, who, like myself, intend to take a proper doze after dinner is down. The man who has the stomach, or the man who intends to exemplify the sobriety, of a horse, may mix wines to a very considerable extent, nay, in fact, ought to do so. The rule is this: Begin with the wines of the most delicate aroma and flavour, and terminate with those of a more decided character. Let the burgundies come immediately after the soup, then the champagnes, the hocks last. Burgundy, after anything sweet has touched the mouth, is not worth drinking. After champagne, and still more after hock, it is quite insipid. Attend to this carefully, for I often see things grievously misplaced.

Maxim One Hundred and Forty-Second.

The preceding Maxim will probably give rise to much and anxious discussion. To narrow the field, therefore, I take this opportunity of declaring, that there are two liquids which may be eternally varied in their application during dinner, with which you may begin and end, and which you may intersperse, *ad libitum*, whenever you like, and whatever you have been eating and drinking. These two gifts are sherry and cold rum-punch. With regard to them you never can go wrong. They can no more be out of place in a dinner, than a fine tree in a landscape, or a fine woman in a boudoir.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The Travels of General Baron Minsitoli in Lybia and Upper Egypt, with Plates, Maps, &c. are announced for early publication.

Mr Percival has in the press, a History of Italy, from the Fall of the Western Empire to the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.

Letters from Spain, in the years 1821, 1822, 1823. By Lieutenant-General Guillaume de Vaudoucourt, &c. &c. &c.

Letters of Horace Walpole (afterwards Earl of Orford) to the Earl of Hertford, during his Lordship's Embassy in Paris.

The Analysis of the Human Spleen. Translated from a scarce Latin Work by George Murray Paterson, M. D., Honourable East India Company's Service, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, &c. &c.

Mr Mills, Author of the History of the Crusades, is preparing for the press, a History of Chivalry.

A Chronological History of the West Indies is announced; by Captain Thomas Southey, Royal Navy.

Dr Dawson, of Sunderland, is about to publish a New System of the Practice of Physic, together with an original Nosology, which embraces Physiology and Morbid Anatomy.

Gilmore, or the Last Lockinge, A Novel.

Early in the winter will appear, a Description of the Island of Madeira, by the late S. E. Bowdich, Esq. Conductor of the Mission to Ashantee; to which are added, a Narrative of Mr Bowdich's Last Voyage to Africa, terminating at his death; Remarks on the Cape de Verde Islands; and a Description of the English Settlements on the River Gambia, by Mrs Bowdich.

Sir Richard C. Hoare, Bart. is about to publish the Second Part of the Modern History of Wiltshire, containing the Hundred of Heytesbury.

Illustrations of Conchology, according to the System of Lamarck, in a Series of Twenty Engravings on royal 4to, each plate containing many Specimens. By E. A. Crouch.

Alice Allan, the Country Town, and other Tales. By Alex. Wilson.

Christian Truth, in a Series of Letters, on the Trinity, the Atonement, Regeneration, Predestination, and on the indifference to Religion. By the Rev. Mr Powlett, is in the Press.

A Description of the Genus Pinus, Vol. II. By G. Lambert, Vice-President of the Linnæan Society.

The Hermit in Italy; or Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Italians, at the commencement of the Nineteenth century.

Captain Charles Cochrane has in the press an Account of a Twenty Months' Residence in Columbia.

Dr Blackall has nearly ready for publication, a third edition of his Observations on the Nature and Cure of Dropsies.

An additional volume of Letters by Anna Seward, is preparing for publication, developing the progress of an early attachment, disclosing her more private opinions on various subjects, and embracing anecdotes of her contemporaries; to which will be prefixed, an Essay on her Life and Character, by J. Harral.

A Statistical Account of the British Settlements in Australasia, including the Colonies of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land. The third edition, embellished with New Maps, &c. By W. C. Wentworth.

In the press, an Outinian Lecture on the Drama; shewing, in a comprehensive point of view, its adaptation to the variety of human taste and genius.

The Lectures of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. on the Principles and Practice of Surgery, as delivered at St Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals, with additional Notes and Cases, by Frederick Tyrrell, Esq. of St Thomas's Hospital.

A History of the French Revolution, accompanied by a History of the Revolution of 1335, or of the States-General under King John. By A. Thiers and Felix Bodin. Translated from the French.

A Poem is announced, entitled, Arnaldo, or the Evil Chalice, and other poems.

Mr Fosbroke, surgeon, is about to publish some Observations on the Treatment of Deafness, on improved principles; illustrated by one case of twenty years, and other cases of long standing, successfully treated.

The Topography of all the known Vineyards; containing a description of the kind and quality of their products, and a Classification. Translated from the French, and abridged so as to form a Manual and Guide to all Importers and Purchasers in the Choice of Wine.

Part III. of the Animal Kingdom; described and arranged in conformity with its Organization. By the Baron Cuvier, Member of the Institute and Academy of France, &c. &c. with Engravings, chiefly from the living Subjects in the Museum of Natural History at Paris, and other Public Collec-

tions. With large additional descriptions of all the Species hitherto named, and of many not before noticed, and other original matter by the Translators. By Edward Griffith, F.L.S. and others—Will soon appear.

Der Freischutz; or, the Seventh Bullet; a Series of Twelve Illustrations of this popular Opera; drawn by an Amateur, and etched by George Cruikshank; with a Travestie of the Drama.

Commentaries on the Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels of Children. By Robley Dunglison, M.D. &c. &c.

Travels among the Arab Tribes inhabiting the countries East of Syria and Palestine. By James Buckingham, Esq. author of Travels in Palestine, &c. with Illustrations.

Mr G. Carey, has in the press a new edition of Every Man his own Stock-Broker, considerably enlarged, including the Foreign as well as the English Funds.

Shortly will appear, Part I. of a General and Bibliographical Dictionary of the Fine Arts; containing Explanations of the principal Terms used in the Art of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving, in all their various branches; Historical Sketches of the Rise and Progress of their different Schools; Descriptive Accounts of the best Books and Treatises on the Fine Arts; and every useful topic connected therewith. By James Elmes, M.R.I.A. Architect.

This Work will consist of Six Parts, which, including an Index, Preface, &c. will form one handsome volume in 8vo.

Mr Foster is preparing for publication, two vols. of MSS. Letters, of the celebrated John Locke, and other contemporary writers.

The Rev. W. Eastmead has nearly ready for publication, a Memoir of the Hyæna's Den, lately discovered at Kirkdale, near Kirby-Moorside, with a History of the latter place and its vicinity, to the distance of fifteen miles.

Fire-Side Scenes. By the Author of Bachelor and Married Man, &c. &c.

Comic Tales, in Verse. By Charles Dibdin.

The British Code of Duel; a Reference to the Laws of Honour, and the Character of Gentlemen. An Appendix, in which is strictly examined the case between the 10th Hussars and Mr Battier, with Notes of Captain Callan, Mr Finch, of the Life Guards, &c. &c.

Stanmore; or, the Monk and the Merchant's Widow. A Novel.

Monsignor Marini, Prefect of the Vatican Archives, already advantageously known to the public by several learned productions, has completed his *MONUMENTA AUTHENTICA* Angliæ, Scotiæ, et Hiberniæ. This work will extend to three volumes folio: and contains above five hundred Papal Letters, besides other precious documents, from the time of Pope Honorius III. A.D. 1216, to a recent period. The documents are faithfully transcribed from the authentic register of the Vatican; and none of them have been hitherto published. Such articles as have correctly appeared in Rymer, and our historians, are omitted in the present work. This publication, which cannot fail to interest the historian, the antiquarian, and the topographer, opens with a learned preface, and an elegant dedication to His Majesty.

The Rev. Miles Jackson, of St Paul's, Leeds, has a new edition of his Sermons nearly ready, in 2 vols. duodecimo, including many new ones.

Journals of the Sieges of the Madras Army, in the years 1817, 1818, and 1819, with Observations on the System according to which such Operations have usually been conducted in India, and a Statement of the Improvements that appear necessary. By Edward Lake, Ensign of the Honourable East India Company's Madras Engineers. With an Atlas of Explanatory Plates.

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An Account of the Life and Writings of Dr William Cullen, and also an Edition of his Physiology, and of his First Lines of the Practice of Physic; to which will be added various Original Papers, taken from the unpublished Manuscripts of that Author. By John Thomson, M.D.

An Historical Sketch of the Town of Hawick, and its Vicinity, including a number of Circumstances and Anecdotes, illus-

trative of the Manners and Character of the Inhabitants, with occasional observations. By a Trader in the Town.

In the press, and speedily will be published, with embellishments, in one volume, large 8vo, Saint Baldred of the Bass, a Pictish Legend; the Siege of Berwick, a Tragedy; and other Poems and Ballads, descriptive of East Lothian and Berwickshire. By James Miller.

Preparing for publication, in a neat volume, foolscap 8vo, Don Giovanni, and other Poems.

Mr Galt has nearly ready for publication, a Novel, entitled Rothelan.

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Olympia, or Topography, illustrative of the Actual State of the Plain of Olympia, and the Ruins of the City of Elis. By John Spencer Stanhope, Esq. F.R.S. Imp. Fol. L.4. 4s.

Observations on the rebuilding of London Bridge, by John Seaward, Esq. 12s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Some Account of the Life of Richard Wilson, Esq. R.A. with Testimonies to his Genius and Memory, and Remarks on his Landscapes. By T. Wright, Esq. L.1, 7s. bd.

Royal Naval Biography, or-Memoirs of all the Flag Officers, superannuated Rear-Admirals, retired Captains, Post Captains, and Commanders, &c. By John Marshall, (B.) Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. Vol. II. Part I. 8vo, 15s. bds.

Memoir of the Life and Character of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, with specimens of his Poetry and Letters, and an Estimate of his Genius and Talents, compared with those of his great contemporaries. By James Prior, Esq. 16s.

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Liverpool, Sept. 3.

Wheat, red, new 56 to 42	Maple, — to —	Wheat, per 70 lb.	6	Amer. p. 196 lb.
Fine ditto . . . 45 to 48	White pease . . . 35 to 37	Eng. 7	5 to 8	Sweet, U.S. 21 0 to 23 0
Superfine ditto 52 to 56	Ditto, boilers . . . 38 to 40	Old —	0 to —	Do. in bond — 0 to — 0
Ditto, —	Small Beans, new 36 to 40	Waterford 6	6 to 7	Sour bond 18 0 to 20 0
White, old . . . 40 to 43	Ditto, old . . . —	Drogheda 6	6 to 7	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.
Fine ditto . . . 43 to 48	Tick ditto, new 30 to 35	Dublin 7	0 to 8	English 28 0 to 30 0
Superfine ditto 55 to 55	Ditto, old . . . —	Scotch . . . 7	5 to 8	Irish . . . 27 0 to 30 0
Ditto, —	Feed oats . . . 16 to 18	Irish 5	9 to 7	Irish . . . 23 0 to 28 0
Rye 28 to 34	Fine ditto . . . 19 to 21	Bonded . . . 4	6 to 5	0 Bran, p. 24lb. 0 9 to 11 0
Barley, 26 to 28	Poland ditto . . 18 to 19	Barley, per 60 lbs.		
Fine ditto . . . 29 to 30	Fine ditto . . . 20 to 23	Eng. 4	4 to 4	6 Butter, beef, &c.
Superfine ditto 31 to 32	Potato ditto . . 20 to 22	Scotch . . . 4	0 to 4	3 Butter, p.cwt. s. d.
Malt 53 to 56	Fine ditto . . . 23 to 24	Irish 5	9 to 4	0 Belfast, new 84 0 to 85 0
Fine 56 to 60	Scotch 25 to 27	Oats, per 45 lb.		Newry . . . 80 0 to 81 0
Hog Pease . . . 33 to 35	Flour, per sack 50 to 55	Eng. 2	10 to 3	0 Waterford, 77 0 to 79 0
Maple 36 to 38	Ditto, seconds 45 to 50	Irish 2	6 to 2	8 Cork, pic. 2d, 75 0 to 76 0
		Scotch pota. 2	10 to 3	0 3d dry 70 0 to — 0
		Rye, per qr. 35	0 to 58	0 Beef, p. tierce.
		Malt per b. 8	6 to 8	9 — Mess 65 0 to 70 0
		—Middling 8	0 to 8	6 — p. barrel 48 0 to 50 0
		Beans, per q.		
		English . 53	0 to 40	0 — Mess . 76 0 to 78 0
		Irish . . . 53	0 to 38	0 — Middl. . 75 0 to 75 0
		Rapeseed, p.l.	nominal.	0 Bacon, p. cwt.
		Pease, grey 30	0 to 32	0 Short mids. 48 0 to 52 0
		—White 40	0 to 44	0 Sides . . . 46 0 to 48 0
		Flour, English,		Hams, dry, 50 0 to 56 0
		p. 240 lb. fine 45	0 to 50	0 Green . . . 38 0 to 43 0
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3 per cent. reduced,	923 2	94½	—	94½
3 per cent. consols,	91 1½ 2¼ 1 8	93½ 6 5	93½ 2 2	93½ 2 5 5
3½ per cent. consols,	101½	—	101½	—
4 per cent. consols,	101½	101½ ½	—	—
New 4 per cent. consols,	105½ 7 8	106½	106½ 6	105½ 2
India stock,	284	—	—	—
— bonds,	83 pr.	82 pr.	82	86
Exchequer bills,	42 39 pr.	36 41 pr.	43 pr.	40 42 pr.
Exchequer bills, sm.	39 pr.	32 34 pr.	40 41 pr.	41 39 pr.
Consols for acc.	92½ 1½ 2½	93½ 2 2	93½	93½ 2 2
Long Annuities,	23	23 1-16	23 3-16 ¼	23½ 3-16 ¼
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Small Lump,	82	85	82	84	—	—	—	76	81
Large ditto,	80	84	78	80	—	—	—	82	88
Crushed Lump,	33	38	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	25 6	26	23 9	21	22 6	26	26	—	—
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Ord. good, and fine ord.	60	80	59	76	52	68	58	67	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	80	100	80	95	70	88	80	102	—
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	35	50	—	—	—
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Brandy,	3 0	3 6	—	—	—	—	2 4	3 8	
Geneva,	2 0	2 3	—	—	—	—	1 4	1 9	
Grain Whisky,	4 6	4 9	—	—	—	—	—	—	
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Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	40	55	—	—	—	—	£15	£50	
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TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 4	2 6	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Ditto Oak,	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Christiansand (dut. paid,) .	2 2	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Honduras Mahogany,	1 0	1 6	1 3	1 4	0 11	1 2	0 10	1 0	
St Domingo, ditto,	1 6	3 6	1 6	3 0	1 7	2 10	1 9	2 0	
TAR, American, brl.	19	20	—	—	15 0	16 0	13 0	14 0	
Archangel,	17 0	17 6	—	—	—	—	15 6	—	
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	11 0	—	
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	35 6	—	37	—	36 6	—	35 0	35 3	
Home melted,	36	—	—	—	—	—	29 0	—	
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OIL, Whale, tun,	22	—	21	22	—	—	21	22	
Cod,	—	—	—	—	—	—	20	20 10	
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	7	7½	7½	7½	0 5½	0 8	0	7½	
Middling,	5½	6½	5½	6½	0 5½	0 5	4	0 5	
Inferior,	4	5	4	4½	0 2	0 2½	0	2½	0 2½
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 7½	0 9	0 8	0 9½	7	0 8½	
Sea Island, fine,	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 3	1 5	1	0 1 8	
Good,	—	—	1 2	1 5	1 0½	1 2	—	—	
Middling,	—	—	1 1	1 1½	1 0½	1 2	—	—	
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	0 10	1 0	0 10½	1 0½	0 10	0 11½	
West India,	—	—	0 9	0 10	0 7½	10	0 9	0 10½	
Pernambuco,	—	—	0 10½	0 11½	0 11½	1 0	0 11	0 10	
Maranham,	—	—	0 10½	0 11	0 10½	0 11½	0 10	0 11½	

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

July.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
July 1	A. 45	29.289	A. 60	W.	Dull, with shrs. rain.	July 17	A. 48	29.956	A. 64	W.	Dull, h. sh. rain after.
	M. 55	.255	M. 59				M. 50	.999	M. 64		
2	A. 45½	.275	A. 61	W.	Fair, with sunsh.warm.	18	A. 46	.999	A. 65	NW.	Clear & dull alternately.
	M. 57	.168	M. 60				M. 57	50.210	M. 66		
3	A. 45	.168	A. 60	Cble.	Aftern.thun. & light. rain.	19	A. 41	.193	A. 64	W.	Foren.sunsh Dull after.
	M. 55	.236	M. 60				M. 59	.102	M. 66		
4	A. 46	.398	A. 62	NW.	Fore.h.shrs. aftern.sunsh.	20	A. 51	.102	A. 67	W.	Dull, morn. after.sunsh. Clear sunsh. very warm.
	M. 56	.584	M. 64				M. 62	.101	M. 67		
5	A. 43	.675	A. 59	Cble.	Dull, but fair.	21	A. 49	29.999	A. 66	W.	Dull morn. day sunsh.
	M. 51	.675	M. 60				M. 65	.999	M. 68		
6	A. 45	.672	A. 65	Cble.	Foren.sunsh. aftern. rain.	22	A. 51	.976	A. 67	W.	Shrs. morn. day sunsh.
	M. 59	.615	M. 62				M. 65	.822	M. 68		
7	A. 48	.495	A. 60	Cble.	Foren. dull. h.rainaftern.	23	A. 58	.765	A. 68	W.	Morn. cold. day sunsh.
	M. 58	.404	M. 61				M. 62	.676	M. 66		
8	A. 54	.005	A. 64	W.	Foren. fair, aftern. shry.	24	A. 47	.580	A. 64	Cble.	Day dull. Foren. fair, aftern. dull.
	M. 62	.620	M. 65				M. 58	.582	M. 64		
9	A. 52	.59	A. 67	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	25	A. 46	.488	A. 64	Cble.	Daysunshine
	M. 50	.525	M. 61				M. 59	.645	M. 64		
10	A. 57	.622	M. 62	W.	Morn. cold, day sunsh.	26	A. 46	.794	A. 65	NE.	Foren. fair, aftern. dull.
	M. 50	.550	M. 60				M. 56	.816	M. 64		
11	A. 50	.550	M. 63	NW.	Dull, slight rain, morn.	27	A. 48	.841	A. 65	Cble.	Day sunsh. shrs. even.
	M. 57	.550	M. 63				M. 59	.958	M. 64		
12	A. 52	.511	A. 63	W.	Foren. dull. h.rainaftern.	28	A. 45	.954	A. 65	W.	Dull, but fair.
	M. 61	.589	M. 62				M. 58	.955	M. 64		
15	A. 50	.751	A. 62	Cble.	Ditto.	29	A. 53½	.818	A. 65	W.	Rain foren. fair after.
	M. 58	.675	M. 59				M. 60	.728	M. 64		
14	A. 55	.636	A. 67	W.	Fair, sunsh. very warm.	50	A. 45½	.570	A. 60	E.	Fair, sunsh. and warm.
	M. 66	.570	M. 74				M. 59	.556	M. 59		
15	A. 54	.533	A. 71	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	31	A. 14	.560	A. 63	E.	Ditto.
	M. 67	.606	M. 66				M. 54	.575	M. 64		
16	A. 50	.652	A. 66	W.	Ditto.						
	M. 60	.759	M. 64								

Average of Rain, 1.980 Inches.

August.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Aug. 1	M. 42	29.664	M. 64	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.	17	M. 45	29.562	M. 60	Cble.	Foren. fair, aftern. h. rain
	A. 57	.708	A. 66				A. 57	.216	A. 60		
2	M. 45	.732	M. 62	W.	Dull, with rain after.	18	M. 45	28.999	M. 59	Cble.	Thu. & light. aft. with hail.
	A. 55	.741	A. 63				A. 54	.254	A. 59		
3	M. 44	.755	M. 60	Cble.	Rain most part of day.	19	M. 43½	29.402	M. 60	Cble.	Day dull, but fair.
	A. 51	.732	A. 60				A. 56	.358	A. 60		
4	M. 45	.542	M. 65	Cble.	Ditto.	20	M. 46	29.586	M. 60	Cble.	Fair foren. show. aftern.
	A. 58	.580	A. 61				A. 57	.529	A. 59		
5	M. 47	.327	M. 59	Cble.	Showery for the day.	21	M. 46	.570	M. 58	NE.	Rain for the day.
	A. 54	.378	A. 60				A. 56	.689	A. 58		
6	M. 48	.565	M. 58	E.	Dull, with sh. rain.	22	M. 39	.949	M. 58	N.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A. 55	.686	A. 58				A. 54	.959	A. 62		
7	M. 48	.761	A. 58	E.	Dull, but fair, warm.	25	M. 40	.950	M. 62	SW.	Rain for the day.
	A. 54	.601	M. 55				A. 60	.925	A. 62		
8	M. 46	.417	A. 62	W.	Sunsh. and warm.	24	M. 48	.914	M. 61	Cble.	Fair foren. show. aftern. Day fair.
	A. 60	.376	M. 62				A. 59	.998	A. 61		
9	M. 50	.302	A. 64	W.	Morn. show. day fair.	25	M. 47½	50.241	M. 62	Cble.	even. h. fog. Fair, warm. foggy even.
	A. 59	.410	M. 63				A. 57	.241	A. 59		
10	M. 45	.423	A. 63	W.	Foren. dull, aftern. sunsh	26	M. 46	.256	M. 62	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A. 57	.482	M. 62				A. 59	.160	A. 63		
11	M. 47	.416	M. 63	Cble.	Dull and sunsh. alter.	27	M. 47	29.166	M. 64	NE.	Morn. dull, day fair, sun. Dull, but fair.
	A. 58	.415	A. 62				A. 59	.999	A. 64		
12	M. 45	.551	M. 65	W.	Thu. & light. with hail.	28	M. 41	.988	M. 63	E.	Dull, but fair and warm.
	A. 57	.451	A. 60				A. 59	.188	A. 62		
13	M. 46	.489	M. 62	W.	Morn. cold, day fair.	29	M. 44	.788	M. 62	E.	Dull, but fair and warm.
	A. 57	.574	A. 61				A. 57	.750	A. 61		
14	M. 46½	.630	M. 62	W.	Day fair, h. rain night.	30	M. 45	.755	M. 60	E.	Ditto.
	A. 57	.296	A. 65				A. 53	.764	A. 59		
15	M. 47	.177	M. 63	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	31	M. 48	.720	M. 60	E.	Ditto.
	A. 59	.186	A. 62				M. 48	.720	A. 60		
16	M. 46	.186	M. 62	SW.	Changeable.						
	A. 56	.239	A. 61								

Average of Rain, 1.998 inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of June, and 20th of August, 1824; extracted from the London Gazette.

- Air, R. Lower East Smithfield, wine-merchant.
 Aldrit, T. Bilston, Staffordshire, earthenware-manufacturer.
 Alleh, W. Greenwich, coal-merchant.
 Andrew, G. Manchester, merchant.
 Areher, J. Lynn, draper.
 Atkinson, W. Clement's-lane, merchant.
 Austin, E. Bedford-place, Commercial-road, baker.
 Barber, J. Pump-rov, St Luke's, chinaman.
 Bardwell, G. Bungay, linen-draper.
 Barker, T. Medbourn, Leicestershire, corn-factor.
 Barnard, J. G. Skinner-street, printer.
 Batger, W. Henley-on-Thames, grocer.
 Battey, W. and E. Stafford, boot-makers.
 Bennett, R. Woodford, Essex, blacksmith.
 Birks, E. Sheffield, grocer.
 Blackburn, T. Seacombe, Cheshire, tea-gardens-keeper.
 Braddock, J. W. Portsmouth, musical-instrument-seller.
 Blake, J. Constitution-row, St Pancras, boot-maker.
 Blakey, T. Mould-green, Yorkshire, fancy-manufacturer.
 Blundell, R. Liverpool, distiller.
 Bower, J. jun. Wilmslow, Cheshire, cotton-spinner.
 Boutville, W. H. Aldersgate-street, goldsmith.
 Brett, R. Temple-place, Blackfriars-road, tailor.
 Brooks, R. Oldham, Lancashire, shop-keeper.
 Brown, G. Regent-street, upholsterer.
 Brettargh, J. Manchester, merchant.
 Brown, J. Waterloo-wharf, Strand, coal-merchant.
 Burn, A. W. Three-tuns court, Miles'-lane, Cannon-street, wine-merchant.
 Capling, J. Holloway, innkeeper.
 Chandler, J. Sandwich, corn-factor.
 Chorley, T. Bristol, cordwainer.
 Cluet, R. Liverpool, soap-boiler.
 Collingwood, W. Sunderland, baker.
 Cohen, S. Holywell-street, Shoreditch, linen-draper.
 Cragg, J. Salmsbury, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
 Crawford, W. jun. Cheapside.
 Critchley, J. Manchester, spirit-merchant.
 Croke, C. Burnley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
 Devey, W. Holland-street, Blackfriars-road, coal-merchant.
 Dewe, B. T. Lechlade, Gloucestershire, mercer and draper.
 Driver, J. Knowl-green, Dutton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
 Duff, J. Gloucester, draper.
 Dubois, C. King-street, Covent-Garden, auctioneer.
 Eaton, S. and T. Sheffield, cutlers.
 Errington, G. and C. D. Nicholls, Croydon, dealers.
 Evans, H. Lower East Smithfield, oil-merchant.
 Fawcett, R. and J. Atkinson, Albion-place, Bartholomew Close, colour-men.
 Field, S. L. Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, silk-manufacturer.
 Fielding, J. Mottram in Longdendale, Cheshire, corn-dealer.
 Fry, W. Type-street, letter-founder.
 Gibbins, T. Holywell-street, Westminster, scavenger.
 Gibson, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Gilbert, E. Liverpool, spirit-merchant.
 Gompertz, H. Clapham-road, merchant.
 Green, T. Vassal-row, Kennington, builder.
 Green, W. Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, carpenter.
 Green, J. Ross, innholder.
 Grunshaw, G. Blackburn, grocer.
 Hair, J. Scotswood, Northumberland, coal-tar-manufacturer.
 Halse, T. Bristol, chemist.
 Harding, R. Bristol, timber-merchant.
 Harnett, E. and J. J. Kelly, Lower Shadwell, coal-merchants.
 Harrison, J. Padiham, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
 Haskew, J. Cock-hill, Stepney, tobacco-manufacturer.
 Hendrick, J. Liverpool, watch-maker.
 Hicks, H. W. Connaught-mews, horse-dealer.
 Hilton, W. Brixton hill, stage-coach-master.
 Holagh, G. Size-lane, tea-dealer.
 Holdsworth, R. Calcutta, Yorkshire, flax-spinner.
 Holl, F. Piccadilly, tavern-keeper.
 Holl, G. Lotherbury, hat-manufacturer.
 Hooker, J. Sheerness, woollen-draper.
 Hunt, G. Leicester-square, linen-draper.
 Izod, J. London-road, auctioneer.
 Japha, D. M. Colchester-street, Savage-gardens.
 Johnson, J. Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, grocer.
 Johnson, J. and J. Davies, Ferry-wharf, Vauxhall, coal-merchants.
 Jones, J. Liverpool, brewer.
 Kentish, N. L. St Michael, near Winchester, dealer and chapman.
 Kershaw, A. Ramsbottom, Lancashire, timber-dealer.
 Laing, B. Fenchurch-street, ship-owner.
 Lawton, J. Rob. Cross, Saddleworth, wool-stapler, Yorkshire.
 Lees, J. N. Wigan, linen-draper.
 Lowrieston, D. Manor-row, Rotherhithe, master mariner.
 MacGeorge, W. Lower Fore-street, Lambeth, brewer.
 M'Rae, J. Liverpool, grocer.
 Marchant, T. Brighton, miller.
 Marshall, J. Black-Horse-yard, Gray's-Inn-Lane, box-maker.
 Martin, J. Beccles, farmer.
 Matthews, B. Chamber-street, Goodman's-fields, liquor-merchant.
 Meek, E. Knaresborough, linen-merchant.
 Mogford, H. Craven-street, Strand, tailor.
 Moore, N. Wigan, hop and seed-dealer.
 Moody, W. Holywell-row, Shoreditch, carman.
 Morgan, W. Llanally, butcher.
 Munk, W. Warwick-place, White-Cross-street, dealer in spruce.
 Nathan, N. and W. Mansel-street, Goodman's-fields, quill-merchants.
 Neise, M. G. Parliament-street, accoutrement-maker.
 Newal, J. Beaconsfield, Bucks. draper.
 Newbold, W. Bouverie-street, Fleet-street, tailor.
 Nicholson, R. Plymouth, wine-merchant.
 Nichols, F. Otley, Yorkshire, corn-merchant.
 Noyce, F. T. Richmond, shoemaker.
 Parker, T. Charles-street, City-road, grocer.
 Pearce, W. Oreston, Devonshire, flour-merchant.
 Penn, W. B. Datchet, Bucks, bookseller.
 Phelps, G. R. Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, velum-binder.
 Pickthull, W. Broughton-in-the-Furness, Lancashire, cabinet-maker.
 Place, R. Mountsorrell, victualler.
 Powell, L. Dover, miller.
 Powell, T. Forest-wharf, Earl-street, Blackfriars, corn-factor.
 Price, W. late of Fetter-lane, optician.
 Pulley, H. Bedford, draper.
 Ranson, J. Sunderland, currier.
 Rees, J. Carmarthen, draper.
 Ritchie, R. P. London, merchant.
 Robinson, W. Liverpool, upholsterer.
 Rooke, R. Halifax, merchant.
 Sheffield, T. Durham, ironmonger.
 Shortis, T. Bristol, soap-manufacturer.
 Smith, J. Bristol, tallow-merchant.
 Smith, M. Cockermonth, mercer.
 Speakman, J. Hardshaw-within Windle, Lancashire, shopkeeper.
 Stenning, H. Reigate, coal-dealer.
 Swindells, J. Brinnington, Cheshire, house-builder.
 Sykes, J. Wood-street, woollen-warehouseman.
 Taylor, T. Shad Thames, flour-factor.
 Thierrey, C. de, late of Cambridge, patentee of patent bits.
 Travis, W. Andenshaw, Lancashire, hatter.
 Trim, A. Davenham, Cheshire, currier.
 Tute, B. N. Wakefield, bookseller.
 Wake, W. J. and T. M. Southwick, Durham, ship-builders.
 Wasse, L. Warwick-place, Great Surrey-street, merchant.

Watson, J. Bromsgrove, draper.
 Wightwick, J. W. Greenhammerton, Yorkshire,
 vintner.
 Wintle, J. North-street, City-road, silversmith.
 Williams, M. Old Bailey, eating-house-keeper.
 Wise, C. Sandling, near Maidstone, paper-maker.

Wise, R. and G. Wood-street, merchants.
 Witham, R. Halifax, banker.
 Wood, J. Leeds, woolstapler.
 Wright, R. Low Ireby, Cumberland, grocer.
 Wright, E. Oxford-street, linen-draper.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st of July and 31st of August, 1824, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Brown, William, senior, grocer in Ayr.
 Carrick, John, stone and china-merchant in Glasgow.
 Chisholm, Duncan, solicitor in Inverness, general merchant, and dealer in leather there.
 Ewart, John, cabinet-maker and upholsterer, Gil-mour-street, Paul's Work, Edinburgh.
 Gillilan, John, and Co. late manufacturers in Glasgow.
 Graham, James, manufacturer in Glasgow.
 MacCulloch, John, and Co. merchants in Glasgow.
 Marr, Robert and Son, merchants, Leith; and Marr, Alexander, sole surviving partner of that concern.
 Moon, Duncan, late china-merchant and tavern-keeper in Edinburgh.
 Orr and Company, masons and builders in Glasgow.
 Phillips, Lawrence, manufacturer and merchant in Glasgow.
 Stevenson, Simon, haberdasher in Edinburgh.
 Thomson, Robert Scott, druggist and apothecary in Edinburgh.

DIVIDENDS.

Adam, James, the deceased, some time merchant and ship-owner in Arbroath; a final dividend after 50th August.
 Anderson, William, late tanner in Glasgow; a final dividend on 15th July.
 Byars, Richard, and Company, spirit-dealers in Glasgow; a first dividend after 17th August.
 Carswell, Walker and George, and Robert Carswell and Company, manufacturers in Paisley; a dividend after 17th August, to those creditors only who were too late in lodging their claim for the first division.

Caw, James, some time merchant in Perth, afterwards at Benhil, county of Perth; a final dividend 25th September.
 Cumming, John, ship-owner, agent, and wharfinger, Leith; a first and final dividend 1st September.
 Davidson, David, merchant in Glasgow; a dividend on 31st July.
 Dryden, William, skinner in Jedburgh; a dividend on 21st September.
 Hay, William, late merchant in Perth; a first dividend on 10th September.
 Hume, James, late wine-merchant and spirit-dealer in Edinburgh; a dividend after 25d August.
 Jameson, Peter, and Company, clothiers in Glasgow; a second dividend after 21st August.
 M'Phedran, Dugald, and Son, late merchants and fish-curers in Greenock; a final dividend after the 31st August.
 Peat, Robert, manufacturer in Dundee; a final dividend after 21st August.
 Rae, John, candlemaker in Edinburgh; a dividend after 31st July.
 Roger, James, junior, merchant in Greenock; a final dividend 24th September.
 Saunders, John, junior, merchant, Leith; a dividend after 12th August.
 Scott and Macbean, merchants in Inverness; a dividend 1st October.
 Sloan, Anthony, cloth-merchant in Wigton; a dividend on 18th August.
 Steel, William, merchant in Glasgow; a dividend on 27th September.
 Stevenson and Duff, merchants in Dunkeld; a dividend of 1s. on the estate of James Stevenson.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

July.

L. Gds.	Lt. Douglas, Cap. by purch. vice Lord Belhaven and Stenton, ret. 30 June, 1824	1 F.	Lt. M'Combie, from h. p. Afric. Cor. Lt. vice Graham, 17 F. 24 June
	Cor. and Sub-Lt. Cuthbert, Lt. do. Cor. Hon. G. W. Edwards, from 17 Dr. Cor. and Sub-Lt. do.		A. H. Ormsby, Ens. vice Glover, 2 W. I. R. 29 do.
2 Dr. G.	Capt. Chamberlayn, Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Gordon, ret. 1 July	4	T. Bryne, do. 30 do.
	Lt. Knox, Capt. do. Cor. Smith, Lt. do.	7	A. W. Alloway, do. by purch. vice Warde, 7 Dr. 24 do.
	— Curtis, from h. p. 7 Dr. Cor. do.	8	Ens. Lord F. Lennox from 62 F. Lt. vice Bourke, dead. do.
7	J. Osborn, Cor. by purch. vice Payne, ret. 24 June		Capt. Ball, Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Col. De Courcy, ret. do.
1 Dr.	T. J. Skipwith, Cor. by purch. vice Beaumont, ret. 8 July		Lt. Baynes, Capt. do.
6	Cor. H. T. Lord Pelham, from 15 Dr. Cor. vice Sparrow, h. p. 17 Dr. rec. diff. 24 June	10	Ens. Calder, Lt. do.
7	Ens. Warde, from 4 F. Cor. by purch. vice Pringle, prom. do.		— Clark, from 76 F. 8 July
10	Troop Serj. Maj. Kinkie, Qu. Mast. vice Rogers, dead. 1 July	15	J. J. Fenton, Ens. vice Berwick, Afr. Colonial Corps. 26 June
15	Cor. Shedden, f. m. h. p. 17 Dr. Cor. (paying diff.) vice Lord Pelham 6 Dr. 24 June		Ens. Carr, Lt. vice Orr, dead. 29 Dec. 1825
17	R. F. M. Greville, Cor. by purch. vice Edwardes, 2 Life Gds. 30 do.		— Smith, do. vice Clancy, dead. 31 do.
Gren. Gds.	Lt. Vernon, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Bruce, ret. 8 July		— Mackenzie, late of 70 F. Ens. 25 June 1824.
	G. V. Wigram, Ens. and Lt. by purch. do.	24	G. M. Archer, Ens. 26 do.
			Lt. Graham, from 1 F. Lt. vice Harrison, h. p. African corps. 24 do.
			— Vignoles, from h. p. R. Art. Lt. vice Sullivan, h. p. rec. diff. do.
			C. C. Hay, Ens. vice Soden, 2 W. I. R. 27 do.
			Bt. Maj. Hughes, Maj. vice Craig, 2 W. I. R. 25 do.

- Lt. Ewing, Capt. do.
 Ens. Dirom, Lt. do.
 C. Sturgeon, Ens. do.
 27 Capt. Landon, from h. p. 70 F. Capt.
 vice Franklyn, cancelled, 24 do.
 29 — Chambers, from 99 F. do. vice
 Jolliffe, h. p. Bourbon R. do.
 31 Ens. Minchin, from h. p. 100 F. Ens.
 vice Boileau, 2 Vet. Bn. do.
 W. N. Thomas, do. vice Burrows,
 African Colonial Corps, 28 do.
 38 Gent. Cadet E. Thowld, from R. Mil.
 Coll. do. vice Bagot, 62 F. 24 do.
 — W. Zuhlcke, from R.
 Mill. Coll. do. vice Woodburn,
 dead, do.
 47 W. D. Hewson, do. vice Smith, dead,
 25 do.
 48 Lt. Vander Meulen, Capt. by purch.
 vice Mackay, ret. 24 do.
 Ens. O'Brien, Lt. do.
 A. Erskine, Ens. do.
 Gent. Cadet J. J. Louth, from R. Mil.
 Coll. Ens. vice Mackenzie, R. African
 Colonial Corps, 3 July
 50 Ens. Gill. Lt. vice Ross, 2 W. I. R.
 25 June
 H. M. Otway, Ens. do.
 61 S. Hood, do. vice Conran, 2 W. I. R.
 28 do.
 62 Ens. Bagot, from 38 F. do. vice Lord
 F. Lennox, 7 F. 24 do.
 67 Bt. Lt. Col. Gubbins, from 75 F. Lt.
 Col. by purch. vice Mackay, ret.
 8 July
 75 J. J. H. Boys, Ens. vice Patterson,
 African Colonial Corps. 27 June
 Bt. Maj. Stewart, Maj. by purch. vice
 Gubbins, 67 F. 8 July
 Lt. Orr, Capt. do.
 Ens. Vernon, Lt. do.
 G. Davison, Ens. do.
 76 Gent. Cadet C. Clark, from R. Mill.
 Coll. Ens. vice Langmead, 44 F.
 24 June
 Hon. C. Gordon, Ens. by purch. vice
 Clark, 8 F. 8 July
 77 R. Harper, Ens. vice Congreve, dead.
 25 June
 78 Ens. M'Alpin, Lt. vice Fraser, Afr.
 Col. Corps. do.
 N. Cameron, Ens. do.
 81 Gent. Cadet G. Reeves, from R. Mil.
 Coll. Ens. vice Splaine, Afr. Col.
 Corps, 1 July
 83 R. Kelly, Ens. vice Lisle, dead.
 25 June.
 85 Hosp. As. Brown, As. Surg. vice
 Whitney, 90 F. 8 July
 87 Serj. Carr, Qua. Mast. vice Paul,
 dead, 24 June
 88 Hon. C. Monekton, Ens. by purch.
 vice Hartopp, ret. 1 July
 95 Lt. Rafter, from h. p. 84 F. Paym.
 24 June
 96 T. A. Souther, Ens. vice Oxley, Afr.
 Col. Corps. 30 do.
 97 Ens. Leslie, Lt. by purch. vice Scott,
 ret. 1 July
 W. T. Stannus, Ens. do.
 F. C. Barlow, Ens. vice Burlton, Afr.
 Corps, 2 do.
 98 Surg. Vassall, from h. p. 24 F. Surg.
 1 do.
 99 Capt. Hill, from h. p. Bourbon R.
 Capt. vice Chambers, 29 F. 24 June
 Rifle Brig. G. Mackimmon, 2d Lt. vice Robertson,
 Afr. Col. Corps. 29 do.
 1 W. I. R. Lt. Myers, Capt. by purch. vice Hall,
 ret. 24 do.
 Ens. Johnston, Lt. do.
 J. Pentland, Ens. do.
 Maj. Craig, from 24 F. Lt. Col. 25 do.
 — Hill, from h. p. 6 W. I. R. Maj.
 vice Jolly, cancelled 24 do.
 Lt. Ross, from 50 F. Capt. 25 do.
 Ens. M'Vear, Lt. do.
 — Henry, do. do.
 Lt. Griffiths, from h. p. Art. Div. Lt.
 26 do.
 — Henry, from h. p. 32 F. do. do.
 — M'Ghee, from h. p. 36 F. do. do.
 Lt. and Qua. Mast. Hughes, do. 27 do.
- Ens. Soden, from 19 F. do. 27 June
 — Conran, from 61 F. do. 28 do.
 — Glover, from 1 F. do. 29 do.
 J. M'Donnell, Ens. vice Wetherell,
 dead, 25 Mar.
 R. Grey, do. 25 June
 J. Brennan, do. 26 do.
 W. Lardner, do. 27 do.
 A. Tomkins, do. 28 do.
 As. Surg. Ritchie, Surg. vice Tedlie,
 dead, 1 July
 Hosp. As. Wilson, As. Surg. do.
 Ceylon R. Hosp. As. M'Dermot, As. Surg. vice
 Hoatson, dead, 25 Dec. 1823.
 R. Afr. Col. C. Maj. Gen. C. Turner, Colonel
 vice Sir C. M'Carthy, dead, 1 July, 1824.
 Lt. Fraser, from 78 F. Capt. vice
 Sparks, dead, 25 June
 — M'Combie, from 1 F. Capt. vice
 L'Estrange, dead, 1 July
 Ens. Erskine, Lt. 25 June
 — Greetham, do. do.
 — Berwick, from 10 F. do. 26 do.
 — Patterson, from 75 F. 27 do.
 — Burrows, from 31 F. do. 28 do.
 2d Lt. Robertson, from Rifle. Brig.
 Lt. 29 do.
 Ens. Oxley, from 96 F. do. 30 do.
 — Splaine, from 81 F. do. 1 July
 — Buriton, from 97 F. do. 2 do.
 — Mackenzie, from 48 F. do. 3 do.
 J. M. Calder, Ens. 25 June
 J. Stapleton, do. 26 do.
 Hosp. As. Geddes, As. Surg. vice
 Pictou, dead, 8 July
 2 Vet. Bn. Ens. Boileau, from 31 F. Ens. vice
 Ella, ret. list. 24 June
- ### Unattached.
- Major D'Este, from Dr. Gds. Lt. Col.
 of Inf. by purch. vice M. Gen. Mac-
 quarie, ret. 1 July, 1824.
 — Somerset, from Cape Corps Cav.
 do. by purch. vice M. Gen. Sir C.
 Holloway, ret. 17 do.
- ### Ordnance Department.
- 2d Capt. Butts, Cap. 18 June, 1824.
 — Maunsell, from h. p. 2d
 Capt. do.
 1st Lieut. Woolcombe, do. do.
 2d Lieut. Trebeck, 1st Lieut. do.
 Gent. Cadet Boger, 2d Lieut. do.
 1st Lieut. Ramsden, from h. p. 1st
 Lieut. vice Monroe, h. p. 25 do.
 — Symons, from h. p. do. 24 do.
 Bt. Maj. and 2d Capt. Ord. Adj. vice
 Stewart, res. Adj. only. 1 July
- ### Chaplains Department.
- The very Rev. R. Hodgson, D. D.
 Dean of Carlisle, Chaplain General
 to the forces, vice Archdeacon
 Owen, dead, 12 July, 1824.
- ### Hospital Staff.
- Assist. Surg. Fenton, from h. p. 15
 Assist. Surg. vice Hosp. Assist. Fer-
 gusson, African Col. Corps. 25 June,
 1824.
 Acting Hosp. Assist. Bell, Hosp. As-
 sist. vice Wilson, 2 W. I. R. 1 July
 P. Campbell, do. vice Geddes, Afri-
 can Col. Corps. do.
- ### Exchanges.
- Cap. Christie, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff.
 with Cap. Hay, h. p. 37 F.
 — Bond, from 17 Dr do. with John-
 son, h. p. 19 Dr.
 — M'Lean, from 44 F. with Jacob,
 65 F.
 Lieut. Warren, from 54 F. Lieut.
 Campbell, h. p. 24 F.
 — Lacy, from 75 F. rec. diff. with
 Salmon, h. p. 10 F.
 — Sparks, from 2 W. I. R. with
 Wigmore, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn.
 — Lewis, from Ceylon Regt. with
 Emslie, h. p. 83 F.
 Paym. Wood, from 15 F. with Capt.
 Walker, h. p. 44 F.

Assist. Surg. Cutler, from 2 Life Guards with Assist. Surg. Gilder, p. h. Gren. Gds.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major-Gen. Macquarie, from 73 F.
— Sir C. Holloway, from R. Eng.

Lieut.-Colonel Gordon, 2 Dr. G.
— De Courcy, 8 F.
— Mackay, 67 F.

Captain *Ld.* Belhaven and Stenton, Life Gds.

— Bruce, Gren. Gds.
— Mackay, 48 F.
— Hall, 1 W. I. R.

Lieut. Scott, 97 F.
— Cornet Payne, 7 Dr. G.
— Beaumont, 1 Dr.
— Ensign Hartopp, 88 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Major Jolly, 2 W. I. R.
Capt. Franklyn, 27 F.

Deaths.

Major Gen. Macquarie, late of 73 F. July 1824
Major Maxwell, R. Art. at Pau. 18th June
— Kuper, h. p. 3 Huss. Ger. Leg. Verden, 3 July

Captain M'Combie, Afric. Col. Corps.
— Robinson, h. p. 53 F. 6 July
Lieut. M'Kenzie, 5 F. Dominica, 7 June, 1824
— Orr, 16 F. Badula, Ceylon, 28 Dec. 1823

Lieut. Clancy, 16 F. Kandy, Ceylon, 30 do.
— Church, 20 F. Portsmouth, 25 June, 1824
— Campbell, h. p. 1 F. Glasgow, 9 May
— Locke, h. p. 10 F. 15 Feb.
— Summers, h. p. 62 F. Ramsay, Isle of Man, 16 June
— Gordon, h. p. 71 F. 29 May
— Crane, h. p. R. Art. Portsee, May
— Allan, h. p. Queen's Amer. Rangers, New Brunswick, 14 Oct.
— M'Kenzie, h. p. 1 Lt. Dr. Ger. Leg. drowned in Hanover, 9 June
— Muller, h. p. Brunsw. Inf. 21 Sept.
Cornet Spier, h. p. Waggon Tr. Calais, 14 May, 1824.

2d Lieut. Wilson, late Inv. Art. Woolwich, 12 July

— O'Brien, h. p. 21 F. Sligo, 8 June
Ensign Smith, 47 F.
— Congreve, 77 F.

— O'Meara, Afric. Col. Corps.
— Archer, h. p. 12 F. Lymington, 9 July, 1824
— Whitefoord, h. p. Campbell's Rec. Corps, 28 April

— Cogan, 68 F. killed by lightning at Quebec, 9 June

— Gunn, late 3 Vet. Bn. Edinburgh. 5 July
Quar-Mast. Rogers, 10 Dr. Dublin, 5 June, 1824

— Mitchell, 20 F. Tralee, 23 do

Medical Department.

Surg. Tod, 4 Dr. Kaira, Bombay, 20 Feb. 1824
— Ritchie, 2 W. I. R. St Jago, Africa, 26 Mar.
— Braid, h. p. 81 F. 18 June
Staff Assist. Surg. Kent, London, 31 May

August.

Brevet.	Capt. Owen, h. p. (employed as Chief Eng. in New South Wales) Major in the Army 29 July, 1824	19	Bt. Major Lockyer, Major by purch. vice Broomfield, ret.	22 July
	Capt. Pudner, East Ind. Comp. Serv. and Paym. of Comp. Depot at Chatham, to have local rank of Capt. while so employed	22 do.	Lt. Rose, Capt.	do.
	A. Nicholl, late a Serj. 49 F. and Fort Adjut. in Canada, to have rank of Ens. while so employed	5 Aug.	Ens. Stirling, Lt.	do.
4 Dr. G.	Capt. Chatterton, from 7 Dr. G. Maj. by purch. vice d'Este, prom.	22 July	R. F. Poore, Ens.	do.
	Lt. Nugent, Capt. by purch. vice Chatterton, 4 Dr. G.	do.	Ens. Young, from 18 F. Lt. vice Church, dead	12 Aug.
	Cor. Unett, Lt.	do.	2d Lt. Booth, 1st Lt. vice Brady, Afr. Col. Co.	15 July
	J. Bolton, Cor.	do.	Ens. Pentland, from 1 W. I. R. 2d Lt.	do.
	Serj. Major Hickman, Rid. Mast. from 15 Dr. Cor.	15 do.	Maj. M'Laine, from h. p. 3 Ceylon R. Maj. vice Gordon, 10 F.	29 do.
4 Dr.	Assist. Surg. Thompson, from 59 F. Surg. vice Tod, dead	5 Aug.	Ens. Babington, do. vice Roberts, dead	12 Aug.
	Paym. Wildey, from h. p. 40 F. Paym. vice Kerr, exch.	12 do.	R. J. E. Rich, Ens.	do.
7	Lt. Hill, Capt. by purch. vice Gordon, ret.	29 July	Qua. Mast. Serj. Knee bone, Qua. Mast. vice Mitchell, dead	15 July
	Cor. Broadhead, Lt.	do.	Bt. Lt. Col. Lindsay, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Sturt, ret.	12 Aug.
	A. W. Biggs, Cor.	do.	Bt. Maj. Macpherson, Maj.	do.
12	Lt. Pallisar, Capt. by purch. vice Craufurd, Cape Corps	12 Aug.	Lt. Caldicoth, Capt.	do.
	Ens. England, from 77 F. Lt.	19 do.	Ens. Leekie, Lt.	do.
15	Capt. Lane, Major by purch. vice Booth, ret.	5 Aug.	G. C. Borough, Ens.	do.
	Lt. Temple, Capt.	do.	Lt. Marshall, Capt. vice Cuthbertson, dead	22 July
	Cor. Musgrave, Lt.	do.	2d Lt. Hay, from 54 F. Lt.	do.
	J. Shelley, Cor.	do.	Lt. Tyndale, Capt. by purch. vice Jas. Ross, ret.	5 Aug.
1 F.	Ens. Williamson, Lt. vice M'Combie, Afr. Col. Corps	22 July	Lt. Halcott, from 87 F. Lt. vice Antstice, h. p. 22 Dr.	29 July
5 F.	— Hill, Lt. vice M'Kenzie, dead	8 June	C. Warren, Ens. vice Hay, 48 F.	22 do.
	J. W. King, Ens.	12 Aug.	Serj. Maj. Liddeed, from 7 F. 2d Lt. and to act as Adj.	19 Aug.
	J. Campbell, Ens.	22 July	W. Smith, Ens. vice Cogan, dead	29 July
10 F.	2d Lt. Dayrell, from Rifle Br. Lt. by purch. vice Birch, ret.	do.	Ens. Connor, Lt. vice Coates, dead	19 Aug.
	Major Gordon, from 21 F. Major, vice Rudsell, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt.	29 do.	— Seymour, Ens.	do.
14	W. L. O'Halloran, Ens. vice La Roche, res.	11 Jan.	Lt. Murray, from h. p. 24 F. Lt. vice Rose, exch.	do.
18	Ens. Latouche, Lt. by purch. vice French, prom.	15 July	Maj. Bamford, from 97 F. Maj. vice Cameron, h. p. York Chass.	12 do.
	G. H. Peel, Ens.	do.	J. Lomax, Ens. by purch. vice England, 12 Dr.	19 do.
	T. C. Graves, do. vice Young, 20 F.	12 Aug.	Capt. Marshall, Maj. by purch. vice Campbell, prom.	29 July
			Lt. Browne, Capt. by purch. vice Marshall, prom.	12 Aug.
			Ens. Maule, Lt.	do.
			T. Crombie, Ens.	do.
			Lt. Mortimer, vice Field, dead, 9 Mar.	8

Ensign Greene, Lt. 12 Aug.
 J. Trollope, Ensign. do.
 84 Capt. Colomb, from h. p. 37 F. Capt.
 vice Tonson, exch. do.
 86 Lt. Grey, Capt. by purch. vice Hogg,
 ret. do.
 Ensign Close, Lt. do.
 P. Le Poer Trench, Ensign. do.
 87 Lt. Mildmay, from h. p. 22 Dr. Lt.
 vice Halcott, 53 F. 29 July
 88 W. P. Galloway, Ensign. vice Boyes, 2
 W. I. R. do.
 92 Capt. Cameron, from h. p. 79 F.
 Capt. vice Phelan, exch. 19 Aug.
 97 Maj. Paterson, from h. p. York
 Chass. Maj. vice Bamford, 75 F.
 98 Lt. Gooddiff, from h. p. 31 F. Lt. vice
 Logan, exch. do.
 Rifle Brig. W. Lloyd, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Day-
 rell, 10 F. 22 July
 Lt. Molloy, Capt. vice Skeill, dead
 5 Aug.
 2d Lt. Maclean, 1st Lt. do.
 C. Bagot, Page of Honour to the
 King, 2d Lt. do.
 I W. I. R. E. G. Ellis, Ensign. vice Pentland, 21 F.
 2 Ensign. Spence, Lt. vice M'Carthy,
 dead, do.
 F. W. Watson, Ensign. do.
 Hosp. As. Murray, As. Surg. 22 do.
 Ensign. Boyes, from 88 F. Lt. 29 do.
 Staff As. Surg. O'Beirne, Surg. vice
 Ritchie, dead 5 Aug.
 Ensign. and Adj. Curry, rank of Lt.
 6 Aug.
 Ensign. Sutherland, Lt. vice Dunne,
 dead 7 do.
 E. E. Nicolls, Ensign. do.
 Cape C. (Cav.) Bt. Maj. Craufurd, from 12 Dr.
 Maj. by purch. vice Somerset, dead
 5 Aug.
 R. Afr. Col. C. Lt. Brady, from 21 F. Capt. vice M'
 Combie, dead 15 July
 D. Turner, Ensign. vice O'Meara, dead
 do.
 Capt. De Barrallier, from h. p. 32 F.
 Capt. vice Baynes, exch. 12 Aug.
 1 Vet. Bn. Ensign. Russel, from h. p. 6 F. Ensign.
 (repay the diff. he rec. upon exch.
 to h. p.) vice Karr, ret. list 29 do.
 2 Lt. Gray, from h. p. 6 F. Lt. vice
 Pope, ret. list 15 do.
 Vet. Comps. } Bt. Lt. Col. Burke, from h. p. Dil-
 for Newf. } lon's R. Maj. 25 July
 Capt. Pilkington, from h. p. 5 F.
 do.
 — Rudkin, from h. p. 100 F. do.
 — Mackenzie, from h. p. York
 Lt. Inf. Vol. Capt. do.
 Lt. Campbell, from h. p. 72 F. Lt. do.
 — Croly, from h. p. 81 F. do.
 — Daunt, from h. p. 62 F. do.
 — Stanley, h. p. 15 F. do.
 — Dunne, from h. p. 25 F. do.
 — Ingall, from h. p. 70 F. do
 Ensign. Clarke, from h. p. 50 F. Ensign. do.
 — Philpot, from h. p. 62 F. do.
 — Walker, from h. p. 90 F. do.
 Garrison.
 Lt. Col. Belford, of late 3 Vet. Bn.
 Fort Maj. of Dartmouth Castle,
 vice Wright, dead 12 Aug. 1821.
 Unattached.
 Maj. Campbell, from 97 F. Lt. Col.
 of Inf. by purch. vice Maj. Gen.
 Lamont, ret. 10 July, 1821.
 Royal Military College.
 Capt. Chas. to be Superintendent of
 Gymnastic Exercises, with rank and
 pay of Capt. in the Army while so
 employed. 5 Aug.
 Staff.
 Bt. Maj. Cochrane, h. p. 103 F. Insp.
 Fld. Off. Mil. Nova Scotia, with
 rank of Lt. Col. in the Army,
 15 July
 Capt. Bentley, from late 1 Vet. Bn.
 Staff Capt. at Chatham, vice Dal-
 gety, ret. list. 19 Aug.

Commissariat Department.

Comm. Clerk, T. Walker, Dep. As.
 Comm. Gen. 13 July
 ——— T. Stafford, do.
 ——— W. Bishop, do.
 ——— J. Finlay, do.

Hospital Staff.

Staff Surg. Tully, Dep. Insp. of Hos-
 pitals 22 July
 Dr Arthur, from h. p. Physician to
 the Forces, vice Denecke, h. p.
 15 do.
 As. Surg. Rosser, from h. p. 3 F. As.
 Surg. vice Wharrie, dead 22 do.
 Hosp. As. Young, As. Surg. vice Law,
 dead 14 Aug.
 E. J. Bulteel, Hosp. As. do.

Exchanges.

Major Macintosh, from 93 F. with Major Bozon,
 h. p. 81 F.
 Bt. Major Cane, from 65 F. with Capt. Senior,
 h. p. 18 F.
 ——— Meachan, from 24 F. with Capt. Stack,
 h. p. 88 F.
 Capt. Phillimore, from Gren. Gds. rec. diff. with
 Capt. Saunderson, h. p. 81 F.
 ——— Mahon, from 29 F. with Capt. Hon. J. H.
 Cradock, h. p. 3 W. I. R.
 ——— French, from 81 F. with Capt. Scoones,
 h. p.
 ——— Hart from 82 F. with Capt. Brutton, h. p.
 75 F.
 ——— Driberg, from 83 F. with Capt. Haggerston,
 Ceylon Regt.
 ——— Heard, from 87 F. with Capt. Moore, h. p.
 101 F.
 Cornet Simpson, from R. Ho. Gds. rec. diff. with
 Ensign Lt. Russell, h. p. 48 F.
 Ensign Thomson, from 8 F. rec. diff. with Ensign
 Byron, h. p. 42 F.
 ——— Bennett, from 68 F. with Ensign Bernard,
 h. p. 16 F.
 Qua. Mast. Cockburn, from 17 Dr. with Lieut.
 Nicholson, h. p. 8 Dr.
 Surg. Walker, from 32 F. with Surg. Bampfield,
 h. p. Meuron's Regt.
 Assist. Surg. Latham, from 57 F. with Assist.
 Surg. Doyle, h. p. 35 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Maj. Gen. Lamont, late of 92 F.
 Col. Earl of Granard, Longford Mil.
 Maj. Booth, 15 Dr.
 ——— Broomfield, 19 F.
 Capt. Gordon, 7 Dr.
 ——— James Ross, 51 F.
 Lieut. Birch, 10 F.
 Ensign. La Roche, 14 F.

Deaths.

Maj. Gen. D. Campbell.
 ——— Prevost, from 67 F. Bath, 9 Aug. 1821.
 Lieut. Col. Warren, 47 F.
 Major Percival, late of 18 F. Malta, 8 May, 1821.
 ——— Ashton, late 12 F. Egham, 14 Aug.
 ——— Richardson, late 5 Veteran Bn. Amboise,
 France, 24 May.
 Capt. Gell, 1 F. at Chingput, on march for Tri-
 chinopoly, 18 Feb. 1821.
 ——— Rotton, 17 F.
 ——— Field, 82 F. Mauritius, 8 March.
 ——— Yorke, 95 F. Malta, 1 July.
 ——— Skell, Rifle Brig.
 ——— Lumsdaine, late Invalids, Invergelie, N. B.
 17 Nov. 1823.
 ——— Thompson, late Garr. Bat. near Birm-
 ham, 24 June, 1824.
 ——— Allott, late 5 Vet. Bn. Hague Hall, York-
 shire, 15 do.
 ——— J. Wingate Weeks, h. p. Nova Scotia Fenc.
 and Town Adj. of Cape Briton, Cape Briton,
 23 do.
 Lieut. Roberts, 26 F.
 ——— Skelton, 46 F. Belgaum, Madras,
 10 Feb. 1824.
 ——— Cottman, 60 F. Barbadoes, 2 July.
 ——— Coates, 71 F. Glasgow, 28 do.
 ——— Dunne, 2 W. I. R.
 ——— M'Carthy, do.
 ——— Hayter, R. Eng. Colombo, 21 March.
 ——— Wright, Fort Maj. Dartmouth Castle.
 ——— Sir J. Foulis, Bt. late Inval. Dublin 3 June.

Lieut. Bailey, h. p. 6 F. Brough, Westmoreland,
29 do.
— Elmore, h. p. 72 F. Secunderabad,
15 Dec. 1823.
— Laird, h. p. 86 F. Gateshead, Durham,
22 July, 1824.
— Crean, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn. Stream's Town,
Co. Mayo, 11 June.
Ensign Glass, late 6 Vet. Bat. Musselburgh,
22 July.
— M'Cabe, h. p. Cape Co. Jersey, 21 June.

Ensign Bond, late 5 R. Vet. Bat. Brewood, Staf-
ford, 17 July.
Paymaster Williams, 82 F. Mauritius, 7 Apr. 1824.
— Harrison, h. p. 83 F.
Quart. Mast. Murray, h. p. Durham Fenc. Cav.
Feb. 1824.
Surg. Buchanan, h. p. 9 F. Glasgow, 14 Aug. 1824.
Staff Assist. Surg. Law, Africa.
Vet. Surg. Harrison, h. p. York Huss. Tedding-
ton, 27 May, 1824.

NAVAL PROMOTIONS.

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
<i>Captains.</i>		<i>Lieutenants.</i>	
William Sandom	Ætna	Thomas Stevenson	Isis
Lord Byron	Blonde	Geo. Read (b)	Lively
Thomas Favell, (com.)	Bramble	Geo. Wyndham	Maidstone
Philip Pipon	Britannia	Edward C. Earle	Meteor
Octavius V. Vernon	Britomart	Andrew Smith (b)	ditto
John F. Studdert	Champion	Gas. B. Whitelocke	Orestes
Hon. J. A. Maude	Dispatch	Wm. Dickey	ditto
Lord Napier	Diamond	Andrew Kennedy	Niemen
John M. Laws, (com.)	Falmouth	Wm. H. Molyneux	ditto
John M'Causland, (com.)	Hamoaze	Thomas Cole (b)	ditto
Henry J. Leeke	Herald	C. H. Binstead	Owen Glendower
Robert H. Barclay	Infernal	C. G. Lloyd	ditto
C. H. Fremantle	Jasper	George Kennedy	Prince Regent
James Scott	Meteor	Joseph West	Pylades
Provo W. P. Wallis	Niemen	Chas. Geo. Butler	ditto
Henry Litchfield	Orestes	Henry O. Love	Pyramus
Thomas Pennington	Pike	Charles Brand	Ramilies
Francis Fead	Pylades	W. H. Routledge	ditto
William Hotham	Sappho	John Conjuit	ditto
Charles Sotheby	Seringapatam	Joseph Roche	ditto
Gr. E. Hamond, C. B.	Wellesley	James Ing Sullivan	ditto
Charles Church, (com.)	Zephyr	Aaran Games	ditto
<i>Lieutenants.</i>		Thomas Phelps	ditto
Joseph Cammilleri	Ætna	Samuel H. Laston	ditto
John Fletcher	Albion	Peter White	ditto
Dur de Sausmarez	Argus	Wm. B. Fabian	ditto
John Walkie	Astrea	Joseph Reay	ditto
William Pedder	Bann	Arthur T. Morley	ditto
Mitch. W. Wroot (flag)	Blanche	Joseph F. Thompson	ditto
Thomas Ball	Blonde	Wm. Flinn	ditto
Hon. W. Keith	ditto	John Hills	ditto
Robert F. Gambier	ditto	Charles M. Chapman	ditto
Hon. H. J. C. Talbot	ditto	John Coleman (a)	ditto
James W. Cairnes	Britannia	Abraham Whitehead	ditto
Edward Kelly	ditto	Fred. Phillips	ditto
George Sayer	ditto	Richard Jones (b)	ditto
John M'Causland	ditto	Wm. Henry Brand	ditto
Charles Andros	ditto	Nath. Newenham	ditto
Edm. Yonge	ditto	Chas. Henry Seale	ditto
Phil. Gostling	ditto	Henry Stroud	ditto
William C. Gerrard	ditto	Redmond Moriarty	ditto
Henry E. Atkinson	Britomart	W. Syfrett	ditto
Fred. Thackeray	ditto	Wm. H. Braddy	ditto
Henry Layton	Bulwark	Thos. M'Williams	ditto
E. R. Marley (act.)	Bustard	Robert H. Stanhope	Rose
Robert Campbell	Carnation	J. J. F. Newell	Sappho
Charles Inglis	Champion	Cornw. Ricketts	ditto
Edm. H. Pace	ditto	Wm. Johnstone	Satellite
Jos. Fra. Forster	Dartmouth	Lewis Davies	Seringapatam
Geo. G. Stewart	ditto	Wm. H. Henderson	ditto
William Molyneux	ditto	Wm. Worsfold	ditto
William Robertson (b)	Diamond	Wm. Dickson (b)	ditto
J. T. Warren	ditto	Chr. Bagot (act)	Superb
S. B. Peacock	ditto	Wm. H. Kitchen	Terror
Ro. Beaumont	ditto	Wm. Cotesworth	Thesis
Chas. Thurtell	Dispatch	Geo. Henslow	ditto
Jos. B. Driffield	Doterel	Thos. E. Hoste (flag)	Victory
Samuel Hellard	Dover	Wm. H. Pierson	Wellesley
Jos. M. Wood	ditto	David Welch	ditto
Thomas E. Hodder	Eden	Geo. Delme	ditto
John Hathorn	Fly	John M. Laws	ditto
Hon. T. Austin	Fury	Chas. H. Akerley	ditto
Fred. Wood	Genoa	John D. Robinson	ditto
Francis Harding	Griper	Henry Knolles	ditto
Sam. R. Whitecombe	Harrier	G. F. Dawson	Windsor Castle
John Christie	Infernal		Hyperion
C. J. F. Newton	ditto		

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 7. At Nagpore, the lady of Andrew Ross, Esq. assistant-surgeon, 2d battalion, 18th Regiment, of a son.

Feb. 4. At Negapatam, the lady of Alexander Fairlie Bruce, Esq., civil service, of a son.

March 3. At Bellary, Madras, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, 46th regiment, of a son.

21. At the Cape of Good Hope, the Lady of Lord Charles Somerset, of a daughter.

May 5. At Sympheropole, Sultana Katte Ghery Krim Ghery, of a daughter.

23. At Bourn Hall, Cambridgeshire, Countess Delawarr, of a daughter.

29. At Government-House, Montreal, Canada, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel M'Grigor, 70th regiment, of a daughter.

30. At Dalkeith, Mrs Dr Morison, of a daughter.

31. The Hon. Lady Paget, of a daughter.

June 26. At Netherhouse, the lady of Major Peat, of a daughter.

July 1. At Ditton Park, the seat of Lord Montagu, the Lady Isabella Cust, of a daughter.

3. At Briary Baulk, Mrs Hutchins, of a daughter.

— At 19, York Place, Mrs Abercrombie, of a daughter.

— At Colinton Bank, Mrs Logan, of a daughter.

4. At the Royal Circus, the lady of William Stirling, Esq. of a daughter.

5. At Kemnay House, Mrs Burnett, of a son.

— At Mungall Cottage, Mrs Stainton, of Biggarshiels, of a son.

8. Mrs Fisher, 15, Forth Street, of a son.

— At Rosemount, Mrs Christie, of a daughter.

9. At her father's, the Right Rev. Bishop Sandford, the lady of Montagu B. Bere of Morebath, in the county of Devon, Esq. of a son and heir.

11. At London, the lady of G. R. Dawson, Esq. M.P. of a son.

13. Mrs W. C. Learmonth, of Craighend, of a son.

16. At 79, Great King Street, Mrs Kinnear, of a son.

20. At Lauder, Mrs Allan, of a son.

— At Belgavies, in Angus-shire, the lady of A. M'Kenzie, Esq. surgeon, 69th regiment, of twin sons.

— At Beddington, in Surrey, the Hon. Lady Helen Wedderburn, of a son.

— At Balcarras, the lady of Captain Head, of a daughter.

21. At Drummond Place, the lady of A. Scott Broomfield, of a daughter.

— At Blebo, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Bethune, of a son.

22. At Middleton Terrace, Pentonville, London, the lady of the Rev. Edward Irving, of the Caledonian Chapel, of a son.

23. At Pwlytyrochan, North Wales, he lady of Sir David Erskine, of Cambo, Bart. of a son and heir.

24. Mrs Walker, Stafford Street, of a daughter.

27. At Baberton House, the lady of Archibald Christie, Esq. of Baberton, of a son.

— At St Anthony's Place, Leith, Mrs William Wyld, of a daughter.

31. At Kilbagie, Mrs Stein, of a son.

Aug 1. At Paris, her royal highness the Duchess of Orleans, of a prince.

— The lady of Major Johnston, 99th regiment, of a daughter.

3. At London, Mrs A. Baxter, of a daughter.

4. At Inverlochy, the lady of Colonel Gordon, of a son.

5. At Naples, the lady of Alexander Thompson, Esq. of a daughter.

— At the British hotel, the lady of Thomas C. Hagart, Esq. of a daughter.

8. At Duncan Street, Drummond Place, Mrs William Maxwell Little, of a son.

— At Dundee, the lady of John Sandwith, Esq. of Bombay, of twin daughters.

9. At Castle Fraser, Mrs Fraser, of a daughter.

10. In Melville Street, the lady of James Edmund Leslie, Esq. of a son.

— At Ely Place, London, Mrs Tweedic, of a son.

11. At Beaumont Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Fulton Gibb, of a son.

14. At No. 15, London Street, Mrs Thomas Grahame, of a son.

20. At Holkham, Norfolk, Lady Ann Coke, of a son.

— At Putney Heath, the lady of the Hon. Thomas Erskine, of a daughter.

22. At Beaufort Castle, the Hon. Mrs Fraser of Lovat, of a daughter.

24. At Heriot Row, Mrs Dalzell, of Lingo, of a son.

25. At Park House, Mrs Gordon of Park, of a daughter.

27. At No. 1, Fettes Row, the lady of Captain Pearson, Royal Navy, of twin sons.

— At Eldon Hall, the Lady of the Hon. J. E. Elliot, of a son.

29. At Dean House, near Edinburgh, the lady of General Sir Thomas Bradford, K.C.B. of a daughter.

30. In Queen Street, the lady of John Archibald Campbell, Esq. of a daughter.

— At 26, Heriot Row, Mrs Morison, of a daughter.

31. At Pittenerieff, Mrs Hunt of Pittenerieff, of a daughter.

— At Invermoriston, the lady of James Murray Grant, Esq. of Glenmoriston and Moy, of a daughter.

Lately. At North Aston, Oxfordshire, Vicountess Chetwynd, of a daughter.

— At the seat of the Earl of Winchelsea, the Lady of Captain Drummond, Coldstream guards, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

March 29. At the Cape of Good Hope, Major Thomas Webster of Balgarvie, Esq. daughter of the late John Ross, Esq. Meadow Place, Edinburgh.

June 29. At Hartpurry, Gloucestershire, Robert Hill, merchant, Edinburgh, to Rose Bellingham Martin, daughter of Mr Thomas Martin, Hartpurry.

July 1. At Masham, Yorkshire, the Rev. John Stewart, minister of Sorn, to Mary, daughter of the late Lieut.-General Gammell.

— At Eldersly House, Robert C. Bontine, Esq. of Ardoch, eldest son of William C. C. Grahame, Esq. of Gartmore, to Frances Laura, daughter of Archibald Spiers, Esq. of Eldersly.

2. At Phantassie, James Aitchison, Esq. second son of William Aitchison, Esq. of Drummore, to Janet, second daughter of George Rennie, Esq. of Phantassie.

3. In St Paul's Chapel, York Place, Dr John Argell Robertson, to Anne, second daughter of the late Charles Lockhart, Esq. of Newhall.

5. At Dundee, the Rev. Dr Ireland, Catherine Bank, North Leith, to Catherine, second daughter of the late Dr Henderson, physician, Dundee.

6. At Glasgow, Captain Lauchlan Macquarrie, 55d Regiment of Foot, to Margaret, fourth daughter of the late Daniel Macalpine, Esq. of Ardnakaig, Argyllshire.

— At Drylaw, Captain Charles Hope Watson, Royal Navy, to Miss Mary Ramsay, youngest daughter of the late William Ramsay, Esq. of Barnton.

— At Sackville House, county of Kerry, Ireland, Major David Graham, 59th Regiment of Foot, to Miss Honoria Stokes, daughter of Oliver Stokes, Esq. of the above county.

— In Great King Street, Richard Panton, Esq. of the Island of Jamaica and University of Cambridge, to Sophia Eliza, eldest daughter of the late David Morrison, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's civil service, Bengal establishment.

8. At Kirkaldy, Hugh Lumdsen of Pitcairle, Esq. advocate, to Isabella, fourth daughter of Walter Fergus, Esq. of Strathore.

— At Morningside, Mr George G. Thomson,

merchant, Leith, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late John Richmond, Esq. wine-merchant, Edinburgh.

9. At London, Lord Garvach, to Rosabelle Charlotte, eldest daughter of Henry Bonham, Esq. M. P. for Sandwich.

12. At Edinburgh, John Campbell, Esq. younger of Succoth, to Anne Jane, youngest daughter of Francis Sitwell, Esq. of Barmoor Castle, Northumberland.

— At Edinburgh, David Greig, Esq. W. S. to Catherine, daughter of Mr Josiah Maxton, Albany Street.

13. At Burtisland, the Rev. Matthew Leishman, minister of the gospel at Govan, to Jane Elizabeth, daughter of the late Robert Boog, Esq.

— In London, the Hon. and Rev. Henry Edward John Howard, youngest son of the Earl of Carlisle, to Henrietta Elizabeth, daughter of J. Wright, Esq. of Mapperley, Nottinghamshire.

— At Biddenden, Kent, Lord George Henry Spencer Churchill, third son of the Duke of Marlborough, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Nares, Rector of Biddenden, and niece of the Duke of Marlborough.

— At London, Lord De Dunstanville, to Miss Lemon, daughter of Sir William Lemon, Bart.

14. At Knesworth House, the residence of Francis Pym, jun. Esq. Henry Smith, Esq. third son of Samuel Smith, Esq. of Woodhall Park, to Lady Lucy Melville, eldest sister of the Earl of Leven and Melville.

15. At Orchardmains, the Rev. Thomas Struthers, Hamilton, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Adam Brydon, Esq. of Orchardmains.

— At the Haining, Archibald Douglas, Esq. son of Archibald Douglas, Esq. of Adderstone, to Margaret Violetta, daughter of the late Mark Pringle, Esq. of Clifton.

— At St Mary's, Woolwich, William Hunter, Esq. of Chesnock Hall, Lanarkshire, to Masy, only daughter of James Keid, Esq. royal horse artillery.

16. At Balranald, the Rev. Finlay M' Rae, minister of North Uist, to Isabella Maria, daughter of Colonel Macdonald of Lyndale.

— At Cleghorn, Mr James Somerville, surgeon, Lanark, to Miss Margaret Baxter.

19. At Edinburgh, Mr Joseph Cook, bookseller, St Andrews, to Isabella, daughter of Mr George Girdwood, candle maker, Cupar Fife.

— At Edinburgh, by the Rev. James Henderson, according to the forms of the Presbyterian church, and on the 17th August, by the right Rev. Bishop Sandford, according to the forms of the English church, Sir Alexander Don of Newton Don, Bart. representative in Parliament for the county of Roxburgh, to Grace Jane, eldest daughter of John Stein, Esq. Heriot Row.

20. At Castlemilk, James Hotchkis, Esq. of Templehall, W. S. to Margaret, youngest daughter of Thomas Hart, Esq. of Castlemilk.

21. At Edinburgh, the Rev. M. John Turner, Rector of Welmslow, Cheshire, to Miss Louisa Lewis Robertson, third daughter of the late Captain George Robertson, of the Royal Navy.

— At Edinburgh, James W. Dickson, Esq. advocate, to Jeanette Helen, daughter of the late James Morison, of Greenfield, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Plenderleith, Boreland, Edderstone, to Miss Jane White, Peebles.

26. At St Paul's Chapel, Samuel Beazley, Esq. to Miss E. F. Conway.

— At Edinburgh, Henry Englefield, Esq. son of Sir Henry Charles Englefield, Bart. to Catharine, eldest daughter of Henry Witham of Lartington, in the county of York, Esq.

27. John Hutton, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Jane, youngest daughter of Peter Wood, Esq. Rosemount, Leith.

— At Kensington church, the Lord Bishop of Jamaica, to Miss Pope, daughter of the late E. Pope, Esq.

28. At Gilmore Place, Edinburgh, Mr John Dudgeon, Loanhead, Kirkliston, to Margaret youngest daughter of the late Mr David Stodart.

30. At Woodside, Harvey Strong, Esq. American consul, to Janet, eldest daughter of Colin Gillespie, Esq.

— At Belhaven Park, Elles Dudgeon, Esq. to

Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late George Johnston, Esq.

Aug. 5. At Portobello, David Watson, Esq. writer in Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Francis Beaumont, Esq. Knockhouse, near Dunfermline.

— At Dalryell Lodge, Fifeshire, Robert Lindsay, Esq. second son of the Hon. Robert Lindsay of Balcarres, to Frances, daughter of Sir Robert Henderson of Straiton, Bart.

4. At Kirkbyhill Church, near Boroughbridge, James Mellor Brown, Esq. formerly of Gattonside, Roxburghshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr Jacob Smith, of Givendale Grange.

6. At Edinburgh, Captain Thomas Paterson, his majesty's 65th regiment, to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel William Sherriif, Madras cavalry.

9. At Southfield Cottage, Mr William Phipps, Cramond, to Clementina, second daughter of the late Alexander Dick, Esq. accountant, Edinburgh.

11. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, Captain Sanderson, Bengal cavalry, to Elizabeth Oswald, eldest daughter of Alexander Anderson, Esq. Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square.

16. At Crauford, the Hon. George Charles Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, sixth son of the late Earl of Berkeley, to Caroline Martha, second daughter of the late Paul Benfield, Esq.

— At Braxton, George Rennie, Esq. East Craig, to Isabella, only daughter of the late John Turnbull, Esq. of Braxton.

— At Edinburgh, Peter Hill, junior, Esq. to Ann, only daughter of Daniel Macdowall, Esq. of St Vincent.

17. At Haddington, the Rev. Benjamin Laing, Arbroath, to Georgina, sixth daughter of the Rev. Mr Chalmers, Haddington.

— At Glentyan, the Rev. Henry John Ingilby, rector of the West Keal, Lincolnshire, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late David Hart M'Dowall, Esq. of Walkingshaw.

— At Dumfries, John Clark, physician to the forces, Albany Barracks, Isle of Wight, to Mary, daughter of John Gilchrist, M.D.

20. At Edinburgh, Mr Gilbert Adecock, clothier, Hanover Street, to Agnes, youngest daughter of Thomas Williamson, Esq. of Northfield.

— At Dublin, Anthony P. Marshall, Esq. of Edinburgh, to Frances, fourth daughter of the late Smollet Holden, Esq. of Dublin.

24. In Windsor Street, Mr Archibald Paterson, merchant, to Jane, daughter of Mr Walter Scott, Lauder.

25. At St Martin's in the Fields, London, George Rennie, Esq. jun. of Phantassie, East Lothian, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late John Rennie, Esq.

— At Merton Hall, Wigtonshire, James Haldane Tait, Esq. Captain Royal Navy, to Miss Marion Yule, youngest daughter of the late Benjamin Yule, Esq. of Wheatfield, near Edinburgh.

— At Traprain, James Murray, Esq. to Clarissa, daughter of the late Rev. George Guldie, Athelstoneford.

29. At Taunton, Somerset, Lieutenant William Bryant, R. N. to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq.

30. At Portland Place, Adam Dawson, Esq. jun. Linlithgow, to Helen, daughter of the late Mr John Ramage, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Overshiells, Mr A. O. Turnbull, Edinburgh, to Margaret, daughter of the late James Sommerville, Esq. Lanton.

— At Heatherwick House, East Lothian, Samuel Anderson, Esq. wine-merchant, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late James Milnes, Esq. and niece to Lieutenant-General Hardyman.

31. At Dolls, Stirlingshire, William Haig, Esq. Bonnington, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of John Philp, Esq.

— At St George's, Hanover Square, London, Lieut.-Col. Allan, of the late 23d Lancers, to Miss Mitchell, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Campbell Mitchell.

Sept. 4. At Shrewsbury, Richard, son of Bryan Smith, Esq. of Liverpool, to Marianne, daughter of W. Egerton Jeffreys, Esq. of Coton-Hill, Salop.

Lately, in Keir Street, Edinburgh, Mr William Crawford, merchant, Montrose, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr James Aikman, jun. distiller, House of Muir.

DEATHS.

Sept. 1, 1825. At Madras, in the East Indies, (on his way home to Britain,) Thomas Fraser, Esq. of Gorthleck, in the Civil Service of the Hon. East India Company, at Nellore.

February.—At Calcutta, Colonel John Paton, honorary aide-de-camp to the Governor-General, and late commissary-general, after a period of 41 years' service in the Hon. East India Company's military service.

April 2. At Quebec, Robert, son of the late Henry Johnston, Esq. Meadowbank.

15. At Bellary, East Indies, Captain James Weir, 7th Madras Light Cavalry.

16. At sea, on board the Asia, from Calcutta, Thomas Livingston Reid, Esq. lieutenant R. N. commander of the Asia, and eldest son of Sir John Reid, Bart.

20. At Rio Janeiro, Mr John C. Macdougall, midshipman, on board of his Majesty's ship, Spartiate, and youngest son of the late Duncan Macdougall, Esq. Ardintrive.

22. On board the ship Charlotte, off the Cape of Good Hope, Mr William Campbell Farquharson, second son of the late Dr William Farquharson, physician in Edinburgh.

29. At Jamaica, Mr Peter Grace, son of the late Dr Grace of Cupar.

May 6. At sea, Colin Bruce, Esq. on his passage from Jamaica.

11. In Kingston, Jamaica, Mr George James Muirhead, son of the late Mr George A. Muirhead, merchant, Glasgow.

June 9. At Quebec, Ensign J. D. Cogan, of the 68th regiment.

17. At Pau, capital of the Basse Pyrenees, Major Stuart Maxwell, of the royal artillery.

18. At Madeira, in consequence of a fall from his horse, Ensign Robert Hamilton Fotheringham, of the Bengal Infantry.

19. At Moffat, Alex. Moffat, Esq. of Loch Urr.

22. At Aberdeen, Jane, eldest daughter of the late Right Rev. Bishop Skinner, of Aberdeen.

— At Dunbar, Isabella, second daughter of Mr John Veitch, surgeon.

27. At Haddington, Mr William Shiells, late brewer there.

— At Thornton House, Anna, eldest daughter of Colonel Cunningham.

— At George Town, in the district of Columbia; North America, Thomas Wilson, Esq. of Dullatur, advocate.

28. In James's Square, Mrs Mary Hardy, relict of Mr James Gilchrist, navy agent, London.

— At Heatherwick House, East Lothian, George, eldest son of Captain W. H. Hardyman, Hon. East India Company's naval service.

— At Prestonpans, Ann Comb, daughter of the late James Comb, Esq.

29. At Bandirran, William, only son of J. M. Nairne, Esq. of Dunsinane.

— At Burghhead, the Rev. Lewis Gordon, D. D. one of the ministers of Elgin.

30. At Burnside of Dalbeattie, David Copland, Esq. late of Gregory.

July 1. In Duke Street, St. James's, London, Major-Gen. Lauchlan Macquarie, in the 65th year of his age. His conduct, from earliest youth, was marked by a most amiable disposition, a high sense of honour, and animated zeal for his profession. He entered the army at the age of 15, and served his king and country for 47 years, in all parts of the world, with great credit.

2. Mrs Grizel Smart, relict of Mr William Cunningham, Haddington.

4. At London, after a sudden relapse of illness, the Countess of Brownlow.

— The Rev. Mr George Graham, minister of Fossoway.

— At his house, No. 5, Buccleugh Place, Mr Charles Moodie, of the Auditor's Office, Exchequer.

— At Demerara, John Macintyre, Esq. late merchant, Liverpool.

5. At Park Place, the infant son of William Grant, Esq. of Congalton.

— At Abbey St Bathans, Mr Andrew Wallace, teacher of mathematics in Edinburgh.

— At North Leith, the Rev. Dr David Johnston, in the 91st year of his age, the 66th of his ministry, and the 59th of his incumbency of that

parish, chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty for Scotland. During the period of sixty years, which the Rev. Doctor performed the pastoral duties of North Leith parish, he was well known to have put his hand to every good work that was going forward, not only in the town of Leith, the more immediate object of his charge, but his benevolent and philanthropic views extended to a fatherly care over the Charitable Institutions of Edinburgh, towards which, through a long and most active life, he rendered a ready and effective assistance. In the foundation of one of the best of our Charities, the Asylum for the Industrious Blind, the extension of the resources and benefits of which was to the last the peculiar object of his anxiety and fostering attention, an imperishable monument has been erected to his fame. Dr Johnston was, and we believe had been for a considerable time, the Father of the Presbytery of Edinburgh.

7. At London, in his 81st year, Sir George Wood, Knt. late one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer.

8. At London, Tamchamalu, Queen of the Sandwich Islands; and on the 14th, Tamechamcha, the second King of the Sandwich Islands. They had both been attacked by measles and inflammation in the lungs, which unhappily ended fatally. Their bodies have been embalmed according to the custom of the Sandwich Islands, and are to be conveyed back to their native country together.

8. George Earl of Tyrone, eldest son of the Marquis of Waterford.

9. At Wellington Place, Leith, Mr James Marr, corn merchant.

— At Dalkeith, Mrs Ann Aitken, wife of Mr John Grey, merchant there.

— At Fort William, Mr Thomas Gillespie, tenant in Ardachy, one of the most extensive store-farmers in the north of Scotland.

— At Mortimer Cottage, Berkshire, Elizabeth, relict of David Murray, Esq. brother of Lord Elibank, and daughter of the late Right Hon. Thomas Harley.

10. At Balfour Manse, the Rev. James Jeffrey.

11. At Inverary, Major-General Dugald Campbell.

— At Newck, Mrs James Haig.

13. At Leith, William Henderson, Esq. of Bardister, Shetland, in the 69th year of his age.

— At Freeland, Penelope Leslie, daughter of Major Walker.

— At Ironside-house, Abbeyhill, Mrs Ann Somerville, relict of Mr David Gray, merchant, Edinburgh.

15. At the Cottage of Rockhall, Mary Anne, third daughter of Alexander Grierson, Esq. younger of Lag.

— At Edinburgh, Gilbert Hutcheson, Esq. Depute Judge Advocate for Scotland.

16. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Macdonald, wife of Captain John Macdonald, Barrack-master, Edinburgh.

17. At Ploughlands, Mary, daughter of Alexander Fraser, Esq. accountant.

— At Meadow Place, Mrs Catharine Webster, widow of the Rev. John Webster.

19. At London, in the 21st year of his age, Mr Keith Turner, youngest son of the late Keith Turner, Esq. of Turnershall.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr Thomas Fleming, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, in the 70th year of his age, and 45th of his ministry.

— At Gogar Lodge, Mrs Dr Stewart.

20. At his house, Bridgend, Perth, Patrick Richardson, Esq. of Flatfield.

— At Milliken, Henry, second son of William Stirling, Esq.

21. At the Priory, Stanmore, Middlesex, Lady Jane Gordon, eldest daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen.

22. At Portobello, Mr William Dalmahoy.

— At Bahmuto, the Hon. Claud Irvine Boswell, Lord Bahmuto.

— William Pattison, Esq. in his 69th year, late merchant, Glasgow.

23. At Bristol, Mr Stewart Cruickshank, son of the late Rev. Alex. Cruickshank, minister of Mearns.

— At Leith, on the 24th ult. Mr Alex. Smith, merchant.

25. At Edinburgh, Major James Ballantyne of Holylee.

— At Falkirk, Mr Robert Taylor.

26. At Mary's Place, Stockbridge, Mrs Susan Sangster, wife of Mr John Parker, Solicitor Supreme Courts.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. Robert Doig, one of the ministers of the parish of St Nicholas, Aberdeen, in the 56th year of his age, and 34th of his ministry.

— At Ashmore, Robert Gordon, Esq. of Ashmore, younger of Invernettie.

— At Edinburgh, the Hon. Miss Bethia Hamilton.

— At Mansé of Wamphrey, the Rev. Mr Joseph Kirkpatrick, in the 75th year of his age, and 47th of his ministry.

— Her Grace the Duchess of Gordon, after a most severe illness of above a twelvemonth.

28. At Edinburgh, Susan, youngest daughter of the late Major Hamilton Maxwell of Ardwell.

— At Dun House, Miss Erskine of Dun.

29. At her house, Hope Street, Miss Blair.

30. At London, on the 30th ult. Mr Wm. Sharp, an eminent engraver.

— At Kilconquhar, Fife, Mrs Magdalene Lizars, wife of Mr John Brewster, printer, Society, Edinburgh.

31. At his house, Park Street, John Brown, Esq.

— Tweedie Crawford, infant daughter of Mr Douglas, writer to the signet, Drummond place.

Aug. 1. At Scotsraig House, William Dalgliesh, Esq. of Scotsraig.

— At Manse of Irongray, Mrs Ann Campbell, wife of the Rev. Dr Dow, minister of Irongray.

— At Burnhouse, Joseph Calder, Esq.

— At Burntisland, Mr Andrew Hutchison, town clerk.

— At Manchester, Alexander Livingstone, a native of Haddington, aged 98 years. In the early part of his life he served a number of years in the Scotch Greys, during the German war. He had two horses shot under him at the memorable battle of Minden. He was a pensioner of Chelsea Hospital upwards of fifty years.

2. At Godstone, Surrey, Alexander Waugh, A.M. minister of the Scots Church, Miles-Lane, London; and son of the Rev. Dr Waugh, minister of the Scots Church, Wells Street.

— At his house, Richmond Hill, near Aberdeen, Thomas M'Combie, of Easter Skene, Esq.

4. At Orrard, Perthshire, Mrs Richardson, wife of the late James Richardson, Esq. of Pitfour Castle.

5. At St Mary's Cottage, Trinity, Mrs John Linning.

7. At Edinburgh, Mrs Jessie Hamilton, wife of John Glassford Hopkirk, Esq. W.S. in the 28th year of her age.

8. At Marseilles, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, the celebrated German philologist, Frederick Wolf, in his 66th year.

9. At Bath, Major-General William Augustine Prevost, C.B. son of the late Major-General, and brother of the late Lieut.-General Sir George Prevost, Bart.

— At Juniper Green, Colinton, Lieutenant Henry Rymcr, R.N.

10. At his house, Cornhill, near Perth, Laurence Robertson, Esq. in the 64th year of his age.

— In Laurieston Lane, Francis, the only son of Leonard Horner, Esq.

11. At Aberdeen, Miss Jane Allan Kidd, daughter of the Rev. Dr Kidd.

— At Edinburgh, Marla Jane Craigie, eldest daughter of Captain Edmund Craigie, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

13. At Edinburgh, Mrs Christian Godsmán, relict of the late Ebenezer Marshal, minister of Cockpen.

— In Upper-Gower Street, London, Luey Elizabeth, wife of Lord Maurice Drummond.

14. At Glasgow, Dr William Buchanan, late surgeon of the 82d regiment of foot.

15. At Burnside, George Rodger, Esq. of Burnside, in the 70th year of his age.

— At Drummond Place, Edinburgh, the Rev. James Duguid, third son of the Rev. John Du-

guid, minister of Evie and Reidal, Orkney, in the 27th year of his age.

16. At Crieff, Mrs Elizabeth Arnot, relict of Mr James Arnot, merchant there.

— At Portobello, Elizabeth, third daughter of Mr D. Cowan, Canongate, Edinburgh, aged ten years.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Richardson, surgeon and druggist.

— At Greenock, at an advanced age, Mr Thomas Potts, writer there, and formerly writer in Kelso.

17. At Leith, Peter F. Hay, son of Mr John Hay, ship-owner.

— At Meadowside, near Strathaven, James Miller, Esq. advocate.

— At Rockhill, Argyllshire, Mrs M'Lachlan, sen. of M'Lachlan, in the 91st year of her age.

— At No. 9, Queen Street, Edinburgh, aged 4 years, Jemima, fifth daughter of Mr William Bell, W.S.

18. Mrs Heugh, relict of John Heugh, of Gartcows, Esq.

19. At Edinburgh, William Calder, Esq. late Lord Provost of this City, much and deeply regretted.

— Mrs Susanna Davidson, wife of William Kirkaldy, Esq. merchant in Dundee.

20. At London, Thomas Trevor Hampden, Viscount Hampden and Baron Trevor of Bromham.

— At Dalnaspidal, Blair Atholl, Lieut.-Colonel George Johnston, brother to the Right Hon. Lady Gray.

22. At Inverleith Mains, Mr George Lauder, farmer.

— At Sourhope, Mr James Shiell, tenant there, aged 73 years.

— At Addington, Agnes, third daughter of John Simson, Esq. of Blainslie.

23. At Blairlogie, Stirlingshire, Miss Emilia Husband Baird, daughter of the Very Rev. Dr G. H. Baird, Principal of the University of Edinburgh.

24. At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Dickson, North St Andrew's Street.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Douglas, late of the Advocates' Library.

— At Duntrune, Mrs Stirling Grahame.

— At the residence of his son, in the Vale of Neath, the Right Hon. Earl of Dunraven, aged 72.

25. At Halyburton, Berwickshire, after a few days' illness, Mr John Fairbairn, long tenant there, and author of a "Treatise on Sheep-Farming, by a Lammermuir Farmer."

26. At Bankhead, South Queensferry, Captain William Gordon, second son of the late James Gordon, Esq. of Rosieburn.

— In Argyll Square, Janet, the wife of William Wallace, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh.

28. At Pentonville, after a short illness, Mr Alex. Greig, in his 69th year.

29. At her house, Ann Street, St Bernard's, Mrs Jean Spalding, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Spalding Gordon, Esq. of Holm and Shirmers, and relict of James Fraser, Esq. of Gorthleck, W.S.

— At Edinburgh, James Butter, Esq. W.S.

— At St John's Hill, James Sutherland Bruce, son of the late Mr Wm. Bruce, banker in Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late William Cumming, Esq. of Riga.

30. At Craighleith Hill, Elizabeth Grahame, youngest daughter of Mr William Bonar.

Lately, On his passage to Europe for the recovery of health, Ensign George Huntly Gordon, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, youngest son of Lieutenant-General Gordon Cumming Skene of Pitlurg and Dyce.

— At Lyons, whither he had proceeded for the benefit of his health, Mr Abraham Montefiori, the brother of M. Rothschild, aged 38.

Suddenly, off Algiers, Mr William Rogers, master of his Majesty's ship Glasgow.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. XCIII.

OCTOBER, 1824.

VOL. XVI.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

No. XIX.

Goetz von Berlichingen, a Tragedy, by Goethe.

THIS tragedy was a very early production of the author. It was his first appearance upon the stage ;—his first attempt to embody the result of those studies, which, from the dawn of his manhood, had occupied the largest portion of his intellect.

Never, perhaps, was the first dramatic work of any author more decidedly entitled to the praise of originality. Few, very few, mature works of any genius are more resplendently instinct with the spirit of energy. It is no wonder, therefore, that some signal errors of taste were, at the moment of its appearance, altogether overlooked—that it was hailed with all the enthusiasm of unchastised applause—that it covered its author with honour, at the time unrivalled—and that, from that day to this, the influence of its success may be read in broad and indelible characters all over the surface of the literature which it had reanimated. That such are the qualities, and that such were the effects of Goethe's first drama, we have, in a former paper of this series, had occasion to state generally. We now purpose to examine *Goetz von Berlichingen* somewhat more at length, and to give our readers some specimens of the materials of which it is constructed, and of the style in which it is composed, in order that they may judge for themselves, whe-

ther the opinion we expressed was, or was not, one of exaggerated praise.

In order to judge of this piece, however, it is not a whit more necessary that we should examine itself, than that we should endeavour, in so far as is possible, to throw ourselves back into the time when it made its appearance. And, in truth, it is no easy matter to throw ourselves from *this* time into *that*. What were the most popular works of literature in those days,—the works that exerted the widest influence—that enjoyed the most European reputation—that gave the tone of thought—that, by turns, echoed and dictated the feelings of the largest portions of society? There cannot be a question that these were the writings of VOLTAIRE, and his numerous followers, in France and out of France. The German literature of the period was, in spite of national pride and personal pique, saturated with the spirit of the great Revolutionary Cynic. In this spirit even WIELAND wrote poetry. The translator of Lucian changed but little of his character when he composed the beautiful cantos of his Oberon ; there was more of the Princess of Babylon in them, than of the Midsummer Night's Dream. Herder, indeed, had followed the footsteps of Lessing, and the only really excellent criticism even of that time in Ger-

many was hostile to the French school; but what were a few private scholars and professors, dispersed over the obscure and powerless states of Germany, when opposed to the influence of the only intellectual prince of whom Germany could boast, reigning in a capital upon which the eyes of all Europe were fixed, drawing around him everything that was most likely to adorn the monarchy he might be said to have created, and exerting all his immense influence, personal and regal, in favour of that literature, the spirit of which, although even his lynx eyes could not see it, was not less fixedly and irreconcilably at variance with his own interests and those of his crown, than with all the best and dearest interests of Germany, of Europe, of Christendom? The star of Frederick blazed an evil portent in the intellectual sky of Germany; its meteor-like splendour, though of "the earth earthy," was sufficient to din for a time the more distant and scattered vessels of purer and more stedfast light.

Even the gigantic mind of Johnson, such are the effects of contemporary spleen, could not enter the lists against Voltaire, without denying the greatness of his genius. It is pitiable enough to perceive that this folly still lingers among some who ought to be above it; but what such people say now has certainly no influence upon the general feelings of men. Posterity is, as usual, just; and they who are in the best condition to render a reason for their aversion to Voltaire, are the readiest also to admit, that were nothing but mere power of intellect to be taken into account, there are but very few names on record among mankind, entitled to be placed upon a level with his. He had the daring to design and to commence a warfare, to which even LUTHER'S was but child's-play; and he brought to its service a perseverance the most audacious and undaunted, and weapons and skill the most varied and the most exquisite that ever were exerted simultaneously for an unholy and an unhappy cause. That in the government of France, and the religion of Rome, he found many subjects of just reprehension, who can deny? But these merely furnished this Archimedes with a resting-place, from which to bend his myriad engines against the whole system and fabric of European thought. He hated all

alike, and he warred equally against all. He hated the despotism of the French king, and he assaulted all European government. He despised the cruel mummeries of the half-heathenized Christianity he saw in operation immediately around him, and he declared war against the Bible. Through the feeble points of *manners*, he stabbed at the eternal foundations of *morals*;—Pretence and Purity, Cunning and Wisdom, all were alike the objects—thank God, not the victims—of his impartial rancour.

His grand error was, that he could not distinguish between the systems themselves, which he found in operation, and the adventitious absurdities which he found attached to these systems. He determined, therefore, instead of lopping off unseemly excrescences, to make root and branch work of it. He found all the bad things which he hated or despised existing amidst nations professing a certain religion, and accustomed to live under certain forms of government;—the fundamental principles of that religion, therefore, and the whole substructure of recollections and reverence on which these governments apparently rested their strength, were to be assailed with every art which his ingenuity could devise, and his pertinacity direct. His ambition was to effect a thorough revolution in the political and in the religious feelings and principles of the European mind; and it was no difficult matter for him, having once formed this audacious scheme, to perceive, that his first and great object must be to destroy altogether our respect for our own ancestors. The institutions which he abhorred were all derived from them. They were consecrated in the eyes of living men, by the belief that they had come down from the wise and the noble dead;—our oracles were also our monuments.

An European antiquity was in his eyes the badge of all abomination. We moderns were treading blindly in the footsteps of generations which we ought altogether to despise. His business was to persuade us, that the mists of the dark ages were only beginning to be dispelled; that it was reserved for him and his contemporaries to have the glory of *first* beholding the real dawn of truth and light; and that nothing but bigotry and interest could possibly withstand the

influence of the blaze which his bold hand had been destined to reveal.

He was, among other things, at the pains to write a history of the whole world, with the express and single purpose of enforcing these new ideas. In this book, and in the more ponderous *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, there was no one institution subsisting anywhere among the peoples of Christendom which he did not assault through those in whom he supposed it to have originated, and by respect for the memory of whom he supposed it to be in any measure maintained. Everywhere he found or feigned some vile trick of interest or ignorance to come in place of some revered foundation of charity or wisdom. Priesthood, monarchy, nobility, were so many *aliases* for the domination of impudence, hypocrisy, and fraud. Dexterous was he in the management of his weapons, and deadly the extent to which his cruel paradox for a time prevailed. Plays and romances were written to insinuate the same poison into minds or moods of the most opposite descriptions,—to blend it with the sympathies of the serious, as well as the mirth of the jocular. It was worked up in imposing forms for the would-be-wise—it was mixed in wine for men, and in milk for babes. The ambition of the proud in mind—the scorn of the unsatisfied evil—the secret yearnings of the luxurious—for each of these elements he had his appropriate viand. He at once enlisted the bad passions on his side; and, by his skilfulness in the arts of deceit and perversion, he was enabled also to entrap beneath his banner not a little of what was meant to be good.

The massive intellect and the prodigious influence of Dr Johnson formed a rampart against the influx of these pernicious notions for which England can never cease to be grateful. Hume, Tory though he was, did more against us, than for us. Gibbon was Voltaire's partisan, as far as it was possible for a man of his personal virtue and great erudition to be so. Even Robertson stooped to be his apologist. Johnson alone stood firm, cased in the armour of knowledge, of wisdom, and of pride; and opposing a resistance which certainly would not have been the less effectual, had he conciliated, in some measure, the judgment of the lookers-on, by confessing, instead of eternally

deriding, the ingenuity and vigour of his Proteus antagonist.

This haughty opposition, however, was entirely a philosophical one, and that was not enough to set against a system which had not disdained to assault everything that is imaginative, through imagination itself, as well as through other channels. But others fortunately arose to supply that in which both the plans and the powers of Johnson were deficient. The publication of Percy's *Reliques* gave a new turn to the imaginative literature of England. That work certainly had great influence in Germany also. But its business there was not to originate, but to encourage; for, before its treasures were opened, the comprehensive genius of Goethe had already struck the kindred note by this very drama. If it had been otherwise, we had still been abundantly repaid; for a translation of Goetz von Berlichingen was the first publication of Sir Walter Scott; and it is not perhaps too much to say, that as but for Percy we might have had no Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, so, but for Goethe, the genius of the most successful author of our time might have taken some direction less fortunate, in every point of view, than that, the triumph of which is now before us.

The wise, no less than magnificent, design which Goethe too soon abandoned, and which the other great poet has so splendidly pursued, was the only one through which there could be any just hope of opposing, in the hearts of modern men, the influence of those new doctrines by which the revolutionary literature of France had appealed so powerfully to the self-love of its generation. The main-spring of this rival engine was a noble disbelief in the possibility of men's soon or easily losing all sympathy for those who had gone before them. Its object was the vindication of the past—not the vindication of its errors—not the denial of its evils—but the assertion of the fact that the old times had their good also—that our fathers were neither the fools nor the slaves it suited the audacity of living conceit to represent them—that we were sprung from noble and virtuous races, and ought to imitate their virtues and amend their errors, but not draw a broad line of separation between us and them—nor hug the flattering unction, that it was a

nobler and a better part to demolish and rebuild than to preserve and embellish.

In Germany, all things considered, it is not perhaps to be wondered at that the chief characteristic of the new spirit had been, from the very beginning of its influence, a savage hatred and scorn for the institution of nobility. The abuses which had grown around that institution in Germany were great—and unhappily they have not yet been corrected, except in a few portions of the old empire. It was obvious, however, to Goethe, and to every man capable of taking a calm and philosophical view of the subject, that this institution was far too deeply inwoven into the whole frame and fabric of society in that country, to admit of its being pulled down without peril of the most deadly effects upon its national character—the root of all real good, and the source of all really philosophical expectation of good. This poet, therefore, undertook to vindicate the old chivalry, which was every day assailed in every form of banter—he undertook to make men sympathize once more with the reverence which their fathers had felt for the frank and lofty virtues of the old German Baronage; that body, which, in despite of all the sneers of ungrateful posterity, had stood, throughout a long course of troubled ages, the eternal barrier between the prince and the people, fighting the battles of both, and preventing the one from the active, the other from the passive curse of despotism. He undertook to meet in the teeth the insulting array, of which "*Guerre aux Chateaux*" was the war-cry. He undertook to shew that the place which men envied had been won; and with great and consummate art he undertook to do all this, without betraying openly what was the purpose he had in view—he undertook to insinuate, not to declaim—he appealed to the hearts of men, not doubting that his doctrine would from thence find its own way to their heads.

There was great art as well as boldness in the selection of the period, and of the hero of this dramatic attempt. The poet has taken a time of the utmost turbulence and confusion—exactly one of those periods which had been most frequently decried as made up of nothing but brutal ignorance on the one side, and brutal oppression on the other. Goetz von Berlichingen

himself was one of the knightly freebooters of old Germany—one of those petty barons, who, by means of brotherhoods established within their own rank, contrived to set at defiance the power of the greater authorities of the empire, even when that power was exerted apparently for worthy purposes. This, however, was perhaps the necessary result of their being systematically, and as a class of men, accustomed, and indeed very often compelled, to make common cause against princely and imperial ambition. We must take the evil with the good in all things. These noble robbers laid abbeys and freetowns under contribution; but they more than repaid this, both to the clergy and the commonalty, by that spirit of daring which they nourished, and in which they gloried; that high and haughty soul of independence which animated them to the great and perpetual struggle which they alone had the power of maintaining, and to withdraw them from which, all the blandishments and temptations of courtly intrigue and proffered favour were continually exerted.

But perhaps enough of all this disquisition—in which we are by no means certain, after all, that there may not have been a good deal of over-refining upon things. Let us come to the play itself, or rather to the translation of it, which was published in London "by Walter Scott, Esq. Advocate, Edinburgh!" (such is the style of the title-page,) in 1799; and which, never having been reprinted, has long since become, according to an old phrase of ours, "as good as *MS.*" The tone of the preface to this version is very modest.—The writer talks of the obligations he has been under to "a gentleman of high literary eminence," for revising his performance. This, we suppose, was that clever and audacious plagiarist of the Germans, Monk Lewis, to whose Tales of Terror Mr Scott contributed not long afterwards his two splendid ballads, Glenfinlas, and the Eve of St John, pieces which at once established his reputation, and effectually lowered that of his eminent friend's Alonzo the Brave, *et hoc genus omne*, with which, until then, the public had been marvellously contented. We are rather surprised, that, if it were but for the curiosity of the thing, Mr J. Bell, of Oxford Street, the publisher of this translation, or his representative, whoever that may

be, has not been induced to favour us with a second edition; but we are stepping *ultra crepidum*.

We find Goetz, and the *iron hand* which furnished his popular cognomen, in full activity at the opening of the drama. A conspiracy has been formed against him by the Bishop of Bamberg, and others; and one of the most active of its instruments is a certain Lord of Weislingen, once the bosom friend of Goetz's youth, and almost the lover of his sister, but now estranged from him and his, by intrigues and the vile turns of this world's affairs. This man, lying in wait for Goetz in the Forest of Haslach, is, with his attendants, overpowered by the valour of the iron-handed Baron, and we soon have him making his appearance as a prisoner in Goetz's paternal castle of Jaxthausen. Before he and his captor arrive, we are allowed a glimpse of Goetz's wife, sister, and child, engaged in the quiet domestic pursuits of the time, and this preparation has an admirable effect.

Enter GOETZ, WEISLINGEN, HANS, and other Cavaliers, as from horseback.

Goetz. (Laying his helmet and sword on a table.) Unclasp my armour, and give me my doublet.—Ease will refresh me.—Brother Martin said well.—You have put us out of wind, Weislingen!

[*Weislingen answers nothing, but paces up and down.*]

Goetz. Be of good heart!—Come, unarm yourself!—Where are your clothes? Not lost, I hope, in the scuffle?—(To the attendants) Go, ask his servants; open the trunks and see that nothing is missing—or I can lend you some of mine.

Weis. Let me remain as I am—it is all one.

Goetz. I can give you a handsome clean doublet, but it is only of linen. It has grown too little for me—I had it on at the marriage of the Lord Palsgrave, when your Bishop was so incensed at me.—About a fortnight before, I had sunk two of his vessels upon the Maine—I was going up stairs to the venison in the inn at Heidelberg, with Francis of Seckingen. Before you get quite up, there is a landing-place with iron rails—there stood the Bishop, and gave Frank his hand as he passed, and the like to me that was close behind him. I laughed in my sleeve, and went to the Landgrave of Hanau, who was always my noble friend, and told him, “The Bishop has given me his hand, but I wot well he did not know me.” The Bishop heard me, for I was speaking loud—He came to us angrily, and said, “True, I gave thee my

hand, because I knew thee not indeed.”—To which I answered, “I marked that, my Lord, and so take your shake of the hand back again.” The manikin's neck grew red as a crab for spite, and he went up the room and complained to the Palsgrave Lewis and the Princes of Nassau.—But we have had much to do together since that.

Weis. I wish you would leave me to myself!

Goetz. Why so?—I entreat you be at rest. You are in my power, and I will not misuse it.

Weis. That I am little anxious about—Your duty as a knight prescribes your conduct.

Goetz. And you know how sacred it is to me.

Weis. I am taken—what follows is indifferent.

Goetz. You should not say so—Had you been taken by a Prince and shut up fettered in a dungeon, your gaoler directed to drive sleep from your eyes—

Enter servants with clothes. WEISLINGEN unarms and shifts himself. Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Good morrow, papa!

Goetz (kisses him). Good morrow, boy! How have you been behaving?

Charles. Very well.—Aunt says I am a good boy.

Goetz. That's right.

Charles. Have you brought me anything?

Goetz. Nothing this time.

Charles. I have learned a great deal—

Goetz. Aye!

Charles. Shall I tell you about the good boy?

Goetz. After dinner.

Charles. And I know something else.

Goetz. What may that be?

Charles. ‘Jaxthausen is a village and castle upon the Jaxt, which has appertained in property and heritage, for two hundred years, to the Lords of Berlichingen.’

Goetz. Do you know the Lord of Berlichingen? (*Charles stares at him.*) With all his extensive learning, he does not know his own father.—Whom does Jaxthausen belong to?

Charles. ‘Jaxthausen is a village and castle upon the Jaxt—’

Goetz. I did not ask about that—I knew every path, pass, and ford about the place, before ever I knew the name of the village, castle, or river. Is your mother in the kitchen?

Charles. Yes, papa! They are dressing a lamb, with nice white turnips.

Goetz. Do you know that too, Jack Turnspit?

Charles. And my aunt is roasting an apple for me to eat after dinner.

Goetz. Can't you eat it raw?

Charles. It tastes better roasted.

Goetz. You must have a tid-bit, must you?—Weislingen, I will be with you immediately.—I go to see my wife.—Come, Charles.

Charles. Who is that man?

Goetz. Bid him welcome. Tell him to be cheerful.

Charles. There's my hand, man! Be cheerful—for the dinner will be ready soon.

Weis. (*Takes up the child, and kisses him.*) Happy boy! that knowest no worse evil than the delay of dinner.—May you live to have much joy in your son, Berlichingen!

Goetz. Where there is most light, the shades are deepest. Yet I thank God for him.—We'll see what they are about.

[*Exit with Charles and Servants.*]

Weis. O that I could but wake, and find this all a dream!—In the power of Berlichingen!—of him from whom I had so far detached myself—whose remembrance I shunned like fire—whom I hoped to overpower!—And he still the old true-hearted Goetz!—O Adelbert! could'st thou recall the days when we played as children, and drove the mimic chase round this hall; then thou lovedst him, prizedst him, as thy soul! Who can be near him and hate him? Alas! I am not here such as I was.—Happy days! ye are gone—There, in his chair by the chimney, sat old Berlichingen, while we played around him, and loved each other like cherubs!—How anxious will be the Bishop and all my friends!—Well; I wot the whole country will sympathize with my misfortune. But what does it avail? Can that reflection give me the peace after which I struggle?

Re-enter GOETZ with wine and beakers.

Goetz. We'll take a glass till dinner is ready. Come, sit down—think yourself at home! Consider you are once more the guest of Goetz. It is long since we have sat side by side, and emptied a flagon together.

[*Fills.*] Come—A light heart!

Weis. Those times are over.

Goetz. God forbid! We shall hardly find more pleasant days than those which we spent together at the Margrave's court—when we were inseparable night and day. I think with pleasure on the days of my youth.—Do you remember the battle I had with the Polander, and how I broke his frizzled pate for him?

Weis. It was at table; and he struck at you with a knife.

Goetz. However, I came off conqueror—and you had a quarrel upon the account with his comrade—We always stuck together like brave boys—[*Fills and hands it to Weislingen.*] I shall never forget how the Margrave used to call us Castor and Pollux. It does me good to think of it.

Weis. The Bishop of Wurtzburg called us so first.

Goetz. That bishop was a learned clerk, and withal so gentle—I shall remember as long as I live how he used to caress us, praise our union, and describe the good fortune of the man who has an adopted brother in a friend.

Weis. No more of that.

Goetz. Does it displease you? I know nothing more delightful after fatigue, than to talk over old stories. Indeed, when I recall to mind how we were almost the same being, body and soul, and how I thought we were to continue so all our lives—Was not that my sole comfort when this hand was shot away at Landsbut, and when you nursed and tended me like a brother?—I hoped Adelbert would in future be my right hand—And now—

Weis. Alas!

Goetz. Hadst thou followed me when I wished thee to go to Brabant with me, all would have remained well. But then that unhappy turn for court-dangling seized thee, and thy coquetting and flirting with idle women. I always told thee, when thou would'st mix with these lounging, begging court-sycophants, and entertain them with gossiping about unlucky matches, and seduced girls, and such trash as they are interested about—I always told thee, Adelbert, thou wilt become a rogue.

Weis. Why all this?

Goetz. Would to God I could forget it, or that it were otherwise!—Art thou not as free, and as nobly born, as any in Germany, independent, holding under the Emperor alone—and dost thou not crouch amongst vassals?—What is the Bishop to thee? Allow he is thy neighbour, and can do thee a shrewd turn, hast thou not an arm, and friends to requite him in kind? Art thou ignorant of the noble situation of a free knight, who rests only upon God, the Emperor, and himself, that thou canst bear thus to crawl at the footstool of a selfish, malicious priest.

Weis. Let me speak.

Goetz. What canst thou say?

Weis. You look upon the princes, as the wolf upon the shepherd. And yet canst thou blame them for uniting in the defence of their own territories and property? Are they a moment secure from the unruly chivalry of your free knights, who plunder their vassals upon the very high roads, and sack their castles and towns? While upon the frontiers the public enemy threaten to overrun the lands of our dear Emperor, and, while he needs their assistance they can scarce sustain their own security—is it not our good genius which at this moment suggests a mean of bringing peace to Germany, of securing the administration of justice, and giving to great and small, the blessings of quiet? For this purpose is our confederacy; and dost thou blame us for securing the protection of the powerful princes our neighbours, instead

of relying on that of the Emperor, who is so far removed from us, and is hardly able to protect himself?

Goetz. Yes, yes, I understand you. Weislingen, were the princes as you paint them, we should be all agreed—all at peace and quiet: yes, every bird of prey naturally likes to eat its plunder undisturbed. The general weal!—They will hardly acquire untimely grey hairs in studying for that.—And with the Emperor they play a fine game. Every day comes some new adviser, and gives his opinion. The Emperor means well, and would gladly put things to rights—but because a great man can soon give an order, and by a single word put a thousand hands into motion, he therefore thinks his orders will be as speedily accomplished. Then come ordinances upon ordinances, contradictory of each other, while the princes all the while obey those only which serve their own interest, and help them to press under their footstool their less powerful neighbours—and all the while they talk of the quiet and peace of the empire!—I will be sworn, many a one thanks God in his heart that the Turk keeps the Emperor from looking into these affairs.

Weis. You view things your own way.

Goetz. So does every one. The question is, which is the right light in which they should be regarded?—And your plans are of the darkest.

Weis. You may say what you will, I am your prisoner.

Goetz. When your conscience is free, so are you. But we talked of the general tranquillity. I stood as a boy of sixteen with the Margrave at an Imperial Diet. What harangues the princes made! And worst of all, your spiritual allies. The Bishop rung into the Emperor's ears his regard for justice, till one wondered again. And now he has imprisoned a page of mine, at the very time when our quarrels were all accommodated, and I thought of nothing less. Is not all betwixt us settled? What is his business with the boy?

Weis. It was done without his knowledge.

Goetz. Then why does he not release him?

Weis. He has not borne himself as he should do.

Goetz. Not as he should do! By my honour, he has done as he should do, as surely as he was imprisoned both with your knowledge and the Bishop's. Do you think I am come into the world this very day, that I cannot see the tendency of all this?

Weis. Your suspicions do us injustice.

Goetz. Weislingen, shall I tell you the truth?—Inconsiderable as I am, I am a thorn in your eyes, and Selbiss and Seckingen are no less so, while we retain our firm resolution to die, sooner than to thank any one but God for the air we breathe, or pledge our faith and homage to any one but

the Emperor. Hence they goad me from every quarter, blacken my character with the Emperor, and among my friends and neighbours, and spy about for advantage against me. They would fain take me out of the way; that was the reason for imprisoning the page whom I had dispatched for intelligence: And you now say he did not bear himself as he should do, because he would not betray my secrets. And thou, Weislingen, art their tool!

Weis. Berlichingen—

Goetz. No more about it—I am an enemy to long explanations; they deceive either the maker or the hearer, and, for the most part, both.

Enter CHARLES.

Char. Dinner, father!

Goetz. Good news!—Come, I hope the company of my women folks will revive you—you always liked the girls—Aye, aye, they can tell many pretty stories of you.

(Exeunt.)

Weislingen is thus thrown once more into the society of Berlichingen's lovely sister, Maria; and the reader may easily guess the result. The following scene, however, is too full of merit to be omitted. We know of few modern attempts to pourtray the open-hearted simplicity of old manners, by half so successful.

Maria. You love me, you say—Alas! I am perhaps but too much inclined to believe it.

Weis. Why not believe what I feel so well, that I am entirely thine? *(Embraces her.)*

Maria. *(Softly.)* I gave you one kiss for earnest, but you must encroach no farther.

Weis. You are too strict, Maria!—Innocent love is pleasing in the sight of Heaven.

Maria. It may be so. But I must not build upon what you say; for I have been taught that caresses are as strong as fetters, and that damsels, when they love, are weaker than Sampson when he lost his locks.

Weis. Who taught you so?

Maria. The abbess of my convent. Till my seventeenth year I was with her; and only with you, for the first time, have I ceased to regret her company. She had loved, and could tell—She had a most affectionate heart.—Oh! she was an excellent woman!

Weis. Then you resemble her—*(Takes her hand.)*—What would become of me were I to lose you?

Maria. That, I hope, is not likely to happen. But you must away.

Weis. I know it, dearest, and I will. Well do I feel what a treasure I have purchased by this sacrifice!—Now, blessed be your brother, and the day on which he undertook to seize me!

Maria. His heart overflowed with hope for you and himself. 'Farewell,' he said; 'I go to recover my friend.'

Weis. That has he done. Would that I had studied the arrangement and security of my property, instead of neglecting it, and dallying at that worthless Court!—then could'st thou have been instantly mine.

Maria. Delay enhances pleasure.

Weis. Say not so, *Maria*, lest I dread that thy feelings are less keen than mine. True, I deserved punishment, deserved to lose every glimpse of this heavenly prospect. But now! to be wholly thine; to live only in thee, and in thy circle of friends—far removed from the world; to live for the enjoyment of all the raptures which two hearts can bestow. What is the favour of princes—what applauses of the universe—to such simple, yet unequalled felicity? Many have been my hopes and wishes; henceforth I am equally above both.

Enter GOETZ.

Goetz. Your page is returned already; he can scarcely bring out a word for hunger and fatigue. My wife has ordered the poor knave to be taken care of. This much I have picked out—the Bishop will not give up my boy—an imperial commission is to be granted, under which all matters are to be adjusted. But be it as he will, *Adelbert*, you are free. Pledge me but your hand, that you will neither give open nor underhand assistance to my avowed enemies.

Weis. Here I grasp thy hand. From this moment be our union and friendship as firm and unalterable as a primary law of nature!—Let me take this hand also—(*Takes Maria's hand*)—and with it the possession of this lovely lady.

Goetz. Dare I promise for you?

Maria. (*Timidly.*) If—if it is your wish. . . .

Goetz. By good luck our wishes will not differ on this point. Thou needst not blush—the glance of thy eye betrays thee. Well, then, *Weislingen*, join hands, and I say *Amen!* My friend and brother!—I thank thee, sister; thou spin'st more than flax, for thou hast drawn a thread which can fetter this wandering bird of paradise. Yet thou lookst not quite open, *Adelbert*. What ails thee?—I am fully happy! What I but hoped in a dream I now see with my eyes, and feel as if I still dreamed. Now my vision is out. I thought to-night, that, in token of reconciliation, I gave thee this iron hand; and that you held it so fast that it broke away from my arm. I started, and awoke. Had I but dreamed a little longer, I should have seen how thou didst make me a new living hand. You must away this instant, to put in order thy castle and property. That damned Court has detained you long from both.—I must call my wife—*Elizabeth!*

Maria. How transported is my brother!

Weis. Yet I am still more so.

Goetz. (*To Maria.*) You will have pleasant quarters.

Maria. They say *Franconia* is a fine country.

Weis. And I may venture to say that my castle lies in the most delicious part of it.

Goetz. That thou mayst, and I will swear to it. Look you, here flows the *Mayne*, around a hill clothed with corn-fields and vineyards, its top crowned with a Gothic castle—then the river makes a sharp turn, and glides round behind the very rock on which it stands. The windows of the great hall look perpendicularly down upon the river—a prospect which would detain one for hours.

Enter ELIZABETH.

Eli. What would'st thou?

Goetz. You, too, must give your hand, and say, God bless you!—They are a pair.

Eli. So soon?

Goetz. But not unexpected.

Eli. May ye ever love each other with the same affection as now—and as your love, so be your happiness.

Weis. Amen! On that condition I ensure it.

Goetz. The bridegroom, my dear, must perforce away for awhile; for this great event makes it needful for him to settle some concerns at home. He must bid adieu to the Bishop's court, in order that that connexion may be broken off by degrees. Then he must rescue his property from the hands of some selfish stewards; and—But come, sister—come, *Elizabeth*, his squire has, perhaps, some private message to him.

Weis. None but what you may hear.

Goetz. Needless:—*Franconians* and *Swabians!* now that you are one of us, we may bid their Mightinesses the princes defiance to their beard.

[*Exit Goetz, Elizabeth, Maria.*

Weis. (*Alone.*) God in heaven! And canst thou have reserved such happiness for one so unworthy? It is too much for my heart. How meanly I depended upon wretched fools, whom I thought I was governing by superiority of intrigue, subservient to the glance of homage-demanding princes!—*Goetz*, my faithful *Goetz*, thou hast restored me to myself—and my beloved *Maria* has completed my reformation. I feel free, as if brought from a dungeon into the open air. *Bamberg* will I never more see—will snap all the shameful bands that have connected it and me. My heart rejoices, never more to undergo the degradation of struggling for boons that may be refused.—He alone is great and happy who fills his own station of independence, and has neither to command nor to obey.

Weislingen makes fine resolutions, but he does not keep them. *Goetz* restores him to his freedom, and then

permits, or rather requests him, to go to Bamberg, there to arrange his private affairs, and break off his connexion with the Bishop in a respectful style, previous to his marriage with Maria. To Bamberg Weislingen goes;—but there new temptations, as well as old, await him. A beautiful, artful, and worthless dame, of high rank, the widow lady of Walldorf, admires him, and resolves, partly from this motive, and partly from views of interest, to bind him, *per fas aut nefas*, in the chains of her fascination. The Bishop is at hand, meantime, with flatteries and with dispensations—he persuades the weak-minded man that there is more evil in keeping than in breaking the engagement under which he had come while a prisoner at Jaxthausen. In a word, Adelbert yields, marries Lady Walldorf—is once more the enemy of Goetz, and, as a natural consequence of his conscious ingratitude, his enmity soon becomes the deadliest and the most determined of all against which our hero has to contend.

The Emperor is persuaded to send his troops against Berlichingen. Weislingen heads a formidable army, and leads it to Jaxthausen. Goetz assaults them in detachments on their way, and comes off victor in many bloody skirmishes—in regard to which, we must quote *one* passage, chiefly on account of its being, in so far as we know, the *first* example of that particular species of *narrative*, which has since been carried to its utmost perfection in the famous description of the siege of Front-de-Bœuf's Castle, in *Ivanhoe*, given through one person stationed at a window to others, who do not see anything beyond the walls of a dungeon.

The scene of the following affair is the high-road to Jaxthausen. On one side there is an eminence, with a ruined watch-tower—on the other, the forest stretches wide over the valley—the Imperialists enter on their march—drums beating and colours flying—when, behold, Goetz is seen stationed on a rising-ground almost immediately in front of them. [Selbiss and Lerse are two of Berlichingen's chief friends and allies.]

Captain. He halts upon the high road! That's too impudent. He shall repent it—What! not to fear the torrent that bursts loose upon him!

Officer. You will not run upon iron pikes? He looks as if he means to plant the first that comes upon him in the mire,

with his head downmost—Here let us wait him.

Capt. Not so.

Offi. I entreat you.

Capt. Sound, trumpeter—and let us blow him to hell.

[*A charge sounded—Excunt in full career.*]

Selbiss, with his troopers, comes from behind the hill, galloping.

Selbiss. Follow me! Shout—shout!

[*Loud alarm—Lerse and his party sally from the wood.*]

Lerse. Fly to the help of Goetz! He is surrounded. Gallant Selbiss, thou hast cut thy way—we will sow the high road with these thistle-heads. [Gallop off.]

[*They gallop across the stage, et excunt.*]

[*A loud alarm, with shouts and firing for some minutes—Selbiss is borne in wounded by two troopers.*]

Sel. Leave me here, and hasten to Goetz.

First Trooper. Let us stay. You need our aid.

Sel. Get one of you on the watch-tower, and tell me how it goes.

1st Troop. How shall I get up?

2d Troop. Get upon my shoulder; you can then reach the ruined part.

[*First trooper gets up into the tower.*]

1st Troop. Alas! alas!

Sel. What seest thou?

1st Troop. Your cavaliers fly to the hill.

Sel. Hellish cowards! I would that they stood, and I had a ball through my head! Ride one of you full speed—Curse, and thunder them back to the field.—Seest thou Goetz? [Exit second Trooper.]

Troop. I see the three black feathers in the midst of the tumult.

Sel. Swim, brave swimmer—I lie here.

Troop. A white plume—Whose is that?

Sel. The Captain.

Troop. Goetz gallops upon him—Crash! down he goes!

Sel. The Captain?

Troop. Yes.

Sel. Brave! brave!

Troop. Alas, alas!—I see Goetz no more.

Sel. Then die, Selbiss!

Troop. A dreadful tumult where he stood. George's blue plume vanishes too.

Sel. Climb higher. Seest thou Lerse?

Troop. No; everything is in confusion.

Sel. No further—come down. How do Seckingen's men bear themselves?

Troop. So so—one of them flies to the wood—another—another—a whole troop—Goetz is lost!

Sel. Come down—tell me no more.

Troop. I cannot—Bravo! Bravo! I see Goetz—I see George—I see Lerse.

Sel. On horseback?

Troop. Aye, aye, high on horseback—Victory! victory! They fly!

Sel. The Imperialists?

Troop. Standard and all. Goetz behind them. He seizes the standard—he has it, he has it! A handful of men with him. My comrade reaches him—they come this way.

Enter GOETZ, GEORGE, LERSE, and Cavaliers, on horseback.

Sel. Joy to thee, Goetz!—Victory, victory!

Goetz. (dismounting.) Dearly, dearly bought! Thou art sorely wounded, Selbiss?

Sel. But thou dost live, and hast conquered! I have done little; and the dogs my troopers—How hast thou come off?

Goetz. For the present, well. And here I thank George, and thee, Lerse, for my life. I unhorsed the Captain—they stabbed my steed, and broke in upon me. George hewed his way to me, and sprang off. I threw myself like lightning on his horse, and he appeared suddenly like a thunderbolt upon another.—How camest thou by thy steed?

George. A fellow struck at you from behind; as he raised his cuirass in the exertion, I stabbed him with my dagger, down he came; and so I rid you of a backbiter, and helped myself to a horse.

Goetz. Then we stuck together till Francis here came to our help; and then we cut our way out.

Lerse. The hounds whom I led made a good show at first; but when we came to close, they fled like Imperialists.

Goetz. Friend and foe fled, except this little party of my own domestics, who protected our rear. I had enough to do with the fellows in front; but the fall of their captain dismayed them—they wavered, and they fled. I have their banner, and a few prisoners.

Sel. The captain has escaped you?

Goetz. They rescued him during the scuffle. Come, boys—come, Selbiss—make a bier of lances and boughs. Thou canst not to horse—come to my castle. They are scattered, but we are very few; and I know not what troops they may have in reserve. I will be your host and physician.—Wine tastes so well after action!

[*Exeunt, carrying Selbiss.*]

This, however, is only a temporary advantage—the Imperialists gather round the fortress at last, and Goetz finds himself besieged. George, a favourite youth, whom Goetz is training in arms, is the bearer of the conclusive tidings.

George. They are near!—I saw them from the tower. The sun is rising, and I perceived their lances glitter. I minded them no more than a cat would do a whole army of mice. 'Tis true, we play the rats at present.

Goetz. Go to the battlements—Look to the gates—See they are provided with stones and beams. We'll find exercise for

their patience, and their fury may discharge itself at the expense of their own nails. (*A trumpet from without. Goetz goes to the window.*) Aha! there comes a red-gowned rascal to ask me whether I will be a scoundrel! What says he? (*The voice of the Herald is heard indistinctly, as from a distance. Goetz speaks at intervals.*) A rope for thy throat! (*Voice again.*) "Offended Majesty!" Some parson has drawn up the proclamation. (*Voice concludes, and Goetz answers from the window.*) Surrender myself—surrender myself at all discretion!—With whom speak ye? Am I a robber? Tell your Captain, that for his Imperial Majesty I entertain, as ever, all due respect; but for himself, he may— (*Shuts the window with violence.*)

(*A sharp discharge of musketry, answered by firing from the castle.*)

SCENE—The Kitchen.

ELIZABETH preparing food—to her
GOETZ.

Goetz. You have hard work, my poor wife!

Eliz. Would it could but last!—but you can hardly hold out long.

Goetz. We have not had time to provide ourselves—

Eliz. And so many people to feed!—The wine is well nigh finished.

Goetz. If we hold out a certain time, they must give us articles. We keep them at a fine distance—They may shoot the whole day, and wound our walls, and break our windows.—That Lerse is a gallant fellow—He slips about with his gun; if a rogue comes too nigh—Ba!—there he lies! (*Firing.*)

Enter Cavalier.

Cavalier. We want live coals, gracious lady!

Goetz. For what?

Cav. Our bullets are spent: We must cast new.

Goetz. How lasts the powder?

Cav. There is yet no want: we spare our fire.

[*Firing at intervals—Exeunt Goetz and Elizabeth.*]

Enter LERSE with a bullet-mould.

Lerse. Go, see for lead about the house—meanwhile I will make a shift with this. [*Goes to the window and takes out the lead frames.*] Everything is fair. So it is in this world—no one knows what a thing may come to; the glazier that made these frames little knew that the work of his hands was to give some fellow his last headache; and the father that got me little thought that the fowls of heaven, and the beasts of the field, were to pick my bones.

Enter GEORGE with a leaden spout.

George. Here's lead for thee:—When

we have used the half of it, there will none return to tell his majesty "we have not sped."

Lerse, (cutting it down.) A famous prize!

George. The rain must seek some other way—but never mind that—a gallant trooper, and a smart shower, will always find their road. *(They cast balls.)*

Lerse. Hold the crucible—*(Goes to the window.)*—Yonder comes a fellow, creeping forward with his pop-gun; he thinks our fire is spent.—He shall have the bullet warm from the pan. *(He loads his carbine.)*

George. (Sets down the mould.) Let me see—

Lerse. (Fires from the window.) Yonder lies the game!

George. One of them fired at me, as I got out on the roof to get the spout—He killed a pigeon that sat near me; it fell into the spout—I thanked him for my dinner, and stepped in with the double booty. *(They cast balls.)*

Lerse. Now let us load, and go through the castle to earn our dinner.

Enter GOETZ.

Goetz. Stay, *Lerse*, I must speak with thee—I will not keep thee, *George*, from the sport. *[Exit George.]*

Goetz. They demand a parley.

Lerse. I will out and hear what they have to say.

Goetz. They will require me to enter myself into ward in some town on my knightly parole.

Lerse. That's a trifle—What if they would allow us free liberty of departure? for we can expect no relief from Seckingen. We will bury all valuables, where they shall never find them—leave them the bare walls, and come out with flying colours.

Goetz. They will not permit us.

Lerse. It is but asking.—We will demand a safe-conduct, and I will sally out. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE—*A Hall.*

GOETZ, ELIZABETH, GEORGE, and troopers, at table.

Goetz. Danger draws us together, my friends! Be cheery—don't forget the bottle! The flask is empty—Come, another, my dear wife. *(Elizabeth shakes her head.)* Is there no more?

Elizabeth, (low.) Only one, which I set apart for you.

Goetz. Not so, my love!—bring it out; they need strengthening more than I.

Eliz. Hand it from the cabinet.

Goetz. It is the last, and I feel as if we need not spare it. It is long since I have been so much disposed for joy.—*(They fill.)* To the health of the Emperor!

All. Long live the Emperor!

Goetz. Be it our last word when we die! I love him, for our fate is similar; and I

am happier than he.—He must direct his imperial squadrons against mice, while the rats gnaw his parchment edicts. I know he often wishes himself rather dead than to be the soul of such a crippled body as the empire. *(They fill.)*—It will go but once round—And when our blood runs low, like this flask—when we pour out its last ebbing drop, *(Empties the wine dropways into his goblet.)* what then shall be our word?

George. Freedom!

Goetz. Freedom!

All. Freedom!

Goetz. And if that survives us, we shall die happy: Our spirits shall see our sons, and the Emperor of our sons, happy! Did the servants of princes shew the same filial attachment to their masters as you to me—Did their masters serve the Emperor as I would serve him—

George. It is widely different.

Goetz. Not so much so as would appear. Have I not known worthy men among the princes? and can the breed be extinct?—Men, happy in their own minds and in their undertakings, that could bear a petty brother in their neighbourhood, without feeling either dread or envy; whose hearts were opened when they saw their table surrounded by their free equals, and who did not think free knights unfit company till they had degraded themselves by Court homage.

George. Have you known such princes?

Goetz. Well!—I recollect when the Landgrave of Hanau made a grand hunting party, the princes and free feudatories enjoyed themselves under the open heaven, and the vassals were as happy as they; it was no selfish masquerade, instituted for his own private pleasure or vanity.—To see the great round-headed peasant lads, and the pretty brown girls, the sturdy hinds, and the respectable ancients, all as happy as if they rejoiced in the pleasure of their master, which he shared with them under God's free sky.

George. He must have been such a master as you.

Goetz. And shall we not hope that many such will rule together some future day—whom reverence to the Emperor, peace and friendship with neighbours, and the love of vassals, shall be the best and dearest family treasure handed down from father to son? Every one will then keep and improve his own, instead of reckoning nothing gained that is not ravished from their neighbours.

George. And shall we then have no skirmishing?

Goetz. Would to God there was no restless spirit in all Germany, and still we should have enough to do; we might then chase the wolves from the cliffs, and bring our peaceable laborious neighbour a dish of game from the wood, and eat it together. Were that too little, we would join our

brethren, and, like cherubims with flaming swords, defend the frontiers of the Emperor against those wolves the Turks, against those foxes the French, and guard for our beloved Emperor both extremities of his empire. There would be a life, George! to risk one's head for the safety of all Germany—(*George springs up.*)—Whither away?

George. Alas! I forgot we were besieged—besieged by that very Emperor; and before we can expose our lives in his defence, we must risk them for our liberty.

Goetz. Be of good cheer!

Enter LERSE.

Lerse. Freedom! Freedom! You are cowardly poltroons—hesitating, irresolute asses—You are to depart with men, weapons, horses, and armour—Provisions you are to leave behind.

Goetz. They will hardly find enough to tire their jaws.

The terms of this capitulation are broken in a shameful manner, and Goetz is wounded, and a prisoner, ere he has descended the hill on which his old castle stands. We now find him on his parole in the city of Heilbron, and there he appears to take his trial before certain commissioners, who, being under the influence of Weislingen, are not very likely to give the poor Iron-handed much fair play.

Enter Serjeant.

Serj. Goetz von Berlichingen waits at the door.

Commissioner. Admit him.

Enter GOETZ.

Goetz. God greet you, my lords!—What would ye with me?

Com. First, that you consider where you are, and with whom.

Goetz. By my faith, I know it well, my lords!

Com. You do but your duty in owning it.

Goetz. From the bottom of my heart!

Com. Be seated. (*Points to a stool.*)

Goetz. What, there?—Down below?—I can stand—That stool smells of the criminal;—as indeed does its whole apparatus.

Com. Stand, then.

Goetz. To business, if you please.

Com. We'll go on in order.

Goetz. I am happy to hear it—Would every one did as much!

Com. You know how you fell into our hands, and are a prisoner at discretion.

Goetz. What will you give me if I know no such thing?

Com. Could I give you good manners, I would do you a good office.

Goetz. A good office! Can you render

any?—Good offices are more difficult than the deeds of destruction.

Secretary. Shall I enter all this on record?

Com. Only what is to the point.

Goetz. Do as you please, for my part.

Com. You know how you fell into the power of the Emperor, whose paternal goodness overpowered his justice, and, instead of a dungeon, ordered you to wait your future doom, upon your knightly parole, in his beloved city of Heilbron.

Goetz. Well, I am here, and wait it.

Com. And we are here to intimate to you his Imperial Majesty's grace and clemency. He is pleased to forgive your rebellion, to release you from the ban, and all well-deserved punishment, provided you do, with suppliant humility, receive his bounty, and subscribe the articles which shall be read unto you.

Goetz. I am his Majesty's true servant as ever. One word ere you go farther—My people—where are they?—what is to become of them?

Com. That concerns you not.

Goetz. So may the Emperor turn his face from you in your need! They were my companions, and they are so—What have you done with them?

Com. We owe you no account of that.

Goetz. Ah! I had forgot—Never was promise kept by you to the oppressed. But, hush!

Com. Our business is to lay the articles before you. Throw yourself at the Emperor's feet; and, by humble supplication, you may find the true way to save the life and freedom of your associates.

Goetz. Your paper!

Com. Secretary, read it.

Sec. (Reads.) "I, Goetz of Berlichingen, make public acknowledgment, by these presents, that I having lately risen in rebellion against the Emperor and the empire—"

Goetz. 'Tis false! I never offended either.

Com. Compose yourself, and hear farther.

Goetz. I will not compose myself, and I will hear no farther. Let any one arise and bear witness. Have I ever taken a step against the Emperor, or against the House of Austria? Have I not, in all my feuds, conducted myself as one who felt what all Germany owes to its head, and what the free knights and feudatories owe to their liege lord the Emperor? I should be a liar and a slave could I be persuaded to subscribe that paper.

Com. Yet we have strict orders to persuade you by fair means, or else to throw you into jail.

Goetz. Into jail?—Me!

Com. Where you may expect your fate from the hands of Justice, since you will not take it from those of Mercy.

Goetz. To jail! You abuse the Imperial power. To jail! That was never his command. What, ye traitors, to dig a pit

for me, and hang out your oath, your knightly honour, as the lure! To promise me permission to ward myself on parole, and then to break your treaty!

Com. We owe no faith to robbers.

Goetz. Wert thou not the representative of my prince, whom I respect even in the vilest counterfeit, thou should'st swallow that word, or choke upon it. I was taken in honourable though private war. Thou mightest thank God that gave thee glory, hadst thou ever done as gallant deeds as the least with which I am charged. (*The Commissioner makes a sign to the Magistrates of Heilbron, who go out.*) Because I would not join the iniquitous confederacy of the great, because I would not grasp at the souls and livings of the helpless—'Tis in this lies my crime! I defended my own life, and the freedom of my children—see ye any rebellion in that? The Emperor and empire were blinded to our hard case by your flatteries. I have, God be praised, one hand, and I have done my best to use it well.

Enter a Party of Artisans, armed with halberds and swords.

Goetz. What means this?

Com. Ye will not hearken—Apprehend him!

Goetz. Is that the purpose? Let not the man whose ear does not itch come too near me: One salutation from my trusty iron fist shall cure him of headache, toothache, and every ache under the wide heaven! (*They make at him—He strikes one down, and snatches a sword from another—They stand aloof.*)

Com. Surrender!

Goetz, (with the sword drawn.) What! Wot ye not that it depends but upon myself to make way through all these hares, and gain the open field? But I will teach you how a man should keep his word. Promise to allow me free ward, and I give up my sword, and am again your prisoner.

Com. How! Would you treat with your Emperor sword in hand?

Goetz. God forbid!—Only with you and your worthy companions. You may go home, good people: here deliberation is of no avail, and from me there is nothing to gain save bruises.

Com. Seize him, I say!—What! 'does your allegiance to the Emperor supply you with no courage?

Goetz. No more than the Emperor supplies them with plaster for the wounds which their courage would earn for them.

A Police Officer enters hastily.

Officer. The warden has just discovered from the castle-tower a troop of more than two hundred horsemen hastening towards the town. They have already gained the hill, and seem to threaten an attack.

Com. Alas! alas! what can this mean?

The meaning of the affair is, that one of Goetz's oldest and best friends, the Lord of Seckingen, has found means, ere this, to comfort Maria for the slight she had received at the hands of Weislingen, and that this brave Baron is now in the midst of Heilbron, at the head of two hundred mounted men, to set his brother-in-law of Berlichingen free from the clutches of these lawyers, and the Burgher-guard, in whom they have put their trust. The result is, that this expedition of Seckingen is crowned with success;—that Goetz is once more his own man;—and that, after a little negotiation, he makes his peace with the Emperor, (who, indeed, had all along had a private and personal leaning in his favour,) on condition that he shall keep himself and his followers strictly within the limits of his domain of Jaxthausen, until the whole affairs of these troubled districts shall have been effectually settled, and harmony restored all over the empire. To these terms Goetz submits, and, by way of shewing fight against the ennui of this quiet existence, the good man takes to composing his auto-biography. [This, by the way, is no fiction: the said auto-biography exists, and has been printed, and a most singular performance, as might be supposed, it is.]

Unfortunately for Goetz, there springs up an insurrection among the peasantry of a district not far distant from that in which he resides. The infuriated rustics sack, burn, and destroy everything, for miles around;—murder the gentlemen; and, in a word, it is a real *jacquerie*. The Imperial soldiers march against these outlaws, and a great deal of blood is shed on both sides, without any decisive advantage being gained. It occurs, unfortunately, to the peasants, that their want of complete success is owing to nothing but their want of a skilful leader, and knowing that Goetz had recently been an outlaw himself, and not doubting that insurrection in the abstract must always be a pleasant thing in his eyes, they determine to place themselves under the guidance of the iron-handed hero. They come upon him in great numbers, and will take nothing but himself for their general, or his head for their standard. In short—between threats of immediate violence to himself and his family, and the idea, which some of the in-

surgents are artful enough to introduce, and to make the most of, that he by his influence might be enabled to repress outrage and bloodshed on the one side, and on the other to obtain, in a quiet manner, redress of certain real grievances of which these peasants had reason to complain—the die is at last thrown, and the noble Goetz becomes the nominal leader of this rebellion.

We say the nominal leader, because in reality he is never their commander. They are eternally jealous of him—of his honour and of his pride—and they break forth with the oath, which they had taken to him when he joined them, against rapine and bloodshed. Goetz feels, too late, that it had been better for him to die at once, than to throw himself into the arms of these ruffians. A violent scene of mutual recrimination occurs—Berlichingen strikes down the most insolent of the mob leaders, and rides away from them *solus* into the forest.

It rains and thunders at midnight in the forest. He comes suddenly in front of a gipsy hut—there is a fire before the hut, at which the mother of the tribe and a little girl are sitting.

Mother. Throw some fresh straw up the thatch, daughter; it rains fearfully.

Enter a Gipsy-boy.

Boy. A dormouse, mother!—and here, two field mice!

Mother. Skin them and roast them, and thou shalt have a cap of their skins.—Thou bleedst!

Boy. Dormouse bit me.

Mother. Gather some thorns that the fire may burn bright when thy father comes; he will be wet through and through.

Other Gipsy-women enter with children at their backs.

1st Wom. Hast thou fared well?

2d Wom. Ill enough.—The whole country is in uproar—one's life is not safe a moment. Two villages are in a light flame.

1st Wom. So it was the fire that glared in the sky—I looked at it long; for flaming meteors have become so common.

The Captain of the Gipsies enters with three of his gang.

Capt. Heard ye the wild huntsman?

1st Wom. He passed by us but this minute.

Capt. How the hounds gave tongue!—Wow! Wow!

2d Man. How the whips clang!

3d Man. And the huntsman cheered them—Hollo—ho!

Mother. 'Tis the devil's chase.

Capt. We have been fishing in troubled waters. The peasants rob each other; we may be well pardoned helping them.

2d Wom. What hast thou got, Wolf?

Wolf. A hare and a cock—there's for the spit—A bundle of linen—some kitchen ware—and a horse's bridle.—What hast thou, Sticks?

Sticks. An woollen jacket have I, and a pair of stockings, and one boot, and a flint and tinder-box.

Mother. It is all wet as mire, and the clothes are bloody. I'll dry them—give me here! (*Trampling without.*)

Capt. Hark!—A horse!—Go see who it is.

Enter GOETZ on horseback.

Goetz. I thank thee, God! I see fire—they are gipsies.—My wounds bleed sorely—my foes close behind!—Great God, thou endest dreadfully with me!

Capt. Is it in peace thou comest?

Goetz. I crave help from you—My wounds are stiff with cold—Assist me from horse!

Capt. Help him!—A gallant warrior in appearance and language.

Wolf. (*Aside.*) 'Tis Goetz of Berlichingen!

Capt. Welcome! welcome!—What we have is yours.

Goetz. I thank you.

Capt. Come to my hut.

(*Exeunt to the hut.*)

SCENE—*Inside of the Hut.*

Captain, Gipsies, and GOETZ.

Capt. Call our mother—let her bring blood-wort and bandages. (*Goetz unarms himself.*) Here is my holiday-doublet.

Goetz. God reward you!

(*The Mother binds his wounds.*)

Capt. I rejoice from my heart you are here.

Goetz. Do you know me?

Capt. Who does not know you, Goetz? Our lives and heart's blood are yours.

Enter Gipsy-man.

Gipsy. Horsemen come through the wood—They are confederates.

Capt. Your pursuers!—They shall not reach you—A way, Schricks, call the others: we know the passes better than they—We shall bring them down ere they are aware of us.

(*Exeunt Captain and Man-gipsies with their guns.*)

Goetz. (*Alone.*) O Emperor! Emperor! Robbers protect thy children—(*A sharp fire of musketry is heard.*)—The wild foresters! Steady and true!

Enter Women.

Women. Save yourself!—The enemy have overpowered us.

Goetz. Where is my horse?

Women. Here!

Goetz. (*Girds his horse and mounts without his armour.*) For the last time shall you feel my arm—Never was it so weak.

(*Exit.—Tumult.*)

Women. He gallops to join our party.
(*Firing.*)

Enter WOLF.

Wolf. Away! Away! All is lost.—The Captain shot dead.—Goetz a prisoner.

(*The Women scream and fly into the woods.*)

This, the final capture of Berlichingen, brings us near to the end of the fourth act of the drama. The fifth is full of action, however, and of interest—the scene, throughout, lying not, as heretofore, in woods, wilds, and castles, but in imperial dungeons, and the still more murky caverns, where the famous *Secret Tribunal* holds its mysterious meetings.

The wicked woman who seduced Weislingen from his vows of love and honour, having accomplished all the purposes for which she made him the victim of her artifices, has transferred her affections, (if such a term may be admitted) first to his servant Francis, and afterwards to a more noble rival, Charles, the heir-apparent of the Imperial throne. In order to pave the way for a union with the Prince, she persuades the page Francis that he alone is the lord of her desires, and engages him to the nefarious plan of poisoning the new husband, of whom she has had time enough to be thoroughly weary. Weislingen dies in the midst of pain, agony, and deadly remorse for his behaviour to his benefactor Goetz. The arm of the law is too weak to avenge him; but a terrible arm, never seen but in the blow it deals, is not wanting to supply the defect, and Adela's doom is pronounced by the invisible judges whose decree can neither be changed nor resisted. The reader must bear in mind, that Goetz of Berlichingen appeared long before the same materials were made use of by the authors of the well-known romances of Hermann von Unna, and Alf von Duillmann.

SCENE—*A narrow vault dimly illuminated—The Judges of the Secret Tribunal discovered seated, all muffled in black cloaks, and silent.*

Eldest Judge. Judges of the Secret Tribunal, sworn by the cord and the steel to cunpitying in justice, to judge in secret,

and to avenge in secret, like the Deity! Are your hands clean and hearts pure?—Raise them to heaven, and cry, Woe upon misdoers!

All. Woe! woe!

Eld. Judge. Cryer, begin the diet of judgment.

Cryer. I cry for accusation against misdoers!—Whose heart is pure, whose hand is clean, let him accuse, and call upon the steel and the cord for Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

Accuser (*comes forward.*) My heart is pure from misdeed, and my hand clean from innocent blood:—God pardon my sins of ignorance, and frame my steps to his way!—I raise my hand aloft, and cry, Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

Eld. Judge. Vengeance upon whom?

Acc. I call upon the cord and upon the steel for vengeance against Adela von Weislingen—She has committed adultery and murder—She has poisoned her husband by the hands of his servant—the servant hath slain himself—the husband is dead.

Eld. Judge. Swarest thou by the God of truth, that thy accusation is true?

Acc. I swear!

Eld. Judge. Dost thou take upon thy own head the punishment of murder and adultery, should it be found false?

Acc. I take it.

Eld. Judge. Your voices?

(*They converse a minute in low whispers.*)

Acc. Judges of the Secret Tribunal, what is your doom upon Adela von Weislingen, accused of murder and adultery?

Eld. Judge. She shall die!—shall die a bitter and double death!—By the double doom of the steel and the cord shall she expiate the double misdeed. Raise your hands to heaven, and cry, Woe unto her!—Be she given to the hand of the avenger.

All. Woe! woe!

Eld. Judge. Come forth, avenger. (*A man advances.*) There hast thou the cord and the steel!—Within eight days must thou take her from before the face of heaven: wherever thou findest her, let her no longer cumber the ground.—Judges, ye that judge in secret and avenge in secret like the Deity, God keep your hearts from wickedness, and your hands from innocent blood! (*The Scene closes.*)

We must now come to the closing scene of Goetz von Berlichingen. He is alone with his wife in the prison at Heilbron.

Eli. I entreat thee, my dear husband, be comforted!—Thy silence distresses me—thou retirest within thyself. Come, let me see thy wounds; they mend daily.—In this moody melancholy I know thee no longer!

Goetz. If thou seekest Goetz, he is long since gone!—One by one have they robbed

me of all I held dear—my hand, my property, my freedom, my renown!—My life! what is that to what I have lost?—What hear you of George? Is Lerse gone to inquire for George?

Eli. He is, my love!—Raise yourself—you will sit more easily.

Goetz. Whom God hath struck down raises himself no more!—I best know the load I have to bear—Misfortune I am injured to support—But now it is not Weislingen alone, not the peasants alone, not the death of the Emperor, or my wounds—It is the whole united—My hour is come! I had hoped it would have come only with my death—But his will be done!

Eli. Wilt thou eat anything?

Goetz. No, my love!—Does the sun shine without?

Eli. A fine spring day.

Goetz. My love, wilt thou ask the keeper's permission for me to walk in his little garden for half an hour, to enjoy the clear face of heaven, the open air, and the blessed sun?

Eli. I will—and he will readily grant it.

The Garden belonging to the Prison.

LERSE and MARIA.

Maria. Go, see how it stands with them.

(Exit Lerse.)

Enter ELIZABETH and Keeper.

Elizabeth, (to the Keeper.) God reward your kindness and mercy to my husband! *(Exit Keeper)*—*Maria*, what bringest thou?

Maria. Safety to my brother!—But my heart is torn asunder—Weislingen is dead! poisoned by his wife.—My husband is in danger; the princes will be too powerful for him: they say he is surrounded and besieged.

Eli. Hearken not to rumour; and let not Goetz remark aught.

Maria. How is it with him?

Eli. I fear he will hardly long survive thy return: the hand of the Lord is heavy upon him—And George is dead!

Maria. George!—The gallant boy!

Eli. When the miscreants were burning Miltenberg, his master sent him to check their villainy—At that moment a body of cavalry charged upon them: had they all behaved as George, they would have given a good account of them—Many were killed: and poor George—he died the death of a cavalier!

Maria. Does Goetz know it?

Eli. We conceal it from him—He ask me ten times a-day about him, and sends me as often to see what is become of George. I fear his heart will not bear this last wound.

Maria. O God! what are the hopes of this world!

Enter GOETZ, LERSE, and Keepers.

Goetz. Almighty God! how well it is to

be under thy heaven! How free! The trees put forth their buds, and all the world hopes.—Farewell, my children! my buds are crushed, my hope is in the grave!

Eli. Shall I not send Lerse to the cloister for thy son, that thou may'st see and bless him?

Goetz. Leave him where he is—he needs not my blessing—he is holier than I.—Upon our wedding, Elizabeth, could I have thought I should die thus?—My old father blessed us, and a succession of noble and gallant sons arose at his prayer—Thou hast not heard him—I am the last.—Lerse, thy countenance cheers me in the hour of death, as in our most noble fights: then, my spirit encouraged you; now, yours supports mine—Oh, that I could but see George once more, to warm myself at his look!—You look down and weep—He is dead? George is dead?—Die, Goetz!—Thou hast outlived thyself, outlived the noblest—How died he?—Alas! they took him at Miltenberg, and he is executed?

Eli. No—he was slain there!—he defended his freedom like a lion.

Goetz. God be praised! He was the kindest youth under the sun, and a gallant—Now dismiss my soul—My poor wife! I leave thee in a wretched world. Lerse, forsake her not! Lock your hearts carefully as your doors. The age of frankness and freedom is past—that of treachery begins. The worthless will gain the upperhand by cunning, and the noble will fall into their net.—*Maria*, God restore thy husband to thee! may he never fall the deeper for having risen so high!—Selbiss is dead—and the good Emperor—and my George—Give me some water!—Heavenly sky!—Freedom! freedom!

[He dies.]

Eli. Only above! above with thee!—The world is a prison-house.

Maria. Gallant and gentle!—Woe to this age that has lost thee!

Lerse. And woe to the future, that cannot know thee!

Such is the conclusion of this performance. We know few dramas in which the catastrophe is more simply and pathetically complete. We shall not injure its effect by any comments.

One word at closing.—We have no doubt that many readers will be inclined to smile at what they will consider the apparent want of all due proportion and relation between the specimens of this piece which we have given, and the general remarks with which we introduced them. This picture of freebooting, insurrection, rapine, faithlessness, bloodshed, meant to make men in love with the days of Gothic antiquity! Such will be the cry. But all this, gentle reader, proceeds upon a totally false view of the

matter. No one ever wished to defend the lawlessness of those old times—no one in his senses ever wished to represent the era of barons, and burghers, and rapine, and rebellion, as better than the days of quiet, and subordination, and settled government. But an attempt was made in the last age in Europe, and made with astonishing skill as well as zeal, to persuade men that there was, in the days of their forefathers, everything to be ashamed of, nothing to be proud of. The most successful literature of our age has been directed to meet *this* attempt, and *this* only: And the author of *Goetz von Berlichingen*, has the honour of having been the first to give this direction to the most potent engine in the modern world. The lesson, the great lesson to be derived from this drama, and from all the works which have been composed in the same view—is simply this, that in spite of all the sneers of *philosophers*, the elements of virtue and excellence were predominant among those who formed the Gothic institutions of Europe; and, secondly, that in spite of all the outcry of dema-

gogues, the modern world has been continually and progressively improving in everything that really concerns the wellbeing of men and of societies. We have no need to be ashamed of our ancestors; and, instead of hewing out entirely new institutions for our posterity, we ought to be contented with preserving for them those which we ourselves inherited—gradually amending and refining themselves, as these always have been, and always must be, in proportion to the increasing civilization and illumination of the world.

The translation, from which we have quoted so largely, appeared in the midst of the first volunteering enthusiasm in this country; and we are old enough to entertain a distinct recollection of the powerful impression which its fine warlike tone, and lofty character of sentiment throughout, made upon the minds of many, who were then, for the first time, beginning to think, as well as to sing,

“No music like my bugle-horn.”

P. K.

THE SHEPHERD'S COT.

You ask me, do you, for the Shepherd's cot,
That with its honey-suckled walls, and roof
Of neatest thatch, stood, at the time you speak of,
Throwing its blue smoke o'er the orchard trees?
It was a figure of my youthful mind,
A spectacle that oft, in reverie,
I conjured up 'mid city noise and strife,
To whisper me of sweetest solitude;
And, as I wander'd 'mid these scenes, which bring
Still to the eye of memory such delight,
How could I otherwise than seek the spot,
Woven with ancient thoughts, and gaze upon it?
Renewing, in the landscape all around,
A bright acquaintanceship with boyish days.

In the park I stood; but lo! the orchard trees—
Wild plum, and cherry dark, and pear convolved—
Met not my view. I look'd to left—to right—
I saw the old hereditary forest;
But orchard there was none. Instead, behold
A wide and open plain, a level field,
Where oxen low'd, and melancholy sheep
Reposing, nibbled the autumnal grass;
Yet the tall ash-tree, from the ravage spared,
Stood in the corner, shadowing with hoar boughs
The shepherd's cot.—How alter'd!

Ruin grey

Had made an altar of its wasted walls,
O'er which aslant the mouldering roof-tree hung;
Piled on the gable chimney, sticks and straw
Told that the raven, undisturb'd, built there

Its loose ne. . . fearless of rude schoolboy's hand ;
 Into some patches of remaining thatch,
 Rotten and dark, the glutinous houseleek struck
 Its roots, and flourish'd with the dock. To rains
 Open, and to the howling winds of night,
 Stood the bare lattice boles, still whitening-stain'd ;
 Wall-flowers, long-seeded, green'd the window-sills ;
 And on the floor, once sanded o'er so nice,
 Lay straw and stones, rank weeds and stagnant water.
 'Twas desolate ! and when I thought how oft,
 How oft in happiness, and hopeful fear,
 By the chimney in my boyhood I had sate,
 While blazed the faggot, hissing as it glow'd
 On winter eves, listening the old man's tale
 Of legendary lore, wild sights, and sounds,
 Dark superstitions dread, and tempests dire,
 Such as in modern times the eye beholds not ;—
 When I thought how oft, at noon, the housewife kind
 Proffer'd us, wandering schoolboys, her new cheese,
 Tempting, and oaten cakes, and fragrant milk ;
 And how we lay luxuriously along,
 'Mid sunshine, the green turf-seat by the door,
 I sigh'd, and o'er my feelings lay a cloud
 Of gloom, that only deepen'd as I sigh'd.—
 The shepherd and his wife, his family,
 Our rustic playmates, where was each, were all ?
 Deep is the tomb, and countless are its crowds,
 Wide is the world, and much is scatter'd there !

Brief though our human life may be, my friend,
 Its pleasures still are briefer. Surely they
 Who hold that this fair earth is destitute
 Of joys, do deeply err ; or, if not, why
 Is grief allow'd so oft to cloud the brow
 For loss of what is valueless—so oft
 Doth disappointment shadow us, for what,
 Even if our hearts attain'd, is nothing worth ?
 Truly such doctrine errs—vicissitude
 Makes both our misery and happiness,
 Life's poison, and its antidote. Our fears
 People with hideous shapes the shadowy future ;
 And, out from the abyss of coming years,
 Conjures unreal phantoms, frowning all,
 Children of doubt and death ; while blue-eyed Hope,
 With iris-hues, colours the fields of earth,
 Pierces through the dark, and, triumphing in faith,
 Sees gold-illumined pinnacles—bright joys—
 Calm cloudless skies—and bliss without an end.

As the mind sinks and soars, (you have felt it so,)
 Tinged by the mind, reality becomes
 Darker or brighter, ever trembling, like
 The needle to the pole, it follows still.
 The wintry cloud that, with its sombre shade,
 Seems to involve the universal sky,
 Showers, and at length is scatter'd by the wind—
 So pass our earthly sorrows ; while our joys
 Are like the bright forms of a summer heaven,
 Beneath the reign of evening : all seems fix'd
 In beauty, permanently fair, while lo !
 Even as we gaze, change follows change ; at length
 The pageant, glorious in magnificence,
 Wanes ray by ray, and tint by tint, and ends
 In unillumined twilight, sad and cold !

MEN AND WOMEN ;

Brief Hypothesis concerning the Difference in their Genius.

MR NORTH,

HEAVEN be praised !—the cause of woman has at last found a serious defender among the northern coalition—the men of Scotland—the Knights of the Black Wood. This is as it should be. I am glad of it. I have been looking, impatiently, for a champion to appear in that quarter, who would enter the tilting ground, in full panoply, with a lance of bright steel, sharpened ; not with his collar open, his clothes falling off, a wreath of wet vine leaves rustling, smoking, and steaming about his temples ; no, nor in white kid gloves, covered with bride-favours, boarding-school keepsakes, sky-blue ribbons, true-lovers' knots, flowers, &c. &c. ; with a run-away sash fluttering at the end of a yard-stick, or an umbrella.

As I live, I haven't seen a spectacle half so exhilarating, this twelvemonth, as the opening of this new tournament, in favour of women—a young knight, (he must be young, and desperately brave,) leaping, with one blast of the trumpet, into the old place of contention ; and throwing down his iron gauntlet before all the world, in defence of a wronged woman—a woman whose extraordinary power and superb talent have been, hitherto, almost universally misunderstood, and misrepresented—I mean Joanna Baillie. For many years, I have thought and spoken, and, on one occasion, written, of her dramattick genius and brave style of poetry, with very much the same kind of serious enthusiasm, and absolute confidence, which characterize the writer, who took up her cause in the late Number of your Magazine.

I have long regarded Joanna Baillie (ever since I read her *De Montfort*, indeed) as a woman of more simple, masculine energy—more amplitude of mind—and more beautiful boldness of thought, (without being rash, or passionate,) than any other woman, of whom we have any account ; and I rejoice, therefore, to find her cause undertaken, as it is, against the unrighteous and perverse judgment of the Edinburgh Review—the melancholy indifference of the world—and

the sad insensibility of men, to female power, so extraordinary as hers.

I hate blarney, and I hate sentimentality, everywhere ; but nowhere so heartily, as where one is eternally meeting with both ; to wit, where women are concerned.

I am for treating women like rational beings—not like spoilt children, who are never to be contradicted or thwarted, though we catch them playing with tilted coffee-pots, poisoned arrows, or lighted thunderbolts, in a powder magazine. I would have them reasoned with, ('pon my soul, I would) not laughed at ; put aside, reverently, with an appeal to their good sense, not by a sarcasm, a bow, or a joke ; dealt plainly with, not flattered ; spoken to, peremptorily, when they deserve it, but kindly and respectfully, nevertheless. In one word, I would have women treated like men, of common sense. Take my word for it, whatever we may now think, we shall find them worthier of our love ; and they will like us the better for it. I never knew a woman in my life, who did not relish sincerity, when it *was* unquestionable sincerity ; one who would not bear admonition, at least, as well as men do ; nor one of common sense* who did not choose her husband (if she had her own way) from among those, who were sincere with her, and would neither flatter, nor coax her.

I appeal, for the truth of this, to every man of much experience among women. Let him reflect ; and he will find that (whatever were his object—their destruction, their friendship, or their love) plain dealing, and absolute sincerity, were the only things for him to depend upon, in the long run ; that the favourites of women, who may be justly reckoned formidable, or dangerous, are seldom, or ever, young or handsome men ; and yet more rarely, coxcombs or flatterers ; and that every man, who has ever held women, whatever were their capacities, in a strong and permanent thralldom, will be found to have done it, by sincerity and boldness.

Now, if this be true, in any degree, (and who, of even moderate experi-

* Quere.—If the period should not end here—to please most people ?

ence among women, will deny it?) how unworthily do we behave, in treating them as we do? particularly, when we address ourselves to their intellectual faculties.

I am led into these remarks, by having met of late, in several of the periodical publications of the day, (yours among the number, for which that wicked O'Doherty will have to answer, yet,) a number of little, short, spicy impertinencies respecting women, which are excessively exasperating. Some, to be sure, are whimsical and striking enough; some, wicked and spiteful; some, very funny; some, very silly; and some, very startling; but all, every one, I believe, likely to do more mischief, than was intended, when they were first let off.

There are men, you know, who cannot be laughed or stared out of countenance, where woman is the subject of their ribaldry; and yet, if we get in a huff about the matter, it only makes them worse. "Poh, poh!" they say, "you take the affair altogether too seriously—it's only a little bit o' fun, you know!" Fun! to be flinging squibs and crackers about, in tea-parties; transmitting electricity by post; and hysterics, in the shape of a love-letter, (with fulminating powder in the seal,) a criticism, or a copy of verses, to this or that fine woman. Fun, indeed! very like the fun of the whale-fishers, blowing up whales in the family way—with Congreve rockets.

In fact, I had begun to think of undertaking some of these profane young gentlemen, myself; and had actually tossed up a considerable quantity of retribution, in my own mind, when your August Number (an august number, it is, by the way,) came to me, and I found the thing already done so much to my liking, that I have abandoned all that relates to *particular* women.

Still, however, four or five pages, in aid of the good cause, may not be amiss; a cause, that concerns, directly and materially, one-half, if not two-halves, of the whole human family.

It is bad policy to depreciate women. I would sooner teach them to overvalue than to undervalue themselves, so long, at least, as they are our companions for life, and the mothers of our children. We all act according to our own standard of self-estimation;

and, the more sensitive we are, the more are we influenced, in our behaviour, by the opinion of others concerning us. Women are more sensitive than we; and, therefore, more at the mercy of opinion. It is women, after all, that form our characters. I never knew an extraordinary man, whose mother was an ordinary woman; or whose wife was a fool, unless he married her in his dotage.

But among other pleasantries of the day concerning women, it has come to be said so frequently of late, that women are *inferior* to men, in their intellectual faculties; and said, in such a variety of ways, that, if the theory be not overhauled, in a serious manner soon, it may become a settled popular belief.

Wherefore, a word or two on that, in a serious way. I maintain that women are not *inferior* to men, but only *unlike* men, in their intellectual properties; and I believe that all the confusion of thought, which has arisen upon the subject, is owing to this one circumstance; that men have attempted to *compare*, for certain purposes, things which cannot be compared, for those purposes; and that all, who have written upon the subject, have mistaken what is *different* from a certain standard, (which very standard was unphilosophical and uncertain,) with what is *inferior* to it; that they have confounded *similitude* with *quality*, *resemblance* with *value*, in trying two different things, by one and the same standard, when they should have been tried by two separate standards.

Would it be philosophical to say that women are *inferior* to men, in their animal organization, because they are not the *same*? Are women more degenerated from their original standard? Are they worse fitted for their offices and appointments (in their physical properties) than men?

Things unlike cannot be compared, so as to justify any inference respecting the *inferiority* of either. Homer and Shakespeare are *unlike*; but who shall decide upon the superiority of either? The Thames and the Atlantic; the Transfiguration and the Laccoon; Demosthenes and Alexander; Handel's Messiah, and the enterprize of Columbus—they are all *unlike*. Yet who but a poet, an orator, or a madman, would, thereby, infer the superiority of either? How are they to be

compared?—(by a moralist or a mathematician, I mean,)—for poets, orators, and madmen, will compare anything; and take especial delight, in detecting resemblances, which are invisible to other men.

It has been said that women have less imagination than we have. Now, I believe it capable of *proof*, that women have *more* imagination than men. I am no flatterer of women; but I love the truth. I am no advocate for their intellectual superiority, take all their faculties together; but I believe that they are *equal* to men; and that, while they are inferior in some things, they are superior in others, *by nature*; that, while they have less of one quality, intellectual or physical, they have more of another, such as that of imagination, for example.

I hold that, as women are unlike men in their bodies, so are they unlike them in their minds; and that all the education in the world (notwithstanding the visions of Rousseau, Mary Wolstoncraft, and all their followers) would never make women more like men, in their intellectual organization, than in their animal organization. Do what you will; train them as you will, in athletick or warlike amusements, and there will always be as much *difference* between the minds, as there is between the bodies of men and women—a difference, that is essential and sexual. A little patience, and I shall endeavour to prove this.

Education will do much, but it cannot do everything. It may, now and then, produce a *woman* stronger in body, and stronger in mind, than many, who are thought strong *men*. But then, all the education in the world will never produce a woman as *strong* as the strongest man, either in mind or body; and all the training in the world will never make the female part of the human family *equal* in bodily or intellectual *power*—by power, I mean downright and absolute strength—to the male part of the human family. Education will never do this, until it shall be able to give a mane to the lioness, and plumage, or voice, to the female bird.

But then, the female will always be endowed with other properties, in a greater degree than the male; each will have some, of which the other is destitute, either entirely, or in part—but all will be fitted and designed for the mutual comfort of both.

Imagination, I believe, to be always in proportion to animal sensibility, and to the delicacy of animal organization; women, I believe, to have more animal sensibility, because they are more delicately organized, than men; and, therefore, do I believe that women have *more* imagination than men.

And I contend further, that, if women were educated precisely as men are; and, that, if they had the same opportunities and excitements, that men have—with no more discouragements—they would be more fruitful in works of imagination—in poetry, musick, sculpture, painting, and eloquence, than men are; but altogether less fruitful, in the abstract and profound sciences; in mathematicks, theology, logick, &c. &c.

But then, whatever were the education of women; and however fruitful they might be, in one department, or barren in another, I contend that there would always be an *essential*, *specifick* difference, between the productions of women, and those of men.

This difference would not be so apparent, in the common productions of either; but it would be, in a comparison of *all*, that women have produced, with *all* that men have produced; and thoroughly evident, and express, in the leading productions of both.

There might be women, who would write like men; and men, who would write like women. But then, the *first* among women, would write wholly different from the *first* among men. There would always be a *something* in the poetry, musick, painting, sculpture, and eloquence of women, to distinguish them from the poetry, musick, painting, sculpture, and eloquence of men, wherever the character of either was decided and peculiar enough, to make it distinguishable from other productions, in the same branch, by the same sex.

Take an example—Angelica Kauffman's pictures—all her men are women; so are those of Mr Westall—beautiful apparitions, with nothing to shock or terrify. A picture, by one of these painters, might, on some accounts, be mistaken for a work of the other; but would hers be ever mistaken, for the work of a giant in painting; or his, for that of a giantess?

The women of Rubens, now, are very often, (particularly, in his more vigorous compositions,) downright,

powerful men. Rubens was one of the giants. Nobody, therefore, would find any difficulty in distinguishing one of his women, from the woman of any female painter that ever did live, or ever will live. And yet easier would it be, to distinguish *his* men from *her* men.

But let Rubens have undertaken *such* women as Angelica Kauffman, or Rosalba Carriera did, (in her inimitable portraits,) and you would see, at once, that Rubens drew his women *from* men—just as Angelica Kauffman drew her men *from* women; that each took for models, those, who least resembled their own sex: that he painted from feminine men—she, from masculine women.

And so, do I contend, would be the manifestation of female genius, in every other department of art or science. It would be less courageous, magnificent, and sublime. But it would be more delicate, beautiful, and affecting. The woman would be found lurking in whatever she did. There would be more tenderness, more delicacy, more timidity in it.

Put all the men and women of the earth in training. Choose the greatest of men, and the greatest of women. Give them the same subject, for a drama, a poem, a painting, or an oratorio; and the result, I say, would be an unequivocal revelation of their several distinguishing sexual properties.

Let it be the DELUGE, for example. The woman would think only of the day before, the man of the day after, the destruction of the world. She would rely on the calm sunset—the tranquillity of the skies—the beauty of the blossoming herbage—the powerful and grand population of the world, before the giants were destroyed: He, upon the time, when the skies were dissolving—the whole earth in travail—and the whole animal creation shrieking upon the waters. She would pour in the melodies of evening, shower and star-light; he, the noise of thunder, the rushing of wind and flame.

She would imagine the distraction and sorrow of a mother, moaning over her half-drowned babe—her newly-born; the consternation and beauty of a wife, reaching over a precipice, at the drifting body of her husband; her dark hair flashing over the waters; or,

the doating tenderness of some pale, fond girl, asleep in her dead lover's bosom, under a mass of overthrown trees, whose foliage was yet green; or, both in some haunted cavern, among sea-shells; the waters rising slowly about them, on every side, without being perceived.

But the male would put forth his power, in the fierce delineation of some youthful giant, overthrown by the waters, and bearing away the great branches of some tree, which had abandoned their hold; or convulsed, and wrestling, in the waters, with a shadow, perhaps, of unintelligible shape and proportions; or, of many beautiful women, swept away, as it were, while embracing at some festival; their long melancholy tresses (encumbered with drenched flowers, intertangled with glittering and obscene reptiles) afloat upon the still, dead wave.

And so, too, were the parting of Hector and his wife to be given for the subject of a picture,—though the execution of both might be wonderful, how *unlike* they would be! You may swear that the female Hector would be a younger man, with redder lips, a whiter forehead, and straighter legs; and that the male Andromache would have a sort of unnatural determination, and loftiness of stature, look, and bearing.

Educate men and women alike, in every respect,—give them the same opportunities, and the same occupations—make no difference between them,—and a giantess, like Joanna Bailie, or Madame De Stael, may appear, now and then, among them; but then she will be, in certain points, only a *female* giant—no match for the male giants. She might be able to overlook the second class of men; but the first class would certainly overlook her. She would be, after all, in the masculine operations of her mind, or body, only a woman—"a giant among pigmies—a one-eyed monarch of the blind."

But then, our male giants would be, in the same way, but sad pretenders to the beauty and gracefulness of the female—their affection for their young, and their essentially feminine properties.

But, I have promised some endeavour at proof. I have asserted that imagination is always in proportion to

animal sensibility.—Is this denied? Look about you, and call to mind those persons, poets, orators, or musicians, who are most remarkable for imagination; and you will find them all, more or less distinguishable from other men, by the delicacy of their organs, or, in other words, by their greater animal sensibility—their more exquisite powers of sensation. Are they not, without one exception, volatile, hasty, capricious, and petulant? Do they ever pursue any one thing, steadily? Are they ever great proficient in science? Have you ever heard of a great mathematician, mechanick, or theologian, who was remarkable for his imagination, or at all remarkable for his animal sensibility,—or very irritable in his temper,—or exceedingly alive to the delicacies of touch, flavour, sound, sight, or smell?—never. For, if he had been so, he would never have been distinguished for abstract, severe, thoughtful science.

Call to mind that man, whom you believe to have the most imagination; and, my life on it, that you find him the most irritable creature alive, for his years and constitution—the most unaccountable in his whims—and the most exquisitely sensible to all that *can* affect the senses. Will not the ringing of a glass, carelessly struck; the catching of a nail in a silk handkerchief; any irregularity in the arrangement of the table; or any unhappy combination of colour in the furniture; or the smell of cheese, or new paint, (or anything else, when he is out of humour,) keep him in one eternal fidget? Yet you never knew this to be the case with a man of profound science—no; for, if it were, he could not pursue his investigation, for a single hour;—no—because men of profound science have little or no animal sensibility,—if they had, they could not study profoundly—they would be beset with continual allurements, provocation, and sources of uneasiness.

Milton was blind. So was Homer. Their poetry is all the better for it. And had they both been deaf, palsied, incapable of tasting or smelling, (after their minds were full of images, provided that their intellectual faculties were not thereby impaired,) their poetry would have been yet better. There would have been a more devout and blazing concentration, steadily, upon one point, of all their genius and power,

without any interruption from appetite, or sense.

Very devout people shut their eyes, you know. So we all do, when we desire to think, steadily; and be alone with any subject. Now, if they could stop their ears, and seal up every other avenue to sensation, as easily as they could their eyes, would they not be able to think more steadily, and more intensely? and if we were able to become, in all our animal functions, like stocks and stones, at will, without hearing or smelling, tasting or feeling, would not our abstraction be more profound?

Nay, have we not, every one of us, continual proof of this? Do not men appear sometimes to lose all their animal consciousness, while deeply engaged in study, calculation, reading or composition?—Do we not find that those, whose senses are continually on the alert, are never severe thinkers? And, on the contrary, if we see a very *absent* man, as he is called; that is, a man who neither hears, sees, tastes, feels, nor smells, like other men, do we not immediately conclude, that he is a severe thinker, occupied in profound meditation? Men will hear their own names called, without knowing it; suffer their shins to be roasted alive, (like Sir Isaac Newton,) without feeling it; and endure the extremity of hunger, if their watches are wrong, without any suspicion of the cause.

And why? because no man of acute animal sensibility *can* think so severely; and those who are able so to think, *prove*, thereby, that, whatever their animal sensibility may have been, it is no longer sufficiently active, or troublesome, to interfere with the sublime abstractions of the mind, when such men become all intellect, all soul.

Now, let us try the question in another shape, for a minute or two. Suppose the organ of hearing, in some profound mathematician, to become as exquisitely sensible, as it is, under certain diseases (in what is called a nervous fever, for example,) when the ticking of a watch is enough to drive one distracted. Suppose the whole surface of his body to become as exquisitely sensible also, to the touch, as it is, in many disorders, when a breath makes the blood tingle; suppose the organ of sight quickened in the same proportion, so that every fluctuation of light and shadow, and every combination

of colour, should attract his regard, in spite of himself; and that every other bodily faculty and sense were exasperated and afflicted in the same degree. And all this, while his intellectual powers are as healthy and vigorous as ever—I ask how it would be possible for him to continue the character of a profound mathematician; or even to think, steadily, for a minute. Think steadily! why, one might as well expect a man to think steadily, in the situation of Regulus; or, after he had been flayed alive, anointed with honey, and left, in the hot sunshine, to be devoured by insects, like a St Domingo slave.

But what would I infer from this? Ans.—*This*, that where the intellectual faculties are equal, and other circumstances, (as education, age, &c. equal,) he who has the *least* bodily sensibility, will be able to think *most* abstractedly and steadily; and that he, who has *most* bodily sensibility, will be *least* able to think, either abstractedly, or steadily.

Let us now take another step. I have asked who are they, that are most remarkable for their imagination; and I ask again, if they are not men of delicate frame, and great sensibility of nerve, whose senses are surprisingly active and vigilant; continually taking impressions—and collecting imagery, for future purposes? I would ask also, when the poetical faculty is in flower? is it not most vivid and brilliant in youth? or when the subject is in love; or after some fiery revolution of the animal spirits, of a similar nature?—and, if the faculty of imagination does not become more and more reasonable, torpid, and ineffectual, as we grow older?—and just in proportion to the decrease of animal sensibility in our bodies? Is there a man alive, think you, of two-score, who can look back, with complacency, upon the poetry of his youth—or upon any other work of imagination, produced by him, in that season of sunshine? Probably not—and hence, I infer, that our estimate of imagination, as well as our imagination itself, undergoes a progressive change with our bodily sensibility—as we grow wiser and wiser. Full grown men are prone to regard works of imagination—even their own—as young men do, the frivolities and gay trifling of their boyhood.

Who ever heard of a robust, powerful man, with a fine imagination?—nay, who ever heard of a man, with coarse hair, steady eyes, and a thick skin, who was at all remarkable for the faculty of imagination? Either may be distinguished for grander properties; but neither will be, for the lighter ones of the mind.

All men, who have been greatly, and *peculiarly* distinguished, for splendour and activity of imagination, so far as I know anything of them, have been men of inflammable bodily temperaments; great irritability of nerve—with clear, changeable eyes, thin skin, and fine hair, like women.

We are now coming to a conclusion. I desire to make myself intelligible; and shall, therefore, avoid the use of terms and phrases, which are not universally understood. There is no need of great precision, for the present.

Now let us imagine a case, which must continually happen. Two children are born of the same intellectual capacities; one is robust, hardy, and not at all remarkable for animal sensibility—a healthy child, with organs of sensation like the multitude—nothing more. The other, we will suppose to be exceedingly delicate, tender, and sensible, with organs of sensation remarkably fine, active, and exciteable.

Give the first one a bauble to play with; and you will find it occupy him for hours, (after he has learned the use of his hands, I mean.) He will be insensible to everything else, for a time. All his faculties will be occupied upon that one thing. The ticking of a watch; the ginging of silver bells; or the colour of the coral; or the feeling of it in his mouth, will be enough to keep such a child quiet, for a considerable time. Why?—because, his animal sensibility being only of an ordinary degree, his attention is not disturbed by other sounds, and sights, &c.; and he is able to concentrate all his thinking faculty upon that one thing, which does engage him. Such a child, therefore, will be likely to think more abstractedly, and more profoundly, than if his animal sensibility were more acute; and will be more likely to excel in matters of science, research, and calculation, than his fellow, whom I shall presently describe. But then, while he will be more remarkable for a thoughtful, investigating temper,

steadiness of pursuit, perseverance, patience, and comprehensiveness, he will never be so remarkable, as that other, for the brilliancy, variety, unexpectedness, or rapidity of his intellectual combinations.

But give the same bauble to the other, and he will hardly stop to examine it. The first sound that passes his ear; the first gay colour that flashes on his eye; the first active, tingling sensation that intrudes itself in any way, through any sense, every one of which is on the alert, will carry him away; he is all eagerness, impatience, and caprice—he reaches for everything—cries for everything—crams everything into his mouth; while his eyes are taking in the colour of the coral, he will be blowing away at the whistle, shaking the bells, and pulling at his mother's watch chain. That child will never be profound. He will never think steadily enough, to become a great mechanick, theologian, linguist, or man of science. He will be chiefly remarkable for brilliant and hasty coruscations of intellect, spirited adventure, and splendour of theory—precipitation, showyness, and hardihood. Such a man, too, will be likely to turn out a poet, a painter, a musician, or an orator; and, in either case, he will force his own spirit, like a flood of fire, into every subject with which he comes in contact. He will never reason, never convince; but he will dazzle and confound, terrify and illuminate, all who hearken to him, by the flashing and brightness of his imagination.

It may be said, perhaps, that, on the contrary, in proportion to the animal sensibility of the child, will be the fixedness of his attention, upon any one subject—being more affected by it, he will be more engaged. To this, every person's recollection will furnish a complete reply. Place a man in the middle of the Louvre, (as it was)—a man of enthusiasm—a lover of the fine arts—a man of surpassing animal sensibility—and will any one masterpiece be able to fix his attention, as it would, if he had it *alone*, and apart from all the rest? But, in the midst of the dazzling confusion of colour and spectacle, that surround him, let the galleries be all lighted up; fill them all with incense; beautiful women, extraordinary men, banquetting, pageantry, and procession, so that every sense may be

kindled to delirium, at the same instant, what will he hear, or see, or remember of any one thing? what, in comparison with some other man, who was blind, or deaf, or insensible to show and beauty; or, who had the faculty, no matter how acquired, of abstracting himself instantaneously, and concentrating all his powers of observation upon any one object?

These are precisely the two children: One sees, hears, feels, tastes, smells everything, and all at the same time, owing to the vivacity of his temperament; the other goes thoughtfully over one thing at a time, without feeling so intensely *altogether*, but feeling more intensely upon some division, some *part* of the spectacle. One sees double, in the ardour and intoxication of every sense; the other, singly and soberly. The first becomes a poet, or an orator; the latter, a reasoner, a mathematician. One looks for resemblances, types, apparitions, and shadows; the other will have nothing to do with resemblance—he must have proof—substantial, unequivocal, undeniable *proof*.

Well then, if this be substantially true, (and, what more can we ask for a new theory?)—if it be true, that people of the most imagination are always remarkable, for a nervous temperament, great animal sensibility, and a certain delicacy of animal organization; if it be true that (other circumstances being equal—as age and education,) people so distinguished, by delicacy of bodily structure, great animal sensibility, and a nervous irritability of temperament, have more imagination than their fellows, (and are more subject to the diseases and disorders of the imagination, as they certainly are—witness nervous women, and delicate men)—and if the faculty of imagination waxes and wanes with our animal sensibility—flourishing precisely in that season, when our animal temperament is most irritable, irritating, and active—(as in youth, or under disease, when the whole atmosphere becomes luminous with beauty, and crowded with a magnificent population; or when we have taken wine, musick, or opium, till our animal nature is inflamed,) and gradually decaying with our animal sensibility,—if this be substantially true, (and who will deny it?)—then have I established my first proposition—

that *imagination is always proportioned to animal sensibility, and delicacy of animal organization.*

My second, that women have more animal sensibility; and are more delicately organized than men, will require no farther proof, than the observation of every human being will furnish, at a glance.

The conclusion, then, is unavoidable, that women have *more* imagination than men.

But while I believe this, and consider it so evident, as to be incapable of dispute, I would add that their imagination is different from that of men; and that I do not allow them any superiority, in consequence of their having *more* imagination than we—any more than I allow young people to be *superior* to full-grown men, although the former have undoubtedly *more* imagination than the latter.

Another inference to be drawn from what I have said, is this, that we must expect women to be productive in those departments of literature, and the fine arts, where young men are, of similar animal sensibility. The delicacy of their organs, and, of course, the vivacity of their impressions, will prevent either from becoming profound—or so profound, as others, whose temperament is less irritable; but then, they will be, for that very reason, altogether more

remarkable for splendour and beauty of imagination—adventure—chivalry—feverish enterprize, and surprising combinations of thought.

Perhaps, also, it will not be going too far to say, that, admitting the original *intellectual properties* and *capacities* of man to be alike in every man, this difference alone, of *animal sensibility* and *animal organization*, will be sufficient to explain and account for all the differences in the subsequent intellectual appetites, pursuits, and disclosures of men; and, perhaps, for all the phenomena attendant upon what we call the genius of men—a difference of *genius* being, after all, chiefly, if not entirely, owing to a difference of animal organization.

It is not fair then—it is worse—it is unphilosophical, and cruel, to ask, where we are to look for a Shakespeare or a Cervantes, among women?—Wait until women are educated like men—treated like men—and permitted to talk freely, without being put to shame, *because they are women*:—wait, indeed, until there have been as many female writers, as there *were* male writers, before Shakespeare and Cervantes appeared; and, so far as the *imagination* alone, of either, is concerned, I do not scruple to say, that they will be fully *equalled* by women.

OMEGA.

SONG.—“*There is not a breath.*”

THERE is not a breath on the breast of the ocean,
 The sun-beams on yonder blue waves are asleep;
 The bright-feather'd tribes of the sea are in motion,
 Or bask on the verdureless brow of the steep:
 The bark is at rest, by the breezes forsaken,
 And the mariner anxiously plies at the oar,
 Till the fresh stirring gales of the twilight awaken,
 And waft him along to his cot on the shore.

Yet mournful I wander, though beauties surround me,
 The glories of nature no raptures impart;
 In her mantle of darkness affliction hath bound me,
 And dried up the fountain of peace from my heart:
 The hopes that were dear, and the dreams that I cherish'd,
 Like the prophet from Carmel, have taken their flight;
 And the shadows that brood o'er the bliss that hath perish'd
 Encompass my path with disaster and night.



THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE DISSENTERS.

WE are not among those who could witness with pleasure the total annihilation of the Dissenters. We do not agree with them in doctrine; we dislike some of their conduct; but, nevertheless, believing, as we are taught to believe, that the creeds of many of them, in essential points, will lead to Heaven, we think they have their uses in more ways than are dreamed of; and that, so long as they are kept within a certain limit, with regard to power and numbers, they produce far more rational benefits than evils.

Speaking, in the first place, of religious matters—The dissenting ministers act upon the regular clergy, much as the Opposition acts upon the Ministry; and the loss of them would be almost as severely felt, in a religious way, as the loss of the Opposition would be in a political one. A national clergy can only be taken from the mass of mankind; it cannot be perfectly freed from the infirmities of human nature, and it necessarily needs those stimulants to right conduct and the due discharge of duty, which are needed by all bodies of men, whatever may be their character. Freedom from opponents and competitors—absolute monopoly—in our judgment, mainly produced those monstrous errors and abuses which have so long characterised the Roman Catholic Church; and we think the same cause would produce, to a very great extent, in any church, the same consequences. We doubt that any laws—any church regulations—any interference of the government, or of the laity—could prevent the evils; or that anything, save rival religious teachers, could operate with due effect upon a national clergy, so as to spur it to the discharge of duty on the one hand, and to restrain it from ecclesiastical tyranny on the other.

We are well aware that it is charged upon the Dissenters, that they destroy the knowledge and practice of genuine religion, and that they produce fanaticism and party animosity. Now, the greater part of the charge is abundantly refuted by the state of the country; and if we grant the remainder to be just, it is unworthy of notice, when placed in comparison with the benefits which flow from the Dissenters. In no country in the whole world is religion—not nominal and spurious,

but genuine Bible religion—so generally understood and practised as in our own. The people of other states may be the slaves of their priests; they may be much more attentive in the observance of religious formalities than ourselves; they may be religious fanatics; but with regard to true religious knowledge and practice, they fall very far below us. In no other people do religious principles operate so unremittently and powerfully; and in no other people do such principles produce such abundant portions of justice, integrity, benevolence, and virtue. Public morals in Ireland, France, Spain, Italy, &c. are in the lowest state; they have reached an elevation in Great Britain, to which they never previously ascended in any great nation.

In Ireland, and in every continental nation where the clergy have an actual or virtual monopoly, fanaticism of the worst kind abounds; but with us it is little known; it only shews itself among the most ignorant, and it assumes its mildest and most pardonable form. We, as a people, cannot be made to believe, that a clergy can work miracles, and exercise the other attributes of the Deity; we cannot be taught to hate and consign to perdition our fellow-creatures, because they belong to another religion; and our religious teachers cannot drag us after them beyond the point to which the Scriptures command us to follow. Where monopoly exists, and discussion is prohibited, it is the manifest interest of the clergy to establish superstition and fanaticism, and to assume the attributes of God; in an opposite state of things, contrary conduct is the manifest interest of religious teachers. If a minister of religion among us propagate doctrines glaringly at variance with the Bible and common sense, his opponents immediately attack him, expose his errors, and strip him of all but the most worthless followers. He can only hope to gain proselytes where he wishes to gain them, and where he must gain them, to keep his sect in existence—among the middling and respectable classes—by making his creed to harmonize in essentials with the Scriptures and reason. Our Joanna Southcotes and Prince Hohenlohes can only pick up a few disciples among

the dregs of the nation ; and the monstrous absurdities with which they commence, are either gradually abandoned as they proceed, or the teachers themselves are abandoned. Even more powerful bodies of Dissenters have been long silently modifying their creed and conduct to protect them from attack, and to adapt them to the taste of the wealthy and intelligent. The Calvinists keep their more obnoxious principles in the back ground—and the Methodists openly condemn the field-preachings, groanings, convulsions, sudden conversions, &c. which were so highly in favour in the days of Wesley.

In Catholic nations the most gross fanaticism is combined with the most gross immorality ; but with us, fanaticism is almost invariably united with peculiar purity of life. We are so well acquainted with the Scriptures—we know so well what the lives of religious people ought to be—that no sect can flourish or exist among us, which does not profess to hold vice and immorality in abhorrence. Fanaticism here may produce preposterous and even guilty errors with regard to belief ; but it almost always amends the life, and renders essential service to public morals. The Dissenters undoubtedly create a certain portion of fanaticism, and a considerable portion of party animosity ; but these kick the beam when thrown into the scale against the sobriety, integrity, and general good conduct which they produce among the lower classes of the community.

It is chiefly to the practical want of rival religious teachers—to the virtual monopoly enjoyed by the Catholic clergy—to the absence of religious discussion and controversy—that we ascribe the present benighted and horrible condition of Ireland. It is true, that two rival churches have long existed in that unhappy country ; but while the one is followed by nearly the whole of the people, the other makes scarcely any proper efforts to obtain proselytes. In England, the government encourages the clergy to resist the Dissenters ; wealth and dignities are showered upon those who distinguish themselves in behalf of the church ; but in Ireland, the clergy are encouraged to remain passive in the most important part of their duty ; and a clergyman could hardly do anything

that would more effectually thwart his promotion, than to exert himself to the utmost in attacking the errors of Popery. The clergyman receives nearly the same income without, as with, a congregation ; and in so far as he is acted upon by interest, it leads him to avoid all contest with his rivals. While this is the case, the Catholic priests are stimulated by interest and everything else to strain every nerve to fill their followers with detestation of their opponents ; they are almost exclusively heard by the people ; and as to morals, it is clear, from the state of their flocks, that they take no pains to teach them.

Ireland, therefore, has the evils of a religious opposition, if we may so speak, without the benefits. The two churches are much in the same situation as the Ministry and the Opposition would be placed in, were the former to be restricted from defending its own creed and attacking that of its adversary, and the latter to be possessed of almost boundless liberty. The toleration of which we boast so much is virtually denied to the regular clergy, while their opponents enjoy what amounts to much more than toleration. Were the Whigs and the Tories to be placed in the relative circumstances in which the two churches stand, the people of England would very speedily be all converted to Whiggism. The consequences are, that real and beneficial religious discussion and controversy are in a great measure unknown, and of course real and beneficial religious knowledge is unknown. The followers are engaged in strife instead of the leaders, and Ireland has religious war, but not religious argumentation and instruction.

The argument that the active exertions of the clergy against Popery would produce additional party animosity and turbulence, is below contempt. It is refuted both by experience and reason. In England, the zealous struggles between the dissenting ministers and the clergy, have stimulated both to sanctity of life, and the laborious discharge of duty. The discussions and controversies to which they have given birth, have destroyed the mischievous parts of ecclesiastical discipline and authority, have explained what seemed ambiguous, and reconciled what seemed discordant in the Scriptures—have cut off, or ren-

dered harmless, the rotten parts of almost every creed, and have at the same moment engaged the nation in the study of religious matters, and placed before it the most ample supply of instruction. If any reason exist, why the same cause should not produce in due season the same effects in Ireland, it is not within the range of our powers of vision. Nothing can permanently pacify and reform Ireland, but the overthrow of the fabric of Popish tyranny and superstition under which the people groan; and this cannot be overthrown if it be not attacked—if it be not, moreover, attacked by the proper assailants and with the proper weapons.

Having spoken of the religious benefits that flow from the Dissenters, we will now speak of the political ones, which are, in our judgment, of very high importance.

Our government is called one of checks and balances; the definition would perhaps be more perfect if it included the term—stimulants. Now it must be obvious to every man who can use his eyes, that the stimulants, checks, and balances, must operate duly upon the whole mass of the community, or they will never operate duly upon the government. The Opposition would be nearly worthless, if it did not stand upon, and receive support from, a large portion of the nation. All the component parts of the government to which the characteristics—stimulants, checks, and balances belong, must virtually derive their power of acting from the party and other divisions of the community. Those who support the Ministry, cannot at the same time support the Opposition; the House of Commons, the House of Lords, and the Crown, must have their respective parties to support them. Our Three Estates—our government of stimulants, checks, and balances—are in reality but the acting members of the grand parties into which the community at large is divided; and to assume that such a government could exist in anything but name, amidst a unanimous population, would be the most monstrous of assumptions. If we look into our history, we find that whenever the nation was generally unanimous, the stimulants, checks, and balances ceased to operate, and the Constitution was

practically laid aside, to make way for the tyranny of a king or a faction.

The division of the population merely into Whigs and Tories, is very far from being sufficient for the preservation of our constitution and liberties. It ought to be divided into many parties, we could almost say the more the better, provided every one be faithful to the Constitution and laws. Were the population to consist principally of two, it would be almost impossible for the equipoise to be maintained between them; the one would frequently be powerless and passive, and the other would as frequently be without any effectual stimulant, check, and balance. The fewer parties we have, the greater is the danger that one of them will obtain mischievous preponderance. Every one knows that when a party comprehends the great majority of a people, has its passions inflamed by conflict and victory, and is irresistible, it will resort to the wildest measures of outrage and tyranny, even though the consequences ultimately fall on itself.

If we dissect the form of society in England, the operation throws a flood of light upon the secret of our liberty. In no other country in the world does it possess a frame so strong and so perfect. Every inch, from its prodigious base to its towering and splendid apex, displays the most solid materials and the most finished symmetry—the most accurate proportions of stone, cement, wood, iron, and gold—everything save flaw and defect—nearly everything that can render a fabric everlasting. In most other countries, society presents scarcely anything but a void between an ignorant labouring population, and a needy and profligate nobility; its parts have but little connexion, are disproportionate, and cannot balance and bind each other; but with us the space between the ploughman and the peer, is crammed with circle after circle, fitted in the most admirable manner for sitting upon each other, for connecting the former with the latter, and for rendering the whole perfect in cohesion, strength, and beauty.

This multiplicity of classes has its natural attendant, a multiplicity of interests. We have a mighty shipping interest, a mighty mercantile interest, a mighty trading interest, a

mighty manufacturing interest, a mighty moneyed interest, and a mighty agricultural interest. Most other nations have only two of these interests, which are disproportionate to, and cannot counterpoise, each other.

To render the form of society still more perfect among us, it is in addition composed of an infinity of distinct political and religious parties.

The consequences are, that while every class, interest, and party, are powerful for good, they are impotent for mischief; each throughout the whole is effectually controlled and bound to the proper line by its fellows. If the lower orders be turbulent and rebellious, the rich are so numerous and powerful, that they can generally keep them in order by moral weight and influence alone. Were the nobility to be animated with the worst views, it could accomplish nothing against the rest of the community. The rich are divided into numberless unmixable classes, and the vast majority would always oppose any portion of them that might seek unjust aggrandisement. Every class, interest, and party, is without preponderance, and the hope of obtaining it. The nobility, the country gentlemen, the clergy, the agricultural, manufacturing, and other interests, the labouring classes, the thick and thin Tories, the thick and thin Whigs, the Saints, the Methodists, the Calvinists, &c. &c., are each more or less mighty in their sphere for obtaining their due, and for purposes of general defence, but they are impotent for offensive objects of their own. The Tories are by far the most powerful party in the land, and yet they are but a regiment to an army, when weighed against the rest of the community.

While this is the case, society among us is profusely supplied with ministers of religion, who teach a religion of feeling as well as form—of conduct as well as opinion. Public morals are therefore in an excellent state in every class, conscience operates powerfully; in many of our parties turpitude is punished by the party without the aid of law; and men cannot publicly offend against integrity and good principles, without being gibbeted by public opinion.

This multiplicity of classes, interests, and parties, and this flourishing

state of public morals, constitute, we think, a main source of our liberty and happiness. When we say this, we, however, admit, that other things aid them most essentially in producing both. They tend powerfully to give us the liberty of the immortal Burke: "*That state of things in which the liberty of no man, and no body of men, is in a condition to trespass on the liberty of any person, or any description of persons, in society.*" This, and this alone, constitutes liberty. If ever, by any moral earthquake, any one of our parties be enabled to preponderate over all the rest, and public morals be in a great degree destroyed, we may then, in spite of our laws and constitution, bid adieu to our freedom. The struggles of the minority, and the passions, interests, and lawlessness of the majority, will combine, without anything to oppose them, to plunge us into the worst kind of slavery—that of a faction. We are free, not merely because the power of the sovereign is limited, but because the power of party and faction is limited likewise.

While we admit that the constitution has largely contributed to give us this state of things, we think it is preposterous to ascribe it altogether to the Constitution. We owe much of it to our geographical situation, much to our personal disposition, much to our valour, much to our wisdom, and much to our good fortune. Our foreign possessions and trade, which the Constitution did not give us, formed, and now maintain, very many of our classes and interests. Our transmarine territories, which the Constitution did not give us, have contributed greatly to fill the country with men of fortune, and to give to the wealthy classes their numbers and power. Our country cannot be otherwise than immensely rich. We labour for a vast portion of other nations, and we monopolize a large part of the revenues of the world. The proprietors of our gigantic mass of colonies, dwell and spend their fortunes here; the numberless fortunes which are daily gleaned in these colonies, are brought here to be enjoyed, and we not only receive the rent of our own soil, but the rents of foreign estates, which, in point of extent, reduce our island to a speck, continually stream into our lap. Our people of large and moderate fortune are, of

course, almost as numerous as the poor; and a mass of wealthy, independent, intelligent bodies, connect the lower orders with the nobility, render both almost powerless for evil, and bind both to the due line of conduct.

So long as society was in this country what it *now is* in most of the continental nations—composed principally of the nobility and the lower orders, having no variety of interests of nearly equal weight, being almost wholly undivided in respect of religious and political parties, and possessing but a small part of the flood of foreign wealth, which now incessantly rolls into our coffers—so long our Constitution was rather a source of oppression than of liberty. The machine existed, but not the hands to give it proper operation. It was only when society among us assumed its present shape and *animus*, that the Constitution was put into due motion, that many of our best laws were made, that public opinion obtained circulation and power, that the community was enabled in a considerable degree to govern itself, and thus to deprive with safety the government of a large portion of its authority.

It was not the Constitution that planted in this country the Protestant religion, that divided the followers of this religion into such a number of bodies, and that prescribed to the Dissenters their severe discipline in respect of morality. Public morals, to a large extent, are indebted for nothing to the Constitution and laws, save neutrality. The Constitution existed for centuries before a seat in Parliament was an object of much ambition, before a sufficient number of proper candidates could be found, and before our variety of political parties was known. If the candidates for seats in Parliament were not so numerous, rich, intelligent, and well-principled as they are, we fear the House of Commons would produce as many evils as benefits. The history of the House, at any rate, justifies this apprehension.

In saying this, we wish not to detract from the Constitution; we think it the best that the world ever saw, or ever will see. We wish merely to point out the distinction between the *machine*, and the *power that gives it due motion*, in order that while the one is guarded, the other may not be abandoned to destruction, and that the silly

fools may be silenced, who imagine that wherever a constitution is set up, general liberty must be its fruit.

While we readily admit that it would be possible to set up a constitution in any of the continental nations, we believe, from what we have advanced, that it would yield worse consequences than their present absolute governments in many of them. In very many of these nations we can find scarcely any of the great primary causes which give to our Constitution its value; but, on the contrary, we find many things that, if they existed here, would frequently render it useless, and not seldom highly mischievous. We are, however, qualifying these nations for the attainment of liberty as rapidly as we can. We are revealing to them our secrets of trade, giving them our best workmen, enabling them to obtain our machinery, admitting them into our monopolies, giving them our manufactures and commerce, sinking ourselves to their level, and attacking with all our might the bonds that unite us to our foreign possessions to serve them. If this do not in due time make them, not merely our equals, but our superiors—if it do not transfer to them a large portion of what we at present possess—if it do not make them whatever it may make ourselves, rich and great, and then free—what can? The generosity of all this, old as the world is, is unquestionably without example, but the wisdom of it is another matter. If one system have made us so wealthy, great, and glorious, we may surely be pardoned if we think that, by the laws of nature, an opposite one will make us the contrary.

So vitally connected as public morals are with general liberty, we are compelled to think that the Dissenters, by contributing so greatly to the former, contribute very essentially to the political interests of the nation. They provide a vast additional number of religious teachers and places of worship, their discipline jealously watches the moral conduct of every member, and punishes the most trifling irregularities of life, and they operate principally among the lower classes, over which the regular clergy have the least influence.

A monopoly over the consciences of a whole nation, can scarcely fail of establishing ecclesiastical tyranny. This

makes almost as wide inroads on individual rights and liberty as civil tyranny, and it almost inevitably leads to it. A clergy has its worldly interests as well as its spiritual duties; it is but a body of men, and, like all other bodies of men, it will ever strive to aggrandize itself to the utmost, and to render its authority as great as possible. To insure success, it will even lay the greatest number of fetters upon its followers practicable. Ecclesiastical tyranny and civil liberty are natural enemies, and the former is never secure until it renders—which it generally easily can do—the government despotic. Those who control the conscience can commonly guide the actions; religious influence and authority can generally be converted into political influence and authority at pleasure. The zealous churchmen, the Catholics, the Methodists, Calvinists, Unitarians, &c., almost to a man follow their ministers in politics. In truth, every religious creed links itself to a political one, and the adoption of the one is almost constantly the adoption of the other. The mass of men think but little even of interest when they are inflamed with party zeal, and led to believe that their escape from perdition depends on their obedience to their religious teachers. At this moment the great body of the Catholic laity in Ireland is, in submission to its church, fighting in the maddest manner against its own highest interests.

If, therefore, a clergy possess exclusive control over a nation's conscience, it will possess overwhelming political influence in that nation; its favour will be the first object of courtship in the eyes of the civil ruler; it will be enabled to dictate to him in matters relating to its own interest; its command will be, establish despotism, and the command will be too palatable to be obeyed with anything but alacrity. Such a clergy will in reality possess the actual sovereignty, and it must render the civil ruler a despot, to be a despot itself. The continental governments were at one time almost all of them of a limited form. The Popish Church obtained a monopoly in matters of religion, it then established ecclesiastical tyranny, it then obtained the chief portion of political

power, and it then rendered the governments despotic. These things, we think, followed each other as matters of course, and we doubt that the governments could have regained lasting arbitrary power, after being once deprived of it, by any other means.

Every religious creed, as we have said, links itself to a political one. The ministers of each of our sects go in a body with their followers to one or another of our political parties, but they do not divide themselves between two. The regular clergy have powerful inducements to divide themselves between the Whigs and the Tories; but still, though many of them support the former, as a body they support the latter. With regard to their flocks, almost every zealous churchman, particularly in the classes below the upper ones, is a Tory. A body of religious teachers has generally a sufficiency of distinct political interests of its own, to render it reasonably unanimous in politics; and, in addition, religious unanimity, and the party bonds and spirit of a religious society, can scarcely fail of producing political unanimity. We therefore think, that if the Dissenters did not exist, and the regular clergy possessed a virtual monopoly, one of our parties would preponderate over the rest of the community, and put our liberties, to say the least, in imminent danger. It matters not though this might be the Tories, for parties are governed by anything rather than their principles, when they are flushed with conquest, and irresistible. We believe the clergy to be as admirable a body as could be formed; but still they are but men; and we therefore think they would use monopoly as it has hitherto been always used by a clergy. As we think that society could not be sufficiently divided into manageable bodies, and that dangerous preponderance could not be kept from one or another of them without the Dissenters, we of course think that on these points the Dissenters render most important political benefits to the nation.

It is said, that the Dissenters regularly range themselves with the Whigs; but this is not the fact. Our dissenting population consists chiefly of the different kinds of Calvinists,* and the Unitarians on the one hand, and the

* Whenever we use this term, we must be understood to mean only such of our Dissenters as profess the tenets of Calvinism.

Methodists on the other. These are fiercely opposed in religion, and perhaps this is one cause why they are opposed in politics. The former are Whigs, the latter are moderate Tories; and the Methodists are a sufficient counterpoise, in weight and numbers, to the other sects. If we could divide the Dissenters between our political parties at our pleasure, we would alter nothing. The Whigs should have half of them, but they should have the half that consists of a number of distinct bodies. The Opposition must be powerful to be beneficial; but, irresponsible and lawless as it is, it ought not on any account to be composed solely of one compact body, animated only by personal interest or political zeal. It should consist of many bodies, and not a few of them should be perfectly independent of it, should be without any desire for political aggrandizement, and should have a manifest interest in abandoning it, whenever its conduct might militate against the public good. It is of the first importance that the Opposition Members should be, as far as possible, elected by conscientious men, by religious men, by men having neither interests nor propensities to lead them to abuse the elective franchise. It is likewise necessary that the Opposition and its followers should be plentifully supplied with religious teachers, holding its political opinions. In other states, where the clergy have a monopoly, the party opposed to the government is composed chiefly of deists. The clergy support the government, and therefore they are hated as political enemies, and deserted by those who oppose it. There are no other religious bodies for the latter to court or to attach themselves to, and they almost naturally become infidels. An Opposition that stands upon deism, may be powerful for a moment, but it will only be a public plague, and it will then vanish into air, or dwindle into a despicable shadow. It is indispensable for the preservation of public morals, that the two grand parties which our smaller ones form, the one as well as the other, should have a direct personal party interest in the maintenance of religion.

We are well aware that it is possible for the dissenting preachers to propagate the most pernicious doctrines from the pulpit—that it is possible for

them to produce such a combination of religious and political fanaticism as would have the most fearful consequences; but their own interest, and the moral checks with which they are surrounded, render it highly improbable that they should do this. Almost all the more valuable parts of our system are as well able to destroy it as the Dissenters. The House of Commons could ruin us, and yet we must have it. The Opposition, for some years before the last session, was little better than a public curse, and yet no one will say that it ought to be put down. Every valuable thing that we possess, produces minor evils with its benefits. The sun scorches us, the rain drenches us; but what do they not do beside? Despotism is a plant so hardy as to require but little care, and to be almost indestructible; but Freedom is a tender, fragile exotic, which must have a mixture of almost every kind of compost to nourish it, and which can only be kept alive by culture equally skilful, costly, and hazardous. What we have said will, we think, only apply to a populous nation. If a population be small, it can rarely be divided into more than two parties; these will push party spirit to a pernicious height, and the one will generally be the tyrant of the other. It is especially inapplicable to our West India colonies. When the inhabitants of an island amount only to a few thousands, and have but little to divide them in politics, they ought to be, if possible, preserved from religious divisions. It is, in our judgment, greatly to be lamented, that the dissenting missionaries have entered the West India islands. The masters will cleave to the Church, the slaves will cleave to the Dissenters; the distinctions of rank and colour will be rendered more striking by the distinctions of religion, and the animosity which now rages will be reinforced by religious animosity, while religious unanimity would have softened the bad feelings on both sides, and contributed powerfully to produce that state of things in which only it will be possible to abolish slavery.

Having said so much in favour of the Dissenters, we must now say, that we are not among those who place all religions on an equality, and who seem to think that all bear alike upon government and public good. Putting

our church out of sight, our other religious bodies may be divided into three classes: One labours merely for proselytes, and entertains no wish for the overthrow of the Church; another, without professing to covet the Church's possessions, holds that no national church should exist; and a third labours to destroy the Church and to seize its possessions. The two first profess warm attachment for civil and religious liberty; the last insists upon monopoly, wars against popular liberties, and allies itself with despotism. It is impossible even for the mere politician to place these on an equality; he must regard the first with favour, the second with jealousy, and the last with hostility. What we have said in favour of the dissenting bodies, must be understood to apply to such of them ONLY as hold no religious principles hostile to Christianity, and no political ones hostile to the Constitution.

Our limitation necessarily excludes the Catholics. As it is understood that a mighty effort will be made in the approaching session to give to this body political power, we will state more fully the reasons which will not suffer us to number it with the beneficial dissenting bodies.

Every religious body, as we have already said, has its political, as well as its religious creed; and it clings about as unanimously and tenaciously to the one, as to the other. This is more especially the case with the Dissenters, from their being so highly organized as bodies, from their having so many enemies, and from their being, unlike the Church, almost the only guardians of their own interests. In giving power, therefore, to any religious body, its political creed must be as strictly scrutinized as its religious one. We must look for this creed not among a few moderate members of the body, but among the leaders and the vast mass of the followers; and we must, moreover, seek it, not in professions, but in general conduct.

The Catholic Church on the Continent is at this very moment, not in one country, but in almost every country, taking the most decided part in politics, and is zealously labouring not only to put down deism and democracy, but to preserve monopoly to itself, and absolute power to the civil ruler. This Church is the most bitter and active enemy that liberty, civil and re-

ligious, has in the world. This is not matter of conjecture or dispute; the proofs are overwhelming, and they are before every one. That the overwhelming mass of the laity follows the clergy, is equally beyond controversy.

To this Church the Catholics of these realms belong; with its head they are in constant communication, and to this head they give supremacy. The Catholic Church in Ireland is, we believe, called among the Catholics, the Irish mission; that is, it stands in much the same relation to the Church of Rome as the Methodist mission in Demerara stands in to the parent and controlling society in England. The new Pope has proved himself to be a furious bigot, and to be bent upon maintaining the worst pretensions of the Catholic Church, to the utmost of his ability.

If there were nothing whatever to quarrel with in the conduct of the Irish Catholics, this alone would be sufficient to cover them with jealousy—this alone could be sufficient to render the removal of the disabilities a matter of most doubtful policy. But, alas! their conduct will warrant anything rather than the belief that they disagree with their foreign brethren—with their Head, in political creed. While they clamour so loudly for what they call liberty for themselves, they cast from them with disdain the liberty of the press, the liberty of discussion, the liberty of opinion, and almost the whole of popular liberty. To protect and extend the bondage which the Clergy have established, the Laity would gladly overthrow our free constitution. At this very time the heads of the Laity, men who are rich, well educated, and who move in the best society, are investing the clergy with the attributes of God, resisting the distribution of the Scriptures, and straining every nerve to protect their more humble brethren from the inroads of just knowledge and real Liberty. Although the Irish Catholics held themselves to be so much oppressed, and professed so much animosity towards the government, they would not support the Radicals, or the Queen, anxiously courted as they were by both; and they never would join our popular parties in any struggle, however just, in favour of popular rights and privileges. It matters not who fights for

them, it matters not who attacks their enemies, they are always a distinct party, looking with almost equal dislike upon all others. The Catholic Association eternally speaks of liberty; it is composed of demagogues of the first order, and yet it never can take up a single Whig or radical object that does not relate to its own particular benefit, while its first care is, to uphold ecclesiastical tyranny, and to restrain its poorer followers from the exercise of the greater portion of their political rights.

All this is perfectly natural. It would be just as wise to expect the Independents of Demerara to be Tories, when their governing brethren in England are Whigs, as to expect the Catholics of Ireland to be friendly to liberty, when the Catholics of Spain, Italy, &c. are the decided champions of despotism. The political creed must ever go hand in hand with the religious one, inseparably connected with it as it is.

The Catholics call themselves the friends of the constitution; but this is a small matter, when we remember that the Radicals assumed the same name. The principles of the former, say what they will, bring them into direct conflict with the constitution. The Pope, but a moment since, publicly prohibited the general circulation of the Bible. When the clergy prohibit their flocks from reading almost everything that the press circulates, and from entering a Protestant place of worship, can they be the friends of that constitution which establishes the freedom of the press, and religious liberty? When the Catholics pronounce the Protestant religion to be a false one—claim the whole of the possessions of our Church as a right—and demand a portion of them immediately—can they be the friends of that constitution, which makes the Protestant religion the religion of the state, and which gives to this religion the whole of the ecclesiastical wealth and dignities of the nation? If they had power to do it, will any man say that they would not destroy the liberty of the press, and religious freedom, and appropriate to themselves the whole that our Church possesses? The man who would say this would likewise say, that, because he hated beef, he loved oxen. A man must be the enemy of the constitution, who is the enemy of what it has established, and of what it

produces. The demand of the Catholics for a portion of the possessions of the Church, is as direct an attack upon the Constitution, as the demand of the Radicals for universal suffrage and annual Parliaments. They may, no doubt, act conscientiously, but nevertheless their conduct and objects lead to political revolution.

Our Protestant sects were born after the establishment of religious and civil liberty; to these they mainly owed their birth, and they framed their respective creeds on the principle of maintaining both. Their existence would be endangered by the loss of either. They never lost anything by the Established Church, and they do not profess to desire anything that it possesses save its congregations. If they ask for political equality, they ask nothing else; and it is not very probable that, weak as they singly are, they would be able to obtain anything else if they received it. They are in the main more or less friendly to the general products of the constitution. But the Catholics were trampled in the dust by civil and religious liberty, and they can only hope to rise again by the injury of both. They possessed all that our Church now possesses, and they are most anxious to regain it. Political equality is but a small portion of what they now openly seek, and it is evident that they wish for this to enable them to obtain their other objects. They are the enemies, from both conscience and party interest, of many of the best fruits of the Constitution.

The foreign brethren of our Protestant sects are all zealously ranged on the side of civil and religious liberty; the foreign brethren of the Catholics, including their Head, are all zealously ranged on the side of religious tyranny, and nearly all on the side of civil despotism.

Our Protestant sects are influenced by no foreign head, and they can change their creed at their own pleasure; but the Catholics have a foreign leader, to whose principles they must conform. Catholicism must of necessity be always in sentiment, as far as practicable, the same in England and Ireland as on the Continent. It is idle to say, that the Pope has no other than spiritual authority in these realms. He who is the religious Head of a large portion of the people, must always possess prodigious political influence

in the nation, particularly if his followers have an equality of political power. Does the King derive no political power from his being the Head of the Church? Do the regular clergy draw no political power from their office? Do not the heads of the Methodists, the Calvinists, &c. possess what is tantamount to great political power? The Government, at this moment, seeks to put the Bible into the hands of the Irish Catholics; the Pope forbids it; and which will the Catholics obey? The Government permits them to read what they please, and to enter any place of worship whatever; the Pope prohibits it, under heavy penalties. The Government is endeavouring to establish in Ireland a system of general education, and the Catholics are in consequence travelling to Rome for instructions. If the Pope cannot sue in our civil courts, he can yet inflict, at his pleasure, tremendous punishments. One part of his late letter was fiercely levelled against our Constitution, and some of our best possessions. If this do not vitally affect our political interests, nothing whatever can affect them. A Catholic may declare, that the Pope shall not influence him in politics—a zealous Churchman may declare, that his clergy shall not influence his political opinions—a Methodist may declare, that he will not be guided in political matters by his preachers—and who will believe any of them? Let the minister say, that the political matter is likewise a religious one, and then whom will his flock follow in politics? Party feelings, and party interests, will always be sufficient to carry the Catholics, as they would any other body, after their Head, without compulsion. The Pope has most admirable means for taking our Catholics along with him in political matters. The heads of their clergy are in a great degree his creatures; the inferior clergy can be deprived of bread at pleasure by, and therefore they are in a great degree the creatures of, these heads; and the laity, as every one knows, are little better than the slaves of the general clergy.

If the Continental governments should use the Pope and the Catholic clergy generally, as their chief instruments in accomplishing any political projects, would our Catholics be inaccessible to their influence?

The Protestant sects are almost altogether confined to the lower and the

middling classes; they have few followers among the rich commoners, and none among the nobility. They have very few men among them who would accept a seat in Parliament, and they can scarcely return one member for each body. But the Catholics pervade every class; they have powerful nobles, and rich and ambitious country gentlemen. Men anxious to get into Parliament abound among them; and if they returned members in proportion to their numbers, they would return little short of two hundred. Their Parliamentary influence would not be confined to Ireland,—it would speedily become great in this country.

Putting the Catholics out of sight, our sects and other bodies are each contemptible when weighed against the rest. We doubt if the most numerous of the sects reaches half a million, and if the whole exceed two millions, in number. Do the zealous Churchmen—those who would contend as warmly for the Church, as the Catholic for his place of worship—amount in the three kingdoms to four millions, reckoning the Established Churches of England and Scotland as one? Do the thick-and-thin Whigs exceed a million of families? Do the thick-and-thin Tories exceed two millions of families? A large portion of our population frequents both church and chapel, without having any decided preference for, or being controlled by, either; and a large portion, we regret to say, seldom sees a place of worship. A vast portion of us professes to be independent between the Whigs and the Tories, and a vast portion knows nothing of either.

The Catholics amount to six or seven millions—to one-third of our whole population. Putting the neutrals out of sight, they nearly equal the aggregate of the whole of our other sects and parties.

The most powerful of our Protestant and political bodies are almost wholly without discipline. The Church does not know its lay-members, and it has practically no control over them. A large portion of both Whigs and Tories are free from bonds and restrictions, and act altogether from choice.

The discipline of the Catholics is of the most comprehensive and perfect description. They are indissolubly knit together by party-spirit; and they are as effectually under the command of their heads, as pains and penalties, and

every variety of means resorted to for controlling mankind, can place them. On this point, the whole of our bodies, religious and political, fall far below them.

Some of our Protestant sects go with the Whigs, and others with the Tories. This is much the same in effect, as though each body was pretty fairly divided between the two parties. But the Catholics would form a tremendous distinct political party. The former make it a matter of sin to join in political broils that are merely of a party nature; but the latter, clergy as well as laity, have always been notorious for the love of political intrigue, and the thirst of political power. Our Protestant sects are comparatively enlightened, and they are actuated by no dangerous share of party-spirit; but the vast mass of the Catholics are men barbarous, fiery, incapable of calculation, the slaves of demagogues, and infuriated with party-spirit, political as well as religious. The great body of the former could hardly be drawn into very dangerous conduct by their leaders; but the great body of the latter could be led to anything. The sects, in any struggle for aggrandisement, could receive but little assistance from abroad; but the Catholics, in their contests for supremacy, would be assisted to the utmost by nearly the whole Continent—by the governments as well as the people.

The Established Church, as a political body, is effectually under the control of the general government; but the Catholic Church, as a political body, is in effect controlled by nothing within these realms.

If the Catholics be not now very numerous in England, the removal of the disabilities would speedily render them so. They have at present no very strong inducements for fixing themselves among us, and still we think their numbers must be very much on the increase from the continual influx of Irish labourers. But the case would be wholly different were they admitted to an equality of political privileges. They would then have every possible inducement for strengthening themselves as a party in England, and they would possess ample means for doing it. The English Catholics are, many of them, rich, they would have great patronage and influence, and they would have the population of Ireland

to draw adherents from. A large number of public trusts would be at once filled with Catholics, who would plant their brethren as thickly around them as possible. The wealthy Catholics of Ireland would be irresistibly tempted to fix themselves where they could combat the most advantageously and profit the most, and nothing could prevent the body from becoming exceedingly numerous and powerful in England. Do not the Whigs constantly strain every nerve to render their body as numerous as possible? Do they not regularly expel every tenant and servant who will not vote as they wish, and fill the vacancies with persons of their own persuasion? Do not the Tories do the same? Are not the Methodists, the Calvinists, &c. eternally endeavouring to add to their numbers? And is there any man so besotted as to suppose that all this would not be done by the Catholics?

From what we have said, we believe that if the disabilities were removed, the following would be some of the consequences.

The Catholics would form a mighty distinct political party. They would never act with the Whigs, much less with the Radicals, except for objects of their own. With this exception, their weight, whenever it should go with our existing parties, would go with the Tories. Whiggism is abhorrent to the Catholic religion, and we do not know anything that the Catholics would be more hostile to than a Whig ministry—a ministry made up of puff of civil and religious liberty, and abuse of the tyranny of a priesthood. The accession of the Catholics to political power would be the exclusion from office of the Whigs for ever.

While this would be the case, the Catholics, in everything relating to the humbling of the Established Church, and the abolition of the checks on the Dissenters—in the chief things that militated against Catholic omnipotence—would be zealously supported by the Whigs and Radicals, and would be thus rendered irresistible.

The Catholics would hold but few opinions in common with the Tories. They would, with the latter, fight against Whiggism, Radicalism, and Liberalism—they would set their faces against deism and democracy; but beyond this the two parties would travel little together. That which is the

grand object of all parties, would be the grand object of the Catholics—party aggrandisement and supremacy. They would do what the members of the Established Church and both Whigs and Tories would most assuredly do in their circumstances—labour most assiduously to make their Church the national one, and themselves the ruling party.

The Catholics would immediately obtain a large portion of office. The members of Parliament whom they would elect, would displace an equal number of Whigs, Tories, or Independents, and they would be at once one of the most powerful of the parties that compose the House of Commons. If they voted with the Opposition, they would overturn the Ministry; they would not support the latter except on the usual terms, and to these terms the Ministers would, no doubt, gladly accede. Thus, while our Protestant sects can scarcely get a single member into the House, or obtain a fragment of office, the Catholics in the first moment would obtain a large share in the legislature, the executive, the magistracy, and almost every description of public trusts. They would become a leading portion of the general government. We should, of course, have a Ministry disunited, torn, by intestine feuds, or none.

All the arts that parties employ for their own benefit would be, of course, resorted to by the Catholics. They could not profit by the liberty of the press; it would be almost certain to do them great injury, and this would combine with their general principles in making them its enemies. While the press is the best friend of the Protestant religion, it is the worst enemy of the Catholic one. The Whigs canted for an age of their affection for the press, and then two years ago, when they found they were suffering from it, they made upon it the most scandalous attacks. The reformers in Scotland never laid down their arms until they stripped the Catholics of everything—the reformers in England acted in the same manner; if the members of our Church were in the circumstances of the Catholics, they would leave nothing undone to gain the Royal Family and the heads of parties to their religion, and to obtain the possessions of the Church—and is there anything in the history or principles of the Ca-

tholics to lead us to suppose that they would act differently? Assuredly not. They would strain every nerve to make a convert of the King, and to obtain the whole, or a part, of the property of the Church—they would do this, not more to benefit their religion, than to strengthen themselves as a party. Their Church would be their grand bond of union, and their main weapon of war, and they would protect the system of their clergy to the utmost: they would consequently make war constantly upon particular liberties. In proportion as the people might be ignorant and superstitious, in the same proportion they would be enabled to retain their followers and to gain more.

The whole weight of the Catholics would be thrown into the scale on the side of arbitrary measures; and, of course, the whole that the people have gained in late reigns upon the executive, would be immediately lost. A party would be established in every department of the government, that would eternally labour to undermine our civil and religious liberty.

The war which now rages between Protestant and Catholic in Ireland, would immediately commence in England. This war would not, like that between our Church and the Dissenters, relate chiefly to religious doctrines, but it would be as much a political war as that between the Whigs and Tories, and it would combine the extremes of religious and political fanaticism. Many millions would fiercely combat on each side, and the consequences would be most calamitous. Foreign governments would zealously support the Catholics, and they would obtain the most powerful means of interfering in our domestic affairs, and of weakening and distressing us.

If the Catholics obtained the ascendancy, and were disposed to grant what they now everywhere refuse—in the republics of South America, as well as the monarchies of Europe—toleration, nothing could secure their power and preserve the public peace but the placing of the Protestants under the most galling restrictions and disabilities.

Putting the principles of the Catholics wholly out of sight, they are far too numerous as a party for the public weal. If they possessed an equality of power, they would be, to the government and the nation at large, unma-

nageable, and in a great degree uncontrollable as a party. A small increase to their numbers would enable them to preponderate over the rest of the community, to virtually destroy our freedom, and to place us under the tyranny of a faction. If the Unitarians, or the Calvinists, or the Methodists, or the Whigs, &c. &c. amounted to six millions, and pervaded every class of the community, what would become of the Church—what would be the operation of the Constitution—where would be the efficient Opposition—where would be the freedom to the King and nation with regard to the choice of a ministry—and where would be our general liberties? In the difficult circumstances in which we are placed, the only wise policy for us to pursue is, to continue the disabilities, and to labour to break up the population of Ireland into a multitude of weak, manageable, religious and political parties, like that of England. The seeds of such parties already exist in Ireland; let them be encouraged. Strengthen the weak and weaken the strong; swell out the small parties and reduce the large one. When the Catholics are reduced to two or three millions—to the level of our other leading parties—and are as much enlightened as the people of England and Scotland, then remove the disabilities, and let them take their chance in the general struggle.

That there are many excellent well-meaning people among the Catholics we willingly admit, but we cannot take our opinion of the party from their words and conduct. The moderate Whigs do not guide the Whigs as a body—the moderate Tories do not guide the Tories as a body—the moderate Calvinists do not guide the Calvinists as a body, and the moderate Catholics do not guide the Catholics as a body. In divinations, touching the future conduct of the Catholics, we must look at the character of their leaders, and the vast mass of their followers. In party strife, the moderate members of a party are always without influence over the rest, and they are constantly dragged along after the violent ones. A party always prefers its own good to that of the nation. The Whigs, for some years previously to the last one, to promote their party interests, pursued conduct that was

directly calculated to plunge the state into ruin.

In all that we have said, we have been silent touching the past—we have been silent touching matters purely religious—we have spoken only of that which NOW IS, and of things which are either altogether or principally POLITICAL IN THEIR NATURE. We have merely assumed that the Catholics are conscientious men with regard to their peculiar creed, and that, as a party, they would act as all our other parties have invariably acted, and still act. Our reasoning may be erroneous, but bitter names bestowed on ourselves will scarcely be sufficient to overthrow it.

Our readers must understand that we have spoken favourably of our Protestant sects, strictly in reference to our whole system. The Opposition is most valuable, but it is only so because we have a Ministry; and the destruction of the Church would, in our judgment, be the annihilation of very many of the benefits which flow from the Dissenters.

The Established Church, for learning both religious and political, for scriptural purity of doctrine, for just and sober opinions, and for mildness of discipline, stands infinitely above all the chapels; and it is almost our only national agent for keeping down religious faction, and preventing religious doctrines and authority from assuming an improper and dangerous character. The Dissenters, in both doctrine and discipline, are almost wholly beyond the control of the law, and their preachers are generally men of little education, of little learning, of no political information, of no knowledge of the world; enthusiasts, and anxious to push their creed and authority to the utmost point. The regular Clergy are themselves under the control of the state, in what they teach and establish, and they indirectly control the sects, in what these teach and establish. The regular Clergy are almost our sole religious teachers who can use the press with any effect; they keep public opinion in a just direction with regard to religious matters; they prevent fanaticism from being mischievous, and they tie up the hands of the dissenting preachers from dangerous conduct. They have had the chief hand in reforming Methodism

and Calvinism ; and they are the chief means of preventing our lower and middling classes from being overrun with fanaticism, bigotry, strife, and religious tyranny ; and our upper ones from forsaking religion altogether.

In spite of the wretched theories of the times, the rich and great, whose temptations to vice are the most powerful, would be almost wholly in effect without religious instruction, if no religious instructors were rich and great. A minister must mix with his hearers out of the pulpit, as well as preach to them in it ; he must be the private friend, as well as the public instructor ; he must be on an equality with them in all the essentials of worldly equality, in order that he may have due influence over them, and that he may not be the parasite and the tool, instead of the guide. When men were equal, it was proper that the clergy should be equal ; but when the former divided themselves into classes, it was proper that the latter should be so divided, to give them admission into, and due influence in, every class ; and moreover to secure them the proper means of acquiring just knowledge.

Proper political, as well as proper religious knowledge and conduct, are of the very highest importance in those who guide the conscience of a nation ; and we do not think that these would either possess the one, or follow the other, if their heads did not mix in the highest society. A large portion of the necessary knowledge and conduct even of a clergyman must be learned from men, and not from books. The Dissenters, with all their zeal and industry, cannot reach the upper circles, and he must know but little of human nature who cannot see that the case would be very different if a portion of their ministers possessed wealth and title—The Heads of our Church move in the best society, they have access to the best sources of intelligence, opinion, and feeling, and this enables them to keep the clergy in the just line of conduct. In truth, they are, in a very great degree, the guides of the Dissenters ; they guide the Church, and by the Church, as we have already said, the Dissenters are to a great extent governed.

If America be quoted upon us, we will answer, that its religious bodies resemble our own, and that they are

in constant communication with, and draw their conduct from, their brethren in this country. That, therefore, which is the virtual guide of our religious bodies, is, in reality, the guide of the religious bodies of America. It is not for us to say how long this will continue, but that it will have an end is sufficiently certain. America as a country is yet but an infant, and he will make but a sorry statesman who shall draw his creed from its history. Another century will establish very different opinions, touching its form of government, from those which now prevail, or we are egregiously mistaken.

We stated at the outset, that the Dissenters were only beneficial so long as they were kept within certain limits, with regard to power and numbers. It will, we trust, be seen from what we have said, that as the Church is under the control of the state, as it forms almost the only instrument by which the state can control the Dissenters, and as its influence over them is wholly moral, it ought to be the preponderating religious body. If the Dissenters predominated, they would practically give law and conduct to, instead of receiving them from the Church ; and we should be convulsed by mischievous religious factions, instead of being instructed by moderate religious parties. The Dissenters would, moreover, obtain a most dangerous share of positive political power. Hitherto they have been too weak to elect members of parliament from among themselves, but they would then be enabled to return a large number of representatives of their own persuasion, and the consequences, we think, would be very calamitous. Methodists, Calvinists, &c. are excellent members of society, but their doctrines render it impossible to mould men into wise, acting statesmen. The conduct of the Scottish Covenanters, of the English Puritans, and of our present dissenting bodies, with regard to slavery in our colonies, abundantly proves that the Dissenters are incapacitated for taking a leading part in guiding the affairs of the nation. If the Dissenters had a powerful party in the House of Commons, this would have the effect of ranging the different bodies on one side in politics out of it, and of filling them with political rancour. Our religious parties would then, instead of acting

the part of moderators to our political ones, push them into every kind of excess; and religious fanaticism, instead of acting as a check upon political fanaticism, would combine with it to produce every kind of public evil.

That the Dissenters are at present passing the proper limits, seems to us to be undeniable. They have increased prodigiously in late years, they are still increasing; and of course as they gain numbers and weight, the Church loses both. A few steps more would give preponderance to them, and all the evil consequences of such preponderance to the nation. If they cannot be weakened, they ought at any rate to be prevented from becoming more powerful; but then, what must be the means? Laws could not do it, Parliament could not do it, the government could not do it. The Dissenters, in their religious character, are literally lawless, and the time is past for making laws to restrain them, even if such laws could be reconciled with liberty.

We nevertheless think, that we possess ample means for preventing the Dissenters from becoming dangerously powerful. BUILD A SUFFICIENT NUMBER OF NEW CHURCHES—PURGE THE CLERGY OF WORTHLESS AND DISCREDITABLE MEMBERS—PROVIDE EVERY CHURCH THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM WITH A PIOUS, ZEALOUS, ELOQUENT CLERGYMAN—LET DIVINE SERVICE BE PROPERLY PERFORMED, IN VILLAGE AS WELL AS TOWN AND CITY—ATTEND TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CHURCH IN ITS COLLECTIVE CAPACITY, AND THE LEGITIMATE NEEDS AND DESIRES OF CONGREGATIONS, INSTEAD OF THE BENEFIT OF INDIVIDUAL CLERGYMEN.—If this be done, the Church will never be injured by the Dissenters, and it ought to be done if no Dissenters existed. Whatever may be said of doctrines, it is not the difference of doctrine which draws the body of the people to the chapel. Scarcely one in ten of the great mass of Dissenters can point out how they differ in creed from the Church. They mistake superior oratory for superior doctrine; they think the instruction of the dissenting preacher excellent, because it is emphatically and powerfully delivered, and they fancy the service of the Church to be defective and erroneous, because it is badly performed.

With regard to the building of additional churches, government most wisely directed its attention to this in the first moment of peace, and we trust it will persevere in spite of all opposition. If the people have not churches to go to, they will, of necessity, become Dissenters, and if the churches be not built by the state, they will scarcely be built at all. Those who say that they ought to be erected as the chapels are, know but little of the matter: there are causes which render it almost impossible. The dissenting bodies have generally each a common fund, from which they can take sums in aid of building chapels; but the Church has no such fund. The Dissenters can make productive collections in all their chapels to assist in building new ones; but the Church can make no such collections, for its bishops procure hardly anything. Many of the dissenting ministers, those of the Methodists in particular, receive their salaries out of the common fund; and if a small part of the requisite sum for building a chapel can be raised by subscriptions and collections, the remainder can be borrowed upon it, and the money arising from the letting of the pews is devoted to the payment of the interest and principal; but the stipend of the clergymen of the new church arises almost wholly from the letting of the pews, consequently no money could be borrowed upon the church, for there would be no revenue for paying either principal or interest. If the Dissenters had to build their chapels wholly by voluntary contributions, they would build but few.

It is a truth too self-evident to be denied, that every part of divine service ought to be properly performed. The prayers ought to be properly read, the psalms ought to be properly sung, and the sermon ought not only to be good as a composition, but it ought to be properly delivered. Shakespeare fills us with disgust from the lips of a bad performer, and our transcendently beautiful liturgy and the best sermon are heard with impatience and pain from the lips of a bad orator. A clergyman who is not a reasonably good orator is not qualified for the pulpit; he cannot perform in a proper manner the most important of his duties; he cannot withstand the competition of the Dissenters; and he cannot avoid

losing that flock which the Church commits to his keeping. Every clergyman who is a bad orator, no matter what his life and learning may be, immediately loses the body of his congregation when the dissenting preacher raises his voice to oppose him; and people will scarcely go to hear him even if he have no competitor.

On this matter we think our church government is exceedingly defective. Our candidates for holy orders are compelled to qualify themselves with regard to learning, doctrine, and character, but not with regard to oratory. One of the main qualifications—that which is necessary to give due effect to all others—is entirely disregarded, and the poorest orator may, without any difficulty, become a clergyman. The natural consequence is that a very large number of our clergy are most wretched readers and preachers. Some have impediments, and cannot be understood; others have no voice, and cannot be heard; and many, who have proper powers, will not exert them. This holds good to a very great extent in the country. In the churches of the metropolis, particularly those of the west end, eloquent preachers are numerous, but the readers are generally miserable ones. How any man can read our service in an idle, lifeless, unemphatic, hurried manner, we cannot conceive, and still we rarely can hear it read differently. This is deeply to be lamented; such a service, if read with due feeling, emphasis, and solemnity, could scarcely fail to rivet the attention, and reach the hearts, of any congregation whatever.

The Dissenters manage these matters differently. With them, no man can be admitted as a regular preacher who has not preached some time previously on trial. They make oratorical ability, as well as proper life and doctrine, a *sine qua non*, and the consequence is, that the worst of their regular preachers would, as an orator, put to shame a very large number of our clergy.

Declamations against “itching ears,” “criticizing,” “schism,” &c. are useless, however just; people, in these days, care not a straw for them. The fact is this—the prejudice which formerly existed among the lower and middling classes against the Dissenters has vanished, or rather, thanks to the

Whigs! it has directed itself against the Church; dissenting ministers and places of worship have become so numerous, that the people almost everywhere can choose between the Church and the Chapel; the people place these on an equality with regard to truth of doctrine, and they prefer the chapel wherever it offers the most attractions to the senses. The population cannot be compelled to attend the Church; it will no longer adhere to it as a matter of duty without reference to the character of the minister; the clergyman and dissenting teacher are placed on equal ground, and involved in active competition; and the best orator will assuredly carry the day. The superior learning and mental ability of the clergyman will not prevail with the mass of mankind against the superior oratory of the dissenting preacher. This is the fact, and it is useless to descant on what it ought to be. The proof may be found in the deserted state of every church in the kingdom, where the clergyman is a bad orator; in truth, every private party will furnish the necessary evidence. The empty ungrammatical nothings of the man of good voice and emphatic delivery are listened to with pleasure, while the correct and beautiful thoughts of the man of bad voice and enunciation are disregarded.

This must be remedied, and it will not be remedied by railing against the Dissenters and those who follow them. Human nature cannot be changed, and we must frame our institutions according to what it is, and not according to what it ought to be. The Dissenters have prevailed chiefly by superior oratory, and superior oratory must be the chief means of resisting and humbling them. Make the clergyman a more animated and eloquent preacher than the dissenting minister, and the latter will have but few hearers. A vast number of those who regularly attend the chapels are not members of them; they do not know the difference of doctrine between the Church and the Dissenters; they have no decided partiality for the latter, and they would be drawn back to the Church immediately by a zealous, eloquent clergyman. Several of the London churches, particularly those of St Pancras and St Mary-le-Bone, where not a single seat can be taken, abundantly prove that the Dis-

senters would not be numerous if our officiating clergy were all reasonably eloquent. It is a matter of necessity to provide the new churches with powerful preachers to insure the letting of the pews, and the consequence is that they are filled as soon as opened.

A remedy might be easily applied. Let the heads of the Church reject all candidates for holy orders who cannot give proofs that they are competent orators. This will prevent all from preparing themselves for the Church who do not possess the requisite powers, and it will incite those who possess such powers to cultivate them. Such a rule would be natural and just; it would stand on that principle which ought to dispose of all public trusts—qualification. It would benefit alike both the Church and the people; and, what is of some consequence, it would be as popular a measure as could be devised. It is of the very highest importance to the state that every clergyman should be properly qualified for the pulpit; and we say once more, that bad oratory is a positive disqualification. A bad orator virtually drives his flock to the chapel, and he thus robs the Church, and makes the Dissenters more powerful. Some of our Bishops are sufficiently scrupulous with regard to doctrine, and surely it is of far more importance to prevent a congregation from being altogether lost to the Church, than to prevent it from being misled in minor points of belief.

We must now say something of our church singing. This important and attractive part of our service is almost totally neglected. In the London churches, even those of the most fashionable parts, we can rarely hear any one sing save the charity-children. This is not only a violation of duty, but it renders that useless which might be of essential service to the Church. The Dissenters pay particular attention to singing—we have known chapels pay one hundred per annum to the leaders of their singers—and they profit largely from it. Their singing draws great numbers to the chapel who would otherwise never see it.

We are not here called upon to name the motives which ought to lead people to a place of worship; every one, alas! knows that these motives have no influence over a very large part of man-

kind. The young, thoughtless, gay, pleasure-seeking portion of us, will not seek a place of worship from religious feelings, and, therefore, divine worship should possess every attraction compatible with religion that can captivate human nature. It fortunately happens that the more perfectly divine service is performed, the more attractive it is even to the irreligious. The wicked, as well as the pious, can find a powerful charm in sacred eloquence and music; these cannot produce pleasure of a sinful kind, and they can scarcely produce it at all without creating a certain degree of devotion. Independently of this, it is our duty to our Maker to employ all our eloquence, science, skill, talents,—all the gifts with which he has endowed us,—in worshipping him. Convinced as we are that if the psalms were properly sung in our churches, it would not only be the discharge of a neglected duty, but it would contribute materially to render the congregations more numerous, we trust that some attention will be at length paid to the subject, and that a deficiency, which has been long, loudly, and justly decried against, will be removed.

In the new churches a liberal number of free seats are properly provided for the poor, but in the old ones the poor are in a great measure excluded. This ought to be remedied; for, on the ground of convenience, as well as justice, the poor ought to have equal accommodation in all churches. Notwithstanding the new ones that have been built, the vast majority, we might almost say nine-tenths, of the lower orders of London and other large places, are still virtually excluded from the Church. This is the case when the lower orders are precisely that portion of the community which can be the most easily entrapped by the Dissenters, and which the Dissenters can lead to almost any lengths of fanaticism and hostility to the Church and the government. Would it not be wise to purchase, with a part of the money that is voted for the building of new churches, a certain number of pews in the old ones, to be converted into free seats for the poor? A small sum would be sufficient; a very great public benefit would be gained for comparatively nothing.

We are ourselves intimately ac-

quainted with several country villages that contain from one hundred and fifty to three hundred inhabitants, in which no clergyman resides, in which divine service is never performed at the church more than once on the Sabbath, and in which, on every fourth Sunday throughout the year, it is never performed at all. There are, we believe, many villages throughout the country similarly circumstanced, and there are few places in the country in which church service is performed more than once in the week. In these villages the Dissenters have service three times on every Sunday, and perhaps twice in the week beside. What is the consequence? Only half the population of any place, but more especially that of a village, can conveniently attend divine service at the same time, of course half the inhabitants must go to the chapel, or absent themselves from public worship altogether; and on the *blank* Sunday the whole must attend it, or have no divine service at all. The inevitable consequence is, that the inhabitants are in a manner compelled to frequent the chapel; they become familiarized with it; they acquire a partiality for its service, and lose their relish for that of the Church; the dissenting preacher fills them with the belief that the clergy do not preach the gospel; the chapel is crowded, and the Church is deserted. What hastens this consummation is, that, while the chapel has all these mighty advantages over the Church, the clergyman is perhaps the most miserable orator that could offend human ears. We who write are yet comparatively young, and still we can remember the time when these villages contained no Dissenters, and when the inhabitants were violently prejudiced against them. At present, a considerable number of the inhabitants are members of the chapel, the whole attend it, and nearly all are more or less prejudiced against the Church.

If no remedy be applied to this, we are convinced that no long period of time will elapse before the vast mass of our country population will become either regular members of the chapel, or its decided friends and the enemies of the Church. Such a state of things ought not to be if no Dissenters existed; it is in truth a disgrace to a country so rich, great, intelligent, and reli-

gious as our own, for it does not provide half the requisite portion of religious instruction for the people. Divine service should be *twice* performed in every parish, not merely on three Sundays out of the four, but on every Sunday throughout the year, to give the *whole* of the inhabitants an opportunity of attending it; and as every parish has its own separate living, it ought to have its own separate clergyman. If a clergyman have two parishes under his care, and some have three, he cannot reside in both; he cannot preach twice in either, and it is impossible for him to discharge his duty and guard the interests committed to his keeping in the one in which he does not reside. He cannot ingratiate himself with his parishioners, watch over their conduct, visit the sick, and relieve the distressed; and he cannot prevent his flock from being taken from him by the Dissenters.

The evil is not incurable. We conscientiously believe that if the government, on the one hand, would abolish *all pluralities whatever*, and they ought to be *all* abolished, for they are alike injurious and disgraceful to the Church and the State, the people, on the other hand, would readily give the money for at once raising the small livings to the proper standard. The sum necessary could not be very large, for we have no wish to see a country clergyman roll in riches. He ought not, in our judgment, to have less in any case than 150*l.*, nor more than 300*l.* per annum, except in special cases. We have already said, that we wish to see the clergy divided exactly as society is divided, and too much income raises the village clergyman above the class in which he is destined to labour, to the infinite injury of the Church and the country.

We are decided enemies to the performing of duty by deputy in all cases. Our ministers of state, judges, and almost all other public functionaries, are compelled to labour assiduously in their own proper persons for their stipends, and why are not our clergymen? Why are these of all other public servants to be permitted to make a sinecure, so far as regards themselves, of their holy office? We cannot look at the vast political as well as religious importance of the duty of the clergyman, without being convinced that he

ought to be the most active and industrious of all to whom public trusts are confided. Our curate system has been alike injurious and disgraceful to the country. It has rendered the master slothful and negligent, by enabling him to provide himself with a slothful and negligent deputy; it has sunk our officiating clergy to the feelings and need of paupers; it has robbed the poor of that which the Church ought to bestow on them; and it has multiplied the Dissenters in all directions. In almost all other cases, it is the interest of the master to provide the most efficient servant possible; but it is actually the interest of the incumbent to provide the most inefficient curate that he can find. The latter must be got for the lowest possible wages, and he must, on no account, be equal to his employer in eloquence and piety. This employer must, whatever may be the consequence, be the first man whenever he may condescend to appear in his pulpit. The new law is we hear grossly evaded, and it will always be evaded. A clergyman, when his labour is excessive, should be permitted to provide himself, not with a substitute, but with an assistant, and beyond this the curate system should be abolished.

The dissenting preachers are compelled to retire from the pulpit when they are incapacitated by age and infirmities for discharging their duty properly; our ministers of state, judges, &c. are compelled to retire from office when they are similarly incapacitated; and we think there would be neither hardship nor degradation in placing the clergy under the like regulations. The worn-out clergyman might retain for life a portion of the proceeds of his living when the amount would admit of it, and a superannuation fund might supply all he might lack of an adequate income. What we recommend may perhaps be impracticable, but it would not be so if common sense and justice could prevail over prejudice and interest, and if the interests of the people and the church, in its collective capacity, could be as much attended to as those of the clergy.

We wish that the Heads of the Church were somewhat more vigilant in watching the conduct of the inferior clergy. A clergyman is but a man, and like all other men he needs spur-

ring to the discharge of his duty. In the country he has his living for life; if he be a curate, he has no one to please but his employer, who cares nothing about his conduct; provided he perform divine service the requisite number of times, he is independent of his congregation; the press and public opinion cannot reach him, and he is almost wholly without those stimulants to exertion which operate upon almost all other public servants. A clergyman may punctually perform divine service, and still he may perform it in such a manner that it will benefit no one; his life may give the lie to his prayers and sermons, and thus he may do far more injury than service to religion and the church. He may be reasonably efficient in the pulpit, and he may lead a moral life; and still he may neglect the visiting of the sick, the relieving of the distressed, and those other smaller duties the fulfilment of which is of such essential importance. When this is the case, the Heads of the Church ought to watch the conduct of the officiating clergy with sleepless anxiety. Wide as the difference is between positive offences and the neglect of duty, the latter ought not on any account to be tolerated.

With regard to amusements, far be it from us to say that a clergyman should have none, but still he ought to shun many that may be permitted to the laity. The world assigns different conduct to different men, and its regulations cannot be violated with impunity. We should look with scorn upon a secretary of state who should be the leading dancer at a ball, who should regularly associate with fox-hunters, and who should be a constant loungee at the opera. We should do this, because we should think that such conduct was utterly inconsistent with the dignity and duties of his official station, and that the mind which could devote itself to such pleasures could not be such as the statesman ought to possess. On this principle, public feeling forbids many amusements to the clergy, which are perhaps in themselves innocent; and it is perfectly justified in so doing. The mixing in scenes of levity, jollity, and dissipation, must inevitably unfit the clergyman for the performance of his solemn, sacred, and important duties.

There are several other points which are nearly as important as those on which we have briefly touched, but we must reluctantly leave them unnoticed. We will say one word to the laity. If those who so zealously cry up the Establishment and declaim against the Dissenters, would, with their servants and dependents, regularly attend the Church, they would render it essential service, and we fear, that on this head, many of them are very culpable. Why do our Church of England Nobility, and our Church of England Ministers of State, give their "*grand dinners*," and other entertainments, on the Sabbath? The servants of these people are compelled to labour more industriously on the Sunday than on any other day of the week; and as to their attending a place of worship, it is out of the question. What Sunday buying and selling does not this produce; and where is the limit to its operation in the way of example? Why do not our Prelates do their duty against this monstrous and scandalous evil? We do not say this from puritanism. We are commanded to say it by the Bible, the Church of England, and the political interests of the nation. Public morals form the root and life-blood of our constitution and liberty; and whatever militates against the former, militates in an equal degree against the latter. Sunday-labour deprives our lower orders of the best of their few enjoyments, and it strikes at the foundation of one of the most beneficial regulations of society.

If we have said sufficient to offend all parties, the testimony of our conscience will prevent it from giving us much uneasiness. If the admission of the Catholics to power produced mighty public evils, these would ultimately

fall on the Catholic as well as the Protestant. If the Dissenters obtained the preponderance, this would at last be destructive to their own interests as religious bodies. We are laymen, but there is not a clergyman in the Establishment who is more zealously attached to the Church of England than ourselves. We believe that it has the strongest claims upon our love for both past and present benefits, and we are convinced that it is a vital part of our system, and that its destruction would be the destruction of the whole. We wish not only to see it exist, but to see it powerful and triumphant—the sun of our religious system, giving light to, and guiding the chapel-planets, and pouring the blaze of religious truth upon the people at large, both directly and by reflection. There is, however, no royal road to success of any kind; and the Church can only live, conquer, and flourish, by following the hackneyed rules which must guide the private individual. It must oppose effort to effort, and qualification to qualification; it must renew what has been destroyed, supply what is deficient, and adapt its offensive and defensive means to the altered shape and condition of society. Of the clergy we think very highly in very many particulars. There are, perhaps, too many worthless characters among them; but, as a body, they cannot be excelled for purity of doctrine and blamelessness of conduct; many of them, particularly of the country portion, might, however, be rendered more efficient in their spiritual character. To the serious consideration of all whom it may concern, we now leave what we have written.

Y. Y. Y.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

No. II.

Two or three omissions, and one or two alphabetical irregularities (hardly to be avoided, in the first concoction of an index, without assistance,) have been discovered—by ourselves—in two or three of our late papers, concerning the affairs of NORTH AMERICA.—Our justification is—for we never make an apology—that we write altogether from recollection, without a book of any kind; a note, or a hint, of any name, or nature, to freshen our memories with. Books, indeed, except as a reference for dates, words, and figures, three things which we carefully avoid, wherever they *can* be avoided, with decency—believing, on our oaths, that there is nothing so insupportable, in *this* world, as unnecessary precision—books, indeed, would be out of the question; for, we profess to supply that, which cannot be found in any book or books, whatever. And as for notes and memoranda, about matters and things in general, we are of those, who take them, as they do perceptions of beauty—sound and colour—flavour and hue—*only* upon the invisible tablets of the heart and mind; *only* into the *lighted* chambers of both.—We use no *camera obscura*; make no drawings—no sketches—blot no paper with hints, every one of which, over a sea-coal fire, or *in* it, as the case may be (*that* generally depending upon another question—as whether it be in print or in manuscript; the property of the author or the purchaser, &c.)—at some future period may become the nucleus of a chapter—perchance, of a volume.—We like to carry our young till they are fully grown, where nature intended them to be carried—not in memorandum-books, cotton, raw-silk, or hand-baskets—within us, not without—in our hearts, not in our hands:—and would be delivered of them, if not precisely as Jove was, of his, in panoply complete—at least, not before their teeth and claws are grown, so that they can take care of themselves. A short season of gestation is bad enough—but whelping in a hurry is the devil—one full-grown cub of the lion (as we have well nigh said before) will outlive a litter of lap dogs.

We make no apologies, as we *have*

said before; but—we do what is better, we make atonement; correct our irregularities, and supply our omissions, just so fast as they become obvious to ourselves—but no faster.

We shall do it, on this occasion (after a few minutes,) because we pique ourselves, not a little, upon our scrupulous impartiality, truth, exactness, and plain dealing, in our treatment of whatever concerns the United States of North America:—a country, about which, all circumstances considered, there would seem to be not only a lamentable mis-apprehension, but a lamentable ignorance, in quarters, where one might look for better things; for positive and exact information,—instead of rigmaroll (serious or profane)—for manly and severe criticism, instead of loose rambling, and superfluous recrimination:—among those who are extravagantly partial to whatever is American, chiefly because it is *not* English—and partly, because it *is* American; and among those, who are as decidedly partial to whatever is English—chiefly because it *is* English, and partly, because it is *not* American.—Many laughable, some serious, some provoking, and some extraordinary errors, concerning one another, *do* prevail, at this hour, among both of these great parties—on both sides of the Atlantic:—errors, which, if they be not speedily seen to, with a strong hand, or a sharp knife, will sow their own seed; multiply and perpetuate their poison; drug the very atmosphere with mischief; overgrow and strangle whatever is wholesome or precious, in the neighbourhood of our posterity, on both sides of the water.—This must not be—shall not be—if we can prevent it: and we shall try hard.—Let Americans be what they pretend—Americans. Let our men of Great Britain, be what *they* pretend—Britons—let each *prefer* his own country, as he would his own mother; let each be *partial*, if you please, in any reasonable degree, to his own country,—for that is natural—(nay, to be otherwise, were so *un-natural*, that we should suspect any man's heart, and pity his understanding, who should not be somewhat partial—so far as affection, or judgment, but not veracity, were

concerned—to his own country; just as we should, *his* understanding and heart, who should not be *partial* to his own mother:—)——but, while we say this; while we encourage a natural partiality, in every man's *heart*, for his own country, and his own mother; and are ready to forgive much—very much, that proceeds from an affection so honourable to humanity, even when it influences the *head*——Yet, we see no reason for encouraging anybody in running afoul of other people's countries and mothers:—and are not very willing, either to overlook or forgive, the folly and wickedness of that man, be he who he may, who, in the superfluity of his affection and zeal, for what relates to his own country, and his own home, is eternally breaking in upon the repose of every other man's country and home.——Defence is one thing—attack another. A brave manly quarrel, in withstanding aggression, is always creditable:—but, where we are the aggressor, shameful. Family feuds are absurd; national feuds, worse. Nothing was ever gained by either—not even reputation.

Would you flatter the Americans?——Don't puff them—don't exaggerate—stick to the truth. There is no flattery in falsehood. Acquaint yourselves thoroughly with your subject: and, whatever else you do, speak the plain truth. Poetry, declamation, rhetoric, and all that, are out of place; wit, is mischievous; and humour, profane, (unless employed for seasoning; and *only* for seasoning,) on a subject of such importance. Nothing can be worse, for the stomach of this public, nor in much worse taste, than to dish up anything American—game or not game; wild meat,* or not—with a superabundance of sweet sauce, or Cayenne pepper.——No—if you treat of America at all, do it soberly—righteously—in the main, however, you may have to sprinkle it, now and then, with fire and brimstone, for the palate of the over-fed.

And so, too—if you would be severe on the Americans; severe, we mean, to any good purpose, either for yourself, or for them—for your country, or for theirs; severe, beyond the petty tingling sarcasm of the hour;

severe, beyond the miserable severity of that miserable insect, which *cannot* sting but once—and then, dies;——that noisy nothing, which, when it is exasperated, strikes in a hurry—and is glad to escape in a hurry—always losing his weapon—often his life—never drawing blood—and sometimes backing out, like the scorpion, by downright suicide—or, as the fashion is, to call it now, by derangement, visitation, or accidental death:—if you would be severe on the Americans, in a better way—a way more worthy of yourself, if you are a man—speak the truth of them. *Nothing cuts like the truth*:—or, as the QUARTERLY would have it, in a late criticism, NOT ANYTHING—cuts like the truth.

In one word—Let us understand what we are talking about, whether we praise or condemn these brother Jonathans, these western Englishmen; these children of *our* fathers—on the other side of the world.——To illustrate our observations, to some purpose—from recent occurrences—we would ask what can be more absurd, in the estimation of a statesman; or more wicked in that of any person, of common-sense, or common humanity, than to hear the people of America called our *inveterate* enemies; our *implacable* enemies—and, worst of all, our *natural* enemies!—for what?——Why, forsooth, because (if they can help it—which is very doubtful) they won't let us manufacture for *them*: and, because, if they *can* (which is, also, very doubtful) they *will* manufacture for themselves.——Does that make them our *natural* enemies?—we have no fear—nor they, any hope, (unless their heads are turned), of their ever being able to out-manufacture us; or to undersell us, in any but their own markets: nor even there, without a system of taxation, which, whatever may be the ultimate good, operates in a very equivocal manner, *now*, by obliging one part of the community to maintain the other, without an equivalent;—that is, by obliging the consumer to feed the manufacturer, by purchasing of him, at much higher prices than he *might* purchase elsewhere.

* As the late case of MR JOHN D. HUNTER—for example; of whom a word by and by.

This is their look-out—not ours—They won't employ us for ever—granted—but what right have *we* to complain?—They do not become our *natural* enemies, by refusing to employ us—it is only by out-working us; or underselling us to a third party.—O, but they *are* our natural enemies, nevertheless.—Why?—Because they multiply so fast—empire upon empire—from ocean to ocean.—Alas! if they were not their *own* enemies—the most unnatural of all enemies—they would roll back again to their ancient boundaries—retreat into their citadel, the thirteen Original States—or, at least, build a wall of brass about them, for a place of refuge, in the time, that *will* come.—They are, now, in a fair way to fall asunder by their own weight—or perish, like a monster, by exhaustion of the heart, while the extremities are preternaturally enlarged.—New England is the heart of the confederacy—New York and Pennsylvania, the back-bone—but, at the rate they are now going on, they will soon want a dozen such hearts, and as many more such back-bones, to keep them in shape.

Some people talk of staying the northern inundation, by making use of Mexico.—This cannot be done—the very idea is absurd—childish—Mexico would be swept away, before it could muster on the frontiers—but if it could, why should it be done?—Is it either wise, necessary, or expedient?—*Are* the people of the United States—are they indeed our *NATURAL* enemies?—If they are, it is time to look about us—and if they are, in the name of God, where are we to look for our natural friends?—If we cannot look to them, who are of the same blood, and the same religion; whose language is the same; whose laws are the same; whose very form of government is more like ours, than any other government upon earth; whose literature is the same; whose antipathies and prejudices are the same—where shall we look—to whom?—

One word more—the people of North America know their own interest. They do not want anybody to flatter them. They do not want *miss*

WRIGHT, nor *miss* anybody else, (whether she wear a hat, or a bonnet; slippers, or spurs,) to go all over the world, prattling and gossiping about any of their institutions—for no better reason, five times out of six, than because the *she*-traveller in America, has been treated everywhere, with pound-cake, hyson tea, and the debates in Congress.—They know, for they are a shrewd people, take them all in all, that highly-coloured, romantic stories—and superfluous rhapsodies, about anything, which *is* really excellent, only serve to make it ridiculous: that eulogy, however well meant, or delicately flavoured, is pretty sure to do more harm, than good; that intemperate praise, provokes intemperate ridicule, or censure; eulogy, satire—and that, the bitterness and asperity of the counter-acting dose, are *intended*, wisely enough, to overcome the nausea, which is natural to him, who has unexpectedly, or accidentally, swallowed a small quantity of unadulterated eulogium—*accidentally*, we say, because nobody—not even the subject of eulogium, will swallow it, if he *knows* what it is.

“Praise undeserved, is censure in disguise.”—This is a favourite copy-slip in America.—“Heaven save us from our friends! *we* will take care of our enemies”—they say, also, when they read such beautiful books, as have been made about them lately.—They know well, that the droll, stupid blundering of Messieurs FEARON, FAUX, and Co., on one side of the water; the worse than blundering—the lies—of the ‘NEW-ENGLAND-MAN,’ on the other; and the everlasting misrepresentation, falsehood, and confusion of the newspaper-gentry, on both sides, are soon laughed out of countenance; overborne by weightier proof; smothered in their own dust, or consumed in their own acrimony.

The brother Jonathans will never think the worse of us—whatever they may think of our common sense, if, on taking up one of our papers, they come upon a paragraph headed ‘AMERICAN ABSURDITY;’ and containing an extract from one of *their* papers,* wherein they had spoken very handsomely of two or three English

* Speaking of AMERICAN PAPERS—one word on a late MIRACLE, taken out of the NORFOLK BEACON; which seems to be doubted here, while it is going the
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travellers; (recommending them with emphasis, to the hospitality of the Americans;) and expressed a proper anxiety for the promotion of a good understanding between America and Great Britain:—No—nor will they think a whit the better of MR MATTHEWS, when they come to hear that after the *first night's* representation of his 'JONATHAN IN LONDON' he left out—precisely the best thing in it*—in consequence of a little shuffling in the pit, made, probably, by some junior Americans—(fresh from the dinner table)—who never well understood what they were shuffling about,—at least, we should hope so, in charity.

But enough. We have been surprised into these remarks, by the oc-

currences of the day.—Let us proceed, now, on our course. In speaking lately of the AMERICAN PAINTERS, we omitted one, who *is* an American; one, who passes for an American; and some three or four, actually in London, of whom we knew little or nothing.—We shall dispatch the whole of *them*, therefore, in double quick time.

R. SULLY: (nephew of T. SULLY, touched off, in our August number.)—PORTRAIT. A native American (Virginia)—young—enthusiastick; and willing to work hard: has good notions of drawing; has been under a capital master (his uncle, T. S.); handles the crayon remarkably well—for an American; has had some prac-

rounds. We care nothing for the 200 persons, that saw it; nor for the testimony of the Rev. gentlemen that swore to it: but, we rely upon the probability of the story.—It proves itself.—What is it?—Only that the face of Miss Narcissa Crippen, on the 19th of August, 'say, about 8 o'clock' (she being *so* 'operated' upon by some '*spirit*,' at a *camp-meeting*,) 'became too bright and shining, for mortal eyes to gaze upon,' &c. &c.—'It resembled the reflection of the sun upon a bright cloud'—'The appearance of her face for forty minutes was truly angelic—(no doubt, only observe the *reason*)—during which time *she was silent*'—(this, we take, to be the MIRACLE).—'After which, she *spoke*—when her countenance *gradually faded*!'—There!—that is all. Now, we ask what there is improbable (bating the *silence*—which we have high authority to believe *possible*—for the same length of time, where women are supposed to be—to wit—in heaven)—in all this?—Do you still doubt?—make the experiment for yourself. Persuade any woman, if you *can*, to hold her tongue for 'forty minutes;' and see if *her face* doesn't *shine*—aye, and *fade away*, too,—when she opens her mouth.

* The passage was to this effect. We were not present on the *first night*; but we are assured of what we say—and *know* "of our own knowledge," as the law-people say—that, whatever it was, it is left out *now*. The English negress tells the Yankee "nigger"—a slave—that, having set foot on English ground, he is *free*.—"FREE!" What it that?"—says he—"I have heard a great deal about *him*, in America; but never knew what *he* meant."—Now—why is this passage left out?—Is it untrue—absurd—or what?—*Does* an American slave *know* anything about what liberty *means*—in America? No—he does not. Why, then, do the blockheads leave it out?—Because other blockheads have chosen to kick up their heels about it.—What!—is it come to this?—Are we to be intimidated in this way, by boys?—Are our publick performers afraid of speaking the truth?—Are we to feed the Americans with sop and caudle?—The young of the British Lion, with pap?—No—let us rather give them that—if it be medicine—which will take the hair off—try what they are made of—their "bone and gristle,"—about which Edmund Burke said so many fine things—Ay, and give it, scalding hot, when justifiable, though it take the skin from their plated ware—raise a blister on the solid metal, below, whatever it be, gold or brass, iron or steel, set fire to their tinsel, and shew what there is underneath.—Grant everything in favour of the United States; grant everything against ourselves; grant, if you please, that *we* keep slaves in our colonies; that *we* introduced them into America (which is not strictly true, by the way:) that Virginia herself, made the first proposal that ever *was* made, for the abolition of slavery, (as the Marquis of LANSDOWNE asserts, on the authority of 'MR JOHN RANDOLPH of ROANOKE,'—a very splendid—very honest—and very crazy gentleman, who *represents* Virginia, in the Lower House of Congress:) that the work of emancipation is going on, gradually in America: that slavery is *unknown* throughout NEW-ENGLAND, and some of the other States: that there has been everything but open war to prevent it, in certain of the new States: that America was the *first* power to declare the taking of slaves, *piracy*; grant all this—Yet—yet—enough remains of *inconsistency* in herself—and of *truth* in the sarcasm, to justify it *entirely*.

tice in painting from life; and, if he have patience, will undoubtedly make a figure.

BOUMAN—**PORTRAIT.** A native American, we believe: now in London: a worthy man; but we *know*, of ourselves, little or no good of him, as a painter.—The only head of his (except his own) that we ever saw, was a very hard, positive sort of a thing. Good judges here, however, tell us that he has improved surprisingly.—We are glad of it—nothing is more probable—we only know that he is industrious, and *began*, rather unfortunately, with copying Rembrandt.

MASON—**PORTRAIT.** A native of New-England—now in Paris: we have not seen any of his work—but, our notions are, that the chances are exactly three to one against him, as a painter.—He is young—somewhat satisfied, with himself—rather lazy—and his father is rich.

WATMULLER—**HISTORY AND PORTRAIT.** This gentleman passes, in America (since he painted his *DANAË*,) for an American.—He is not—he is a Swede. His portraits are singularly beautiful; but we never saw his *DANAË*. It has been spoken of as a masterpiece—nay, as a picture, dangerous even for a woman to look at. The plain truth is—we believe—that such a naked woman, so full of languor, richness, and beauty, has not often been met with, in this world.

KING—CHARLES, B.—**PORTRAIT:** “Located” in Washington: a student of *WEST* at the same time with *SULLY*.—Very clever. Makes good faces—distinct—hard and forcible; and, sometimes, a rich picture. Works most of his time upon the great men of Washington, and the “heads of department:”—works hard, “improves” every hour; and *will be* very good.

VANDERLYN—**HISTORICAL.** Studied in France—painted *MARIUS*; (a noble, strong, superbly-finished picture,) and *ARIADNE*; (a rather beautiful affair) in Paris.—For one of which, he obtained a prize, we believe.—He is a native American—a little Frenchified in his notions of painting; but, nevertheless, a man of decided, strong talent.—We have all heard of Aaron Burr, in this country—the American *Cæsar*—a very dangerous, and very extraordinary man.—When Vanderlyn

was a boy; an apprentice to a blacksmith (as the story goes—and we have good reason to believe it substantially true,) Aaron Burr fell in his way, by accident, while he was travelling: saw some of his pen-and-ink drawings, which he mistook for engravings: tried, instantly, to obtain his discharge from his master, who was inexorable (on the discovery of his prize;) and, failing, counselled the boy, if he *should* ever run away from his master, to come to him. Not long after, Vanderlyn appeared; grew up under Burr’s patronage—went over to France—and, when Burr fled for his life, to this country, after having shot Alexander Hamilton—when—after having had his hand upon the presidential chair, and his foot, within one step of the American throne—he became, instantaneously as it were, an outcast, and a wanderer, in a foreign country—he was found and supported, in his misery, by *VANDERLYN*, the blacksmith’s boy.

JARVIS is not an American. He is an Englishman. *EICHOLT* is either a German, or born of German parents. *PEALE*, (*CHARLES*,) father of Rembrandt, founder of the Philadelphia Museum, (an institution honourable to America,) and a respectable, solid portrait-painter—is, also, an Englishman. He was a saddler. *Jarvis* painted fire-buckets till he was about nineteen, when he saw, and copied one of *Stewart’s* pictures. He is now in the foremost rank of *American* masters. Thus, the chief *American* painters are English, by birth or study, or both; and most of them were mechanicks. Thus, all the statesmen were lawyers; and almost all the authors are New-Englandmen, (*Yankees*,) and lawyers into the bargain. There are only three landscape-painters of any note; two of whom (*SHAW* and *GUY*) are Englishmen; the other, *DOUGHTY*, an American. *SHAW* is very good; but a mannerist and a plagiarist. *GUY* is middling; but steals very judiciously; and almost always from the same source;—*CLAUDE*, in his water, seamist, and vapour. *DOUGHTY* is young; was a tanner and currier; has made great progress; and will be something extraordinary.

Thus much for our omissions. Now for two or three errors—two of which are *not* ours.—*Mr C. HARDING* was not born, as we said, in Kentucky; he

only 'broke out' in Kentucky. He was born—somewhere—in the back parts of New York. We are sorry for it; we wish he'd been born where we said—it would have saved us, what we hate, a correction. In our MAY Number is an article upon the AMERICAN PRESIDENTS, which has gone the rounds of Europe; and as, in every case, the translator seems to have been confoundedly puzzled about one or two particular passages, we have thought proper to correct it;—as thus, for "Mr Jefferson's fame at *Mulichico*," read *farm at Monticello*, (Mr J.'s country-seat); and, for "*continuance*," p. — (our MAY Number was borrowed, for an hour or two, some weeks ago, and we cannot recollect the page,) read *countenance*.

Thus much to relieve our conscience; avoid the recurrence of some irresistible translations; and pave the way for our AMERICAN WRITERS;—whom we now re-introduce without ceremony.

BEAZLY, or BEASLEY, Dr.—This gentleman wrote a large handsome octavo, some three years ago, to prove, among other matters—*firstly*, that one JOHN LOCKE was in his right mind, when he made his book—*about*—if we are not mistaken—the Human Understanding; *secondly*, that all our Scotch metaphysicians, (Brown, perhaps, excepted,) had miserably mistaken the said John Locke; misquoted him shamefully; and misrepresented him like the very—we won't say what—as Dr B., if our recollection serves, is a clergyman of what is called the "Church of England"* in America; and is, or was, a Professor, (perhaps of ethicks,) or one of the government, at Princeton College, New Jersey, to boot—where, if Salmagundi may be trusted, "all the Professors wear boots:" and, *thirdly*, that some of the best authenticated apparitions and ghosts, that have ever been heard of—are—*probably*—mere humbugs; while others are only delusions; and the rest very true—to a certain extent—in a certain way. Nor is this all. Surprising as the work may appear so far, the best part of the story is to come.

The book is a very clever book, done up in good style; and Mr B. or Dr B. *does* prove—*firstly*—that John Locke was in his right mind—in times and places when and where, to tell the plain truth, (for which we take no little credit, by the way, to ourselves,) we had often had *our* doubts;—and, moreover, that he, the said John Locke, knew very well what he was driving at, many a time and oft, when—we did not, while studying him, (although, to come up to the scratch manfully, we confess, that we never spoke of the matter at the time, lest it might, one day or other, turn out, as it *has* in more than one case, that John Locke was right, and ourself wrong, after all; he surprisingly clear, and ourself a blockhead—pass that, if you please, to our credit).—Well, having proved this *firstly*, (to our satisfaction, and surprise of course,) he goes on to prove, *secondly*,—and what is more, *does* prove, *secondly*, some droll blunders, to be sure, upon our chief metaphysicians—our high priesthood; some of which are only to be accounted for,—charitably or decently,—by supposing, that our said chief metaphysicians had never seen "Locke on the Human Understanding;" quoted from some other book, by mistake—which had been so lettered by mistake; or copied from one another, what had been hastily written down, by somebody, from recollection,—and put a wrong name to it; and, *thirdly*, Dr B. *does* prove, not only as much as he undertook to prove respecting apparitions, &c. &c.—but (after the fashion of his countrymen, who do everything *so* thoroughly) rather more. It reminded us of Dr HAYDEN; who *proved* the *universal* deluge, and the Bible, at the same time, from the water-rolled pebbles on *one side* of a brook (Jones's Falls) in America; of IRA HILL, who proves that there was an *universal* deluge—in Europe,—*because* all North America arose instantaneously out of the water; and that all North America arose instantaneously out of the water, *because* there was an *universal* deluge in Europe, and because there is no other way of accounting for it;—

* EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—It is not a little remarkable, but we are assured (and believe it) from good authority,—that this Church, without any privilege or patronage, in any way, (except what is private,) is now increasing *faster* than any other in America. We know, that, in a worldly point of view, it is always more respectable there.

and of PAUL ALLEN, (all three native born Yankees,) who, while attacking slavery, went rather out of his way to prove, that the Africans were nothing more nor less, "according to the received opinion," than the children of CANAAN, whom the Almighty, by the mouth of Noah, doomed for ever to slavery (Gen. ix. 25.) saying, "Cursed be Canaan. A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren."

BIGELOW.—A Yankee: formerly editor of a magazine, or journal, in New York—now, nobody knows where; one of those rolling-stones that gather no moss, which are so common in America. He was a bold, saucy, unprincipled writer; and was the *first* of those who ventured, headforemost, at BYRON. Mr B. began with Lord B.'s "LAMENT OF TASSO, OR PROPHECY OF DANTE;" wrote a furious, black-guard, clever article, to prove that Lord Byron left out his rhymes. He gave examples, *which* proved—either that Byron was writing blank verse at the time; or that he, the critic, had mistaken a stanza for a couplet—we forget which.

BOLMAN.—Dr, a pamphleteer: wrote, very sensibly, upon many questions of importance; and somewhat about a metallic currency, and the precious metals, at a time (during the late war, in America) when there were no precious metals in the country; (out of Massachusetts, and that neighbourhood)—not enough silver and gold, if they could have been diluted to the consistence of moonshine, to wash over a thousandth part of the scoundrel trash that was in circulation, for money—of course, there was a fine opportunity for speculation, hypothesis, and theory, among the newspaper-people, and pamphleteers—concerning a *substitute* for money. Dr B. did some good, nevertheless: and one or two of his pamphlets would be worth looking into, now; and that, as we take it, is no common praise for any pamphlet or political squib, some ten or a dozen years after it has burnt out.

BROWN.—CHARLES BROCKDEN.—This was a good fellow; a sound, hearty specimen of Trans-Atlantic stuff. Brown was an Amenæan to the back-bone—without knowing it. He was a novelist; an imitator of Godwin, whose Caleb Williams made him.

He had no poetry; no pathos; no wit; no humour; no pleasantry; no playfulness; no passion; little or no eloquence; no imagination—and, except where panthers were concerned, a most penurious and bony invention—meagre as death,—and yet—lacking all these natural powers—and working away, in a style with nothing remarkable in it—except a sort of absolute sincerity, like that of a man, who is altogether in earnest, and believes every word of his own story—he was able to secure the attention of extraordinary men, as other people (who write better) would that of children;—to impress his pictures upon the human heart, with such unexampled vivacity, that no time can obliterate them: and, withal, to fasten himself, with such tremendous power, upon a common incident, as to hold the spectator breathless.

His language was downright prose—the natural diction of the man himself—earnest—full of substantial good sense, clearness, and simplicity;—very sober and very plain, so as to leave only the *meaning* upon the mind. Nobody ever remembered the words of Charles Brockden Brown; nobody* ever thought of the arrangement; yet nobody ever forgot what they conveyed. You feel, after he has described a thing—and you have just been poring over the description, not as if you had been reading about it; but, as if you, yourself, had seen it; or, at least,—as if you had just parted with a man who *had* seen it—a man, whose word had never been doubted; and who had been telling you of it—with his face flushed. He wrote in this peculiar style, not from choice; not because he understood the value or beauty of it, when seriously and wisely employed—but from necessity. He wrote after his peculiar fashion, because he was unable to write otherwise. There was no self-denial in it; no strong judgment; no sense of propriety; no perception of what is the true source of dramatic power (distinctness—vividness.) While hunting for a subject, he had the good luck to stumble upon one or two (having had the good luck before, to have the yellow fever) that suited his turn of expression, while he was imbued, heart and soul, with Godwin's thoughtful and explo-

* Or, as the QUARTERLY would say—Not anybody.

ring manner : and these one or two, he wore to death. The very incidents, which were often common-place, are tossed up, over and over again—with a tiresome circumstantiality, when he is not upon these particular subjects.—He discovered, at last perhaps, as many wiser men have done—when there was no use in the discovery—that it is much easier to suit the subject to the style, than the style to the subject ;—no easy matter to change your language, or cast off your identity—your individuality—but ‘mighty easy,’ as a Virginian would say, to change your theme.

BROWN was one of the only three or four professional authors, that America has ever produced. He was the first. He began, as all do, by writing for the newspapers—where that splendour of diction, for which the Southern Americans are so famous—is always in blast : He was thought little or nothing of, by his countrymen ; *rose*, gradually, from the newspapers to the magazines, and circulating libraries ; lived miserably poor ; died, as he lived, miserably poor ; and went into his grave with a broken heart.

He was born in Philadelphia ; lived in Philadelphia—or—as his countrymen would say, with more propriety, ‘put up’—(as he *did*—with everything—literal starvation—and a bad neighbourhood, in the dirtiest and least respectable part of the town)—‘tarried’—lingered in Philadelphia ; and had the good luck—God help him—to die in Philadelphia, while it was the ‘ATHENS OF AMERICA’—the capital city, in truth, of the whole United States.

He was there, during the yellow fever of 1798—(Hence the terrible reality of his descriptions, in ARTHUR

MERVYN, and ORMOND)—a pestilence, that, like the plague of London, turned a city into a solitude—a place of sepulture—till the grass grew in the streets.—He had no means of escape—he had a large family—a wife (to whom he was greatly indebted for the accomplishment of his works—a very superior and interesting woman) and several children—daughters.—Yet—yet—he had no means of escape. The fever raged with especial malignity in his neighbourhood—he, himself, and several of his family, were taken down, with it—but, whither were they to fly?—*how*?—in dead carts, with a yellow flag steaming over them—to the hospitals, where the ‘detestable matter,’ of which he speaks, was accumulating by cartloads.—No, it was better to die at home—with his own family—dissolve in his own house, at least ;—and keep out everything—even to the very sunshine and air of heaven, both of which were smoking with pestilence—by barring the windows—securing the doors—and making the whole house dark.

He lived in ‘Eleventh Street’—(we mention this for the information of his townsmen—not one in a thousand of whom know it : of his countrymen—not one in a million of whom, out of ATHENS, ever would know it, but for us)—between ‘walnut’ and ‘chesnut’—on the eastern side—in a low, dirty, two-story brick house ; standing a little *in* from the street—with never a tree nor a shrub near it—lately in the occupation of—or, as a Yankee would say, “*improved*” by, an actor-man, whose name was Darling.

By great good luck, surprising perseverance, and munificent patronage—for America*—poor Brown succeed-

* A few facts will shew what is reckoned ‘munificent patronage’ in America. Two hundred dollars (about 45*l.*)—payable partly, or wholly, in books—the *best* of paper money by the way—are *now*, even to this hour, considered a good price, for a good novel, in two American volumes, (which make from three, to four, here.) When R. WALSH, Jr. ESQUIRE, was the Jupiter of the American Olympus, (having been puffed in the Edinboro’, for some blackguard thunder and lightning about Napoleon, whose character neither party ever understood,) he was employed by a confederacy of publishers, to *edit* a Quarterly Journal. They paid nothing to contributors, of whom Walsh made continual use—spared no trouble—stuck at nothing, in the experiment ;—paid him fifteen hundred dollars (340*l.*) a-number—and failed—of course. Allan was to have had three thousand (680*l.*) for the AM. REVOLUTION—but he never wrote a word of it.—NEAL and WATKINS wrote it. ALLAN got nothing ; WATKINS the same : NEAL, 1000 dollars, in promises—which produced some 3, or 400 dollars—(75*l.*)—It is in two vols. 8vo. BRECKENRIDGE got 500 dollars (110*l.*) *cash*, for the copyright of his AMERICAN WAR : NEAL 200 dollars—(45*l.*)—*cash*, for the copyright of KEEP COOL—a small novel : 2 vols. ; his first literary essay.—COOPER published the SPY on his own account. It has produced about *six hundred pounds*—in every way, to him : but

ed—(much, as the Poly-glott Bible maker succeeded, whose preface always brings the tears into our eyes—in burying all his friends—outliving all confidence in himself—wasting fortune after fortune—breaking his legs, and wearing out his life, in deplorable slavery, without even knowing it.)—Even so, poor Brown succeeded—in getting out—by piece-meal, a small, miserable, *first* edition—on miserable paper (even for *that* country)—a *first* volume of one or two of his works—the second *volume* following, at an interval—perhaps of years—the second *edition* never—never, even to this hour.—Yet will these people talk of their *native* literature.

There has never been; or, as the QUARTERLY would have it—there has *not ever* been, any second edition, of anything that Brown ever wrote—in America, we mean. We say this, with some positiveness (notwithstanding the most unprofitable uproar lately made about him there,—for which we shall give the reasons, before we have done with Brother Jonathan—cut where it may—hit or miss)—because we *know*, that, very lately, it was impossible to find, even in the circulating libraries of his native city (Philadelphia) any complete edition of his works:—Because we *know*, that, when they are found, anywhere (in America) they are odd volumes—of the *same* edition, so far as we can judge—printed ‘all of a heap’—or samples of some *English* edition:—Because a young Maryland lawyer told OURSELF, not long ago, that he had been offered an armful of Brown’s novels—(by a relation of Brown’s family)—which were lying about in a garret, and *had* been lying about, in the same place, the Lord knows how long—if he would carry them away—or, as he said, ‘tote ‘em off, ye see.’ But, being a shrewd young fellow—not easily ‘cotch;’ having heard about an executor *de son tort*, for meddling with a dead man’s goods—and suspecting some trick (like the people, to whom crowns were offered, on a wager, at sixpence a-piece,) he cocked his eye—pulled his hat over one ear—screwed up his mouth, and walked off, whistling ‘Tain’t the truck for trowsers, tho’—

Some years ago, WE took up CHARLES

BROCKDEN BROWN; disinterred him; embalmed him; did him up, decently; and put him back again—(that is—one of us did so.)—Since then, poor Brown has had no peace, for his countrymen. We opened upon the North American creature—making him break cover; and riding after him, as if he were worth our while. *Then*—but never till then—(we were the first)—did they give tongue, on the other side of the Atlantic.—We puffed him a little. They have blown him up—‘sky-high.’—We went up to him, reverently—they, head-over-heels. We flattered him somewhat—for he deserved it; and was atrociously neglected. But they have laid it on with a trowel.—He would never have been heard of, but for us.—They are determined, now, that we shall never hear of anything else.—We licked him into shape: they have slobbered him—as the anaconda would a buffaloe (if she could find one)—till one cannot bear to look at him. We pawed him over, till he was able to stand alone—in his own woods—they—till he can neither stand nor go; till we should not know our own cub, if we saw him.

The talking about him began, clumsily enough—and, as usual, with a most absurd circumspection, in the North American Review: All the newspapers followed—of course—all the magazines—tag, rag, and bob-tail: And then, just in the nick of time, came out proposals from a New-Yorker, to publish a handsome edition of BROWN’S NOVELS; at less, we believe, than one dollar (4s. 6d.) a volume—‘worthy of him—worthy of the age—and—worthy of America,’—by *subscription*.

There the matter ended. Nothing more was done—of course. The family were scattered—very likely to the four winds of heaven;—and what if there *was* a niece living in Philadelphia—that was no business of theirs. They talked about his books; but nobody thought of subscribing. They called him the “Scott” of America—and there the matter ended.

It was one thing to make a noise; another to pay money. His countrymen had kicked up a dust, about his grave—talked of the “star-spangled banner”—and what more would

would not have sold for *fifty* in MS.—Think of that—when Mr Irving gets *fifteen hundred pounds*—for the *second* edition—of some tolerable stories, which altogether, would not make *one* volume of a Yankee novel.

ye expect of *his* countrymen? The whole community were up in arms—people were ready to go a pilgrimage to his birth-place—if there were no toll to pay—but not one in a million can tell, to this hour, where he was born—where he lived—where he died—or what he has written. They had ransacked the circulating libraries, anew; looked into such of his novels, as they could find, most of them for the first time, and the “balance,” for the last time; dried out the grease—righted the leaves—wrote over the margins—dog-eared what was agreeable—hurried through a part—skipped the rest—smuttied their fingers—paid a ‘fippenny bit’ a-head—and what more would you have?

They had bragged of their national spirit, as being unexampled—(they were right—it *is* unexampled): of their national genius, which had been able to “*extort*” praise from us—in spite of our teeth;—they had made a plenty of noise about poor Brown; hurraed, like fine fellows, for American literature—and what more would any reasonable man—who knows them thoroughly—desire?

BROWN wrote ARTHUR MERVYN; EDGAR HUNTLY; CLARA HOWARD; WIELAND; JANE TALBOT; ORMOND; and some papers, which have since been collected, and called the BIBLOQUIST.

CLARA HOWARD and JANE TALBOT are mere newspaper novels; sleepy, dull common-sense—very absolute prose—nothing more.

ARTHUR MERVYN is remarkably well managed, on many accounts; and miserably in others. It was the first, the germ of all his future productions. Walbeck was *himself*—he never equalled him, afterwards—though he did play him off, with a new name and a new dress, in every new piece. Explanations were designed—half-given, but never finished: machinery, half disclosed—and then forgotten, or abandoned.—Brown intended, at some future day, to explain the schoolmaster, that seduced the sister of Mervyn, into Walbeck:—Incidents are introduced, with great emphasis, which lead nowhere—to nothing; and, yet, are repeated in successive works.—Thus—(we speak only from recollection—and have not seen one of the books for many a year)—in Arthur Mervyn, Edgar Huntly, and, perhaps, in Jane Talbot, a sum of money comes

into the possession of “another person”—who converts it, under strong temptation, to his own use.—Let us pass on.

EDGAR HUNTLY was the second essay—ORMOND, the last. About WIELAND we are not very certain. These three are unfinished, irregular, surprising affairs. All are remarkable for vividness, circumstantiality, and startling disclosures, here and there: yet all are full of perplexity—incoherence—and contradiction. Sometimes, you are ready to believe that Brown had made up the whole stories, in his own mind, before he had put his pen to the paper; at others, you would swear that he had either never seen, or forgotten, the beginning, before he came to the end, of his own story. You never know, for example, in Edgar Huntly, whether——an Irishman, whose name we forget—a principal character, is, or is *not*, a murderer. Brown, himself, seems never to have made up his own mind on that point. So—in Wieland—you never know whether Brown is, or is not, in earnest—whether Wieland was, or was not, supernaturally made away with. So—in Ormond—who *was* the secret witness?—to what purpose?—What a miserable catastrophe it is—Quite enough to make anybody sick of pulling explanations.—Now, all this mystery is well enough, when you understand the author's *intention*. Byron leaves a broken chain—for us to guess by—when his Corsair is gone. We see that he scorns to explain. Byron is mysterious—Brown only perplexing. Why?—Because Brown undertakes to explain; and fails. Brown might have refused as Byron did. We should have liked him, if he had, all the better for it; as we do Byron. But we shall never forgive him, or any other man, dead or alive, who skulks out of any undertaking, with an air—as if not he, but other people are to be pitied.—We have our eye on a case, in point; but—no matter now.

Brown wanted material. What little he found, though it had all the tenuity of pure gold, he drew out, by one contrivance and another, till it disappeared in his own hands. So long as it would bear its own weight, he would never let go of it; and, when it broke—he would leave off spinning, for a time, as if his heart had broken with it. He would seem to have al-

ways taken up a new piece before he had thrown off the old one (we do not mean that Old One, whom it is rather difficult for any author to throw off, after he has once given himself up to, the harlotry of the imagination)—to have clung, always, to one or two favourite ideas—the Ventriloquist—and the yellow fever—as if they were his nest-eggs: one might have written, with as much propriety, at the *end* of any story that he ever wrote, as in almost any part of it—after the fashion of Magazines—“TO BE CONTINUED.” This grew, of course, out of a system which prevailed, then—and is now taking a new shape in the twopenny publication of costly works, by the number. He was a story-teller by profession. Like ***** He knew, very well—as did Hajji Baba—that nobody will pay for a joke, if he can help it; that, lunging point foremost, with an epigram—is like running hilt first with a small sword; that no man likes working for a dead horse; that, if you want your pay for a fat story, you must go round with your hat, before you have come to the knob. He was a magazine writer; and rather 'cute. There was no stealing *his* bait. If you nibbled, you were in, for the whole—like a woman in love—hook, trap, and all. Money-lenders; gamblers; and subscribers to a story—which is “*to be continued*,” nobody knows how long, are all in the same pickle. They must lend more; play higher; and shell out, again—or all that has been done, goes for nothing. You must have the last part of a story—or the first, is of no use to you: (this very article, now, is a pretty illustration)—our author knew this. He never let go of more than one end of a story, at a time—even when he had sold out. It is amusing to see how entirely he would forget where his own traps lay—while he was forging bait; his own hooks, while he was counterfeiting the flies. The curious box—broken to pieces, at night, so mysteriously (in the SLEEP WALKER) is in point. We could cite fifty more cases. The SECRET WITNESS is hardly anything else, but a similar box—knocked apart, in a mysterious manner—the Lord knows wherefore. So with WIELAND: In every case, you leave off, in a tease—a sort of uncomfortable, fidgetting, angry perplexity—ashamed of the concern, that you

have shewn—and quite in a huff with him—very much as if you had been running yourself to death—in a hot wind—after a catastrophe—with the tail soaped.

Yet, our conclusion respecting CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, is this. He was the Godwin of America. Had he lived here—or anywhere, but in America—he would have been one of the most capital story-tellers—in a serious way, that ever lived. As it is, there is no one story of his, which will be remembered or read, after his countrymen shall have done justice to the genius that is really among them. They have enough of it—and of the right sort—if they will only give it fair play. Let them remember that no man will be great, unless he work hard; that no man will work hard, unless he is obliged—and that those who do so work, cannot afford to work for nothing, and find themselves. It would be well for his countrymen to profit by—not imitate—we despise imitation even of what is excellent—it would be well for them to profit by his example. We want once more, before we die, to look upon the face of a real North American. God send that we may!

Brown's personal appearance was remarkable. He was a tall man—with a powerful frame—and little or no flesh. It was impossible to pass him, in the street, without stopping to look at him. His pale, sallow, strange complexion; straight black hair—“black as death;” the melancholy, broken-hearted look of his eyes; his altogether extraordinary face—if seen once, was never to be forgotten. He would be met, week after week—month after month—before he died, walking to and fro, in some unfrequented street of his native town, for hours and hours together—generally at a very early time in the morning—lost in thought, and looking like a ship-wrecked man. Nobody knew him—nobody cared for him—(till we took up his cause)—he was only an author—yet, when we have described him, everybody in Philadelphia will recollect him. After having walked, in this way, for several hours, he would return to his desolate, miserable, wretched family, and fall to writing, as if he had not another hour to live. We do not know his age—nor the time of his death, precisely. But it must have been about

1813—and he was not far from 35. He went off in a lingering consumption, with a broken heart—and a spirit absolutely crushed.

I saw him, said Mr SULLY, the painter, whom we have given a sketch of, in our August number—I saw him, a little time before his death. I had never known him—never heard of him—never read any of his works. He was in a deep decline. It was in the month of November—our Indian summer—when the air is full of smoke. Passing a window, one day—I was caught by the sight of a man—with a remarkable physiognomy—writing, at a table, in a dark room. The sun shone directly upon his head. I never shall forget it. The dead leaves were falling, then—it was Charles Brockden Brown.

IRVING, in his "TALES," has purloined a head, and a scene, from Brown—probably, without knowing it; as Brown purloined from Godwin—if so—why, so much the better for all parties. It has been the rage of late. In WIELAND, there is a description of a murderer's face, appearing in a deserted house—at night. Irving makes *direct* use of this head, in the negro, looking over the rock; and, *indirectly*, in his account of the picture, which, in its frightful distinctness, is not only very like Brown, but wholly unlike Irving. Yet, what are we to expect of a "traveller" who does not even pretend to know his own property; whose "trunk," as he says himself, is full only of odds and ends—belonging to other people? Geoffrey used once, to remind us, in his veneration for the antique, of the man who had an old jack-knife, which he held in *such* veneration—that, in progress of time, he put—first a handle to it—and then a blade: Now, he reminds us of a very dear friend, who complains, that he never says a good thing, but he is in doubt, immediately, about its being his own; is always fancying that he must have read it, or seen it, or heard of it, before—and what is harder yet—he says, "whenever I whisper the thing, to my particular friends—they always appear to think so, too." It is a deplorable case, to be sure. More of Irving, however, in due season; and yet we cannot give him the go-by, without a question or two. Geoffrey is a devilish good fellow after all, in the genteel-comedy way; and,

sometimes, in broad quiet humour, as we mean to shew, after our own fashion, by and by. But—but—if we are not mistaken, he wrote a very fine thing, about Mr T. CAMPBELL, in America—by way of *introduction* to Mr C.'s *poetry*. Mr I. then came over the water; or, as they say on t'other side—"came out"—and Mr C. wrote some very pretty thing—in London—about Mr I., of course. Mr I. then wrote a paper or two—could he do less?—for the NEW MONTHLY. But—now, we are coming to it—and if it *be* true, it *is* too bad—we speak only from hearsay, not having seen the NEW MONTHLY of late; they *do* say that a certain "*some* periodical," which Geoffrey had been *told* about, or heard of, but had never seen—as containing a certain story, "in print," which Geoffrey himself tells, and, they *do* say, spoils in telling—is the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE itself, edited by Mr T. CAMPBELL himself. If so, what a predicament! how very uncomfortable for some folks!

But let us finish with BROWN. IRVING is not alone under this charge of purloining from him—his face and eyes.—There are NEAL and COOPER—both of them have stolen his cata-mounds, and played the devil with his Indians. NEAL, however, is content with "catching the idea"—and working it up, till it scratches his own fingers. But Cooper—so far as he can—steals the broom ready made! Neal is altogether too much of a poet. He overdoes everything—pumps the lightning into you, till *he* is out of breath, and *you*, in a blaze.—In his lucid intervals, he appears to be a very sensible fellow; but, in his paroxysms—there is not a page of his, that wouldn't take fire, in a high wind. He writes volume after volume, to the tune of three or four a-month; hardly one of which it is possible to read through: and yet, we could hardly open at a passage, without finding some evidence of extraordinary power—prodigious energy—or acute thinking. He is, undeniably, the most original writer, that America has produced—thinks himself the cleverest fellow in America—and does not scruple to say so.—He is in Europe now.

So, with COOPER. The only cata-mound, that ever he ventured upon, was a tame one, which had escaped out of Brown's clutches, first, with

his nails paired ; and out of Neal's office, at last, with a bell on.—However—all in good time. We shall soon come to him ; and if people wish it, knock up the whole alphabet of American writers, sixteen to the dozen, in a couple of hours.

CAREY—MATTHEW : An Irishman : formerly the most respectable publisher in America ; now retired, in favour of his boys. He has written upon everything—always respectably ; and, sometimes, with remarkable cleverness. He is a laborious collector of facts ; and a good reasoner. His OLIVE BRANCH has gone through a dozen or twenty editions in America. It was a political book, which came out “ very providentially,” and with a good effect—just when the two great parties of the country, were ready to go to loggerheads, and break up the confederacy. It is a disclosure of their “ faults on both sides.” Another work of his, about Ireland, with a *Latin title*—which we beg leave to forget—is a book which might be republished here to advantage. It is full of historical facts ; and, allowing a little for the superfluous heat of an Irishman, where the wrongs of his country are concerned, we would speak of it, as a book, which might be read, *at home*, with serious advantage.

COFFIN—a Yankee : writes under the title of “ the BOSTON BARD.”—Phœbus, as Lord Byron says—Phœbus, what a name !—We have seen so much of his poetry, of late years, in the American papers, that we are half afraid, now, to open one,—unless our fingers are fire-proof :—and, whenever we find a piece with his name to it—we always cut it out—at arm's length—and put it by. It saves phosphorus :—and is useful in many ways, as in lighting segars, &c. &c. Still, however—we do confess, (rather reluctantly,) that we have seen some poetry of his, which *was* beautiful and sincere.—We don't happen to recollect any, now ; and, if we did, would not quote it, believing that some of our own, though not counted off, will read better, here. So—pass him over to immortality.

COLEMAN—ED. NEW YORK EVENING POST : a lawyer : a pretty clever fellow, in his way : a good law reporter—but, in the *belles lettres* business, about which he is eternally gossiping to the annoyance of everybody,

but his own family,—in that 'are matter, as a Yankee would say, he cuts thick on the skull, I guess.—Some twenty-five years ago, he was delivered of half a pair of twins—and is doing well, yet ; although the other half has never appeared.—Mr Jefferson, himself, was the father—and the midwife. The half that *was* born, is a very respectable affair ; and is christened LEX MERCATORIA AMERICANA—VOL. II.—We should hardly mention Dr C., were he not considered by the people of New York—rather high authority—in polite literature. Nothing *can* be more unfortunate, either for Dr C. ; the people of New York ; or polite literature ;—for, to speak plainly—after the manner of men—(the men of old Kentuck)—his notions, about that 'are sort o' truck, are a little of the damn'dest.

COMEDIES—See DRAMA. No such thing in America. One Mr White has written two or three ; but we have never seen or read them. They are spoken well of—in America.

COOPER—Novelist : formerly a midshipman in the United States navy : wrote PRECAUTION ; THE SPY ; THE PIONEERS ; and THE PILOT.—Style without peculiarity—brilliancy, or force—very much improved of late : considerable dramattick power ; very fine talents in filling up a picture :—imitates the great Scotch Novelist—not so much, in any one thing—as altogether : has done his best.—PRECAUTION is mere newspaper stuff.—There is hardly a fine passage in it—with which *our* memory is afflicted. THE SPY—the most popular novel ever produced in that country, by a native, is very good—as a whole : but rather too full of stage-tricks and clap-traps. Thus, the SPY himself—(who is a failure, by the way—a dead hum—anything might have been made of him, after the allusion to his father—*nothing is*)—appears whenever he is *not* expected—it is a pretty rule in the drama—bad in a novel : and swallows, among other matters, a protection, given *to* save his life—just when the time arrives, *for* which it was given ; and where nothing else *can* save him :—the disguises ; the pathos ; the love-parts ; the heroicks—are all contemptible. In other matters, it is a capital novel. PIONEERS—(observe the order in which these works have appeared—it looks well, for a young author,

who grows bold with success)—a heavy piece of repetition in all the best characters: some noble scenes: and a pretty considerable share of lead. LEATHER-STOCKING is true—we have known such a fellow.—PILOT—have never read it properly: style greatly improved—some passages quite beyond Cooper—beyond our hopes of him, we mean. Mr C. is a man of sober talent—nothing more. There are no fine individualities about him. Nobody would know a work of his, by the work, itself. Talk as you please about *mannerism*. Extraordinary power cannot conceal itself. The stature of a giant cannot be hidden.

DANCE—a Yankee—a lawyer, of course; Editor of the NORTH AMERI-

CAN; ruined himself—and well nigh damned the work, by a beautiful article on HAZLITT'S POETS, (1819)—EVERETT followed him, in the office—a bad one—little pay, and hard work;—one gets more kicks than copers, in it. Dance is pure, and sound—uncommon genius—very lazy—very—hangs fire—is timid; and, when he has a chance for a dead shot, shuts the wrong eye: wrote the IDLE MAN; a sleepy, strong, quiet, indolent paper. He has written, altogether, in many years, about as much as he should have written, with his ability, in one month. Like BRYANT, he will “carve heads upon cherry-stones”—simpletons—who cares for the otto of prose?
X. Y. Z.

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH BRASBRIDGE.*

“Quacks put forth bills; Jackpuddings make harangues;
And thief at Tyburn talks before he hangs.”

“Oh, this writing and reading!”

It is a terrible thing, to be sure, for the peace and quietness of a neighbourhood, when a gentleman, who has lived fifty years in it, makes up his mind to tell all that he knows about everybody. Friend or foe, such a rogue sees no distinction of persons. Saint or sinner, your only hope is never having seen him in all your life. Whether you have fired his house, or cajoled his cookmaid—married his niece, or stood godfather to his son Jacky—so that he does but know your name,—even though he can't spell it,—the loquacious tale-spinner will have a touch at you.

But the suffering of the few is the gain of the many. He who inhabits at No. 98, in Fleet Street, can hardly write two hundred pages about what happens from No. 1 to No. 97; about the wart, for instance, that appeared, in the year of the comet, upon the top of Mrs Tickletoy's nose—or the corn that was cut every Wednesday, all the war, upon Sir John Go-by-the-ground's great toe, without adding something to the entertainment of the pleasant many, who are always ready to laugh, and don't much care whom, or what,

they laugh at. It was well said by a great philosopher, (Dr Colquhoun, or some such other “learned Theban,”) that one half the world might “burst in ignorance,” for all it knows about the affairs and arrangements of the other. Some curious people, perhaps, were *au fait* in the details of Dyot Street. Here and there one might have a guess as to those of Bond Street; but who, until the appearance of friend Brasbridge's octavo, knew anything about Cheapside, or Ludgate-Hill? The Mayor of Garratt used to pass for a good, pleasant farce; but who took it for a piece of veritable biography? We laughed, all of us, about the “Nightingale Club,” and the party at “the Nag's Head in the Poultry;” but who ever guessed that “Major Molasses,” or “Master Muzzel,” had a being independent of Samuel Russell, or Robert William Elliston? When the world heard of “The Deputy's” being “knocked down” for a “song,” did it ever suspect that the joyous strain was actually elicited? or, when the glass of “salt and water” was called for,—we put this to society at large,—did anybody ever sup-

* Memoirs of Joseph Brasbridge, written in his 80th year. 1 vol. octavo. Printed for the author, and sold by Simpkin and Marshall.

pose that, under such circumstances, actual deglutition ever took place?

Why, in plain candour, we ourselves, who know everything, knew nothing about haberdashers, walking-stick traders, and brace-makers. We were free, in our youth, of the straw-bonnet shops, and knew a trifle of the "millinery;" but we have walked along the Strand for weeks together, (*qua* the hosiers,) in a state of the most unsatisfactory uninformation. There was an open shop to be seen, and a counter, and a wigsby, and sometimes a wife (behind the counter) every morning. And there was the same shop shut up, and the wigsby and wife no longer behind the counter, every evening.

But we fancied, and dreamed, and speculated, over, and over, and over again, about what could be acted in the region beyond "the shop"—in the kitchen, the garret, the scullery, the beer-cellar, or the best bed-room! How was it (this was a point we never could resolve) that people who snipped ribbon came to be "lord-mayors" and "aldermen?"—Cheese-mongers!—of what material, and how constructed?—their instincts, habits, length of life, disorders?—The race, how continued?—Oviparous, or viviparous?—We shall actually make up our minds to fill up this *hiatus* in the Encyclopedic information. To take a particular specimen, (say of the "mercier,") and pursue it through all its revolutions and gradations.—"Dicky!"—"Sprinkle the front in a minute, sir."—Shew you your silk in a minute, miss."—"My name is Twiddletape, ma'am!"—This went direct to the "Common Council," the "Shrievalty," and the "Mansion House." But then, that irregularity in the species puzzled us; the commencement, not as "'prentice," but as "errand boy!" and the passage thence, first to "porter," then to "clerk;" and so, by a kind of back-stairs promotion, to the heights of state and dignity. In short, the very truth is—two, that *were* "living men," and button-makers, had

already, in defiance of laws and iron coffins, been turned inside out. We were farther, in our philosophic fury, meditating experiments upon the living linen, or other draper; and had actually given orders about kidnapping an old gentleman who keeps a stocking-shop just east of Temple-Bar,* that we might take a peep at his internals for the benefit of his country, when, by the grace of God, to spare us this painful task, up starts Mr Joseph Brasbridge, *ci-devant* silversmith of Fleet Street; and, after living in the bowels of St Bride's parish for fifty years, quits his "prison house," and sits down to expose the secrets of it.

"Oh! (once more) this writing and reading!" It debauches all ranks and all intellects. Here is a gentleman now lives to the ripe age of eighty, and yet must twaddle "in boards" before he dies. Example, villainous example! He reads the London Magazine—we know he does—it could never be else.—But, to the purpose.

"Sweet," says the poet, "are the uses of adversity!" ay, and very strange they are sometimes too; for sorrow, in more than one sense, may make a man a "sad dog!" and even so it was with our friend Brasbridge, who, had he never been grievous, as he tells us, would never have been gay. He "starts in business"—"towards the end of the year 1770," with every danger of becoming a sober, careful tradesman. The dignity of constable seems to wait upon him; and that of churchwarden one does not see how he can escape.

But fate relents; he may not be obscure. A domestic grief—"Dry sorrow-drinks our blood!" and what can we do but drink negus in return? Our friend musters his manhood, blows his nose, damns the gravy spoons, and sends "Dr." and "Cr." to the devil; takes to "the Pewter Platter," and "the Cheshire Cheese," and posterity marks him for its own.†

But the first of the glories which our author records, and of which *pars*

* All our friends will know this shop; there are hats sold in it, as well as night-caps; and we recollect the same four beavers in the window ever since the riots in 1780. We said that the house was *east* of Temple-Bar, to mislead public curiosity; but in reality it is just *west*.

† "Posterity marks him!"—Flat Munster.—C. N.

magna he himself was undoubtedly, is the glory of the "Highflyer Club," which was held at the "Turf Coffee House," and of which every member, if he did not reach to the "top of the tree," seems to have done his best to do it. There was Mr Tattersall, the grandfather of the present sporting character—"beloved by all who knew him." Whitfield, the comedian—"with only one weakness," his attachment to the letters T. B., which stood for "T'other bottle." Then there was "Mr Colburn of the Treasury," "whose very look inspired cheerfulness and good humour." "Bob Tetherington"—(Ah! Port was a liquor then!)—"as merry a fellow as ever sat in a chair," and "Owen, the confectioner," who used to "write songs, and sing them!"—James Smith—egad, Theodore Hook, would never have got three bars together out against him.

This shining character, we learn with horror, (page 16 only,) was on the point of being lost to good company for ever. Coming from Margate by the "Hoy," and after reaching all the way to Blackfriars Bridge in safety, he mistakes the platform "for the stairs," and is on the point of tumbling into the water. This consummation, however, is happily frustrated by the energy of Mr Brasbridge himself, who "calls out" at the critical moment, and he of the comfits is preserved. Upon the recollection of which achievement, our friend's *bonhomme* seems to expand; and he overflows at once with several anecdotes to prove that "benevolent actions" always "bring their own reward."

Of this truth (says he) I will give an instance or two, directly, though only in trifling matters, that happened to myself.—

"I was going into the pit of Drury-lane theatre, and chanced to arrive at the door at the very same moment with the late Mr Chilcot and his son. He had just had his pocket picked of all the money he had about him. The door-keeper would not admit him without he would leave his watch as a deposit. I begged him to permit me to pay six shillings for him and his son; he desired to know where he could repay me. 'Never mind that, sir,' I replied: 'when I meet you, I will ask you for the money.' He would not, however, accept my offer, with-

out receiving my address; I therefore gave him it, at 98, Fleet Street. The next day he brought me the six shillings, and the day following he came again, and gave me an order for plate to the amount of forty or fifty pounds, which I declined; remarking, at the same time, that he was the most grateful man I had ever met with, to think of repaying so trifling a civility in so munificent a manner; and that it almost seemed as if, in offering it, I had an insight into his disposition, and wished to give myself a claim on his kindness, and lead him to buy what he might not want. He assured me that he was actually intending to make the purchase, and merely gave me the preference in laying out the money; and this preference he continued to shew me to the end of his life, always taking every opportunity to serve me."

This is not an unnatural incident, and it is told with some garrulous *naïveté*.

"The next instance of an act of courtesy being repaid a hundred-fold to me, originated in an incident which some might have fretted over, but which I was wise enough to make the best of, at the moment it happened. One day, when my journeyman was left alone in the shop, a person, accompanied by a boy, came into it for a pair of pinchbeck sleeve-buttons, sold at that time for eighteen-pence or two shillings a-pair. When I returned home, I saw that the glass cases which contained a quantity of gold buttons and trinkets, had been cleared of all their contents, even to the cotton that they lay upon. I asked the young man if the shop had been robbed?—till that moment he had not perceived the loss; but he then immediately recollected the man who had come in for the buttons; and, convinced that he was a party concerned, was going to run after him. I would not, however, let him do so, but told him that we would have nothing more to do with that branch of the trade, and that I felt myself much obliged to the man for clearing me of my old stock. Shortly afterwards, a gentleman came in to purchase a pair of sleeve-buttons, having lost one of his own in the street: I told him I had given up selling them, but that he was welcome to take a pair if he would accept them. He said he wanted two pair. I told him he was welcome to ten, if he liked them. He

accordingly took two pair, expressed his thanks, and departed.—Some months after, he came again, with a very elegant woman, who was, I found, his wife. He asked me if I recollected him; I told him I certainly had had the honour of seeing him in my shop before, but I could not recollect precisely when. He then reminded me of the sleeve-buttons, and added, ‘Since that time, sir, I have had the misfortune to have my house burnt down; but why should I call it a misfortune, since at least it affords me an opportunity of shewing my gratitude: I have brought my wife, Lady Catherine Stanhope, here, to give you an order for plate, feeling assured that you will use her well.’”

This matter can hardly take rank, we are afraid, under the head of “benevolence;” but the next is one which does our silversmith honour.

“One instance farther only I will relate, and that more to recommend forbearance and lenity of judgment to tradesmen, who may find themselves similarly situated with myself, than to draw attention to my own behaviour. An elegant woman came into the shop one day, and asked to look at some trinkets. She did not find the sort she particularly wanted; but when she left the shop, I missed a valuable one, which my journeyman was certain she must have taken. I was of his opinion with respect to the fact, but I was not less certain that it was unconsciously; and, at any rate, I resolved that she should never hear any more about it from me. Just as I was saying so to my journeyman, the lady herself came back in the utmost agitation. She had discovered the trinket hanging to the lace of her cloak, which had most probably caught it up whilst she was stooping over the case to examine the articles. I told her, that, though I had not the honour of knowing her, yet her countenance and manners sufficiently convinced me, that any action that might have appeared wrong in her must be purely the effect of accident.”

We now leave the “Highflyer” Club, for the “Christopher,” at Eton, to which house our historian rides on a Sunday, to go out with the King’s stag-hounds on Monday. A man who hunts will have to buy horses; and a man who has to buy horses will be

taken in. This happens to Mr Brasbridge, who tries a cause against a dealer before Mr Justice Mansfield. His lordship’s judgment, in matters pertaining to the stable, is treated rather irreverently; but (with your biographer) all is fish that comes to net— if a judge had ordered our author to be driven in the tread-mill, as he went round, he would have told an anecdote about him.

“Lord Mansfield was very desirous of long life, and, whenever he had old men to examine, he generally asked them what their habits of living had been. To this interrogatory an aged person replied, that he had never been drunk in his life. ‘See, gentlemen,’ said his lordship, turning to the younger barristers, ‘what temperance will do.’ The next, of equally venerable appearance, gave a very different account of himself; he had not gone to bed sober one night for fifty years. ‘See, my lord,’ said the young barristers, ‘what a cheerful glass will do.’ ‘Well, gentlemen,’ replied his lordship, ‘it only proves, that some sorts of timber keep better when they are wet, and others when they are dry.’”

This is not quite a first-rate joke; but, in public assemblies, a little wit goes a long way.

At the “Christopher,” at “Eton,” as at the “Highflyer” Club, we meet a goodly company. There is “Mr Ramsbottom,” the “brewer and distiller,” who takes a most astonishing leap over a new staked hedge. “Honest Tom Pope,” the “Etonian bookseller,” of whom there was “an admirable portrait at Stationers’ Hall.” The same worthies appertain too, it appears, to a “card club,” at the “Crown and Rolls, Chancery Lane;” which is commemorated by an incident more tragic than those hitherto related.

“Another member of this club was a Mr Russell, a very steady gentlemanly man, who never could be prevailed upon to bet half-a-crown, and yet he finally ruined himself by gambling. A country gentleman came to lodge with him whilst the lottery was drawing; he brought a good round sum of money with him, and took back three times as much. His way of making it was by insuring a certain number of tickets in the lottery, and, if they did not come up by a particular day, his insurance money was dou-

bled or trebled; the next year he came again, and by representing his scheme as absolutely certain of success, poor Russell was induced to join him. Fortune, however, frowned upon the partnership; they lost everything; the projector cut his throat; but Russell sold a reversionary interest he had in an estate to make up his losses, and ventured into the field once more with a person of the name of G—, who had been his shopman. They laid a scheme for gaining in London the earliest intelligence of the state of the lottery in Dublin, by means of G—, who was a light weight and a good horseman. He went over to Dublin, and waited for the drawing of the first slip: as soon as that was drawn he set off; and the tide happening to suit, he got on to Chester, where his horse was waiting for him; relays were planted on the road; he galloped off to London, and arrived there a day and a half before the express could reach it, on account of having to wait till the day's drawing was closed, as well as from the extraordinary speed G— had used. He and Russell had not, however, money enough between them to insure a sufficient number of undrawn tickets to mix with the others. Of course, suspicion was awakened, detection took place, and the office would only return them what they had actually paid."

Eventually, poor Russell, in his turn, commits suicide; and this carries our author to "the Globe, in Fleet Street," which, conjointly with a six-penny card club, held at the "Queen's Arms, in St Paul's Churchyard," give rise to a great variety of interesting reminiscences. There is much chuckling over a "Mr Goodwin, of St Paul's Churchyard, a woollen-draper, whose constant salutation, when he first came down stairs in the morning, was, to his shop, in these words, 'Good morning, Mr Shop; you'll take care of me, Mr Shop, and I'll take care of you.'"

"Mr Curtis, a respectable stationer, who, from very small beginnings, left his son ninety thousand pounds in one line, besides an estate of near three hundred a-year," is also referred to in terms of high respect.

And the Reverend Doctor Cozens, an "elegant writer," and "admired preacher," in his day, (who assisted

Mr Brasbridge in drawing up his advertisements,) shows an acquaintance with the science of quackery, which, if he had but been a doctor of medicine, would have made him the greatest man in the world.

Page 50 drops us for a moment into "The Free and Easy under the Rose;" founded "sixty years since, at the sign of the Queen's Arms," still in St Paul's Churchyard.

This house "was originally kept by Bates, who was never so happy as when standing behind a chair with a napkin under his arm; but, arriving at the dignity of Alderman, tucking in the calipasn and calipee himself, instead of handing it round to the company, soon did his business."

Anon, too, we get a pleasant allusion to another house—the "Spread Eagle in the Strand," famous for the resort of young men after the theatre; of which the landlord (honest soul!) used facetiously to observe, "that his was a very uncommon set of customers, for what with hanging, drowning, and natural deaths, he had a change every six months."

But all this was about the time of the French Revolution; and even the discussions at "The Free and Easy under the Rose" lapse now and then into a sort of political tendency.

A member named "Darwin," who is accounted not so wise quite as King Solomon, brings an inflammatory paper one evening into the room, entitled, "The Farce of the Guillotine, with the King's head in a basket." Our author, however, whose public opinions, it is only justice to say, seem always to have been of the most orthodox description, "rings the bell," and desires the waiter to "go for the city marshal." At this terrible name only, sedition becomes aghast; Mr Darwin makes a precipitate retreat with the King's head, basket and all; and is content to mulct himself in "a dinner for six," by way of being reconciled to the society.

The same Darwin "was very intimate with Mr Figgins, a wax-chandler in the Poultry, who was also a member of the 'Free and Easy.' They almost always entered the room together, and, from the inseparable nature of their friendship, I gave them the names of Liver and Gizzard; and they were ever afterwards called the Liver

and Gizzard of the Common Council. Mr Figgins had afterwards the honour of receiving knighthood from the fair hand of Miss Boydell, when her uncle, that worthy patron of the arts, was the Lord Mayor, and she officiated as Lady Mayoress. She called him up to her, and said, 'Now, Mr Figgins, I will knight you;' and, giving him a smart rap with her fan over his head, which would have very safely borne a blow from a much heavier weapon, she said, 'Rise up, Sir Benjamin;' all the company laughed heartily, and Sir Benjamin retained his title among his acquaintance ever after."

This is a charming little *souvenir*; and cannot fail to be agreeable to all the parties mentioned. Mr Figgins is the gentleman who stated somewhere, that *red herrings* were caught in the *Red sea*.

But the deuce is in these politics when they get into the Free and Easys. Friend Brasbridge, though he is on the right side, becomes almost as impertinent, sometimes, as if he were in the wrong. A certain Mr Lothroi, a Frenchman, gets into the club, who appears to Mr Brasbridge to be a "very suspicious character"—he "strongly suspects" him of being in England, "without a proper licence." Under these circumstances, he does what he thinks his "duty," and what most of his neighbours seem to think rather officious; he sends in earnest for the "city marshal" this time, and delivers up *Monsieur* to be taken before the Lord Mayor. Mr Lothroi gives a satisfactory account of himself at the mansion-house, and is discharged, (which is not exactly the sort of termination which one man who has brought a charge against another desires.)

A little disposition to be *Monsieur de Trop* in people's affairs, does seem, however, to form part of our worthy citizen's character. He has a cousin—one "Mrs Lewis," a lady of some property, who takes a fancy (but third persons must be interfering) to an honest gentleman of no property at all.

"The case," to tell it in Mr Brasbridge's own words, was this—

"I was informed by a person, who had in fact introduced the parties to each other, that my good cousin was in danger of making a match with a man every way very much her infe-

rior. I immediately set off for Bath, and bolted in upon the parties, who were sitting in the comfortable enjoyment of a *tete-a-tete*. I stated very roundly the business I had come about; the gentleman stormed and blustered, the lady trembled and began to weep; but, however, she had prudence enough left, to think that it was better to remain in a state of widowhood, than to make a match such as I shewed her this was likely to prove. Had the gentleman been from a sister kingdom, I might have expected a bullet in my thorax for my interference."

This, perhaps, might have happened.

"If I had been called out, I should have chosen little Deputy Harding for my second, because, if a tree had been near, he could have sheltered himself behind it. Happily for us both, however, no satisfaction was demanded, except defraying the lawyer's bill, for drawing up the writings, and the coachmaker's, for erasing the widow's lozenge, and quartering her arms with those of her intended bridegroom upon the carriage: the liveries were also to be paid for, and the expenses of sundry excursions into the country, and parties of pleasure, in which the enamoured couple had probably formed their plans of future felicity. The sum total of all these damages, the wear and tear of hearts not included, was sixty pounds; and, this being settled, I bore the lady off in triumph, the next day, to London."

This merciless meddler not only takes away the poor woman's husband, but makes her pay for a great supper. She marries somebody else, however, (out of spite,) within four years after.

"We slept the first night at Hungerford; my poor dear cousin declared she had no appetite for any supper; the deputy, therefore, contented himself with ordering a mutton-chop, but when I came in, I desired the landlord to bring his bill of fare, from which I selected, in addition, a couple of chickens, some sausages, and a tart. 'And, pray, who is to pay for all this?' inquired my cousin, who was always an economist, or else she would not have amassed such a fortune as to make her worth looking after, mind that, reader.—'You, to be sure,' I replied; 'who else ought? Have I not left my shop, and run away a hundred miles

from it, all for your sake, and to look after your interests?"

Years go round, however, and either the politics, or the necessity for looking after the old woman, or God knows it might be the stag-hunting, and the brandy and water; but something or other has induced Mr Brasbridge all this while, to be transferring the "cares" of his shop, (*i. e.* we presume, the conduct of it,) to his eldest "prentice." The result our readers may imagine! Mr Ashforth, the "prentice," has, himself, a taste for the "Free and Easy." He dresses; learns to sing a song; and becomes paramount, upon the *pavé*, from "the wax-work" shop, down to Waitman's corner.

"His Sunday dinners at the Crown and Anchor cost him a guinea a-time!" says Mr Brasbridge, with a sigh. "He spent twenty shillings (page 68) in one evening for old Hock!"—"He subscribed to many different assemblies; kept an expensive lady, and a fine horse; had his letters addressed, as well became so fashionable a gentleman, To William Ashforth, Esq.," and "gave his copperplate card," (this was too bad certainly,) at Mr Brasbridge's own shop, "98, Fleet Street."

All this while, our pernicious prentice has the "run of the house," and the "care of the cash." The business, as well it might, gets less and less profitable every day. Our friend owes the rogue's father "five hundred pounds;" which gives him room to boast that "he has his master under his thumb." He rules the roast in the family—sits with his hat on in the shop—and takes no more notice of the rightful silversmith than "of the man that swept the crossing."

The history of the bankruptcy which follows, takes up a good deal of our book; and even the recollection of it seems rather to shake the equanimity of the writer's temper. He takes vehement proceedings against Mr Ashforth, whose port-drinking propensities, he insinuates, had consumed L.1500 of his money. Forty-six pounds, however, is only recovered; and this looks a good deal like a difference in account.

The affair involves him too, and not unnaturally, in little disputes with many whom he had thought his friends.

A "Mr Smith" purchases the lease of his shop, (98, Fleet Street;) "and,

by one of the ingenious deceptions too common in modern trade, contrives to interweave the word *late* after his own name in the curve of the B in Brasbridge, so that to the passer-by it appeared as if we were in amicable union of interests; many of my customers frequented the shop as usual, imagining that they were serving me under the firm of Smith and Brasbridge."

This angers Mr Brasbridge, who, in the meantime, had taken a house next door; and a battle accordingly takes place.

"After my name had been up in this doubtful conjunction with Smith for about five years, the house was repainted; and I, thinking I had a right to use my own name as I pleased, begged leave to run up the painter's ladder, when he descended, and efface it with a broom."

Next day, Mr Smith gets the name repainted as conspicuously as possible; and sends the painter to Mr Brasbridge with his bill for the job.

"On my refusing to pay it, he summoned me to the Court of Conscience; and told the commissioners that my name 'stunk' in the parish of St Brides."

The commissioners remark, (according to our friend,) that "Mr Smith himself seems very fond of 'stinking fish;' and advise him to go home to his shop and 'mend his manners.'"

A fire then happens at the "next door" to our friend—not next door at Mr Smith's, but next door (we like to be accurate) the other way. Mr Walker, upon this, a sugar-baker, who had lent L.200 on Mr Brasbridge's lease, sends, in a sort of manner, to hint that restitution would be agreeable. "This," says Mr Brasbridge, was what I call "keeping an eye upon the thimble." But he pays him off, as usual, with an anecdote—

"I remember John, (Mr Walker,) when he was shopman with a grocer and chandler in Wells Street, Rag Fair, for a stipend of L.16 per annum, which he thought himself very happy to get. He died worth L.200,000, most assuredly not gained by lending money on doubtful security."

Again, when Mr Makepeace, of Sale Street, won't sell our biographer a pair of candlesticks, we find that he is "as much degenerated from his excellent

father in feeling, as he is in stature and appearance."

Mr Blades, too, the glass-man, displeased our author in acting as his assignee; accordingly it is noted, that "he was brought up in an ale-house, by his uncle, who was the landlord of the White Horse, in Carnaby Market."

We defend people, however, sometimes.

"I must beg leave, however, to say, that Mr Alderman Thomas Smith did *not* go to the dogs. He left to his two sons and an amiable daughter the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds among them. And to prove that I think it no disparagement for a man to rise from a humble station, I will say of this worthy man, (whose memory I respect too much wantonly to throw a stain upon it,) that he was originally servant to a gentleman in Doctors' Commons. He afterwards got an exciseman's place, next kept a public-house, then turned brandy-merchant, ran through the usual routine of civic honours, and finally reached the dignity of Lord Mayor of London."

Page 160, brings us to the time of "the riots," when our author carried arms.

"I was near Mr Kennet the Lord Mayor, who saw the Roman Catholic chapel burnt; and his remark upon it was, 'That's pretty well, gentlemen, for one day; I hope you will now go to your own homes.' Among the rioters, one dressed in a white jacket stood with a pickaxe at the door of Akerman, the keeper of Newgate; he was pretty confidently said to be the infatuated son of a respectable corn-factor; and whilst he thus maintained the post of guard, his companions set fire to the gates of Newgate. I went to the top of St Bride's steeple to see the awful spectacle of the conflagration of the Fleet prison; but the flakes of fire, even at that great height, fell so thickly as to render the situation untenable."

Mr Kennet is rebuked for his pusillanimity; but "he had begun life as a waiter, and his manners never rose above his original station."

Mr Alderman Pugh, the dealer in soap, "Came to town first in the humble capacity of drawer and porter at the Hoop and Bunch of Grapes, in Hatton Garden. He then went to live with Alderman Benn, to take care of his horse and cart; and for his good

conduct was admitted as under-clerk in the counting-house; and, being a married man, his master augmented his salary, in the sum of ten pounds, on the birth of every child. He was afterwards taken into partnership, and on the death of his old master, the son not liking his father's business, the whole of it devolved upon him, and he conducted it very prosperously."

Return after this to politics, in the shape of a furious castigation of Waithman the linen-draper, towards whom our author (as a next door neighbour should) seems almost to have been born with an antipathy.

"I believe Mr Waithman made his first essay in 1792 at Founders' Hall, Lothbury, called by some, at that time, the cauldron of sedition: it was during the mayoralty of Sir James Sanderson. Sir James ordered half a dozen constables to bring the spouters before him; but the orators, hearing of their approach, held their tongues, took to their heels, and the assembly instantly dispersed.

"About the same period that Mr Waithman made his debut at Founders' Hall, there was a meeting of merchants, bankers, and traders, held at Merchant-Tailors' Hall. Mr Waithman did not venture to present himself at this meeting. He was not at that time so rash as he afterwards proved himself, when he drew up on Kensington causeway to oppose the heroes of Waterloo. Bearing in mind with Falstaff, that 'Discretion is the better part of valour,' he would not even venture into Grocers' Hall, when a meeting of Mr Pitt's friends was assembled there; but most appropriately mounting a tub in Grocers' Alley, he from it harangued the gaping crowd, who, poor souls, unwittingly gave him credit for the truth of all his assertions."

After this, some ward motes are held; and Mr Brasbridge puts himself forward.

"At one of them, I had the rare good fortune to abash Mr Waithman himself. I demanded to have the resolution read again. After making two or three ineffectual attempts to procure silence, I succeeded in making myself heard; I did not honey my words with the epithets of the worthy or honourable gentleman, but said at once bluntly and plainly, 'Gentlemen, I wish to have the resolution

read again, for the laboured harangue of that person,' pointing to him, 'has put it all out of my head.' A loud laugh throughout the church proclaimed that it had been put out of the heads of all the assembly."

It is not, however, in the Forum only that our author knows how to distinguish himself.

"The citizens had been always in the habit of sweeping the refuse of their shops into the streets; but when an act of Parliament passed to make this punishable, I resolved to do my part towards removing such a nuisance. Accordingly, my eye being attracted by a heap of sweepings from Mr Waithman's shop, I sent the street-keeper to tell him, that I did not wish to do anything unneighbourly, but that if I did not see them removed within two hours, I should call at the Mansion House and lay an information. My hint was effective: the rubbish was speedily removed; and thus my beginning as a reformer, was, at least, as successful as Mr Waithman's."

Great credit is given (page 189) to Alderman Hammerton, for strewing the streets with gravel when the late King went to St Paul's, on recovery from his illness. Indeed, "a very appropriate compliment," says Mr B. "it was from a paviour, who had literally paved a great part of them with his own hands."

The writer himself, too, in this glorious day, fills his house "from the shop to the attic;" and honourable mention is made of "a pipe of wine;" with store of "hams," "fillets of veal," and "rounds of beef," provided for the occasion. This is over and above, the reader should take notice, "eighteen quartern loaves for sandwiches," and "six gallons of cherry bounce for the outside visitors!"

"Whilst of tea, coffee, chocolate, and Le Mans biscuits, I do not suppose any coffee-house in London, on that day, dispatched a greater proportion."

"Mister Evans" is not among the invited on this occasion, and therefore he won't let "Mrs Evans" and "Miss Evans" come!—by which means, says our good host, "I saved (besides the cherry bounce) two places. Mr Evans's politics were of a crooked cast; but retribution awaited him.

"He was in the habit of spending

his day at the house called the Coal-hole, in the Strand; and in his way home, late at night and half-seas-over, he used to enjoy ringing violently at the bell of a chemist and druggist, whose door he passed. The porter, to be revenged on him, lay in wait one night, and beat him so unmercifully, that he was obliged to be led home, and to wear bandages over his eyes for a long time afterwards." "He had a son a very worthy man; but he, poor fellow, inherited from his father a halt in his political gait."

Page 205 talks about Hamptonwick, and Sir John Fielding's powers subsequent to his loss of sight; which exceed, we dare say, anything of which his best friends ever suspected him. Sir John is fond of angling, and (though blind,) "could catch a fish as well by the steadiness of his hand, as he could ascertain the guilt of prisoners by the nicety of his auricular organs; for he could always judge by the tone of voice, whether the parties speaking had really committed what they might be accused of!!! Sir John used to be attended by a boatman of the name of Stedman, who, when the float began to sink, used to call out, 'Sir John, strike,' but by the time Sir John had struck, the fish had often escaped. He then ordered the man to say, 'Strike, Sir John,' and the time saved by the transposition made such a difference, that Sir John ever afterwards caught as many fish as he used to lose."

Much interesting information follows about "Mr Kenton, commonly called Ben Kenton," who was brought up in Sir Thomas Cass's charity school, and afterwards made L.300,000 by keeping the Crown and Magpie in Whitechapel. Likewise about a "Mr Hill, a breeches-maker at Hounslow," who improves his finances in a very extraordinary manner. Mr Wilcocks, a bookseller in the Strand, gets, God knows how, many hundred thousand pounds, through a still more "unlooked for and improbable channel."

"A surgeon in Gough-square had purchased for dissection the body of a man who had been hung at Tyburn. The servant girl wishing to take a look at the defunct, previously to his coming under the dissecting knife, stole up stairs to the room where she expected to find him extended. To her surprise and horror she beheld him sit-

ting up, on the board, and instantly facing about, she was down stairs again in a moment."

The surgeon conceals this resuscitated subject in his house, and sends him privately away to America. The man afterwards (to break a proverb) makes a fortune, and leaves it to his benefactor; through whom it comes to the hands of Mr Wilcocks.

It is the consolation of people growing old, Mr Brasbridge observes, to talk of what they recollect when young; and a strange variety of heterogeneous notices (some of them, however, rather curious) leads us towards the end of our book.

"I recollect the first broad-wheeled waggon that was used in Oxfordshire, and a wondering crowd of spectators it attracted. I believe at that time there was not a post-chaise in England excepting two-wheeled ones. Lamps to carriages are also quite a modern improvement. A shepherd, who was keeping sheep, in the vicinity of a village in Oxfordshire, came running over, to say, that a frightful monster with saucer eyes, and making a great blowing noise, was coming towards the village. The monster turned out to be a post-chaise with two lamps."

Again—

"Before the members of Parliament were limited in their privilege of franking, they carried it to a most abusive extent. Messrs Thomas and John Stevenson, wholesale silk-mercers in Queen-street, Cheapside, used to buy franks for their business-letters at forty-eight shillings a-gross, of the poor relations of members of Parliament, who supplied them on purpose to sell." This was too cheap altogether, not more than twopence postage probably ["single"] between London and Dublin.

Admonitions follow against smoking tobacco, and going to sleep after dinner; but our author, notwithstanding the approach of age, continues to be what the Fancy term "a rum customer." Only two years since he goes to consult with "Mr Luxmore" about an impending dropsy; and a very singular sort of patient it appears Mr Luxmore finds him.

"As to Mr Luxmore's advice, however, I found myself neither better nor worse for it: The fact was, that it was loaded with so many appendages, that it disgusted me altogether. I went to

Mr Luxmore, stated my case, and paid my guinea; for which Mr Luxmore bowed, and prescribed, and informed me, that he always got his medicines made up himself. When these nostrums appeared, they came not smelling of the apothecary's shop, in phials of a size befitting the delicate stomach of an invalid, but in two jolly quart bottles, savouring much more of the porter shop in appearance, than of any scientific compound. To these Brobdignagian draughts was affixed a charge of one pound eight, which, considering as a most disgraceful imposition, I straight refused to pay. He (Luxmore) had the insolence to send me word that he would summon me for it. I replied by an invitation to him to come to my shop, where I kept a horn for the purpose of administering a drink to my horse, and would make him take his own medicine. To this he rejoined by a summons, which I attended, followed by a porter bearing a large hamper, which contained the draughts, or potions, by whatever name they might be called. At the sight of them the gravity of my judges relaxed; and, when they heard my statement of the case, they awarded Mr Luxmore seven shillings for his nostrums, and I returned home perfectly satisfied."

We are not quite sure (in spite of this success) that a gentleman is entitled to be cured of the dropsy for a single guinea; but Mr Brasbridge has too much logic for us to dispute the point with him. He concludes his story at Henil Hill, where he seems to be living cosily with "Mrs Brasbridge," (having made over the fatigues of 98, Fleet Street, and its profits, to "Mr Hopkinson,") in "very good humour with himself and with the world," and quite willing to continue his part in this terrestrial scene, as long as it shall please the heavenly powers to keep him here!

The manner of Mr Brasbridge's book reminds us a good deal of Lady Morgan, in the freedom of its style, and guarded accuracy of its statements. The great principle that it illustrates, seems nearly, or altogether, to be this—that, to grow rich, a man must be bred in a charity school, but that he must eschew the temptation of staghunting; in other words, that he should be born a beggar, but avoid, as far as possible, being set on horseback.

Wewere surprised to find, in a "Chronicle for St Bride's Parish," no notice taken of Mr Sheriff Parkins, or of the black man who sweeps the crossing at the corner of Bridge Street, Blackfriars. But, as an exposition of coun-

ter wit, and high life in the Ward of Candlewick, there has been nothing so good that we know of since Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle."

PROFLIGACY OF THE LONDON PERIODICAL PRESS.

No. II.

As we had anticipated, our exposure of the infamous attack on Sir Walter Scott, made by one of the vermin in the London Magazine of February 1823, and the skulking cowardice of its suppression, has had its due effect. We quoted the suppressed passage, in which every word of insult that could occur to the brain of the wretched ca-

lumniator who wrote it, was heaped together with a singular and rabid ferocity; and we added, that the "chatter of booksellers' shops" had attributed it to Mr Taylor of Fleet Street.

How has the charge been answered? Why, thus, in the last London Magazine—

"In the charge," [of our Magazine,] "there are three distinct assertions.—They are three distinct falsehoods.

"1. That our publisher, Mr Taylor, wrote the review alluded to.—He did not.

"2. That two or three hundred copies of that review were disposed of.—THERE WERE NOT FIFTY."—[We give the important contradiction the full benefit of its original capitals.]

"3. That the passage complained of in that review was suppressed through terror.—IT WAS NOT. *The passage was not a libel in law; nothing, therefore, could be feared from its publication.*"—[The typography is again from the original.] "The review in question was written by a celebrated critic—was received too late for examination—and was cleared of the passage objected to, as soon as possible, from a motive of *good feeling* towards the author of the novel."

And is this all?—All, gentle reader, with the exception of some silly vapouring about our *slander*, which we are dared to repeat to Mr Taylor's face. Poor man! He had better stick to his counter, and not expose his grey hairs, which should be a token of sense, and an object of respect, to the derision which must always attend *such* bravadoes from *such* quarters. We are glad, nevertheless, that he considers it slander to be suspected as the author of such vile venom as flows from the pen of the "celebrated critic," who, however, be it remarked, is in his pay.

Passing by such unmeaning and nonsensical trash, our readers will perceive that our main charges are altogether untouched. We distinctly allowed, by the very tone we used,— "the chatter of booksellers' shops"—that we were anything but positive in setting down Mr Taylor as the author. We merely noticed the *report*, taking care to assign the quarter whence it was derived. On what better authority does Mr Taylor assume Sir W. Scott

to be the author of Waverley? Nor does our mistake—if mistake it is—a circumstance we beg leave to doubt—as to the number issued, in the slightest degree affect our reasoning. We take the number as it is given us. Fifty of the infamous things were disseminated. So let it stand.

Our third falsehood is our assertion that it was suppressed through *terror*; and we are told it was done through *kind feeling*. How pitiful must the poor creature have felt when writing that sentence!—That such as *he* should be actuated by kind feeling towards the reputed author of Peveril of the Peak, by a desire of *patronizing* him, as it were, is too good. It would be quite comic, were it not too contemptible in its spirit. But mark how this kind feeling is shewn. In page 207 of that very review, after a laboured and most stupid parallel between Sir Walter Scott and Mr William Cobbett, we come to this sentence.

"If it should be said that Mr Cobbett sometimes turns blackguard, it

cannot be affirmed that he is a cats-paw, which is the DERNIER RESORT of humanity, into which SIR WALTER has retreated."

There is a touch of kind feeling for you! Are we to argue with such a vermin as this? Is there a blockhead in Fleet Street, including Lord Waithman, who could believe that any other motive than terror, could have operated to procure the suppression of the more lengthened, but not more lying and villainous tirade, which we dragged from its skulking corner into light? As for libel actions—Mr Tay-

lor well knew that he was in no danger from these. His fear was of a very different action indeed, and it was not less operative, because it happened to be altogether groundless.

So much for the three assertions, which, and which only, Mr Taylor, or his scribe—we see we must be cautious in assigning the works of these eminent and conspicuous authors, these "celebrated critics," to the proper quarter, else we shall be told that we lie—could find in our article. Let us mend our statement by the contradiction—

"In Mr Taylor's Fleet Street Miscellany, for February, 1803, a celebrated critic—name unknown, in Mr Taylor's wages, and so trusted by his employer, as to be allowed to send articles unseen by the editor, to the press, called one of the most honourable men in the world, and decidedly the first literary man in the country, in whatever point of view he can be regarded, intolerant, mercenary, mean, a professed toad-eater, a sturdy hack, a pitiful retailer, or suborner of infamous slanders, a literary Jack Ketch,—this *directly*; and, *by implication*, a cold-blooded hypocrite, pander, and intriguer. Of which filth, about fifty copies were circulated, when the proprietor—not out of terror—not from dread of the universal contempt which would be in consequence showered upon him and his concern—but through kind feeling suppressed. Which kind feeling he further displayed, in suffering the aforesaid celebrated critic, of the unknown name, to style the same gentleman a cats-paw, and the dernier resort of humanity."

How does it read so amended? Is the baseness, the falsehood, the cowardice, seen to greater or less advantage in our new picture? Let the unfortunate champion of Fleet Street make of it what he pleases. He has done Mr Taylor an eminent service. Until his defence appeared, we only *suspected* him of being a party in the calumny—we now, from his own admission, or that of his *friend*, know that he is accountable for the whole article as it stands at present. The fact, that he suppressed *part*, shews that he had the power of suppressing the *whole*; and of course he must stand up as the author of the remainder.

So much for the London Magazine. We must beg Sir Walter Scott's pardon most sincerely, for bringing his name in question, or for mentioning it in connexion with the creatures whom it is our business and our pastime to destroy; but we could not help it. We request our readers not to forget the

use we made of the whole business. We wanted to prove that in spite of this grand principle of Conciliation, of which we hear so much, the Whig writers let slip no opportunity of abusing, vilifying, insulting, and calumniating the great men of the Tory party, no matter how amiable may be the qualities of their hearts, or brilliant the power of their heads. We wished to shew that the whole set, clamorous as they are against personality, are, nevertheless, from their Magazines Moore and Byron, down to their Vermin, as the "celebrated critics" for Taylor and Co., venomously scurrilous in their language and rancorous in their feelings against the Tories. This we did, and we leave the impression we made to be weakened as much as it can be by the discovery that slander is not *written* but merely *published* by Mr Taylor; and that he sold of it not two hundred copies, but fifty.

THE MAGIC LAY
OF THE ONE-HORSE CHAY.

AIR—*Eveleen's Bower.*

I.

MR BUBB was a Whig orator, also a Soap Laborator,
For everything's new christen'd in the present day ;
He was follow'd and adored, by the Common Council board,
And lived quite genteel with a one-horse chay.

II.

Mrs Bubb was gay and free, fair, fat, and forty-three,
And blooming as a peony in buxom May ;
The toast she long had been of Farringdon-Within,
And fill'd the better-half of the one-horse chay.

III.

Mrs Bubb said to her Lord, " You can well, Bubb, afford,
Whate'er a Common Council man in prudence may ;
We've no brats to plague our lives, and the soap concern it thrives,
So let's have a trip to Brighton in the one-horse chay.

IV.

" We'll view the pier and shipping, and enjoy many a dipping,
And walk for a stomach in our best array ;
I longs more nor I can utter, for shrimps and bread and butter,
And an airing on the Steyne in the one-horse chay.

V.

" We've a right to spare for nought that for money can be bought,
So to get matters ready, Bubb, do you trudge away ;
To my dear Lord Mayor I'll walk, just to get a bit of talk,
And an imitation shawl for the one-horse chay."

VI.

Mr Bubb said to his wife, " Now I think upon't, my life,
'Tis three weeks at least to next boiling-day ;
The dog-days are set in, and London's growing thin,
So I'll order out old Nobbs and the one-horse chay."

VII.

Now Nobbs, it must be told, was rather fat and old,
His colour it was white, and it had been grey ;
He was round as a pot, and when soundly whipt would trot
Full five miles an hour in the one-horse chay.

VIII.

When at Brighton they were housed, and had stuff and caroused,
O'er a bowl of rack punch, Mr Bubb did say,
" I've ascertain'd, my dear, the mode of dipping here
From the ostler, who is cleaning up my one-horse chay.

IX.

" You're shut up in a box, ill convenient as the stocks,
And eighteen-pence a-time are obliged for to pay ;
Court corruption here, say I, makes everything so high,
And I wish I had come without my one-horse chay."

X.

“As I hope,” says she, “to thrive, ’tis flaying folks alive,
The King and them extortioners are leagued, I say;
’Tis encouraging of such for to go to pay so much,
So we’ll set them at defiance with our one-horse chay.

XI.

“Old Nobbs, I am sartain, may be trusted gig or cart in,
He takes every matter in an easy way;
He’ll stand like a post, while we dabble on the coast,
And return back to dress in our one-horse chay.”

XII.

So out they drove, all drest so gaily in their best,
And finding, in their rambles, a snug little bay,
They uncased at their leisure, paddled out to take their pleasure,
And left everything behind in the one-horse chay.

XIII.

But while, so snugly sure that all things were secure,
They founced about like porpoises or whales at play,
Some young unlucky imps, who prowld about for shrimps,
Stole up to reconnoitre the one-horse chay.

XIV.

Old Nobbs, in quiet mood, was sleeping as he stood,
(He might possibly be dreaming of his corn or hay);
Not a foot did he wag, so they whipt out every rag,
And gutted the contents of the one-horse chay.

XV.

When our pair were soused enough, and returned in their buff,
Oh, there was the vengeance and old Nick to pay!
Madam shriek’d in consternation, Mr Bubb he swore D—mnation!
To find the empty state of the one-horse chay.

XVI.

“If I live,” said she, “I swear, I’ll consult my dear Lord Mayor,
And a fine on this vagabond town he shall lay;
But the gallows thieves, so tricky, hasn’t left me e’en a dicky,
And I shall catch my death in the one-horse chay.”

XVII.

“Come, bundle in with me, we must squeeze for once,” says he,
“And manage this here business the best we may;
We’ve no other step to choose, nor a moment must we lose,
Or the tide will float us off in our one-horse chay.”

XVIII.

So noses, sides, and knees, all together did they squeeze,
And, pack’d in little compass, they trotted it away,
As dismal as two dummies, head and hands stuck out like mummies,
From beneath the little apron of the one-horse chay.

XIX.

The Steyne was in a throng, as they jogg’d it along,
Madam hadn’t been so put to it for many a day;
Her pleasure it was damp’d, and her person somewhat cramp’d,
Doubled up beneath the apron of the one-horse chay.

XX.

“ Oh would that I were laid,” Mr Bubb in sorrow said,
 “ In a broad-wheel'd waggon, well cover'd with hay !
 I'm sick of sporting smart, and would take a tilted cart
 In exchange for this bauble of a one-horse chay.

XXI.

“ I'd give half my riches for my worst pair of breeches,
 Or the apron that I wore last boiling day ;
 They would wrap my arms and shoulders from these impudent beholders,
 And allow me to whip on in my one-horse chay.”

XXII.

Mr Bubb ge-hupp'd in vain, and strove to jirk the rein,
 Nobbs felt he had his option to work or play,
 So he wouldn't mend his pace, though they'd fain have run a race,
 To escape the merry gazers at the one-horse chay.

XXIII.

Now, good people, laugh your fill, and fancy if you will,
 (For I'm fairly out of breath, and have said my say,)
 The trouble and the rout, to wrap and get them out,
 When they drove to their lodgings in their one-horse chay.

XXIV.

The day was swelt'ring warm, so they took no cold or harm,
 And o'er a smoking lunch soon forgot their dismay ;
 But, fearing Brighton mobs, started off at night with Nobbs,
 To a snugger watering-place, in the one-horse chay.

THE LIBERAL SYSTEM.

OUR readers are aware that we are not admirers of the fashionable doctrines of “ *Liberality* ”—that we think somewhat contemptuously of that which in certain quarters bears the beautiful name of the “ *Liberal System* .” These doctrines and the system which has grown out of them, are hugely cried up by all the weak and wicked heads in the nation, and we need nothing but this to convince us that they are neither wise nor innocent. A mass of other evidence, however, surrounds us to produce the conviction, and we feel ourselves called upon to detail it. If they were a mere matter of words—of pure speculative opinion—we might be content to despise them in silence ; but when they relate to things, when their tendency is to alter almost everything that now exists, and when nearly all the guides of public opinion are their trumpeters, our sense of duty tells us that we ought to shew them no mercy. We shall, however, deal much more in fact and argument, than in assertion and hard names ; and there-

fore we shall scarcely injure them, if we cannot *prove* that they ought to have enemies.

A set of people, whom, from the want of a better name, we shall call the Statesmen of Cockaigne, and who consist of the gentlemen of the press, the Greek, Spanish, and other committees, the loan-mongers and stock-jobbers, &c. &c. have had the chief share in fabricating the “ *Liberal System* ,” in reducing it to practice, in cramming it down the throats of the good-natured part of the community, in smuggling it into Parliament, and even in forcing it to a certain extent upon the government. A somewhat unsparing exposure of the conduct of these people, must necessarily occupy a prominent place in our exposure of the operation and tendency of the “ *System of Liberality* .”

Liberty is the great earthly object of worship, with nearly all our countrymen. We rejoice at this, but we should rejoice still more if their knowledge of what constitutes the source of liberty, were proportioned to their love of it.

This, alas! is not to be hoped for. They feel that they possess liberty; they see the more bulky parts of the machinery that is employed in producing it; but beyond this they feel and see nothing. The things that form the grand moving power to the machinery—that constitute the very essence of liberty—they will not notice. The consequence is, that they frequently enough resort to that for the protection of liberty, which is only calculated for its destruction. They act as the man would act, who, to keep the piston or fly-wheel of his steam-engine in due motion, should make holes in the boiler, or destroy the furnace. When we look at almost all that is written and spoken of liberty, we are astonished that a people who have enjoyed liberty so long, who love it so devoutly, and who have it eternally in their mouths, should be so grossly ignorant touching its source, and the things necessary for its preservation.

The secret of this is not very deeply hidden. Those among us who profess to be the most ardent worshippers of liberty, and who arrogate to themselves the rank of commanders in its service, value it and use it merely as an instrument for gratifying their own malevolence and cupidity. They are ignorant enough in all conscience; but still they would not speak and act as they do, if their ignorance were not superadded to wickedness. One parcel of our liberty-chiefs cry Liberty! liberty! that they may become ministers of state, and obtain sundry thousand pounds per annum, of the public money—another parcel raise the cry that they may gain the votes of certain traitorous electors—another do it to sell newspapers—a fourth do it to gain a market for their merchandise, or to acquire a fortune on the Stock-exchange, and so on. These persons call themselves the only champions of liberty, and the prejudice in favour of liberty gains them credence with the mass of the people. Of course, to rail against the laws—to attack the constitution—to assault public morals—to undermine the interests of the nation—to scoff at the lessons of experience—and to deride the apothegms which have been sanctioned by the wise in all ages—to do all this is to combat in the cause of liberty! The beardless youngsters who write our Morning

Chronicles, set their feet upon the sacred ashes of our departed statesmen and philosophers, and cry—Here lie the fools! Do all that they forbade, and believe all that they pronounced to be false and pernicious!

An insurrection breaks out in Greece—the Spanish colonies revolt against the mother-country—this or that continental army overthrows its government—a tribe of godless profligates here and there concoct plots for changing dynasties, and seizing upon sceptres. Hurra for liberty! cry the Statesmen of Cockaigne—if you say one syllable against all this, you are a fool, a knave, a bigot, a tyrant!—Do such things then, of necessity, lead to the establishment of liberty? Is nothing more necessary for such establishment, than the huddling together of a Constitution of any kind; and the changing of the names emperors and kings, into dictators, protectors, presidents, liberators, &c.? No! Then what are the motives of the Statesmen of Cockaigne? These shall speedily be detailed.

The bread of the gentlemen of the press, is mainly drawn from their incoherent declamations in favour of liberty; they must ever puff the name, and they must ever rail against the restraints that give the reality; of course, whenever a revolt takes place against a monarch, they laud it to the skies, no matter who the revolters may be, or what may be their creed and object. This rallies round the revolters the ignorant and simple, and it is the first link in the system. Then the insurrection or revolution affords a capital spouting topic to those public men who are patronized by the ragged part of the electors of Westminster, Southwark, &c. and they eagerly seize it to ingratiate themselves with their patrons; they get up a dinner, or a committee and subscription, puff the revolutionists with all their might, and this aids public delusion mightily, and forms the second link in the system. Next, the revolutionists are in great want of money, and they can get it no where save in England; they send a brace of agents to us forthwith, who are joyfully received by our loan-mongers and stock-jobbers; the latter persons, to enrich themselves by the sale of the new stock, circulate all kinds of fine things in favour of the revolu-

tion, and this forms the third link of the system. Then sundry merchants adventure a few cargoes among the revolutionists; to save these from seizure, they cry out lustily, Liberty; and this is the next link in the system. The gentlemen of the press write furiously in favour of the revolutionists; the committees, loan-mongers, and merchants, supply them profusely with glorious news, and ravishing descriptions; they drown opposition by huzzaing Liberty! and Liberality! and, although the main object of each is his own dirty benefit, the public gapes, believes, applauds, and follows them.

Such is the "Liberal System" in origin and motives. Now for some of the consequences.

We grant that the Turkish government is a despotic one—we grant that it is a cruel one. We grant that every friend of mankind ought to wish to see the Greeks properly governed, and possessed of a due portion of liberty. In examining, in the first place, the "Liberal System," as it affects the Greeks, we speak as the friends of the Greeks themselves. Now, what are the actual condition and character of the Greeks? Are they reasonably wealthy? They are almost wholly without resources. Are they intelligent and moral? They are among the most ignorant and depraved of God's creatures. Are they unanimous? They are split into factions, which can scarcely be kept from tearing each other to pieces by the presence of the common enemy. Is it likely that they will triumph? The probabilities are all against them; their affairs are barely not hopeless. Government and society can scarcely be found among them; with regard to knowledge, they hardly equal our West India slaves; and with regard to morals, they fall far below them. The Greeks are much more familiarised with the vices and crimes that are the most dangerous to a community, than our negroes:

Now, what would have been the advice of a wise and sincere friend to a people like this? He would have said, Obey the Turks, until you become intelligent, virtuous, and reasonably powerful. You must become this, or you will never win freedom. It will release you from half your bondage without a battle—it will enable you easily to throw off the other half, and it will preserve you from becoming

your own tyrants after you destroy your Turkish ones. But if you revolt now, it will either lead you through carnage and devastation into still harsher Turkish tyranny, or it will give you a tyranny of your own as grinding as that which now rules you. If the Greeks, notwithstanding, had revolted, such a friend would have laboured to place them under wise and virtuous leaders; and he would have been indefatigable in his efforts to give them good principles and views touching society and government.

Well, the Greeks rose in insurrection, and the Statesmen of Cockaigne, without knowing anything of their motives, character, resources, and chances, or caring a straw for such things, were ravished with them for it. We were instantly stunned with the most fulsome panegyrics on the wisdom, virtues, valour, riches, and power of the Greeks. A committee was at once formed to aid and counsel this people—and of whom did it consist? Was it composed of such men as the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Liverpool, or the Marquis of Lansdown? Good God! persons like these to be capable of directing a barbarous, depraved, divided people, in a contest for liberty. Impossible! The committee consisted of such men as Mr Hobhouse, Mr Bowring, and Mr Hume! These were the wise and experienced fellows who were to give conduct, principles, and institutions to the Greeks. Lord Byron—the aristocratic despot—the reviler of religion and virtue—the teacher of lewdness and licentiousness—the assassin of the principles of social order—the man who, according to the evidence of his friends, knew nothing whatever of the constitution of society or the principles of government—this Lord went to put himself at the head of the Greeks, to be their guide, to give them opinions, and to fabricate for them institutions!! Did not the nation, from compassion for the Greeks, view all this with disgust and abhorrence? Oh, no! The Gentlemen of the Press, the Greek Committee, the loan-mongers, and Lord Byron, raised the cry of Liberty and Liberality! The nation re-echoed it, and not to join in it, was regarded to be little better than treason against our own freedom.

The consequence to the wretched Greeks is, that they are goaded and

dragged on into a desperate contest, which is distinguished by the most appalling ferocity, and the most horrible butcheries, by a set of people in this country, *who do it for their own beggarly personal profit*, who are incapable of advising them, and whose instructions must inevitably lead to slavery and ruin. Precious "*Liberality*" this, unquestionably!

Pass we now to South America.—The Statesmen of Cockaigne were, of course, thrown into raptures when the colonies of Spain separated themselves from the mother-country. The people of South America were ignorant and licentious in the highest degree, and their leaders were, in creed, neither Tories nor Whigs, but republicans—men untutored, inexperienced, and, generally, excessively unprincipled and selfish. Republican principles were the most unsuitable, and the most dangerous ones, that could have been taught to the South Americans, and the republican form of government was the most unfit one for them of all others. Well, the Statesmen of Cockaigne, after puffing the Spanish colonies immeasurably for declaring themselves independent, next puffed them as immeasurably for their republicanism. The North American gentleman of the press is reasonably consistent; he lives under a republic, and he maintains that a republic is the best form of government. But a Cockney gentleman of the press is a creature of another stamp; he lives under a monarchy, professes to think it the best form of government, and still to advocate it against a republic, would be, in his judgment, heinous wickedness. He calls the British constitution the best in the world; but as to advising the revolutionists, whom he takes under his wings, to make it their model, it is out of the question; and if one resembling it be established elsewhere, he instantly abuses the latter as a despotism. The French constitution was an abomination in his eyes; but the Spanish one, which made the king a cipher, and the South American republics, he regarded as absolute perfection.

It mattered not that the vast mass of the people of South America were grossly incapable of choosing a form of government for themselves—that the intelligent portion of them wished

for monarchy—that their character and condition called for monarchy, and shewed the utmost unfitness for republicanism—that the dividing them into republics was the worst step that could have been taken touching the interests of England—and that their leaders were generally incapable men, seeking their own aggrandisement. All this mattered nothing to the Statesmen of Cockaigne, to the friends of the "*Liberal System*." These wisacres did not labour to teach the people of South America just principles—they did not call upon them to look to England for opinions and institutions—they did not fight for the wishes of that part of them who could judge, and for the interests of the whole, against the demagogues who deluded them—they did not combat for the interests of England—No! but they constantly defended the Dictators, Liberators, Congresses, &c., no matter how absurdly and tyrannically these acted. The French constitution grants liberty of conscience—it is a despotism. The South American republics prohibit it—they establish pure freedom. The fools who at present manage matters in South America, pretend to raise republican liberty on the basis of religious tyranny—they are excessively wise and liberal men. To hold, with Burke, that freedom cannot exist if the liberty of any man, or body of men, can trespass on that of any other individual, or description of persons, is preposterous. The liberty of the South American Dictators, Liberators, Congresses, &c., shoots individuals without trial, banishes and ruins whole classes of men for mere difference of opinion, establishes the most absurd and unjust regulations of trade, lays the press under the most severe restrictions, tyrannizes over the conscience, and does nearly what it pleases with the liberty of the people at large,—and this is unmixed and boundless national liberty;—at least, so say the Statesmen of Cockaigne, the friends of the "*Liberal System*;" and who shall dare to contradict them? That this is surpassingly "*liberal*" towards the Dictators, Liberators, Congresses, &c.—the despots of South America—is a matter that admits not of controversy; but its "*liberality*" towards the PEOPLE of South America may fairly be questioned.

The inhabitants of Peru will not be reconciled to republicanism. The men in power have proclaimed a republic, but the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants,—the voice of the people,—is against them, and they are in danger of being blown up with their paper republic into the air. What must be done? That most magnificent, ancient, and liberal republic, Colombia, marches its armies forthwith among the Peruvians, to *force* upon them the blessings of republicanism. To make up the requisite number of deputies for the mock congress of Peru, Colombians are elected! The Colombian general, Bolivar, assumes the title and powers of Dictator of Peru—places the inhabitants under martial law—proclaims all to be traitors who oppose him—and compels Peru to become a republic! Oh, *liberal* Colombia! Oh, fortunate Peru, to become the object of such stupendous *liberality*! It has enraptured the Statesmen of Cockaigne. These marvellous gentry no doubt heartily cursed France for intermeddling with the affairs of Spain, at the request of both king and people; but then France is in one quarter of the globe, and Colombia is in another. The law of nations is regulated by geography, and that which is unjust and tyrannical in our northern climes is the reverse in the tropics.

Turn we now to Europe.—A set of people, as our readers well know, have been for years labouring to revolutionise almost every nation on the continent. The Statesmen of Cockaigne,—the friends of the "*Liberal System*,"—have done their utmost to aid these people. To furnish such aid, they have libelled the continental governments in every possible way, and they have strained every nerve to render the continent one blaze of civil war. Now, who were these revolutionists? Did they comprehend the majority of the people? They formed the insignificant minority. Doubtless they consisted of the wealthy and intelligent classes—of men of character and patriotism? They consisted chiefly of profligate adventurers, brainless fanatics, and the dregs of the people. At any rate, their creed was Toryism, or at the least Whiggism? Their principles were those which we have so long execrated in our own country, under the names Radicalism and Liberalism. Still, perhaps they wished to establish

constitutions modelled after our own? They scorned us, our principles, and our constitution; they sought to establish forms of government every way unsuited to the nations of the continent,—impracticable, absurd, virtually deposing the monarch and rendering faction absolute, and which were certain of producing worse fruits to the people than the governments that already existed. Notwithstanding all this, perhaps these revolutionists were the friends of England? While they were in power in Spain and Portugal, they reviled us,—called us tyrants, and our government a despotism; deplored the slavery of our Radicals, and prayed for their success, and made the most severe laws against our trade.

While the Statesmen of Cockaigne—the friends of the "*Liberal System*,"—furiously fought the battles of these revolutionists, they were perfectly acquainted with their real character, with their real motives, with their real creed, and with the forms of government which they wished to establish. While this was the case, not one of them knew the actual condition of any one continental nation. Not one of them knew that the people of Spain, Portugal, Italy, &c. were sufficiently intelligent and moral to be entrusted with political power—that the higher classes possessed the requisite qualifications for discharging the duties which freedom would have imposed upon them—and that those elements existed in any of these states which are absolutely essential for giving form and vitality to liberty. Not one of them knew what the real conduct of the continental governments was—what degree of practical freedom the people already enjoyed—what the form and character of society were on the continent—and what the genius, wants, feelings, and wishes, were of any one continental people. Not one of them could point out what form of government would best suit any one of the States. These, in good sooth, were things not to be thought of; it was a war against kings and priests—against royalty and religion—against civil obedience and public morals—and, of course, it was just and necessary. The same constitution was to suit all; the same system was to serve all; the same party was to rule all; religion of all kinds was to be trampled

under foot ; public morals were to be dissolved ; kings were to be virtually dethroned ; factions were to be rendered despotic ; the soldiery of Europe was to seize upon the sovereign authority ; civil obedience was to be rooted up ; and this, in the judgment of British constitutionalists—of British monarchists—was to deluge the continent with liberty. Oh, wonderful Statesmen of Cockaigne ! Oh, brilliant and miraculous "*Liberal System* !"

If none can tyrannize but those who bear the names of emperors and kings—if the gagging and hand-cuffing of monarchs be sufficient to prevent one man, or one body of men, from tyrannizing over another, our friends of the "*Liberal System*" were right, but not otherwise. If what the revolutionists sought to establish were manifestly fraught with licentiousness, anarchy, civil war, and the worst kind of slavery, what were those Englishmen who supported them ? If the destruction of religion and public morals, the reducing of the king to a cipher, and the rendering of a faction absolute, composed of Benthamites and Byronites, would in this country destroy our freedom, would it establish freedom on the continent ? If the forms of government which the revolutionists sought to establish were evidently calculated and meant to virtually depose the sovereign in the first moment, were the sovereigns to be blamed for refusing them ? If, in our war with our Radicals, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, the government was made practically despotic, and new laws were enacted, considerably abridging our liberties, does this form no excuse for the continental monarchs in coercing the factions that made their thrones totter under them ? Let us be just—let us banish this wretched prejudice—let us allow others to do what we ourselves do. Whatever might be the wishes of the continental governments, their preservation from ruin was only to be found in the measures to which they resorted. The tender plant is not to be raised amidst the storms of winter ; liberty is not to be for the *first* time established when a people is convulsed with treason and rebellion ; and the *first* representative assembly is not to be formed when the populace is clamouring for the crown, and the majority of the representatives are

likely to be infidels and democrats, fanatics and adventurers.

If the Statesmen of Cockaigne—the friends of the "*liberal system*"—had dealt honestly in the matter, we would have treated them with more tenderness, but they did not. They made the most false representations touching the state of foreign nations, and they lavished the most groundless and atrocious abuse on the continental monarchs. As to the nation expecting to hear from them truth and fair reasoning, or moderate distortion, and not over-dark misrepresentation, good heaven ! it might as well have expected to hear the moon sing Maggy Lauder. While one extreme was adopted towards the governments, the other extreme was adopted towards their enemies. The senseless, perjured, lawless army, that would turn its arms against its government, was trumpeted forth as a paragon of knowledge, patriotism, and virtue ; the brainless fanatic was eulogised as a sage—the monster of profligacy was held up as a saint—the crimsoned satellites of the crimsoned Buonaparte, were worshipped as most spotless people, and most ardent adorers of liberty—the most absurd constitution was represented to be perfection—and the most mad and wicked deeds were graced with all the splendours of panegyric. Glorious "*Liberality*" this, no doubt, for it had not the least taste of old prejudices or restrictions ; and, moreover, it was all exhibited to serve the holy cause of—liberty !

If our friends of the "*Liberal System*" had told the continental nations how much we had suffered, even in respect of freedom, from our own Liberals—had warned them against following any but honest, experienced, intelligent men—had exhorted them to cleave to religion, and to protect public morals—had called upon them to look at the Constitution, and the constitutional opinions of England—had done justice to the sovereigns, and softened the asperities on both sides—had pointed out to the people their errors, and the defects of their constitutions—and had held up to the scorn of the world, the godless, senseless fanatics and profligates, who were lighting up civil war on every side, merely to make themselves tyrants—this would have been *Liberality*—this would have been maintaining the cause of

liberty—this would have been labouring to make the continent free and happy. But the conduct of these sagacious persons could not have any other effect, and it had no other effect, than to render the chains of despotism more powerful. To the revolutionists—to the Liberals—to the would-be tyrants of the continent—the conduct of the Statesmen of Cockaigne was “*liberal*,” superlatively “*liberal* ;” but to the PEOPLE at large, it only produced delusion, phrenzy, error, convulsion, bloodshed and devastation in the first moment, and more grinding slavery in the second. That which yielded these, ought, we humbly presume, to bear another name than “*Liberality*.”

At the same time, when the “*Liberal System*” was born, the continental monarchs were occupied in endeavours to give to their subjects rational liberty ; the monster came into the world, and it immediately employed them in endeavours to strengthen despotism, to save themselves from destruction. This was, perhaps, in effect, great *Liberality* towards the monarchs, but still it was anything but *Liberality* towards the people.

A few weeks since, some of the runaway “*constitutionalists*” of Spain returned to that unhappy country, to render it the theatre of civil war. Every one knew that the vast mass of the people detested them ; that it was impossible for them to overturn the government, supported as it was by the French army ; that at the best they wished to set up the old, impracticable, tyrannical constitution ; that their proclamations warranted the conclusion, that they meant to establish a republic ; and that they could accomplish nothing beyond leading a portion of the people to slaughter and ruin, and removing rational freedom still farther from Spain. Yet this actually threw the Statesmen of Cockaigne into paroxysms of transport, and they laboured to persuade us that the helpless vermin who were swept out of the country without a battle when they were its rulers, and had its whole resources in their hands, could now, in the character of destitute rebels, triumph over the government and the French army. The friends of the “*Liberal System*” were enraptured with prospect of the Spanish provinces being uselessly overspread with blood

and horrors. What prodigious *Liberality* !

It is notorious that the overwhelming majority of the people—the wealth, intelligence, and virtue of the continental nations, abhorred the revolutionists ; yet our friends of the “*Liberal System*” wished to cram down the throats of this majority, by the aid of the cannon and the bayonet, the opinions and schemes of the revolutionists. What stupendous *Liberality* !

Upon the whole, the “*Liberal System*” has been prodigiously *liberal* to the heads of the continental revolutionists, although these persons, we suspect, have now no great cause to revere its *Liberality*. It has been in the upshot largely *liberal* to the continental sovereigns, although it has been this, no doubt, quite unintentionally ; but the “*Liberal System*” has given cause to the PEOPLE of the continent to curse it to the last hour of their existence.

We have glanced at the consequences of the “*Liberal System*,” as they have affected other nations ; we will now glance at them as they have affected, and are affecting, our own country.

The Statesmen of Cockaigne—the friends of the “*Liberal System*,” brought in due form a Greek loan into the market. Now, who were the real borrowers ? A people barbarous, profligate, divided, practically without a government, without laws, without resources, without revenue ; warring almost without hope against the whole power of Turkey, and not possessing a single item of what constitutes a security for borrowed money. And who were to be the real lenders ? The credulous people of this country, who had to depend altogether on the statements of the Statesmen of Cockaigne for knowledge touching the character and condition of the borrowers. Of course, these Statesmen circulated full and honest information respecting the Greeks ! They circulated a fiddlestick !—They circulated nothing but the most delusive and mischievous statements ; everything that told against the Greeks was scandalously distorted, or suppressed ; and everything favourable to them was as scandalously exaggerated. At any rate, these Statesmen ventured their own money, when they called upon the ignorant and credu-

lous to venture theirs? Blunder upon blunder! They risk their money in Greek stock!—No, no, give them their due, they are not, after all, quite so simple. The profuse Lord Byron, it seems, only *lent* his money to the Greeks, and he lent it on far different security from stock bonds. The object of these worthies was to feed, to fatten, to enrich themselves by the sale of Greek stock, and not to ruin themselves by purchasing it. That this has been stupendously *liberal* to themselves and the Greeks, is beyond all question; but that it has been direct swindling, abominable robbery, towards the people at large, is alike unquestionable.

The Statesmen of Cockaigne have of course profusely supplied the innumerable republics of South America with loans, on the same system on which they have acted with regard to the Greeks. These republics never yet possessed anything that could constitute a fair security for borrowed money. Some of them, according to their own account, have been eight, twelve, and fourteen years independent, free from war, and in a flourishing condition; and still they keep wanting new loans. Notwithstanding all this, the friends of the "*Liberal System*" have continually drawn for them millions after millions, from the pockets of their dupes. These most upright men have had possession of almost all the channels of public information; and of course we have nothing but the most ravishing statements, touching the condition of the thousand and one South American republics. Countries superlatively poor have been called immensely rich—uninhabited deserts have been represented to be thickly peopled—republics, containing half a million, or a million, of inhabitants, have been sworn to be surprisingly populous—and people, ignorant and licentious in the last degree, disunited, having in reality scarcely any operative laws, and subject to the will of a knot of despots, have been called intelligent, virtuous, unanimous, orderly, and free. All this has been done, but naked facts and plain reasoning have been scrupulously withheld; and the country has known nearly as much of the real state of the North Pole, as of the *real* state of South America.

In consequence, numbers of families have been already ruined by vesting

their money in these outlandish loans; numbers more have been greatly impoverished, and the ruin of additional numbers is rapidly approaching. Beautiful *liberality* this, truly, in one set of Englishmen towards another.

We are not in the words of the Anti-jacobin,—

"A steady patriot of the world alone,
The friend of every country—but his own."
We love our own country better than all others—we love the honest spirit that rivets its affections to its native soil and its legitimate kinsmen—we love the feeling of nationality, for it is alike honourable to the individual, and beneficial to the state; and we regard those with scorn whose axe is continually laid at the root of this feeling. What then are we to think of those Englishmen who mingle contempt of their own country with their adoration of foreign ones, and who delude, cozen, rob, and ruin their countrymen, for the benefit of the people of Greece, South America, and Spain?—Shame upon them! Shame upon them!

The friends of the "*Liberal System*" have been long slandering Mr Canning and his colleagues for not acknowledging the independence of the South American republics. Now what are the real facts of the matter? Would such acknowledgment increase our trade? Scarcely to the extent of a single cargo. Its advocates admit that the direct benefits would be almost wholly engrossed by the republics. Would it then, on the other hand, involve us in difficulties and dangers? Most assuredly. Spain has still military possession of a part of South America; she rejects the fanciful divisions that have been made, and claims the whole; the other continental powers wish her to regain the whole, and they are hostile to our interference. Were we to concede the recognition, we must, to render it effective—to discharge the honest duty which it would impose upon us towards the republics—treat Spain as an enemy, if she attempted to subjugate them; and this could scarcely fail of involving us in war with the whole continent. We have protested against the interference of others, and others will not suffer us to be the sole interferers, and to monopolize all the good things, without a contest. Of course, by withholding the recognition, we risk nothing; by granting it, we should risk almost everything. This is not

all. We are rich, beyond all other nations, in colonial possessions; and there are several nations in the world that would rejoice to see these independent. Let us only get up a game of colony-robbery, and others will speedily play it as expertly as ourselves, to our own cost. Let us be the nation to divide the last ligament between Spain and her colonies, and it will not be long before the sword shall be applied to the bonds that unite us to our own. If any country in the world have an interest in discountenancing colonial revolt in every possible way, it is Great Britain.

All this, to our friends of the "*Liberal System*," is nothing. These sages have been for years preaching up colonial revolt as one of the best and the most necessary things in nature. They have regularly applied every possible stimulant, and furnished every possible assistance, to the colonies of Spain; and they have justified the insurrection of these in every variety of language. What was it to them if they threw away half the empire, provided they huddled together a few gimcrack republics, and obtained a little additional trade in South America!—How all this has sounded in Canada, India, &c. and how it will operate on other states in the way of precedent, instruction, and example, it is not for us to say; but if it do not largely contribute in the end to render us as destitute of colonies as Spain, we shall be the most fortunate people that ever existed.

That this is splendid *liberality* towards others, will be admitted by every one; but that it is *liberality* towards ourselves, will be denied by all.

Let us not be mistaken. If we can honestly and honourably, in a manner becoming a great and high-minded nation, recognize the South American republics, and increase our trade with them, let us; we will be among the first to advocate it. But if not—if to do this we must resort to chicanery, quarrel with the whole continent, and furnish other states with a pretext for fomenting rebellion in our own colonies, then let these republics be sunk in the ocean, rather than take from us another cargo. We are rich and glorious above all other nations, and we should be so still if South America were not in existence. What we protest against is, the introduction of the Liberal's romance, and the petty trades-

man's cunning and rascality, into our councils. It is not for us to go sneaking round the world to preach up Liberalism and foment colonial insurrection, that we may deprive other states of their dependencies, and obtain their trade—every conceivable principle forbids it. The revolt that begins in the colonies of one nation, can scarcely fail, sooner or later, of finding its way to those of another; and therefore it is our interest to regard such revolt, wherever it may take place, as a dangerous enemy. The independence of the colonies of other states must, to a certain point, pave the way to the independence of our own; and for these we may tremble when other countries shall lose the last of such possessions. Our transmarine territories are of immense extent—they are scattered about in almost all parts of the globe—many of them are not very capable of effective defence—they are accessible to the emissaries of other states—several of these states would make gigantic sacrifices to give them independence; and therefore we ought not, by word, deed, or look, to feed colonial revolt, and give the pretext to rival nations, so ardently desired for enabling them to make India, &c. what South America now is. It is astonishing that the cant which we have been so long vociferating respecting the liberty of the continental nations, Greece, South America, &c. has not been echoed by our own dependencies; and that, instead of having leisure for stirring up universal rebellion, and cursing the allies for warring against Liberalism, we have not been fully employed in cutting the throats of the Indians, Canadians, &c. for labouring to give themselves liberty and independence.

In the midst of all this bluster respecting trade, let it not be forgotten that trade, like gold, may be bought too dear; and that it is an easy matter to lose two old customers in endeavours to obtain one new one. We have reached those glorious circumstances in which what we have to do is, not to *obtain*, but to *PRESERVE*. There is but one path open for us for the pursuit of trade, and this is the path of integrity and honour. If we cannot preserve our commercial prosperity by acting towards others as we wish them to act towards us, it must depart from us; nothing else can save it. If we

get up a race of plot, intrigue, over-reaching, and roguery, we may depend upon it that whoever may win, we shall be the losers.

On the score of national interest, in more ways than one, it has, we believe, always hitherto been thought wise in this country to make a friend of Turkey, and to keep her as powerful as possible. The reasons for our doing this are now more weighty than they ever were. Yet we are now taught to hate Turkey, and to assist in her dismemberment. Turkey is to fall—is to be cut up into an infinity of savage, impotent republics; and this is to fill England with transport! Our government in chief is neutral between the Turks and the Greeks;—the Statesmen of Cockaigne, our sub-government, send men, arms, and money, to the latter, and make war upon Turkey! National interest!—What is national interest when weighed against liberalism, resuscitated jacobinism,—revolutionism?—What is national interest when it clashes with the views of such persons as Hobhouse, Hume, Byron, and their great, though nameless, colleagues? What is national interest when a rebellion can be got up, a revolution can be accomplished, a republic can be created, and a knot of unprincipled idiotic profligates can be made rulers? Let Turkey be trod in the dust—let us lose every European friend—let our allies be annihilated—let our checks upon foreign powers, and the bulwarks of our most valuable possessions be destroyed—let our national interests be cast to the winds—only let jacobinism flourish, republics abound, and liberals become the despots of mankind. Beautiful romance!—Lovely *Liberality*!—What a pity that it should be fraught with national ruin!

We have been taught to detest the continental monarchs, and we have profited so well by the instruction, that scarcely any party can speak of them except in terms of execration. For a ministerial paper to speak respectfully of these monarchs, would be little better than treason. Well, what have these poor monarchs done? Perhaps they sent money, arms, and men, to our Radicals in the days of radical madness; or they supported the Queen when she brought the constitution to the brink of ruin—or they have robbed us of our colonies—or they have

injured our trade—or they have made war upon us, or they have picked a quarrel with us without cause—or they have interfered in some other mischievous way in our affairs? Oh, no, they have done none of these things. Then, in the name of common sense, what have they done? Done! Read the Edinburgh Reviews, and Morning Chronicles, for a list of their enormities! They have done as they pleased in their own affairs—they have done what we always do in similar circumstances—they have refused to be dis-crowned—they have rejected constitutions which the whole world knew to be absurd and ruinous—they have made war upon jacobinism, upon infidelity, and democracy—they have refused to establish liberty at a time when it was impossible to establish it—they have scorned our dictation, and refused to rush into destruction at our bidding. And, oh, horrible! they have crushed their Benthamites and Byronites, knocked up Liberalism, and restored tranquillity to the whole continent! Is this all?—All! What more can be necessary to sanction us in detesting them?

But perhaps these monarchs have laboured to put down rational and genuine liberty?—they established a constitution in France greatly resembling our own. Have they endeavoured to destroy it? No; they have fought for its preservation. When they dethroned the tyrannical Cortes of Spain, did they wish to re-establish the old despotism? No; their influence was exerted to procure for Spain a constitution like that of France. An attempt was recently made in Portugal to restore the old despotism in all its force. Did they second it? No; they opposed it, and supported the king in his wishes to give to Portugal a rational constitution. Well, after all, it seems that these monarchs are friendly to such constitutions as our own, and to constitutional liberty like that of England? Yes; but they hate jacobin constitutions, and jacobin liberty. And do we not hate these too, in regard to their establishment in our own country? It cannot be denied.

But perhaps these monarchs abuse their power; perhaps their subjects are in the most deplorable situation? The Edinburgh Review asserts that, putting out of sight political liberty, they are exerting themselves to the

utmost for the benefit of their subjects; and the Morning Chronicle, that "burning and shining light" of the Statesmen of Cockaigne, declares that our lower orders, that is, the vast mass of our population, are, with regard to law and actual well-being, in a much worse condition than those of the continental nations. In truth, the ravishing descriptions which this astonishing paper puts forth touching the state of the people who are governed by the monarchs, are almost sufficient to make us scorn our constitution, and sigh for a despotism.

Notwithstanding all this, perhaps we have suffered grievously by what these monarchs have done—perhaps the triumph of the revolutionists would have been of prodigious benefit to us as a nation? Alas! even here our animosity towards the monarchs can find no resting-place. We have gained very nearly as much from what they have done, as they themselves have gained. We owe to them a very large portion of our present tranquillity; they fought for us even when we were against them; and when they smote Liberalism in their own territories, they gave the death-wound to languishing faction and rebellion here.

If the revolutionists had been successful in some countries, and had continued their struggles in others, we should unquestionably have been still convulsed, by the endeavours of powerful factions, to plunge us into revolution. Almost the first things that the revolutionists of Spain and Portugal thought of after they obtained power, were to abuse us and our constitution, to administer pity and encouragement to our Radicals, and to make severe enactments against our trade. The revolutionists of France hated us. If any of the more powerful nations of Europe had been revolutionized, we could scarcely have avoided a war with them; and their moral influence alone would have been nearly sufficient to give a triumph to our own revolutionists. In addition to this, the din which, conjointly with our friends of the "*Liberal System*," they would have kept up in favour of revolutionary doctrines, could hardly have failed to kindle rebellion in some one or other of our transmarine possessions. The enemies who were annihilated by the Holy Alliance, were the enemies of the constitution of Eng-

land, of the trade of England, of the general interests of England, and of the people of England.

Nevertheless these monarchs possess absolute power—they are despots—and therefore we must abuse them. No doubt we can do this justifiably—no doubt we can bring clean hands to the matter—no doubt, as we execrate despotism so furiously, we are not despots ourselves—no doubt the British sceptre is not waved over a single bondsman. Alas!—alas! WE—we who are eternally blackening the allied monarchs, because they will not surrender absolute power at the cost of almost certain destruction, are ourselves the despots over millions upon millions, to whom we might give freedom at the price of only a part of what we possess! We, the blustering, swaggering devotees of liberty, rule over nations by a despotism more searching and comprehensive than any of the continental ones! Do we then say that we ought to give constitutions to the nations of the East? No! we would advise no such absurdity—we would prepare no such scourges for them, or injuries for our own country; but we will say that, with regard to the abstract question, they have as much right to liberty as the nations of the continent; and that we have a much worse title to be the despots of Asia, than the continental monarchs have to be the despots of Europe. Shame would strike us dumb, were we, like our Broughams, Hutchinsons, and Littletons,—our *liberal* Whigs and trimming Tories—with our Eastern possessions before us, to attempt to say to the Emperor of Russia, or the Emperor of Austria,—Thou art a despot.

Here the "*Liberal System*" blazes out in all its prodigious varieties of shape and colour—here, with one hand, it darts its thunders upon our devoted land, and, with the other, it holds it up to the world's mockery; and yet it is at last, with regard to despotism, here miserly to others, and *liberal* to England. Its *liberality*, however, is but that of the pickpocket who tucks up his colleague to the gallows for theft, and yet continues his vocation.

Perhaps this matter with regard to despotism may be explained by the magic of geography—perhaps that which is slavery in Europe, is freedom in Asia? Alas, no!—Perhaps we have

some exclusive right to be the only despots in the universe? No!—Perhaps we are authorised by some law, human or divine, to be the dictators of other states in the management of their affairs—to command them to shape their governments as we please—to plunge them into rebellion, anarchy, and blood, whenever we may take it into our heads to do so—and to order the continental monarchs to give away their power, and step into ruin, whenever we may wish it? No such law was ever heard of. Perhaps what is crime here, is purity on the continent—what is falsehood here, is truth on the continent—what is destructive here, is beneficial on the continent—the opinions and institutions that are proscribed here, ought to be protected on the continent? Heaven and earth say the contrary.

Then the “*Liberal System*” is not less false and wicked, than detestable and ruinous.

We know well enough that the pulling, milk-and-water sarcasms, which our Tory prints and Tory people cast upon the continental monarchs, are a sacrifice to the idol of the day—*Conciliation*. It is no doubt mighty liberal in a Tory to go strutting and smirking to the altar of Jacobin licentiousness, to throw upon it the fair fame of a king or an emperor. It is likely enough hugely pleasant and profitable for a Tory to go trundling along before the blast of popular clamour, and amidst the greetings of Whigs and Radicals. But if this were even fighting for the cause of liberty, we would not imitate it. We would hear both sides, scrutinize the evidence, take into account all the circumstances of the case, and decide as our conscience should direct, even though the whole nation should be against us. If we could not maintain our cause without sacrificing truth and justice—without bribing our enemies by the immolation of the innocent—we would, like honest men, throw down our arms and abandon it. But the prejudice that has been got up against the continental monarchs, is, in our judgment, calculated to do vital injury to genuine liberty; and it is, moreover, calculated to have the most baleful effects on our foreign policy and our national interests.

In the late contest between the Allied Monarchs and the Liberals, both

sides distinctly placed before us their political creed. On the one hand we had the French constitution, its functionaries and principles; and on the other we had the Spanish constitution, its functionaries and principles. Now, which agreed in essentials with, and which were in essentials hostile to, our own; and, what is of equal consequence, which were the best calculated for establishing real and permanent liberty? The principles which these monarchs put forth touching constitutional government, in France, Spain, and Portugal, bore no remote resemblance, not merely to those of English Toryism, but to these which are, in words or effect, promulgated by the English constitution; while the principles of the Liberals were such as our constitution, and both Toryism and Whiggism, pronounce to be false and ruinous.

If the whole weight of England had been thrown into the scale, in favour of such constitutions as the French one, and against such as the Spanish one, we should have rendered essential service to liberty on the continent; we should have checked both the Monarchs and the Liberals; and we should have done much towards bringing the only able constitution-makers into the field, the rich, knowing, experienced, and disinterested. But our weight went with the Liberals; we execrated the French constitution as a despotism, cried up the Spanish one to the skies, were even the most extravagant in favour of republics, embraced the fanatical and profligate deists and democrats as brothers, and treated with scorn all the rest of the people. By this we did the most vital injury to liberty on the continent; we filled the people with the most false and ruinous notions respecting it, we marshalled them under the most vile and incapable leaders, we sent them in pursuit of the most pernicious institutions, and we rendered the exercise of severity, on the part of the governments, unavoidable.

If our constitution stand upon Liberalism and Republicanism, we do well to range ourselves with the Liberals and Republicans; but if not, we are digging away the foundations of this constitution. We hear, in truth, abundance of general cant about this constitution being the best in the world; but where can we find the man,

among either Whigs or Tories, who will defend its component parts, its maxims, and the principles which form its basis, item by item? Where shall we find the man who recommends its adoption to other states, and who does not laud, in the most riotous manner, the principles which it proscribes and abhors? If the creed of the Liberals and Republicans be a true one, our constitutional creed is a false one—If their forms of government ought to be established, ours ought to be abolished—if we cry up their principles, we cry down our own—and if we fight for them, we fight against ourselves. *Liberalism*, potent magician though it be, cannot confute us. Our raving in favour of the Liberals and Republicans is in fact teaching liberalism and republicanism to the nation at large; and if this produce its natural fruits, it will in the end destroy our constitution, and, deny it who will, our liberties.

“What a lovely spectacle would it be,” exclaims Lord Holland, in one of his fine phrenzies, “to see England at the head of a swarm of republics!”—Charmingly liberal—beautifully romantic—but, alas! fearfully ruinous. A free monarchy may exist amidst despotisms, but it is scarcely possible for it to exist amidst republics. In the first case, the feelings of the people of the surrounding states will be in favour of it, and the enthusiasm of those who live under it will be on the alert for its defence; but in the other case, the feelings of the surrounding people will be against it, and its own subjects will seek its destruction. If we wish to preserve our monarchy as it now exists, we must choose our associates amidst monarchies that are not more limited than our own. If the power of the crown were less among our neighbours, than with us, it would speedily be here reduced to the same point; if several of the continental states were republics, we should soon have the same form of government; and if we estrange ourselves from monarchies, and cultivate friendship and interchange of feeling and sentiment with republics alone, we shall scarcely fail of becoming ourselves a republic.

The cry, however, now is, on almost all hands—Have nothing to do with the continental monarchs!—It is made a matter of reproach to the late Marquis of Londonderry that he was personally acquainted with them, and it

is actually made a merit in Mr Canning that he knows them not. Preposterous nonsense! They have suffered our free constitution to exist for centuries without molesting it—they have fought for the constitution of France—they have wished to see similar ones in Spain and Portugal—and the King of Prussia is at this very moment making a large surrender of political power to his subjects—yet we are to believe that they wish to destroy our liberty! Could folly, on the one hand, and gullibility, on the other, go farther?

How many years have passed away since we humbly sued to these “Despots” for their friendship? How many years have passed away since they fought *in person* for us and our liberties, as well as for themselves? How many years have passed away since they profusely poured the blood and treasures of their realms for our benefit as well as their own? We did not then curse them for being despots—we did not then quarrel with them for drawing their swords against Liberalism—against the principles of the French Revolution. Is all this so soon forgotten? Has it so soon vanished from our remembrance, that to them we owe a large share of our wealth, greatness, glory, and happiness? Gratitude, alas! seems not to be numbered among our good feelings.

It has hitherto been thought wise and necessary in us to have as powerful a party as possible among the continental nations. Austria above all other countries was called the natural friend and ally of England, and we were to cultivate the closest intimacy with her regardless of her despotism. How often has not this Austria fought at our side! How often has she not raised the standard to collect for us allies in a war for existence! How often has she not risked all, and nearly lost all, in our cause as well as her own? Well, now we are to have a brilliant new system of foreign policy, which shall strip us of every continental friend, which shall leave us without a vestige of influence on the continent, which shall league the whole continent against us. Austria is to be the especial object of our detestation; for her all the bitterest epithets of the Statesmen of Cockaigne are reserved. We are to goad the continental powers into a community

of interest against us, instead of dividing them—we are to plant everything between them and ourselves that can yield war, instead of cultivating their friendship;—and we are to do this, that we may be enabled to coquet with, smile upon, and pension such people as the Spanish, French, and Italian revolutionists; and to hold soft alliance with a parcel of helpless republics, which, barring their trade, can only draw us into scrapes and difficulties. Burke was wont to speak of pedlar systems, but really this is not a pedlar system; the pedlar looks for gain, but at any rate here is a marvellous lack of selfishness and covetousness. Here is *liberality* with a vengeance! National interests! as we have already said,—what are national interests when they clash with the “*Liberal System?*” What are national interests to Liberalism and Revolutionism?

Of course, as we make such a stupendous fuss about trade, we have no trade with the continental nations—of course we do not wish to trade with them—of course they could not injure our trade in other quarters—of course they could not deprive us of any colonies—of course we could not derive benefit from any of them in any war we might be engaged in—of course, if we went to war with them, we could conquer them in a moment—of course we have everything to gain, and nothing to lose by going to war—and of course we have a right to quarrel with the continental monarchs for being despots, and everything to hope for from such quarrel.

If all these be not matters of course, what are we doing? what madness has seized us? and to what losses and calamities are we rushing?

Oh, glorious “*Liberal System!*” how gigantic is thy wisdom! How fascinating are thy benefits!

We will examine, on the present occasion, only one more of the various species of fruit which this system produces.

The grand principle on which it stands is, to value men and things in proportion to their worthlessness and dangerous character. It puffs such men as Burdett, Hobhouse, Hume, Wilson, Lord Cochrane, &c. as first-rate statesmen and patriots—it execrates such as Lord Eldon, the Duke of Wellington, the late Marquis of

Londonderry, Lord Liverpool, &c. as fools, knaves, and bigots. It daubs such writers as Lord Byron, Moore, and Lady Morgan, with every kind of panegyric—it blackens such as Southey and Gifford in every possible way. If you be a religious man, it smiles at your fanaticism, or rails against your bigotry—if you be a moral man, it cracks jests on your weakness—if you be an infidel, it compliments you on your freedom from prejudice—and if you be unprincipled, debauched, and licentious, it dubs you a most profitable and enlightened member of society. There is scarcely any virtue that it does not decry, or any vice that it does not praise; and there is scarcely any merit that it does not attack, or any guilt that it does not justify. In a word, if you reverse all that our greatest statesmen have laid down with regard to politics, and all that our wisest philosophers and moralists have taught in respect to the well-being of society, you have the “*Liberal System?*” before you in splendid fulness and perfection.

We have now, we hope, given a home-thrust to the monstrous bladder of the “*Liberal System,*”—of *Liberality*; we have, we trust, done something towards lessening its enormous inflation, and we will stab it again and again before we take our leave of it. Never before in our days were such immense sacrifices of principles—of national interests—of the foundations of society—and of the best feelings and possessions of mankind, made to anything, as are now made to this skin-and-wind god—*Liberality*. Our national existence was endangered and the swords of nearly the whole world were turned against us, yet we fought like heroes for our principles, our institutions, our church, and our monarchy; but now, when we revel in almost every benefit that even miracle could give us, and when nearly every nation upon earth wishes to be our friend, we must adopt the opinions and people that we then fought against, and slap every one in the face who can prove a dangerous enemy. What all this will lead to if it be not checked, may be discovered without the aid of prophecy; and it matters not who may support it, he is the friend of England and of mankind, who resists it to the utmost.

Y. Y. Y.

WONDERFUL PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF MANSIE WAUCH, TAILOR.

ABOUT this time there arose a great sough and surmise, that some loons were playing false with the kirkyard, howking up the bodies from their damp graves, and harling them away to the College. Words canna describe the fear, and the dool, and the misery it caused. All flocked to the kirk yett; and the friends of the newly buried stood by the mools, which were yet dark, and the brown newly-cast divots, that had not yet ta'en root, looking, with mournful faces, to describe any tokens of sinking in.

I'll never forget it. I was standing by when three young lads took shoofs, and, lifting up the truff, proceeded to howk down to the coffin, wherein they had laid the grey hairs of their mother. They looked wild and bewildered like, and the glance of their een was like that of folk out of a mad-house; and nane dared in the world to have spoken to them. They didna even speak to ane anither; but wrought on wi' a great hurry, till the spades struck on the coffin lid—which was broken. The dead-claithes were there huddled a'thegither in a nook, but the dead was gane. I took haud of Willie Walker's arm, and lookit down. There was a cauld sweat all ower me;—losh me! but I was terribly frightened and eerie. Three mair were opened, and a' just alike; save and except that of a wee unkirstened wean, which was aff bodily, coffin and a'.

There was a burst of righteous indignation throughout the parish; nor without reason. Tell me that doctors and graduates maun ha'e the dead; but tell it not to Mansie Wauch, that our hearts maun be trampled in the mire of scorn, and our best feelings laughed at, in order that a bruise may be properly plaistered up, or a sair head cured. Verily, the remedy is waur than the disease.

But what remead? It was to watch in the session-house, with loaded guns, night about, three at a time. I never likit to gang into the kirkyard after darkening, let a be to sit there through a lang winter night, windy and rainy it may be, wi' nane but the dead around us. Sauf us! it was an unco thought, and garred a' my flesh creep; but the cause was gude—my corruption was raised—and I was determined no to be daunted.

I counted and counted, but the dread day at length came, and I was summonsed. All the leeveiang afternoon, when ca'ing the needle upon the labroad, I tried to whistle Jenny Nettles, Niel Gow, and ither funny tunes, and whiles crooned to mysell between hands; but my consternation was visible, and a' wadna do.

It was in November; and the cauld glimmering sun sank behind the Pentlands. The trees had been shorn of their frail leaves; and the misty night was closing fast in upon the dull and short day; but the candles glittered at the shop windows, and leery-light-the-lamps was brushing about with his ladder in his oxter, and bleezing flamboy sparking out behind him. I felt a kind of qualm of faintness and down-sinking about my heart and stomach, to the dispelling of which I took a thimblefull of spirits, and, tying my red comforter about my neck, I marched briskly to the session-house. A neighbour, (Andrew Goldie, the pensioner,) lent me his piece, and loaded it to me. He took tent that it was only half-cock, and I wrapped a napkin round the dog-head, for it was raining. No being acquaint wi' guns, I kepit the muzzle aye away from me; as every man's duty is no to throw his precious life in jeopardy.

A furm was set before the session-house fire, which bleezed brightly, nor had I ony thought that such an unearthly place could have been made to look half so comfortable either by coal or candle; so my speerits rose up as if a weight had been ta'en aff them, and I wondered, in my bravery, that a man like me could be afeard of onything. Nobody was there but a touzy, ragged, halfins callant of thirteen, (for I speered his age,) wi' a desperate dirty face, and lang carrotty hair, tearing a speldrin wi' his teeth, which lookit lang and sharp aneugh, and throwing the skin and lugs intil the fire.

We sat for amaist an hour thegither, cracking the best way we could in sic a place; nor was onybody mair likely to cast up. The night was now pit-mirk; the wind soughed amid the headstanes and railings of the gentry, (for we maun a' dee); and the black corbies in the steeple-holes cackled and crawled in a fearsome manner. A' at

ance we heard a lonesome sound; and my heart began to play pit-pat—my skin grew a' rough, like a poukit chicken—and I felt as if I didna ken what was the matter with me. It was only a false alarm, however, being the warning of the clock; and, in a minute or twa thereafter, the bell struck ten. Oh, but it was a lonesome and dreary sound! Every chap gaed through my breast like the dunt of a fore-hammer.

Then up and spak the red-headed laddie:—"It's no fair; anither should hae come by this time. I wad rin awa hame, only I'm frighted to gang out my lane.—Do ye think the doup of that candle wad carry i' my cap?"

"Na, na, lad; ye maun bide here, as we are here now.—Leave me a'ane? Lord safe us! and the yett lockit, and the bethrel sleepin' wi' the key in his breek pouches!—We canna win out now though we would," answered I, trying to look brave, though half frightened out of my seven senses;—"Sit down, sit down; I've baith whisky and porter wi' me. Hae, man, there's a cauker to keep your heart warm; and set down that bottle," quoth I, wiping the saw-dust aff n't with my hand, "to get a toast; I see warrant it for Deacon Jaffrey's best brown stout."

The wind blew higher, and like a hurricane; the rain began to fall in perfect spouts; the auld kirk rumbled, and rowed, and made a sad soughing; and the bourtrie tree behind the house, where auld Cockburn that cuttit his throat was buried, creakit and crazed in a frightful manner; but as to the roaring in the burn, it was past a' power of description. To make bad worse, just in the heart of the brattle, the grating sound of the yett turning on its rusty hinges was but too plainly heard. What was to be done? I thought of our baith rinning away; and then of our locking oursel's in, and firing through the door; but wha was to pull the trigger?

Gudeness watch ower us! I trumble yet when I think on't. We were perfectly between the deil and the deep sea—either to stand and fire our gun, or rin and be shot at. It was really a hang choice. As I stood swithering and shaking, the laddie ran to the door, and, throwing round the key, clappit his back till't. Oh! how I lookit at him, as he stude, for a

gliff, like a magpie hearkening wi' his lug cockit up, or rather like a terrier watching a rotten. "They're coming! they're coming!" he cried out, "cock the piece, ye sumph;" while the red hair rose up from his pow like feathers; "they're coming, I hear them tramping on the gravel!" Out he stretched his arms against the wall, and brizzed his back against the door like mad; as if he had been Sampson pushing ower the pillars in the house of Dagon. "For the Lord's sake, prime the gun," he cried out, "or our throats will be cut frae lug to lug before we can cry Jack Robison! See that there's priming in the pan."

I did the best I could; but my hale strength could hardly lift up the piece, which waggled to and through like a cock's tail on a rainy day; my knees knockit against ane anither, and though I was resigned to dee—I trust I was resigned to dee—od, but it was a frightfu' thing to be out of ane's bed, and to be murdered in a session-house, at the dead hour of night, by un-yearthly resurrection-men, or rather let me call them deevils incarnate, wrapt up in dreadnoughts, wi' blackit faces, pistols, big sticks, and other deadly weapons.

A snuff, snuffing was heard; and, through below the door, I saw a pair of glancing black e'en. Od, but my heart nearly loupit aff the bit—a snouff, and a gur, gurring, and ower a' the plain tramp of a man's heavy tackets and cuddy heels among the gravel. Then came a great slap like thunder on the wall; and the laddie, quitting his grip, fell down, crying, "Fire, fire!—murder! holy murder!"

"Whase there?" growled a deep rough voice; "open, I'm a freend."

I tried to speak, but could not; something like a happenny row was sticking in my throat, so I tried to cough it up, but it wadna come. "Gie the pass-word then," said the laddie, staring as if his een wad loupen out; "gie the pass-word?"

First cam a loud whistle, and then "Copmahagen," answered the voice. Oh! what a relief! The laddie started up, like ane crazy wi' joy. "Ou! ou!" cried he, throwing round the key, and rubbing his hands; "by jingo, it's the bethrel—it's the bethrel—it's auld Isaac himsell."

First rushed in the dog, and then Isaac, wi' his glazed hat, slouched

ower his brow, and his horn bouet glimmering by his knee. "Has the French landit, do ye think? Losh keep us a'," said he, wi' a smile on his half-idiot face, (for he was a kind of a sort of a natural, wi' an infirmity in his leg,) "od sauf us, man, put by your gun. Ye dinna mean to shoot me, do ye? What are ye about here wi' the door lockit? I just keppit four resurrectioners loupin' ower the wa'."

"Gude guide us," I said, taking a lang breath to drive the blude frae my heart, and something relieved by Isaac's company—"Come now, Isaac, ye're just gieing us a fright. Isn't that true, Isaac?"

"Yes, I'm joking—and what for no?—but they might have been, for onything ye wad hae hindered them to the contrair, I'm thinking. Na, na, ye maunna lock the door; that's no fair play."

When the door was put ajee, and the furm set forenent the fire, I gaed Isaac a dram to keep his heart up on sic a cauld stormy night. Od, but he was a droll fallow, Isaac. He sung and leuch as if he had been boozing in Luckie Thampson's, wi' some of his drucken cronies. Feint a hair cared he about auld kirks, or kirk-yards, or vouts, or through-stanes, or dead fock in their winding-sheets, wi' the wet grass growing ower them; and at last I began to brighten up a wee mysell, so when he had gone ower a good few funny stories, I said to him, quo' I, "Mony folk, I daresay, mak mair noise about their sitting up in a kirk-yard than its a' worth. There's naething here to harm us?"

"I beg to differ wi' ye there," answered Isaac, taking out his horn mull from his coat pouch, and tapping on the lid in a queer style—"I could gie anither version of that story. Did ye no ken of three young doctors—Eirish students—alang wi' some resurrectioners, as waff and wild as themselfs, firing shottie for shottie wi' the guard at Kirkmabrecke, and lodging three slugs in ane of their backs, forbye firing a ramrod through anither ane's hat?"

This was a wee alarming—"No," quo' I; "no, Isaac, man; I ne'er heard o't."

"But, let alane resurrectioners, do ye no think there is sic a thing as ghaists? Guide ye, man, my gran'ay could hae telled as muckle about them

as wad hae filled a minister's sermons from June to January."

"Kay—kay—that's a' buff," I said. "Are there nae cutty-stool businesses—are there nae marriages gaun, Isaac?" for I was keen to change the subject.

"Ye may kay—kay, as ye like, though; I can just tell ye this—ye'll mind auld Armstrong wi' the leather breeks, and the brown three-story wig—him that was the grave-digger? Weel, he saw a ghaist wi' his leeving een—aye, and what's better, in this very kirk-yard too. It was a cauld spring morning, and daylight just coming in, whan he cam to the yett yonder, thinking to meet his man, paidling Jock—but he had sleepit in, and was na there. Weel, to the wast corner ower yonder he gaed, and throwing his coat ower a headstane, and his hat on the tap o't, he dug away wi' his spade, throwing out the mools, and the coffin handles, and the green banes, and sic like, till he stoppit a wee to tak breath.—What! are ye whistling to yoursell?" quo' Isaac to me, "and no hearing what's God's truth?"

"Ou, aye," said I, "but ye didna tell me if onybody was cried last Sunday?"—I wad hae gien every farthing I had made by the needle, to hae been at that blessed time in my bed wi' my wife and weans. Ay, how I was gruing! I mostly chacked aff my tongue in chittering—But a' wad not do.

"Weel, speaking of ghaists—when he was resting on his spade he looked up to the steeple, to see what a clock it was, wondering what way Jock hadna come, when lo! and behold, in the lang diced window of the kirk yonder, he saw a lady a' in white, wi' her hands clasped thegither, looking out to the kirk-yard at him.

"He couldna believe his een, so he rubbit them wi' his sark sleeve, but she was still there bodily, and keeping ae ee on him, and anither on his road to the yett; he drew his coat and hat to him below his arm, and aff like mad, throwing the shool half a mile ahint him. Jock fand that; for he was coming singing in at the yett, when his maister ran clean ower the tap o' him, and capsized him like a toom barrel; and never stoppit, till he was in at his ain house, and the door baith bolted and barred at his tail.

“Did ye ever hear the like of that, Mansie? Weel, man, I’ll explain the hale history o’t to ye. Ye see—Od! how soufl that callant’s sleeping,” continued Isaac; “he’s snoring like a nine-year auld.”

I was glad he had stoppit, for I was like to sink through the grund wi’ fear; but na, it wadna do.

“Dinna ye ken—sauf us! what a fearsome night this is! The trees’ll be a’ broken. What a noise in the lum! I dare say there’s some auld hag of a witch-wife gaun to come rumble doun’t. It’s no the first time, I’ll swear. Hae ye a silver sixpence? Wad ye like that?” he bawled up the chumley. “Ye’ll hae heard,” said he, “lang ago, that a wee murdered wean was buried—didna ye hear a voice?—was buried below that corner—the hearth-stane there, where the laddy’s lying on?”

I had now lost my breath, so that I couldna stop him.

“Ye never heard tell o’t, didna ye? Weel, I’se tell’t ye—Sauf us, what swurls of smoke coming doun the chimley—I could swear something no canny’s stopping up the lum head—Gang out, and see!”

At that moment, a clap like thunder was heard—the candle was driven ower—the sleeping laddie roared “Help!” and “Murder!” and “Thieves!” and, as the furm on which we were sitting played flee backwards, crippled Isaac bellowed out, “I’m dead!—I’m killed!—shot through the head!—Oh! oh! oh!”

Surely I had fainted away; for, when I came to mysell, I found my red comforter loosed; my face a’ wet—Isaac rubbing down his waistcoat wi’ his sleeve—the laddie swigging ale out of a bicker—and the brisk brown stout, which, by casting its cork, had caused a’ the alarm, whizz—whizz—whizzing in the chumley lug.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CANTAB.

—————me tabulâ sacer

Votivâ paries indicat uvida

Suspendisse potenti

Vestimenta maris Deo.—HORACE.

“WHAT everybody says, must be true.”—So runs the proverb; and if that be true, I really can perceive no reason why that which everybody *does*, should not also be accounted necessarily correct. And as everybody, from the “*Justified Sinner*,” down to the “*Opium-Eater*” and the “*Foot-man*,” have thought proper to confess—I, who am a newly-graduated Cantab, and who have as much to answer for (God help me!) as the worst of them, may, perhaps, be allowed to confess also. Besides, they say, that to unburden one’s conscience, and to pour forth one’s follies and one’s sins into the attentive ear of a confessor, does, like tincture of rhubarb to the disordered bowels, administer a balm, a comfort, and a relief, which is at once indescribable, and “devoutly to be wished.” All this, as far as regards the rhubarb, I can perfectly understand, and cordially assent to; as to the confession, I am determined to try its boasted effects, and to quack myself at least for once. If this be a wise resolution, my conduct in the se-

lection of a confessor must, I am sure, strike everybody as being extremely judicious. A confessor should be a discreet and uncommunicating individual; and as secrecy is to be looked upon as his primary and indispensable qualification, I have made choice of the public for my confessor, because I have a well-grounded conviction that *it will go no farther*.

But—avaunt, ye ancient pedagogues, who “prepare young gentlemen for the universities”—ye phlebotomists, with crabbed Greek in your mouths—with crabbed frontispieces to those animated Lexicons and Graduses, your heads—and with crabbed sticks and long birches in your hands—avaunt!—for here you will be shocked with a recreant disciple, who, forgetting all your warnings, and all your instructions, never read a single hour in the day—who cut Chapel, Hall, Lectures, and Gates, day after day, and night after night—who persisted in playing at billiards at Chesterton—in attending Newmarket meetings—in hunting twice a-week—and in en-

couraging, exciting, and patronizing wine parties and mid-night revels, instead of cramming for examinations, writing for prize poems, and reading for honours.

With this warning I conclude my preface, and now begin, as in private duty bound, with

My Initiation.

When I reached Cambridge, my first business was to beat up the quarters of my old school-fellows who had been emancipated from the thralldom of our common pedagogue, Doctor Jones, twelve months before that favour was extended to Pill Garlic. The awkwardness one feels at entering the University is the most unpleasant, and (for the first day) the most invincible sensation that can be imagined; besides, I had heard a great deal of the College sparks, and of the tricks and cheats that were commonly practised upon unsophisticated and unsuspecting Fresh-men; so that I had determined to put myself under the guidance and protection of some of my old friends who were second-year-men, and, consequently, not to be taken in. But at every room in College to which I directed my steps, I found the door *sported*,* and every lodging-house-keeper, of whom I had occasion to inquire, returned me the same answer. "Gone to Newmarket, and will not be back till evening," was the reply to all inquiries. Finding, therefore, that I had no chance of meeting with any one to whom I was personally known before night, I resolved to run all hazards, and resigned myself into the hands of the College Mercury, a sort of *Fresh-man's Vade-mecum*, or *Young Gownsmen's best Companion*; who, having heard of my arrival, had been dogging me at every turn, and seemed determined not to lose sight of me for a moment.

This worthy personage I shall introduce to the reader under the name of Mr Ferret; and, in doing this, I am merely repaying the civility he exercised towards me in making me acquainted with some fifty individuals within the space of an hour—"College Laundress, sir—Sempstress, sir—Grocer, sir—Want a gyp,† wont you, sir?—This here's one of them as belongs to Trinity—very honest young fellow, sir—College hair-cutter, sir, &c. &c.—and so on *ad infinitum*, which, in this case is the Latin for "even down to the shoe black."

This Ferret was, in every sense of the word, the "Fresh-man's Directory;" his business was to point out the college-tradesmen to new-comers;—he attended them to choose their rooms, and performed a variety of other little offices, the trouble of which bore an inverse ratio to the pay he received. He first carried me to a tailor; and here the ceremony of introduction, by the worthy Ferret, first began—"Mr Shears, college-tailor, sir"—"This here's Mr Mabbry o' Trinity."—Mr Shears was a very forward, but smooth-spoken sort of tailor, (as, indeed, they all are, except when they come for money,) who assured me, among other things, that he had turned out coats which had passed for Stultz's own cut; and concluded a very modest, but somewhat protracted, encomium upon his own talents, (which, by the bye, is written, committed to memory, and annually recited to Fresh-men by masters, men and errand boys,) by declaring, that he should be most happy to *wait upon me*. This was the only part of his oration that I gave the slightest credit to; and he did not even speak the truth in this; for he grumbled most unhappily because he had to *wait upon me* some twenty or thirty times, perhaps, for his money. Of Mr Shears, I procured a cap and gown; and having contemplated my new costume in

* *Sported*.—The door being *sported*, simply means that it was *shut*. The rooms in College are like the chambers in the Inns of Court, having an outer-door and an inner one. The outer is called the *sporting door*, and is a very useful barricado against duns. They are used by *reading men* to keep out idle visitors; and by others to prevent the entrance of visitors of a more troublesome nature, before mentioned.

† *Gyp*.—A gyp is a man who brushes clothes, wakes men for chapel, runs of errands, and waits at table. His perquisites are innumerable; but he is a necessary part of every gownsmen's establishment. The word gyp is *classical*, however barbarous it may sound, being derived from γυψ, "a vulture," "a bird of prey;" and no person who has had the misfortune to retain one in his service will think this etymology at all foreed.

the glass, I sallied forth with some awkwardness, but with considerable pride, to search the rooms in the town. The College was already full. In the course of our perambulations, I saw a great many very neat and commodious apartments, which I fancied would suit me extremely well; but Ferret was of a different opinion. He had always some objection against them—the street was either too noisy, or too dull—or the distance from College would be *uncommon inconvenient* for morning chapel—or the landlady was none o' the most 'commodating—or fifty other things, which it was purgatory to listen to, and with the repetition of which I shall not trouble the reader—As Dido said to the Trojans, "Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco"—Suffice it to observe, that although I really felt grateful to Ferret for the very extraordinary trouble he was taking to procure me a comfortable settlement, I became at last so fagged and annoyed with running up and down stairs, that I told my "fidus Achates," that if he did not know of any rooms which he thought *would* suit, I should certainly brave all the noise, and the dullness of the streets—the unaccommodating dispositions of the landladies, together with the inconvenience of the distance, and secure the first rooms that came in my way.

"Why, as to knowing o' rooms, sir," replied Ferret, "I can't say but I do know o' some unaccountable nice 'uns,—only you see, sir, we never thinks it right to interfere—we wishes gen'lmen to choose for themselves like." With this, he quickened his pace, and after leading me through two or three dirty little streets, ushered me into a set of apartments which were of themselves inferior, perhaps, to the worst of those which I had already rejected. As to their situation—a baker's shop was on one side, and a tallow chandler's on the other. However, I took them immediately, and contented myself with setting Ferret down as a barbarian of execrable taste. But I was entirely mistaken; for when I asked what was my landlady's name, Ferret, screeing up his mouth into

something between a simper and a grin, replied, "I'm landlord, sir—this here's my house—find it wery comfortable, I assure you—honourable Mr Rattle lodged here last, sir—it was him as made all them holes in the chimney-piece, and as drew 'em there queer faces on the ceiling—an't they funny, sir?—but they're wery nice rooms for all that, sir, though I says so, as don't ought to say it perhaps—Wish you good day, sir."—Exit Ferret.

I was at once so ashamed and so angry, that I was utterly unable to reply. It was in vain that I endeavoured to convince myself that Ferret really believed these to be the *best* rooms I had seen. They were his own—and Ferret had *taken me in*, in every sense of the word. In spite of all my boasted prudence, and my previous knowledge concerning the college-servants, I had been made a dupe of before I had been in Cambridge two hours.—The fact was too glaring to be denied—I threw my cap and gown upon the floor in disgust, and myself upon the sofa—tried to sleep—a sure remedy for ill-temper—but it would not do;—and trivial as the circumstance may appear, it haunted me perpetually; so that, resuming the academic garb, I determined to take a walk, and amaze myself with contemplating the Cambridge lions.

But here again a new mortification was in store for me. Alas! ye unhappy Fresh-men, how much are ye to be pitied! To say nothing of your first year's examination, with plucking* and the little-go* in perspective; the miseries you endure, and the mistakes you perpetrate during the first two or three days, are matters which a graduate even can scarcely look back upon without a shudder. I had scarcely proceeded a dozen paces, when I observed the eyes of everybody upon me. The gownsmen looked, smiled, and passed on; the snobs† stood still, and grinned; and two lounging, careless fellow-commoners, who were coming towards me, fairly burst out into an open laugh, and exclaimed, in passing, "My God, how fresh!"—This inexplicable and unlooked for

* To be pluckt, is to be found wanting in the examination scales—and the little-go, is a new classical examination lately instituted at Cambridge.

† For the benefit of the unsophisticated reader, a snob is, at Cambridge, *everybody who is not a gownsman*.

behaviour, actually stupified me. I knew not whether to return or proceed, when Ferret put his head over my shoulder, and told me that my gown was *wrong side outwards*. This communication decided my destination. I rushed home, and as I once more contemplated my figure in the glass, the feelings of the bashful man, when he had wiped his face with the ink-stained handkerchief, were calm, collected, and even enviable, if compared with mine. Has the reader ever become so unequivocally fuddled—so happily, and so completely tipsy, as to perpetrate all manner of follies, even to the putting on his coat hind part before, and mistaking the punch-bowl for his hat? If he have not, and if he have seen no one *pergracari* to this extent, (I beg leave to say that I have, and so has ODoherty, I'll be sworn,) he can at least fancy a votary of the jolly god in such a situation, and may thus form some idea of my woful and ridiculous appearance. My cap was put on hind part before, and looked precisely as though I had upon my head a punch-bowl, or some more offensive utensil. My gown was not only wrong side outwards, but I had also stuck my arms in the sleeves—very naturally, as the reader will suppose—and as I thought; but the fact is, that there is a hole at middle of the sleeve, through which the arm should come, the remainder hanging loose from the elbow; and my new mode of wearing the gown had given it very nearly the appearance of a coat put on hind part before. The cause of the risibility of the gownsmen, and of the snobs, was no longer a secret, and I resolved not to appear in the streets again that day. One would have supposed that *enragé* as I was before, this circumstance would have driven me inad; but no—after a few minutes it had quite a contrary effect. They may talk what they will of weighing so long upon a passive spirit, that at length it breaks; and of overloading the heart with grief, till it can contain no more, and then it bursts; for my part, I believe in no such doctrine—once wet through it may rain on as long as it pleases; deprive me of a bottle of wine and a clean shirt a-day, and fortune cannot render my misery one jot the greater, even if she reduce me to a sweeper of crossings, or a shoe-black. And this second mishap, instead of adding to

my uneasiness, entirely removed it. It acted upon me in some such way as a violent debauch would upon a man labouring under a severe bilious attack, which makes him sick, and carries away, at "one fell swoop," both the bile and the ill-effects of the debauch.

The paroxysm over, I laughed as heartily as the best of them, and ordered Ferret to shew up the candidates for my patronage, or, as they more wisely ask, "for my *custom*." There is a wide difference between the two. As our old pedagogue used to say, in descanting upon the peculiar force of some Greek verb, "There is an idea of continuance and continuallity" conveyed in the word *custom*, which is not always observed. At least my worthy grocer did not appear to understand it, for I asked him to explain what he meant by *custom*, and he replied, "buying your groshery at my shop, sir." In hiring a gyp, washerwoman, sempstress, &c. and in promising my custom to tradesmen, I observed one very curious circumstance. Among some fifty candidates, there were only *three* names—they were all Ferrets, Jones's, or Thomsons; and it was not till I had resided at Cambridge some time, that I made the discovery, that among all the tradesmen and college-servants, which may be about five hundred in number, there are not, perhaps, more than *twenty* different names. This is easily to be accounted for. In the infancy of the university, these offices might very easily have been engrossed by *five* or *six* persons, and from that time they have become hereditary. From the names of these five or six persons, some *patronymics* have been formed, and the generations have gone on from age to age with all the regularity and uniformity of the epic poems of Greece or Rome. Like them, too, they have had, as one may say, their *episodes*. Their daughters have married—taken the names of their husbands, as most married women do—and these husbands have divided the *spoil* with their fathers or brothers-in-law—they have been admitted as accomplices, in the acts of fleecing gownsmen—or as they would call it, "of *serving them*."—Thus, then, by the original names, the *patronymics*, and the intermarriages, or episodes, the whole number, which, by a very liberal calculation, I have stated at twenty, may be very easily accounted for, and made up.

Having at length completed my establishment, which I selected according to the greater or lesser marks of roguery upon the countenances of the candidates, I took my dinner in my own rooms, and then began to unpack my books, and to make some show of literature in the Cambridge way. And now that I look back upon that day, I must confess that I continued perfectly consistent, and that it was always my practice to *shelf* my books. The first that I laid my hands upon, were abridgments of the works of Lavater, and of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim. I lamented much that I had not consulted these in my preceding occupations, for I confess that I was then a very great Bumpiologist, and I still think that Nature does sometimes write a very legible hand upon the *phizmahogany* of some people. As to the *bumps*, I know very little about them—though, at the same time, I would stake my existence, that I would pick out Hazlitt's and Leigh Hunt's skull from those of the whole universe.

But, to return to my confession—I made lots of good resolutions—I was never to go to wine parties—I was to read for Honors, I was to read six hours a-day—cut all gay acquaintances—never drink punch, and therefore to refuse all invitations to suppers—I was—what?—I really cannot tell, for the gyp of my old friend Stamford made his appearance with a note from his master.—Stamford had found my card in his door, and was but just returned. The style of this letter was then quite new to me, and I preserved it as a *curiosity*—Silly young man.—Did you ever receive one in a different style while you were at Cambridge? Never—you might as well have taken bad English to a Yankee—a pig-tail to a Chinese—folly and dishonesty to a radical, or a mummy to an Egyptian, and then called them curiosities. I confess it—The epistle of my friend, however, ran thus:—

DEAR MOBAY,

See by your card you're come up—devilish glad of it—must sup with me to-night—no come off—must see you—excuse haste—just returned from Newmarket—tell you all about the *runs* when I see you—had a cold ride homewards, damned woolly—but Sir Oliver was up, so we struck the flax

into the Tits, and they came along in grand style with

Your's truly,

HARRY STAMFORD.

P. S.—Feed at nine.

What was to be done? Violate all my good resolutions as soon as they were made? Impossible.—But then this was a broken day—I was tired, and could read nothing that night—and if I could, to refuse to sup with an old friend whom I had not seen for some months, where I was sure also to meet with many others from whom I had been separated for a much longer time, appeared to me too bad even for a *leading* man, which is saying a great deal. Thus did I cogitate, while the gyp stood scratching his head, and I at length replied that “Mr Stamford might expect me at nine.”—“The practice of my resolutions may be deferred till the morrow,” said I, “and in the meantime I will endeavour to improve them in theory.”

This was a fatal step. First impressions are always lasting, as everybody has observed before me, and as I now observe, because it answers my purpose—not that I believe it. It appears to me, like most common-place sayings, to be utterly false and unphilosophical. As it is with proverbs and classical quotations, (of which old pedants of *seventeen*, are so fond,) so is it with this—by them, you may prove anything; there is nothing so absurd or so vicious, and at the same time nothing so wise or so virtuous, but may be equally supported and maintained by a proverb or a classical quotation. I have heard a robustious perriwig-pated lecturer, from his chair of state, thunder out—“To be sure, gentlemen, as Ovid says, ‘Rara est concordantia fratrum;’ and as the vulgar proverb runs, ‘two of a trade can never agree;’ and I have seen the luckless wights scribble the Professor's words with all the eagerness imaginable in their notebooks. So I have seen them also within half-an-hour take down such words as these, hot from the mouth of the same great authority—Unquestionably, the author is right—Phœdrus, you know, has said, ‘Simile simili gaudet;’ and we have also a correspondent sentiment in our proverb, ‘Birds of a feather flock together.’”—Most people will differ from me in this

sentiment, I dare say, but I shall not think it the worse on that account—I had it from my *experience*. The worst of those men who are sentenced to be hanged at the Old Bailey, are sure to have come of the most *honest* parents; and then you see there's John Cam, a radical—his father never taught him this—he had no such example in his younger days. I know that Timothy Tickler* will say that *soft* substances will receive any impression whatever, that the *runder* are the more lasting, and that *par consequent* my last instance is a bad one; but no matter, let it stand.

Well, then, for my own convenience, I will allow, that “*first* impressions are always *lasting* ;” though, upon a second writing, the sentiment seems rather contradictory in itself.

The fascination of that night's amusement triumphed over the dull and disgusting routine of Cambridge reading, and I became what they call *rather a gay man*, instead of a hard reader. I will not say that, had the latter been somewhat more tempting, I should have embraced it; no, I believe that I was naturally inclined to pleasure, and that the bad taste which is so conspicuous in Cambridge studies, merely contributed to increase that tendency, or, at all events, to remove the qualms of conscience which affected me when I first abandoned my design of reading. It might, however, have happened without this, and I shall not lay my follies upon a bad system, which has already too much to answer for. The pictures of Alma Mater, which are to be seen in the Cambridge Calendars, may, for aught I know, be very good ones; and the milk which is there to be perceived flowing from her breasts, may be very good also; but he must be a sturdy logician indeed, who will convince me that it is at all comparable to the *milk-punch* which we get from the College butler.

However, as Stamford's supper hour

is not yet arrived, I have time to shew that I was not an utter profligate—a naturally ill-disposed renegade, but that I had really some just cause for disliking and abandoning the mode of life which I at first made choice of. Nor can I possibly take any surer means to effect this purpose, than by giving the reader a faithful sketch of the life and pursuits of a reading man at Cambridge.

He comes up to the University, for the most part, in a pepper-and-salt suit, with blue worsted stockings, high shoes, and a York-tan-glove complexion, with few brains, but with industry and a strong constitution. But what does he read?—The literature of his own country? He scarcely knows his own language. The poets and orators of Greece and Rome, culling their beauties in sentiment and style?—No. Does he peruse the histories of Greece and Rome, and perceive the destructive mania of the people for what they miscalled *Liberty*? Does he observe that the *liberty of the subject* was the sole cause of the ruin and destruction of these classical states, and that though they were *republics* when they *fell*, it was by the fostering hands of virtuous *kings* that they were led from barbarism and ignorance, and that it was by the same persons that religion, morality, and the most salutary laws, were established, both in Greece and Rome, but especially in the latter? Does it not occur to him, that though there was a Tarquin at Rome, there was a Codrus* at Athens; and that the patriots of Athens and of Rome, if for one moment compared to the Codrus of the one, and the Numa Pompilius of the other, sink into insignificance and contempt? Does he, I say, “read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest” these volumes, speaking facts, and then thank God that he lives under a monarchical government? Certainly not.—He reads Greek and Latin that he may be able to translate it—to

* Codrus, his history, his virtues, and his patriotism, are forgotten; but the vices of Tarquin are fresh in the recollection of all popular declaimers. They take occasion to shew in their speeches and declamations, (even at Cambridge,) that monarchy was abolished at Rome on account of the vices of the latter; but they will not remember why the same form of government was discontinued at Athens. They forget that the only reason assigned is, that the Athenians thought no one worthy to fill the seat of him who had in so gallant a manner sacrificed his life to ensure his subjects a conquest over their enemies.

bring forward grammatical rules for every turn in the sentence, and to cite parallel passages. This is the only end he has in view. He derives not a single additional idea from the authors he may happen to peruse, nor does he wish to do so. To understand the force of the Greek particles $\mu\epsilon$ and $\tau\epsilon$, &c. so well as to write down how many times, and in what passages of each classic author, they are to be found, is to him one of the splendid acquirements, because it would ensure a high place at the College or University examinations. As to classic history, his sole object is to *get up* pedigrees, and the dates of battles, births, marriages, accidents, and offences. That history is "philosophy teaching by examples," is a fact entirely unknown to him; and he never once perceives how many valuable and useful lessons may be drawn, even by the dullest reader, from these far-famed pages; which, however beautiful they may be, have something yet more interesting and important to recommend them to our notice; for they record the causes of the ruin of the States of Athens and of Rome, and prove to any man with a grain of comprehension, that republicanism was then, as it has since been, and as it ever will continue, the ultimate destruction of every nation which adopts so dangerous a form of government; and that the people, the liberty-loving populace, when the mastery is theirs, have always been found more arbitrary, and more cruelly unjust, than the veriest despots of the East. But he knows nothing of all this: He is continually told, (and he believes it,) that Greece and Rome were the hot-beds of all that was good, beautiful, and praiseworthy in learning, in morals, and in politics;—he is sure to remember that these were *republics*.

There is yet another class of reading men, who never look into a classical book—such are mathematicians, who refuse to believe anything that does not admit of a mathematical proof.* They labour, perhaps, more than the classical humdrums above-

mentioned, and these two divisions of literary Frankenstein-monsters, having pursued the same dull routine for *three* years, become at last wranglers, or first-class-men; and are then turned loose into civilized society, the merest automatons, and the most barbarous savages, that ever wore breeches and stood upon two legs.

There are, no doubt, many honourable exceptions to the above characters; but they are like angels' visits, and the plums in school-boys' puddings,—“few and far between;” and that the generality of them are precisely as I have sketched them, will be denied by few persons who have, like myself, graduated at Cambridge. Now, to be beaten by such men, will not do even at College. The contest, to be sure, is one of *constitution*, and not of *talent*; for the man who can read mathematics for twelve hours a-day, must, though he be ever so great a blockhead, inevitably take a better degree than a man who has twenty times the talent, but whose constitution will not admit of his reading more than *three* hours a-day.

Upon this subject I have much more to say, but I shall reserve it till I come to the confession of my peccadilloes in a Cambridge examination. For the present I shall confine myself to the conclusion of my day of *Initiation*—I might have said, of *Probation*.

The sound of St Mary's bell aroused me from my meditations, and reminded me that the hour of nine was already past. I hastened to Stamford's rooms, and the appearance they exhibited was so singular, that I almost forgot to ask the owner how he was, and to return his salutations. Over the mantle-piece, was the ancient and ever-to-be-remembered picture of an incipient Bachelor of Arts, with the words—“*Post tot naufragia tutus;*” at the foot of it. This was surmounted by a pair of foils, single-sticks, and a fowling-piece; and as we have no occasion for bells in College, two pair of boxing-gloves usurped the place of bell-pulls on either side the fire-place.

* It is related of a late mathematical professor, that being persuaded by a friend to read Milton's *Paradise Lost*, he went home one evening, took off his coat, and read it through. His friend asked him if he did not think it very beautiful—“Beautiful!” exclaimed the Professor; “why, it's all assertion—the fellow does not *prove* anything from beginning to end.”

The card-racks were filled with impositions and chapel retributions.* In the corners of the room were fishing-rods, sticks, and whips of all sorts and of all sizes, from the tandem to the dog-whip. The walls were covered with caricatures and sporting-plates; the floor was strewed with broken cups and torn gowns; a few neglected books, occupied the spacious and dusty shelves, like the people who are left to take care of houses, "the leases of which are to be sold." "Euclid," and "Wood's Algebra," seemed to constitute the whole of Stamford's reading,—“Boxiana” and “Life in London,” of course excepted,—these were upon his sofa. Such a chaos, or dust-hole, if the reader will, are the rooms of a *gay* gownsman.

I was not allowed to contemplate this novel sight without interruption. Stamford observed my astonishment, and clapping me on the shoulders, exclaimed, “What, symptoms of being fresh already, Peregrine? Pr’ythee, exchange your *green* coat for *duffield*, or everybody will perceive that you are but just *up*,† and *down* to nothing. You take no notice of your old friends, nor do you seem inclined to give me an opportunity of introducing you to any new ones.”

This ceremony concluded, we sat down to supper, and at this distance of time, I recollect nothing of it, except that it was extremely good, and very speedily dispatched. The circumstance which made the greatest impression upon me, was the appearance of our festive board upon the removal of the cloth. At one end of the table, two enormous bowls of milk-punch sent forth a delicious odour, which was rivalled by the fumes of two similar bowls of rum and brandy punch that graced the other end; while a vessel of “magnitude immense,” containing bishop, in which nutmegs, cloves, and roasted lemons, were revelling together, occupied the middle of the table; for the purpose, as it seemed, of preventing the above-mentioned beverages of the same *spe-*

cies, but of different *genera*, from going to loggerheads. Biscuits, olives, pipes, and cigars, were also to be seen, not to mention whisky, wine, and other liquors, in case any one preferred them to punch. I am happy to say, there was no such Goth present.

To describe the jovial and noisy revelry of that night, would be impossible. The reader may easily conceive that it was not altogether orthodox, and yet I must confess, that I thought it the happiest of my life; nay—I still look back upon it with pleasure, and with my mouth watering. Everybody was agreeable—all (bating the songs) was harmony—all good fellowship, and amusement. Each man had his jokes, his songs, and his puns, and if the dæmon of Discord had joined the party in *propria persona*, I verily believe, that his influence would have been lost—his pestilential breath uncontaminating, and himself the only unpleasant person in the company.

The only rules and regulations which I thought at all likely to create disturbance, (but which, by the by, there was no occasion to enforce—everybody understood and conformed to them,) were those of making each person sing in his turn, “whether he could or not;” and of insisting upon every one putting his glass into his pocket before he replenished it. The latter institute, they informed me, was for the purpose of preventing any gentleman shirking, or filling upon heeltaps. This certainly appeared to me very like compelling a man either to get drunk or to spoil his coat; and the law is not altogether consistent (as some have asserted) with the term “*Liberty Hall*,” which is usually applied to a gownsman’s room. But I cannot by any means agree with these persons. The word *Liberty* is properly understood by very few indeed. Men have taken it into their heads that it means “doing just as you like,” and therefore, that it is the best and most desirable thing in the world. Now, I should like to empty my wash-hand-basin upon the heads of such

* Impositions are punishments for irregularities, and are sent upon a slip of paper, worded thus—“A — or B — to learn 100 lines of Homer, beginning at line 24th of 21st Book.” And if a man should not go to chapel the stated number of times in any one week, he receives a similar slip of paper, desiring him to make up the deficiency in the ensuing week, “By order of the Senior,” or “Junior Dean.”

† Coming to the University, is called *coming up*, and leaving it, *going down*. The silly and contemptible slang of *being down*, is too well known to be explained here.

persons, and tell them that *I liked it*, and that they ought not to grumble, because "*Liberty*" is "*doing as one likes*." The fact is, that this definition is merely an individual, a selfish one, and inadmissible, because it will not apply to the community at large. Liberty is, properly speaking, the indulgence of one's inclination, so far as it is unannoying and unprejudicial to one's neighbour. There can be no objection to a man's burning his own house, provided that it stands upon his own property, and at a proper distance from the goods and chattels of other persons; but I should think it extremely unpleasant, if the flames were to spread to mine, and if my sum total of earthly possessions were to be sacrificed to his Nero-like penchant for bonfires. Moreover, I should as soon think of passing the *taxes* when the collector called, as I should of passing my glass at a drinking-bout. It is unreasonable to refuse contributing your share towards defraying the expences of the government of the country, in which you have the privilege of residing; and it is, (as I, a sturdy stickler, think,) equally foolish to refuse to quaff your share of the liquor. If you do not like these things, go and live with Yankees, and never join a bacchanalian revel. I can tell you, gentle reader, that if I be king, or president, (I don't mean an American, but a drinking censor,) you shall pay your taxes, and drink your wine; or, I'll put you in prison in the one case, and give you salt and water in the other. I would do this out of respect to the interests of the community. Do you suppose that the rest of your countrymen are to pay your taxes, or that the remainder of your companions are to drink your liquor?—But I must return to the party, or I shall be fined a bumper; notwithstanding this digression has been solely for edification of the reader, in his civil and political opinions.

I have very little more to confess respecting the events of that memorable evening. The reader will doubtless already have anticipated that I was in some degree indebted to the good offices of my friends for reaching my domicile in safety. The only excuse that I can offer for this offence is, that I was a brute;* and it is the invariable custom at College to make such persons *drink* themselves into the acquaintance of senior and junior sophs.*

About three o'clock in the morning we separated. Stamford and his gyp let us carefully down into the street by means of two blankets, which, for aught I know, formed as good a staircase as ever carpenter made in this world. This was not absolutely necessary—we might have made our exit by the gate, in the usual way; but a tender solicitude for the character of our host induced us to risk spoiling our own *gait*, instead of using that of the College. The reputation of having parties to so late an hour is not altogether the way to keep on good terms with the "*higher powers*" (vulgo, *Dons*;) nor is it over advisable, because, if one should happen to get into any *serious* scrape, previous good character, and regularity, would have as much influence with the Vice-Chancellor at Cambridge, as it would with a jury at the Old Bailey.

To conclude, however, for the present—we reached our respective rooms in safety, nor do I recollect that any particular mischief was committed by the way. One man, indeed, upon whom the punch had made more impression than the rest, took down the sign of the "*Blue Boar*," and hung it over the gate of St John's; † and, as we passed down Jesus' Lane, another committed a depredation upon a board, with "*men traps set here*" upon it, and fastened the same to the dwelling of two maiden ladies.

* Brute—I do not mean because I was drunk, as the worthy Mr Colman has said, "*a drunkard fellow is a brute's next neighbour*;" but because, in the eyes of college men, I was so esteemed whether drunk or sober. A gowmsman is called a *brute*, till he is matriculated;—from that time, till the end of his first year, he is a *Fresh-man*—then a junior soph—and, finally, a senior soph. Soph is said to be derived from σοφος, a wise man, and so is lucas, à non lucendo, together with *parca à non parcendo*.—Vide Ainsworth, Lempriere, &c. ad verb.

† The men of St John's College are thirty-six, called "*Johnian Hogs*." The cause of this appellation has never been satisfactorily explained.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

CHAP. V.

A LITTLE longer, yet a little longer et us tarry in this secluded burial-ground. The Sun's golden rim touches not yet the line of that bright horizon. Not yet have the small birds betaken themselves to their leafy homes, nor the bees to their hives, nor the wild rabbits to their burrows on the heath. Not yet, sailing like a soft fleecy cloud through the grey depths of twilight, hath the light-shunning owl ventured abroad on her wide winnowing vans, nor is the bat come forth, cleaving the dewy air with his excentric circles. Tarry a little longer, even till the moon, that pale, dull, silvery orb, shines out unclipped by the glories of her effulgent brother. Then will her tender light, glancing in between those ancient oaks, sleep sweetly on the green graves, and partially illumine that south-east angle of the Church Tower, and those two long narrow windows. And then will our walk homeward be delightful—far more so than even in the warm glow of sunset. For then, every bank and hedge-row will be glittering with dew in the pale silvery light, and every fern leaf will be a diamond spray, and every blade of grass a crystal spear; and sparks of living fire will tremble on them, and glance out with their emerald rays from between the broad leaves of the colts-foot and the arum. And then the wild honeysuckles, (our hedgerows are full of them,) will exhale such sweets as I would not exchange for all the odours of the gardens of Damascus; or if we go home by the heath track, the wild thyme, and the widows-wail, will enrich the air with their aromatic fragrance. On such a night as this will be, I never unreluctantly re-enter the formal dwellings of man, or resign myself to oblivious slumbers. Methinks, how exquisite it would be, to revel like a creature of the elements the long night through in the broad flood of moonshine! To pass from space to space with the fleetness of thought, "putting a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," or to skim silently along, on the stealthy moonbeams, to lonely places, where wells of water gush up in secret, where the wild deer come fearlessly to drink,

where the halcyon rears her young, and the water lily floats like a fairy ship, unseen by human eye—and so, admitted to nature's sanctuary, blending as it were in essence with its pervading soul of rapturous repose—to be abstracted for a while from dull realities, the thoughts and cares of earth, that clog the unextinguishable spirit with their dense vapours, and intercept its higher aspirations—what living soul, conscious of its divine origin, and of its immortal destination, but must at times feel weary of this probationary state, impatient of the conditions of its human nature, and of bondage in its earthly tabernacle! What living soul that has proved the vanity of all sublunary things, but has at times aspired with the royal Psalmist, "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest!"

Hark!—there's a stir near us—a stir of footsteps, and of human voices. It proceeds from within the Church, and see, the porch doors are ajar, and also that low-arched door-way opening into the belfry. Those steps are ascending its dark narrow stair, and then—hark again! from within, a low dull creaking sound, and then—one long, deep startling toll—another, ere the echoes of the first have died away over the distant woods. That sound is the summons of the grave. Some neighbouring peasant is borne to-night to his long home, and see, as we turn this angle of the church, there beside that broad old maple, is a fresh-opened grave. The dark cavity is covered in by two boards laid loosely over, but it will not be long untenanted. Let us look abroad for the approaching funeral, for by the tolling of the bell, it must be already within sight. It comes not up that shady lane—no, nor by the broad heath road, from the further hamlet—nor from the direction of the Grange Farm—but there—ah!—there it is, and close at hand, emerging from that little shrubby hollow, through which the road dips to the near village of Downe. Is it not a beautiful thing to gaze on, in this lovely secluded spot, by the light of that yellow sunset, the mellow hue of which falls with such a rich yet tempered brightness on the

white draperies of those foremost in the procession ?

It is a maiden's funeral, that, probably, of some young person ; for see, the pall is borne by six girls, each shrouded like a nun in her long white flowing hood, and in lieu of the black pall, a white sheet is flung over the coffin. The lower classes are very tenacious of those distinctive observances, and many a young creature I have known, whose delight it seemed, during the last stages of some lingering malady, to arrange everything for her own burial. The fashion of her shroud, and the flowers they should strew over her in the coffin—the friends who should follow her to the grave, and the six of her young companions to be selected for her pall-bearers. Almost the very poorest contrive, on such occasions, what they call “a creditable burying”—even to the coarse refreshments distributed amongst the funeral guests. Poor souls !—long and sorely do they pinch for it, in their own few comforts, and in their scanty meals—but the self-inflicted privation is unrepiningly endured, and who would take upon him, if it were possible, to restrain that holy and natural impulse, to honour the memory of the dead ? See !—the train lengthens into sight as it winds up the ascent from that wild dingle. The bearers and their insensible burthen are already near, and there follow the female mourners foremost. Ah ! I know now for whom that bell tolls—for whom that grave is prepared—whose remains are there borne along to their last resting-place. Close behind the coffin comes a solitary mourner—solitary in her grief, and yet she bears in her arms a helpless innocent, whose loss is even more deplorable than hers. That poor old woman is the widowed mother of Rachel Maythorne, whose corpse she is following to the grave, and that unconscious baby who stretches out its little hands with laughing glee towards the white drapery of the coffin, is the desolate orphan of her only child—Alas ! of its unwedded mother.—A dark and foul offence lies at his door, who seduced that simple creature from the paths of innocence ! A few words will tell her story, but let us stop till the funeral-train has passed on into the church, from which the minister now advances to meet it.—That poor childless mother ! with

what rapid strides have age and infirmities overtaken her, since we saw her this time twelvemonth, holding open that very gate for the farmer's prosperous family, and following them into church with contented humility, accompanied by her duteous Rachel. Then, she was still a comely matron, looking cheerful in her poverty, and strong to labour. Now, how bent down with age and feebleness does that poor frame appear ! The burthen of the little infant is one she can ill sustain, but to whom would she resign the precious charge ? She has contrived a black frock for the little creature—probably from her own old gown—her widow's gown, for she herself has on no mourning garment, only an old rusty black willow bonnet, with a little crape about it of still browner hue, and a large black cotton shawl, with which she has covered over, as nearly as possible, that dark linen gown. She holds up no handkerchief to her eyes, with the idle parade of ceremonial woe, but her face is bent down over the baby's bosom, and drops are glistening there, and on its soft cheek, that never fell from those young joyous eyes.

A few neighbours follow her—a few poor women two and two, who have all contrived to make some show of decent mourning, and those three or four labouring men, who walk last, have each a crape hat-band, that has served for many funerals. They are all gone by now—the dead and the living. For the last time on earth, the departed mortal has entered the House of God. While that part of the burial-service appointed to be read there is proceeding, a few words will tell her story.

Rachel Maythorne was the only child of her mother, and she was a widow, left early to struggle with extreme poverty, and with the burthen of a sickly infant, afflicted with epileptic fits, almost from its birth. The neighbours, many of them, said, “it would be a mercy, if so be God Almighty were pleased to take away the poor baby ; she would never thrive, or live to be a woman, and was a terrible hindrance to the industrious mother.” But *she* thought not so, neither would she have exchanged her puny wailing infant, for the healthiest and the loveliest in the land—she thought it the loveliest, ay, and the most intelligent

too, though everybody else saw well enough that it was more backward in every thing, than almost any child of the same age. But it did weather out the precarious season of infancy, and it did live to be a woman, and even to enjoy a moderate share of health, though the fits were never wholly subdued, and they undoubtedly had weakened and impaired, though not destroyed her intellect. Most people at first sight would have called Rachel a very plain girl, and she was, in truth, far from pretty, slight and thin in her person, and from the feebleness of her frame, stooping almost like a woman in years. Her complexion, which might have been fair and delicate, had she been a lady, and luxuriously reared up, was naturally pallid, and, exposure to sun and wind in her outdoor labours, had thickened it to a dark and muddy hue; but there was a meek and tender expression in her mild hazel eyes, and in her dimpled smile, and in the tone of her low quiet voice, even in the slight hesitation which impeded her utterance, that never failed to excite interest, when once they had attracted observation. The mother and daughter lived a life of contented poverty—the former, strong and healthful, found frequent employment as a char-woman, or in going out to wash, or in field-labour. The latter, brought up almost delicately, though the child of indigence, and still occasionally subject to distressing fits, was principally occupied at home, in the care of their cow, the management of the little dairy, in the cultivation of their small patch of garden, (and small though it was, Rachel had her flower-knot in a sunny corner,) and in knitting and coarse needle-work. In summer, however, she shared her mother's task in the hay-field, in mushroom-picking, and in the pleasant labour of the gleaners; and how sweet was the frugal meal of that contented pair, when the burthen of the day was over, and they sat just within the open door of their little cottage, over which a luxuriant jessamine had wreathed itself into a natural porch!

If Nature had been niggardly in storing the simple head of poor Rachel, she had been but too prodigal of feeling, to a heart which overflowed with the milk of human kindness, whose capacity of loving seemed bound-

less, embracing within its scope every created thing that breathed the breath of life. We hear fine ladies and sentimental misses making a prodigious fuss about sensibility, and barbarity, and "the poor beetle that we tread upon;" but I do firmly believe simple Rachel, without even thinking of her feelings, much less saying a word about them, would have gone many steps out of her way, rather than set her foot upon a worm. It was a sore trouble to her, her annual misery, when Daisey's calf, that she had petted so fondly, was consigned to the butcher's cart, and while the poor mother lowed disconsolately about in quest of her lost little one, there was no peace for Rachel. Every moan went to her heart. But her love, and pity, and kindness of nature were not all expended (as are some folks' sensibilities,) on birds, and beasts, and black beetles. Her poor services were at the command of all who needed them, and Rachel was in truth a welcome and a useful guest in every neighbour's cottage. She was called in to assist at the wash-tub, to take a turn at the butter-churn, to nurse the baby while the mother was more actively occupied, or to mind the house while the goodwoman stepped over to the shop, or to watch the sick, while others of the family were necessitated to be about the daily labour that gained their daily bread; she could even spell out a chapter of the Bible, when the sick person desired to hear its comfortable words. True, she was not always very happy in her selections. "It was all good;" so she generally began reading first where the book fell open, no matter if at the numbering of the twelve tribes, or at "The Song of Solomon," or the story of "Bel and the Dragon."—"It was all good," said Rachel; so she read on boldly through thick and thin, and fine work, to be sure, she made of some of the terrible hard names. But the simple soul *was right*—It *was* "all good." The intention was perfect, and the spirit in which those inapplicable portions of Scripture were almost unintelligibly read, found favour doubtless with Him who claims the service of the heart, and cares little for the outward form of sacrifice.

A child might have practised on the simplicity of Rachel Maythorne, and when April-fool-day came round, on many a bootless errand was she sent,

and many a marvellous belief was palmed upon her by the village urchins, who yet in the midst of their merry mischief, would have proved sturdy champions in her cause, had real insult or injury been offered to the kind creature, from whom all their tormenting ingenuity could never provoke a more angry exclamation, than the short pathetic words, "Oh dear!" One would have thought none but a child could have had the heart to abuse even in jest the credulous innocence of that unoffending creature. But the human "heart *is* desperately wicked;" and one there was, so callous and corrupt, and absorbed in its own selfishness, as to convert into "an occasion of falling," the very circumstances which should have been a wall of defence about poor Rachel.

It chanced that, towards the end of last year's harvest, the widow Maythorne was confined to her cottage by a sprained ankle, so that for the first time in her life, Rachel went out to the light labour of gleaner, unaccompanied by her tender parent. Through the remainder of the harvest season, she followed Farmer Buckwheat's reapers, and no gleaner returned at evening so heavily laden as the widow's daughter. For the farmer himself favoured the industry of simple Rachel, and no reaper looked sharply towards her, though she followed him so close, as to glean a chance handful, even from the sheaf he was binding together. And she followed in the wake of the loaded waggons, from whose toppling treasures, as they rustled through the deep narrow lanes, the high hedges on either side took tribute, and though *her* sheaf acquired bulk more considerably than ever from the golden hangings of the road side, no one rebuked the widow's daughter, or repelled her outstretched hand; and *one* there was, who gave more than passive encouragement to her humble encroachments. And when the last wagon turned into the spacious rick-yard, and the gleaners retired slowly from the gate, to retrace their way homeward through the same lanes, where a few golden ears might yet be added to their goodly sheaves, then Rachel also turned towards her home, but not in company with her fellow gleaners. For the young farmer led her by a nearer and a pleasanter way, through the Grange homestead, and

the orchard, and the hazel copse, that opened just on the little common where stood her mother's cottage, the first of the scattered hamlet. But though the way was certainly shorter, and there were no stiles to clamber over, and the young farmer helped Rachel with her load, by the time they reached the little common, lights were twinkling in all its skirting cottages, and the returned gleaners were gathered round their frugal supper-boards, and the Widow Maythorne was standing in her jasmine porch, looking out for her long absent Rachel, and wondering that she lingered so late, till the sight of her heavy burthen, as she emerged from the dark copse, accounted for her lagging footsteps and tardy return. Her companion never walked with her farther than the copse, and he exacted a promise — — — Alas! and it was given and kept, though the poor thing comprehended not why she might not make her dear mother partaker of her happy hopes; but it was *his* wish, so she promised all he exacted, and too faithfully kept silence. So time passed on. The bright broad harvest moon dwindled away to a pale crescent, and retired into the starry depths of heaven, and then, again emerging from her unseen paths, she hung out her golden lamp, to light the hunter's month. Then came the dark days and clouded nights of November, and the candle was lit early in the widow's cottage, and the mother and daughter resumed their winter tasks of the spinning wheel and the knitting needles. And the widow's heart was cheery, for the meal-chest was full, and the potatoe-patch had yielded abundantly, and there stood a goodly peat-stack by the door; and, through the blessing of Providence on their careful industry, they should be fed and warmed all the long winter months: so there was gladness in the widow's heart. But Rachel drooped; at first unobserved by the fond parent, for the girl was ever gentle and quiet, and withal not given to much talking, or to noisy merriment; but then she would sit and sing to herself like a bird, over her work, and she was ever ready with a smiling look and a cheerful answer, when her mother spoke to or asked a question of her. Now she was silent, but unquiet, and would start as if from sleep when spoken to, and fifty times in an hour lay by her

work hastily, and walk to the door, or the window, or the little cupboard, as if for some special purpose, which yet seemed ever to slip away unaccomplished from her bewildered mind; and sometimes she would wander away from her home for an hour or more together, and from those lonely rambles she was sure to return with looks of deeper dejection, and eyes still heavy with the traces of recent tears. The mother's observation once aroused, her tender anxiety soon fathomed the cruel secret. Alas! unhappy mother—thou hadst this only treasure—this one poor lamb—who drank of thy cup, and lay in thy bosom, and was to thee a loving and a dutiful child; and the spoiler came, and broke down thy little fence of earthly comfort, and laid waste the peaceful fold of nature's sweetest charities.

The rustic libertine, whose ruthless sport, the amusement of a vacant hour, had been the seduction of poor Rachel, soon wearied of his easy conquest, and cast her "like a loathsome weed away." He found it not at first an easy task to convince her of his own baseness, and intended desertion of her; but when at last he roughly insisted on the discontinuance of her importunate claims, and the simple mind of his poor victim once fully comprehended his inhuman will, she would have obeyed it in unupbraiding silence; but, alas! her injuries were not to be concealed, and it was the hard task of the afflicted mother to appeal for such miserable compensation as the parish could enforce, to support her unhappy child in the hour of trial, and to assist in maintaining the fatherless little one. Three months ago it was born into this hard, bleak world, and though the child of shame, and poverty, and abandonment, never was the heir of a mighty dukedom more fondly welcomed, more doatingly gazed on, more tenderly nursed, than that poor baby: and it was a lovely infant. How many a rich and childless pair would have yielded up even to the half of all their substance, to be the parents of such a goodly creature! All the sorrows of the forsaken mother, all her rejected affections, all her intense capabilities of loving, became so absorbed and concentrated in her maternal feelings, that when she looked upon her child, and hugged it to her bosom, and drank in

at her eyes the sweetness of its innocent smiles, it would have been difficult, perhaps, to have kept alive in her poor simple mind a repentant sorrow for her past fault, as associated with the existence of that guiltless creature. No one judged hardly of poor Rachel, though many a muttered curse, "not loud, but deep," was imprecated on her heartless seducer. *She* was still a welcome guest in every cottage—she who had ever been so ready with all her little services to every soul who needed them, was now welcome to sit with her infant in the low nursing-chair beside their humble hearths, or to lay it in the same cradle with their own little ones, while she busied herself at her task of needlework. It was a great comfort to the anxious mother to know, that, while she was absent from her cottage, her daughter had many a friend, and many a home, to which she might resort when her own was lonely, or when the peculiar symptoms, with which she was familiar, warned her of an approaching fit. On such occasions, (and she had generally sufficient notice,) experience had taught her, that by flinging herself flat down on her face, either on the bed or floor, the attack was greatly mitigated in violence, and sometimes wholly averted; and it had been hitherto an especial mercy, that the afflictive malady had never made its terrific approaches in the night season. Therefore it was, that the Widow Maythorne now and then ventured to sleep from home, when engaged in one of her various occupations, nurse-tending. So engaged, she left her cottage one evening of last week, and, not expecting to return to it before the afternoon of the ensuing day, she made it her provident request to a neighbour, that, if Rachel did not look in on her early in the morning, she would step across and see how it fared with her and her baby. Morning came, and the good woman was stirring early, and soon every cottage lattice was flung open, and every door unclosed, and the blue smoke curled up from every chimney but that of the Widow Maythorne's dwelling. There, door and window continued fast, and the little muslin curtain was undrawn from within the chamber-window. So the friendly neighbour, mindful of her promise, stepped across to the silent cottage,

and it was not without an apprehensive feeling, that she lifted up the latch of the garden-wicket, before which stood the old cow, waiting to be disburthened of her milky treasure, and lowing out, at intervals, her uneasy impatience at the unusual tardiness of her kind mistress. Fast was the door, and fast the chamber-window, and that of the little kitchen, and cold was the hearth within, and all was still as death, and no noise answered to the repeated knocks and calls of the friendly neighbour. She tried the chamber casement, but it was fastened within, and the little curtain drawn before it precluded all view of the interior. But, while the dame stood close to it, with her face glued to the glass, her ear caught an indistinct sound, and in a moment she distinguished the feeble wail of the little infant, but no mother's voice was heard tenderly hushing that plaintive murmur.

Quickly the good dame summoned the assistance of a few neighbours—the cottage door was forced open, and they passed on through the cold empty kitchen into the little bed-chamber.

There stood the poor uncurtained bed whereon the widow and her daughter had slept side by side so lovingly, for so many quiet and innocent years, and where of late the new-born babe had nestled in his mother's bosom. It was still clinging there—alas!—to a lifeless breast. The living infant was already chilled by the stiffening coldness of the dead mother, who had been, to all appearance, for many hours a corpse. The immediate cause of her death was also too probably surmised. She had evidently expired in a fit, and, from the cramped posture in which she was discovered, it was also evident her first impulse had been to turn herself round upon her face, so to baffle the approaching crisis. But even at that fearful moment, maternal love had prevailed over the powerful instinct of self-preservation—she had turned half round, but stayed herself there, painfully supported in a cramped posture by the elbow of her right arm, while the left still clasped the baby to her bosom, and had stiffened so in its last tender office.

A.

TWILIGHT.

IN mantle of crimson, the Father of day
 Descends in the uttermost west,
 To lend other regions his cherishing ray,
 And foster the lands he loves best ;
 The peak of the mountain is red, but its breast
 Is darken'd with shadows, and dim to the view ;
 While throned on her chariot, and beaming afar,
 Comes onward in silence the night-loving star,
 To sprinkle the landscape with dew.

'Tis pleasant to wander on evening so sweet,
 When earth wears the ensigns of peace,
 The heart throbs enamour'd, and triumphs to greet
 From the tumults of sorrow release :
 The cares that o'ershadow'd and threaten'd us cease,
 To leave an elysium behind ;
 And dreams of enchantment, unruffled, and smooth,
 That smiled in the fanciful visions of youth,
 Revive in the eye of the mind.

Come, days of felicity, come ye, and bring
 Your fairy-built domes to my view ;
 Since Joy has a season, and Life has a spring,
 With flowers bathed in honey and dew,
 It must have a winter of barrenness too
 To shadow these dreams of delight ;
 Repine not ; the sun which has sunk in the main,
 To-morrow illumines the landscape again,
 And scatters the darkness of night.

A

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

WE have just read the last North American Review, which contains a most pungent paper, in reply to the article in the Quarterly on Faux's Days in America. Our readers will recollect, that we had expressed our opinion pretty distinctly on the nature and tendency of that review.—It was too heavy, and too much in earnest, for a mere *jeu-d'esprit*, though it did contain some clever writing, and some good hits; and if it were meant as a serious picture of America, we objected, that the authority of a self-conceited, ignorant, under-bred provincial clown, who evidently knew nothing of good manners anywhere, and never could have been as far as the vestibule of decent society, was not the authority to be relied on for its truth or accuracy; and even if he were, that the extracts made, and the inferences drawn, were more conspicuous for garbling and ill-nature, than fairness and impartiality.

So far we agree with the American critic, who takes it for granted, that it proceeded from the pen of Mr Gifford. What his authority for so saying may be, we, who are nearer the spot, and, as he will readily concede, more likely to be in such secrets, cannot determine; but indeed the question is of little consequence from whose pen it may have proceeded. Whoever the author is, if he really should entertain malevolent feelings against America, he must be abundantly gratified by the effect it has produced. *Expertis crede*, Mr American Reviewer, nothing can give a writer of severe articles more solid satisfaction than to find that his hits have told; and your horrible clamour under the infiction proves that this *facer* of old Gifford's has done its business in no common degree. Let us calmly inquire whether such a thing ought to have had any such effect. Let us dispassionately examine whether any article in the Quarterly Review, or elsewhere, of the kind complained of, should produce such magnanimous denunciations of national fury as threats of retaliatory exposure of our sins, negligences, and offences, or angry hints that a repetition of Quarterly Reviewings of American manners will "turn into bitterness the last drop of good

will toward England that exists in the United States."

As we mean to treat the question on a broad basis, we shall excuse ourselves from going through the particular review which has called forth this heat; we know the *spirit* which has given offence, and to it shall we look. The Americans complain that our travellers misrepresent them, by describing or exaggerating the scenes of low life which they witness in their progress—that our journals, of all shapes and sizes, make ridiculous or angry comments on these and similar details—that we pay not sufficient respect to their literature—and that from several among us their legislature, government, and administration of justice, do not meet the veneration with which these things, as a sort of matter of faith, are regarded on the other side of the Atlantic. We have, we believe, summed up everything, which has hitherto been made subject of American complaint, in this enumeration. Let us take them *seriatim*.

It is made, then, matter of mortal offence, that tourists, who go to visit America, complain of bad roads, promiscuous inns, intruding companions, bundling three in a bed, being bitten by mosquitoes;—of smoky log-huts, swamps in certain places, and other such disagreeables. Others are annoyed by uncivil servants, vapouring associates, insolence to Great Britain, and extravagant laudations of the honour, liberty, and glory of the Union. Some of a higher mood complain of the existence of slavery in several States, and its accompanying evils—of the practice of such associations as regulators—of the want of decorum in courts of justice—or of the jobbery of government, real or imputed. Why should the Americans wonder at these complaints? In thinly-peopled countries like theirs, roads will occasionally be bad, and inns indifferent. In States governed as theirs, men will be found who will think impertinence is freedom, and reviling other countries doing their own country honour. In climates like theirs, there will be mosquitoes, and yellow fevers, and swamps, in spite of the most wise provisions to the contrary. Is, then,

the mouth of a traveller going among them to be gagged? Must he see everything white or golden, without tint of darker colour, or alloy of baser metal? With respect to the pictures of grossness of habits or conversation, we should suppose no one but a habitual inmate of grog-shops imagines that these pictures, be they caricatures or real portraits of the steam-boat, or mail-coach, or country tavern manners, are intended to represent the manners of American ladies and gentlemen. Far from it, indeed. But must a man, who, as a traveller, *must* of necessity mix in their circles, who *must* dine at an ordinary with the casual company there collected, and voyage or drive about with those who make up the stray frequenters of public vehicles, hold his tongue on what is passing about him? Is not this sort of life worth description? We should wonder if a democratical writer wished us to display only the Corinthian capital to view.

Let us recommend the Americans, who feel sore on this subject, to read all tours by all writers through countries foreign to them. Is there any concealment of the sorry fare, the garlicked dishes, the filthy rooms, the absence of bed, the swarming of vermin, the importance of the landlord, in descriptions given by travellers of all nations of a Spanish *venta* or *posada*? Do we sink in silence the awkward *diligence* of the French; the obstinate postmaster of the Germans; the various abominations of travelling in Italy? Are our tourists more complimentary to the dominions of the autocrat Alexander, than to those of the democrat Jonathan? Or, to turn the picture, do foreign tourists pay us any uncalled-for compliments in their accounts of England? But, not to talk of foreigners, we beg the testy Americans to read our accounts of ourselves. If any inconvenience—no matter how petty—were to happen to any of us on our own roads, and that we were tour-writing, we can assure our Trans-atlantic neighbours it would not be kept a secret. Nor are we very courteous in laughing at the vulgarities, fooleries, impertinencies, and provincialisms of the good people of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Our popular plays and novels, to say nothing of our newspapers, teem with jokes against Englishmen as coarse as the

coarsest here complained of. And when we speak of the derision heaped on *provincialism*, it is evident that we take that word in a very broad meaning indeed; for we doubt if any of the provinces has been so much the object of quizzing for its peculiarities as the shire of Cockaigne itself,—the very dominions within sound of Bow-bell.

Suppose an American coming into England with the intention of writing his personal adventures, would we have any right to complain that he described our faults as he found them? We might question the good sense or good taste which dictated such an intention; but, it being once formed, and its propriety admitted, we should be fools indeed if we were angry at his informing us, that some particular lines of road were bad—that at some inns he drank sloe-juice and logwood water for port—that his coach broke down through the negligence of a driver—that he took a bad half-crown, or a forged five-pound note—that he occasionally met a saucy coachman, or disagreeable companion—that the conversation of the Glasgow mail was not classic—that he sometimes heard people talking slang, or fell in with an ultra Tory, who would see no blot, or a Whig, who could see nothing bright, in England. Would we be angry, we repeat, at this? In good truth we should not; for, to our own particular knowledge, every one of these adventures might happen, and, in all probability, do happen, every day. We should be inclined to laugh, however, if this valuable information were passed off as a picture of England. More may be said in favour of the describer of personal adventures in America, than of one who would do the same for this or any long civilized and organized country. *Here*, the peculiarities that render such things piquant being almost entirely out of the line of the upper ranks of society, they are much more the objects of domestic than of foreign inquiry; *there*, where society is not so established, it becomes an object of curiosity, innocent if not laudable, to examine how its different branches work upon one another in all classes. A foreigner here is not known as a foreigner, except we suppose to Mr Peel; if he pays his bills, he makes his way through the country as easily and with as little observation as one of ourselves. In America he is distin-

guished in a moment; and there exists a desire to show off before him, which makes some difference. We own, however, that we should wish to see a *gentleman* travelling through the United States, mixing with *gentlemen*—entering into *their* views and *their* manners—and thereby affording us a book in which the usual company of “guessers,” and “calculators,” and “slick-right-away” people should not make their appearance at all. Such fellows as Faux, of course, are here out of the question.

Perhaps we have said too much about tourists; but it is, we know, a subject which has been made of great importance in America. Before we leave it entirely we must urge, that we are *κατ' ἐξοχην*, a nation of travellers; no other people whatever being so decidedly addicted to it as ourselves. At home, we have brought the art of moving about from one corner of our island to the other to a high degree of excellence; and if we wish to display the difference of foreign manners, we *must* do it by disparagement in many instances. To the man who has been all his life bowling away on the Bristol or Liverpool road, it is information, that there are such things as the paths across the Alleghany. To him who can get his five shillings laid out at a tavern in any way he pleases, it is a piece of novelty to be informed, that in parts of America, customs—no matter whether they be worse or better—exist, which render it imperative on him to dine with landlords whom he knows not, and at hours which he does not prefer, or to sleep in a fashion which is to him quite disagreeable. Sydney Smith, who is now almost dotting, but yet continues to drivel away in the Edinburgh Review, accuses us of sulkiness for entertaining such wishes. It may be so; but there is still a liberty in being allowed to be sulky if we like, and certainly no reason in the world for concealing the fact, that we cannot have our own way—wise or foolish—in America, as we have at home.

If we turn from travellers to critics on American literature, we shall find that Americans have, in this particular, no just reason to quarrel with us *as a nation*. We say most truly, that America has not hitherto produced great writers. Is not this a fact? It would better become those who lose

their temper about it to endeavour to amend it. In this Magazine, more than five years ago, a young American gentleman, an honour to his native land, gave very fair reasons for the deficiency of Americans in this respect. After going minutely through the whole question of education in the States, he came to conclusions, which we shall copy—“*First*, That classical learning is there generally undervalued, and of course neglected. *Secondly*, That knowledge of any kind is regarded only as a requisite preparation for the intended vocation in life, and not cultivated as a source of enjoyment, or a means of refining the character; and *thirdly*, That the demand for active talent is so great, and the reward so tempting, as invariably to draw it away from retired study, and the cultivation of letters. It is not, therefore, to be expected, that she will very soon produce any critical classical scholars, or great poets, or superior dramatic writers, or fine works of fiction; in a word, any extraordinary productions of learning or taste.” —[*Blackwood's Magazine*, March, 1819, Vol. IV. p. 649.] These are good reasons for the inferiority of American literature; besides, there is no need of a native supply, while they are sure of being fully furnished by us from abroad. But even if writers were as plenty as blackberries, he must be Utopian indeed who would expect them to get quarter from our critics on any ground of birth, foreign or domestic. We do not spare our own. In the number of the American Review preceding this which is calling forth our remarks, there was a very good and sound paper on Wordsworth, in which the reviewer speaks with due contempt of the base manner in which that great man was treated by Jeffrey and his crew. And does he then expect that Tim Dwight, and M'Fingal Turnbull, and such worthies, are to be lauded? It is too absurd. Let him look at our own literary quarrels, and he will find that we are much more bitter on one another than on any strangers, and that nationality has nothing to do with what Dr Southey, before he turned reviewer himself, called the “ungentle trade” of reviewing. Let America put forth a great writer, and he will find us ready to bow down before his power, or to melt in his tenderness.

Strictures on the slave-trade, as carried on in the States, form another kind of our abuse of America. This, the Americans should consider, is not so much a national as a sectarian question. Her own bosom comprehends whole sects as ready to denounce her as anybody among us. The slave question, we are aware, is a ticklish one, and not to be attacked by the ignorant hands of sciolists, or the reckless hands of fanatics—but they who clamoured against the slave-trade *here*, must have learned to clamour against it *there* also; and we must add, that the juxtaposition of eternal bawling about the inalienable rights of man with the whole system of negro slavery, particularly in some of its practical branches, is, to say the least of it, open to a smile, if not to some more serious animadversions. True it is, that much misrepresentation exists as to the treatment of slaves in the United States, and we leave to their infinite contempt, the Edinburgh reviewers and their disinterested indignation on such a subject. People, even though the Atlantic rolls between, are not ignorant of the honest Whig notion which lies at the bottom of such philanthropy; but let them not imagine that the question, such as it is, is one between the two *nations*.

There remain to be considered our calumnies on the judges, judicatures, legislatures, &c. of America. It cannot be denied that there are very queer political parties, and very queer judicial people, in the back settlements of America; and it is not to be expected that it should be otherwise. Strange judges also exist in almost every part of the country. Must not they be mentioned? Do we exercise the same forbearance with respect to our own justices of the peace? And should the Americans think their character as a nation is more compromised by such pictures, than the English character was when the Justices Greedy, and Guttle, and Shallow, were the standing patterns of administrators of law over England? As long as economy is the order of the day in the States, so long they may depend upon it that they will every now and then present a public functionary as much to be laughed at as can well be conceived, but they ought to be philosophers enough to bear the inconvenience for the sake of the convenience.

Their mode of government is the

last thing to be considered. For this, though they are continually squabbling about it among themselves, they demand from us implicit reverence. We must say that it is an unreasonable demand. We can see defects in their constitution as clearly as they can see defects in ours! and we beg leave to remind them that they are not very squeamish in pointing out the mote in our eyes. If, as the North American reviewer tells the Quarterly, there are presses out of the reach of the Bridge-street Association; we, in return, may inform him, that presses as uncomplaisant exist out of reach of the tarring and feathering of New York. But we have no fancy for recrimination. A sound philosopher would come to the conclusion, that a monarch is best fitted for a rich and densely peopled country, and a republic for a thin and infant nation. We do not see the necessity of quarrelling about such things at all, *and yet it is at the bottom of all the anger on both sides*. This is the whole truth. If the Americans do not understand this, we shall explain it better by a sentence from the last Edinburgh Review—

“There is a set,” says the honest reviewer, “of miserable persons in England, who are dreadfully afraid of America, and everything American—whose great delight is to see that country ridiculed and vilified, and who appear to imagine that all the abuses which exist in this country acquire additional vigour and charm of duration from every book of travels which pours forth its venom and falsehood on the United States.” No. 80, p. 427.

Lest we should be in any doubt as to who those miserable people are, he calls them “Government runners” towards the end of his article; but, indeed, we did not want this key, when we know what this scribe and his brethren are in the habit of calling abuses, and see a little farther down a panegyric on Mr Joseph Hume. In the North American Review, No. 43, p. 424, an article from the first number of the Westminster is quoted, in which also government people are severely censured for a dislike of America—and in that so quoted article, a studied, and, as the American reviewer would admit, a false comparison between England and the States is drawn very much to the disparagement of the former.

Now it is these people who put any

writers among us on the *qui vive* to find out holes in the coat of America. A party, or two parties exist among us—they are one in baseness, though two in proposed plans of operation for doing mischief—who are determined to overthrow the constitution established among us, *per fas et nefas*, and one of the engines which they consider as most conducive to the furtherance of their design is the constitution of the United States. They have laid it down as a principle, that every accident, even to a hurricane off the coast, or a bad harvest, is attributable to a want of due preponderance of the democratical part of the state. What they ultimately wish we know, and what galls them more, *they* know we know it—but the pretext is purely a reform. From these we hear nothing but eternal praise of the institutions of America, mixed with all kinds of insulting slanders on our own. In general, they do not give themselves the trouble of inquiring about the truth of the facts which they so confidently allege; and Cobbett has in one or two instances successfully shewn the utter ignorance of old Bentham, one of their great authorities, on some of the main points by which he supported his most important conclusions. This being the case, can the Americans wonder, that we, who have our constitution at heart, should make inquiries whether these praises, *brought up in offence of us*, are well founded or not? and having satisfied ourselves that many things in this so lauded constitution are not good *per se*, much less applicable to our state of society and civilization; is it to be expected that we are to permit our adversaries uncontradicted to lord it over us in argument, for fear that telling the truth should injure the sensitive ears of people who lay it down as one of the chief prerogatives of freemen, to speak as we think? This is the real reason why any allusion whatever is at any time made to the mode of government in America—and if that allusion be at all angry, it is beyond question the anger of self-defence. If their institutions were not invidiously cried up as a pattern for us, we should let them alone; but as they very unceremoniously treat what we consider entitled to veneration, honour, and respect, they should not be angry at finding us disposed to question whe-

ther their establishments conduce to the absolute felicity of the human race, any more than our own.

So far have we run over the principal topics of American complaints, and shewn, we trust satisfactorily, that among no *class* of British subjects does there exist any intention of insulting them, or hurting their feelings. We of course cannot say that there is no *individual* so actuated—nor do we think it worth our while to expostulate with any American who would require so absurd an unanimity in favour of a foreign country. Travellers used to better things, will complain of bad travelling accommodation; and the hectoring assumption of independence, which too many underbred Americans think it their duty and their privilege to assume, will offend such as are not accustomed to it. Our saints will be indignant at their slave trade—and so will their own quakers. Some of us will not like the dominion of King Mob, and many among us fail to discover all the social and political blessings which we are told such a dominion bestows. Few, very few of us, wish for a similar government here; but that, we submit, ought not to make them angry; for, after all, we are of the elder house. We fancy that they have got no literature, but would be very happy to be convinced of the contrary. This, we believe, is the true state of the case, as far as affects us. Let us take the test of experiment. Has ever an American who has come among us, experienced any incivility? Have we ever refused to respect a man of honour, or patronize a man of genius, from that country?—Never.

They should not be so thin-skinned, for it is a bad feature. Let them laugh at jest, and despise malignity. Many of the things which offend them are *true*—it would be better to correct them, than to quarrel with those who expose them. The Scotch of fifty years ago were sadly galled by Doctor Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides. Why? Because he told what was too like the truth to be agreeable. If any person wrote a similar tour at present—Dr J. of course would not, for the facts exist no longer—would anybody in Scotland be angry? Not one. The tourist would be scraped gently, or torn to pieces amusingly, in Blackwood's Magazine, with the accusom-

ed civility of that eminent periodical, and there would be an end of it. You would hear no nonsense about "embittered feelings." The English are the most tolerant of nations in this respect. We remember when we were in Paris, shortly after Waterloo, that the caricature shops were filled with derisive pictures of the allies, which the proprietors had not time to remove before the occupation of the city. The Prussians and Austrians were indignant—threatened to sabre the shopkeepers—swore all manner of German oaths—and compelled the trembling Frenchmen to take them down. On the contrary, though the caricatures against us were much more pointed, the shops were filled with English buying them, and laughing over them, until their fat sides shook again. Which party acted with more magnanimity—or, if that word be too big for such an occasion, with more good sense and good humour? Jonathan never could have stood it. We have him here prancing mad at Gifford—he was wincing under Matthews. Yet the Scotch are able to keep their temper at the representation of Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant; English company crowd to see the polite Frenchmen perform *Les Anglais pour rire*; and the Irish can laugh obstreperously at Dennis Bulgruddery, or Murtoch Delany. Will the Americans shew less sense than even the Irish?

With regard to the threatened re-
crimination against us, we must own that we hold such things very cheap. Somebody in America has done this already, and by a diligent raking up of our Old Bailey reports, Newgate Calendars—rather delicate ground, we should think, for touching on in our old plantations—newspaper paragraphs, and other such sources, contrived to display a very copious mass of wickedness existing in England. The North American reviewer treads in his footsteps. He makes a pointed allusion to a case which is not so much a disgrace to the country where the wickedness occurred, or the order to which the wretched culprit belonged, as to human nature. Alas! this is but poor work for gentlemen and scholars to be employed upon. In every society, and in all ages, until there be a regeneration of the race of mankind, there will never be wanting materials enough, and more than enough, to supply the

jealous or malignant with food for his unhappy disposition to revel in, and to fill the man of honour or philanthropy with shame and sorrow. We are not exempt. The eager hunting out of crime, and the impartiality with which culprits of all ranks are dragged before justice, render the amount of crime in England apparently much greater, than in countries where the police is more relaxed, or the chances of evasion more numerous. The unexampled publicity, too, which we give every case—a publicity unknown in any other country—even America, where, though the newspapers are numerous, they are not so well organized with reporters as ours, to say nothing of the intense nationality which frequently stimulates them to suppress what they consider disgraceful to the country—gives a facility, impossible elsewhere, to the collector of such facts. We wish such a person joy of his honourable and useful vocation. The real disgrace to a country would be, if such things, when committed, were not duly punished; it would be more to the honour of New-Orleans, for instance, if a murderer were hanged there every week, although neighbouring people might taunt them with the fact, that fifty men were hanged for murder in a year, than that, while the murders were committing, a New-Orleans-man might be able to boast that no person had been hanged in their State for such a crime, and appeal to the paucity of executions as a test of the purity of his city.

We do not dread comparison, even in this respect, with any country. Lands thinly peopled and poor, will exhibit less crime, no doubt, because there is less temptation; but that is evidently not a fair standard. Some of our neighbours make matter of jest and impunity what we regard with loathing, but that does not alter the quantity of crime among them. A fair way of looking at this part of the subject would be to take two cities of about the same grade in America and in England, say New-York and Edinburgh—New-Orleans and Norwich, &c., and test them together. We must object to putting London in contrast with an American wild, or a settlement of Quakers or Harmonites. When there is no property to steal, theft, fraud, and robbery, will be unknown.

Where paper money does not exist, or is worth nothing, you will never hear of forgery. In villages, where almost all classes blend into one family, you will not find the evils which accompany a vast population of females, rendered irresponsible from the various causes of irresponsibility which exist in overgrown cities. A comparison instituted in such a spirit might be even philosophical, as tending to shew the different effects of dense or rare population; in any other, would be absurd in conception, and filthy in execution.

Our American reviewer talks of comparison between the members of the respective governments. This is sheer nonsense. In a court where wealth and splendour abound, the vices attendant on wealth and splendour will exist; in a government depending on popular support, the vices of demagogism (let us take a Trans-Atlantic privilege of coining a word) will be found. The rake, the sycophant, the roué, the parasite, are the nuisances of the one; the bully, the swaggerer, the brawling drunkard, the professed duellist, of the other. Let him fish up specimens of the former from us, and we engage to find him plenty of the latter from his own land. If, however, by government he means ministers, we must demur as to his being able to substantiate any personal charges against our great statesmen for a long period—say since America obtained a substantive existence. Fox is the only exception which occurs to our memory; and with all his faults, personal and political—with all his failings and vices, Tories as we are, we can readily imagine him to have been, what Burke called him, “a man to be loved.” We should be sorry if among us the idol of the whole nation were such a man as the *hero* of the south, General Jackson, and yet we have scarcely met an American who did not seem proud of the achievements of this man; the very greatest of which is one of the commonest and cheapest pieces of generalship, or rather partizanship, displayed in every war by some dozen officers on all sides. Such as it is, however, it appears sufficient to cast every imperfection into the shade, and to dignify a blustering bully with the title of a hero. As to our being compelled to bestow the names of Grace and Majesty on people who are neither graceful nor majestic, we must wonder that the American reviewer is so absurd as to make

such a remark. He very properly, in a former number, has laughed at that dull dog Hodgson, for complaining that companies of negro slaves were called by the degrading title of *gay*, justly remarking, that “tyrant custom capriciously invests technical terms with the trappings of authority and use.” When we addressed Queen Caroline, for instance, by the name of “Majesty,” we had no more notion of giving her the attributes attached to that word, when used untechnically, than the editor of the North American Review has of acknowledging the lordship of him whom he calls “Sir,” the dominion of him whom he calls “Master,” or “Mister,” or the honour of any rogue who may, by official situation in America, be entitled to the addition of “Honourable.”

We are happy to perceive the spirit of one part of his article, though we do not at all agree with him in the way in which he applies it. We mean that part in which he so eagerly rebuts the charge of irreligion thrown out by the Quarterly Review. We are happy, we repeat, to find so vivid an indignation excited by this grave, and, as we know, unjust charge. America, at the heart, we are sure, is a religious country. The exceptions are more glaring than numerous. Jefferson tended more than any other man to make us Europeans imagine that irreligion was the order of the day in the states of which he, an avowed enemy to religion, was the chief. The Quarterly Reviewer was writing against his knowledge when he brought the charges.—Is the American reviewer writing according to his knowledge where he retorts it on us? Does he believe that Bishop Watson’s living away from his see, or the Bishop of Derry’s sojourn in Italy, are really arguments against an established church, or that we cannot argue in its favour, and that learnedly and eloquently, (see Burke,) in spite of these delinquencies? We must also most positively rebut the charge of England’s being the fountain of infidelity. Infidelity, as all versed in the learning of the middle ages know, sprung up in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, and numbers among its votaries some of the highest of her dignitaries. That deistical writers, who dared not appear under despotic governments, except in mask, wrote under the free domination of England, is quite true, but

it is hardly a fair objection, considering the quarter it has come from. The French philosophers, by their jests and jeers, have done more to spread dislike of religion than all the arguers on the same side in England. The names of Toland, Tindal, Bolingbroke, Collins, and others, are summed up in catalogue against us by the American. Does he then really believe that any of these men had any great influence at any time? or does he pretend to be ignorant of the fact that they are forgotten now? None of them was unanswered. Collins, in particular, suffered under the crushing hand of Bentley, in the most overwhelming reply ever given to any unfortunate sciolist.

But we have Hume and Gibbon, classics, which cannot be rejected from our libraries,—and they are deistical. We beg leave to say that the great works of these men, the works that have made them classical, are not *directly* subject to that charge. It requires an immensity of special pleading to extract anything like deism from Hume's History of England, and had we not known the character and opinions of the man it never would have been suspected. That Gibbon, particularly in his famous fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, was anxious to throw a slur upon Christianity, we have no doubt, but he has managed it so as not to be offensive. Watson has sufficiently answered him, and we do not fear the slightest contamination of any mind from the perusal of the Decline and Fall. We take its learning, its research, its talent, without fearing that anybody can be unsettled in his faith, by the arguments which he adduces to prove that Christianity was indebted to human means for its success. Indeed, as no one but a fanatic or a fool could by possibility imagine that human means had *no* share in propagating the Christian revelation, and establishing the Christian church, we cannot for the lives of us see, that an argument, or an inquiry as to *how far* these means operated towards performing that good work, is totally inadmissible; and Gibbon's deism as far as it appears in his celebrated work goes no farther. The other works of Gibbon and Hume are not classics. They are scarcely read. Hume's metaphysics are pored over by professed metaphysicians, by some called clever,

by some paradoxical, by others accused of being mere pilferings from authors who he hoped were buried in obscurity—by none believed. Professor Leslie, it is true, panegyricizes them. *Valeat quantum.* His praise will not make them more valuable in the eyes of the North American reviewer, who brings a direct charge of infidelity against the whole body of Edinburgh philosophers, and Edinburgh reviewers. It is well for him that he does not publish under the fostering care of our Whig Jury Court. To conclude, we can safely vaunt that ours is the most religious literature in the world. If there be tares in it, sown by the enemy, there is a superabundant product of sound crop. We have not to rely on the splendid paradox of Warburton only. We wonder that the reviewer forgot Bull and Pearson, Horsely and Magee, not to mention fifty others that crowd into our memory, but whom it is useless to recapitulate. We, however, had rather ground the praise which we arrogate, on the existence of Milton, Addison, Johnson, Cowper, and other *lay-men* among the very *magnates* of our literature, than even on the surpassingly splendid display of professed theologians.

We have written at great length; but it was because we wished to face the question fairly. America, we repeat, may rest satisfied that the English nation entertains neither hatred nor jealousy on her account. If, however, perverse statesmen, or demagogues, continue to be bringing her institutions, not as models for our imitation—for they well know the state of society in the two countries is so very different, that we *cannot* imitate in the points principally recommended to our attention—but as things for us to bow down before, acknowledging our inferiority, and our utter despicableness, in the scale of good government, we must continue to question the exact fitness of things under these so praised institutions. If *dis-agrémens* will continue to exist on the roads and in the taverns of America, those who must travel on the roads, and have no opportunity of seeing other society than that which taverns afford, will, of course, continue to write accounts of them. Splenetic reviewers will make angry articles—droll mimics will draw caricature characters, laugh-

ing writers will compose gibes and quizzes, and that on all the nations of the earth, our own included. Is America to be an exception? If she thinks so, she claims a more tribune-like sanctity of character than she is likely to find universally recognized. She should be above this folly.

Before we conclude, let us add, that she lays herself sadly open in many particulars. We laugh at the French calling themselves the "Grande nation"—at some Scotch blockheads dignifying Edinburgh with the name of the Modern Athens, and its very mob, with that of a nation of gentlemen—but what must be the extent of the cachinnation to which that people are exposed, who vote themselves, in a grave council of their national representatives, to be the most admirable nation in the world? How can we feel when we hear the exploits of five or six sea-captains, who in favourable situations captured a frigate a-piece, (we rather think we are exaggerating the maritime trophies of America,) equalled to those of Nelson? Or when the deeds of some captain of bush-fighters, who did not run away from an inferior force, or who in a strong position repelled a rash attack, is put above Buonaparte or Wellington? When we are told gravely, on the strength of these renowned actions, that the American nation is dreaded in Europe, where they are not heard of, and acknowledged to be as great in the arts of war as of peace? Nay, in this very North American Review, there is a most amusing display of the same kind, when the war of 1812, (Mr Madison's war,) is gravely compared to the Persian war of Xerxes against Greece, and the nation is assured in consequence, that it is "quoted, feared, and courted abroad."!!! (Vol. XVIII. p. 401.) Can flesh and blood stand this without laughing? Poor blundering Sir George Prevost, with his four or five skeleton regiments, and his handful of raw militia, compared to Xerxes, in barbaric grandeur, at the head of five millions of invaders! and the European quotation, fear, and flirtation, induced by the celebrated battles of—God knows where—for, without affectation, we cannot remember a single action in the field, nor, if we heard the name of one, could we tell which party claimed the victory!

May not our *angry* feelings, too, if we thought it worth while to exercise them, be called forth by the regular tirades of vulgar and lying abuse poured out against us, on the fourth of July, all through the States? What would the Americans, who roar under such flea-bites as articles in the Quarterly Review, say, if any statesman of the rank among us of John Quincy Adams, were to make and print such a speech as he has done—or if John Wilson Croker—a Quarterly Reviewer, by the by—our Secretary to the Admiralty, were to sit down in Kensington Palace to write a sham journey through the States, full of libel and falsehood, as *their* Secretary of the Admiralty, Paulding, has done? As Croker's fabrication, in all human probability, would be rather cleverer and sharper than Paulding's absurd bundle of ignorance and stupidity, we doubt not but that they would be almost ready, on that our provocation, to proclaim war.

As for ourselves of this Magazine, loving our country, its government, its great men, its very soil, with the intensity of love, we have every respect for America, and have always shewn it. We are not blind to her defects and weaknesses, but we remember her origin, and we know that she contains a vast number of mer, virtuous, good, and wise. We shall not, however, address her in the language of undue flattery, nor, as some among her sons think we ought to do, in the accents of envy or fear. We feel neither; and, but that our article is already too long, we should tell her why. Perhaps we may resume the subject where we are now breaking off, and hereafter discuss the Future Views and Policy of England and the United States of America, as they mutually bear on one another. We have never seen it yet done satisfactorily on either side of the Atlantic.

Meanwhile we recommend Jonathan to keep his temper—laugh at, or answer, hostile reviewers, as he pleases; but let us have no threats of embittered feelings, of angry recriminations, or deadly war, for such things. If we *are* to fight, in Heaven's name, let it not be for pen-dribble. Wars are seldom very wise, but that would indeed be the consummation of nonsense.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—Oct. 13.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st, ... 32s. 0d.	1st, ... 32s. 0d.	1st, ... 20s. 0d.	1st, ... 21s. 0d.
2d, ... 29s. 0d.	2d, ... 30s. 0d.	2d, ... 18s. 0d.	2d, ... 18s. 0d.
3d, ... 23s. 0d.	3d, ... 26s. 0d.	3d, ... 15s. 0d.	3d, ... 16s. 0d.

Average £1, 9s. 3d. 9-12ths.

Tuesday, Oct. 12.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.
Mutton	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 10d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 4d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	18s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	1s. 0d. to 2s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 2d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	5s. 6d. to 6s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—Oct. 8.

OLD.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 28s. 6d.	1st, ... 28s. 0d.	1st, ... 21s. 0d.	1st, ... 21s. 0d.	1st, ... 21s. 0d.
2d, ... 26s. 0d.	2d, ... 26s. 0d.	2d, ... 19s. 0d.	2d, ... 19s. 0d.	2d, ... 19s. 0d.
3d, ... 23s. 0d.	3d, ... 24s. 0d.	3d, ... 17s. 0d.	3d, ... 17s. 0d.	3d, ... 17s. 0d.

NEW.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 29s. 0d.	1st, ... 27s. 0d.	1st, ... 19s. 0d.	1st, ... —s. 0d.	1st, ... —s. 0d.
2d, ... 25s. 0d.	2d, ... 24s. 0d.	2d, ... 17s. 0d.	2d, ... —s. 0d.	2d, ... —s. 0d.
3d, ... 21s. 0d.	3d, ... 21s. 0d.	3d, ... 15s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.

Average £1, 6s. 7d. 3-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 2d October.

Wheat, 56s. 5d.—Barley, 33s. 1d.—Oats, 20s. 8d.—Rye, 30s. 10d.—Beans, 37s. 10d.—Pease, 37s. 6d.

London, Corn Exchange, Oct. 4.

Wheat, red, old	44 to 62	Maple,	— to —
Fine ditto	52 to 60	White pease	56 to 38
Superfine ditto	58 to 60	Ditto, boilers	44 to 46
Ditto	— to —	Small Beans, new	42 to 46
White, old	48 to 68	Ditto, old	— to —
Fine ditto	50 to 60	Tick ditto, new	56 to 39
Superfine ditto	62 to 66	Ditto, old	— to —
Ditto	— to —	Feed oats	16 to 18
Rye	50 to 35	Fine ditto	19 to 21
Barley	34 to 36	Poland ditto	18 to 19
Fine ditto	38 to 42	Fine ditto	21 to 24
Superfine ditto	44 to 48	Potato ditto	20 to 22
Malt	60 to 64	Fine ditto	23 to 25
Fine	68 to 70	Scotch	26 to 28
Hog Pease	32 to 34	Flour, per sack	50 to 55
Maple	36 to 38	Ditto, seconds	45 to 50

Seeds, &c.

Must. White,	7 to 11	Hempseed	— to —
— Brown, new	12 to 17	Linseed, crush.	38 to 48
Tares, per bsh.	3 to 8	— Ditto, Feed	47 to 51
Sanfoin, per qr.	42 to 46	Rye Grass,	22 to 35
Turnips, bsh.	6 to 10	Ribgrass,	40 to 60
— Red & green	— to —	Clover, red cwt.	49 to 97
— Yellow,	0 to 0	— White	57 to 86
Caraway, cwt.	31 to 0	Coriander	7 to 0
Canary, per qr.	58 to 64	Trefoil	4 to 22

Rape Seed, per last, £21 to £25.

Liverpool, Oct. 12.

Wheat, per 70 lb.	7 4 to 9	Amer. p. 196 lb.	—
Eng.	0 to —	0 Sweet, U.S.	21 0 to 23 0
Old	— 0 to —	0 Do. in bond	0 to — 0
Scotch	7 4 to 9	0 Sour bond	18 0 to 20 0
Irish	6 0 to 7	0 Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—
Bonded	4 0 to 5	0 English	28 0 to 30 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	0 Scotch	27 0 to 30 0
Eng.	5 3 to 5	0 Irish	25 0 to 28 0
Scotch	4 6 to 4	9 Bran, p. 24 lb.	0 9 to 11
Irish	4 0 to 4		
Foreign	4 3 to 3		
Oats, per 45 lb.	—		
Eng.	2 10 to 3	2 Butter, p. cwt. s. d.	—
Irish	2 9 to 2	11 Newry	0 87 0 to 88 0
Scotch	2 10 to 3	2 Waterford	0 84 0 to 85 0
For. in bond	1 6 to 2	0 Cork, pic. 2d.	85 0 to 85 0
Do. dut. fr.	2 10 to 3	1 3d dry	76 0 to — 0
Rye, per qr.	35 0 to 38	0 Beef, p. tierce.	—
Malt per b.	9 0 to 9	6 — Mess	65 0 to 68 0
— Middling	8 6 to 9	0 — p. barrel	42 0 to 46 0
Beans, per q.	—	0 Pork, p. bl.	—
English	40 0 to 45	0 — Mess	78 0 to 80 0
Irish	56 0 to 43	6 — Middl.	75 0 to 75 0
Rapeseed, p. l.	nominal.	0 Bacon, p. cwt.	—
Pease, grey	32 0 to 36	0 Short mids.	— 0 to — 0
— White	42 0 to 48	6 Sides	— 0 to — 0
Flour, English,	—	0 Hams, dry,	— 0 to — 0
p. 240 lb. fine	45 0 to 50	0 Green	— 0 to — 0
Irish, 24s	44 0 to 46	0 Lard, rd. p. c.	— 0 to — 0

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d September 1824.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	235½	—	—	—
3 per cent. reduced,	94½	—	—	—
3 per cent. consols,	93¾ ¾ ½	94¼ ½ 3¾	93¾ ¾ 4	95 4¾ 5
3½ per cent. consols,	—	—	—	—
4 per cent. consols,	101½	—	—	—
New 4 per cent. consols,	106 5¾	106¼ ¾ ½	106½	106¾ ½ ¼
India stock,	—	—	286¾	—
— bonds,	—	86	—	85 84
Exchequer bills,	41	—	44	45 46
Exchequer bills, sm.	—	—	43	—
Consols for acc.	93¾ 4 3½	94¾ ½ ½	94½	95½ ¼ ½
Long Annuities,	23½ 3-16	—	—	—
French 5 per cents.	101f. 5c.	—	—	—

Course of Exchange, Oct. 8.—Amsterdam, 12 : 3. C. F. Ditto at sight, 12 : 0. Rotterdam, 12 : 4. Antwerp, 12 : 4. Hamburg, 37 : 2. Altona, 37 : 3. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 30. Bourdeaux, 25 : 60. Frankfort on the Maine, 153½. Petersburg, per rble. 9 : 0. Us. Berlin, 7 : 10. Vienna, 10 : 4. Eff. flo. Trieste, 10 : 4. Eff. flo. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35½. Bilboa, 35½. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, [44]½. Venice, 27 : 0. Malta, 0 : 0. Naples, 38½. Palermo, per oz. 115. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 50½. Rio Janeiro, 47. Bahia, 49. Dublin, 9½. per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. per oz. New Doubloons, £0 : 10 : 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 10½d. Silver in bars, stand. 5s. 0d½.

PRICES CURRENT, Oct. 4.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	55	to 58	54	57	51	53	53	56
Mid. good, and fine mid.	60	70	58	61	56	70	57	65
Fine and very fine, . .	70	76	—	—	—	70	66	70
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	106	115	—	—	66	—	—	—
Powder ditto,	—	—	—	—	—	—	80	84
Single ditto,	90	104	87	96	—	—	79	81
Small Lumps,	82	85	82	84	—	—	75	80
Large ditto,	80	84	78	80	—	—	81	98
Crushed Lumps,	53	58	—	—	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	26	27	25	—	24	27 6	24	—
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	44	50	—	—	38	49	50	66
Ord. good, and fine ord.	55	70	52	68	51	65	58	67
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70	80	70	88	70	88	98	102
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	55	50	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	—	58	75	54	63	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	—	—	70	90	60	62
St Domingo,	122	126	—	—	57	58	60	62
Pimento (in Bond,)	9	10	7½	8	7	7½	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 0	—	1s 9d	1s 10	1s 11d	2s 0d	1s 7d	1s 10
Brandy,	3 0	3 6	—	—	—	—	2 4	3 8
Geneva,	2 0	2 3	—	—	—	—	1 4	1 9
Grain Whisky,	4 6	4 9	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	40	55	—	—	—	—	£25	£50
Portugal Red, pipe,	32	44	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spanish White, butt,	51	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe,	27	29	—	—	—	—	22	28
Madeira,	40	0	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton,	£10	0	7 0	7 5	£7	0	£7	16
Honduras,	—	—	—	—	7	5 0 0	7	7 15
Campeachy,	8	—	—	—	7	15	8	10
FUSTIC, Jamaica,	7	8	—	—	8	0 0	6 0	7 10
Cuba,	9	11	—	—	9	10 5	9	10 0
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	10s	11s 6	—	—	10s	0 11s 0	8s 6	12s 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 4	2 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid,)	2 2	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, . . .	1 0	1 6	1 1	1 4	0 11	1 2	0 10	1 0
St Domingo, ditto,	1 6	3 6	1 6	3 0	1 7	2 10	1 9	2 0
TAR, American, brl.	19	20	18	—	15 0	16 0	11 0	—
Archangel,	17 0	17 6	—	—	—	—	17 0	—
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	11 0	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	36 6	—	36	37	36 6	—	34 0	35 6
Home melted,	36	37	—	—	—	—	29 0	—
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	41	42	—	—	—	—	£41 0	£42 0
Petersburgh, Clean,	37	38	38	—	39	40	36 0	36 10
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	56	—	—	—	—	—	£52 0	£53
Dutch,	50	75	—	—	—	—	45	55
Irish,	33	50	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel,	—	100	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	17	21	—	—	—	—	14	15
ASHES, Peters. Pearl,	40	—	—	—	—	—	36	—
Montreal, ditto,	38 6	—	40	41	38 6	39	39	—
Pot,	34	—	36	—	34 6	—	39	—
OIL, Whale, tun,	23	24	23	25 10	—	—	22	—
Cod,	—	—	—	—	—	—	20	20 10
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	7	7½	7½	7½	0 5½	0 8	0 7½	—
Middling,	5½	6½	5½	6½	0 3½	0 5	4	0 5
Inferior,	4	5	4	4½	0 2	0 2½	0	2 0 3
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 7½	0 9½	0 8	0 9½	7	0 8½
Sea Island, fine,	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 3	1 5	1	0 1 8
Good,	—	—	1 2	1 5	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Middling,	—	—	1 1	1 1½	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	0 10	1 0	0 10½	1 0½	0 10	0 11½
West India,	—	—	0 9	1 0	0 7½	10	0 9	0 10½
Pernambuco,	—	—	0 10½	0 11½	0 11½	1 0	0 11	1 0
Maranham,	—	—	0 10½	0 11	0 10½	0 11½	0 10	0 11½

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach- Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach- Ther.	Wind.
Sept. 1	M.51	29.702	M.63	SW.	16	M.48	29.894	M.61	SW.
	A. 64	.730	A. 63			A. 60	.899	A. 60	
2	M.57	.755	M.70	SW.	17	M.49	.965	M.62	SW.
	A. 71	.725	A. 72			A. 59	.982	A. 63	
3	M.57	.745	M.70	Cble.	18	M.50	.775	M.63	S.
	A. 65	.728	A. 68			A. 60	.714	A. 61	
4	M.51	.512	M.66	SW.	19	M.47	.749	M.59	SW.
	A. 69	.426	A. 63			A. 53	.835	A. 59	
5	M.45	.272	M.62	SW.	20	M.40	.632	M.49	SW.
	A. 55	.204	A. 60			A. 44	.691	A. 52	
6	M.45	.126	M.57	Cble.	21	M.45	.725	M.54	E.
	A. 51	.150	A. 55			A. 50	.904	A. 55	
7	M.18	28.999	M.60	SW.	22	M.49	30.116	M.56	E.
	A. 54	29.271	A. 59			A. 55	.194	A. 57	
8	M.46	.515	M.55	Cble.	23	M.46	29.975	M.56	NE.
	A. 50	.464	A. 52			A. 53	.999	A. 55	
9	M.41	.503	M.51	Cble.	24	M.45	.922	M.54	E.
	A. 47	.419	A. 53			A. 50	.976	A. 54	
10	M.39	.484	M.55	E.	25	M.55	.684	M.55	Cble.
	A. 57	.414	A. 59			A. 54	.684	A. 52	
11	M.48	.352	M.61	Cble.	26	M.32	.760	M.50	NE.
	A. 59	.175	A. 60			A. 43	.440	A. 43	
12	M.47	.206	M.60	Cble.	27	M.30	.272	M.44	NE.
	A. 57	.475	A. 59			A. 40	.279	A. 43	
13	M.47	.556	M.59	SW.	28	M.28	.458	M.42	NE.
	A. 55	.620	A. 60			A. 54	.535	A. 44	
14	M.47	.280	M.63	SW.	29	M.29	.475	M.42	E.
	A. 63	.645	A. 59			A. 59	.315	A. 45	
15	M.47	.628	M.61	SW.	30	M.33	.192	M.49	S.
	A. 59	.750	A. 60			A. 51	28.999	A. 52	

Average of Rain, 1.666 Inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of August, and 20th of September, 1824; extracted from the London Gazette.

Anderson, A. Lloyd's coffee-house, master mariner.
 Barlow, R. Claremont-place, New Road, bill-broker.
 Bartlett, A. and R. Bristol, ship-builders.
 Carter, J. Downing-street, victualler.
 Cato, W. W. Little, and W. Irving, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, drapers.
 Duncombe, J. jun. Little Queen-street, bookseller.
 Ellison, J. Keighley, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner.
 Foster, J. Abchurch-lane, merchant.
 Grist, J. Midhurst, Sussex, bricklayer.
 Harvey, H. S. Oxford-street, hosier.
 Hatfield, W. and J. Morton, Sheffield, cutlers.
 Hazard, D. Hackney, merchant.
 Helm, G. Worcester, linen-draper.
 Hewett, J. Mithern, butcher.
 Hirst, G. Manchester, clothier.
 Hopkins, G. and J. St Philip and Jacob, Gloucestershire, timber-merchants.
 Humble, S. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, stationer.
 Hyde, N. Nassau-street, Soho, jeweller.
 Isley, J. Wyfold, Court-farm, Henley-upon-Thames, farmer.
 Jackson, E. Uley, Gloucestershire, clothier.
 Jackson, J. Gerrard-street, Soho, picture-dealer.
 Johnson, R. Burslem, earthen-ware manufacturer.
 Jarvis, W. G. Penton-place, Newington Butts, coal-merchant.
 Jones, R. Westbury Leigh, Wilts, clothier.
 Jones, W. Ratcliffe Highway, grocer.
 Lees, J. Matbank, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
 Lewis, T. C. and C. Bevan, High Holborn, linen-draper.
 Liddard, W. Charlotte-row, Bermondsey, coal-merchant.
 Lond, T. Dover, corn-dealer.
 McCormick, J. Jubilee-place, Commercial-road, victualler.

Manley, D. Southampton-row, Russel-square, wine-merchant.
 Mardall, W. Water-lane, Tower-street, brandy-merchant.
 Marsh, W. and Co. Berner's-street, bankers.
 Mayell, W. Exeter, jeweller.
 Morris, J. jun. Stingo-lane, St Mary-le-Bonne, stage-master.
 Nicholls, R. Ruthen, Denbighshire, druggist.
 Parker, W. Oxford-street, ironmonger.
 Peck, J. Andover, linen-draper.
 Peel, J. Rochdale, shoe-dealer.
 Perks, J. Monkton Combe, Somersetshire, brewer.
 Pennan, A. Batson-street, Limehouse, master-mariner.
 Poor, J. Wapping, Bristol, victualler.
 Richardson, J. Manchester, cooper.
 Rickards, J. Dursley, Gloucestershire, cloth-manufacturer.
 Roughton, L. Noble-street, Foster-lane, wholesale druggist.
 Sawyer, J. Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, wine-merchant.
 Scrivener, H. H. Scrivener, jun. and J. Wilson, Kentish-buildings, Southwark, hop-factors.
 Simmons, A. Strand, tailor.
 Smith, J. R. North Audley-street, upholsterer.
 Smith, T. Derby, nail-manufacturer.
 Stott, S. and J. Road-lane, Spotland, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturers.
 Tappenden, T. Cumberland-street, Middlesex-hospital, victualler.
 Walthew, J. Liverpool, linen-draper.
 Want, G. S. Skinner-street, cabinet-maker.
 Wilkins, S. Holborn-hill, stationer.
 Wooding, M. Duck-street, Stepney, baker.
 Woollett, J. Queen's-Head Inn, Southwark, tavern-keeper.
 Wren, J. Great Titchfield-street, Portland-place, carpenter.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th of September, 1824, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Buchanan, John, late bleacher in Lylyburn, now miller at Glenmill.
 Comb, George, tenant at Redheughs, and merchant and trader in manure at King's Stables, and coals at Port Hopetoun, Edinburgh.
 Fife, John, cotton-spinner in Johnston.
 Finlayson, Robert and Alexander, merchants and fish-curers, Lybster.
 Gillilan, John, and Co. late merchants in Glasgow.
 Gilmour, William, importer of and dealer in spirits, in Paisley.
 Hodge, William, flesher and cattle-dealer in Glasgow.
 Honeyman, Robert, formerly merchant and ship-owner, Grangemouth; afterwards miller and coal-merchant, Port Allen, Perthshire; presently residing in Edinburgh.
 M'Robbie, James, mason and builder, Paisley.
 Macgregor, James Murray, merchant in Leith.
 Murdoch, Patrick, merchant in Hamilton.
 Orr, Andrew, bookseller and stationer in Cupar.

DIVIDENDS.

Cameron, Dugald, and Co. merchants and grocers in Greenock; a first dividend after 25th October.
 Cowan, Robert, and Sons, grain-merchants in Glasgow; a dividend 29th November.

Douglas, William, merchant in Glasgow; a first dividend on 19th October.
 Hughes and Williams, canal contractors; a dividend on 11th October.
 M'Ewen, James, ropemaker in Perth; a second dividend after 2d November.
 Maclean, John, and Co. merchants and shopkeepers in Glasgow; a dividend after 4th October.
 Shannon, Stewart, and Co. merchants in Greenock, and Shannan, Livingstone, and Co. merchants in Newfoundland; a second dividend after 1st November.
 The deceased John Robertson, mason and wright in Glasgow, lately residing at Pollockshaws; a final dividend after 1st November.
 The George Street Coach Work Company, Glasgow; a dividend on 25th October.
 The concern which carried on trade in Greenock, under the firm of John Hamilton and Co. and in Liverpool under the firm of William Hamilton and Co.; a third dividend after 15th October.
 Wannan, George, carrier betwixt Perth and Dundee; a first and final dividend after 14th October.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet.	Major M'Donald, 91 F. and late Port Serv. Lt. Col. in the army,	60	Serj. Major Liddele, from 2 F. 2d Lt. and to act as Adj.	19 Aug.
	Capt. Bentley, (Staff Capt. at Chatham) Major in the Army,	62	Ens. Power, Lt. by purch. vice Spiller, ret.	2 Sept.
12 Dr.	Lieut. Pallisar, Capt. by purch. vice Craufurd, Cape Corps, 12 Aug. 1824	71	Ens. Connor, Lt. vice Coates, dead,	19 Aug.
15	Ens. England, from 77 F. Lieut. do. Troop Serj. Maj. Chettle, Qua. Mast. vice Jenkins, h. p.	72	Ens. Seymour, Ens.	do.
1 F.	Lieut. Campbell, from h. p. 58 F. Lt. vice Smith, cancelled,		Capt. Brownlow, Major by purch. vice Lt. Col. FitzGerald, ret.	2d do.
5	Ens. Hill, Lt. vice M'Kenzie, dead		Lt. Markham, Capt.	do.
	J. W. King, Ens.		Capt. Ld. E. Hay, from Staff in Ionian Isls. Capt. vice Ehart, Staff Capt. Chatham,	27 do.
15	Ens. Thorold, from 38 F. Ens. vice Maunsell, h. p. 63 F. rec. diff.		Ens. Frith, Lt.	26 do.
			H. Godfrey, Ens.	do.
17	Lieut. Peevor, Capt. vice Rotton, dead,	73	Maj. Bamford, from 97 F. Maj. vice Cameron, h. p. York Chass.	12 do.
	Ens. Boscawen, Lt.	74	Ens. Ansell, Adj. vice Ramsden, res. Adj. only,	17 do.
	St. G. L. Lister, Ens.	77	J. Lomax, Ens. by purch. vice England, 12 Dr.	19 do.
18	T. C. Graves, Ens. vice Young,	79	Lt. Brown, Capt. by purch. vice Marshall, prom.	29 July
19	Ens. and Adj. Tydd, rank of Lt.		Ens. Maule, Lt.	do.
20	Ens. Young, from 18 F. Lt. vice Church, dead,	82	T. Crombie, Ens.	12 Aug.
26	Ens. Babington, Lt. vice Roberts, dead,		Lt. Mortimer, Capt. vice Field, dead,	9 Mar.
	do.		Ens. Greene, Lt.	12 Aug.
38	R. J. E. Rich, Ens.		J. Trollope, Ens.	do.
	Ens. Lowth, from 48. F. Ens. vice Thorold, 15. F.	86	Lt. Grey, Capt. by purch. vice Hogg, ret.	do.
39	Bt. Lt. Col. Lindsay, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Col. Sturt, ret.		Ens. Close, Lt.	do.
	Bt. Major Macpherson, Major, Lt. Caldicoott, Capt.	95	P. Le P. Trench, Ens.	do.
	Ens. Leekie, Lt.		Lt. Straith, Capt. vice Yorke, dead,	26 do.
	G. C. Borough, Ens.		Ens. Mayne, Lt.	do.
42	Ens. Raynes, from 2 Vct. Bn. Ens. vice Clark, h. p. 81 F.		C. Henry, Ens.	do.
48	— Ward, from h. p. 83 F. do. paying diff. vice Lowth, 38 F.	97	Lt. Dickens, Adj. vice Straith,	do.
50	Major Wodehouse, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Harrison, ret.		Maj. Paterson, from h. p. York Chass. Major, vice Bamford, 73 F.	12 do.
	Capt. Culance, Major,		Rifle Brig. Lt. Boileau, Capt. by purch. vice Halen, ret.	2 Sept.
	Lt. Serjeantson, Capt.		2d Lt. Frampton, 1st Lt.	do.
	Ens. Foy, Lt.		Gent. Cadet, E. L. Gower, from R. Mil Coll. 2d Lt.	do.
	G. Deedes, Ens.		2 W. I. R. Ens. and Adj. Curry, rank of Lt.	6 Aug.

2 W. I. R. Ens. Sutherland, Lt. vice Dunn, dead,
7 Aug.
do. E. E. Nicolls, Ens.
Staff Serj. Maj. Whitty, Qua. Mast. vice
Hughes, Lt. 26 do.
2 Vet. Bn. Ens. Stewart, from h. p. 27 F. Ens.
vice Edgelow, ret. list. do.
— Shaw, from h. p. 31 F. do. vice
Raynes, 42 F. 2 Sept.

2 Vet. Co. Ens. and Adj. Ward, from h. p. 27 F.
vice Walker, ret. list. do.
Vet. Co. at } Capt. Mackenzie, from h. p. York
Newfound. } Lt. Inf. Fol. Capt. 25 July
Lt. Abbott, from h. p. 1. W. I. R.
Lt. vice Campbell, cancelled,
2 Sept.

R. E. I. Vol. C. Mills, jun. Maj. vice Raikes, res.
13 Aug.

Unattached.

Maj. McLaine, from 21 F. Lt. Col. of Inf. by pur.
vice Maj.-Gen. T. W. Kerr, ret. 9 Sept. 1824.

Garrisons.

Lt.-Col. Belford, of late 5d Vet. Batt. Fort-Major
of Dartmouth Castle, vice Wright, dead,
12th Aug. 1824.

Staff.

Capt. Bentley, of late 1st Vet. Batt. Staff Capt. at
Chatham, vice Dalgety, ret. list, 19 Aug. 1824.
Bt. Maj. Ebbart, from 72 F. Staff Capt. at Chat-
ham, vice Jervis, ret. list, 26 Aug. 1824.
Capt. Brutton, from 82 F. Sub.-Insp. of Mil. Ion.
Isl. vice *Ld.* Hay, 72 F. 27 Aug. 1824.

Ordnance Department.

Roy. Eng. 1st Lt. Clavering, from h. p. 1st Lieut.
vice Hayter, dead, 22 March, 1824.
Gent. Cadet St. A. Molesworth, 2d Lt.
28 Aug. 1824.

Medical Department.

As. Surg. Reid, from h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol. As.
Surg. vice Caldwell, can. 18 June, 1824.
Hosp. Assist. Young, Assist. Surg. vice Law, dead,
14 Aug. 1824.
E. J. Bulteel, Hosp. Assist. 14 Aug. 1824.

Exchanges.

Bt. Colonel Ross, from Cape Corps, with Lt. Col.
Hutchinson, h. p.
Bt. Maj. Tonson, from 84 F. with Capt. Colomb,
h. p. 37 F.
Capt. McNeill, from 2d W. I. R. with Bt. Major
Jack, h. p. 8. 21 F.
Capt. Beamish, from 31 F. rec. diff. with Capt.
Van Cortlandt, h. p. 55 F.
Capt. Phelan, from 92 F. with Capt. J. Cameron,
h. p. 79 F.
Capt. Baynes, from Afric. Col. Corps, with Capt.
de Barrallier, h. p. 32 F.
Lieut. Williams, from 16 Dr. with Lieut. Hamil-
ton, h. p. 1 Dr.
Lieut. Leeke, from 52 F. with Lieut. Wetherall,
h. p. 42 F.
Lieut. Rose, from 72 F. with Lieut. Murray, h. p.
24 F.

N. B.—The Death of Paymaster Harrison, 83d Regt. was erroneously reported in the Army List
for last Month.

Lieut. Ramsden, from 74 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Campbell, h. p. 18 F.
Lieut. Douglas, from 77 F. with Lieut. Wilkinson,
h. p. 5 F.
Lieut. Logan, from 98 F. with Lieut. Goodiff, h.
p. 31 F.
Ensign Lister, from 17 F. with Ensign Deedes,
50 F.
Ensign Lord Elphinstone, from 71 F. with Ensign
Dalton, h. p. 32 F.
Paym. Kerr, from 4 Dr. with Paym. Wildey, h.
p. 40 F.
Qua. Mast. Lieut. Stewart, from 53 F. with Lieut.
Taggart, h. p. 53 F.
Assist. Surg. Hendrick, from 86 F. with Assist.
Surg. Dudgeon, h. p. 63 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major Gen. Kerr, of late 2 Ceyl. R.
Colonel Sturt, 39 F.
Lieut. Colonel Harrison, 30 F.
— Fitzgerald, 72 F.
Major Raikes, R. East Ind. Vol.
Captain Hogg, 86 F.
— Hallen, Rifle Brig.
Lieut. Spiller, 62 F.
2d Lieut. Larcom, Eng.
Assist. Surg. Maclean, h. p. 35 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Lieut. Smith, 1 F.
— Campbell, Vet. Co. Newf.
Assist. Surg. Caldwell, Med. Staff.

Superseded.

Paym. Prendergast. So. Mayo Mil.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. Prince, from 6 Dr. Ipswich,
11 Sept. 1824.
Lieut. Gen. Dunn, E. Ind. Co. Serv. Great Mal-
vern, 29 Aug.
Lieut. Gen. Anderson, do. London, 16 Sept.
Col. C. Lord Castlecoote, Queen's Co. Milit.
Major Bishop, h. p. 1 Prov. Bn. of Mil. Harrow-
gate, Sept. 1824.
Capt. Campbell, late Invalids, London,
5 August, 1824.
Goodinge, Adj. to Londonderry Militia.
Lieut. Kennedy, ret. Vet. Comp. Stonehouse, De-
von, 13 Sept. 1824.
Lieut. Mackenzie, h. p. 35 F.
— Douglas, h. p. 78 F. Java, 20 April, 1820.
— Hawkey, h. p. 95 F. 5 May, 1824.
— Conring, h. p. 7 Line Germ. Leg. Hanover,
8 Sept.
Lieut. De Cherry, h. p. Corsican Regt. 3 March.
— Anderson, h. p. 12 Gar. Bn. Dinan, France,
19 May, 1824.
Paym. Barry, h. p. 36 F. Taunton, 4 Aug. 1824.
Quar. Mast. Lawrie, h. p. 104 F. Sept. 1824.
Assist. Surg. Luby, h. p. Vet. Bn. Windsor,
Sept. 1824.
Vet. Surg. Dalton, h. p. 1 Life G. Vienne, Calais,
15 March, 1824.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

- May 21. At Malta, Mrs Cusine, 95th regiment, of a daughter.
- July 28. At Concordia, Tobago, the lady of Dr Kenney, of a daughter.
- Aug. 3. At Florence, the lady of John Craufurd, Esq. of Auchenames, of a son.
- Sept. 1. At Braigrah House, Kent, the lady of J. D. Boswall, Esq. of Wardie, captain in the royal navy, of a son and heir.
2. At Edinburgh, the lady of Stair Stewart, Esq. of Physgill and Glasserton, of a son and heir.
3. At Coxley, near Wells, Somerset, Mrs Alexander Fraser, of Thavies Inn, London, of a daughter.
5. At Edinburgh, Mrs Clarke, 51, George Square, of a daughter.
- At Dun, the Lady Anne Brird, of a daughter.
6. At Dumbarnie House, Mrs Craigie, of Dumbarnie, of a son.
9. At the Dowager Viscountess Duncan's, the Hon. Mrs Dundas, of a son.
- At Portobello, Mrs Glen, Brighton Place, of a daughter.
- At Westquarter, the lady of Thomas Learmonth, Esq. of Laurence Park, of a daughter.
11. Mrs John Brougham, of a daughter.
- At Stobo Castle, the lady of Sir James Montgomery of Stanhope, Bart. of a son.
12. At 46, Albany Street, Mrs Begbie, of a son.
12. At Bellevue Crescent, Mrs Rattray, of a son.
- At Minto, the Countess of Minto, of a daughter.
- At Dundee, the lady of Dr John Maxwell, of a son.
- At 49, Albany Street, Mrs John Gardiner Kinnear, of a daughter.
13. Mrs Miller, Frederick Street, of a son.
- At Crescent, Perth, Mrs George Seton, of a daughter.
- At Edinburgh, the lady of Major Menzies, 42d Royal Highlanders, of a son.
14. Mrs Scott, Albany Street, of a daughter.
- At Kirkaldy, Mrs J. L. Cooper, of a son.
15. At Ruchil, near Glasgow, the lady of Major Stephenson, 6th Dragoon Guards, of a son.
- At his Lordship's house, at Cowes, Isle of Wight, the lady of Lord Francis Levison Gower, M.P. of a son.
- In Pitt Street, Mrs Richardson, of a son.
18. At Ramornie, Mrs Heriot of Ramornie, of a daughter.
- At Stirling, Mrs J. Telford, of a daughter.
20. At Frankfield, Mrs Murray, of a son.
- At 16, Nicolson Street, Mrs Huie, of a son.
23. Mrs Patrick Robertson, of a daughter.
- At Llynnon, county of Anglesey, the lady of H. W. Jones, Esq. of a son.
- At Banchory, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, of a son.
24. Mrs Bowie, 19, Albany Street, of a daughter.
25. At Edinburgh, the lady of Mr Sinclair, of Covent-Garden Theatre, of a son.
- At Rozellen, Mrs West Hamilton, of a daughter.
26. At Losset, Mrs Macneal of Ugadale, of a daughter.
- Lately, At her residence at Tunbridge Wells, the Right Hon. Lady Cochrane, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

- Nov. 5, 1825. At Montreal, Roderick Matheson, Esq., paymaster late Glengary Light Infantry, to Miss Mary Fraser, daughter of Captain Robertson, of Inverness.
- Aug. 18, 1824. At Parkhead, near Perth, Mr William Bruce, merchant, Edinburgh, to Agnes, daughter of William Morison, Esq.
25. At the Manse of Panbride, the Rev. William Robertson, of Carmylie, to Dorothea, daughter of the Rev. David Traill, Panbride.

50. At the Manse of Crailing, Mr Robert Strachan, London, to Elizabeth, fourth daughter of the Rev. David Brown.

Sept. 2. At Bonnington, John Adair, Esq. Genoch, Wigtownshire, to Christina, eldest daughter of the late John Haig, Esq.

— At St James's Church, London, Lord Elliot, only son of the Earl of St Germain's, to the Right Hon. Lady Jimima Cornwallis, third daughter of the late Marquis Cornwallis.

— At Manse of Daviot, the Rev. Henry Simon, minister of Chapel of Garioch, to Mary, second daughter of the Rev. Robert Shepherd.

5. At Leith Walk, Mr James Murray, surgeon, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth Wilson, eldest daughter of Mr James Allison, vinegar maker.

5. At Kirkmichael, James Crawford, Esq. M.D. to Miss Ann Whitford, eldest daughter of David Kennedy, Esq. of Kirkmichael.

6. At Lymington-Lodge, Alexander Wardrop, Esq. of Madras, to Jessie, third daughter of the late Robert Burn, Esq. architect, Edinburgh.

7. At Cowie, Stirlingshire, Mr John Forrester, merchant, Glasgow, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late James M'Nab, Esq. distiller.

11. At St Margaret's Church, Westminster, John Mitchell, Esq. M.P. to Eliza, eldest daughter of John Elliott, Esq. of Pimlico Lodge.

15. At Comely Bank, Mr Robert Kirkwood, engraver, to Bathia, youngest daughter of Robert Dunbar, Esq. Tax Office.

14. At Edinburgh, John Gibson, jun. Esq. W.S. to Charlotte Ellen, eldest daughter of John Gordon, Esq. of Salisbury Road.

15. At Leith, Mr John Niven, merchant, to Mrs Mary Spalding, widow of Dr Alexander Spalding, Port Maria, West Indies.

— At Dalton, Dumfries-shire, John Hannay, Esq. W.S. to Miss Eliza S. Kennedy, only daughter of the late J. Kennedy, Esq.

— In London, Lord Ellenborough, to Jane Elizabeth Digby, only daughter of Rear-Admiral Digby and Viscountess Andover.

16. In Stafford Street, Major-General Hamilton, to Mary Augusta, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Bower, Esq. of Kincaidrum.

— At Bolton, Percy, in Yorkshire, George Baillie, jun. Esq. eldest son of George Baillie, Esq. of Jerriswoode, to Georgina, youngest daughter of Mr Archdeacon Markham.

21. At St Andrews, Mr John Buchan, writer, St Andrews, to Anne, daughter of Mr Alexander Thomson, merchant there.

27. At Montrose, the Rev. John Wood, A.M. to Annabella, second daughter of Captain Brydon, of that place.

28. Lord Henry Seymour Moore, to Mary, second daughter of Sir Henry Parnell, Bart. M.P. and niece to the Marquis of Bute and the Earl of Portarlington.

DEATHS.

March 21. Off the Cape Coast, of fever, Mr Charles Hope Hunter, Midshipman, of his Majesty's ship Driver, second son of the late Rev. William Hunter, minister of Middlebie.

May. At Buenos Ayres, Captain Peter Sheriff, of the Antelope, second son of the late Mr Thomas Sheriff, shipmaster, Dunbar.

June 11. In the Island of St Croix, Dr James Hill, of Dumfries.

21. At Jamaica, after a few days' illness, Alexander Cunningham, Esq. son of the late William Cunningham, of Cairncurran, Esq.

July 27. At Demerara, Mrs Marsh, wife of Thomas Marsh, Esq. of that place.

Aug. 2. At Gowally, Perthshire, Agnes, second daughter, and, at Greenock, on the 30th August, Michael Boston, fourth son of the late Rev. Dr Alex. Simpson, Pittenweem.

6. At Pendreich, near Lasswade, aged 37 years, Mrs Margaret Melrose, wife of Mr James M'Leish, merchant, Edinburgh; also, at No. 12 Montague Street, on the 12th August, Helen, their daughter, aged four months.

18. At Lochbuy House, Mrs MacLaine, sen.

21. Near Rome, Mrs Erskine, relict of John Erskine, Esq. eldest son of the late Mr Erskine of Cardross.
22. At Peebles, Mr Thomas Gentle, nursery and seedsman.
— At Woodend, Jane, daughter of the late William Corbett, Esq. Collector of Excise.
23. At Paris, Lady Margaret Arbuthnot Ogilvy, aged three years and five months, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Airlie.
24. At Busby, Mrs Macfarlane, relict of Malcolm Macfarlane, Esq.
— At Cadiz, Mrs Hamilton of Dalzell, Lanarkshire.
27. At Ayr, John Aitken, Esq.
30. At 38, Dublin Street, Mr John Bell.
— At Lanark, Mrs Vere Wilson, relict of William Thomson, Esq. of Castle Yett.
— At Brighton, in the 75th year of her age, the Hon. Mrs Frances Wall, daughter of the late Lord Fortrose, and sister of the late Earl of Seaforth.
— At the house of the Earl of Airlie, in Paris, Mrs Clementina Graham, relict of Gavin Drummond, Esq. of Forth Street, Edinburgh.
31. At Edinburgh, Mrs Susan Christie, wife of Thomas Christie, Esq. eldest son of the late James Christie, Esq. of Durie, Fifeshire.
- Sept. 1. At Tranent, Mrs Alexander Allan, in the 81st year of her age.
— At Tarbes, South of France, Bryan, third son of Captain Hodgson, Royal Navy.
2. At Darsie, the Rev. Robert Macculloch, D.D. in the 85th year of his age, and 53d of his ministry.
3. At Northampton, Dr William Kerr, physician there.
6. In Minto Street, Newington, Mrs Jean Robertson, widow of the Rev. James Robertson, late minister of Ratho.
— At Edinburgh, Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Andrew Chatto, of Mainhouse.
7. At Musselburgh, Mr John Thom, late merchant in Edinburgh.
— At Kincardine O'Neil, Patrick Henderson, Esq. advocate in Aberdeen.
— At Southfield by Auchtermuchty, Mr William Conper, late upholsterer in Edinburgh.
— At Wall Bury, in Essex, Amelia, wife of Joseph Grove, and eldest daughter of the late Lieut-General Goldie of Goldielea, Dumfries.
8. At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Helen Hunter, wife of John Jeffrey, Esq. George Street.
9. At Balarno, near Currie, Mr John Logan, paper-manufacturer.
— Lord Viscount Hampden. His Lordship had enjoyed his title only a few days, and is succeeded in the entailed estates by George, Earl of Buckinghamshire.
10. At Fauxblanc, near Lausanne, Switzerland, the infant son of the Right Hon. Lord Sinclair.
— At Portobello, Mrs Margaret Pringle, widow of John Pringle, Esq. surgeon, Royal Navy.
— At Edinburgh, Mr James Boyd, merchant.
11. At St John's, Ayrshire, Margaret Isabella, youngest daughter of David Ramsay, Esq. writer to the Signet.
— Mr William Andrew, writer.
12. At Coldstream, Mr James Bartie, youngest son of Captain A. D. M'Laren, Berwickshire Militia.
— At his seat, near Southampton, the Rev. Sir Charles Rich, Bart. in his 73d year.
13. At Blackheath, Stephen Robert, second son of Captain R. H. Barclay, Royal Navy.
— At 112, Canongate, Henry Prager, Esq.
— At Dalkeith, Mr Alex. Innes, watchmaker.
14. At Edinburgh, Mr Charles H. Simson, son of the late Mr Alex. Simson, Dundee.
16. At the Manse, Falkirk, after a long illness,

- Elizabeth, only daughter of the Rev. Dr Wilson, minister of Falkirk.
16. At Auchtertool Manse, Mrs Moffat, Kirkaldy.
— In Baker Street, London, Lieut-General Andrew Anderson, of the Hon. East India Company's service, on their establishment at Bombay.
17. At Mount Melville, Maria Louise, youngest daughter of John Whyte Melville, Esq.
— At Grandholm Cottage, James Martin Lindsay, eldest son of Lieut-Colonel Lindsay, 78th Highlanders.
— At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Stevenson, relict of Mr Henry Watson, late merchant in Edinburgh.
18. At Edinburgh, Mr John Finlayson, sen. Buchanan's Court, Lawnmarket.
— At Sand Bank, Argyllshire, Mary Anne, infant daughter of Alexander Scott Broomfield, Esq.
— At No. 1, Fettes Row, James, infant son of Captain Pearson, R. N.
20. At Aberdeen, Helen, only daughter of Alex. Lyall, Esq. Comptroller of the Customs there.
22. At Leith, Jane, daughter of the late Mr Henry Band, merchant there.
22. At 22 Forth Street, Margaret Anne, eldest daughter of the late John Thomson, Esq.
— At Grange House, Robert Forrester, Esq. treasurer of the Bank of Scotland.—In noticing the death of this estimable character, we speak the feelings of our fellow citizens, when we state how severely his departure is lamented, and how much his loss will be felt. For above half a century, Mr Forrester filled different departments in the Bank of Scotland, and for many years previous to his death, was the treasurer, or principal officer, of that establishment. The public know the fidelity with which he discharged the functions of that responsible situation, blending the firmness of official duty with the mildness and kindness of a benevolent heart. Himself the son of a Scottish clergyman, he was the founder of the Society of the Sons of the Clergy, and displayed his usual zeal in originating and promoting an institution, which has proved of incalculable advantage to the families of many. Through life the faith and precepts of the Christian religion never failed to animate him. He was for more than forty years an elder in the New Greyfriars Church. Unassuming manners, joined to a temper highly cheerful and social, rendered his company most engaging, and endeared him not only to his particular friends, but to society at large.
— At his house, Brunton Street, Crescent, London, Major John Cartwright.
— At Bath, Captain Brathwaite Christie, late of the 5th Dragoon Guards, third son of the late Admiral Christie of Baberton.
— At Gunton, Norfolk, Georgina, Lady Suffield, wife of Edward, Lord Suffield.
25. At Glasgow, Mrs Marianne Hutton, relict of the Rev. Alex. Perrie, Glasgow.
26. At Chelsea, after a short illness, Henry Cooper, Esq. barrister.
- Lately*, after a short illness, the Princess Kutusow Smolenski, widow of Field Marshal Blucher.
— In Dublin, the Rev. Benjamin M'Dowal, D.D. senior minister of the Scots Church, Mary's Abbey.
— Suddenly, at his house, Keir Street, Mr Robert Paisley, session-clerk of St Cuthbert's parish.
— At Linstead Lodge, Kent, the Right Hon. John Roper, Lord Teynham.
— At North Shields, while sitting alone writing a letter, Mr W. Richardson, notary public, the elegant translator of the Odes of Anacreon, and author of several works of genius.

DEATH OF LORD CHARLES MURRAY.

Extract of a letter from Missolonghi, 30th July—11th August—1824:—"It is with the deepest regret that we have to announce the death of Lord Charles Murray, youngest son of the Duke of Atholl. His lordship was attacked by the fever of the country, on his journey from Napoli to Missolonghi, at the residence of Mr Georgio Sestini, in Gastouni, where he expired in the prime of his youth, on the 11th of August, new style, at 10 a. m. He was aged 25 years; and although so young, had evinced, from the moment his foot pressed our country, the most noble and philanthropic sentiments, with an ardour to fulfil them as far as lay in his power. Before leaving this place, he had united his name to that of our countrymen, and had furnished the means

of erecting a battery on our frontier line, to which is given the name of one of his most illustrious relations. His amiable disposition had endeared him to all who had the honour of his acquaintance; and his talents and accomplishments shewed him to be a worthy descendant of the noble race from which he sprung. His remains were interred with every mark of the highest respect at Gastouni. General Constantine Bozzanis and Georgio Sestini, all the Suliotcs, and the whole population of Gastouni, followed them to the grave. The Archbishop Chirito pronounced the funeral oration. The Greek Chronicle of Missolonghi states, that the feeling of deep sorrow for the premature death of this amiable, accomplished, and enterprising young nobleman, is universal in Greece."

DEATH OF DR WALTER OUDNEY.

Extract of a letter from Lieutenant Clapperton to Mr Consul Warrington, dated Kano, 2d Feb. 1824:—

"The melancholy task has fallen to me to report to you the ever-to-be-lamented death of my friend Dr Walter Oudney. We left Kuka on the 14th day of December, 1823, and by easy journeys arrived at Bedukarfa, the westernmost town in the kingdom of Bornou. During this part of the journey he was recovering strength very fast; but on leaving Bedukarfa and entering the Beder territory, on the night of the 26th and morning of the 27th, we had such an intense cold, that the water was frozen in the dishes, and the water-skins as hard as boards. Here the poor Doctor got a severe cold, and continued to grow weaker every day. At this time he told me when he left Kuka, he expected his disorder would allow him to perform all his country expected from him, but that now his death was near, and he requested me to deliver his papers to Lord Bathurst, and to say he wished Mr Barrow might have the arrangement of them, if agreeable to the wishes of his Lordship.

"On the 2d of January, 1824, we arrived at the city of Katagum, where we remained till the 10th, partly to see if the Doctor, by staying a few days, would gain a little strength to pursue his journey. On leaving Katagum he rode a camel, as he was too weak to ride his horse. We proceeded on our

road for 10 miles that day, and then halted, and on the following day 5 miles further, to a town called Murmur. On the morning of the 12th, he ordered the camels to be loaded at daylight, and drank a cup of coffee, and I assisted him to dress. When the camels were loaded, with the assistance of his servant and me he came out of his tent. I saw then that the hand of death was upon him, and that he had not an hour to live. I begged him to return to his tent and lie down, which he did, and I sat down beside him—he expired in about half an hour after.

"I sent immediately to the Governor of the town, to acquaint him with what had happened, and to desire he would point out a spot where I might bury my friend, and also to have people to wash the body and dig the grave, which was speedily complied with. I had dead-clothes made from some turbans that were intended as presents; and as we travelled as Englishmen and servants of his Majesty, I considered it my most indispensable duty to read the service of the dead over the grave, according to the rites of the Church of England, which happily was not objected to; but, on the contrary, I was paid a good deal of respect for so doing. I then bought two sheep, which were killed and given to the poor; and I had a clay wall built round the grave to preserve it."

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. XCIV.

NOVEMBER, 1824.

VOL. XVI.

THE BIBLE AND THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.

Not many months have passed away since we strongly insisted upon the necessity of giving to the people of Ireland religious instruction; we enumerated this as one of the things essential for permanently reforming and pacifying the peasantry; we spoke warmly against the system which shut the mouths of the regular clergy, and we avowed our conviction, that, if the education which the government meant to give was confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic, and excluded religion from the schools, it would have small success in its leading object. It is, therefore, very natural for us to take some notice of the scenes which have lately been exhibited in Ireland.

In urging what we did, we thought of something more than abstract opinions, and mere names and forms. We believed that a due knowledge of Christianity could only be obtained by the ignorant and the young from proper instruction, that such knowledge was essential for producing the practice of Christianity, and that the practice of Christianity was essential for making the people of Ireland good subjects and good members of society. The state of Ireland, as it was exhibited to the world, proved that the people did not possess such instruction, that they were strangers to the knowledge and practice, and that they were turbulent and depraved. We knew that the education which the British nation wished to give them was, not merely education that would benefit them in the *arts* of life, but

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education that would make them moral, peaceable, orderly, loyal, and free.

When the government distinctly disclaimed all wish for making proselytes—when the legislature did the same—when the British nation, in one voice, called for the instruction of the people of Ireland—when the Catholic clergy were recognized by the state in no other character than as religious teachers—when they durst not say that any other character belonged to them—and when the people were proved to be so ignorant, vicious, and disorderly; it might have been expected that the Catholic clergy would zealously co-operate in any measure that had for its object the reformation of their flocks, and the extension of genuine Christianity, without contemplating any injury to Catholicism. It might have been expected that they would have been led to this by regard for their own character—for the temporal welfare of their followers—for the general weal of the state—for the awful responsibility that rests upon them—and for the fearful account which they must one day render of their earthly conduct. If even the government and the nation had remained silent, it might have been expected that the horrible and damning proofs of the ignorance and depravity of their flocks might have convinced them that some change in their system was necessary, and goaded them into the familiarizing of their followers with the Scriptures.

The wishes of the government and the nation might have been expected

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to have still greater influence with the more respectable part of the Catholic laity. An opportunity was given them to shew their loyalty and patriotism, their attachment to genuine Christianity, and to their more ignorant brethren, and it might have been hoped that they would eagerly embrace it. They have a less interest in sacrificing the people to the priesthood, and their country to their church, and, therefore, it might have been expected that they would be more willing to adopt a change of system, than their clergy.

It might have been expected that the Catholic clergy, and the higher part of the laity, would stand forward, and thus address the government and the British nation: We have been slandered, and you now enable us to shake from us the slander—we have been charged with being hostile to civil and religious liberty, with being intolerant and bigotted, and with being the enemies of the circulation of the Scriptures and the diffusion of religious knowledge. A small portion of us have been represented to exercise the most pernicious despotism over the remainder. It has been alleged against us that we wish to keep the vast mass of the people of Ireland in the most deplorable ignorance and bondage. We will now convince you how greatly we have been calumniated. You invite our co-operation, and we will render it;—we will assist you in forming schools, provided you keep from them books that attack our religion;—we will make concession for concession, and sacrifice for sacrifice;—we will labour to familiarize our ignorant brethren with the Scriptures;—we will keep from them inflammatory topics; we will permit them to exercise every legal and constitutional right, and our authority over them shall only be used to make them good Christians and good subjects.

This, we say, might have been expected, but what are we presented with?—

On the 9th of September, a meeting of the Cork Ladies' Hibernian School Society was held. Its object was thus described by one of the speakers, the Reverend Richard Pop:—

“The present meeting is professedly a meeting of the Cork Ladies' Hibernian Society. The immediate members of that institution, and some other

persons interested in its objects, were invited, in order to receive a suggestion from two gentlemen who have visited this country with the benevolent intention of pronoting the moral improvement of our population. That proposal we have heard—may I be pardoned for again repeating it—that the ladies who have hitherto been employed in collecting funds in aid of the Munster Hibernian School Society, should not only continue their active and useful services in this department, but that they should actually take the female schools in connexion with the Society under their immediate superintendance and protection.”

The two gentlemen here alluded to were the Honourable Mr Noel, an Englishman, and Captain Gordon, a Scotchman. Of their particular religious principles we know nothing. The Morning Chronicle intimates broadly that they are fanatics; but on such a point it is no authority. Nothing certainly could be more sober, sensible, and judicious, or farther removed from fanaticism, than their speeches. The attempt to establish schools among the barbarous and depraved Irish peasantry, in which the Scriptures only are used, without reference to any particular creed, cannot be fanaticism, if the Christian religion ought to be tolerated; and to this they strictly limited themselves. At the outset, the chairman declared the meeting to be a private one. Mr Noel and Captain Gordon detailed their sentiments; they enforced the necessity of making Christianity the basis of education, and of supplying the people with Bibles, *without note or comment*, but they were silent touching Protestantism and Catholicism.

Into this Protestant meeting—this ladies' meeting—this private meeting—this meeting, having merely for its object to consider of the best means of promoting scriptural and beneficial instruction among the people, without recommending one creed or attacking another—into this meeting certain Catholics obtruded themselves. And who were they—the Catholic gentry and their ladies, anxious to co-operate in the good work, when the object was only to spread the grand and common creed of Christianity? No! Then were they Catholic priests, wishing to make amicable objections to some parts of the system, and to point out the modifications that might secure their cordial assistance? No! they were the

hack barristers—the demagogue leaders of the Catholic Association—O’Connell and Shiel, with some Catholic pastors and the mob; and their objects were insult, abuse, and riot.

An opportunity had just been given to these people to attend a *public meeting*—a meeting composed of *gentlemen*—of a similar kind; they were challenged to avail themselves of it, but they were too sagacious and gallant to accept the challenge. It was more safe to insult women than men—a far greater effect might be produced by taking a private meeting by storm, than by walking without obstacle into a public one—a ferocious mob would be irresistible against helpless females—and it was most delectable to the mountebank spouters to bully, hector, and abuse an audience that was bound by the laws of sex to passive, mute endurance. Verily these great men of the Irish Parliament—these pathetic declaimers against wrong and cruelty, are most chivalrous and well-bred persons.

It mattered not that Mr Noel and Captain Gordon had been silent touching the two religions—it mattered not that the ladies were Protestants, and were entitled to have their religious feelings treated with the tenderness which ladies always receive from all but brutes and savages—this was nothing. The two lawyers charged them with having concealed objects, covered the two strangers with direct personalities, and the ladies with indirect ones, and heaped the most gross and false abuse upon Protestantism and—the Bible.

The following extracts are from the speech of Sheil, as we find it reported in the *Irishman*.—

“The general perusal of the Bible without any interpretation was in accordance, perhaps, with the desultory and capricious genius of the Protestant religion; but in Ireland there exists a creed utterly incompatible with the wild freedom of opinion, and which is so determinate and fixed, as to leave no field for the exercise of individual judgment in the construction of the word of God. The Roman Catholic faith is built upon the Scriptures, as explained by the Church, and if the lower classes were to pursue (peruse) them without that explanation upon which their religion rests, it is not unlikely that they would contract opinions inconsistent with the meaning

invariably annexed by Roman Catholics—by the Church to the holy writings.

“The whole dispute narrows itself into a question of fact. Is it, (the circulation of the Scriptures without note or comment,) or is it not inconsistent with the spirit of Catholicism? If it be, there is an end of the argument, at least it must be admitted that Roman Catholics are justified in their strenuous opposition to an attempt to subvert their religion.”

This, gentle reader, is the description which a Catholic champion gives of Catholicism. The priest must be the despot; the poor layman must have neither judgment nor will, and he must not on any account look into the Bible: whatever monstrous meaning the tyranny or cupidity of the Church may affix to the Scriptures, he must devoutly adopt it. Mr Sheil announces that the general circulation of the Scriptures would overturn Catholicism; and this, whatever may be its effect on those who rail against proselytism, gives us much pleasure. A system of Christianity which sees in such circulation its certain destruction, ought not to exist. Notwithstanding Mr Sheil’s exposure, some people couple his religion with the sacred name of liberty; and clamour for freedom of opinion, the freedom of the press, and the granting of political power to Catholicism, all in the same breath!

“The lower classes of the Protestant community are driven into a sort of biblical insanity by this system of excitation; and madness, now-a-days, almost invariably assumes a religious character.”—“Now, how could this fact be accounted for, but by referring it to the fanaticism which the unrestrained perusal of the holy writings had produced?”

This would seem a very odd assertion, if it were not remembered that good Mr Sheil is not only a lawyer, a political demagogue, a traducer of the Protestant religion, and an insulter of ladies, but he is likewise an occasional manufacturer of fustian tragedies.

Some minds are strangely formed—here is a believer in the Hohenlobe miracles, the infallibility of the Pope, &c. &c. railing against fanaticism! Be it known to Mr Sheil, that the fanaticism which is to be found here, is generated much more by religious liberty than by the reading of the Bible. If a man wish to become the

founder of a sect, he can easily procure a Bible almost anywhere, and the sure way to give him followers is to keep the holy volume from the people. Very many of our fanatics cannot read; like the Catholics, they take the words of their teachers upon trust; and if the Scriptures were not circulated so profusely, their number would be far greater than it is.

“The Established Church, whose hierarchy was as hostile as the Roman Catholic clergy to the reading of the uninterpreted Scriptures.”

We should not have thought this falsehood worthy of refutation, had it not been again and again put forth in the House of Commons. The heads of our Church have long zealously laboured to promote the circulation of the “uninterpreted Scriptures.” All wish to give the Bible without mutilation or false interpretation to the people, although some wish to give the Prayer-book *in a separate volume* along with it. This certainly differs from that hostility which withholds the Bible altogether from the lower classes.

We will not disgust our readers by extracting Mr Sheil’s hackneyed and wretched slander of the Bible; it may be found in the writings of almost every infidel who has attacked Christianity. Lest, however, any fears be entertained that the Bible will destroy the modesty and chastity of the fair daughters of Erin, we will acquaint the Irish husbands and fathers that such of our lovely countrywomen as are neither modest nor chaste, are those who have never studied the Scriptures; and that such of them as are models of modesty and chastity, are precisely those who are constant Bible readers.

Mr Sheil concluded his charitable and conciliatory harangue by indirectly, and in the most decorous, gentlemanly, and gallant manner possible, applying to the *ladies*, and the friends of the circulation of the Bible, the text of Scripture—“Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves!!!”

Attend now to Mr O’Connell.

“He would now ask which of the Bible-reading gentlemen agreed in their faith?—He did not believe that any two of those he saw held the same religious opinion. Did the young

English gentleman and the Scotch captain, who came here as missionaries, hold the same faith?—They travelled, he supposed, in a post-chaise, to overturn the Catholic religion.”—“How did these post-chaise companions agree on religious matters?—Did they toss up for the religion?—Or which of their religious tenets were their converts to embrace?—It was too good a joke of the English—sending a school-boy and a Scotch captain to educate the wild Irish, and bring them over from the religion they had derived from their fathers.”

Most delicate and gentlemanly this, Mr O’Connell, particularly when addressed to ladies.

“Though a layman, he would undertake to prove to any rational mind that the Catholic religion was the only form of faith that had all the consistency and evidence of a Divine revelation.”

Considering how great a stranger Mr O’Connell is to the habit of *proving*, this assertion is admirable.

“The Roman Catholic religion was increasing in Scotland; it was increasing rapidly in England; wherever a chapel was opened, thousands flocked to it. In this country (Ireland) it was gaining converts every day, and from all sects. The chapels were found insufficient to accommodate the numbers who attended them, though it was not one cold service that was celebrated in the day, but repeated services, from five in the morning, till one in the afternoon. Dr Doyle, and two of those bugbears, the Jesuits, accompanied by the Rev. Dr Keogh, who has already many converts, would shortly proceed to England. They would preach that pure faith, which served as a beacon to light to the haven of salvation—a beacon having its light from the resurrection of our blessed Saviour, and never to wane until his second coming. They would return the compliment which England paid to us, by endeavouring to draw back her inhabitants to the holy faith of the saints.”

This is actually too good:—Mr O’Connell declares that the ladies and their friends, simply because they wish to distribute the Scriptures, seek to make proselytes; he attacks them for this in the most virulent manner; and in the same breath he avows, that the Catholics are proselytising with all their might in the three kingdoms,

and that certain individuals are coming to England, on a special proselytising mission! We Catholics will fight you Protestants, only you shall be bound from striking again, when we are pommelling you!

"Proclaim honestly that conscience is free: destroy that worst of monopolies—the monopoly of religion!"

The crack-brained simpleton, it seems, was not aware that at the very moment when he uttered this, he was fighting furiously against liberty of conscience, and in favour of religious monopoly.

At the conclusion of the day's proceedings, O'Connell desired the mob to give three cheers "for *Old Ireland*." This was most appropriate when the contest had been with ladies.

Whatever may be the case with the men, it would seem that the fair sex in Ireland have but little cause to be the friends of Catholicism. There is not a Protestant in Great Britain above the rank of a cobbler, who would not have been ashamed of treating a meeting of ladies, whether private or public, as this meeting was treated by Sheil and O'Connell.

The meeting continued by adjournment for three days. At its close, Mr Noel, Captain Gordon, and some *ladies*, who were in the carriage of a *lady*, were pursued by the mob, and hooted, and pelted with stones. One stone hit* a lady, and was prevented almost by miracle from having fatal consequences. Most chivalrous and heroic Sheil, and O'Connell! Lawyers in England are fearful people when they straggle from the bar; in court, they make but little difference between a female and a blackguard; but, however, they are strangers to exploits like this of the Irish ones.

Let it not be forgotten, that this private ladies' meeting did not avow a wish to make proselytes, and that if it were even actuated by such a wish, it was not suspected by the Catholics themselves, of meaning to employ any other means than the *distribution of the authorised version of the Scriptures, without note or comment*.

On September 21, a meeting of the Cork Auxiliary Church Missionary Society was held. We need not tell our

readers that this society has no particular reference to Ireland, or Catholicism. The Dean of Cork was called to the chair—a gentleman who, as we are told by a morning paper, is a conciliator, and who several years ago publicly reprehended the Orange processions. After two or three speeches had been delivered, a fellow of the name of Dwyer—a gentleman of the press—attempted to speak, and then, in the words of a Cork paper—

"A scene ensued, one of the most scandalous and abominable that ever presumed to set decency and common policy at defiance—sounds of the most deafening kind were raised—the benches were thrown down—artificial noises of every kind were made, without any clemency for the *female visitors*, and others who attended upon the interesting occasion. The most abominable denunciations were heard from all quarters—a recruitment to the mob that was inside broke in from the streets, and the uproar that instantly followed, beggars all description. The screams of the ladies—the faintings of several—the bustle made to relieve some from their terrors, and others from their sufferings—the curses, and execrations, and menaces shouted by the mob—the mild but idle exhortation of those of a better description—the vociferations raised against the chair, against a dean of the established church! against such a man too!—as 'pull him out!' 'kick him out!'—the sound of blows—and the clamour of wicked and barbarous voices—altogether presented to the astonished senses, a Babel of confusion!"

The *Cork Advertiser* gives the following additional particulars:—

"The most violent and threatening language was uttered against the society in general, and the very reverend chairman in particular; and the early avowal of a determination to 'knock up' all society meetings, was overheard by a gentleman.—A mob collected outside the building as well as within, and shouted loudly when they were informed by a principal disturber that they had knocked up the meeting.—Let it not be said that the disturbers were the dregs of the people; the two ringleaders are writers for the

* We give this from the London Papers, from memory, and we do not clearly recollect whether it took place at the close of this meeting, or the Clonmell one; any difference of place, will, however, make no difference in the flagrant enormity.

press!!! The gallery was filled with men, most of whom were well-dressed, and who had been marshalled together long before the chair was taken, and the chief portion of tumult proceeded from this body of individuals."—"We pledge ourselves to the fact, that a Roman Catholic priest was amongst the noisiest supporters of the rioters. There were others of his fraternity present, who expressed no disapprobation at such proceedings."

This infamous riot was only put down at last by the sheriffs, and a strong body of constables.

A meeting was held at Clonmell, by the friends of the education of the poor, which was broken up by the rioting of the Catholics.

The following were published in the *Dublin Weekly Register*, as the counter-resolutions meant to have been proposed at the Clonmell meeting.

"Resolved—That it appears to this meeting, from the exposition made this day, by the Hon. Baptist Noel, and Captain Gordon of the Royal Navy, that *the free and indiscriminate circulation of the Bible, without note or comment, amongst our poor, constitutes the basis of the education sanctioned and supported by the London Hibernian Society.*

"Resolved, 2dly, *That we consider such a system of education CONTRARY TO THE SACRED SCRIPTURES, PREJUDICIAL TO THE INTERESTS OF TRUE RELIGION, AND SUBVERSIVE OF ALL ORDER IN CIVIL SOCIETY.*

"Resolved, 3dly, *That, as good and sincere Christians, and as loyal subjects, we will resist, with all our might, the establishment of such a system amongst us, because we are convinced that it would substitute eventually scepticism and infidelity, in place of Christianity, and anarchy and confusion, in place of order and good government."*

The *Northern Whig*, a Belfast Whig paper, which, of course, advocates the removal of the disabilities, states,—
"These, be it remembered, are not the sentiments of some aspiring barrister, struggling to rise in the profession of the law by the denunciation of the Gospel, but the matured opinions of a ROMAN CATHOLIC ECCLESIASTIC."

From a speech delivered at a meeting at Waterford by the Reverend Mr Esmonde, a Catholic clergyman, and

the brother of Sir T. Esmonde, we give the following extracts:—

"I am a Catholic clergyman, and consequently cannot be suspected of overweening affection to the Protestant Established Church; but I do protest, that, were I a Protestant dignitary, I would come hither—not to be a silent spectator—(the eyes of many were here directed to the reverend Dean)—but I would come armed with all the powers of eloquence I could command; I would urge every argument, and strain every nerve, to oppose the progress of this new system. And why?—Because it is my decided conviction that this Biblical Society has for its object the subversion of the Established Church; that it is actually at this moment sapping its foundations, and, if allowed to proceed, must, at no very distant period, bring its lofty spires to the ground. Were this consummation to be effected, it is not to be expected that I would shed many tears over the ruins; but I am free to declare, that I would regret to see the fabric swept away by an inundation of Biblical fanaticism."

In one part of his speech, Mr Esmonde labours to shew, that the Catholics do not hold the doctrine of exclusive salvation. One of the Irish papers states him to be a Jesuit, and his words savour abominably of Jesuitism. We will ask him one or two plain questions.

Does the Pope admit the Established Church to be a lawful one? Does he admit that the regular clergy can lawfully administer baptism?—If not, where is the worth of the observation, that "lawful baptism," whether Catholic or Protestant, gives its objects the hope of salvation?

If the Roman Catholic Church do not hold the Protestants to be heretics, why do the Rockites, and the lower orders of the Catholics generally, publicly call them heretics, and threaten them with extermination as heretics? From whom do the vast mass of the Irish Catholics learn to do this, if not from the Catholic clergy?

If the Roman Catholic clergy hold that the Protestants are NOT heretics, why do they suffer the majority of their flocks to avow the directly contrary belief, when their creed is "so determinate and fixed, as to leave no field for the exercise of individual

judgment?" Why do they not instantly excommunicate all who hold an opinion so hostile to their alleged creed, and so fearfully fruitful of wickedness and crime?

These questions, we think, will greatly puzzle Mr Esmonde. We do not merely want to know what the clergy believe, but we want to know what the laity believe;—it is of far greater importance for us to know what the officiating clergy TEACH, than what their heads *think*. When the most bigotted and fanatical portion of the laity publicly call the Protestants heretics, nothing upon earth can convince us that they are not taught the belief by their clergy.

If there be any difference in point of feeling among the Catholic clergy, this is from one of the better portion. The worthy gentleman pretty broadly hints, that the ruin of the Established Church, by anything save "Biblical fanaticism," would give him joy. The reason of his exception may be guessed at.—"Biblical fanaticism" would not offer its spoils to the Catholics; if it swept away the Established Church, it would sweep away Catholicism previously.

The *Northern Whig*, to which we have already alluded, in a well-written article states:—

"We deeply regret that a portion of the Irish periodical press should have become, in the strict and literal meaning of the term, decidedly anti-Scriptural. We can scarcely peruse a single southern newspaper, without fancying ourselves transported to those countries, where men's inquiries are bounded by the *Index Expurgatorius*, and the press lies manacled beneath the anathema of the Church. Nor is the evil confined to the south. The press which could advocate the miracles of Hohenlohe, re-circulates with a species of perverse consistency, the hackneyed sophisms of those who would interdict to the laity the private and personal perusal of the Word of God.

"The dissemination of the Scriptures, in ANY version, without note or commentary, is virtually interdicted. The readers of the Scriptures are publicly described as enthusiasts, fickle in their religious principles, driven at one time into scepticism, plunged at another into melancholy madness. The Roman Catholic and Protestant

world are placed in strong contrast with each other."

The able writer of this article professes to wonder that those who advocate the removal of the disabilities, should be thought to be the friends of the Roman Catholic religion. We are not aware that this opinion prevails. But surely he must know, that those who contend for the removal of the disabilities, in effect labour to give a very considerable portion of the general government to the Roman Catholics—to the men who thus fight against toleration and the Scriptures.

While we write, the papers inform us, that the meeting of the Galway Bible Society held at Loughrea, has just been broken up by a Catholic mob. The Archbishop of Tuam was in the chair; he was grossly insulted, and some of the papers say his life was endangered. Our readers are aware that the Bible Society has nothing to do with schools, or school societies, and that it merely seeks to distribute the authorised version of the Scriptures, without note or comment, to such as wish to possess it.

Similar scenes have taken place in other parts of Ireland.

In a former Number of this Magazine, we gave it as our opinion, that, if even the children were suffered to use the Bible as a school-book, this *alone* would do but little towards giving them a religious education. We insisted, that, in addition to this, they ought to have the Bible explained to them, to be catechised by the clergy, and to be taken regularly to a place of worship. We insisted, moreover, that it was of even greater importance to give religious instruction to the adults than to the children.

The schools, however, in the matters before us, sink into comparative insignificance. Not only are the Scriptures and religious instruction to be carefully excluded from them, but the Bible is to be a prohibited book to the mass of the people, and the Protestants—the dignitaries of the Established Church—are to have their lives endangered in, and are to be driven by mob-violence from, the fair and lawful discharge of their religious duties. The great body of the population are to be restricted from looking into the Scriptures, or any religious treatise, save certain specified Popish ones, and

they are to receive no other religious instruction than that which makes them what they are. The press is to be virtually placed under a censorship, which shall suppress the holy volume, and all sound expositions of Christianity; and the Protestants—the regular clergy—are to be placed under a despotism, which will not even suffer them to perform divine service without insult.

That this is directly at variance with the British constitution and British liberty, needs no proof; and that it is a political question of the first magnitude, as well as a religious one, is alike apparent. The Roman Catholic clergy are here usurping a very large portion of the civil authority—they are here enacting what amounts to civil laws of the most pernicious description—they are here making themselves the civil tyrants of all the rest of the population; and in doing this, they are placing themselves in direct opposition to the government, the wishes of the British nation, and the interests of Ireland and the empire at large.

Now, where is their justification; The Bible was not written *after* the Popish Church and the Protestant ones became enemies. Our translation of it is not a mutilated, unfaithful one, designed to favour our own Church, and to injure its opponent. If it do not form the common foundation of both the Churches, and if it be not just as well calculated to make proselytes from the one as the other, whose is the fault? That must be a strange system of Christianity which proclaims the suppression of the Scriptures to be essential to its existence.

The stuff respecting the production of fanaticism by the Bible is abundantly refuted by the present state of England and Scotland. It is irresistibly ludicrous to hear a Catholic rail against fanaticism. In point of freedom from fanaticism, can the Catholics bear comparison with any one of our sects? To say that they are not more fanatical than the Methodists, Baptists, or Unitarians, would be a gross libel on the latter. The fanaticism which could reverence the Romish priest as he murdered the child, covers the vast mass of the Irish people; but the fanaticism of our Southcotonians, &c. extends only to a few of the most ignorant and brainless; and the great body of the nation holds it in abhorrence. It must likewise ever be remembered

that Protestant fanaticism almost invariably produces purity of life; while Catholic fanaticism rather encourages than represses immorality and guilt. Our incendiaries and assassins do not profess to belong to any religion; but the Catholic ones even put forth the benefit of their Church as one of the motives of their crimes. The atrocities which have disgraced Ireland, although actually committed by a comparatively small number of hands, were planned, and therefore in effect perpetrated, by combinations, which comprehended thousands upon thousands of bigotted Catholics.

It is always bad policy in a Catholic to direct our attention to history. Mr Esmonde reminds our Church of the Puritans, to put it on its guard against the Dissenters. Unfortunately for the sagacious Jesuit, our Church remembers, that a considerable time after the triumphs of the Puritans, it was placed in the most imminent danger *by the Catholics*. It remembers that, not one hundred and forty years since, some of its possessions were seized, its rights were trampled upon, and its total ruin, by the instrumentality of civil despotism, was attempted *by the Catholics*. And it knows, that while it is now on tolerable terms with the Dissenters, the Catholics are clamouring for a part of its possessions, and are as hostile to it as ever.

The fact is, as we have already stated, that our religious divisions flow from religious liberty, and not from the circulation of the Bible. History abundantly testifies, that in times when the Scriptures were almost wholly kept from the laity, the Catholics would have been split into as many sects as the Protestants now are, had it not been for the ferocious tyranny of their Church. Very many of our sects were founded before the Bible came into the hands of the great body of the people. Our Church—that Church which is so vilely slandered by the doughty champions of religious liberty—grants far more of such liberty than any Church or Chapel in the world. The discipline of Catholicism is the very essence of tyranny; that of many of the sects is sufficiently tyrannical; but the Church of England fixes no bonds upon its followers, save those of affection. Our clergy are our teachers, but not our masters; they appeal to our reason, and lead us to heaven as rational beings, but they do not at-

tempt to force us thither by the whip and the cord, as though we were brutes. We leave them when we please, and they neither consign us to perdition for it, nor injure a hair of our heads. This absence of authority on the part of the Church, and the boundless toleration granted by the state, constitute the grand source of sectarianism. If the Scriptures were withheld from the people, we believe that our sects would be more numerous, and that they would be highly mischievous. It would no doubt be as delectable a thing to the fanatical preacher, as to the Popish priest, if he could tell his hearers that the Bible said this, that, and the other, while they were deprived of the means of ascertaining the truth. If there be no Bible, there will be no genuine Christianity, although there may be a profusion of superstition, fanaticism, and party fury.

Amidst this outcry of the Catholics against the Dissenters, what are they in doctrine and life, when compared with the Methodists, Quakers, Independents, &c. ?—Which promulgates the most unscriptural absurdities, and is guilty of the most vice and wickedness ?—Let it be remembered that “Biblical fanaticism” makes no assassins, incendiaries, and rebels ; and that those who forsake the church to join the Dissenters, almost always lead a purer life from the change. Whatever there may be of fanaticism and hypocrisy in the dissenting bodies, at any rate, no one is suffered to belong to them whose outward conduct is not strictly moral and virtuous. The plain truth with regard to fanaticism is this : If only a few dozens of fools and maniacs utter a few religious absurdities, these are instantly charged upon the Protestants at large, not only by the Catholics, but by a set of people who delight in scoffing at all religions whatever.

We willingly admit that the mere use of the Scriptures as a school-book, and their profuse distribution, will not alone produce much benefit, although we are very far from saying that they will produce evil. The labours of active, zealous, pious, and eloquent ministers, are, in our judgment, absolutely essential for giving due effect to the sacred volume ; but then we think such circulation is absolutely essential for giving due effect to the labours of

such ministers. A minister, no matter to what denomination he may belong, will never make his flock good Christians, if he do not use the Bible as his chief instrument—if he do not distribute it, as well as preach from it—if he do not insist upon the study of it, as well as upon the hearing of his sermons. Nothing could be better calculated for the conversion of a body of religious teachers into unprincipled despots, than the taking of the Scriptures from the great mass of the laity.

If we could ascribe this conduct of the Roman Catholic clergy to pure religious feeling—to genuine scruples of conscience—we would willingly do it ; but it is impossible. We will allow them to object to Protestant tracts, and to Bibles having Protestant notes ; but we will make no further concession. We will not have the Scriptures suppressed or altered to suit any body of Christians whatever ; and we are certain that nothing could be more alien to Christianity and genuine religion, than the wish to keep the Irish peasantry as they are, rather than to supply them with the Bible.

Nothing could well seem more ludicrously preposterous to an Englishman than this uproar against *proselytism*. Our Church is incessantly preyed upon on all sides ; and yet if the clergy were to stand forward to whine against *proselytism*, their best friends would treat them with derision. The Methodists, Independents, &c. repeatedly hold meetings, not for the purpose of distributing the Scriptures, but to take steps for sending their preachers into new places, to use every effort for making *proselytes* ; and yet the friends of the church would be annihilated by Whig vengeance, were they to interrupt these meetings. The Catholics have been long straining every nerve to make *proselytes* in England. O’Connell states that they have done the same in Scotland and Ireland ; and it is pretty well known that they are doing this everywhere ; yet, forsooth, it is insult, cruelty, tyranny, &c. to attempt to make *proselytes* from the Catholics. Those who are suspected of the atrocious intention of wishing to make Protestants of the people of Ireland, are private individuals ; they are unconnected with the government ; the whole that they wish to do is to give the Bible, without note or comment, to such as are

willing to receive it, and to open schools for such children as Catholic parents may, of their own free will, send to them. No compulsion is used—the expence falls not on the Catholics—and the Scriptures only are read in the schools, without a word being spoken respecting this creed or the other. Yet O'Connell, Sheil, &c. call this insult, cruelty, and tyranny; and there are Protestant scoundrels who repeat the falsehood, and Protestant dolts who believe it.

It may be that the Roman Catholics have a right to be the favoured people of the empire,—that they have a right to immunities and privileges which are denied to all our other sects and parties; that they have a right to put down Protestant meetings by brute force, at pleasure; to slander our Church, clergy, and religion, without contradiction, and to deprive six millions of the people of the Scriptures, and the right of opinion—it may be that they have such a right, but we deny it altogether. Nothing could be more dangerous than for any of our sects or parties, than even for our own Church, to have such a right. Each of our tolerated ones, whether religious or political, should be exposed to the open attacks of the others—each should be protected in all fair endeavours to make proselytes, and each ought to be restrained from protecting itself from proselytism by anything save the laws and honourable exertions. This is not only essential for the circulation of sound opinions and the triumph of truth, but it is essential for preventing party creeds from becoming ruinous, party leaders from becoming demagogues and despots, and the people from becoming dupes, fanatics, slaves, and barbarians.

Now, what would the mass of the people of Ireland do if they enjoyed that freedom from religious tyranny which is enjoyed by the rest of the community? It is proved, on all hands, that they would gladly receive the Scriptures, and send their children to the schools, if their priests would permit them. Testimony has long abounded to shew, that were it not for the despotism of the Roman Catholic priesthood, the great body of the people of Ireland would, not from compulsion, not from persuasion, but spontaneously and with gladness, place

themselves under sound and efficient moral and religious instruction—not instruction with regard to this creed or that, but instruction in those grand principles of Christian life which ought to be common to both religions. Testimony has long abounded to prove, that though compulsion and persuasion are not necessary to bring the children to the schools, compulsion and terror are necessary, and are unsparingly resorted to, to keep them away. The policy, the state policy, which this calls for, cannot surely need explanation. There ought, surely, to be some limit to the authority of a religious corporation, even though this be a Roman Catholic one; the good of a people and of an empire must surely be of somewhat more importance than the personal benefit of a body of religious teachers, even though these be headed by the Pope.

In our article on the Church of England and the Dissenters, we stated that the Catholic party, if it obtained power, would regard its Church as its grand bond of union and main weapon of war, would protect the system of its clergy to the utmost, and, in consequence, would make constant war upon popular liberties. When we wrote this, no account of the late proceedings in Ireland had reached us, and we little dreamed that the Catholics would so soon furnish such appalling proofs of the truth of our words. The heads of the laity are now furiously supporting their clergy in that system which annihilates the liberty of the press, and the right of opinion to the people, and which reduces the people to the rank and treatment of brute beasts. With them the removal of the disabilities sinks into insignificance, when compared with the putting down of Bible and School Societies, and the keeping of the wretched peasantry in fetters; although they are well aware, when they commit their outrages on the Protestants, that these must convince every reflecting man in the empire, that party supremacy and dominion are their objects, and that the removal of the disabilities would be ruinous.

We were long told by the Conciliators, and others, that the Catholic Association spoke only the sentiments of the demagogues who composed it, and that its opinions and schemes

were abhorred by the great body of the Catholics. But what will these people now tell us? O'Connell states that it now consists of seven hundred members—that the prelates and clergy are all with it—that the nobility and gentry, as he phrases it, have sent in their adhesion,—in a word, that it speaks the sentiments of the whole of the Irish Catholics. The English Catholics have, many of them, united themselves with it, and not one Catholic in either country has stated his dissent from its proceedings. It must, therefore, now be regarded as the grand organ of the Catholic Church, as the grand organ of the united Catholics of the three kingdoms.

If anything could combine the extremes of ignorance, stupidity, bigotry, intolerance, and bad principle, and feeling of every kind, it is this Association,—if it be possible to promulgate destructive doctrines and schemes, these are promulgated by this Association,—if anything could prove the absolute necessity of continuing the disabilities, it is this Association.* No one can witness its proceedings without being convinced, that if it were able it would instantly kindle the faggots under the Orangemen, and the Protestants at large. It will admit of no difference of opinion,—it will tolerate no party but its own,—it will recognise no laws that oppose its will; its opponents are to be gagged, to be trampled in the dust, to be annihilated, and no voice is to be heard in Ireland save its own hideous yelling. The speeches of O'Connell would disgrace a fool in point of sense, and a tyrant in point of principle; no one can read them without groaning over

that injustice which suffers him to be at large, while it lays poor Gourlay by the heels for alleged insanity. The harangues of this fellow and his confederates equal the worst productions that the Catholics ever put forth in any age, in dark superstition, demoniacal intolerance, and despotic barbarity.

As to the objects of this Association, it publicly proclaims that the removal of the disabilities is the least of them. The Irish Protestant Church is to be rooted up—many of its possessions are to be given to the Romish priests—the Protestant corporations are to be destroyed—many of the Protestants are to be legally disqualified for filling any public office—the Protestants are to be restricted from offering instruction to the peasantry, and we know not how many other atrocious measures are to be carried into effect to satisfy it. The drift of every thing that it calls for evidently tends to the same end, the destruction of Protestantism in Ireland, and the banishment of the Protestants. It has solemnly identified itself with Cobbet, made his Register one of its official publications, and declared its intention of sending him to Parliament as the representative of the Catholics. Poor Brougham, after having worn his blushing honours for so short a period—after having only made one set speech in his capacity of Catholic agent, is to be deposed and degraded, that Cobbett may reign in his stead!

If all this have to be charged upon the Catholics of the three kingdoms as a body, as well as upon the Catholic Association, it is not the fault of us who write. They publicly tell us

* As Lord Clifden and the Honourable Agar Ellis have contributed their ten pounds to this body, we subjoin the following extract from the *Dublin Evening Mail*:—

“Lord Clifden has large estates in Kilkenny and in other parts of Ireland, which he visits once in three years, with the patriotic motive of collecting arrears, and closing the accounts of his land-steward. On those occasions his lordship expends a certain portion of his income in this country; for he discharges his bill at his hotel in Dublin with punctuality—not to mention the heavy expense of hiring post-horses for the conveyance of his person to and fro in his *angelic* visits to Gowran. In England, where he commonly resides, he is known only as a titled *Faineant*, with an income of THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS, wrung from the hard hands of Irish paupers. Not content with draining his estates of an enormous annual revenue, not one farthing of which returns in any shape to refresh the exhausted soil, he remits, by the hands of his hopeful son, ten pounds to the advocates of destruction, to assist them in providing ‘*weapons*’ for the expulsion of those proprietors, who, unlike his lordship, have the courage and generosity to live in the country which gives them bread.”

If this be true, what degree of public scorn ought to visit Lord Clifden and Mr Agar Ellis?

to do it—they publicly tell us that this Association speaks their opinions and wishes. We thank them for their candour; we love plain dealing; we will endeavour to imitate their example in speaking out honestly and openly.

The Catholics can now no longer be called a party; they have resolved themselves into a faction—a religious and political faction of the worst character. The conduct of their clergy, allowing for difference of circumstances, is even worse than that of the clergy of Spain—the principles and deeds of their lay-leaders, allowing for difference of means and power, were never surpassed in enormity by those of any despot that ever disgraced a sceptre. What would be the consequence of introducing a tremendous faction like this into our political arena? Let it be remembered, that the ferocious mobs which put down by brute force the Bible, Missionary, and School Meetings in Ireland, were headed by the leaders of the Association and the Clergy. Are these people to be numbered among our rulers, and to be united with those who have our liberties in their keeping? Are our Bible, Missionary, and School Meetings, to be suppressed?—Are our lower orders to be deprived of the Scriptures?—Are our clergy to be subjected to insult and violence in the discharge of their duty?—Is our right of opinion to be taken away?—Are we to be prohibited from reading anything save what the Catholics may permit?—And are we to be made the slaves and minions of a despotic, unprincipled Popish hierarchy? If not, keep those from Parliament and the ministry, who are openly straining every nerve to bring all this upon us.

Why are the disabilities continued? The State wishes to see the Catholics well-principled and well-affected—it wishes to see them moderate and tolerant—it wishes them to furnish evidence that they understand, and reverence the constitution; that they comprehend and are willing to practise the principles of liberty; that they are willing to mingle in our party contests, according to the rules which our other parties observe; that they are under the guidance of enlightened, honourable men, and that they will be content to be placed on an equality with our other dissenting bodies. The

State wishes all this; but it would, *without it*, remove the disabilities. The question between the Catholics and the State touches not religious doctrine, or conscience; it relates solely to *discipline*—to a matter which, whatever name it may bear, is altogether one of civil authority; and which the late Pope at one time was inclined to concede. The State does not ask the Catholics to change their creed in one iota; and it does not ask them to change their discipline any farther than may be necessary for placing them on a level with the rest of the community as subjects. If they would stand forward in the spirit of peace and good feeling, and conform their discipline to the general principles of the constitution, and the general liberties of the nation at large, the disabilities would be removed by acclamation. But this is obstinately refused—the obnoxious portion of papal tyranny must be retained—they appear as a bigotted, intolerant, disaffected faction, determined to bully the State out of privileges and immunities unknown to the rest of the community, or to remain as they are; therefore the disabilities are continued.

The disabilities keep a very small number of such Catholics as O'Connell out of Parliament and the ministry; but the vast mass of the Catholics are in effect *at this moment* as free from disabilities, as the vast mass of the Protestants of this country; in truth, they enjoy a privilege with regard to the elective franchise to which the great body of the people of England and Scotland are strangers. The being a Catholic is not the only disqualification for a seat in Parliament, or a place in the ministry. A man is required to have a certain fortune and a large share of what is called interest; and, in reality, the whole of the people of Great Britain, save a few thousands, are subject to disabilities which place them in precisely that state in which the mass of the Irish Catholics are placed. If one thing be sufficient to disable us, it matters not though it be attended by a thousand others;—if two wounds will kill a man, the third is of no consequence.

It is as clear as proof could make it, that the wish to preserve their strength and weapons as a faction, and to enter the political field with exclusive privileges, is the **ONLY** reason why the

Catholics refuse to grant what the State requires ; and it is abundantly obvious, from the innumerable demands put forth by the Association, that the removal of the disabilities would not change the state of Ireland in the least.

Why this Association is suffered to exist we know not ; but that it ought to be suppressed, is a matter of which no one is ignorant. To speak of Conciliation—to prevent the dressing of the statue—to put down the Orange processions—to make attack upon attack on the Orangemen ; and then to tolerate the monstrous proceedings of this monstrous body, exhausts all that can be called partiality and injustice. When this Association is suffered to fill every corner of Ireland with its false and poisonous assertions respecting tyranny and bondage—when it daily addresses everything that is inflammable to the inflammable people—when it not only winds up the feelings of its own followers to fury, but goes those of the Protestants to madness—when it robs of their bread the starving peasantry to support itself in this iniquity ;—when it is suffered to do all this, what does this cant mean respecting tranquillizing Ireland and putting down party spirit ? Will the suffering of the Catholics to heap every kind of insult and outrage on the Protestants divest either the one or the other of party animosity ? Speak of *Conciliation* !—A single glance at Ireland is sufficient to render the word infamous for ever !

It is the opinion of every one, that if this Association be not put down, it will wrap Ireland in rebellion and blood. Every one believes that it is producing the most fearful evils in Ireland, and that it is even doing great injury to the cause of the Catholics. The Catholics themselves say, that it must be dissolved, or the disabilities must be removed of *necessity*. Then, why is it suffered to exist ? Is it that these sluggish days of peace may be enlivened by an Irish war ? or, is it that we may be bullied and terrified into the granting of that which ought only to be conceded from a conviction of its justice and expediency ? If the latter be the object, it will miscarry. When the Catholics in a body are putting forth principles, and following conduct worthy of the worst of their ancestors, neither one Association, nor ten, will enable them to triumph. Compromise and concession themselves

would not dare to grant *exclusive privileges and immunities* to such a faction as they now form.

We will now turn to the bright side of the picture. The Catholic Association has effectually cleared the character of the Orange Societies. No one who reads its speeches—who looks at its deeds—who remembers its attacks on the School and other Meetings—will now charge the party madness of Ireland upon the Orangemen. Every one must now see, that if no Orangemen existed, the Catholics would be precisely what they now are. This is one point gained towards the dissipation of public delusion.

But the most important matter is this :—the Roman Catholic clergy, by their late conduct, convince us that they believe the conversion of the people to Protestantism to be a very practicable matter. They have, in effect, stated this to be their belief, and they are much better acquainted with the matter than those Protestants who rail against proselytism. On this point we think with them, and we further think, that if the Protestants and the government do their duty, great and glorious changes will ere long take place in Ireland. All accounts concur in stating, that a spirit of inquiry has taken hold of the lower orders—that they gladly, whenever they dare, accept the Scriptures and religious tracts, and send their children to the schools. To discourage this, not to encourage it to the utmost, would be little short of fratricide. We have long thought, that if any events should take place which should involve the Protestant and Catholic clergy in active religious controversy, and which should deeply interest the feelings of the people at large in the controversy, they would produce incalculable good to Ireland. Such events have unexpectedly—we would almost say providentially—taken place, and we trust to Heaven that the most will be made of them. We hope, that if the clergy have been unable to accomplish anything by preaching, they will now accomplish much by writing. We hope that the Protestant ministers of all denominations, will literally cover the surface of Ireland with pamphlets and tracts on this question, respecting the reading of the Scriptures, and the right of opinion and action. Argument, reason, truth, justice, religion, and the interests of the people, are clearly with

them, and the feelings of the people are in a high state of excitement respecting the matter. We exhort the Societies to persevere zealously and boldly. No matter what the Association and the mobs may do, an immense mass exists between, who will both read and reflect. A victory cannot be gained without a battle. Disregard party rage—push it higher—it has only to reach its height to destroy itself—the sooner it reaches this, the sooner will that re-action take place which will yield the most splendid benefits to Ireland. If Wesley and his preachers had not been everywhere mobbed, they would scarcely have made a single proselyte; they were mobbed, and therefore they immediately became a mighty sect. Nothing could be better calculated for disgusting the reflecting, religious part of the Catholics with their clergy, than the conduct which these have lately exhibited.

One word more touching this stupid outcry against proselytism. *The State has a vital interest in converting the people of Ireland to Protestantism.* This is a truth which no one will deny, save those simple people who cannot discover that religious creeds affect political conduct; and it certainly proves, that to promote, and not to oppose, proselytism, is the duty of the government. The government certainly ought not to endeavour to make proselytes by compulsion, and it ought not to insist on the teaching of any particular creed in the schools; but this is no argument against its encouraging proselytism by wise and proper means. However, whatever its wishes may be, we know that nothing in our whole system will authorise it to prevent others from making proselytes. The Church of England, and every sect and party in Great Britain, are eternally assailed by those who seek to make proselytes from them; if they complained of this, they would be only answered by public scorn, and we protest against that, which is denied to them, being conceded to the Roman Catholics. We protest against any protection from proselytism being granted to the Popish Church of Ireland, which is refused to the Church of England. What, in the name of common sense, is Catholicism, that it should thus be hallowed and protected from party-warfare—that, while every other creed in the land may be safely assailed, an attack upon it is to be regard-

ed as a state offence? Where is the evidence of its truth,—what are those who profess it,—and where are the benefits that it yields to the empire? Away, then, with this wretched cant against proselytism in Ireland, unless it be intended to act upon it here, and thereby to destroy inquiry and discussion! If the people of Ireland refuse the Schools and the Scriptures, let them;—they have a right to do it;—but the Protestants have as much right to offer these, as they have to refuse them. If this cant be still listened to, we suppose it will next be made a heinous offence to make proselytes from Whiggism and Radicalism.

The Roman Catholic Church is the grand cause which makes Ireland what it is. Its grinding tyranny makes the people barbarians, and its insatiable selfishness and ambition make them rebels. It has only to speak, and Ireland will be instructed, enlightened, reformed, and tranquillized, and reconciled with Great Britain. Were it to concede that *in its discipline*, which would at once remove the disabilities, it would still possess a far greater share of privilege, authority, and power, than any other corporation in the land, civil or religious, but this it obstinately refuses. It must be independent of, and above, the government; to stand on an equality with our other bodies, is beneath its scorn, it must be lawless. To administer to its aggrandizement, and to preserve its appalling despotism, the weal of both Ireland and Great Britain must be sacrificed. Its clergy call themselves ministers of religion, they blasphemously usurp the attributes of God, and still, instead of combining in attempts to instruct and reform the people, they resist them with all their might—instead of teaching religion, they teach wickedness—instead of promoting peace and harmony, they promote war and animosity. They are at this moment standing in the first rank of political faction, addressing the most false, seditious, and inflammatory statements to their followers, and leading the people to tumult and crime. Well may such men wish to suppress the New Testament; for no contrast could possibly be more striking than that which may be found between their words and conduct, and those which are recorded of JESUS CHRIST.

Y. Y. Y.

BUCHANAN'S MEMOIRS OF PAINTING.*

BRITISH GALLERIES OF ART.†

WE have no painter in the present day entitled to be placed within fifty miles of Hogarth for originality, or (taking the word in any intelligible sense whatever) for *genius*. Neither have we any one to be compared with Sir Joshua Reynolds for elegance of conception, ease of execution, and the charm of unaffected good taste. He also was, in spite of all the sarcasms of the underbred creatures who carp at him, a man of true genius, and his fame will live entire so long as *any* of his great works remain unfaded.

But although we have no first-rate originating genius like Hogarth, and no portrait-painter at all comparable to Sir Joshua, we certainly have at this time a far greater number of admirable living artists than Britain ever possessed at any one former period; and there is no sort of doubt that we have infinitely more of them than all the other countries in the world put together. Turner is decidedly the greatest landscape painter that has appeared in the world since Claude. Wilkie has all the truth of Teniers's nature, quite as much richness of colouring, and at the same time a general power of expression, and, above all, a capacity for blending pathos with humour, of which his master had no notion. Sir Thomas Laurence is not indeed a Sir Joshua, but he stands infinitely nearer him than any portrait-painter that Europe has produced since, and ranks (after him) next to Vandyke and Velasquez. He has an exquisite perception of grace, and wants perhaps little, except *repose*, to be, in so far as his theory goes, unexceptionable. He is, perhaps, the most pains-taking, indefatigable artist now living; so that it must be some radical defect in his powers that keeps him, even in his happiest efforts, at so great a distance from that magical airiness of effect, which, in regard to mere execution, forms the principal charm of all Sir Joshua Reynolds' masterpieces. When Sir Thomas was in Rome, he perfectly astonished the Italians of

these degenerate days, and his merits are acknowledged all over Europe as they ought to be. Landseer is, at the age of three-and-twenty, an animal-painter not inferior to Sneyders himself, and, if he lives and thrives, he will be hereafter immeasurably his superior. In each of these departments, too, we have many other artists of undoubted merit, of great diligence, and of daily rising reputation. Leslie (an American) produced a picture at the last exhibition, which for design, and indeed for everything but a certain antique richness of handling, came close upon Wilkie's best pieces. Allan would stand perhaps nearer still to Wilkie, if he could be persuaded to paint with more warmth; as to drawing, he is perhaps the very first of his time. Newton (another American) bids fair to be an English Watteau, when experience shall have added more firmness and decision of touch to the elegance and grace which he already possesses in a degree scarcely inferior even to Sir Thomas himself. Haydon is perhaps, after Wilkie, the cleverest man of all these; and, without question, he might stand by the side of the highest of them, if he had sense and taste in proportion to his talent. As it is, his Judgment of Solomon, painted ten years ago, (or more,) is still the best historical picture that has appeared in our time, and his *head* of Lazarus the finest *head*. But he has (with the exception of that one head in the Lazarus picture) retrograded rather than advanced, both in execution and in reputation, since the time when he painted his Solomon; and indeed his last effort, Silenus preaching to Ariadne, was bad beyond belief—a complete Cockneyism in conception, and a daub of daubs in its most comical execution. Calcott, Martin, Thomson, Williams, are distinguished masters in their several styles of landscape painting—and, indeed, there is a whole host in that department. We have admirable engravers by the dozen.

* Memoirs of Painting, with a Chronological History of the Importation of Pictures by the Great Masters into England since the French Revolution. By W. Buchanan, Esq. London: R. Ackermann, Strand.

† British Galleries of Art. London: R. and W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-Lane.

In a word, there can be no doubt that England at no preceding time ever possessed such a group of flourishing artists as she can produce at this moment; and, what is more, there is not one of those we have named that has passed the vigour of life, while far the greater part of them are men, in the very prime of years, enthusiasm, and industry; so that it can scarcely be doubted that they will, one and all, produce works superior to any they have as yet exhibited, ere they close their career.

It can scarcely admit of a doubt, that we are considerably indebted for all this to the Elgin Marbles, and in a still greater degree to the vast number of old masterpieces of painting which have been introduced into this country in consequence of the French Revolution. The greater part of the Orleans Collection came to London at the very beginning of that convulsion, and many English amateurs (in particular Lord Gower, now Marquis of Stafford, from his official situation at Paris,) were enabled to lay hands on a great variety of excellent pictures besides, which the distressed condition of the proprietors made them willing to part with during the early period of the struggle. The fine collection of the ex-minister, M. Calonne, and that which an American, by name Turnbull, had formed during the miseries of Paris, were both of them sold in London in 1795. Mr Bryan's collection, formed in Holland during its first troubles, came to the hammer in 1798, and some of its *chefs-d'œuvre* formed the foundation of the rich collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures now at Carlton House. The gallery of the Fagel family of the Hague was sold here in 1801. The fine Venetian collection of the Vitturi had been purchased several years earlier, and was sold about the same period. The French army, in overrunning Italy, seized on whatever pictures best pleased them, that could be called in any shape public property, and their cruel exactions rendered the private nobility so poor, and threw all property into such a state of uncertainty, that English adventurers, of various orders, were enabled to get possession, in a quiet way, of a very great number of first-rate Italian pictures during that distressing period. Genoa, Venice, Bologna, Rome, and Naples, all furnish

ed considerable contributions, and throughout the war there was a continual importation—hazardous and clandestine of course—of fine pictures into this country from Italy. The French invasion of Spain was attended with consequences nearly similar in that country. The palaces of the King and the rich churches were plundered by Napoleon's generals and agents, and private noblemen and monasteries were glad to dispose of some of their pictures, whenever they could do it in a way not likely to attract too much attention. Our own successes in Spain enabled us, in another manner, to acquire many masterpieces of Flemish, Italian, and, above all, of Spanish art, which last was, until about this time, very little known, and most inadequately appreciated, either here or in any country but Spain itself. Monsieur de Brun and General Sebastiani had formed fine collections in Spain during her troubles, and these successively found their way into England. The great collection of Talleyrand himself followed more lately, and a very considerable part of Lucien Buonaparte's gallery was also disposed of here after his brother's first downfall. Finally, there is every likelihood that Marshall Soult's Spanish pictures will be sold here ere long. And all this is independent of a prodigious variety of smaller consignments, which were continually arriving in England down to the time when the continental tranquillity was quite re-established, in consequence of the results of the battle of Waterloo. Since that time, the Italian proprietors of pictures have resumed their old reluctance to parting with them; so have the Spanish and the Flemish people; and now, when a good picture is offered for sale anywhere on the Continent, it is almost always picked up by the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, or the Prince of Orange; the agents of these insatiable collectors being at work everywhere, and furnished with the means of driving almost all private speculators out of the market.

The "Memoirs of Painting," named at the head of our paper, form, in fact, something like a history of the different importations now alluded to, and may be said to be very decently executed. The writer, Mr Buchanan, is, we believe, a younger brother of the

member for Dumbartonshire, who abandoned early in life his profession of the law for that—to make plain words serve the turn—of a picture-dealer. His enthusiasm was boundless—his knowledge was respectable, and became great. He seems to have had considerable command of credit; and it is not going a bit too far to say, that he has been, throughout the last twenty years, out of all sight, the most extensive importer of pictures in England. He alone has been the means of bringing infinitely more first-rate pictures into England than any other individual ever brought into that country. He ran great risks, and frequently incurred severe losses from vessels being captured, and the like accidents. And, on the whole, he appears to have found the trade none of the best—since, throughout his book, he embraces many opportunities of letting us know, that, in his opinion, his services and their results have been such as to entitle him to some public remuneration—a hint which we presume would not have been so often repeated, had Mr Buchanan employed his capital, commercially speaking, with any considerable measure of success.

Now, when we consider that in reality a prodigious proportion of the finest pictures at this hour in this country would never have been in it had no such person as Mr Buchanan existed, it is quite impossible for us to hesitate about conceding to him, that, in one sense of the phrase, England, and the art of England, are under signal obligations to him. But it is a very different question indeed, whether he, or any person in similar circumstances, has any right whatever to expect a public reward in the shape of pounds, shillings, and pence. He tells us, that he began his career in picture-buying from a most enthusiastic passion for art—and we believe him to the letter; but, laying what he says out of view, what does the public see, what can it see in him, but a mercantile speculator, who bought and sold pictures, just as any other merchant buys and sells any other marketable commodity? Many of the pictures he bought, were, according to his own book, sold at enormous profits—others, no doubt, faded differently: but still people must, in all concerns, take the good and the evil together; and we really cannot

see that the nation is obliged to make up to Mr Buchanan the deficit in one page of his books, any more than Mr Buchanan is to share with the community at large the good things indicated by a different arrangement of Arabic numerals in another page of it. Besides, admit the principle, and where are we to stop? Will not the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin claim a parliamentary reward for having been the means of bringing in so many Alduses and Elzevirs?—What are we to say to Bullock, when he frames a petition, touching his Mexican, and all other curiosities?—Nay, to take an example among matters more intelligible to all men, upon what grounds are we to refuse “a place or a pension” (Mr Buchanan’s own terms) to the authors of unsuccessful translations of Tasso and Schiller—or even to the importers of Hocks and Burgundies, that have not happened to gratify the palatal organs of John Bull quite so much as had been expected when the invoice arrived in Augusta Trinobantum? No lack of gentlemen, in each and all of these departments, who will make bold to consider and to represent themselves as public benefactors, at least as much as Mr Buchanan—aye, even if he had introduced to the English market twice as many Titians, Rubenses, and Murillos, as the catalogue of his achievements does in reality embrace. But, keeping within his own sphere of matters, if he who bought pictures to sell them be entitled to the things he hints at, pray what are we to say to those who bought the pictures from him? Had there been no Lord Staffords, and Mr Angersteins, and Mr Hopes, no Mr Buchanan could have dared to buy the pictures in Italy and Spain—or if he had, they must have travelled back to the continent as fast as they left it. We, however, do not consider these wealthy persons entitled to statues on account of their pictures: they gratify, or seek to gratify, their vanity as well as their taste; and they take their chance as to these, just as poorer people do, and must do, as to other things. A very indifferent painter, we must say, provided he be a man of diligent and decent life, has a thousand times more right to petition Parliament for “a place or a pension,” than any gentleman whose connexion with art, however splendid in its results,

has been confined to the affairs of buying and selling.

Mr Buchanan's book is, though treating of art, by no means got up *secundum artem*; but, to say the truth, we are not sure that we like it a bit the less for this. It certainly contains a great deal of very useful information in regard to the *practical* matters of the art pictorial, and must therefore be acceptable to artists. The connoisseurs and collectors, especially, will find it full of facts interesting to them; and few readers who have any taste for art at all, can fail to be pleased with the details given as to the history of many particular masterpieces now in this country. Even the narratives of the different mercantile negotiations carried on by Mr Buchanan and his agents with the Italians and Spaniards, during their troubles, are by no means devoid of entertainment—sometimes, indeed, they throw light on the history of the period. And on the whole, the work is creditable to the writer; and will, we think, enjoy a considerable share of public favour; which consummation to accelerate, we shall now lay a few extracts before our readers.

The great Orleans Collection came divided into the English market. The Flemish and Dutch part of it was bought from the Duke Egalité, by an English gentleman, Mr Slade, in conjunction with Messrs Morland and Hammersley, and the late Lord Kinnaird—who paid 350,000 *francs* for them, and made an excellent speculation of it. The Italian pictures were sold first to a banker of Brussels, Walckuers, then to M. Laborde de Meuville, who emigrated with them to England; and when his affairs were such that he could no longer keep them, they were bought by Mr Bryan, for the late Duke of Bridgewater, the Earl of Carlisle, and Earl Gower, for the sum of 43,000*l.*—and a most excellent bargain these noble co-partners had—for their lordships divided among themselves the pictures which they liked best, amounting in value to 39,000*l.*—and sold by auction the remainder for no less than 41,000*l.*—so that each of the three got his own share of the collection for nothing; in other words, made thirteen or fourteen thousand pounds by his venture. Mr Slade, in a letter to Mr Buchanan, gives the following

particulars as to his purchase of the Dutch and Flemish pictures of the Palais Royal.

“In the month of May, 1792, the late Lord Kinnaird and Messrs Morland and Hammersley asked me, if I would join them in the speculation of purchasing the whole of the Orleans Collection; for which they were to provide money, and I to find judgment as to their value. This proposal suiting me, I readily acquiesced in it; and on the 8th of June I set off from my house at Rochester for Paris, carrying with me a letter of credit on the house of Peregaux and Co. for fifty thousand pounds sterling. I arrived at Paris the very day the King had fled: the city was in the greatest confusion, and under martial law; however, the keepers of the gallery had orders to let me have free access at all hours, and to take down any pictures which I wished to inspect.

“A negotiation on the part of Lord Kinnaird had been begun through the means of a Mr Forth, a gentleman who was intimate in the family of the Duke of Orleans. After two or three days that I had been in Paris, I was requested, on the part of the Duke of Orleans, to make a valuation of the pictures in the collection, and to make an offer. This, I represented, was contrary to all usage, as it was for His Royal Highness to fix the price, and to make a demand—all expostulation, however, on this point was in vain: for unless I acceded to these conditions the negotiation could not be entered into. I was therefore compelled to make a valuation, which I presented to the Duke; but when he saw it, he got into a rage, and said he was betrayed, and that I was in league with Monsieur le Brun, the director of His Royal Highness's gallery, as there was only 20,000 livres difference between his valuation and mine. I most positively assured the Duke that such could not be the case, as I was not acquainted with Monsieur le Brun; had never spoken to him in my life; and only knew him by reputation. This casualty, however, gave a check to the affair. The Orleans party at this time became every day stronger at Paris, and the Duke so popular, that he flattered himself he should speedily be elected regent. He suddenly, therefore, resolved not to sell that collection, on the credit of which he had already borrowed considerable sums of money for the purpose of influencing the public mind. This was this first and most important negotiation broken off, to my great mortification, and I returned to England, having accomplished nothing.

“I had not long left France, when Lord Kinnaird informed me that the Italian part of the Orleans Collection had been dispo-

sed of : that the Duke had lost a large sum of money at billiards to Monsieur la Borde, the elder ; and that the bankers were so pressing upon him, that he was compelled to let them have the Italian pictures to pay his debt ; that the Flemish and Dutch pictures still remained, but there was not a moment to be lost in endeavouring to secure them for this country. I accordingly set off a second time for Paris, and on my arrival was again required to make a valuation, which I did ; and, strange to say, it again came within 10,000 livres of Monsieur le Brun's valuation.

“ On this occasion my offer was accepted, a memorandum of agreement was signed, and I conceived all to be settled ; but the Duke having learnt that he could obtain a larger sum from the Empress of Russia, objected to ratifying the sale, unless he was allowed the difference of exchange, which was at that time exceedingly favourable for England : this I acceded to, being anxious to terminate the affair, and I flattered myself that all obstacles had been removed ; but no ! the Duke had nearly outwitted himself by this delay. The numerous creditors, to whom he had pledged different parts of the palace, rose up, and claimed the pictures as a part of the furniture, and refused to let them be removed. I consulted an able advocate, who advised me, as I spoke the French language fluently, to plead my own cause. I accordingly attended the first meeting of the creditors, in the great hall of the Palais Royal ; from thirty to forty claimants were present : I urged the justice of my claim, which they did not seem to allow ; and I boldly declared, that if they would not suffer me to remove the pictures, I had the power, and would enforce it, of lodging a protest against their being sold to any other person ; in which case, the Duke could not satisfy their demands to any extent. This threat had the desired effect, and next day I was informed that I might remove them at my own risk. I lost no time in availing myself of this permission, and had them carried to a large warehouse adjoining the Palais Royal.

“ Here again I had fresh difficulties to encounter ; and, considering the state of the times, very considerable risk ; for, while I was having them cased up, I was surrounded by a parcel of people, many of them artists, who declared that it was a shame so capital a collection should be permitted to go out of the kingdom, and seemed, from their language, determined to prevent it. Some of them asked privately by what route they were to go ;—I had told the people employed in the *embellage* that they would be sent off by land for Calais ; so soon, however, as the packing was completed, I had them all privately in the night put on board a barge, which was in readi-

ness, and sent by the Seine to Havre de Grace ; from whence they were immediately forwarded to England, and were safely landed at the Victualling Office at Chatham.

“ I was at that time a man of good fortune, and held a place under government. My house was at Chatham, where I had a very excellent gallery of pictures for my own gratification. So soon as these pictures were landed, I had them arranged in my gallery, and, for some months, had an opportunity of gratifying visitors with a view of my acquisition ; of which, considering the risks I had encountered, I was very proud.

“ The following season the collection was carried to London, where it was exhibited for sale by private contract, at the Old Academy Rooms in Pall Mall, under the direction of Mr Wilson of the European Museum ; and you may judge of the general interest which this collection created, when I inform you, that above one hundred pounds per day was received during the last week of the exhibition, at one shilling admittance only. I had the entire control over this valuable property, and fixed those prices which I considered as fair, but which have since proved to be much under the real value of the pictures.”

Mr Buchanan thus introduces his catalogue of the Talleyrand Gallery.

“ The collection of cabinet pictures of the Flemish and Dutch schools, formed by Monsieur de Talleyrand, had long been considered one of the most select in France. It was composed of chefs-d'œuvres drawn from the various collections of Hesse Cassel, Malmaison, the Prince de Conti, the Duc de Valentinois, the Duc d'Alva, the Duc de Choisseuil, de Poulain, of Randon de Boisset, de Tolozan, Van Leyden, de Schmidt, Clos, Solirène, the Duc Dalberg, and Robit ; and had the advantage of being formed under the direction of Monsieur le Brun, one of the most intelligent connoisseurs of the French capital.

“ In the year 1817, Monsieur de Talleyrand having expressed himself inclined to dispose of his collection by private contract, the author of these sketches waited upon him in Paris for the purpose of making proposals to purchase the same, and after a short conversation with Monsieur de Talleyrand, and having examined the collection, he agreed to give him the sum at which the collection had been valued, provided he would reserve a Claude, which hung in a situation too high to be examined critically, and make a deduction of 30,000 francs for the same, being the sum at which it had been valued. To these terms Monsieur de Talleyrand would not consent at the time, and would make no deduction whatever ; but he desired to take

the proposition regarding the Claude into consideration, and to give an answer the following day.

“ In the meantime, a gentleman who had introduced Mr Buchanan to Monsieur de Talleyrand, wrote a letter to the secretary of that nobleman, without the knowledge of the former, proposing some modification of the offer in regard to the collection without the Claude, which it appears had given offence either to Monsieur de Talleyrand himself or to his secretary; for on the following day, when Mr Buchanan attended by appointment to conclude the transaction, (and he had determined not to allow the affair of the Claude to stand in the way of it,) he was informed that Monsieur de Talleyrand had gone from home, and that the pictures were no longer visible.

“ Finding his views defeated from this casualty, and no probability of again having an interview with the proprietor himself, and being at the same time informed that Monsieur de Talleyrand had changed his intention of selling this fine collection of pictures, he returned to England, and had been there for several weeks, when he was again informed that this collection was to be sold on the 7th of July by public sale in Paris, of which he received a printed catalogue.

“ Having previously received intimation that something of this kind might be the case, Mr Buchanan had taken care to have credits in readiness to operate on at a short notice, as one of the principal causes for not terminating the affair at the first interview with Monsieur de Talleyrand was, his not having carried credits with him for a sum adequate to that which would have been required, *argent comptant*, had the terms proposed been agreed to; and the affair of the Claude was intended either to create a diminution on the aggregate sum, if accepted, or to keep the affair open until the proper arrangement for the payment of the whole should be made, and the money received from England. On the second occasion, therefore, as he was prepared for the affair, whatever shape it might assume, he set off immediately for Paris to negotiate with the gentleman who he was informed had been named as agent for the disposal of these pictures, being anxious to secure for this country so celebrated a collection if it were possible.

“ On Mr Buchanan's arrival in Paris he found that the pictures, although still on the walls of the Hotel de Talleyrand, had been placed entirely under the control of Monsieur Bonnemaïson; and as he was informed that several competitors for them had come into the field, he lost no time in concluding a transaction with that gentleman, by which he was to pay 320,000 francs for the collection as it stood described in the printed catalogue, which con-

tained forty-six pictures, the greater proportion of which were of the first class.”

The following will shew that there are tricks in all trades.

“ After the purchase of the collection of Talleyrand, Mr Buchanan turned his attention to some of those collections which, he had for some time known, might be obtained in Flanders and in Holland, particularly that of Van Reynders at Brussels, the collection of Van Havre at Antwerp, in which were the Chapeau de Paille, the Chateau de Laaken, the Elizabeth Brants, and Helena Foreman, all by Reubens (the last of which Mr Buchanan purchased from that family, and made them large offers for the other three,) and the collection of the Burgomaster Hoguer, at Amsterdam, in which were several fine pictures by Paul Potter, Philip Wouvermans, Jan Steen, &c. &c. A short account of Mr Buchanan's proceedings, in regard to the purchases which he then made, will be found in a letter written from Amsterdam, which having been preserved by the friend to whom he then wrote, he is now enabled to give it here.

“ Amsterdam, Aug. 25, 1817.

“ After writing to you from Paris, a piece of information came to my knowledge which has brought me here in all haste. I learnt that the fine Paul Potter, belonging to the Burgomaster Hoguer, would be sold in the course of a few days, and that several amateurs were on the look-out for it.

“ A few days ago Monsieur le R. did me the honour of a call, evidently for the purpose of learning my movements for the rest of the season. The conversation turned on the beauty of the south at this season of the year; and fearing that my views might have been directed towards Flanders or Holland, he strongly recommended my seeing the banks of the Loire before leaving France, especially as the vintage was fast approaching. I told him that I had long intended to make an excursion to Orleans, Tours, &c. and had some thoughts of going there before returning to England. This seemed to quiet his suspicions of finding me a competitor in the north; for having so recently purchased the Talleyrand Collection, which excited some degree of jealousy among the Parisians, he imagined to find me his opponent also in Flanders and Holland. I inquired where he meant to spend the autumn; when he said he was going in the course of a short time, on account of his health, to drink the mineral waters of Mont-d'Or. After some farther conversation upon indifferent matters, he then took his leave of me, and we parted, wishing each other *bonne santé et un bon voyage*.

“ Having learned that much interest was likely to be excited among the amateurs

in this quarter, and hearing that it was the intention of Monsieur le R. and some of his friends to leave Paris in the course of a couple of days for Amsterdam, I had my passport *visé* by the minister of police for Brussels, and set off the following afternoon in a light travelling calesh, accompanied by Mrs B. and my servant Antoine, an old campaigner. We travelled all night, as is usual in France, and the following morning stopped for a couple of hours at Cambrai, to see the British troops reviewed by the Duke of Wellington,* having just reached that place as his Grace had got upon the ground. The day was beautiful, and the troops made a most brilliant appearance.

“ ‘ From Cambrai we passed over much ground, celebrated in the annals of war, and got by the afternoon to Valenciennes, the siege of which occupied so much attention at an early period of the Revolution. From thence, the next point which brought us up was the Hotel Royal of Brussels.

“ ‘ After waiting on old Gaumare, the banker, I took the earliest opportunity of calling upon Monsieur Van Reyndaers, to see his two celebrated pictures by Hobbima, which I have the pleasure to inform you I purchased, along with a fine Philip Wouvermans, and a Backhuysen, for 40,000 francs, which, although it may appear a good price to give off hand, yet, next to Mr Gray's large Hobbima, at Hornsey, I consider these to be about the best pictures of the master which I have seen; and there was no time to lose, as I was only a few hours a-head of several connoisseurs, who had set off like myself on a voyage of discovery, and carried heavy metal. This, to begin with, I consider to be a pretty little acquisition.

“ ‘ Being exceedingly anxious to get to Antwerp to see the picture of the Chapeau de Paille, and three other fine pictures, by Rubens, which are soon to be sold, we left Brussels after dinner, intending to remain at Antwerp during the night; but, on considering the risk I ran of losing the opportunity of seeing Hoguer's pictures a day previous to the sale, in order to enable me to form a judgment on their merits, I determined on passing through Antwerp without stopping. We arrived at that city in time to gain admittance, although the gates had been shut, and were re-opened to us per favour; but at the post-house we were informed that no one could get out without an order from the Governor of the place; being determined, however, to make the attempt, and having agreed to pay for the hire of fresh horses whether we should

or should not succeed in passing the gates, we obtained them, and drove up to the post, when I handed out to the guard of the night my passport, and a small piece of paper enclosing a Napoleon, saying rather loudly, ‘Voilà, Monsieur, mon passeport, et l'ordre du Gouverneur.’ The order was instantly recognized, and the massive gates moved on their hinges. The following morning we breakfasted at Breda, at an early hour, and by the route of Gorcum and Utrecht we arrived at Amsterdam the same evening.

“ ‘ It now became a matter of some importance to see the collection of Van Hoguer privately, without encountering my Parisian friends. This I easily succeeded in doing through the means of the bankers on whom I had credits; while, to keep competitors in the dark as to my intentions, I adopted the following *projet*.—

“ ‘ Antoine, as I have already said, is an old campaigner, and a fellow of much humour and drollery, with a countenance of most immovable muscle. He was well known as Antoine to all my Parisian friends; but when tolerably rouged, with a suit of black clothes, and a well-powdered wig, no one could imagine he had ever before seen Monsieur Jolli. My own attendance at the sale, as a *bidder*, would have been imprudent, and was likely to meet with opposition from more quarters than one; I therefore determined on relinquishing the contest to Monsieur Jolli, who, having received his instructions, acquitted himself *à merveille*, and had the honour of seeing his name entered in the sale-roll of the Burgomaster Hoguer as the purchaser of the famous young bull of Paul Potter, for 7925 guilders; and of being congratulated by many of the dilttanti present, as a gentleman of most undoubted taste and good judgment.†

“ ‘ The aid which this auxiliary afforded, enabled me to enter the room as an indifferent observer. The first person who caught my eye was Monsieur le R. whom I had so lately left in Paris. We recognized each other with a laugh.—‘Eh bien, Monsieur, comment vous trouvez vous des eaux du Mont-d'Or?’—‘Et vous, Monsieur, que dites vous de la belle Statute de Jeanne d'Acre sur la place d'Orleans?’”

“ ‘ Many people, however, will think that the most valuable part of this book is its *Appendix*, where Mr B. gives us some of the results of the long attention he has paid to the *manuel* part of the art—if we may speak so. We are happy to see, that he

* The army of occupation.

† This picture was sold by Mr Christie, at the sale of Mr Watson Taylor's pictures in 1823, for 1210 guineas, when there was a strong competition for it.

means to give us a larger work on these subjects, and have no doubt such a book would have very great success both at home and abroad. The following passages will, we are sure, excite in our readers a desire for more of the same diet.

“ It must always be interesting to the connoisseur as well as to the painter, to know something of the manner in which the great painters executed those works which have at all periods been regarded as the chefs-d'œuvre of art.

“ On the removal of many of the fine pictures from Italy to Paris, it was found, on inspection, that the painting in many of these was beginning to separate from the *impression*, or ground of the picture, and that it became absolutely necessary to have the same secured to prevent the total ruin of these magnificent works. Monsieur Hacquin of Paris, a most distinguished artist for his skill in removing ancient pictures from the canvas or pannel on which they had been painted, was applied to by the directors of the French Museum to transfer several of those works to fresh canvas, which he executed with great ability and judgment; among others, the St Peter martyr, of Titian, the St Cecilia of Raphael, the Holy Family, by Raphael, where an angel scatters flowers, and many others of the first importance. Having succeeded so well in those which he did for the Museum, he was likewise employed by Monsieur Bonnemaïson to transfer those capital pictures, which are mentioned in this work at page 39, from their ancient pannels to canvas; and as in the course of this operation he had an opportunity of seeing what was actually the first process of painting made use of in these compositions, so the author of these sketches requested him to state what were the appearances which presented themselves when he had removed the whole of the wood, and the greatest part of the white ground which received the impression of the picture, and on which the same had originally been painted.

“ All the pictures of that period were prepared with grounds composed of pipe-clay highly burned, and finely pounded, mixed with a proportion of chalk, and formed into a substance with boiled parchment, or the skins of fish. For the better understanding how this could be got at, it is necessary to explain, that when such an operation is about to be performed, the picture itself is covered with a very fine gauze, laid over it with a thin paste, so as perfectly to secure the paint itself. It is then turned face downwards, and the wood planed away until it arrives at the ground or preparation on which the picture itself has been painted. This ground itself being, as already stated, of pipe-clay, is removed in various

ways, according to its substance or quality; sometimes by liquids, sometimes by reducing it with pumice-stone, or instruments, until there at last remains the thin shell of paint only which constitutes the picture, and which must again be secured by a glutinous application to a fresh canvas; after which, the gauze and paste which have covered the front, are carefully removed with lukewarm water, cautiously and sparingly applied.

“ Mr. Hacquin mentioned, that in all the works of Raphael which he had transferred from the old pannels to canvas, there appeared on the white ground of the picture a very fine but firm line in black crayon, or, what he termed *Pierre d'Italie*; that this fine line, or first tracing of his subject, was afterwards strengthened with the pencil by a transparent brownish, or bistery colour, called by the French painters *stil du grain*; and that in some instances he had hatched in the shadows with a black crayon, resembling the lines of an engraving, before he commenced any colour whatever on his picture. He then appeared to have passed a thin transparent glazing over this preparation, generally of a warm hue, somewhat like mummy, over which he painted his picture.

“ The following particulars of the appearance which several of these capital works presented are copied verbatim from Mr. Hacquin's own memoranda, which he was so obliging as to permit the author of these sketches to copy from his manuscripts.

I.

“ LA STE. FAMILLE DE RAPHAEL.”

“ Peinte sur une impression blanche, composé de craie et blanc d'Espagne, délayés dans de la colle de parchemin.

“ Avant de peindre sur ce fond blanc, il avait passé dessus un léger glaci de blanc et de jaune à l'huile. Sur ce glaci il dessinait son sujet avec un crayon noir; puis, il a suivi ce trait avec un pinceau fin, trempé dans du stil de grain.

“ Attendu de glaci dont j'ai parlé cy dessus, l'ébauche était peu visible, mais assez cependant pour voir qu'en terminant le dessin de son tableau, Raphael a relevé des bras de l'ange qui repand des fleurs. Ce repentir étoit très visible, le double trait se remarquait aisément.”

II.

“ LA VIERGE AU DONATAIRE DE RAPHAEL—DITE DA FOLIGNO.”

“ La même impression qu'au précédent, mais sans glaci à l'huile dessus. Le trait fait au crayon noir, recouvert avec du stil de grain, et ébauché avec le plus grand soin. Cette ébauche sans aucun repentir présentait l'aspect d'un tableau terminé.”

We earnestly recommend the whole of these remarks to the attention of every artist who wishes to produce, and the concluding part of them to every collector who possesses, fine paintings—and we take our leave for the present of Mr Buchanan, with repeating our wish that he may proceed diligently in the larger Treatise, which he has promised in the concluding sentence of our last quotation. From the contents of his present book, we certainly think that the New National Gallery, (late Mr Angerstein's,) which as yet consists, in a great measure, of pictures imported by Mr Buchanan, would gain much, if his personal services could be secured to it in a permanent way, and should be most happy to hear of his being in that method rewarded for the benefits which he unquestionably has conferred on the art of England. We are mistaken if there be any great choice of equally accomplished superintendants for such an institution—an institution which, from various but obvious enough circumstances, can scarcely fail to swallow up, ere very many years pass away, a prodigious proportion of the masterpieces of art already in England; and which, we also hope and trust, will compete successfully against all competitors, whether royal or imperial, wherever works of real importance come into the market on the Continent. An institution, we may be permitted to add, which many centuries hence will continue to be associated in the grateful minds of Britons with the name and memory of the most accomplished, as well as liberal and munificent patron of the Fine Arts that has sat upon the throne of these realms since the days of Charles I.*

We certainly owe an apology to Mr Buchanan for having named at the head of one article his respectable octavos, and a little duodecimo, entitled,

“BRITISH GALLERIES OF ART.” We wished, however, to have the opportunity of saying, in a couple of sentences, that a whole litter of catchpenies of this description, are at present infesting the shop-windows, and that these Cockney under-scrubs, who are doing everything in their power to disgust people with the very name of Art, must be put down effectually. They have long been creeping about in the shape of *Catalogues Raisonnees*, newspaper paragraphs, Magazine articles, and the like; but are becoming a little too impudent in this new affair of books. The puppy who has perpetrated the thing before us, surprised us exceedingly by saying in his preface, that he is in the habit of contributing essays on pictorial matters to Messrs Colburn and Campbell's periodical. If this be true, what a pleasant occupation the author of *Hohenlinden* and *O'Connor's Child*, must have of it, in keeping a sharp eye after the commas and semicolons of this worthy! The creature is evidently a Cockney of the very lowest class. His ignorance is truly a thing by itself. Conceive only of a connoisseur who writes whole books on Art, informing the world, as this hero does in the 53d page of his *work*, that the pictures in the Titian Gallery at *Blenheim* “are almost as little known and visited as if they were of no value at all”!!! Sixty miles is no doubt a terrible journey from the Monument; yet we really did not expect to find the achievement set forth with quite so many airs. “Little known,” indeed!

It would, of course, be absurd to think of criticising a creature of this order; but we shall make our printer transfer to our pages a few little *morceaux* of his composition, enough to give our readers a laugh, and to extinguish the abortion. What, then, can be more perfectly intolerable than such stuff as

* Shall we be allowed to say, *en passant*, that the want of a fit royal residence in the metropolis of this great empire, is, in the opinion of the whole world, a disgrace to the nation? Make a palace such as England ought to place her King in—there is plenty of room and plenty of magnificent situations in the Park—and let the National Gallery of Pictures, and the library which the King has lately presented to the nation, form part of the same structure. The expense of a thing so absolutely necessary to a great nation, is not worth talking about. No more taxes should be reduced until this is provided for. Is there any one who reflects with pleasure that many private noblemen are at this moment in possession of town-palaces in every possible respect superior to Carlton House? And, by all means, give Joseph Hume a part of the contract, for this is the age of conciliation.

I.
 "The flood of voluptuous expression that seems to pour from the back of Venus, and the essence of the same expression that is concentrated in her eager look, are very fine."

Or,

II.
 "There is a bit of sky-blue drapery about the neck (*I think*) of the Cupid, which produces a singular effect. It looks like a little fragment of the heaven from which he may be supposed to have just descended; as if the very element itself had clung to him in fondness, and would not be shaken off."

But what follows?

"The old man who shows the pictures told me that this bit of drapery was added by the artist who was employed many years ago to clean and put them in order: I can scarcely believe this."

III.
 "The Dejanira is magnificent. She sits across his knees, with one arm passed round his neck; and from every point of her form there seems to exude, as it were, an atmosphere of desire, which spreads itself on all the objects present, steeping them all in the pervading sentiment of the scene. The lovers are seated on the lion's skin which Hercules has thrown off; and the extremity of this is made to curl up above their heads, as if supporting an imaginary canopy over them. SUCH, AT LEAST, IS ITS EFFECT TO ME!! At the same time it seems self-supported, and instinct with life; and thus calls up an image of the lordly beast that once wore it in this fashion, as he sought his mate in their native woods."

IV.

"The elaborate, and at the same time perfectly natural and graceful involution of the limbs, produces an admirable effect; and it seems also to have some mysterious connexion with, or reference to, the mingled and involved feelings of the beautiful but betrayed Ariadne, as these are represented in her face and action. She seems perplexed and hampered," &c.

V.

There is another *back*—of which he seems to be particularly enamoured.

"The next, and last picture but one, is *Jupiter, Juno, and Io*. Neither my notes made at the time of seeing these works, nor my memory, enable me to give a description of the composition of this picture, or the attitudes of the figures. Perhaps—(for now-a-days one is expected to be able to account for everything)—perhaps this has arisen from the absorbing effect of one particular point in the picture, which fascinated my senses at the time, and has dwelt upon my memory ever since, to the exclusion of all the rest. *This is THE BACK OF*

the Juno; which, as a piece of painting of human flesh, kindling with all the internal glow of health, and the external bloom of youth and beauty, surpasses anything I ever saw. No Nature itself was ever finer; and, what is more, it is no finer than Nature is. In fact, it is to all intents and purposes the same as Nature, as far as regards the faculty of sight."

VI.

There is great profundity in the two following:

"Titian was the least in the world of an egotist—in his works, I mean. He sought to exhibit and impress the merits of his subject, not of himself; and his subject, in the present instance, was the influence of female beauty—not the beauty of the human form, but of the female form: and those who can visit these pictures, in however cursory a manner, and not carry away the sting of that beauty in their minds, there to remain for ever, are not made of 'penetrable stuff.' Probably there are existing at present, and have been at any given time, forms and faces that are more beautiful than any pencil or chisel ever produced."

VII.

"In those pictures the expression goes for almost nothing. They are appeals to the senses alone. You can actually, as it were, taste the flavour of them on the palate."

VIII.

The modesty of the following is equally distinguished. The humble scribe hopes only to rival one of the most exquisite poems in Wordsworth, or indeed in the English language.

"To those who have not already seen the princely domain of the Earl of Egremont at Petworth, I would fain convey such a notion of it, that till they set out and visit it for themselves, it may thus dwell in the distance before them, like a bright spot in the land of promise; secure that, when they do visit it, I shall not, in so doing, have anticipated the impressions they will receive from it, but only have prepared the way for those impressions, and thus rendered their effect more certain and more lasting. And yet it is presumptuous in me to reckon on being able to accomplish this. The utmost I can hope to do is to furnish another 'YARROW UNVISITED' to those who will never see Petworth but in hope and intention."

IX.

The next is a grand burst indeed.
 "On now entering the gate nearest to the back of the Swan Inn, I need not call upon him to dismiss from his mind all memory of that which has just been occupying it; for the scene of enchantment and beauty

that will burst upon his delighted senses is not of a nature to permit anything else to interfere with it;—*like a lovely and beloved bride on her bridal day, it must and will hold and fix, not only his feelings and affections, but his fancy—his imagination—his whole soul undividedly.* Oh! there is a set of chords in the human mind which cannot choose but vibrate and respond to the impressions which come to them from external nature—which cannot choose but do this independently of all previous knowledge, of all habit, of all association! Take a savage from his native spot—who has never seen anything but his own cabin, the glen in which it stands, the mountain stream where he slakes his thirst, and the eternal woods through which he pursues his prey; and place him in the presence of such a scene as that which will greet the spectator when he has entered a few paces within the walls of Petworth Park; and if he be not moved, rapt, and inspired with feelings of delight, almost equivalent to in degree, and resembling in kind, those instinctive ones which would come upon him at the first sight of a beautiful female of his own species, then there is no truth in the knowledge which comes to us by impulse, and nothing but experience can be trusted and believed.”

X.

What think you of the following description of a clump of firs, in a new ring of paling?

“It rises in this way for a considerable distance, in a rich semicircular sweep of lawn, with only one clump of firs and larches placed at about the middle of it, surrounded by a regular white fence, and looking like a single jewelled brooch placed on the forehead or the breast of a rural beauty.”

XI.

Here is a touch of modesty again—

“These ladies whose presence (for it is like their actual presence!!!) beautifies this room, must allow their names to grace my page also, in order that the existence they owe to *Vandyck*—or rather, which he repaid them in return for the immortality which they bestowed on him—may not be entirely confined to the frames which contain their pictures!!!”

XII.

We are now at Windsor Castle—and of course sneer as we please at both nobles and princes. Conceive of the following from some Grub-street grub:—

“Here is Holbein’s capital portrait of Lord Surrey. There he stands, over the door, with his legs boldly planted wide apart, not crossed mincingly—his arms a-

kimbo—his hat on one side—all in crimson,—doublet, trunkhose, and all. Nothing was ever done in its way more spirited than this portrait. It looks as little of the *fine gentleman as can be*, and as much of the lord. There is an air about it mixed up of the court and the camp, but without a touch of the club-house. I should admire to see such a ‘peer of the realm’ as this walk into White’s Subscription-room, without taking his hat off, and plant himself pleasantly before the fire! How my Lord A—— would quiz his queer dress, and Sir B. C. turn pale at his plebeian gait, and the Hon. Mr D—— decamp at once without waiting to inquire who he was!”

XIII.

Tom Campbell, who has been the King’s pensioner for twenty years or more, to the extent of L.200 per annum, must have corrected the proof of the following *bit* with a particularly high and noble feeling of satisfaction:—

“Through the Queen’s Dressing-room, which follows, the visitor may pass as quickly as he pleases; for it is filled with PORTRAITS OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE’S FAMILY, EXECUTED AS BADLY AS THEY CAN WELL BE, BUT BETTER THAN SUCH UNSIGHTLY-LOOKING PERSONAGES DESERVED.”

XIV.

Of a portrait of Aretime at Windsor we are informed, that

“It seems to flicker before the eye with apparent motion,—so instinct is it with the very life of mind.”

And farther, we are informed, that—

“It is a full front face, very thin and shrunken, but lightly touched all over with the carnations of bodily as well as mental health. It is remarkable, too, that Sir Joshua Reynolds seems to have chosen it as the model from which he has made out his strange head of Ugolino—in his picture of that name, from Dante. At least my memory greatly deceives me if there is not a remarkable resemblance between the two heads—both in shape, position, and general character. If I am right, this may account for that work being so complete a failure as it is!”

XV.

We are afflicted by hearing from such authority (at p. 127,) that it has not

“Hitherto been the fashion, to examine and criticise the productions of painting in the same manner as it has those of the sister art, poetry; though both evidently proceed upon the same principles, and aim at the same end.”

XVI.

The following is simply and unaffectedly good.

"There is no denying that these 'old masters' had a something in them which we, of the present time, may in vain hope to imitate. But we can, if we please, do what is perhaps almost as good a thing: we can duly admire and appreciate their exquisite works."

XVII.

He is always great in describing gentlemen's places. Take the following about Knowle Park—

"Immediately you pass the lodges, there rises before you, at a distance of about a hundred yards, a noble mass of foliage, consisting of oaks, beeches, and chestnut trees, finely blended and contrasted together in point of shade and colour, but wearing the appearance of a solid impenetrable body, rising like a green wall, to shut out all intruders from the imaginary scene beyond. The bright gravel road,—which intersects the rich turf between this mass of trees and the spot where you enter the park,—branches into two, just as it reaches the trees, and pierces into the thick of them in opposite directions."

XVIII.

"The face of Silenus I will compare, for the quantity of expression it includes, to that of the child in Wilkie's 'Cut Finger.' With the exception of that, I have seen no expression which so 'o'er-informs its tement of clay.' The flesh seems literally melting away with the meaning that is flowing in upon it, and is ready to burst with overmuch excitement."

XIX.

The following is clear and philosophical:—

"I should say, of the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de' Medici, that the former is the finest work in the world, as it respects the art and the spectator, and the latter the finest as it respects the artist—that the former is calculated to do most good in the world now it is produced, and is therefore the most valuable; but that the latter required, not only greater natural genius in the artist who produced it, but greater knowledge, taste, and practical skill."

XX.

"The next room is 'Lady Betty Germain's Bed-room.' The very names of these places, even without the sight of them, carry one back half a dozen generations. This room, and 'The Spangled Bed-room,' which follows, contain nothing worthy of remark, except some curious old faded tapestry, and a noble ebony wardrobe, that seems to tell of fine old silk dresses that,

in default of a wearer, could stand alone, and go to court by themselves,—so stiff, stately, ruffling, and alive, does the very imagination of them seem."

XXI.

The visitors of Dulwich College are thus admonished:—

"Let them, as they pursue the gracefully winding and picturesque road that leads to the village, watch (through the unclothed hedge-rows) the various changes in the prospect on either hand—which they cannot do in summer, and which would scarcely look more lovely if they could;—let them listen to the low call of the robin-redbreast, as he flits pertly from the roadside at their approach, or sings wildly sweet as he perches himself on the topmost twig of YONDER THORN, that has been suffered to outgrow the rest of the close-cut hedge;—FINALLY, let them, as they arrive at and are about to enter the Gallery, turn to the little upland that faces it at a short distance, heaving its green bosom into a gentle sweep, and looking as bright and happy beneath the winter sun as it does beneath the summer:

"The reader must not think that I am heedlessly calling upon him to attend to these objects of external nature, instead of leading him at once to those of which we are more immediately in search. I have purposely asked him to fix the former on his memory, and to yield himself for a moment to their influence exclusively, in order that, by a pleasing and not abrupt contrast, he may be the better prepared to appreciate the blush, the bloom, the burning glow of beauty that will fall upon his senses from the rich summer of Art that greets him on his entrance to this exquisite Gallery: for whatever season may obtain without, within these walls a perpetual summer reigns, and diffuses its sweet influence through all that come, in virtue of those exquisite works of the Flenish landscape-painters which form the staple of this collection."

XXII.

Apropos to a picture of Peg Woffington, we have the following very fine burst of wisdom:—

"If the lady before us—(for a lady she was—one of Nature's own making)—if she chose to fling away the gem of her beauty, did that destroy its value?—or was it the less a gem?—Diamonds have been lost in the dirt of London streets; and they have been found there again, diamonds as they were lost!"

XXIII.

The volume concludes with this piece of idiocy and impertinence:—

"In Garrick's face, fine as it is, there is no characteristic expression whatever—

nothing but that mobility, (or, as I have ventured to call it, volubility,) which enabled it to become 'all things to all men.' A similar want may, I think, be observed in the faces of Sir Walter Scott and of Mr Mathews himself, as represented in the busts in this collection. Indeed I will venture to point out (what has, I believe, not been before remarked) a very striking general resemblance between the busts of these two celebrated, and each in his way, unrivalled persons. In both, too, (with the exception of an intensely penetrative and scrutinising look about the eyes and eye-

brows,) there is that general want of individualized character which may be supposed to have resulted from a constant assumption of that of some other person. There is, however, in the face of the reputed author of the Scotch novels, a look of worldly wisdom, (I had almost said *cunning*,) which is entirely absent in the other."

This kind of vermin must really be put an end to.—We hope we have done the job.

SYMBOLIC WILD-FLOWERS.

THIS, love, is the blue star-bosom'd flower,
Which fond maids call *Forget-me-not*;
And can'st thou remember the twilight hour,
When we braided its stems in a true-love-knot?

As, arm in arm, in our wild-wood walk,
Where the gor-cock haunts the forest-springs,
From mossy hillock, and tremulous stalk,
We gather'd the lovely scatterlings:

There was little *Primrose*, passion pale,
That peeps with a shy maid's bashful grace,
From her bower of leaves, through her gossamer veil,
Askance on young April's beamy face;

And thine own *Heath-bell* was nestling there,
With hopes and memories richly fraught;
And *Pansies*,* that shadow, in vision fair,
The passionate bosom's tenderest thought;

And the "Naiad" *Lily* was glean'd afar,
Her head on her gentle breast reclining;
The *Flower of the Cross*, and *Bethlem's star*,†
High hopes and promises combining.

And another bud thou would'st idling bring,
With blushful meanings, and shy caress—
For we loved and cherish'd that wilding thing,
Though the wise call it *Love-in-idleness*.‡

With impulse deeper, in darker hour,
We gather'd, of brighter things unheeding—
Kiss'd it, and wept o'er the desolate flower,
Which the desolate heart names *Love-lies-bleeding*.

No, love, thou wilt never forget the hour,
Nor the communings deep of the hallowed spot,
Where we gather'd each sweet symbolic flower,
And around them wove *Forget-me-not*.

* "Pansies—that's for thoughts."—HAMLET.

† Early in May this lovely little flower is found in abundance in our woods.

‡ This is another variety of the wild pansy violet—"the little western flower, made purple by Love's wound."

ON THE RECIPROCAL INFLUENCE OF THE PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS,
AND THE INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS OF THIS COUNTRY.

No. I.

Knowledge is of such a quality, that the more a man knoweth, the more increaseth his desire to know.

Wits' Commonwealth.

Few subjects have received less careful and minute examination, and, consequently, are less thoroughly understood and appreciated, than the vast and rapid progress of this nation in everything connected with the improvement of its inhabitants; and yet what subject can be more important, or contain within itself the sources of greater interest? Our ignorance with regard to the nature and extent of them, ought not, however, to be set down to apathy; it arises from different causes. Our advances in the comforts and luxuries of life, in national wealth and power, in every species of knowledge, and in literary habits and acquirements, have been so gradual, though rapid, that we are as little sensible of them, as a person who is constantly with a child, is of his increasing height; or, perhaps, a more closely fitting comparison would be, that of a person in the cabin of a ship, who, carried along with her, is quite insensible and unaware of the progress she is making. Such a person, however, has an advantage over the inhabitants of a country advancing rapidly in improvement; for he, as soon as he goes upon deck, perceives that he has been carried forward; whereas, the whole state of things, as it existed half a century ago, being forced out of existence by modern improvements, there is no immediate and palpable standard by which we can compare our present with our by-gone condition.

Of this we shall be sensible, if we endeavour to contrast the domestic economy and habits of our immediate ancestors with our own; the roads and vehicles for conveying passengers and goods, with which they were obliged to content themselves, with the rapid and pleasant mode of intercommunication among all parts of the kingdom which we possess; and, above all, if we endeavour to obtain the means of such a comparison between the present results of human industry, aided as they are by the gigantic powers of ma-

chinery, and the scarcely less extraordinary power which chemistry has given to man over the most minute and elementary operations and changes of matter, and the rude, feeble, and unsteady industry of our ancestors.

In one point, however, and to that we mean to confine ourselves, the case is considerably different; we mean the literary habits, acquirements, and taste of the present day, as contrasted with those which distinguished this country half a century ago. We do not allude here principally or exclusively to what is called information, though there are documents and proofs sufficient in existence, and easily obtained and appealed to, which would mark and measure with considerable exactness the progress that has been made in science and general information during the period we have mentioned.

Our allusion and object, however, is more definite and confined. We mean to maintain that in intellect, properly so called, (that is, in the structure and workings of the human mind, as they are exhibited in its reasoning powers, in its imagination and invention, in its taste, as well as in its mode of expressing them,) the standard is much higher than it was half a century ago; and that this position admits of more indubitable and direct proof and illustration, by an appeal to obvious and conducive facts, than any other position relative to the progress of this country.

To appeal to a most easy and simple proof, let any person compare the columns of a newspaper fifty years old with the columns of one published at present, and he will be immediately and strongly struck with the vast superiority of the latter with respect to the power of thought, and correctness of taste, it displays; and not less so with the much superior correctness, elegance, and vigour of its style.

Let him next take up any of the magazines that were published half a century ago, he will be soon wearied

and uninterested with the common-place topics with which they abound, with the feeble and common-place manner in which these topics are treated, and with the bareness, if not the vulgarity, of the style. He will immediately decide that the authors of such papers must either have possessed very little power of mind originally, or that they could never have improved it by exercise; and he will not hesitate a moment to draw this conclusion, that the public, which could encourage, which could even endure, such publications, must have been far behind the public of the present day in strength and comprehension of intellect, as well as in correctness and purity of taste, and in the knowledge of the structure, the powers, and the graces of their own language.

Occasionally, however, it must be confessed, there appeared in the periodical publications of the period to which we allude, essays that displayed a vigour and reach of thought rising far above the level of the mass of the contributions; but the rareness of these essays only proves the paucity of the readers, who were able and disposed to peruse and understand them. Not only does the supply of every article, whether it be the production of the soil, of the forge, of the loom, or of the intellect, adapt itself in less time than would seem possible, with most admirable precision and fitting, to the exact demand for it; but the nature and particular quality of the article supplied, follows invariably the fancy and the ability of those who are able and willing to pay for it. This remark applies to all articles; and we can as surely and safely pronounce, that the intellect of the public generally is feeble, and its taste puerile and incorrect, when we see it supplied with common-place essays in the principal periodical works, written in a bald and school-boy style, as we can pronounce that a nation is little advanced in civilization and wealth, when we perceive the products of its industry not only few, but awkward, rude, and imperfect.

The parallel may be carried still farther. If, amidst the rude, awkward, and imperfect products of a nation's industry, we perceive some few that indicate greater skill and science, we may be assured that these would not have been produced unless there had existed a demand for them; but we may

at the same time rest satisfied, that this demand is very limited, and that those who are both able and disposed to make it, are very few, compared with the great mass of the nation.

So it is with regard to periodical publications; they are a surer index of the state and progress of the mind, than works of a higher character. As, by throwing up a straw, we can easily and at once perceive the direction, as well as the strength, of the wind; whereas we may often be left in ignorance, or even be deceived, if we endeavour to ascertain them by throwing up a heavier object; so the force as well as the direction of the public mind may be measured and ascertained by periodical publications, more certainly, as well as more easily, than by any other mode.

There is still another point of view in which this subject may be regarded. We have hitherto confined our remarks to the comparative nature and quality, in respect to matter and style, of the periodical publications of the present day, and of those which existed half a century ago; and from this comparison we have drawn the sure inference that the public mind and taste have advanced very much within that period. But the periodical publications of the present day, besides having wonderfully improved in the quality of their contents, rise above their predecessors in as wonderful a degree, in their variety and numbers, as well as in the extent of their respective sales.

Fifty years since, readers of such works were content with one or two in a month; the number at present published weekly, monthly, and quarterly, we shall not stop to calculate, even if we possessed the means for accurate and complete enumeration. Their vast increase, and the constant additions which are almost daily making to their number, are too notorious to require proof or illustration. Another point of comparison, however, though equally important and decisive of the truth of our position, not being so obvious and palpable, requires some elucidation. If we may judge from the contents of the periodical publications half a century ago, their readers must have consisted of persons to whom an essay on some common-place topic, such as anger, pride, the shortness and vanity of human life, or those of a

similar nature, with just as much infusion of intellect as was necessary to give the symptoms of vitality to the words, and this essay written in a most loose, feeble, and incorrect style, quite on a par, however, with the thoughts—was a high treat, as being exactly on a level with their intellects, and adapted to their comprehension and taste. Even if we turn to the papers on any other topics, the solution of which would seem to imply a consciousness of intellectual power, we shall find them equally tame, feeble, and common-place in their thoughts, and bare, inelegant, and incorrect in their style. It may, however, be alleged, that, at this period, only very common-place authors wrote for periodical works; but this plea will not avail; for, allowing such to have been the case, does it not prove that the intellect of the mass of readers was also common-place; for the mass of readers then, as now, though not nearly so numerous, principally engaged themselves in reading periodical works.

Besides, in what work, however low its literary character, can we, at this day, find essays so feeble and destitute of thought, as those which filled the pages of all the periodical works half a century ago? Is not then another inference plain and undoubted;—that the level of mental habits and acquirements—the level of intellectual power, both in writers and in readers, has risen very considerably within the stated period?

We are by no means unaware that in the periodical works of our immediate ancestors, there appeared, occasionally, essays which required and displayed considerable range and depth of thought, or a clear and familiar insight into the workings of the human heart, or a cultivated and refined taste; and that these essays were written in a perspicuous, correct, vigorous, and, it may be, an elegant, or even eloquent style. But such were very rare, and it puzzles us extremely to conjecture, how a magazine, filled as it usually was, by common-place papers, could be endured by those readers who were able to comprehend and relish such essays.

We have already stated, that in comparing the intellectual character of the present day with that of our immediate ancestors, we did not mean to enter on the investigation, except so far as it related to literature—not that

literature which consists in a knowledge of the classics—but that, which, as contradistinguished from science, is conversant about man, his intellectual and moral constitution—his duties, feelings, and character: from the nature of the papers, however, on other topics, we may draw inferences regarding our immediate subject. If we peruse such papers as relate to facts, or conclusions deduced from those facts, we are immediately struck with the ignorance and credulity which the former display, and the unsoundness of the inferences drawn, even when the facts are accurate and appropriate. How many superstitious, how many absurd things were believed then, to which, at present, even the lowest and least informed of the populace would not give credit? We do not exclusively allude to such things as could not be known to be true or false, without more observation or investigation than men in general have inclination or leisure to give—but to such as, in the very statement of them, would, at the present day, be perceived to involve or suppose something extremely absurd and improbable.

In the attempts at reasoning from the facts, there appears an equal inaptitude to attain and distinguish the truth. Instances of almost every species of false logic may be found; either authority alone supplies the place of argument; or the whole question is taken for granted; or the position to be proved, is first made the basis of the principle or argument on which afterwards the proof is more exclusively to rest; or we have the mere semblance of logical arrangement and proof; everything, in short, set down and conducted according to the most legitimate and popular system, of what was called logic in those days, and then the inference drawn in terms and manner equally agreeable to the rules of this logic. But as, when we examine the best written papers in the periodical works of this period, we most frequently find an excessive paucity and feebleness of thought, concealed under a flowing and interesting style; so, when we examine those papers which profess to argue on any subject, we find merely the skeleton—the dry bones of logic, destitute utterly of vitality.

No one can take up a periodical work of the period to which we refer, and

read twenty pages of it, and not be convinced of the truth and justice of our remarks: and if they be true, can our inference be doubted?—will it not rather receive immediate and full assent—that the intellectual character and attainments of authors and readers, or, in other words, of the public at large, have risen very considerably within the last fifty years? The facts, that periodical publications are infinitely more numerous at present, than they were then—and that they are so various in their character and subjects, or in their individual contents, as to suit all tastes, habits, and pursuits,—prove, with equal force, that the cultivation of the mind, the acquisition of knowledge, and a desire to acquire more, are infinitely more common at present, than they were at the former period.

Here are two grand and most interesting facts evidently connected: more powerful intellect, and more accurate and extensive information, spread over a larger surface of the community:—this is one fact: periodical publications displaying infinitely more ability, treating of a much greater variety of subjects—a vast increase in the number of them respectively; and a still greater increase in their individual circulation, and consequently in their aggregate sale: this is another fact. Which is the cause, and which the effect? Or rather, shall we not find that in this, as well as in most cases of advancement in the progress of mankind in civilization, comfort, wealth, political, civil, and religious freedom, and in intellectual and moral habits and attainments generally—that circumstances change their character—sometimes appearing as undoubted causes, the tendency, operation, and precise results of which, can be traced with clearness through all their ramifications; and at other times, appearing as effects, which flow, as from their natural and obvious causes, from those circumstances, which previously had been brought into existence by those means which now are their results?

But which is the primary and original cause? Did a demand exist in the more extended and influential literary habits and tastes of the people for a greater number and variety, and a higher class, of periodical publications; or were these first produced, and thence resulted the improvement of the popular mind? The inquiry is

not of much interest or importance: probably a feeble, confined, and scarcely living spark of superior intellect, was struggling into a flame, and in its struggles was assisted by the fuel applied to it from the sources we have mentioned: we need only reflect on our own acquirements in knowledge and taste, to be convinced how often they have sprung up from the accidental perusal of some work, which neither our literary habits would have induced us, nor our acquirements would have enabled us, to enter on the list of our regular and appropriate studies.

It is much more interesting, and of much more consequence, to reflect on the undoubted fact, that literature acts on the public acquirements and taste, and that these re-act on the character of the literature. The period at which an evident and essential improvement and elevation of our periodical publications took place, may be traced back to the first French revolutionary war. All sudden, violent, and extreme changes, are highly injurious to the physical, as well as the intellectual and moral nature of man; but while these changes often produce the most fatal results to his physical constitution, and seldom any good at all proportionate to the evil, they are, generally speaking, ultimately and permanently beneficial to the intellectual and moral portion of his nature. Much and dreadful mischief undoubtedly results, and the influence of this spreads far, and often lasts long: the belief, which was grounded on superstition, ignorance, authority, and mere habit, and which, of course, embraced and confounded much that was erroneous and hurtful with some undoubted and valuable truths, is shaken from its foundation, and in its fall involves in its fate doctrines sound and unsound, those that solace and elevate man, with those that terrify and degrade him; those that render him a cheerful subject of a free government, with those that fit him to become the brutified and stupid slave of despotism. But in this dreadful overthrow and destruction, the finger of wisdom and benevolence is still visible: what was erroneous and prejudicial can never again take its former powerful root; and what is true and beneficial, fixed on its own peculiar basis, will have greater stability, uphold a loftier and

broader superstructure, and cannot possibly in future run any risk of being involved in the overthrow of error, or, indeed, be essentially injured by any catastrophe. In the dreadful crisis of sudden, violent, and extreme changes, not only will all ancient belief be attacked, and the most absurd and dangerous speculative and practical maxims be propounded and enforced, but the obliquity of the understanding, which these indicate and encourage, will be still farther drawn aside from the path of truth, duty, and happiness, by the indulgence and nourishment of the most fierce, intractable, and poisonous passions of the human breast.

The dominion of the worst passions of the human breast, even when they are directed and aided by the coolness of a satanic understanding, are, however, from the wise and benevolent constitution of our nature, and the equally wise and benevolent course of human events, as little capable of being permanent and lasting as the dominion of error. The impulse and agitation of such a dreadful crisis cannot rouse and exercise the mind without benefiting it: it produces, indeed, a moral earthquake, bringing to the surface the lava which destroys and overwhelms all in its progress; but this lava itself, in a short time, is converted into a fertile soil, fitted to nourish and rear, not only the common produce, but to cause those seeds to germinate, which, but for this convulsion, would have still lain dormant and useless in the bosom of the earth.

To permit ourselves to believe that all the dreadful evils of misery and vice that flow from such events as those France exhibited during her revolutionary state, will not be followed and compensated in the course of time by a still greater portion of benefit to the human race, is to permit ourselves to lose faith and confidence in the wisdom, power, or benevolence of Providence—one, or other, or all of them. We may not be able to see so clearly and so far as to observe these benefits, any more than we can penetrate into the wisdom and benevolence of Providence, in the production of earthquakes, or any other physical calamity. But such must be the course and tendency of events both in the physical and moral world; though there may be occasional retro-

gradations, even of some duration, the onward movement of mankind towards greater civilization and happiness is going on, and, in certain periods of time, may easily be observed and measured.

But to suppose that mankind can advance in civilization and happiness, without at the same time advancing in knowledge, is to suppose the consequence to exist independently of its natural and proper cause; and, in reality, we need no other proof that a nation has advanced in knowledge and the general tone and elevation of its intellect, than the circumstance of its being more civilized and prosperous than it was before.

But it is scarcely necessary to endeavour to prove these positions by general and abstract reasoning: whoever will compare the present state of the national mind in Britain as it is now, with the state in which it was thirty years ago, will be convinced of the fact, that it is stronger, more comprehensive in its grasp, more active and capable of digesting and assimilating a greater portion of more nourishing food: its growth is evident; and it is equally evident, that the circumstances in which this country was placed during the last thirty years, though many of them frequently threatened to inflict a fatal blow on the intellectual as well as the moral portion of our nature, and actually did inflict a blow, that, but for that principle which wisely and benevolently connects evil with good, must have been fatal—these circumstances, we repeat, were mainly instrumental in effecting the advancement to which we have alluded.

The exertion of intellect called for and provoked by these circumstances, was nourished and supported by various other subordinate circumstances, which, though, like the grand and paramount ones, they did much mischief in their direct and immediate consequences, produced ultimately permanent good. We allude to the publications that sprung out of the French revolution, and the part that this country took on that occasion. The structure of human belief must at first be built up, in part at least, of improper materials, and must rest on a foundation not exactly of the broadest and firmest kind; in the same manner as the edifices erected in ignorance of the principles of mechanics and architecture cannot be so stable and conveni-

ent as those erected on a knowledge of these principles: it would be desirable that human belief might be gradually and cautiously freed from its improper materials, and that the weak parts of its base might be strengthened; but this, if we may judge from the history of mankind, can hardly be expected: and the friend of mankind and humanity will do well to dwell as lightly and shortly as possible on the violent and destructive process of the change, and to fix his attention, interest, and hopes, on the alteration, after it has actually been accomplished.

We of this country, however, have been greatly and peculiarly favoured: prior to the French Revolution, our state, physical, intellectual, moral, political, and religious, was far superior to that of any other nation: it required less change, and it admitted of that change being brought about by less violent measures, by the application of less evil and misery: accordingly, while all the other countries that lay within the influence of the French Revolution—the influence either of its power or of its principles—were torn by most dreadful evils, this country suffered comparatively little: the obliquity of intellect, the pollution of moral and religious principle, the mass and extent of physical misery, were very trifling compared with the state of the Continent. And from the evils that were actually brought upon this country she emerged much sooner, and derived greater benefit, than the other nations. One of the indirect evils to which sudden and violent changes exposes a nation, is that of re-action; this also was in this country less powerful, injurious, and lasting, than it has been on the Continent. For some time, indeed, we were so haunted by the dread of change, that we seemed to hug our most barefaced errors, rather than acknowledge and remove them: this reaction, however, is fast passing away; and convinced as we now are, that truth and error ought not to rest on the same basis—that the former, in such a case, must be weakened, and that, by using great care and caution, truth may be fixed on its own peculiar foundation, by which operation error must fall to the ground, no longer deriving support from being as it were dovetailed with truth—with this conviction we may congratulate ourselves, that, having required less vio-

lent and lasting correctives, such have been applied to us, and that they, acting on a healthy and vigorous constitution, have benefited us far more than the nations of the Continent have been benefited by passing through the fiery ordeal of the French Revolution.

But, to press more closely and directly on our immediate subject.—The stirring up of the mind which took place during the French Revolution, which went deeper, and acted in a more thorough and forcible manner, than perhaps any preceding event in the history of the human race—gave rise to the demand for more numerous and various publications, as well as for a superior quality in their character and contents. Common-place subjects, treated in a common-place manner, would no longer satisfy the appetite, or afford sufficient nourishment for the rapid growth, of the public mind. Many more thought and read than formerly; and their thoughts were of a more original cast and bearing.

Confining ourselves to periodical works; perhaps the first indication of this elevation and expansion of mind being so urgent, regular, and general, as to demand a corresponding improvement in the character of these publications, may be observed in the *Monthly Magazine*. Contrast this with the other *Magazines*, and we shall be immediately and fully sensible that an age which could understand and relish their contents, must previously have advanced considerably in knowledge, power of intellect, and taste. The effects were of various kinds, all tending, however, to the same end,—the cultivation of the mind. *Magazine-readers* embraced a higher class than formerly, who thus were enabled to fill up their leisure moments in a manner to which they were previously strangers. And those who had always been *Magazine-readers*, though perhaps at first they did not understand and relish the contents of the new one, gradually entered into its spirit: their attention was excited; their minds were set a-working; and attentive and active minds must rise and expand.

The *Monthly Magazine*, during the vigour of its youthful existence, was well fitted to aid the mental improvement of *Magazine-readers*: it did not contain much profound and original matter, drawn from the depths of intense thought; it did not lay bare, and

expose to view, the most delicate workings of the human heart: it laid no claims to that real and rare eloquence, which, generated and nurtured at once and equally by a luxuriant imagination, intense feelings, and the ability to direct and control that imagination, and to depict those feelings in all their vitality and ardour—is the highest attribute of man, considered solely as a being of imagination and feeling. But its pages contained many papers, in which were condensed and exhibited in a perspicuous and popular manner, thoughts, opinions, and reasonings, on those topics which were well calculated to strengthen and expand the intellect, and refine the taste of its readers.

A subordinate point in the character and contents of this Magazine ought to be noticed: it gave admission to, and courted, short papers, containing queries and answers to queries on various topics of popular and practical science, literature, domestic economy, &c., which were not of magnitude and importance enough to form the substance of direct and elaborate essays. Thus, much useful and interesting information was communicated to its readers, and many, who were attracted to its perusal by those short papers on subjects interesting, familiar, and adapted to their minds, or useful to them, in a more practical sense, were naturally and insensibly led to peruse its more literary contents. It was, indeed, during the first stage of its existence, literally and strictly speaking, a Magazine, a repository and storehouse for papers on all subjects that could interest and instruct all classes of men, in nearly every respect except as regarded their peculiar or professional studies and pursuits. And, even on many of these topics,—not, indeed, in their more recondite and technical departments,—information was frequently communicated.

As, however, readers of periodical works multiplied, a division of labour became indispensably necessary: many classes and descriptions of men, who previously were not sufficiently well-informed and eager after information to require a periodical publication adapted to their peculiar pursuits, now rose into intellectual importance and influence. And those who might more strictly be called literary men,—men who cultivated their judgment and taste with no ulterior object in view

but the high gratification which they thus secured to themselves, also became more numerous, and required that their Magazine should no longer admit papers, useful and instructive indeed, but devoted to subjects below the level of their intellectual habits and pursuits. Hence the contents of the Magazines became divided; and instead of a Magazine being the repository of papers on a great variety of topics, literary, technical, domestic, &c., it was found that almost every one department was sufficient to support and fill its own peculiar Magazine. Thus, we now see such a variety of these periodical publications: the mechanic, the chemist, the man who dabbles in physic, &c. &c. has his own Magazine, while the weekly pages of the *Mirror*, and a number besides, which it is needless, and would almost be endless, to enumerate, by the extent of their sale, sufficiently prove the extent of dominion which intellect of some kind and degree at present possesses in this country. It has insinuated itself into every nook and corner; and as, like caloric, it expands whatever it enters into, it must enlarge the capacity of the human mind, create new intellectual desires and wants, and the means of satisfying them.

We have already said, that the literary class of readers were no longer content to possess Magazines only partly devoted to them. The Monthly Magazine had drawn into the class of Magazine readers and writers men of higher talent and attainments than had generally and usually so devoted their leisure before its existence. Such men gradually became more numerous, as well as of higher ambition and aim: they could not long remain content with a Magazine only partly devoted to them, nor would they be satisfied with a Magazine, exclusively set apart for them, unless it also rose to a higher elevation of talent. Hence, Magazines necessarily assumed a much more respectable rank in the literature of the country, and numbered among their writers and readers, men who, at a previous period, would have thought themselves degraded by contributing to such works, or who would have anticipated disappointment if they had taken up such works with the expectation of finding in them anything original, or indicating superior talents.

This Magazine for which we are

now writing, must, by all, be allowed the merit of having first raised the literary character of these periodical works: however men may differ respecting the political principles it has defended, and the manner in which it has attacked its political opponents, none can fairly deny it this merit, and it is merit of no common and trifling kind. When we consider the influence of a Magazine of extensive circulation, it surely must be of great consequence that its pages should tend to elevate the intellect of its readers; that they should rise from its perusal, not merely delighted and gratified by a display of fine or eloquent writing, but having their taste purified, their comprehension enlarged, their judgment rendered stronger, and their habits of observation and reflection quickened and confirmed.

If it be observed that papers of a light cast form a large proportion, it should be recollected that the mind as well as the body of man must have its intervals of relaxation and amusement; that papers, even on light topics, if written with talent, wit, or humour, cannot be perused, even as sources of amusement, without setting the mind of the reader to work, or purifying it from some elements of bad taste, prejudice, or error,—and that many, who are entirely attracted to the perusal of a Magazine by such papers, are afterwards insensibly led to the perusal of more substantial papers, and thus gradually obtain a higher order of literary habits. We have hitherto confined our remarks to the advantages readers derive from this improvement in Magazines: but writers also are benefited by it: Many before, who were conscious that they possessed talents and information to interest and instruct, had no means or opportunity of bringing them into exercise; their diffidence, or their occupations, did not permit them to go forth to the world in separate publications:—perhaps what they could communicate, though original and valuable, was not of sufficient magnitude. Previously to the improvement in Magazines, there was no fitting place for their lucubrations; even if they could have condescended to transmit them to the old Magazines, to be there degraded and defiled by papers on an obscure tombstone, or a polish for furniture, or blacking for shoes, they would have been deterred by the reflection, that there they would

be overlooked and undervalued, and never reach the perusal of those who alone were able to understand their purport and appreciate their value.

The example set by this Magazine of ours has been followed by other Magazines; but they have followed us—is it vanity and prejudice, or mere justice and respect for ourselves, which prompts us to say, *hand passibus æquis*? Still, as fellow-workers in the same field with ourselves—a field which affords ample, unoccupied, and unlaboured ground for all—we must regard them as contributing in their degree to raise the intellect of the country, to increase the number of sound thinkers, and to spread over a wider surface the influence of a correct taste. We speak generally, for we are aware that there are many things very objectionable in them; but we adhere to our creed, that the ultimate and permanent results of the excitement and workings of the mind must be advantageous, and that it is better that men should be led to exercise their mental faculties in a wrong direction and on an erroneous object, than that they should lie dormant and unused. Evil may and will result to the individuals themselves; but even though with them it should never work its own destruction, it must do so, before long, as respects the intellectual and moral habits of the community. Truth requires only light, room, and fair play, to gain the mastery over error.

The change in the character and object of the Reviews was another consequence and proof of an advancement in the intellectual state of the country; and this change reciprocally has tended still farther to improve that state. Till the establishment of the Edinburgh Review, the Reviews were deficient in two grand and essential points. They gave a very loose, imperfect, and careless account of books generally. Some instances there were, indeed, in which the criticism introduced the reader to a clear, full, impartial, and satisfactory knowledge of the contents of the book, and to the manner in which it was executed in respect to talent, information, taste, and style. But these cases were rare. The other desideratum was of a higher class, and not so easily filled up. In our opinion, a Review, to answer the complete purpose of such a publication, ought to contain, not only an accurate and impartial account of the contents

of a book, and of the fitness and adequacy of the author, but also a condensed summary of the information or views of the reviewer himself on the subject of the work. In many cases, a rapid glance at the information already in existence, might precede the account of the addition the author had made to it, with a glance equally rapid at the points still untouched, and the views still untaken.

The Edinburgh Review confined itself to an attempt to supply the latter desideratum. The readers of it are put in full possession of what the Reviewer knows or thinks on any particular subject; but they are left generally in utter ignorance of what the author of the work, the title of which is prefixed to the Reviewer's dissertation, has performed, and the manner in which he has executed his task. On the ability, opinions, and information of the Reviewer, the readers may safely and easily pronounce a judgment; but of the work, except its bare title, they, not unfrequently, are unable to gain the least knowledge.

The other Quarterly Reviews have followed nearly the same plan and object; so that, as far as they are concerned, and have acted upon the critical literature of the age, this is essentially changed in its character and results. That the proprietors of these Reviews—we allude to the Edinburgh, Quarterly, and Westminster chiefly—have acted wisely and beneficially for themselves, the very great sale of these publications proves beyond a doubt: that the effect has been equally beneficial to the critical literature of the country, we are by no means disposed to admit. In some respects, it has certainly been of disservice: by driving out of existence, or very greatly limiting the circulation, influence, and authority, of the old Reviews, it has, in a great measure, dried up the source—often polluted, indeed—from which the public drew their acquaintance with the literature of the day. And in many of those cases, in which the Quarterly Reviewers give an opinion on the merits of a work—this opinion, though neither illustrated nor supported by extracts, acquires more than its fair and just weight with the public, by the very circumstance which has rendered these Quarterly Reviews popular—the talent in essay-writing which they display, and the severity in which they indulge.

We do not enter at all into the political purposes for which the three Quarterly Reviews to which we allude were established; the doctrines they support on political questions; nor the talents or consistency with which they support them: still less do we endeavour to dive into the motives by which the writers are actuated, or the objects which they have in view. These things we leave to others—and others have been, and will be, found extremely well disposed, and not less able, to do these things. Our business with these Reviews is of a different nature: we regard them solely as respects their action on the intellect and literature of the country. Their influence on the critical literature, we have endeavoured to shew, has been, on the whole, prejudicial. Of the two grand objects which, as we stated above, a Reviewer ought to have in view, they have exalted one considerably, but they have, at the same time, proportionally depressed the other. We are made acquainted with the talents and acquirements of the Reviewer, but those of the author are not exhibited.

As a collection of essays, therefore, they ought to be regarded and judged, both as relates to their respective merits individually, and as they bear on the intellect and literature of the country. The influence they possess on political topics is undoubtedly that by which they are most distinguished: and perhaps from this feature in them being so very prominent and attractive, their influence and effect in other respects have not been so much attended to, and so carefully watched and examined, as they ought to have been.

The soundness of their opinions, the conclusiveness of their reasoning, or the correctness of their tastes, as they are exhibited in those articles which really enter on the merits of a work, it is not our intention to examine, except in those instances where they go into a formal dissertation: where erroneous opinions, weak and inconclusive reasoning, and bad taste, are more the grounds of censure of any particular work—we shall leave that work to be defended by the author, who, in his defence, must necessarily expose the weakness of the foundation on which the censures of his work are built.

What then, it may be asked, is our object in the series of papers to which this is an introduction? We avoid the

political articles of the Reviews—we leave authors to defend themselves—there are even other things which we are resolved *not* to do:—we shall shun all articles on political economy, all the geographical articles, and all learned articles. But it will be shorter and more satisfactory to declare at once what we intend to do.

Throughout this paper we have dwelt strongly, almost exclusively, on the connexion between periodical literature and the intellect of the country; the latter cannot advance in strength and influence over the condition and the happiness of the community; it cannot be raised to that standard to which it is capable of reaching, while the reasoning powers are weak, and the taste is bad. Principles founded on a clear and comprehensive view of the nature of man, and of the circumstances by which he is surrounded and acted upon—deductions from these principles, such as they will support against all attacks—these are the grand elements of an exalted and improved intellect: but in connexion with these, man must be regarded and studied as a creature of feeling, sentiment, and passion; as possessed of a heart as well as a head. Formerly, in the philosophy of man, the head alone was studied: he was regarded as made up entirely of intellect; lately, the other extreme seems to have been the almost exclusive point in which he is viewed and studied. Till man, however, in both these characters, is the object and study of those who wish to guide him to his real good, little progress can be made in his improvement: ignorance of, or inattention to the workings of his heart, will render the most perfect knowledge of his head of little avail; and he who endeavours to guide him to his good solely by acting on his heart, will also be disappointed in the result.

As the progress of mankind, however, naturally depresses the power and influence of his feelings, and by the same process, and at the same time, exalts and strengthens him as a reflective and reasoning being, it is of more consequence to attend to him in this latter character, than in the former. If he is put in possession of sound principles of reasoning, and taught to use them properly, his progress in knowledge and happiness will be more steady and regular, and retarded by fewer obstacles and difficulties, than

if it were attempted to lead him forward principally by his feelings.

The same may be observed, with regard to the acquisition of a correct and pure taste. It may, indeed, be produced and nourished simply by the perusal of works of a high standard; but, if so produced and nourished, it is apt to partake too much of mere feeling, to be too much under the authority of example, and it can scarcely escape being contaminated by some elements of weakness and error. Whereas, if the mind is prepared for the perusal of such works by an insight into the principles of taste, the progress will be more steady and regular, and the object in view will be obtained in its highest purity, and placed on its firmest and securest basis.

In the selection, therefore, of articles from the three principal Quarterly Reviews, for examination, we shall be guided by two rules: In the first place, we shall select those which, undertaking to form the opinions or the taste of the public, admit of and require an examination into the principles on which these ought to be founded. The more elementary and general the principles of our opinions and our reasoning, the more comprehensive they must be in their application and utility; the less likely are our opinions, when traced to such principles, to be inconsistent with each other, or to contain within them any weakness; and the more will our intellect be sharpened and strengthened in our inquiries after truth. Few are aware of the strange mixture of truth and error in their opinions, and of the inconsistencies they support or admit, till they have traced them to their first principles, and tried by this test all that education, habit, authority, and circumstances, have led them to believe. Such articles, therefore, as admit of this mode of investigation, will possess one source of claim to our attention and notice.

Such as also bear on some practical point will have even a stronger claim to preference; for practical truths, as they are of most utility in life, so they also will be found most conducive to the sharpening and strengthening of intellect. Acting on a principle has a wonderful effect in detecting its weak parts, in rendering it more simple and general, as well as in invigorating the mind.

Our object, in short, is to guard the

public against erroneous principles of reasoning and taste, when they are brought forward under the authority of any of the three principal Quarterly Reviews;—an authority which is so general and strong, that it becomes necessary carefully and scrupulously to watch and examine all that it endeavours to teach and enforce. And in those cases in which they advocate what appears to us just principles in a weak and insufficient manner, we shall endeavour to add strength and completeness.

Perhaps our definite and peculiar object will be most clearly and shortly

displayed to our readers, by stating the articles which we first mean to examine: they are two of great practical interest and importance, and which must necessarily carry us back to first principles, and require a close and strict attention to accurate reasoning, thus comprehending those claims to our notice which we have already more fully stated. The articles are those in the Third Number of the Westminster Review, on Prosecution for Irreligious Publications, and on Charitable Institutions.

Σ

THE LEFT-HANDED FIDDLER.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

Of all the things in this offensive world,
So full of flaws, inversions, and caprice,
There's nought so truly awkward and ridiculous
As a left-handed fiddler.—There he sits,
The very antitype of base conceit,
And the most strange perversity—Scrape, scrape!
With everything reversed,—bow, pegs, and fingers;
The very capers of his head absurd;
With the left ear turn'd upmost:—O ye Gods,
This thing's not to be suffer'd; I declare
'Tis worse than my good Lord * * * * *
Who danced so very queer before a Queen!

I know of no anomaly in nature
With which I can compare the integer;
It stands alone without the Muse's range,
No metaphor or simile to be had,
The *ne-plus-ultra* of ludification.
Were great Ned Irving of old Hatton Garden
To turn the wrong end of the Bible up,
And read the text backward,
It would not look so awkward
As a left-handed fiddler!

Were princely Jeffrey, at a Jury trial
Of life and death, in the middle of his speech
To break off with a minuet, and swim
Around with sailing motion, his pert eye
Ray'd with conceit and self-magnificence,
Bent like a crescent, and the wee black gown
Blown like a bladder or full-bosom'd sail,
All would not be so bad,
For we'd think the man gone mad,
But not so with the fiddler.

We see a wretched sycophant, the tool
Of rustic merriment, set up,
Straining and toiling to produce sweet sounds,
In huddled rank confusion; every note
The first, last, and the middle, crowding on,
Uncertain of precedence; sounds there are

Forthcoming, without doubt, in bold success ;
 But here's the screw of th' rack—mark how they spring,
 Each from a wrong part of the instrument,
 Of the hoarse, hackney'd, and o'erlabour'd jade !

This is the nerve-teazing,
 The blood and soul-squeezing
 Vice of the heteroclite.

I knew a man—a good well-meaning hind,
 With something odd in his mind's composition ;
 He was devout, and in his evening prayer—
 A prayer of right uncommon energy—
 This man would pause, break off, and all at once,
 In a most reverend melancholy strain,
 Whistle sublimely forth a part, and then
 Go on with earnest and unalter'd phrase :
 This, I confess, look'd something odd at first,
 A mode without a parallel—and then
 It came so unexpectedly. Yet still
 I not disliked it, and I loved the man
 The better for such whim, his inward frame
 And spirit's communings to me unknown.
 But here, Lord help me ! ('tis pity 'twere a sin
 To hate a fellow-creature,) I perceive
 A thing set up in manifold burlesque
 Of all the lines of beauty.—Scrape, scrape, scrape !
 Bass, treble, tenor, all turn'd topsy-turvy !

What would old Patriarch Jubal say to this—
 The father of the sweetest moving art
 E'er compassed by man ?—O be his name
 Revered for aye ! Methinks I see the father,
 With filaments of bark, or plaited thongs,
 Stretch'd on a hurdle, in supreme delight,
 Bumming and strumming at his infant science,
 Whilst the seraphic gleaming of his eye
 Gave omen of that world of harmony,
 Then in its embryo stage, form'd to combine
 The holy avocations of mankind,
 And his delights, with those of angels.—Think
 Of this and of the fiddler !

What's the most lovely object here on earth ?—
 'Tis hard to say. But for a moment think
 Of a fair being, cast in beauty's mould,
 Placed at her harp, and to its tuneful chords
 Pouring mellifluous concord ; her blue eyes
 Upraised as 'twere to heaven ; her ruby lips
 Half open, and her light and floating locks
 Soft trembling to the wild vibration
 Of her own harp—Is there not something holy,
 Sweet, and seraphic, in that virgin's mien ?—
 Think of it well ; then of this rascal here,
 With his red fiddle cocking up intense
 Upon perverted shoulder, and you must
 Give him the great MacTurk's emphatic curse—
 “ The de'il paaticularly d—n the dog ! ”—Amen.

I've settled with the fiddler.

LORD BYRON'S CONVERSATIONS.*

MOORE has much to answer for—He stands guilty of having violated a sacred trust confided to him by one of the master-spirits of the age; and that, too, under circumstances which, if he had any feeling of gratitude, should to him have rendered the trust doubly sacred. It is no excuse to say, that he remonstrated against the destruction of Byron's Memoirs, or that he witnessed the act with regret. It is mere drivelling to attempt to exculpate himself by alleging that his opinion was overruled. The question is simply this—Who did give up the manuscript to its destroyers? It had been entrusted to him—bestowed upon him and his family as a boon—and he had pledged it in security for a loan of money. As property which he had so pledged, had he no power to save it from the flames? Was not Murray, with whom he pledged the work, indemnified? We will not say, as we have heard it said, that surely Moore received some pecuniary inducement for consenting to the destruction. *That* imputation implies a meanness of which we believe him utterly incapable; but he ought to have treated as a personal insult any overture towards a negotiation which will be long memorable by its result. If the work was thought unfit for immediate publication, why not seal it up, and leave it to posterity? Lord Byron's account of himself would have excited curiosity and interest—yea sympathy—when all those, in deference to whom it was sacrificed, will only be remembered to be blamed.—Who can have forgotten the odious slanders circulated at the period when he was so ungenerously deserted by his wife, amidst the ruins of their common fortunes?—

“ Poor fellow! he had many things to wound him;

was a trying moment, that which found him

Standing alone, beside his desolate hearth,
Where all his household gods lay shiver'd round him.”

Those slanders, so often repeated, and every new edition with improvements in malignity, he never condescended to answer; but that defence,

or rather explanation, which he was too proud to offer while he lived, he bequeathed to a friend. How that friend, and other friends, have done their part, the world is enabled to judge by the violations of the confidence of hospitality with which the press is teeming to supply the void which they have so unpardonably created.

While on this subject, there is one question to which the world, after what has happened, is now entitled to some answer—Was it not a condition—and previous to executing the deed of separation from Lady Byron—that her ladyship's father should sign a declaration, expressive, in the most explicit and unqualified terms of his conviction that the alleged causes for the separation—that is, these calumnies against Lord Byron then in the mouths of the multitude—were utter falsehoods? Is that declaration still in the possession of the particular friend to whose care it was confided?—One of those who assisted, as we have heard, at the burning of the Memoirs—or has it too been consigned to the flames?

That Byron's Memoirs contained many objectionable passages, is very probable; but they could not have been such as we have heard insinuated, for it is well known that a lady of irreproachable purity not only read, but copied them. No one, therefore, can doubt that the destruction has served the cause of hypocrisy much more than that of virtue. In a word, was it moral delicacy—was it any respect for the opinion of the world, that so worked upon the timid faculties and weak minds of his lordship's confidants, as to cause them to destroy a narrative of facts and circumstances, which might have changed the current of public sympathy from the course in which it has hitherto run?

But our present business is with Medwin's book. In many of the anecdotes it is substantially true, and therein consists all its interest; but the friends of Lord Byron will never cease to regret that so bald and meagre a representation of his conversational talents should have seen the light. It was Michel Angelo, we be-

* Conversations of Lord Byron: noted during a residence with his Lordship at Pisa, in the years 1821 and 1822. By Thomas Medwin, Esq. of the 24th Light Dragoons, Author of “Ahasuerus the Wanderer.” Second Edition. London: Printed for Henry Colburn, New Burlington Street. 1824.

lieve, who first remarked, that no artist could impress his works with a stronger moral expression than accorded with the energies of his own character; and the observation, as applied to this poor and ineffectual delineation of one of the most varied, powerful, and singular minds which has appeared for many ages, is completely verified. But, independently of the general non-resemblance of Medwin's fleshless skeleton to the bloom and gaiety of the living original, a most extraordinary degree of ignorance and inaccuracy pervades the whole work. For example, he represents Lord Byron as giving the following account of his parentage and childhood:—

“ I lost my father when I was only six years of age. My mother, when she was in a rage with me, (and I gave her cause enough,) used to say, ‘ Ah, you little dog, you are a Byron all over; you are as bad as your father!’ It was very different from Mrs Malaprop's saying. ‘ Ah! good dear Mr Malaprop, I never loved him till he was dead.’ But, in fact, my father was, in his youth, anything but a ‘ Cælebs in search of a wife.’ He would have made a bad hero for Hannah More. He ran out three fortunes, and married or ran away with three women, and once wanted a guinea, that he wrote for; I have the note. He seemed born for his own ruin, and that of the other sex. He began by seducing Lady Carmarthen, and spent for her L.4000 a-year; and not content with one adventure of this kind, afterwards eloped with Miss Gordon. His marriage was not destined to be a very fortunate one either, and I don't wonder at her differing from Sheridan's widow in the play. They certainly could not have claimed the flitch.”

It does not appear from this that Medwin was sure the Miss Gordon alluded to was the mother of Lord Byron. But, whatever were the follies of his lordship's father, it is well known, notwithstanding the love which the ill-fated poet cherished for his mother, that there was little in her manners, conduct, or conversation, calculated to repress the ancestral impulses of his blood. It would be to imitate here the gossiping which we condemn, to say anything more particular; we would ask, however, some abatement in the wrath of the rigidly righteous, (who never sin themselves,) against the profligacy, as it is called, of Byron, on the score of the baleful influences to which, in the most impressive period of life, he was so unhappily exposed. Whatever might have been the

innate delicacy of his feelings, it was not with Mrs Byron that he was likely to be nurtured into that habitual reverence for the excellences of the sex, which is the basis of all domestic virtue. We may, however, in this respect be misinformed; but we would ask, if Lord Byron did not cause the opinion of the late Sir Vickery Gibbs to be taken as to the propriety of prosecuting one of the infamous publications of the day for a libel on his mother?

And is so great a misfortune as parental misconduct to be denied all sympathy in the case of Lord Byron?— Think what such a man might have been, had only the better qualities of his heart been cherished, and his passion for fame fostered by the discipline of virtue!

Though the old Lord Byron was acquitted of murder, no one can read the circumstances of his duel without being morally persuaded of his guilt. It is, however, not generally known, how much the misanthropy to which he abandoned himself after his trial affected the fortunes of his heir. Everything at Newstead Abbey was allowed to run to waste; all the timber worth anything was felled; and a Chancery-suit was entailed on the inheritance.

Moreover, it was doubted if Byron was the legitimate heir—at least his relation and guardian, Lord Carlisle, withheld from him the ordinary courtesy, after he became of age, of introducing him to the House of Peers; and he was compelled, under circumstances extremely mortifying, to prove his legitimacy, an *onus* to which few noblemen are, we believe, on such occasions subjected.

That Lord Byron felt this deeply, and resented it strongly, everybody knows; but his reply to the Chancellor, when the doubts of that learned personage were removed, is not generally known. Lord Eldon is said to have expressed his regret that the place he held in the House had obliged him to do what he had done, and added some kind and conciliating observations. “ Your lordship,” replied Byron, “ may say, like Tom Thumb,

‘ I've done my duty, and no more.’ ”

This, though jocularly said, was the expression of an embittered spirit; and if afterwards, (always bearing in mind the undisciplined character of his education) he shewed but little

reverence for the gravest forms in the institutions of his country,—is there to be no allowance of indulgence to the natural effect of public mortification on such a temperament as that of Lord Byron? We are not his apologists, we desire only to procure for him that consideration of the effect of circumstances over which he had no control, which is due to actual misfortune, and to remind our readers, that in so far as the circumstances of his boyhood have been overlooked, in so much has he perhaps been harshly judged.

Captain Medwin's account of his lordship's marriage and separation, is, among other things, as we have already intimated, in substance true;—but some of the incidents are much better told by the poet in *Don Juan*, which, however, we have, of course, too much regard for the morality of *our* readers to quote; but we refer those who dare venture on the experiment, to the first canto.

In speaking of the consequences of the extravagance of Lord and Lady Byron, the inaccuracy of Captain Medwin proves how very slenderly indeed he must have been in his lordship's confidence; for he represents him as saying,

“In addition to all these mortifications, my affairs were irretrievably involved, and almost so as to make me what they wished [mad]—I was compelled to part with Newstead.”

But Newstead had been parted with long before their marriage. If we recollect rightly, it was first sold in 1813, (perhaps in 1812,) for £.130,000. The purchaser afterwards paid a forfeit, and gave up the bargain. The estate was again sold, and the greater part of the money vested in trustees, for the jointure of Lady Byron. His Lordship may have regretted the sale of the Abbey, but it assuredly was not on account of anything connected with his unfortunate marriage that he was induced to part with it.

The story of keeping a girl in boy's clothes, and passing her for his cousin, lest his mother should hear of it, Lord Byron has had abundant cause to repent; but the affair itself had a most ludicrous conclusion, for the young gentleman miscarried in a certain family hotel in Bond Street, to the inexpressible horror of the chambermaids, and the consternation of all

the house. By the way, this style of keeping a mistress, must, we rather think, be the most exemplary; for it has been said that an arithmetical member of the House of Commons, during his voyage in the Levant, carried him with him in male attire.

We suspect that Byron had some presentiment of the object of Medwin's solicitude for his company, and some anticipation, too, of the alarm and laughter which his gossiping would produce when published, particularly when he told him of the three married women, who, on a wedding visit to Lady Byron, met in the same room, and whom he had “known to be all birds of the same nest.” To discover the names of these worthy matrons, we doubt not is the object of all the games of twenty questions now playing in the fashionable world; we are not, however, disposed to disbelieve the fact; at the same time, it is proper to observe, that one of the worst effects of Lord Byron's passion for fame, was an affectation of his being more profligate than he really was; and we state this emphatically, while, in justice to the ladies of England, we enter our protest against the general calumny of the following passage, in which his lordship is made to say,

“I have seen a great deal of Italian society, and swam in a gondola; but nothing could equal the profligacy of high life in England, especially that of (London) when I knew it.”

As far, perhaps, as Lord Byron spoke from his own experience, and from the report of his associates, we are not inclined to dispute the accusation; but is it not perfectly well-known, that, in England, society in high life is divided into two classes, as distinct and separate from each other as any two *castes* can well be? With the one, both manners and minds are cherished in the most graceful excellence—domestic virtue combined with all that is elegant, gentle, and beneficent, as fair and free from stain as habitual honour in its highest acceptation can imply. To this class Lord Byron had not access. His previous family circumstances, and the impress which those circumstances had left upon himself, made him to be regarded with distrust by the members of that illustrious and true English nobility. There was a hereditary taint on his name, and the early indications of his own

undisciplined passions had rendered him inadmissible from the beginning of his career.

His affair with Lady *****—“double his age, and the mother of several children”—he might have added by as many different fathers, was truly absurd. The folly of it lost him a sincere friend. At no time could he bear the slightest admonition,—it only instigated him to aggravate his fault, and his friends were in consequence obliged to use the utmost address with him. In that affair, the gentleman alluded to, in speaking with him of a certain reputation, which was damaged about that time, said, “By the by, my Lord, it is reported you have become a contributor to the *Harleian Miscellany*.” The result was a sullen answer, which ended in an estrangement, that broke up their intercourse.

The same thing, it is said, had almost happened to one of his oldest and earliest companions, who undertook to tell him of the slanders which were circulating about him at the time of the separation. The place chosen for the communication proves the address that was supposed to be requisite. It was under the gallery in the House of Commons, during an important debate, which rendered it necessary to talk in whispers, and with an indifferent manner, to avoid observation.

The answer to Scroope Davis, when he wanted to borrow Byron's pistols to shoot himself, is one of the few characteristic things in Captain Medwin's Journal. In such, his Lordship excelled. Beppo, of all his works, affords the best specimens of the style of his conversational humour.

Lord Byron is abused for the freedom with which he has spoken of certain of his favourite familiars; but, as we have already said, he affected to be more vicious than he really was, and yet of what sort of ladies has he spoken? Has he mentioned the name of one who is entitled to the slightest consideration, or whose reputation has not been blown over all the town long ago without his help? We shall just mention one fact in illustration of what we are now stating:—After the absurd scene of Lady *****'s tragedy-flourish with the broken jelly-glass, will it be credited that the ridiculous vixen wrote a long sentimental epistle on the subject to a stout

foreigner then in London, Prince K—, because she had heard, forsooth, that he had a sister unhappily married. It may be gratifying to her ladyship, who will assuredly read this, to know, that the Prince shewed this letter to his friends, and was mightily diverted by its absurdity. How he answered it, she best knows.

Either Byron's memory must have become sadly impaired, or Captain Medwin's is a very bad one—the latter, we think, is the case—for he represents his Lordship as saying—

“I am accused of ingratitude to a certain personage. It is pretended that, after his civilities, I should not have spoken of him disrespectfully. Those epigrams were written long before my introduction to him; which was, after all, entirely accidental, and unsought for on my part. I met him one evening at Colonel J—'s. As the party was a small one, he could not help observing me; and as I made a considerable noise at that time, and was one of the lions of the day, he sent General — to desire I should be presented to him. I would willingly have declined the honour, but could not with decency. His request was in the nature of a command. He was very polite, for he is the politest man in Europe, and paid me some compliments that meant nothing.”

What epigrams were alluded to, in speaking with Captain Medwin, are not mentioned; but those which referred to Lady Jersey, to King Charles, and the verses to the Princess Charlotte, were certainly not written before his introduction to the Prince Regent. In point of fact, Lord Byron was at the time very proud of the compliments, especially of that in which his Royal Highness said, that he thought the age had possessed but one poet, Scott, till he had read Childe Harold, or something to that effect. Such things are only correctly remembered by those to whom they are addressed. But his Lordship never was accused of ingratitude to the Prince. He was *blamed* for writing in contempt of the consideration due to the personal feelings of the Prince, as he would have been had he taken the same liberty with the domestic circumstances of any other gentleman; for although, from accidental associations, Byron robbed with the Whigs, he was anything himself but a Whig, either in temper or in principle; and with regard to the compliments in question, assuredly on the second day after the

interview, at Miss Johnstone's ball, he was proud, and pleased with them. Indeed, with all our regard for the memory of poor Byron, and with some touch too of sorrow for his loss, we have no hesitation in saying, that, in our opinion, his enmity towards the Prince Regent arose from disappointed vanity. No man was ever more engrossed with himself than he was at the period to which we are now alluding; and had the Prince invited him to his table, as perhaps he expected, none of those poems would ever have been imagined. The account of his personal character in the London Magazine for October, though written in no friendly spirit, draws his outlines with considerable accuracy, but in many points too hastily, and in some enviously. The most attached, however, of his friends will not deny, that an "intense selfishness" often rendered him extremely disagreeable. But the feeling was ever momentary; for there was something constantly about the man awakening commiseration and sympathy. He seemed to have no hold in the world. He was like the ivy when it is torn from the wall—all fibres, a tissue of blind feelings and affections, with the impress of ruin and decay. Had he married Miss C——, perhaps, as he said himself, the whole tenor of his life would have been different. But to return to his Conversations.

To shew still farther how little reliance can be placed on Captain Medwin's report, we would refer to what he is represented as having said respecting the Turkish girl who was put to death by Ali Pashaw. It is one continued bundle of errors; besides making Byron use terms and speak of things, which, from his Lordship's knowledge of Turkey, he would never have done. The story alluded to is the fate of Phrosyné, the elegy on whose death is one of the most popular and pathetic breathings of the modern Grecian muse. Lord Byron often used to sing the melody. Instead of giving Captain Medwin's version of the tale, we shall relate the real story, remarking, in the first place, that the affair happened long before Lord Byron's first voyage to Greece, although, as it is reported in the Notes of his Conversations, it might be thought his Lordship was in that country at the time.

The girl, as we said, was called Phrosyné; she was the wife of a Neapolitan. Muctar Pashaw, son of Ali, fell in love with her, and seduced her. Among other presents with which he won her favour was a diamond ring, that he himself had been accustomed to wear. One day, in the baths, a wife of Muctar met Phrosyné there, and recognizing the ring, was at no loss to guess for what purpose it had been given. Fired with revenge and jealousy, she went to the vizier, (who ever heard of Rajah being applied to designate Ali Pashaw,) her father-in-law, and told what she had discovered. The justice and vengeance of that stern old tyrant were alike speedy; Phrosyné was seized, and with several other young women—twelve, we believe, being tied in a sack—was thrown into the lake, and her husband banished the city. Admitting, however, that Lord Byron had spoken of some other story—which we are persuaded he did not—even the one Captain Medwin repeats was not at all likely to have had the catastrophe he describes. The Mahomedan girl, for her transgression with a Christian, would have been drowned, and the Christian decapitated. Nor was Ali Pashaw of a temper to resort to such refinement of punishment, as merely to expose a criminal to the chance of taking the plague.

Captain Medwin's account of the incident on which "The Giaour" is founded, is equally erroneously stated. He makes Lord Byron say, that the Marquis of Sligo reminded him of it in England, and wondered he had not authenticated the circumstances in the preface. If we remember the matter rightly, Lord Byron *requested* the Marquis to state, in writing, his recollection of the affair, which he did. But this is a matter of no great consequence, for, in fact, the whole story owes all its interest to the poetical embellishments. The girl in question was as common as any of the married ladies, by whose conduct Lord Byron is represented as libelling the morals of the British nobility; and the probability is, that her general incontinence with all sorts of travellers, and not her particular *liaison* with him, was the cause of the *customary* doom, from which she was rescued by his Lordship.

Hitherto we have treated Captain Medwin's book with coolness and con-

tempt, but we find some difficulty in repressing a sharper feeling with respect to what he puts into Byron's mouth regarding Jeffrey. He makes his Lordship say, that Jeffrey did not write the celebrated article in the Edinburgh Review—that which operated as a spur to his genius; we say as a spur, for so strangely was the man constituted, that to have made him as exemplary in conduct as he was in many points the reverse, he required only to have been counted as incapable of practising any virtue. The words are:—"I had good reason to believe that Jeffrey was not the author of that article—was not guilty of it—he disowned it; and though he would not give up the aggressor, he said he would convince me, if ever I came to Scotland, who the person was. I have every reason to believe it was a certain lawyer, who hated me for something I once said of Mrs ——. The technical language about minority, pleas, plain-tiffs, grounds of action, &c. a jargon only intelligible to a lawyer, leaves no doubt in my mind on the subject. I bear no animosity to him now—independently of this lampoon, which does him no credit, he gave me cause enough of offence."—Page 144.

Is it possible that Lord Byron could talk such ignorant and confused trash as this?—Is not Jeffrey a lawyer, and one of renown, too? Did Jeffrey disown the article in any way to Lord Byron? Of course with that critic we hold no communion; but we would ask him if he did not write the article, and did not brag that he had done it one morning before breakfast? Besides, is it at all consistent with the character of that gentleman, or with Byron's opinion of him, to represent him as covenanting to gratify his Lordship's spleen by an act of treachery? As for the lawyer alluded to, we believe it is Brougham, whose *first* cause of offence to Byron was an opinion of him delivered at the Duke of Devonshire's table, when the satire on "English Bards and Scotch Review-

ers" made its appearance—which opinion some Medwin of the party—"some d—d good-natured friend"—reported to his Lordship. The *second* was in something, which it is said, perhaps falsely, that Brougham, who was counsel for Lady Byron, had reported in society from his brief. But we should trifle with our readers were we to continue these remarks further. We have stated enough to shew how entirely unworthy of all confidence are the versions Captain Medwin has given of the facts, which, from time to time, unhappily for his unfortunate host, he was permitted to hear. We cannot, however, conclude, without noticing his Cockney admiration of Byron's personal appearance. It is, indeed, quite laughable, to hear so much said, both in print and society, of his Lordship's beauty. He was, in truth, in no respect particularly handsome, and his busts and portraits bear testimony to the fact. His forehead was rather noble certainly, and the general cast of his physiognomy was genteel and Grecian. When lighted up with his wonted good humour, there was a pleasing archness in his countenance that gave effect and felicity to his wit and apothegms; but ever and anon he had a habit of knitting his brows into misanthropic frowns little calculated to bespeak affection. In his person he was slight, but well formed, and his lameness was scarcely observable. Barclay of the Stock Exchange in London, might pass for his twin brother. One night last winter this resemblance was noticed in the Opera House, and excited a great sensation, many, who had recollected Lord Byron by sight, believing he had returned home. Whatever the advantage may have been in point of appearance between the two, Barclay, without question, enjoyed it; and yet we doubt whether his brethren of the Alley ever discovered that he was such an Adonis, as we sometimes hear Byron described.

* * * Since the above was in types, we have received another article on the same work which we subjoin, as we think it contains much novel and interesting matter; and Lord Byron is a subject worthy of being considered under various hues. In this intermediate space we may remark, that we have read Murray's little pamphlet, in which he so utterly exposes the perfect falsehood of all Medwin's assertions, so far as he is concerned. In truth, though we and John Murray are not the very best friends in the world, we were immediately convinced from our own knowledge of the parties, that neither Lord Byron, nor

anybody else, could have it in his power to speak ill with truth of Murray's pecuniary dealings; and we therefore did not suffer any of the blackguard insinuations to that effect to rest for a moment on our minds.

It was, perhaps, hardly fair in Colburn—for, as for Medwin, it would be just throwing words away to speak of him—to have published some of these things, and Murray was right in compelling him to fill up the asterisks, which implied, in the teeth of every semblance of truth, that he had falsified Lord Byron's bond. The interview between the bibliopoles must have been highly amusing. We had an intention of republishing Murray's pamphlet, but we find that it has been in all the Newspapers, and is therefore not metal attractive enough for us. We shall, in all probability, when the hubbub about Lord Byron is over, publish some of his letters, which are of a most amusing kind. We have a great number of them; and our readers may be sure that *we* shall not select such as will dishonour the dead, or give pain to the living.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

As an old school-fellow and early friend of Lord Byron, my attention has necessarily been attracted, with no slight degree of interest, towards the recent publication of Captain Medwin. Mr Colburn, with his accustomed intrepidity of puffing, and liberality of advertisements, has effectually prevented the possibility of the work's eluding the observation of an individual among his Majesty's subjects, whose eye is ever cheered by the periodical return of a magazine or a newspaper. From the first moment that the suppression of the Authentic Memoirs became known, "THE CONVERSATIONS OF LORD BYRON, by Captain Medwin, of the 24th Light Dragoons," have day after day been promised to the public, till curiosity began to sicken of expectation, and to find a surfeit in the very notices and extracts that were administered as provocatives to appetite. All were anxious to be admitted to the privacy of one whom they had so long admired as a public character; they wished to observe him among his friends and his companions—to know what were the ordinary thoughts and feelings of a being, who in his nature seemed identified with all that is most dark, and melancholy, and severe in the heart of man, or the wonders of the creation; but they doubted whether Captain Medwin was qualified for the task that he had undertaken. Some conceived that a volume thus hastily composed could hardly deserve the importance that appeared attached to it by the publisher; and, when told that this second Boswell had regularly noted down the opinions of his friend, with a view to future publication, they suspected that

no person could be worthy of credit in his relations, who, according to his own statement, had acted the part of a domestic spy, and insinuated himself into the confidence of an unsuspecting person, that he might make a booty of his lightest expressions, and his most careless thoughts, and betray them to the first publisher who was base enough to pay the price of his perfidy. Again, there were others who extended their inquiries to the qualifications and opportunities which Captain Medwin might possess for the accomplishment of the task he had undertaken; and I fear that the answer to such inquiries was not satisfactory. His having been a Captain of the 24th Light Dragoons, which he has so sedulously blazoned on his title-page, and his letter of discharge, so exactly resembling one given to a servant passing into another employment, which shines in his facsimile, has not quite the effect he anticipates, in making people at once acquiesce in his possession of the qualifications arising from *grade*, any more than the fact of his having been the author of some unread poetry, of the most slumbering stupidity, would make us allow him those arising from talent.

I, however, am not one of those who in the least accuse the author of this volume, either of violating any private confidence, or of addressing the public on a subject where his opportunities of information were defective. On these points I entirely acquit him. *Let the galled jade wince, his withers are unwrung.* He is guiltless of all such unsoldierlike and discreditable proceedings. He has revealed no secrets—he has violated no confidence; for there is not a single sentiment or opinion put into the mouth of Lord Byron,

which has not been printed in some one or other of his pamphlets or prefaces; there is not a single anecdote related or alluded to in the whole work, that has not for years been current among the fashionable and literary gossip of the metropolis, and which the martial author has collected together with the indefatigable spirit, and reported with the proverbial accuracy, of a deaf chamber-maid.

Captain Medwin indisputably possessed great opportunities of seeing and hearing Lord Byron. He was a cousin of Byshe Shelley. This was his ground of introduction; and none can doubt of the intimacy to which he was admitted, who has heard that he once presumed so far as to transgress the orders of the noble poet, and take a volume from the table of his study. The domestic, who had seen and remonstrated against the act, inquired of his master what course was to be adopted on the repetition of a similar offence. The reply was most laconic: "Kick his ——." After this instance of the intimate footing on which Captain Medwin was received by Lord Byron—an instance which has been communicated by the domestic himself—who shall question the habits of familiarity—even of that too great familiarity which breeds contempt—that subsisted between the parties?

But to cease from trifling—to leave the base and the contemptible, the collector and the retailer of slander—to leave Captain Medwin and Mr Colburn to their ignominy and oblivion, there are a few among the many falsehoods and misrepresentations of the book, which it is in my power, from previous knowledge, to contradict; and it may not be amiss to notice them during the first moments of publication, that the antidote may be administered before the poison has taken too mortal an effect, and that the public may be taught to appreciate the value of a book, to which nothing but the gross and vulgar appetite for personalities, which disgraces the present age, could possibly procure a circulation.

"The first time of my seeing Miss Millbank was at Lady ——'s. It was a fatal day; and I remember that in going up stairs I stumbled, and remarked to Moore, who accompanied me, that it was a bad omen. I ought to have taken the warning. On entering the room I observed a young lady, more simply dressed than the rest of the assembly, sitting alone upon a sofa. I

took her for a humble companion, and asked if I was right in my conjecture? 'She is a great heiress,' said he in a whisper that became lower as he proceeded; 'you had better marry her, and repair the old place, Newstead.'"

It is true that Lord Byron first saw Miss Millbank at Lady Melbourne's; but at the time of his introduction, he was not, I am *almost* certain, acquainted with them; and I am *quite certain* that the author of the Irish Melodies was not of the party.

"Her figure was perfect for her height, and there was a simplicity, a retired modesty about her, which was very characteristic, and formed a happy contrast to the cold artificial formality, and studied stiffness, which is called fashion."

Where has Captain Medwin lived? Is this the description of any woman of fashion in this country since the reign of long ruffles and hoop petticoats?—but, above all, is it possible to conceive any resemblance between this portrait and the individuals who have, at any period, mingled in the society of Melbourne House?

"There was one act of which I might justly have complained, and which was unworthy of any one but such a confidante: I allude to the breaking open my writing-desk. A book was found in it that did not do much credit to my taste in literature, and some letters from a married woman with whom I had been intimate before my marriage. The use that was made of the latter was most unjustifiable, whatever may be thought of the breach of confidence that led to their discovery. Lady Byron sent them to the husband of the lady, who had the good sense to take no notice of their contents."

Here, sir, I am justified in asserting, that no act of Lady Byron's, or of any of her friends, ever afforded the slightest grounds for such an accusation. There was no event that ever occurred during the period of Lord and Lady Byron's living together, that could, by the ingenuity of malice, be interpreted and exaggerated into the imputation of so foul a perfidy. This is a slander without the least shadow of foundation, and Mrs Leigh is imperiously called upon to break silence on this occasion, and protect the fair and noble character of Lady Byron from the injury to which it is exposed by the groundless calumnies of the malevolent. But to continue:—

"I had been shut up in a dark street in London, writing (I think he said) 'The Siege of Corinth,' and had refused myself to every one till it was finished. I was

surprised one day by a Doctor and a Lawyer almost forcing themselves at the same time into my room. I did not know till afterwards the real object of their visit. I thought their questions singular, frivolous, and somewhat importunate, if not impertinent; but what should I have thought, if I had known that they were sent to provide proofs of my insanity? *

* * * * *

"I have no doubt that my answer to these emissaries' interrogatories were not very rational or consistent, for my imagination was heated by other things. But Dr Bailey could not conscientiously make me out a certificate for Bedlam; and perhaps the Lawyer gave a more favourable report to his employers."

Is it possible that this wicked misrepresentation of an act of the kindest conjugal attention could have emanated from Lord Byron?—I knew him in boyhood and in youth; generous and brave; affectionate, though passionate; and I never can believe that he was guilty of the falsehood that is mingled with the relation of the act of tenderness on which this calumny is raised. The simple fact is as follows:—Lord Byron was evidently extremely ill. He was impatient of all question on the nature of his disorder. Lady Byron, observing the temper of her husband, but at the same time actuated by a wife's solicitude, requested the medical gentleman who attended herself to observe his symptoms, and take the advice of Dr Bailey respecting them. Her wishes were complied with, and that great physician urged the necessity of his having an immediate interview with Lord Byron, stating, that if the symptoms of his case were accurately reported, there was no doubt of the patient's being threatened with an attack of *water on the brain*. Under the impression of these fears, Dr Bailey was introduced to Lord Byron; and after some conversation, found that his surmises had been incorrect, and that there was no cause for alarm. On this trait of affectionate regard, has been raised and disseminated, the only anecdote against Lady Byron, that has any pretence to a foundation of truth!

Captain Medwin writes, page 45, "You ask if Lady Byron ever loved me—I have answered that already—No!" If these were indeed the words of Lord Byron, his verses on their separation, and many expressions in his

suppressed Memoirs, declare that he had not always been of this opinion. He was one well versed in subjects of this nature; he was skilful from experience, and not likely to have been deceived; and on Lady Byron's quitting him, when Hobhouse, after reading the answer she had sent to a letter, soliciting her return, calmly folded it up, and said, "She no longer loves you,"—Byron has written and said, that the suggestion of so great an evil came as a thunder-stroke upon him!

Of the incorrectness of Captain Medwin, some judgment may be formed from the following instances, which we have noted in passing hastily through his trumpery production.—P. 40, "Imagine my astonishment to receive, immediately on her (Lady Byron's) arrival in London, a few lines from her father," &c. Lady Byron went *from London* to her father's seat in Yorkshire, her husband remaining in Piccadilly.—P. 42, "I was standing before the fire, ruminating upon the embarrassment of my affairs, when Lady Byron came up to me and said, 'Byron, am I in your way?' To which I replied, '*Damnably!*' The answer was, '*That you are, indeed,*'" as Byron told Tom Moore and others. The cold severity of the reply is in harmony with the general manners and character of the poet—the oath has a military raciness about it that smacks of the captain of dragoons.

By the by, the compiler of this quarto libel on all persons whose names were ever brought into collision with that of Byron, has a knack of seasoning his stories with these vulgar expletives, and sometimes in a manner most peculiarly unfortunate. In page 62, we have an oath attributed to the amiable and excellent Lord Calthorpe, whose manners and conversation, we can assure Captain Medwin, are, and always have been, those of a gentleman, and, even as a school-boy, were untainted by the low-bred vice of swearing. In page 32, speaking of his residence at Venice, Lord Byron is represented as saying, "The Austrian Government would have arrested me, but no one betrayed me; indeed there was nothing to betray." Four lines above he says, "I had a magazine of one hundred stand of arms in my house, when everything was ripe for revolt." How do these things agree? In page 57, *The Curse of Minerva* is described as ha-

ving been written about the same time with the *Hours of Idleness*. It was written at Athens. I have Lord Byron's own authority for this assertion. Page 61, "The Duke of Dorset was my fag at Harrow." This is not the case; they were in different houses, and Malton was Byron's fag, to whom he was extremely kind. Page 109, "The world will think I am pleased at this event, (the death of Lady Noel,) but they are much mistaken;" yet at page 121, is given the bitter epigram that he transmitted to Murray, on hearing, by the same post, of the fate of his tragedy, and the temporary recovery of Lady Noel. Page 119, *Of Marino Faliero* Lord Byron is made to say, "So much was I averse from its being acted, that the moment I heard of the intention of the Managers, I applied for an injunction, but the Chancellor refused to interfere." The Chancellor could not do what the law gave him no authority for doing. But how could Lord Byron apply for an injunction? The tragedy was performed at Drury Lane *three days after its publication*. Murray applied for an injunction, but as Byron was at Venice, the application could not very easily have been made at his suggestion.

The Captain, in his ignorance, makes Lord Byron talk, p. 94, 95, of the *Fatal Marriage*, by Lillo. There is no such tragedy—he means the *Fatal Curiosity*; and in the same paragraph, of the *Brother and Sister* of Massinger. There is no such play—probably he means *'Tis Pity she's a Whore*, by Ford—a masterpiece of its kind, and of which my late noble school-fellow entertained the highest admiration. He represents, p. 122, Milman as the author of the article on Shelley in the Quarterly Review. This must be a vague guess of Captain Medwin's, for Lord Byron knew from the best authority that it was written by a nephew of Coleridge. P. 143, Medwin accuses the Quarterly of killing Keats. Then he was killed twice; for he himself, according to Leigh Hunt, said that he was killed by an article in Blackwood's Magazine.—P. 182, "Madame de Stael, as an *historian*, should have named him (Buona-

parte) in her *Allemagne*." Madame de Stael!—an historian!—*Allemagne*! Has he ever seen the work? What can the man mean!

The public is assured, at p. 238, that Shelley was "one of the most moral as well as amiable men." Why disturb the ashes of his funeral pile, by thus unwillingly compelling us to recall the memory of his vices? Who ever heard the tale of his first wife, the beautiful victim of his lust and his infidelity, without execrating the author of her sorrows!

And lastly, in page 265, Miss Lee, the authoress of *Krutzner*, is said to have destroyed herself; it is not more than a year and a half ago, that I had the pleasure of meeting this lady at an evening party; she is, I believe, still at Bath, enjoying the respect and admiration of a large and intellectual circle of acquaintance, and with all the vigour of her talents unimpaired by age, regretted the publication of Lord Byron's *Werner*; because it put a stop to the production of her own dramatic version of the same story.*

A word more, and I have done. Captain Medwin pretends to give the reason for Lord Byron's enmity to Mr Sotheby—one of the best and most generous of men, and not the least gifted of our poets. He says, speaking in the character of Lord Byron. "I got a whole heap of anonymous letters when I was at Venice, and at last found out that I had to thank Mr Sotheby for the greater share of them." It is true, that Byron was once rash and idle enough to suppose a man of Mr Sotheby's sincere and gentlemanly character, guilty of committing the meanness that the above extract has imputed to him; but Beppo had not been published a month before Lord Byron expressed himself convinced of his mistake, and sorry for the attack that it had originated.

I had nearly closed this letter, and omitted mentioning the mis-statement which Captain Medwin had made respecting Mrs Chaworth. "Had I married Miss C—, perhaps the whole tenor of my life would have been different. She jilted me, however." p. 62. This is totally false. The match was broken off by that lady, but on the

* Miss Sophia Lee died 13th March, 1824. See notice of her death in this Magazine, Vol. XV. p. 476. C. N.

discovery of circumstances that would have induced any high-minded and virtuous woman to the adoption of the same course. She became acquainted with an intrigue that Lord Byron was carrying on with a married woman—a *demi-rep* of some slight pretensions to fashion—and in which he was engaged at the very time that he was most strenuously insisting on the force, and permanency, and integrity of this his first attachment. The locket mentioned in p. 60, if it be the same he wore in 1813, containing a lock of fair soft hair, with a golden skull and cross-bones placed upon it, was not a memorial of this attachment. The hair was of a fair girl, who died before his passion had departed, and whose name I could never prevail on him to mention.

Of the work altogether I can only say, that it contains nothing new; but only repeats scandals that have been long before the public, and many of which have been refuted. The very falsehood is not original. Every scrap of literary or fashionable chit-chat, that the author could collect from the

second classes of society, among whom his lot of life has been cast, he has thrust into the mouth of Lord Byron. If Captain Medwin had the slightest acquaintance with the literature of the day, or had ever mixed in society, the noble poet must have been to him the dullest of all companions; for his conversation would have conveyed nothing but sentiments that he had already read, and stories he was weary of hearing repeated. That they were, however, taken from Lord Byron's mouth, is impossible; his language was as choice as his words were few; and he would as soon have allowed Captain Medwin to dedicate his novel to him, the extreme case we conceive, as talk of a "lady's being of a *genteel* figure,"—a word that has long been exploded by all but the apprentices of Cheapside, and the milliners of Cranbourne-alley—or check the criticisms of his friend, by the exclamation of "There, you're going it again!"

I am, Mr Editor,

Yours, ever faithfully,

HARROVIENSIS.

THE CHESHIRE WHIGS.

THAT man, be he the most rigid of Tories, must have a heart formed of very strange materials, who can now look at Whiggism, and not compassionate its wretchedness. The blooming damsel who shone forth in so much fascinating loveliness in 1688, sacrificed her virtue to the French Revolution; and her subsequent adventures and present condition prove that she has drunk the cup of misery which seduction offers, even to the very dregs. She felt successively a prey to the blandishments of Buonaparte, of the Radicals, of the Liberals, of the Carbonari, of the Benthamites, of any dirty body, and she is now sunk so low as to be rejected of all.

It is not necessary for us to protest that *we* never were among her swains. The world knows full well, that, so far from seeking her smiles, we did every conceivable thing that could cause her to detest us. We scattered discord between her and her lovers—we hooted and flogged her when we met her in the streets—and we exposed her everywhere; but we call heaven and earth to witness that our only object in do-

ing this was to drive her back to the path of virtue. We wished to reform her, that we might preserve her existence—we wished to make her the equal of her rival, Toryism, in virgin purity, and loveliness. We knew that if she could be brought to forsake her evil practices, she might be made a valuable member of society; and that if she destroyed herself by her debaucheries, the chances were, that she would have a successor of even worse character. If she disbelieve us, the misfortune will be hers, and not ours. As a proof of our truth, we will now, not take her under our protection—Heaven forbid!—but we will administer to her, advice, consolation, and sustenance. Far gone as she is, we are certain we can recover her, if she will follow our prescriptions. In undertaking a case of life and death, we must, however, carry our jocularities no farther.

The Whigs, or rather a few of the Whigs, of Cheshire, taking into their serious consideration the deplorable condition of Whiggism, have lately been forming themselves into an asso-

ciation for the purpose of endeavouring to better it. We are so far from quarrelling with them for this, that we think all honest endeavours to restore Whiggism are most laudable. Of their taking a dinner—a political dinner—together, we have nothing to say, but approbation. We love Pitt dinners and Fox dinners, Tory dinners and Whig dinners. The annual honours which the exalted living offer to the illustrious dead—the annual pledges of attachment to the grand creeds that guide the empire, are, to us, matters of eulogy, whatever they may be to others. We love to see the country gentlemen celebrate their political festivals, discuss the affairs of the state, and examine the condition of their party interests, even though they utter some evil, and many foolish, speeches. There is something truly English in the spectacle, and the consequences are of a highly beneficial description, provided always that no hostility to the possessions and interests of the country be manifested.

Previously to the dinner, the Cheshire Whigs thought it a matter of absolute necessity to put upon paper a plain statement of what Whiggism *now is*; we think likewise that this was a matter of absolute necessity. The nation doubted whether a party, which, in the short space of forty years, had been the champion of the French Revolution, the auxiliary and encomiast of the imperial tyrant Buonaparte, the lacquey of the Radicals, and the confederate of the continental Liberals, had any creed at all. The nation actually thought, that a party which had made so many unnatural changes of side—which had been the common colleague of men of the most opposite opinions—had no principles whatever. It had other reasons for thinking thus. Some of the Whigs were worshipping the ministry, and others were abusing it; Sir J. Mackintosh was licking the dust off Mr Canning's feet, Mr Brougham was calling him everything but an honest man; some of them would have triennial parliaments, others septennial ones; those would support one scheme of reform, and these would support another; no ten of them, through the whole squad, could be found who thought alike. This bewildered people so much, that the sagacious John Lawless, of Belfast, assured the readers of his paper, that the Burdettites were

the only genuine Whigs of the day! Well might the Cheshire Whigs think that their first step ought to be, to gather the shreds and fragments of Whiggism into something like a whole, to convince the world that they had a creed; and well might they find this a labour of immense complexity and difficulty.

Having thus recorded our approbation of the wish of the Cheshire Whigs to restore Whiggism—of their conduct in forming themselves into an association for the purpose—of their deciding to dine together—and of their resolving to make the drawing up of a creed their preliminary measure, we must now condemn, in the strongest manner, all the rest of their conduct; we must now tell them, and the whole world too, that the confession of faith which they framed, and their dinner-speeches, were exactly calculated to give the *coup de grace* to the miserable creature they wished to revivify.

At the outset, these Whigs displayed a portion of cunning, which gave some promise of better things. They drew up the creed, and sent it into the world anonymously. Of course, it travelled from pulse to pulse through the wrangling Whig host to collect opinions, without any one being directly responsible for what it contained. It was impossible for the same paper to please a party so divided in opinion, and criticisms were showered upon it from almost every Whig tongue. The men of Cheshire had their answer. The creed was in an unfinished state—it was but a rude sketch—it was neither accepted nor approved of—it had crept surreptitiously, and by unaccountable means, before the public—and it should be altered with all possible expedition! This was dexterous and business-like.

An hour or two before the commencement of the grand dinner, a *private meeting* was held by these worthy people, for the purpose of re-casting the creed. Into this meeting, as some of the London papers stated, the gentlemen of the Whig press were admitted, while those of the Tory press were excluded. This was done by those who at the dinner toasted the liberty of the press, and eulogized it in the most extravagant manner. It was a mad step—it was the deed of faction—it struck at the root of public confidence.

Well, after a due portion of argu-

ment, the creed was finished, and, after dinner, it was officially promulgated. We present it to our readers.

“ This Association was formed to foster and maintain the principles of the glorious Revolution of 1688, and was called a Whig Club, with reference to the bold and enlightened men who tried to remedy the political abuses of that day.

“ By the Bill of Rights, it was declared that Parliaments ought to be held frequently, and that elections of Members of Parliament ought to be free.

“ By the 6th of William and Mary, the utmost extent of time that the same Parliament was allowed to sit, was three years. By the Act of Settlement, it was ordained that no person who has an office, or place of profit, from the King, or receives a pension from the Crown, shall be capable of serving as a member of the House of Commons, which was subsequently modified by acts of Parliament, passed in the reigns of Queen Anne and George I.

“ Here, then, the most timid have before them principles of reform, which may be carried into effect, simply by reverting to past measures of tried utility which formed the law and constitution of the land during the best portion of its history.

“ Without, therefore, in the least presuming to lay down any doctrine as to the mean of obtaining the only legitimate mode of all reform—an upright administration of affairs, or pretending to define the exact limits to which each particular measure should be extended, or to determine whether the adoption of some may not supersede the necessity of others, it appears that the best security against the evils we complain of will be found in some such measures as the following :—

“ First, that Parliaments should be elected more frequently.

“ Secondly, that inefficient and subordinate placemen be excluded from the House of Commons.

“ Thirdly, a more expeditious and less expensive mode of voting at elections.

“ Fourthly, a more full and equal representation of the people in Parliament, and such an extension of the elective franchise in boroughs and large towns, as their increased opulence and intelligence may justify and require.

“ The Club considers these measures to be in strict conformity with the recognized principles of the constitution, and to involve no risk except of those abuses which every friend to his country would wish corrected, and which even their most zealous advocates are unable to defend.

“ Finally, the main use of this and similar associations is to keep alive the old free spirit of the country, and to collect the scattered friends of national liberty under such a bond of social union as will encourage independent men to speak their minds

freely upon public occasions, insuring the toleration, if not the propagation, of liberal principles; and above all, to secure, whenever sufficient cause arises, and, in spite of the obstacles which faction and legislation have imposed on its exercise, a continuance of the inestimable right of meeting and petitioning the Legislature.”

“ The Whigs, as a body, have been for some time solemnly pledged to advocate “ *Reform,*” but neither themselves, nor any one else, know what they meant by the two syllables. They scrupulously protected the term from definition, and in this they acted most wisely; for the dense clouds which they collected upon its meaning enabled them all, when each was quarrelling with its fellow, to use it as a theme of declamation. The Cheshire Whigs, therefore, in defining that which the Whigs as a party declared should not be defined, drew their weapons against all the rest of their body.

We think that any man living, save and except these sagacious personages, might have foreseen that this would have the most calamitous operation on Whiggism. When it was notorious, that scarcely any two Whigs thought alike on Reform, nothing could be more preposterous than for a small bunch of provincial ones to usher a definite scheme into the world, for the adoption of the whole body. There was a moral certainty that all the rest would disavow the bantling. So it has happened; the Whigs, instead of gathering round the men of Cheshire as leaders, have disowned them, and the latter now differ about as much in opinion from Tierney, Brougham, and Co., as from the Ministers. They have added another to the innumerable subdivisions which have so largely contributed to the ruin of Whiggism; they have become a distinct sect. Mr Fox and his friends were called the *new Whigs*; Whiggism has been *renewed* again and again since their days; and, therefore, we suppose the sectarian designation of Sir John Stanley and his brethren, must be the *new, new, new, new, newest of all Whigs*.

The Cheshire Whig Association was formed in the strong-hold, and under the auspices, of Lord Grosvenor; and he and his son were members of it. A copy of the unfinished creed got into the hands of these exalted persons, and lo, and behold, neither of them appeared at the dinner! The father excused himself in the ordinary way;

but Lord Belgrave accounted for his absence by the following letter:—

“SIR—I have received the communication you were good enough to forward to me on the subject of the annual meeting of the Cheshire Whig Club on Monday next, and I feel myself called upon, from the objections I entertain to the intended proceeding, to trouble you with this letter, in justice to myself, and in fairness towards the Club.

“Although, Sir, I fully think that public meetings and discussions out of Parliament are not only to be tolerated, but are highly useful on particular measures and occasions, I have yet always felt averse myself to attendance at political clubs and periodical meetings; but it is a great additional objection to my mind where, as in the present instance, it is attempted to form a precise standard of principles, particularly at a time when most political differences are rather differences of degree than of principle.

“With respect to the matter contained in the resolutions, although I am far from thinking the present system the most perfect that could be devised, and should be glad to see any means adopted by which the House of Commons might become a more effectual control upon mismanagement and abuse, yet I am too little confident of the successful results of most experiments that have been suggested, to be a sanguine reformer: and I should certainly think a recurrence to triennial parliaments one of the most doubtful experiments that could be tried with that view.

“I do not wish, Sir, to enter into detailed opinions which would be difficult to state, so as not to be liable to misconception and cavil; but, as I have, as far as regards myself, (particularly as a member of the legislature,) a very decided objection to abstract declarations of opinion generally, out of Parliament, *it would be manifest inconsistency on my part to continue to belong to the Club.*

“Trusting that some practical system of reform, which it will be consistent with my opinions to support, may result from the united talent and respectability of the numerous members who compose the Club,

“I have the honour to subscribe myself,

“Sir,

“Your obedient servant,

(Signed) BELGRAVE.

“Trentham, 7th Oct. 1824.

“To the Secretary of the Cheshire Whig Club.”

This letter does honour to the head and heart of its writer: it was received by the worthy Cheshire Whigs before the dining day, but, of course, not a word was breathed respecting it, and

it at last found its way to the public through the columns of a Tory newspaper!

We will now indicate to these people the steps which they ought to have taken, and the steps which must be taken, if Whiggism is to be preserved from total dissolution.

What has brought Whiggism into its present deplorable condition? Ever since the days of the French Revolution, the Whigs have been little better than a band of anti-English demagogues and innovators. The preposterous and pernicious principles which they then embraced, plunged them into the most ruinous conduct; and in this they have hitherto persevered with such blindness and obstinacy, as are actually incomprehensible. To be the champion of liberty, civil and religious, is to belong to the most spotless and honourable of all callings; but, then, neither a man nor a party can be this without being the champion of the things that produce such liberty. To war against despotism, without endeavouring to establish what will yield general freedom; or to labour to put down regal, that it may be replaced by democratical despotism, is not to be the champion of liberty. This is obvious enough, and yet it is one of the many obvious truths that to Whig eyes have been invisible.

The Whigs have constantly supported those foreign factions that have invariably made religious despotism a part of their system. This surely cannot be called friendship for liberty. They have laboured to pull down every monarchy in Europe to replace it with a form of government that gave despotic power to faction. Can this be called friendship for liberty? While they have attacked the despotism of monarchs, they have constantly defended the despotic deeds of republican and revolutionary rulers. Has this been fighting for liberty? They have regularly supported those who laboured to make mankind irreligious, vicious, licentious, disorderly, and turbulent—no one will say that this has been friendship for liberty. Their creed with regard to liberty, has consisted only of idle, common-place declamation; it has excluded all the essential principles of liberty, it has comprehended no rational, practical, sound system of government. It has made the pulling to pieces—the production of anarchy and civil strife—a *sine qua*

non, and the rebuilding and re-uniting, matters of no consequence. He is the friend of liberty, who makes a people intelligent, virtuous, orderly, and obedient, who gives them the form of government and laws most suitable for them, and who places the reins of power, in the hands of patriotic, upright, able men. If we apply this test to the Whigs, they have been among the worst enemies that liberty has had. If the forms of government they have contended for had been generally established, the men they have supported had been made rulers, and the "liberal opinions" they have advocated, had been generally embraced; nothing but the power of heaven could have preserved Europe from coming under the yoke of military despotism. It would, we think, be of prodigious benefit to liberty, civil and religious, if it were destitute of friends like these.

Reform has long been the cornerstone of the Whig creed—Well, what is Reform? A word, as we have already said, without a meaning. A vital change is to be made in the Constitution; but what this change shall be, not one Whig in the whole squad can tell us. The House of Commons is to be pulled to pieces, before any plan is agreed upon for rebuilding it; and then the whole nation is to go to loggerheads touching the form it shall take for the future. Were the Tories to remain neutral, no single Whig could produce a scheme of reform that would not be vigorously opposed by nine-tenths of the body, on the ground of its going too far, or of its halting too soon. The men who attempt to make a vital change in a form of government, while they are irreconcilably at variance with each other touching what this change shall be, act the part of patricides and madmen; and this part the Whigs have acted. They kept the country for years in a state of convulsion, bordering on revolution, for that, which barely went to the pulling to pieces of what existed, and to the production of chaos and anarchy. They would overthrow, and then those might rebuild that could.

Every one save the populace, could see that it had no other tendency than the establishment of slavery. What little character it left to the Whigs, was effectually destroyed by their other conduct. Their clamour against the Church could deceive no one; it was

evidently a repetition of the stale, nauseous opinions of the revolutionists of France, Spain, &c. regarding church functionaries, and property. Then their patronage of Hone, Carlile, &c. and the false, scditionous, and inflammatory speeches which they addressed from the hustings throughout the kingdom, disgusted and opened the eyes of all who were capable of reflection. It was clear that they were copying, as closely as circumstances would permit, the deeds and objects of the continental revolutionists.

What gave the finishing stroke to the character of the Whigs was, not merely their destitution of patriotism, but their absolute contempt of the interests of their country. The thing which filled them with exultation, was the defeat of England; that which saddened them, was her triumph. Shift about as they would, they were eternally fighting against the interests of their country, and for those of her rivals and enemies. To support their doctrines, and their foreign confederates, they lately wished us to go to war with France, although they knew that it would involve us in war with all the great powers of Europe, and the vast mass of the Spanish people likewise. Fanaticism—the most intense hatred of their country—could not have gone farther than this.

Of course the independent and intelligent part of the community left them; the Tories might be opposed, but still the Whigs were not to be supported. At one time they were supported by the majority of literary men, but the talented portion of these forsook them. No young man of honour and ability would join them, because he could not embrace their opinions, and adopt their schemes. The more upright and able of their parliamentary members went over to the ministry whenever opportunity permitted. The Whig body was reduced until it consisted only of the old Whig families, their dependents, the adventurers who had got inextricably entangled with them, the religious sects who make Whiggism a part of their religious creed, and a few crack-brained political fanatics. It was without talent, without numbers, without moral, as well as physical strength, without intrinsic power; and it could not stand against the tremendous array which appeared against it, in any other cha-

racter than as the auxiliary of the enemies of the empire. While Buonaparte was powerful, the Whigs were powerful by being his allies; he fell, and they sunk into momentary ruin. While the Radicals were formidable, the Whigs made themselves formidable by assisting them; the former retired from the contest, and the latter were trampled in the dust. While the revolutionary factions abroad were powerful and successful, the Whigs were again potent as their auxiliaries; the former were crushed, and the blow that destroyed them reduced the latter to impotence.

The nation saw that if the Whigs obtained office it must have a ministry composed of men destitute of talent, experience, wisdom, and integrity;—if this could have been overlooked, it saw that with such ministers it must take their opinions and schemes; that “liberal opinions” must become its creed; and reform, church robbery, &c. must be carried into effect;—if this could have been overlooked, it saw that it must have ministers, not merely destitute of patriotism, but filled with scorn towards the institutions and general interests of the empire;—if this could have been overlooked, it saw that it must have for ministers men who regularly corresponded with, and who were the furious friends of the revolutionary factions of the continent;—if this could have been overlooked, it saw that it must have for ministers men who personally detested our allies and the continental governments generally, and who were detested by these in return. The nation saw all this—it saw that with a Whig ministry its best interests would be sacrificed to false and visionary doctrines; it would have nothing but alterations, licentiousness, and disorder at home, and nothing but ruinous connexions, quarrelling, and war abroad; therefore, not only the Tories and the Independents, but the better part of the Whigs themselves, protested against the formation of a Whig ministry.

If the worthy Whigs of Cheshire will read this again and again, it will enable them to discover, if they possess the smallest possible share of sagacity, what kind of a creed they ought to have drawn up, and what steps they ought to have taken.

The creed should have been to the following purport.

The preamble should have declared, that as the overwhelming mass of the community was hostile to reform, and as the Whigs found it impossible to frame a scheme of reform which they could support as a party, they were determined to abandon it altogether. That as no practicable and plausible plan could be produced in any quarter for the improvement of the constitution, they were resolved to attempt no longer to make changes in this constitution. That as it was undeniable that public morals formed the basis of society, and of all the best possessions of the nation, they would countenance no longer “liberal opinions.” That as liberty could only flow from good principles and feelings, suitable laws and institutions, and wise and upright rulers, they would seek its establishment in other countries by these means alone, and therefore they would have no further connexion with foreign Liberals. That as it was not less disgraceful than injurious to delude the lower orders with false representations, and to fill them with hatred of the constitution and government, they would abandon this for ever. And that as it was the sacred duty of every Englishman to uphold the interest and honour of his country, and to resist its enemies with all his might, they would never again attack the former, or assist the latter.

The substance of the creed might have been this.—They would support, with all their might, those things which constitute the source of civil and religious liberty—they would watch most vigilantly the conduct of every branch of the general government—they would endeavour to root up, with an unsparing hand, every real abuse they could discover—they would steadily withstand all attempts at visionary change and innovation—they would endeavour to remove and redress every *proved* grievance and wrong—they would protect, to the utmost, the constitution and laws, the interests and honour of the nation—they would contribute everything in their power to the benefit of religion and public morals—they would zealously, but in a manly and constitutional way, oppose the ministry—and they would, as soon as they could, in an honourable manner, drive the Tories from office.

The dinner speeches ought to have

exulted over the prosperity and happiness of the nation—to have vehemently panegyricized our glorious constitution—to have rejoiced that revolutionary faction had nearly vanished from among us—to have inculcated ardent love of British liberty, and, of course, everything that produces it—to have fanned that manly independence which holds sycophancy to a mob, and sycophancy to a monarch, in equal scorn—to have reprobated anti-national feelings, and political mountebankism—to have called forth that enthusiasm which ranks old England among the first objects of its reverence—and to have proclaimed, that although the ministers were so imbecile—so prodigiously inferior to the Whigs in everything—they still ought only to be opposed by means worthy of faithful subjects, and honest, honourable, and patriotic men.

This would have rallied numbers round the standard of the Cheshire Whigs; this would have enabled them to raise prostrate Whiggism; this would have tended to make the Whigs once more a constitutional party. An association that pledges itself to endeavour to obtain triennial elections, to render the constitution infinitely more democratical in its nature, to protect “liberal opinions,”—in a word, to make a vital change in the laws and the working of the Constitution, and the principles and feelings of the community, is, even though Lord Grosvenor and Sir John Stanley be among its members, neither more nor less than a FACTIOUS, REVOLUTIONARY ASSOCIATION.

Such associations can have no other effect than to destroy Whiggism altogether. The promise of change will not even delight mobs any longer;—the hackneyed, wretched, abominable stuff, which was lately so powerful with the populace, at Whig hustings and dinner oratory, is now universally laughed at. The Whigs must become loyal—well affected to the Constitution as it now exists—hostile to change and innovation—friendly to public morals—sensible, intelligent, practical, moderate, and upright, or they must cease to exist as a party. The Benthamites are assuming something like shape as a distinct sect; and if the Whigs persevere in their late conduct, the greater part of their remaining moral and numerical strength must

before long be divided between the Benthamites and the Tories. Even now they can hardly be said to have a press; the Papers opposed to the government scarcely ever mention the Whigs or the Opposition; the *Morning Chronicle* is decidedly with the Benthamites; and many of the other Opposition prints have taken the same side. If Whiggism be not reformed—brought back to what it was in 1688, the dust in which it now lies must be its death-bed.

We have said that Lord Belgrave's letter does him honour. It would have been still more honourable to him, if he had declared that he never would support any motion for Parliamentary Reform, until he could see clearly what change ought to be adopted. We will tell him that nothing could be more unstatesmanlike and pernicious, than for him to vote day after day that the House of Commons was corrupt and unprincipled, and that a vital alteration ought to be made on its construction; and then, at the same time, to declare himself ignorant touching what this alteration should be. We will tell him, that the man is but miserably qualified for assisting to pull state-institutions to pieces, who confesses himself to be incapable of building them up again. “*The Times*” states, that his lordship seems weary of being a Whig: we can readily suppose that he is, for what well-principled, high-minded Whig, is not?—and yet we do not wish him to be so. The Tories are powerful enough, perhaps they are too powerful; at any rate, they have more than sufficient of half-and-half members, and we presume Lord Belgrave would be one of these if he came over. It would perhaps be of great benefit to the Tories, if they were more weak, and less compromising; if they had fewer half-Whigs among them, and were more unanimous and firm in principle. The dangers which now beset the body flow almost altogether from its bulk and unwieldiness. We wish the nobility to be pretty fairly divided; it is by nature exceedingly prone to political intermeddling and intrigue. Whenever it has been tolerably unanimous, it has been extremely factious; it has laboured to place the Crown under one foot, and the body of the people under the other; and to monopolize things which it was never intended to possess. The Whig nobles

have been always especially actuated by this spirit. If, however, the Whigs be determined to make no change in their creed and conduct—if the declaration of the Cheshire ones be to be taken as expressing the general feelings of the body,—then we hope that not only Lord Belgrave, but all the better portion of their nobility, will

join the Tories. If the choice before us be, the evils that would flow from this, or such terrible ones as the Whigs have heaped upon the nation since the peace—and not upon this nation only, but upon all Europe—we can have no difficulty in making our decision.

Y. Y. Y.

WE have, by the merest accident in the world, just received, on the same subject, a Song, which we, esteeming particularly good, subjoin. It is to the tune of the *Braes of Yarrow*.

I.

- A. WHERE have you been, my jolly, jolly boy?
Where have you been, my merry jester?
B. O I have been on fine employ,
Getting blind drunk 'mang the Whigs of Chester.

II.

Though good Lord Grosvenor came not there,
A fact which did the Whig folks pester,
Yet Sir John Stanley took the chair—
He took the chair 'mang the Whigs of Chester.

III.

The beef was good, the puddings fair,
The punch and negus of the best were,
And I heard the speeches rich and rare—
The speeches of the Whigs of Chester.

IV.

No chairman ever work'd so hard,
Speeching away like a stiff north-wester—
Each speech would cover half a yard—
Very much to the joy of the Whigs of Chester.

V.

He spoke just fourteen times and three,
At least as nearly as I guess'd, sir,
And he was heard with mickle glee—
With mickle glee by the Whigs of Chester.

VI.

He toasted, with a word of praise,
The health of every state-detester;
His eloquence made the people gaze—
The people I mean are the Whigs of Chester.

VII.

They drank the memory of the Queen,
That lady good, may Heaven rest her!
And they drank the King, which was, I ween,
A good joke from the Whigs of Chester.

VIII.

There was old Lord Crewe, and he got fou,
 And made an harangue, like another Nestor ;
 Yet I thought his lordship look'd but blue
 At doing THE Peer for the Whigs of Chester.

IX.

They said Whigs eased the nation's backs,
 Which 'neath the income-tax did fester ;
 In point of fact, they doubled that self-same tax ;
 Which shews what wags are the Whigs of Chester.

X.

Mr Williams made an oration rare,
 Shewing how all lawyer-men distress'd are
 With old Lord Eldon, who was not there
 To answer the charge, 'mang the Whigs of Chester.

XI.

So, after talking most famous stuff,
 About the length of the Book of Esther,
 When they had all got drunk enough,
 Away they went, the Whigs of Chester.

XII.

But I very much fear, that in next year,
 For dinners they will not raise a tester ;
 And I wish Lord Belgrave little cheer,
 For snubbing so much the Whigs of Chester.

XIII.

A. You did very well, my jolly, jolly boy—
 You did very well, my merry jester,
 In spending your time in such fine employ
 As getting blind drunk with the Whigs of Chester.

LETTERS FROM THE VICARAGE.

No. I.

SIR,

IN your Number for October last, you presented your readers with an interesting, and, on the whole, an ably written article, entitled, *The Church of England and the Dissenters*. Though I am not, perhaps, disposed to subscribe to every opinion hazarded by your correspondent Y. Y. Y., nor to adopt without reserve, all his plans for the improvement of our ecclesiastical establishment ; nevertheless, I give him full credit for having disclosed many of those causes which have led, and are day after day leading, the great bulk of the people of England from the faith of their fathers ; which are increasing dissent in every corner of

the empire, and filling the meeting-houses, at the expense of the parish-churches. Much, however, as he has done, much still remains to do ; and I accordingly, with your permission, propose to send you a series of letters, which will be devoted to an impartial examination of the present state of the Church of England ; to inquire into the causes of its acknowledged unpopularity, and to point out, as far as I am able, the proper cure for so alarming an evil.

Before entering upon this very important task, it may be proper to address a few words, by way of preface, both to Churchmen, and to Dissenters. Connected as I am with the Church

of England, having been admitted in infancy within her pale, and steadily brought up in her communion, I feel for her a degree of reverence, such as I neither do nor can feel for anything besides; and I know not the sacrifice which I would not cheerfully make, to increase her prosperity, and to enlarge her bounds. But I am no bigot. I firmly believe that there are, in every sect of Christians, men sincere in their profession, and conscientiously attached to their creed. I give even the followers of Joanna Southcott perfect credit for their good intentions, and harbour not a doubt that they are regarded with a pitying eye, by Him, who alone can weigh our motives, and judge us by them, rather than by our actions. Neither am I disposed to quarrel with any sectary on account of his zeal for the propagation of the peculiar tenets of his sect. The liberty which I would at all times claim for myself, I am very willing to grant to others; nay, I even respect the man, who, believing himself to be more soundly educated than his neighbours, is ready and anxious to convey instruction to those around him. When, therefore, I speak of opposing dissent as a growing evil, I beg the Dissenter to bear in mind, that it is an evil only in my own estimation,—that I meddle not with the abstract questions of good and ill at all; but that, viewing the doctrines and constitution of our present establishment with a very partial eye—so partial, indeed, as to believe them incapable of improvement,—I am naturally desirous of opposing every innovation upon them, and of preserving them in purity and vigour, to the end of time.

To the Churchman, again, I beg to remark, that the period has arrived when the plain truth must be spoken, however galling it may be both to the speaker and the hearer. In a preceding paragraph I have accordingly admitted, that the Church of England is at this present moment extremely unpopular. This is a melancholy confession; but it were the height of folly to keep it back, or pertinaciously to deny that which we all feel to be true. Is it not a fact, that in almost every company, the clergy are a standing subject of derision? Is the topic of tithes ever introduced among the laity, without being followed by animadversions and insinuations against

the clergy, not more cruel than they are unjust? What layman in any walk of life, is ready, in the present day, to sacrifice the smallest portion of his own interest for the benefit of the Church; or rather, who is not on the alert, to strip the parson of every farthing which can be wrung from him, to dispute his rights, and to deride his authority? Nay, who, except a very few octogenarians, so much as profess to be Churchmen upon principle? The politician, indeed, provided he be a Tory, speaks in favour of the Establishment, because it forms a component part of the British Constitution. The country gentleman frequents his parish-church, whenever he attends public worship at all, and after dinner, drinks Church and King, because he has, perhaps, a living or two in his gift, and a son or a brother possessed of the incumbency; but with the great mass of the people, the shop-keepers, the farmers, the mechanics, and the labourers, the Church, as she now stands, is in no repute. And why?—There is the question. Let us once discover whence a disease arises, and there is no knowing how soon we may effect its removal.

Like your correspondent Y. Y. Y., I have no hesitation in declaring, that much, if not the entire blame of this want of respect on the part of the lay-community of England, for the Established Religion of this country, rests with the clergy. Taken as a body, there is perhaps no class of men in any nation more respectable in their general conduct, or more unimpeachable in their morals, than the regular clergy of England;—that there are some worse characters amongst them cannot be denied,—but these bear, as indeed they ought to bear, a very trifling proportion to their opposites. In point of general learning, too, of classical and mathematical learning in particular, the clergy of England will stand a comparison with any other national clergy under heaven; whilst their zeal, especially that of the younger members of the profession, in visiting the sick, comforting the afflicted, and performing the various occasional duties required at their hands, is, to my knowledge, infinitely greater than even Y. Y. Y., with all his leaning in their favour, has thought fit to acknowledge. Intimately connected, as I am, with a considerable number

of clergymen, I can confidently aver, that out of the whole list of my acquaintances, I scarcely know three individuals, under the age of thirty-five, who can, in these respects, be charged with negligence. Nevertheless, I again repeat, that the entire blame of that indifference—to call it by no other term,—which the community at large unhappily feel towards the Establishment, rests with the clergy.

It is, I well know, a common cant among the infidel Radicals of the day, that no man who wears a black coat is, or can be, other than an hypocrite. Believing nothing themselves, these idiots affect to hold in derision every profession of faith in the Gospel, to doubt the sincerity of him who utters it, and, in a particular manner, to suspect, or to pretend to suspect, the honesty of those whose business it is to inculcate the duties of religion upon others. With these, the off-scourings of society, we have no desire to interfere; because we are perfectly certain that their fool's laugh neither has nor ever can have the smallest weight upon the mind of any rational man. But there is another party in society whose influence has become tremendous; we mean the Liberals—the men of no fixed principles—the general Christians, as it were, who esteem all communions as equally correct—who will come to church to-day, and go to the meeting to-morrow; and these boast that they are not bigotted to one persuasion, though they certainly prefer that Church in which they have been brought up. Now I am sorry to say, that the clergy of England, so far from opposing this spirit, give to it, in very many instances, too much encouragement. The Evangelical party, as it is called, openly approve of the practice. With them, to hear the Gospel is everything; and I have even heard a clergyman of the Church of England advise the laity to frequent a Methodist meeting-house, rather than wait upon the ministry of their own regular pastor. The Orthodox party, on the other hand, though they speak loudly against the wanderings of their flocks, take no pains whatever to instruct them in the real principles of their own communion. Their discourses from the pulpit are, indeed, in too many instances, full of invective against enthusiasm and folly; but we do not recollect ever to have heard one of them inform his

people why they ought to be Churchmen rather than Dissenters. They will struggle manfully for certain modes of interpreting abstruse doctrines, and contend with all their might for a fixed phraseology in laying them before the world; but, as to combating for that which is, after all, the very foundation-stone of their *national* faith, they either do not dream, or are afraid, of attempting it.

The truth, indeed, is, that from the reign of Queen Anne down to the present time, the Church of England has gradually been undermining herself, by yielding to the varying taste of the times, when she ought not to have yielded, and by struggling against that taste, when she ought quietly to have given way to it. Previous to the era above alluded to, she felt herself to be surrounded by enemies; her very existence was in hourly danger; and hence all the energies of her sons were continually on the alert. Then every clergyman was a polemic, in the best sense of the term; that is to say, he was a minister of the Church of England, because he believed her constitution to be apostolic, and he endeavoured to impress, with all his might, the same belief upon his hearers. In those days, as well as at present, men differed in opinion respecting numerous points of their common faith,—some, for example, being Calvinists, and some Arminians; but their differences on these heads never induced them to desert the common cause, or to betray the trust which they had solemnly assumed. It was not then considered as a test of orthodoxy that a minister should believe human nature to be utterly depraved, and yet the will of each individual man to be free; but the questions were, “Are you in your heart attached to the Episcopal constitution of your Church? Are you determined, in your own person, to submit to its discipline? and will you do your utmost to keep the people committed to your charge in like submission?” Hence the clergy of England scrupled not in former days to claim divine authority for the outward constitution of their Church; and they neglected no decent opportunity of inculcating a belief of the correctness of that assumption upon the minds of their flocks.

It is well known that, previous to the era of the Reformation, the divine

right of kings, and the divine right of bishops, were equally upheld. To the latter of these the Reformation gave a considerable shock. In England, however, it held its sway in the minds of the great majority—shaken, indeed, but not destroyed, by the grand rebellion; nor can it be said to have generally died away till the Revolution, or rather, the subsequent accession of the House of Hanover, destroyed for ever all belief in the divine right of a particular family to the throne of a particular nation. Then, indeed, it too became out of fashion, even the clergy themselves hardly venturing to breathe it in public, with the exception of those conscientious, and, as they are usually styled now-a-days, bigotted old fellows, who chose to resign their preferences rather than transfer their allegiance to the new dynasty.

From the accession, then, of George the First to the throne of these realms, we may date the gradual decline of the Church of England. As soon as the Clergy in general ceased to contend for the necessity of Episcopal ordination to the due administration of the sacraments, so soon did the laity begin to regard all religious communities as equally sound; and, though most of them adhered, and still adhere, to the use of the prayer-book, very few indeed are at all aware why they ought to have their children baptized by their parish minister, rather than by a Dissenter. Nay, I confess it with regret, but truth compels the confession, that, in the whole list of my clerical acquaintance, I know but few, especially among the younger members of the profession, who are themselves acquainted with the real bar which keeps the Church of England distinct from the Established Church of Scotland.

Having declared at the outset, that I am a staunch member of the Church of England, I entreat the Presbyterian readers to bear with me, and to recollect, that, whilst I contend for the apostolical institution of Episcopacy, I will never object to their contending for the apostolical institution of Presbytery. Were I, indeed, a son of the Kirk, I should fight as warmly for the purity of her constitution, as I now fight for the purity of the constitution of her rival; and, if the established clergy of Scotland do not regard their church as divinely constituted, even in its external arrange-

ments, I must pronounce them to be as false to themselves, as I acknowledge, with deep sorrow, that too many of our own clergy are to the Church of England.

The divine right of Episcopacy being thus, as it were, tacitly resigned, a new claim to support was made out by the Church of England, depending upon order and decency in the example of the ancients. This for a while served its purpose; backed up, as it ever and anon was, by something very like an assumption of the old title: but it, in its turn, soon gave way; and now the continuance of the Episcopal Establishment is said to be necessary, only because the Church, as at present constituted, forms a component part of the political constitution of the country. Young men are accordingly educated for the sacred profession, exactly as if they were intended for the bar or the dissecting room. Their ideas are all secular, their pursuits and occupations are the same with the occupations and pursuits of those around them: they are never taught to acquire that *esprit de corps*, without which no corporation will long continue to flourish; and, perhaps, nine-tenths of them would have no scruple in taking orders among any other communion of Christians, were that communion substituted in the room of the present establishment. Ask very many of these young divines, "Why are you a churchman in England?" and he will answer, "Because it is the established religion of the country."

One great cause of the present indifference of the laity towards the Established Church is, therefore, in my estimation, to be sought for in that total absence of proper zeal, which characterizes, and has for some generations characterized, the English clergy. As I have already stated, the clergy are, as a body, most exemplary in their moral conduct; by far the greater proportion of them are active in the discharge of their parochial duties; but they are no churchmen themselves, and, therefore, cannot be supposed to make churchmen of their hearers. To this general rule there are, no doubt, numerous exceptions. I know myself many clergymen, both in town and country, perfectly acquainted with the constitution of their Church, and strenuous defenders of that constitution in their writings; but I main-

tain, that an overwhelming majority are perfectly ignorant on the subject; whilst all studiously avoid discussing it with the laity, either from the pulpit or in common conversation. The fear of being esteemed bigots ties up their tongues, and hence an opinion long cherished, and, I think, essential to the welfare of the Church of England, has been permitted to die away.

Here, then, I contend, that the Church of England has yielded to the varying taste of the times, at least in one point, where she ought not to have yielded: nor is it wonderful that she should have done so.—In the public seminaries of our country there is absolutely no provision, at least no adequate provision, made for rendering those who are destined to fill the office of pastors amongst us even moderately sound divines. As I have already hinted, the education of a young man designed for the service of the Church, differs in hardly any one point from the education of him who is designed for the bar—or, it may be, for no profession at all. This assertion may appear extraordinary to those, who, wherever they hear the Church of England spoken of, call up the names of Bull, and Hooker, and Barrow, and Cudworth, and Warburton, and Horsley, to their recollection; but that it is perfectly correct, a short sketch of a divinity education in England will at once prove. For the benefit of your northern readers, I subjoin that sketch, and I pledge myself for its correctness in every particular.

A lad designed for the Church, is removed from one of our great schools at the age of eighteen or nineteen, having spent ten or twelve of these years in acquiring a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages. If Oxford be the place of his destination, he enters at one of the Colleges—to do what?—why, to acquire a still more intimate acquaintance with the Greek and Latin writers; to read Herodotus, Thucydides, Æschylus, and Sophocles, to fit himself for a minute examination in Livy and Tacitus, in Virgil and Horace. During these entire years he accordingly toils on, charging his memory with the names of historical characters—of characters in profane history too—labouring to place at the very tip of his tongue geographical observations, long ago obsolete, if not ut-

terly at variance with truth; and if he aspire for honours, adding to all this an intimate acquaintance with ethics, gathered from the pages of Aristotle, of Plato, or of Cicero. Once a-week, indeed, and only once a-week, a chapter or two of the Greek Testament is in most Colleges read, whilst exercises are occasionally written, derived from that very profound and abstruse work, the Church Catechism; but, with these exceptions, not the slightest endeavour is made by those in power to guide the under graduate in religious principles, or to prepare him for the very important office which he is in future life to discharge.

So pass three years, till the eventful day arrives which is destined to release him from academical labours. As the examination of candidates for the degree of B. A. may take place so early as during the twelfth term after matriculation, a great proportion of the *men* contrive to get through the fiery ordeal previous to that term, on which their degree can at the earliest be obtained—in other words, during their twelfth, thirteenth, or fourteenth term of attending. It is indeed true, that at this examination divinity is treated as a science—that is to say, the youth is required to construe some half-dozen verses of the Greek Testament, and to answer such questions as the examining masters may choose to put to him. But these, every Oxford man knows, are either such as the veriest block-head may answer, relating, in nine cases out of ten, to some historical facts recorded in the pages of the Old or New Testament, or they are derived from the Bishop of Winchester's Explanation of the Thirty-nine Articles—a work which every candidate takes care to have at his fingers' ends. Such is the system of education in which the members of the University of Oxford must, one and all of them, participate. It matters not a farthing for what profession the student is ultimately designed, whether for the church, the bar, or the army—all must follow the same beaten track; and hence the newly-created graduate of our polished University may perhaps be a thorough classical scholar, but he neither is, nor can be, a divine, a lawyer, nor a philosopher.

In Cambridge, a system perfectly similar, only putting mathematics in the place of classical lore, is, with equal

steadiness, pursued. There the youthful aspirant after fame finds every channel shut up against him, save that of mathematics. Even the classical knowledge which he brings with him from school, ceases to be of importance, or is ranked in very secondary order behind that engrossing science. We have reason to believe, indeed, that theology has of late been somewhat more attended to by College tutors in Cambridge than it is in the sister University; but it still holds a very mean place in general estimation, and is taught in a manner so unsystematic and irregular, as in many instances to lead the student into error, instead of guiding him to the truth. Witness that delicious body of labourers whom Messrs Simeon and Co. have sent forth into our national vineyard, whose religion is one of feeling, and whose doctrines are all mystery and darkness.

But are there not Professors of Divinity at both Universities, whose sole business it is to train up the candidates for holy orders, and to initiate them in the doctrines which they are themselves in after years to explain? Why, yes, good reader, there are Professors both at Oxford and Cambridge, men generally exhibiting at least fair talents and competent erudition; but then only think of the space of time which their course of lectures occupies. Whilst at the Scotch Universities a student of divinity is in constant attendance upon his teacher for two, three, and sometimes four years; the whole scheme of the Christian dispensation, the entire compass of polemical divinity, and a general outline of Church history, are in Oxford and Cambridge discussed—in what space, think you?—in something less than six weeks! You may stare if you will, gentle reader, but it is quite true. Your southern neighbours contrive to accomplish, within the short space of six weeks, what you, poor blundering dunces of the north, hardly manage to complete in three years. Being released from the fatigue of College lectures, and having passed his examination in the public schools, the English divine in embryo first thinks of turning his attention to the study of theology. He consequently enrolls himself among the pupils of the Professor, attends with the utmost punctuality during the whole course, re-

ceives, at its close, a certificate of having so attended, and thus completes his training, as far as that training is effected by the University, for holy orders.

Now, I ask any reflecting person of any persuasion, whether such an education is calculated to give our national clergy that turn of thought which every professional body ought to have? What should we think of a lawyer, who should contrive to get himself called to the bar, and should commence practice, after spending thirteen years in studying the classics and mathematics, and six weeks in the study of the law? Would any man entrust his cause with such a practitioner? But a comparison between the two professions is not, perhaps, a fair one; theology being, in the strictest sense of the word, a science, whilst jurisprudence, at least in England, confessedly possesses little claim to so elevated a title. Well, then, let us take theology as a science, and a very profound and comprehensive science it is; can it be supposed, that the cleverest man upon earth will make himself so complete a master of that science in six weeks, as that he may pretend, at the conclusion of that period, to teach it to others?

But, it may be argued, our candidates for holy orders contrive, for the most part, to finish their academical course at least one year previous to their attainment of that age, when, by act of Parliament, they may be admitted into the order of deacons. Supposing, for argument's sake, that this were always the case, what then? Has the attention of the candidate for the priesthood been so carefully directed to one subject, as that he will be induced, through habit, to devote this year to theological study? Quite the reverse. His entire ideas, as I have already said, such ideas at least as he has gathered from his academical sources, are secular. He may follow up, during the interval between his dismissal from the University and his entrance upon the sacred function, a course of polite literature, if he be inclined to literature at all,—he may travel into foreign countries if he be disposed to increase his acquaintance with mankind,—he may remain at home, and indulge in the sports of the field, if his disposition so lie; but, with the exception of a few weeks, during

which he betakes himself, of necessity, to the perusal of Grotius de Veritate, the Greek Gospels, and of Tomline on the thirty-nine Articles, I personally know, that not one English divine in embryo, out of fifty, dedicates one term of his vacant season to the study of that science which he is so soon to teach. Nor is the case of the fiftieth man greatly more promising than those of the forty-nine. I have myself gone through a regular course at Oxford, attending the divinity lectures when the present respectable Bishop of Landaff filled the chair; whence I can speak with confidence of the effect of that course in adapting the mind to any particular pursuit, and I aver, that the student of divinity returns home without carrying with him so much as the elements of theology; without so much as having had a systematic arrangement for private study chalked out for him. Above all, having heard little or nothing of the constitution of his own Church, or of the points of difference between it and other Protestant communions, he dreams not of examining into the nature of these points; and hence, whatever general knowledge he may happen to acquire, relative to the broader articles of the Christian religion, he remains for ever a perfect latitudinarian on the subject of church government.

How different from this is the education bestowed by every other society of Christians upon the class of men whom they intend to fill the place of pastors among them! In the Church of Rome, it is well known, that a boy designed for the priesthood, is, from his tenderest years, trained up in habits of acting and thinking perfectly different from those which adhere to laymen. His studies are all directed to one end; in his very childhood, he reads little else than works on divinity, not always of the purest and best principles, but all tending to inspire him with the warmest zeal in favour of the particular Church of which he is a member. Nor are the respectable sects of Dissenters one whit behind the Roman Catholics, in their anxiety to initiate, thoroughly, their youthful pastors in all the dogmas and doctrines of their faith. They have their colleges, their professorships, their academies, in which little is taught besides polemical divinity, and

in which every candidate for the ministry is bound to attend for a space of time, little short, if indeed it be at all short, of an entire academical career at Oxford or Cambridge. The consequence is, that every minister among the respectable dissenting communions, is a zealous polemic; one who is attached on principle, or, if you prefer the term, through prejudice, to his own sect; who deems it an imperious duty to inculcate the doctrines of that sect upon his people, openly, or from the pulpit, and who esteems it meritorious to gain proselytes wherever he can, and by any means which appear to promise the most speedy success.

It has long, I am quite aware, been the fashion, among the professed lovers of order and of their country, to cry up the clergy of England, as universally able divines, however remiss they may be in performing the more active part of their duty. Now, I am quite sure that the very reverse of this is the case. Take any given number of the country clergy of England, and compare them with the same number of the country clergy in Scotland, or Holland, or Germany, and I will wager a series of Blackwood's Magazine against a series either of the Quarterly or Edinburgh Reviews, that the latter are found the best polemics, and the most thoroughly versed in controversial theology.—How, indeed, can it be otherwise? But compare the one with the other, on the score of strict attention to parochial duties, and I am equally confident that the English clergy will not be found inferior. Yet the clergy of England possess not half that influence over their parishioners, which is possessed by the national clergy, at least in the sister kingdom. And why?—Because, as I have shewn above, they are at no pains to instruct their hearers in those very points on which the Scottish clergy lay a great and a proper weight; but content themselves with the delivrance of moral and practical discourses, admirably calculated to make their people good members of society, but by no means adapted to strengthen them in a predilection for the National Church. The consequence is, that very few indeed, of our lay-members, are real churchmen. If their clergyman chance to possess a pleasing manner in the desk and pulpit, they will attend the

parish-church as long as he remains amongst them ; but should he depart, and be succeeded by another whose voice and manner happen to be a little less agreeable, then they either stay at home, or cease to be religious at all, or go elsewhere, as whim or chance may direct them. Thus, though the influence of an individual clergyman may here and there be very great, the influence of the clergy of England, taken as a body, amounts to nothing.

Nor is this the worst part of the business. Perhaps there exists not under the face of heaven so divided a body as the clergy of the Church of England. A very few years have gone by since the press absolutely teemed with their controversies ; accusations of heresy were bandied about from one to the other. And concerning what was all this contest ? Concerning abstruse and difficult points of faith—points which the very Articles have wisely left unsettled, and which will never be settled as long as the sun and moon endure. Who has forgotten the duels of Overton and Daubeny, of Milner and Marsh ? the former of each pair asserting that the Church of England is purely Calvinistic ; the latter, that she is purely Arminian ; and who, that thinks at all rationally, can fail in perceiving that there is both truth and falsehood in the arguments of all parties ? Why, I contend that the Church of England is a servile follower of no human master. She has, with consummate wisdom, expressed herself on disputable subjects so vaguely, that almost all Protestant Christians may, with safe consciences, subscribe to her confession of faith ; and

yet her own sons are for ever endeavouring to give to that confession some one precise meaning, and no more, when the very expressions in which it is clothed are so loosely worded, as to appear, at least, to favour the claims of one party as much as they favour the claims of another. There is something in all this not more improper than it is weak. Has the Church of Rome ever betrayed herself on account of any variety in opinions which may prevail among her sons ? Who ever heard of a Thomist recommending his hearers to frequent a Protestant chapel, rather than wait upon the ministry of his neighbour, because he chanced to be Scotist ? or what Scotist has condemned a Thomist on the score of heresy ? The Church of Rome is far wiser in these respects than the Church of England. She permits her sons to think for themselves on every point of general faith, and exacts from them a strict uniformity only in matters more tangible—in matters affecting her own particular discipline and arrangements ; whereas it appears to be the object of the Church of England to throw into the back-ground all tenets which belong peculiarly to herself, leaving her children to hold to them or not as suits their own convenience, whilst she vainly struggles to bring about an uniformity of sentiment on points where it is utterly vain to expect that any ten reflecting persons will ever think exactly alike.

I hope to resume the subject before long, and in somewhat more systematic order than my present want of time has permitted me to adopt.

R. G.

LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.

No. I.

I FANCY you, my dear Tom, lolling in all that delightful lassitude of body which a tropical climate engenders—your hooka just reposing on your lips—the smoke lazily struggling through the cool-scented water—the last novel lying before you—your slave watching, with intense anxiety, for the up-raised brow, which shall signal him to turn over the leaf. There you are a perfect nabob. As for me, I am still rattling from town to town, from land to land, viewing all I can, and laying up the “materiel” to astonish our

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country cousins. Everybody has been to Paris—so I, of course, after a half-year’s stay, quitted it. Don’t imagine I am going to dun you now with a minute account of Notre Dame, le Jardin des Plantes, and the Catacombs. These, you know, were arranged under the order of “especial bores” six years ago, and Heaven forbid that I should disturb so classical an arrangement. I can assure you, there are few things on earth which horrify me more than a fresh importation of Gallicism in English bottoms. Your little taper-

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waisted miss, who inundates you with information about Rouen and Versailles, and your fine gentleman who "talks conversation" about Paris, the Palais Royal, and the Thuilleries, are now very scarce animals. Although I shall not give you the measurement of the column in the Place Vendôme, nor expatiate on the cheapness of the three bottles of Champagne consumed daily by each of my economizing countrymen, yet I must not leave Paris altogether.

After all, it is a capital mart for the characteristic. Your Frenchman is generally accounted a volatile being, thoughtless, and not over well principled. A sweeping clause this, Tom, and one very likely to be believed by John Bull; it has just truth enough in it to cover the lie. I will not endeavour to trace the origin of the latter part of this dictum, but I think it would be very hard for many Englishmen to substantiate it on their own experience, for this plain reason, that now-a-days very few of our countrymen, of whatsoever rank, are admitted into truly good French society. Their *lettre de crédit* may entitle them to bow and drink "limonade" at Lafitte's "Soirees," or a long purse may introduce them "chez Madame la Comtesse * * * *," but as for having the run of the Parisian *haut ton*, that is out of the question; they are still more inaccessible, as O'Reilly says, than our own inaccessible. As for their volatility, it is true they are always gay. La Place, the profoundest thinker since Newton, is a delightful drawing-room companion. But why should this be called volatility? I know no being so thoroughly capable of attending to the thing before him as the Frenchman. The chemist leaves his experiments and the long train of experimental reasoning in his laboratory, and never seems to enter a drawing-room like some of his brethren on the other side of the channel, swelling with the "inductive philosophy," and ready to explode, after the fashion of some of his own deleterious gases, to the mortal peril of the *crania* of his Majesty's lieges.

John Bull thinks it incumbent upon himself always to carry the outward and visible sign of his pursuits at the mast-head. If you see a dapper little "Merveilleux" hopping about most vivaciously, and announcing himself in

every corner of a well-filled drawing-room by the small artillery of a pun, your inference is clear—he must be a lawyer; or if, on the other hand, you see a face, which nature intended to be merry, trying to lodge as much wisdom on the thin pencil of its supercilium as would weigh down the penthouse of a Samuel Johnson, you guess that you are in contact with a young votary of Æsculapius; and should he, in the course of conversation, wince when a scientific subject is started, or, above all, should any *sesquipedalia verba* escape him, you immediately convict him of the misdemeanour. As for the clergyman, no one has any difficulty in identifying that character—the cut of his sables at once proclaims him, but especially his gait, that smooth, gliding, noiseless motion, sideling through the throng, meeting with, and making no opposition; and if the physiognomy be imbued with the rose, the gills gently pendulous, and one or two latitudinal ridges stretching across the rubicund forehead, you may look upon these as collateral evidences of the benefice being not far short of £1000 per annum. By the way, let me make you understand, my dear fellow, that there is a world of difference in wrinkles. The corrugated front of the well-fed alderman and that of the out-pensioner, are generated by totally different means. In the latter, there is an absolute loss of flesh from care and poverty, and a thousand causes; in the former, so far from there being any loss of substance, the narrow valleys of his face stand forth, *ex necessitate quasi*, from the huge mountains of proud flesh, accumulated out of the *debris* of turtle, venison, teal, and ptarmigan.

John Bull, wherever he is, and whatever may be his favourite range of thought, invariably carries it into all places, and blurts it out in all societies. It is impossible, on the other hand, to affix a mark to the Frenchman. Le médecin, l'avocat, Mr l'Abbé, are equally men of the world, and never trammelled by their calling. Hence, when we accuse our neighbours of volatility, we should make the distinction between the power of self-abstraction and senseless gaiety. Where an Englishman meets with reverses, his resources are his razor and his pistol; a Frenchman turns to that all-consoling word, "*n'importe*," and, having

shrugged his shoulders, is instantly transformed into some useful workman. You know that the *Prince Talleyrand* was a teacher of languages in Highgate; and, if I mistake not, *Monsieur le Duc d'Orleans* practised the same art in America. But, to descend from great to less, you remember *Monsieur Zephyre*, a first-rate opera-dancer; he had contrived to accumulate nearly £5000, by laborious instructions in his profession. This he sunk in *Waterloo Bridge*. The shares which were purchased at £100 soon fell to £15. But *le pauvre Zephyre* did not think it incumbent upon himself to take a leap into the *Thames*, by way of getting rid of his cares. No—he used to parade the arches of that noble structure daily, and whenever he could get a soul to listen to him, would pour forth his sorrows, winding up his tale with the oft-repeated clause,—“*Quoi que c'etoit une mauvaise speculation, pourtant faut il avouer, que le Pont est parfait.*”

Therefore, my dear fellow, whenever you read or hear of French volatility, only believe that it is another term for the power of adapting one's self to existing circumstances. It is impossible to attach any idea of depth to the volatile mind; and yet, if the national character be volatile and frivolous, how is it that the French have shone in all the depths of science? Mathematics have been advanced as much by them, since the *Newtonian* era, as it was by *Newton* himself, and I very much doubt whether, in the whole range of intellect, you will find such acute minds as *Pascal* and *Descartes*. I could call the *Society of Jesus* to my aid, if I wanted men of research in every branch of knowledge. These are not a few brilliant exceptions, believe me. The abstruser sciences are deeply spread in France; in fact, half the books which were found after the battle of *Vittoria* among the French baggage, were such works as the *Mecanique Celeste*, &c. &c.—the other half were song books. The mind which could leap from the *Mecanique Celeste* to the *Vaudeville*, you will allow, must have had a great power of abstraction. The deeper works, I was told, were well interlined and thumb'd. I don't believe *Cambridge* can boast of a score of men who can read *La Place*. You remember *** used to say, that at his time of life, which was

45, he would not like to begin this abstruse work, and he was a capital mathematician. No, no—I can't believe that our neighbours are incapable of depth of thought.

As for the quantum of vice with which they say *Paris* abounds, of that, too, I believe one half is exaggeration. Let every one appeal to his own experience, and I verily believe he will not find the *Parisians* to be unprincipled “*par excellence.*” *England* is much indebted to her insular situation for her many virtues. *Scotland* has never been tried. Let her *Caledonian Canal* bear the vices of *Foreign* nations into the bosom of her hills—let steamboats puff over scores of idlers every summer to the “*Ultima Thule,*” to islands, in some of which, if we are to believe *Campbell*, the presence of a stranger excited general catarrh—and then let “her cast the first stone.” In no period of her history was there any intercourse with her neighbours. Her nobles, in former times, were connected with *France*; but it is only within twelve or fifteen years that even *England* has known anything of the sister country.

There is one trait, however, in the French character, concerning which our countrymen have very erroneous notions—I mean a degree of recklessness of life, amounting almost to madness. I know nobody so ready to hazard a duel, so eager to maintain what he terms his honour, at all risks, as the Frenchman. Many of these combats are not mortal, owing to the care and diligence with which “*l'escrime*” is cultivated. The officers of the “*Garde du Corps*” are said to be equally expert at the pistol and at the small-sword; nay, if I am to credit men, whose veracity, in other respects, I had no reason to doubt, I must believe that the only fair mode of engaging with these gentlemen is to cast lots who shall blow the other's brains out.

The system of duelling, which is comparatively little cultivated here, is very prevalent on the continent. The extent to which it is carried in the *German* universities is perfectly ludicrous: I say ludicrous, because the results are very rarely fatal. In *Göttingen*, I assure you, that when you wished to have a “scandal” with any one of the students, you had merely to look, and you might be satisfied. When I first settled among these

youths, I had some little curiosity to see one of their duels, and I expressed myself to that effect to the young Baron Von * * *. He turned himself to a friend who was quietly smoking his pipe at my side, and, pointing to a tall Westphalian, playing at billiards—"Du sollst ihn 'corrimirn'* lieber, der Engländer will was sehen,"—"you must go and insult him; the Englishman wishes to see some fun." Upon this an affair was soon got up: the Westphalian went on with his game, and "der herr Baron" with his pipe, for the rest of the evening. The next day these heroes met, and the paraphernalia of the battle were arranged. In most of the German universities, the schläger is the offensive weapon, excepting in Jena, where the rapier is the favourite. These schlägers are remarkably sharp, and the wound which they give heals very kindly. The first thing to be done is to measure the distance: this is effected by the two seconds. Each takes a full lunge, and stretches out his sword until the points cross. The space thus covered is marked off by two chalk-lines; and if, during the combat, either the one or other of the combatants should step over these lines, he instantly comes into "verchiss," and can only recover his honour by fighting with two of any of the landsinandschaften. The ground being measured off, we went to dress our friend. His shoulders and breasts were stripped to the shirt; a thick band, well stuffed, and sword-proof, was tied round the waist, in order to protect the stomach. The fore part of the thigh and the neck were also guarded, and the sword-arm bandaged from the wrist to about half way up to the arm-pit; so that, in fact, nothing but the face and chest were exposed. The two seconds, who are very active, are dressed nearly in the same fashion, only they do not disencumber themselves of any portion of their clothing. The business of the second is to rush in, and prevent any "nachhieb," or after-blow, when the umpire has called "halt:" this, of course, subjects them to no small portion of the danger. They are armed with blunt weapons, and stick close to the left side of

their principals. In fact, a good second is one of the requisites to a successful duel. The seconds now gave the word of command, "los," and immediately our youths began playing with consummate skill. The first round produced nothing.† A second and third were chalked off. On the fourth, however, the Baron received a slight wound in the forehead, which terminated the battle. Twelve rounds is the ultimatum of any duel.

This may serve to give you some idea of the generality of the student-duels; some, however, are of a much more serious cast. The degree of the duel, if I may so express myself, depends upon that of the insult. If you have no particular enmity, you can resort to the "practischen-gang," in which the points only of the weapons are sharpened. If you have called your antagonist "dummer junge,"—stupid fellow, then the mode which I have described is necessary to expiate the offence; but "hunde-fuss,"—hound's-foot, is the height of verbal offence, and then it is necessary to fight without "cap or bandage." When any one has got credit for being a good swordsman, he is, in general, obliged to fight more duels than he dreamt of. In the first place, he is usually nominated to restore the fallen honour of the youths who have come into "verchiss," of whom, probably, he knows nothing. In the second place, he is the man chosen by each "fuchs," (fox, a term answering to our "freshman,") who is ambitious of becoming "ein echter studiosus," as an antagonist; and they, of course, find a method of parading him. In short, I have known eighteen duels to have been fought during the semestre, by the same individual. Where an unseemly wound, four or five inches long, is the penalty which a man must pay, if he do not learn the broad-sword, of course, each bursche devotes no small portion of his time to the exercise. Each clan, or landsmanschaft, has an appointed time daily for exercising among themselves; independent of which, each man generally practises with the fighting master one hour a-day; so that a degree of skill is acquired which is

* This is a slang term in use among the students.

† Apropos, a round is determined when a blow is not parried, or has gone through "durchgegangen," as they call it.

often very astonishing, and which, I think, is one of the causes of the slight results of the student-duels. I have known many who had such a command of the weapon, that if they did not wish to inflict a wound, they were certain of not suffering themselves. The duels at Jena, however, are far more dangerous. The number of fatal results is much greater than is generally known. The rapier inflicts so very small a wound, so very difficult to be seen except by an experienced eye, owing to the elasticity of the skin, that most of the *sudden* deaths which are given out as caused by apoplexies, &c., &c., are, in short, nothing more nor less than the effects of duelling. The quarrels of the students among themselves, I have said, are not very deadly: now and then they are fatal, but they rarely end in anything more than a disfigured face, or a tranchant wound of the breast. There is, however, a prolific and mortal host of battles between the officers and students. The enmity which exists between these two classes of persons is inconceivable by us. It arises, however, naturally enough. The officers, generally speaking, are reckoned by the students as the instruments of despotism; and the former look upon the latter as a set of wild fanatics. The students imagine themselves to be the guardian genii of national liberty, and regard the military as mortal foes to their most hallowed feelings. So frequent were these fracas in the south of Germany, that the Grand Duke of Baden was obliged to remove troops which were quartered at Heidelberg to Schwetzingen, situated about two leagues from this university. The officers rarely now visit these romantic and magnificent scenes of the Neckar Thal; and those that do, are generally brothers or friends of some of the students. The weapon which is generally used in the combats between the students and officers is the pistol. The sword is so certain in the hands of the Burschen, that few, except one of their own fraternity, have an equal chance. These duels are, for the most part, premeditated murders. If the insult have been a blow, it is expiated only by death. A space of four or six feet is marked off by lines; each man retires a certain given distance, perhaps twenty paces, on the other side of his line, and here

a barrier is erected. He may discharge his pistol at any distance between the barrier and the line, but, should he miss, must come up to the line, and stand to be shot by his antagonist, who has now the power of approaching as near as the line on his side. You are compelled to kill, for the duel can only be terminated by the death of one. One of these duels happened between a young student of Heidelberg, and a Prussian officer, quartered at Mayence. The student was shot in the pistol arm, and disabled. After three months, he again went out, and was once more so dangerously wounded as to be obliged to quit the field; he again recovered, and was shot dead at the third time. I trust, for the credit of human nature, that this may not be true. I was informed of his death about six months after I had quitted that portion of Germany. It was mentioned to me as a matter of interest, as I had had some slight acquaintance with him.

I cannot, however, close this long account, without mentioning one fact; for fact I must think it, as it was affirmed to me as such from the mouth of the Elbe to the Rhone. If a Prussian officer be struck, he cannot serve again, even though he shall challenge the assaulter. The only mode by which he is considered as worthy of associating with his brother-officers again, is by *kill*ing the man on the spot! I have had no opportunity of verifying this, which, however, I have often heard. There is one circumstance which occurred not very long ago in Berlin, that may probably be regarded as furnishing something in proof of its truth. A descendant of a famous Prussian field-marshal, himself an officer in the Hussars, was detected by the husband in intriguing with an actress. The husband, if I remember right, either struck or collared him; upon which the young officer thrust a poniard into his side. The wound, however, was not mortal. The officer, I am told, is as noble as he is high in rank, and therefore was probably actuated to such conduct only by the certainty of the disgrace which would have ensued, had he been struck without attempting to wipe it thus off.

Yours, &c.

J. G.

AMERICAN WRITERS, No. III.*

PURSuing our plan, as laid out in our last Number, we hasten to work ourselves clear of a labyrinth, into which we precipitated ourselves not long ago, by supplying our omissions, and correcting our errors—(a subject upon which the less we say, the better,) without making any fuss about them.—We have high authority for this—(when they venture upon such thing as the voluntary correction of a blunder—or a—we won't say what)—in our brethren of the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews.

ADAMS, HANNAH. This lady, if we are not mistaken, is a sister of John Adams, late President of the United States. John Quincy Adams, of whom we have already spoken, is, of course, a nephew of hers. Women, we look upon as a privileged class; but some of their amusements, it cannot be denied, are of a serious turn,—and some of their graver studies, rather amusing. This lady, for example, has written a large book—and a very useful book too, for the laity—which is called, A DICTIONARY OF RELIGIONS.—We know nothing else of her as a writer: nor as a woman, except, perhaps, that she was one of the most benevolent of human creatures. We remember a little anecdote of her. She was remarkably absent. She set off one day, a-foot and alone, to hear a celebrated preacher: passed by the very door of the “meeting-house,” within reach of his voice: made her way, through the crowd assembled in the road: and held on her way, until the strange, wild appearance of the road made her stop. A traveller overtook her. She inquired her way to the “meeting-house:” expressed her astonishment, when she learnt the truth: and returned upon her steps,—passing by the door, as before—through the same crowd,—and returned, as she went, without having heard the preacher.

ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY. In speaking of this writer, lately, we said that he had written only *one book*.—The “Letters from Silesia,” which were made into a book here, without autho-

riety, by a London bookseller, were mere newspaper scribbling. The correspondence of Mr Adams, as a negotiator—a Minister abroad, and Secretary of State at home, has not been collected. It may be found in the “American State Papers;” is always able—and sometimes masterly.

ALSTON, WASHINGTON—the painter. This fine artist has written some poetry: and, we are sorry to say, one poem—called the “Paiut King.” There are, certainly, two or three fine passages in it; but we never knew whether Mr Alston is making fun of M. G. Lewis—or imitating him: whether he is caricaturing the extravagance of another; or playing off his own—under cover: whether he is in earnest or not. As a painter, he knows very well that any such equivocal disclosures of intention, or design, would be the death of an artist, whatever were his merit, in other matters.—Nobody can mistake the purpose of the following lines; wherefore everybody enjoys them:—

“His whip was a torch, and his spur was
a match;
And over his horse's *left* eye was a patch,
To keep it from burning the manger.

* * * * *
His teeth were calcined, and his tongue
was so dry,
It rattled against them, as though *you*
should try
To play the piano with thimbles.”—

A touch, by the way, quite Shakespearean; as, where the bard says,—

—“The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.”

No doubt: but *quere*—how great a pang does the poor beetle find, *when* a giant dies?

Let us return. Caricature M. G. Lewis, if you will; burlesque anybody's poetry, and welcome: turn what you please into ridicule; but—in mercy to us—in mercy to yourself—let your purpose be unequivocal. We may laugh in the wrong place, else; and mistake your poetry for nonsense.

* ERRATA.—In our October Number, p. 419—for BOUMAN, read BOWMAN: for WATMULLER, read WERTMULLER: p. 421—for Armenian, read American: p. 422—for Darling, read Darley: p. 428—for DANCE, read DANA.

The truth may be, perhaps, that Mr Alston ran ashore, like many a good fellow before him, while trying to steer two courses at once. Perhaps he began, with a serious design, to manufacture some "godlike poetry:" pushed on, with tolerable success, until he took fire;—when, afraid of being laughed at, he *put himself out*. We have known many such catastrophes. People begin seriously: say something, by and by; or do something, very extravagant—just on the confines of the ridiculous—just balancing between sublimity and burlesque—when, afraid of having it caricatured, or misrepresented, or mistaken—or tilted over, into the gulph, by another, they even tilt it over themselves, and have the credit of it: like smugglers, who, when the duties are high, and the informer is well paid, inform against themselves, and make money by the job;—or, perhaps, Mr Alston began the poem in a frolic; worked away, helter-skelter, until he had written something more seriously than he desired—and much better than he wished: when, like many a living author, whom we could name,—without patience or self-denial enough to preserve the idea, till it would come in play—discretion enough to throw it aside altogether; or dexterity enough to interweave it, without spoiling the whole piece—he lugs it in, to the ruin of his original plan. Some poets, afraid of being caricatured by others, take the trouble to caricature themselves. If they run their head against a post, they always *begin* the laugh. If they do anything very foolish, they know well enough, that if they don't tell of it, somebody else will. Thus Homer, after his absurd comparison of armies to bees—protected himself by his frogs and mice. Thus Cowper, in his "Task, and "Gilpin," laid an anchor to windward. Thus M. G. Lewis, in his "Giles Jollop the grave, and the Brown Sally Greene," secured himself, and all his admirers, for ever, from eternal ridicule.—It reminds us of a friend's advice—"If you ever offer yourself to a woman," said he, "do it so, that if she *refuse* you, she herself shall never be able to tell whether you were in earnest or not."—So, too, with Lord Byron. What is Beppo—what is Don Juan, but a caricature of Childe Harold?—the very point on which that incoherent poem

was most vulnerable. And Mr Moore's criticism on his Lallah Rookh, put into the mouth of Fadladeen—what was that, but offering himself in such a way, that, if he were rejected, we should never know whether he were serious or not?—You are surprised. We could mention fifty more of these contrivances, to escape accountability and ridicule. Point us out a single writer, of any age—if you can—who has not been guilty of them;—or one, who has not been diverted from his original design, by accidental thoughts—rhymes—or *mistaken* scratches of a pen;—like a painter, by a blot; a captain, or a chess-player, by an accidental move. Point us out a single one, who, when he is waggishly disposed, can bear to lose an eloquent or affecting passage, if it pop into his head; or one, who, when he is running before the wind—with absolute poetry—every sail set—has enough self-denial to hold on his way, in spite of a joke: one who—if it be good for anything, will not find a place for it sooner or later—as he would, in chase, for a man overboard—for drift wood, with great carbuncles growing to it—or for a dolphin tumbling in his wake.

Long after the appearance of the "Paiut King," Mr Alston wrote some lines upon the Peak of Chimborazo, in which was one passage of extraordinary power. He describes it, after night-fall,—overtopping the other mountains—rejoicing in the sun-set—and luminous with royalty.

"Thou of the purple robe and diadem of gold!"

he says:—a line worth his "Paiut King,"—the whole of it forty times over. Let no man venture to pronounce positively upon the first movements of genius.—It is very painful to us—of course—to allude again to the Edinburgh castigation of Lord Byron, (a castigation, by the way, that *made* Lord Byron; but for *that*, he would, probably, have lived, and been forgotten: *that* stung him into "convulsive life;") but we would warn everybody on this point. It is in the history of all extraordinary men. All have endured a like trial. They are all exposed, in their infancy, to a seasoning like that of the Spartan children. It is fatal to the weak—none but the offspring of the giants *can* outlive it. H.

K. White perished. Mr Alston, himself, had a picture shown to him one day. "What is your opinion?—speak freely, I pray you," said a person to him. Mr A. declined. He was really unwilling. The other insisted—"It was the work of a young friend. He *must* have Mr A.'s opinion." "Well, then," said he—"well, then, to deal plainly with you—it is a wretched affair.—There is no ground for hope—not even for hope. Let him give up the idea. He never *can* make a painter."—"It was painted by yourself."—"No!—impossible."—"It *was*—look—there is your name; and here—see—here is the date—only seven years ago, you perceive."

Another warning to those, who give out a rash judgment upon the youthful. Many a brave heart has been broken by the hasty word of a critic; and many a critic has persevered—like the lawgivers of the Medes and Persians—in maintaining every decree—right or wrong, after it had once gone forth.

Mr Leslie, himself, is another example. While he was yet an apprentice, in a book store, his mother, finding that his heart was fixed upon drawing, consulted with Mr Rembrandt Peale, the historical and portrait painter. "No,"—said Mr Peale, who is a man of ten thousand, for honesty—"no, madam. Ours is a miserable business, at best. There is nothing remarkable in these little sketches by your son. Advise him to give up the notion altogether: Discourage him. Even, if he *should* succeed: if he *should* be able to paint as good a picture as I do—he will only be, as I am—after a long life of labour, miserably poor." Such was the effect of this advice—well meant, and seriously given—that Mr Leslie returned, like a galley slave, to the counter; and remained quiet, for a whole year. His nature broke out anew, then: he made some fine sketches (of Cooke and Cooper the actors:) excited attention: His master tore up his indentures—let him go free; and a purse was made up, to send him over the waters, for education.

Critics, beware. Michael Angelo and the statue of the broken arm: the "speaking picture:" the horse of Appelles—of which the horse of Alexander was a better judge than Alexander himself: the picture in the market-place, daubed all over, one day,

for its beauty, by the critics; and all over, the next, for its faultiness, by the same critics: the Chatterton papers: the Shakspeare papers (by a boy of seventeen:) the Angerstein picture, chosen, we believe, by Mr West and Sir Thomas Laurence: What are all these, but so many warnings to you?

BARLOW JOEL. Author of the COLUMBIAD, a prodigious poem, with nothing in it so bad—so miserably bad—as one may find in almost every page of Milton: with many passages, which, if such kind of poetry were not entirely done with, in this world—and for ever (we hope)—would be thought very good: and—and—and that is all. We can't, for our souls, work out another word in favour of the poem—whatever we may, concerning the poet—who was really a very good sort of a man—very honest—and very American: although he *did* give up the ghost at the chariot-wheels of Napoleon Buonaparte while tugging after him, in his Russian expedition.

BARTON, Dr. A writer of considerable merit; and author, among other works; of one, upon MEDICAL BOTANY, the reputation of which is high, among men of science.

BELKNAP, Dr. A theologian, we believe. This gentleman has written a History of New Hampshire, one of the six New England States, in three vols. 8vo. It is a large, faithful, heavy, tiresome compilation, which anybody may read—if he can—without peril to his orthodoxy. A long time ago, one Mr Plumer, a lawyer—but, we believe, a very honest man—undertook to get up a history of the state (of which, by the way, he has been governor, since) in better style. He has been about it something like half a century: the state, we should observe, contains about 240,000 inhabitants: and being a very shrewd, positive, conscientious, clear-headed, perpendicular old gentleman—who puts down just so much as he can swear to, and no more, the probability is, that by the end of another half century, or thereabouts, he will have made a book, entirely worthy of his native state. But he must work hard; or he won't keep up with the alterations.

BENEZET, ANTHONY. This benevolent creature—the Howard of America—wrote a little work a long time ago, called, "Some Historical Account of Guinea." The abolition of the slave

trade—with all the reasons for that abolition, which are *now* used—may be traced up to the writings of this man. But, we can go still farther back, in the history of America, to show that her people were the *first* who set their faces—and lifted up their voices—in *opposition to slavery*. George Keith was a formidable adversary of the slave-dealers—(our slave-dealers, who supplied all North America with slaves)—about *one hundred and forty years* ago. He has been followed by a multitude of American writers, many of whom (as Benezet, Rush, Lay, Sandiford, Woolman, and others) made open war upon the slave trade, and slavery, long and long before Great Britain had stirred, hand or foot, in the work of abolition or emancipation.—Even Denmark was before Great Britain, by many years—Lord Castle-reagh, to the contrary, notwithstanding: and Massachusetts preceded her, by more than *one hundred and fifty years*.

In the “Massachusetts Historical Collections,” (volumes of extraordinary value, on every account) a paper will be found, on the subject of slavery, in Massachusetts. It was written by Dr Belknap, just mentioned.

BIGELOW—Author of a late work on the MEDICAL BOTANY of North America. The plan was comprehensive: and the parts, which we have met with, accidentally, have been worthily done. The undertaking and execution are honourable to the country.

BLUNT, EDMUND M.—Blunt’s “NAVIGATOR,” we have heard of; but do not know it. His “COAST PILOT,” however, we know to be the result of a profound acquaintance with seamanship, and practical navigation. It should be, and we believe is, in the hands of every navigator upon the North American coast.

BOTANY. The writers upon Botany, in the United States, with two or three exceptions, (Drs Barton and Bigelow, for example,) are mere pamphleteers, compilers, and elementary book-makers. Botany is lectured about, all over the country: the very women and children can prattle upon it—superficially—which is about all that anybody else can (with half-a-dozen exceptions) from Georgia to Maine:—Yet, all North America, to a thorough-going disciple of Linnæus, were little else than one great botanical

garden.—It was in contemplation, some years ago, when party spirit ran high, in that country, to establish a sort of asylum for transplanted rarities—under the name of a Botanical Garden—at Washington city. Mr Clay was then Speaker of the House; and—very much in earnest, his countrymen thought—while manœuvring for the Presidential chair.—WE had some suspicion of his purpose: and, by way of proving it—sent him a small packet of rare and valuable seeds, for his own use: offering, at the same time, if they would establish any such garden, to furnish a manager *without expense*.—Mr Clay talked beautifully upon the subject—but never did anything more. The nation had a paroxysm of economy about that time; and Mr Clay was unwilling to hazard a proposition concerning the garden.

We happen to know a French gentleman (Monsieur Le Roy) who, in his great zeal for the propagation of rare and useful plants, in America—went over a part of the United States (Maryland, Virginia, and the district of Columbia)—distributing valuable seeds and specimens, among the farmers, gentry, and men of science.—To what effect?—Hear his own words. Keep in mind, that he was an old man—exceedingly respectable—a man of integrity and great science—a philanthropist, in the wide, and full sense of the term:—that the seeds and specimens, of which we speak, were obtained, by himself, personally, on application to his friend, the manager of the National Garden at Paris: and that he *gave* them away to anybody and everybody, who would undertake to try them.—“Sair,” said he—with tears in his eyes—while speaking to “ourself,”—“Sair, I shall say to you. When I—I, myself—come again—how you think I find him (the seeds)—diable!—jess where I leave him. I am so provoke—How you find tat?”—It was very true. Not one out of twenty perhaps, to whom he had given these rarities, had ever taken the trouble to open the parcel, after his back was turned.

Professors of Botany—as of everything else—are plenty enough, all over the United States. Some, however, are quite respectable. They have one at Haward University, a Mr Nuttal, (from Yorkshire, England,) whose knowledge of the North American ve-

getable kingdom—the signs, properties, and physiology of plants, *there*, in consequence of his travelling among the Indians of America, is very extensive and accurate.—But, a person, whose name is Whitlaw; a Scotchman, has done more to promote a general knowledge of Botany—and a popular love of that delightful study by his transparencies, throughout America, than everybody else in it. He is an extraordinary man; wholly without education; ignorant of everything but botany, and the *uses* of botany; but has made some valuable discoveries concerning the pathology of plants, and the mischievous influence of soil upon their virtues.—He has passed a large part of his life among the Indians of North and South America; in the West Indies—and in the United States, whither he is now gone again. Many of his discoveries owe their origin to an attempt of his, upon the island of New York, to raise, “grow,” or, as the Virginians would say, to *make* the plants of the wilderness, mountain, and solitude, in the noisy sea-breeze of a noisy island. He had well nigh ruined himself, in the undertaking. He is the founder of the Bayswater Asylum, near London, where miracles *are* performed every day of the week, under high authority, upon those who are afflicted with scrofula and glandular diseases. He cannot speak English; never finished a sentence in his life: is vulgar and illiterate, beyond all belief; and yet, by extraordinary perseverance; great sagacity, and, we believe, great honesty, he has acquired a surprising knowledge of botany—a knowledge, that is unequalled, on many accounts.

BURKE—wrote a history of one of the United States—Virginia. If our memory serve us, it is a miserable book—meagre, and talkative. We do not venture to speak positively—there being half a dozen histories of the same state.

CLEAVELAND—Professor of Chemistry, in Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, (one of the New England circle.)—We were wrong, the other day, in saying, that no American writer, except the authors of the *Federalist*, had produced a *standard* work.—We were speaking, it is true, of literature; and Mr Cleaveland's book is a matter of science—but, still, to avoid all misconstruction, we take

this opportunity of explaining. Mr Cleaveland's MINERALOGY is the best work of the kind, in the world. It is adopted as a text-book, in certain of the German universities. It is not well known here; but, wherever it is known, is deservedly appreciated. About six years ago, he undertook a treatise upon CONCHOLOGY; but has been too poor—too miserably poor—we believe, to complete his design. His *pay*, if we recollect rightly, is about 700 dollars (150*l.*) per annum; and he is driven to itinerant lecturing, on chemistry, during vacations, for the support of his little family. He is an exception to the American votaries of science, in general. *He* is profound—mathematical—exact—in everything, that he undertakes.

CLINTON, DE WITT. A statesman; the projector of the great Western canal: a man of science and literature; remarkable for his public spirit—and for his unprincipled political intrigue. He has been governor of New York, mayor of the city, more than once—and once had—nay, has yet, perhaps—a good chance for the Presidency. He has written some valuable papers—upon the policy—agriculture—history—and literature of North America; but has never committed himself beyond a pamphlet or so, at a time; which, of course, has been largely overrated. No matter for the Presidency.—He will be remembered as the originator of the Erie Canal—the discoverer, that money taken out of one pocket and put into another in the same country; that heavy taxes—voluntary or involuntary—which are disbursed, in works of public *utility*, among the very persons who pay the taxes, *cannot* impoverish a people—he will be remembered much longer for these things, than if he had been a dozen presidents.

COOPER—An Englishman, by birth: author of a work on the BANKRUPT LAWS of the United States, (and still valuable; though done up, in a hurricane :) a translation of JUSTINIAN'S INSTITUTES; with a volume of notes, indicating great labour, diligence, memory, and research; an eminent civilian: a judge, in one of the State courts:—and, we believe, *three* professors, in Mr Jefferson's new university: to wit—Professor of Law: Professor of Chemistry: and Professor of—we hardly know what.—He is a

very able man : but has achieved nothing entirely worthy of himself.—A work upon “ Medical Jurisprudence” by him, in 1 vol. 8vo, is one, that every lawyer should have in his library. For want of the knowledge, there accessible, many a poor fellow ; and many a wretched woman, has gone to the gallows.—There is another Judge Cooper, in America, father of Mr Cooper, the novelist : but we know of nothing from his pen. The two are continually confounded with one another, in their own country.

CROAKER. Under this portentous name, some years ago, a writer appeared in the New-York Evening Post, whose verses have more unaffected pleasantry, and real wit, by far, than any transatlantick rhymers of whom we have ever heard. Cobbett will not soon forget him—Cobbett, “ Who left his country for his country’s good :”

nor Bristed.—We all know how much it has been the fashion of late, for the poetry-people to talk about a multitude of sweet, or dear things—all of which are not *so* sweet or *so* dear, as one other thing, whatever it may be. Croaker touches them up very prettily. Dear is *this*—he says—and very dear is *that*—(enumerating many delightful matters, that are dear enough, God knows)—and ends with—

“ Dear are Bristed’s volumes at half price.”

—On another occasion, while the trumpery style of the day was getting worse and worse, he wrote an Invocation to Peace. We do not recollect the words precisely ; but will answer for their being substantially these—

“ Arise, O Peace ! in thy best muslin gown,

And wave o’er this distracted town,
Thy cambrick pocket-handkerchief.”

We do not know this writer’s true name.—Near the same time, too, another person appeared, in the same paper, (much to the credit of Dr Colman—whose paper was one of the last, into which we should have looked for anything of the kind) and threw off, somehow or other, in conjunction with Croaker, a magnificent piece of poetry, to the American Eagle. Would that we knew *his* name !—He is dead, we believe ; we have been promised a manuscript of his—by John M’Lean—a judge of New York—who, we hope, will take the hint.—Extravagant as

the piece was ; and although some of the Eagle part, was taken from Neal’s Battle of Niagara—which is made up, as he himself owns, of “ eagles, rain-bows, plumes, and stars,”—yet was it enough to prove, that the author of it had more poetry in his blood, than forty thousand of the Pauldings, Eastburns, Bryants, Percivals, and Sprogues of the day.

COLDEN, CADWALLADER. This gentleman wrote a life of Robert Fulton, the American steam-engine man ; the person who, by his ingenuity, perseverance, and remarkable address, turned all the discoveries of his predecessors, in steam-navigation, to account.—By the way—some extraordinary errors, upon this point, appear to be entertained by our countrymen. The Americans never have claimed the *invention*—or the *discovery* of steam power : no—nor even the *first idea* of applying it, in the navigation of ships. They only say, what is true. They say this—an American—a Virginian, whose name was James Rumsey, did actually build a steam-vessel in 1785, which *ascended* the Potowmac at the rate of four miles an hour : and on the 10th of March, 1785, did actually write as follows, to George Washington : “ I have quite convinced myself, that boats of passage may be made to go against the current of the Mississippi or Ohio rivers ; or in the Gulf stream, from 60 to 100 miles a-day.” In 1787, the same person published a pamphlet, which is yet in being, upon the same subject. Miller’s *experiments* upon the Forth and Clyde canal were made, and his book published, in 1787. Of course—whatever may have been the *first idea*—or, wherever it may have originated—an American was the first who ever applied it with success : and Fulton—another American—was the man who revived the whole doctrine ; improved upon it ; and made it of *use*, long after it had been given up as a visionary thing *here*,—and when, in fact, any idea of steam navigation, such as it now *is*, would have been like an idea of balloon navigation put forth *now*. Colden has been ridiculed and aspersed by the Quarterly Review—with great bitterness, and little good sense—for merely foretelling what has already happened, in a great measure.

DABNEY—another American poet, of whom we know nothing at all. We

have never seen a line of his to our knowledge; but we have heard of some pretty translations by him.

DAVIDGE—a Scotchman: a capital surgeon: founder, we will venture to say, of the Baltimore Medical College—an institution of high character, wherein some two or three hundred medical students are kept in training. Dr Davidge has made several attempts to get up a medical journal under his own eye—but always failed; and always will, so long as he writes in the Johnsonian style—of which he is very fond; and for the writing of which, with all his good sense, he is altogether incompetent. It is the hurly-burly nonsense of a giant, at best; but never to be used at all, with impunity, by anything less than a giant.

DELAFLAINE—The publisher, not author, of Delaplaine's Repository—a work purporting to contain the biography of "DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS." It begins with a life of Christopher Columbus; and, reasoning therefrom, will end, we should suppose, with one of Captain Parry. It is, altogether, a ridiculous affair—a piece of solemn blarney—very ponderous, and very interminable. We hardly know at whose doors to lay it. Walsh, we believe, had a hand in Franklin's life; and Mr Sanderson worked up some of the other pieces. Altogether, however, it is the production of some newspaper people, who had got a reputation for classical writing and patriotism—two things—either of which were enough now to play the devil with any man of common sense. No two of these gentry seem to have had the same opinion upon any one point; and yet, all have united, like a company of glass-blowers—in puffing up whatever they turned hands to; till it was ready to fly in their own faces, and could only be cooled by putting it into a hot oven.—In one word—the work is a reproach to the literature of the age—and a disgrace to American modesty. There's a climax!

DENNIE—Projector, founder, and editor of the PORTFOLIO, a monthly magazine, published at Philadelphia, which, for many years, enjoyed considerable reputation abroad—we think undeservedly. Mr Dennie was not a man of genius—there was nothing remarkable in anything that he ever said or did. He was only a man of talent

—assiduous—tame—and (what more can we say?)—classical. Genius, we take to be—in comparison with talent, what the countenance is to the body of a man. The divinity is only to be discovered in the face. A regal tread is nothing to a regal front. Fine forms are forgotten; fine faces are not.—Forms are often alike—countenances rarely. In short—it is by the countenance of a man, that we remember him, it is by his *genius*. It is not by his person—it is not by his *talent*. Mr Dennie's "LAY PREACHER" is very common-place; though universally praised in America.—Perhaps the true cause of such unreasonable admiration is only this. Dennie is dead. John E. Hall, the present editor, is alive. Dennie was a gentleman: John E. Hall is a blackguard. Dennie did, now and then, say something that a man might remember, if he worked hard: Hall—Heaven help him—has no other hope, but in being forgotten. Dennie knew his deficiencies; and, therefore, never ventured upon sarcasm, eloquence, or wit. John E. Hall has no notion of his; and is eternally blacking his own face—and breaking his own shins, to make people laugh. He had the misfortune, some years ago, to fall acquainted with Mr Thomas Moore, the poet, while Mr Moore was "trampoosing" over America. It spoilt poor Hall—turned his brain. He has done little or nothing since, but make-believe about criticism; talk dawdle-poetry with a lisp; write irresistible verses under the name of "Sedley," in his own magazine: twitter sentimentally about Little Moore—his "dear little Moore"—puffing himself all the time anonymously, in the newspaper—while he is damning himself, with unspeakable sincerity, twelve times a-year, in his own magazine.

We do not think very highly of the mutton-headed Athenians, at Philadelphia; but we do think, nevertheless, that Mr John E. Hall is a little too much of a blockhead even for their meridian.—They have some honesty; he has none. They are not unprincipled—he *is*.—We have caught him swaggering, now and then—with a bold formidable countenance. We have inquired into the matter; and have uniformly found—that it was on account of what the Portfolio *had been*: as if one, while robbing a hen-

roost—should carry it off, with an air of heroic desperation: as if one, on coming into possession of another man's wardrobe, should presume to play off the noble indignation of a brave heart, and a noble mind—with a lathe and pot-lid—at second-hand. But—stay we our arm—If he be not very far gone indeed, he will understand us; and go hang himself, before we have any more trouble with him. America must work herself clean of such pollution—ay—and *shall*, or we shall open, the secrets of her prison-house.

DRAMA—See COMEDIES. Mr Noah, editor of the New York Advocate, a *Jew*—and *the Jew*, whose election to the office of High Sheriff, was the reason why the *Christians* of New York were afflicted by the yellow fever—this Mr Noah, who is very clever in his way, has written some tolerable farces, and some intolerable popular entertainments. Neal wrote a tragedy, which might be made something of, if he would go all over it again, with a bold, unsparing temper. He declared once, that he would; and, moreover, that he would undertake to show, that what men call poetry is altogether out of place, in the serious and pathetic—and little better than atrocious nonsense, in the solemn and awful; the profound and passionate. The great passages of Shakspeare, says he, are without poetry. Men, who feel—never talk poetry. Fine language is always a mark of insincerity: it has no business in the drama, except in *description*.

The writers of America have no encouragement, whatever, to venture upon the drama. The managers of theatres, like the book-publishers, cannot afford, of course, to give an American author anything for a play, when they can get a better one, by every arrival, *for nothing*—after it has been cast for the London stage; and passed the ordeal.

DU PONCEAU. A distinguished civilian; and, we believe, a Frenchman. We have seen some valuable papers of his, on the Roman law; and by him, if we are not mistaken, a translation of Bynkershoek. It was a masterly performance.

DWIGHT, TIMOTHY: D. D. President of Yale College, New Haven, Connecticut; one of the New England States. Dr D. wrote the CONQUEST

OF CANAAN—a poem of great strength—no splendour—and little beauty; yet, altogether of a character which bespeaks a proud, strong, comprehensive, and exalted mind. The unluckiest,—if not the cruellest things, ever said of it, (although the Edinburgh Review laid it on—hot and *heavy*—) were by Darwin and Campbell. The former praised the versification; and the latter, after selecting a passage or two for his *Beauties of English Poetry*—went a little out of his way to pour forth a lamentation over poor Dr Dwight, because Mr Campbell had never heard of him, and knew little or nothing about him. Dr D. has written like an antediluvian—(we mean a civil thing to his *power* and *stature*)—upon theology and politics; and our brethren of the Quarterly Review—so remarkable for their impartiality and consistency—have lately taken up the cudgels in favour of *his* divinity;—whose politics, if they had known anything of them—or even pondered well, upon certain of his theological works—would have made the hair of their flesh rise. Dr Dwight was a strong—upright—obstinate man; of extraordinary good sense, and unconquerable resolution: two properties which appeared in everything that he ever said or did. He gave no quarter.—He took none.

EASTBOURN—Author, in partnership with somebody else, whose name we forget, of YAMOYDEN, a story in verse, about King Philip of Mount Hope. We have never been able to read the whole of it; but, in what we did read, we found some passages of singular beauty; a deal of newspaper trash; and a very active, penetrating sense of what poetry is—in some cases. With more practice—more boldness—more fire—than any other people under heaven but such as they had—their own countrymen for auditors—this pair of poets might have made a poem, which would have outlasted ninety-nine one-hundredths of the popular poetry with which this generation has been tormented.—Simpletons!—will new poets never learn, that *poetry* is always poetry—however it may be expressed; that rhythm, cadence, (regular cadence,)—rhyme—alliteration, riddles, and acrostics, are all beneath poetry; that better poetry has been said in prose, than ever has been said—or ever will be said—either in blank verse or rhyme.

Poetry and eloquence have a rhythm and cadence of their own; as incapable of being soberly graduated by rule, as the rambling, wild melody of an Æolian harp.—But more of this hereafter.

EVANS, OLIVER—A millwright: a capital mechanic, and one of the most extraordinary men that America has produced. Fulton was greatly indebted to him; so is Mr Perkins. On going back, now, to the language which Oliver Evans held, nearly two generations ago, respecting the properties of steam, it sounds like prophecy. He foretold, with astonishing precision, things which were then hooted at by his countrymen—phenomena and inventions, which have all come to pass. A few only remain to be accomplished. Our carriages—and coffee-mills—perhaps our wheelbarrows—are to run by steam. We are not only to boil potatoes and wash clothes by steam—but perform a multitude of other familiar, matrimonial, household occupations. We know of some pretty experiments already, that have been made with hot water, tea slops, &c. &c.; entertain great expectations from the use of vapour—vapours—and vapouring—not only in domestic, but in public life; and hope to see the time, when a man may venture to leave his whole family—his conscience—and all his affairs—in the care of a steam engine,—built, perhaps, like an Etruscan vase—a flower pot—a coffee urn—or a mantle-piece: and, on going a journey, will only have to put up a chafing-dish, and a vial of water, (with his razors, tooth-brushes, and soap,)—which, on being properly attached to his body, will propel it—at whatever rate he pleases;—in whatever direction he pleases. Nay, in process of time, who knows but his own perspiration may be so applied, without either a chafing-dish or a bottle—as to send him over a tolerable road like the mail-coach!

EVANS, ESTWICK—A lawyer—a Yankee—(tautological, that)—a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. His PEDESTRIAN'S TOUR over two or three thousand miles of North America on foot—barefooted a part of the time—over ice and snow, in the depth of winter—in company with two dogs only—both of *which* (not *whom*, as Irving and certain other of our popular writers would say) were destroyed by the wolves, bears, or catamounts—is

quite another Robinson Crusoe journal;—and what is yet better, perhaps—it is faithful, true, and particular. We believe in the book; and by this we mean, that we have confidence in the truth of it. Some of his countrymen have a meaning for the word *believe*, which might mislead a fellow, if he were not rather scrupulous. They will say, for example, We don't *believe* in patent ploughs, wooden broad axes, *ditto* nutmegs, cuckoo-clocks, and horn gun-flints; that is, we do not *approve* of such things: and they will say, too, for example, We do *believe* in Mr Jefferson, the American war, and spitting where we please; that is, we do *approve* thereof. This mode of speech is heard in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and parts of Maryland; a population, altogether, who do not believe in nightcaps.—Evans was an eccentric, bold, queer, adventurous fellow—a little mad undoubtedly—as all men of genius—all extraordinary men—and all who are unlike the *majority* of mankind, always are. Every aberration from the common road is eccentricity; and what is eccentricity but madness?—as our friend Polonius would say. Every deviation from the plane of the ecliptic—wherein all the mob of stars, constellations, and signs, are eternally plodding, makes a comet of a fellow.

EVERETT, ALEX. H.—Chargé d'affaires of the United States, America, to the Court of the Netherlands. A very sensible, and very amiable man; who, in the year 1823, wrote a book of about 100 octavo pages, in reply to Mr Malthus: wherein Mr E. deceived himself, we think, of several matters, which it would be well for anybody to undeceive him in.—In the *first* place, he persuades himself, that “his illustrious friend Sir James Mackintosh,”—that “great statesman and philosopher,” as he calls him, (with some propriety, too,)—was able to understand Mr Everett's “new ideas on population:”—now, not being more remarkable for politeness, perhaps—though sufficiently remarkable for that—such as it is—than for our modesty and sincerity, we beg leave to set Mr Everett right.—We say, that Sir James never understood Mr E.'s explanations; because, if he did, we have too much respect for Sir James to believe, that he would have permitted Mr E.—so amiable and good as he is—to expose

himself so unhappily, as he has, by publishing the book.

In the *second* place, Mr E. persuades himself, that he had a long conversation with Mr Malthus himself, at the East India College, on the subject of his, Mr E.'s, "*new ideas*;" and that he, Mr E., made *his* theory intelligible, as a *reply* to Mr Malthus.—Now, do we undertake to say, that Mr Malthus never did understand Mr E.'s "*NEW IDEAS*;" that he took them for a *defence* of Mr M.'s theory—or—or—that the politeness of Mr Malthus is greater than the sincerity of Mr Malthus.

And, *thirdly*, Mr Everett has persuaded himself—with some difficulty, it would appear—that his book is a *refutation* of Mr Malthus. Now, do we undertake to say, that it is a *confirmation* of Mr M.'s doctrines and theory.

Mr Everett sets out with a denial of Mr M.'s principles, and ends with an *admission* of their truth.

Malthus maintains, that there is a *tendency* in the human family to increase *faster* than the means of subsistence; that pestilence and famine are the means by which the increase of population is kept within the means of subsistence; that, instead of encouraging, we should rather discourage the increase of population—*because*, it is better never to have been born, than to die of pestilence and famine.—Of course, we only aim to give the substantial part—the sum and substance of the argument.

Mr Everett says *no*, to all this.

"Mr Malthus maintains that the increase of population *necessarily* produces distress and scarcity"—says Mr E.—But Mr Malthus maintains *no* such thing. He only maintains that there is a *tendency*, in such increase, to produce distress and scarcity:—and that, after a certain time, and a certain increase, distress and scarcity must be.

Mr E. says, that "the effect of an increase of population is to produce a comparative abundance."—(N. B.—For a time, it is.)

Mr Malthus declares, that population increases at the rate of 1. 2. 4. 8. 16: and that food increases as 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. &c.

Mr Everett says, that population increases as 1. 2. 4. 8. 16: and that food increases as 1. 10. 100. 1000.—(Mr

Owen of Lanark, by the way, says the same thing—in conversation.)

But how does Mr Everett *answer* Mr Malthus? How does he establish his own theory?—Take his own words.

"The population of London," says he, "has the power of *doubling itself every twenty-five years*: or, of increasing in the manner of a geometrical progression: But—

"The means of subsistence, which can be obtained, from the *direct* products of the territory, occupied by the city of London, cannot be made to increase with greater rapidity, than that of an arithmetical progression.

"Hence, *it may be affirmed, with certainty*, at any given moment, that the period must very shortly arrive, when the population of the city of London will be distressed for want of provisions—If (Mr E. overlooked a certain *IF*, upon which the whole system depends)—If the population of London cannot find provision out of their own territory."

Observe. Mr E. chooses London; states his own case—puts the whole controversy at issue, in his own way: and, as he appears to believe, demonstrates the absurdity of Mr Malthus's doctrine, by this case of London—because the *territory* thereof, "upon which more than a *million persons* are supplied in ease and abundance, does not supply perhaps, *directly*; the means of subsistence for *twenty*."

To all which *argument*, we reply thus. What would become of London, if it could not obtain provisions from abroad?—if it could not obtain the produce of other lands, to nourish its population?—or—which is the same thing—if the whole world were as populous as London?—Would not pestilence and famine follow? and would it not have been better for the surplus population of London—yea, of the whole world, if it had never been born?—

"Such a case cannot happen," you will say. Granted. But why make such a case for yourself? Why argue that population should be encouraged, because 1,000,000 of people are maintained—(in a territory capable, on your own supposition, of supporting only twenty)—by subsistence, which is drawn out of other territories?—Do you not perceive, *now*, that you have admitted all—everything that Mr Malthus contends for?—

You have. But how has it happened?—We will inform you. Mr Malthus reasoned upon *tendencies*—he looked upon the whole world, at the same time. You reasoned upon tendencies too; but yours were proximate—his remote: and you saw only a part of the world at a time. He is right, in the whole: you are wrong, in the whole. But—you are right, in supposing, that, for a *time*—among a *part* of the population—*so long as every man is able to raise more food than he himself can consume*, that increase of population may cause an increase of food.—That, however, is never disputed by Mr Malthus. He only wants to know what is to become of mankind, when the earth cannot support them: when they have multiplied—anywhere—at any time—so that food cannot be had for them: whether a pestilence, a famine, or a civil war, be not likely to do that (long before the whole world has become like a city) which common sense, and wise legislative provisions, might have done ages before, with little or no difficulty—and little or no suffering.—

Mr Everett has also written a work upon EUROPE, which has been spoken well of; but we have never had an opportunity of reading it properly: and will not venture an opinion upon it, until we have.

EVERETT—EDWARD, (we believe:) late Editor of the North American Review; a fine scholar; and a man of uncommon genius. His diction is beautiful and clear; but never bold, passionate, or expressive. His eloquence—written eloquence, we mean—is persuasive, chaste, and very agreeable, without being either wonderful, or overpowering. The best of his work is to be found in the North American Review, from the “fall” of 1819, immediately after his return from Greece, when he undertook the Editorship, up to this time. His papers are chiefly relating to language and literature—Greece, Italy, and Germany.—He still writes for the North American Review; and may be placed, undoubtedly, among the first young men of the age.—He was a graduate of Harvard University, Cambridge, (Mass.) near Boston. When about nineteen, or twenty, he was chosen to succeed Mr Buckminster, (whom we have mentioned,) a distinguished Unitarian preacher, in the charge of a very

rich, numerous, and respectable congregation—who, in Boston, where all the “clergymen” are spoiled by the idolatry of their congregations, were quite remarkable for their absurd idolatry of Mr E.—a mere boy—a clever boy, to be sure; but, nevertheless, a boy.

Well—Mr E. soon grew tired of the desk. His ambition would not let him sleep. His conscience became tender; and, after some pleasant manœuvring, he cut himself loose from his people, who became exceedingly wroth against him—reproaching him with ingratitude—and all who admired him, with infatuation. Nor was their wrath much lessened, when they found the captain of their salvation—taking orders from another quarter; enlisting as a professor in Harvard University; and preparing to traverse Europe, at the expense (we believe) of that institution.—He went; leaving them full power to choose another boy, if they would: spent his time profitably abroad; returned—just when, to hear them talk, you would have believed, that the congregation whom he had so deserted, and set at naught, would sooner have set fire to their church, than permit him to enter it.—We had the good luck to hear him preach his first sermon, after his return. It was delightful—quite a fourth of July oration—full of discreet, beautiful, temperate eulogy upon America—and, in short, anything *but* a sermon—And—better still, it was delivered, in spite of their teeth—to his old congregation—in their own house—out of their own pulpit.—And his impudence was more delightful, if possible, than any other part of his conduct. He told his congregation in effect—and we might say, in so many words, that he had been thinking of them all the time of his absence; that whenever he heard a certain great bell toll, (perhaps the bell of St Marks, at Venice)—while he was abroad—he found it unspeakably distressing, on account of his “Brattle-street” recollections; that—he had, still, one consolation, throughout all his pilgrimage—namely—that he had been succeeded by a friend of his own heart, (Mr Palfrey, standing *behind* him at the time)—who—if anybody could, must have supplied *his* place: that he would preach to them, yet, whenever he pleased, in spite of their teeth; and hoped—which hope had been a great comfort to him, while

abroad—and at sea—to have the pleasure of seeing their faces again—or of looking upon their graves—and remembering who had buried their friends and relations.—We do not, of course, give the very words: we only say that, substantially, the sermon of Mr E. to his insulted congregation, was what we have said.

Immediately after his return, he undertook the North American Review: and held on, (lecturing, meanwhile, upon Greece,) until Mr Sparks, another ex-unitarian minister, left his congregation to become the Editor, about a twelvemonth ago.

X. Y. Z.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CANTAB.

No. II.

I AM extremely happy to hear* that my Confessions have already performed very essential services at Cambridge, and that they have worked miracles upon the reading part of the "Gentlemen of the first year," who made their appearance at that University in October last.

I understand that not one of them has dared to accept an invitation to a supper party—that they actually hold their noses and take to their heels if one of the Gyps should happen to pass them with a bowl of punch—and that *Peregrine Mobrai* is inscribed in large letters over each of their mantle-pieces. "For what purpose?" the reader will perhaps ask.—Why, I am credibly informed by divers Masters of Arts, Fellows, and Private Tutors, that if the eyes of their pupils, wandering from mathematic lumber, should chance to fall upon my name, their devotion for circles, squares, sines, tangents, and *id genus omne*, is instantly re-kindled and revived, and that they apply themselves to their labours with renewed vigour; in fact, that the very mention of me has become a complete bug-bear and scarecrow to indolence and convivial parties among reading men of every year and of every college, and I should not indeed be at all surprised if the Dons were to offer me a Fellowship for the sake of calling me into residence, and exhibiting me as a warning to all incipient reading men. Poor Ferret has

written me a most doleful epistle, beginning with "O cruel sur," in which he informs me that he is ruined, (or, as he writes, that his "bred is deprived of im, and his liveleud gorn,")—that no one will take the rooms which I occupied, and that my Confessions have made so great an impression upon the reading men, that one of them actually broke a poor Frenchman's head with the new edition of Maltby's Thesaurus (in quarto) for exhibiting the wooden Punch under his window. I have desired a man of my acquaintance to move into the rascal's rooms immediately; and I have forwarded him ten pounds, as I told him, by way of *douceur*, for "shewing him up in print," as he calls it; and my worthy landlord has said, that if all *dowers* were like that, he would have a set-to every day of his life. My Gyp, who was also a Ferret, (in word and deed,) has not forgotten to favour me with an epistle also, telling me that he "don't want no blunt, but he hopes that I wont think of telling the story of Hebe and Ganymede." With his request, however, I certainly cannot think of complying. The story, which he is so anxious about, is far too good to be consigned to oblivion. It is simply this—I found him one day very tipsy, with his face dreadfully scratched, and his eyes in mourning (as it seemed) for the loss of two of his front teeth. Upon inquiry, it turned out that he had had the misfortune to learn to

* I take this opportunity of acknowledging the receipt of divers letters, directed to "Peregrine Mobrai, Esq." Masters, Fellows, and Tutors, have written to me, begging me to continue these papers, as zealously, and in much the same style, as the Ordinary of Newgate exhorts criminals before the Debtors' Door to confess all they know. Sisters, maiden aunts, and blue-stocking matrons, write, with tears in their eyes, *hoping and trusting* that my conduct will be a warning to their dear Thomases, Johns, &c., (Freshmen, I suppose;) while some of my old college companions have congratulated me upon "*putting the Brutes up to a thing or two.*"

read—to obtain a translation of Anacreon—and to embrace the doctrines of the Teian bard. Nor did his troubles end here. He actually mistook the gin and water at the Vine Tavern for the “juice of the grape” in Anacreon—and was prompted, on the day in question, by his evil genius, to call the waiter Ganymede, and the bar-maid his fat little Hebe. Neither of these personages, however, appear to have understood the compliment, for the waiter assaulted poor Ferret most furiously, swearing that “*he would not be called names by a damned Gyp like him,*”—and the bar-maid, declaring, with tears in her eyes, that it was a vile calumny, joined the fray, *tooth and nail*, and told him that “*she would teach a scrub like him to call an honest girl his fat little He—b—h.*”

But to leave these correspondents, and attend to communications from a more respectable quarter, I must inform the reader, that, notwithstanding the favour with which my Confessions have been received by many of the Dons, there has been some fault found with me for not tracing my decline and fall gradually, instead of plunging at once *in medias res*. By these means—by thus detailing the symptoms of the disease—I might, I am told, have put all Freshmen on their guard against the inroads of the same. “It is a complaint that should be checked very early in its career,” observes the author of the letter in which this suggestion is contained. Now, if that gentleman, whom I take to be one of the Professors of Medicine, (and who appears to regret that I have not compiled a kind of “Buchan’s Domestic Medicine,” for the use of under graduates,) mean to insinuate that I was one of that numerous class of Freshmen who read themselves purblind during the first term, and are then estranged from the orthodox path by some evil-disposed person or persons unknown,—he is altogether mistaken. My apostacy was not, in my opinion, owing to any dislike to fair and manly study, but to the style of Cambridge reading, (which I have faithfully described in my former paper,) and to a very vio-

lent attack of *μαθηματικο-φοβία*, which I never could get the better of. I tried the *object* of my dread as in hydrophobia, but, God bless you, gentle reader, it made me ten times worse. For the benefit of my last-mentioned correspondent, I will state my case as *faithfully*, and, for the sake of my readers, *in as few words*, as possible. I came up to Cambridge with the intention of reading for Honours;—my first night’s debauch certainly made me waver, but soda water and a red herring* would in all probability have restored me to my good resolutions on the following morning, had not the first mathematical lecture disgusted me, and had I not made the discovery that my classics would be of little or no use, if unaccompanied by a very extensive stock of mathematics, which I always detested.

So much, then, for my apostacy from the faith, which I had the misfortune to hear preached for *ten* terms at Cambridge, viz. that “the chief end of man was to learn mathematics.” As to the follies I committed, and the scrapes I got into, during my undergraduateship, the reader may attribute them to what he pleases. For my own part, I should think that an unlucky propensity for mischief, and a great deal of time upon my hands, are causes as likely to have produced such effects as any that can be assigned.

And now, having dispatched my correspondents, I will, with the reader’s permission, resume the thread of my discourse, and continue my confessions from the last Number of Mr Ebony’s excellent Magazine—that periodical of periodicals.

When I awoke in the morning, I had but a confused and vague recollection of the events of the preceding evening. While hurrying on my clothes, I endeavoured to bring to mind how, and when, I got home; but my attempts were vain—my retrospective optics were completely *punched* out, and I contented myself with discovering that I had at least reached my rooms in safety. However, as I awoke in time for morning

* The doctrine at Cambridge is, that soda-water and a red-herring will sober any one. I rather doubt it.

chapel, (seven o'clock,) I conceived that I could not have been *very tipsy*,* although my parched lips and flushed cheeks seemed to insinuate the contrary. My cogitations and my dress completed, I went to chapel for the first time—found the men half dressed—quite asleep—(some stretched at full length upon the benches)—and the reader galloping through the service *à toute bride*. I supposed that he had either wagered to *get over* the prayers in *ten minutes*—(such things have been)—or, that he was paid as some journeymen carpenters are, by the *piece*, and not by the *hour*. But the actual reason for his indecorous speed was, I apprehend, that he, in common with his auditors, was anxious to get to bed again—a very common practice among college men, and, moreover, a very pleasant one. No man can possibly understand and relish the luxury of bed, if he have never half dressed himself—ran out for a quarter of an hour, or ten minutes—felt all the shivering misery of getting up—and then indulged himself by going to his warm bed again. This for the *winter*. In *summer*, if the reader would taste a second sleep in perfection, let him jump out of bed, (will-he nil-he,) wash his hands and face, and then, returning to the place from whence he came, compose himself again to slumber. I am aware that many persons have not resolution enough to follow these prescriptions, and they are very much to be pitied—and the only substitute for the above luxuries which I can recommend them, is to order themselves to be called every half hour from *seven o'clock till ten*, to reflect upon the misery of getting up for one minute, and then turn round again and go to sleep. If the morning should happen to be frosty, let them, by all means, put their toes out of bed for a moment or two, just long enough to feel the cold, and then draw them in again.

But, to leave *men and sleeping in general*, and to confine myself to Cambridge in *particular*, the reader must

be informed, that Cantabs are compelled to leave their warm beds at seven o'clock every dark winter's morning, to go to chapel, whereby they run the risk of breaking their shins against the scrapers as they run along the streets—to say nothing of catching cold from the Cambridge fogs, which are as heavy as mathematicians, and as damp as horse-ponds. These are the men for a second sleep.

During my stay in chapel, I was particularly struck by the altar-piece, which was perpetrated, I believe, by West—perhaps when he was drunk, or very bilious—and while I contemplated the gaudy daub, which is as tasteless in design as it is unskilful in execution, I was completely at a loss which to admire most—the extremely good opinion which the artist must have had of his own productions before he could expose such a painting to the public eye, or the good-natured simplicity of the persons who suffered Trinity Chapel to be the scene of the exposure. These worthy gentlemen, whoever they may happen to have been, were certainly men after Sterne's own heart, "who would be pleased, they knew not why, and cared not wherefore."

The painting is supposed to represent the Archangel Michael (or some other of those angelic commanders, who are indebted to Milton for their commissions) in the act of thrusting Satan into the bottomless pit. This task, which does not appear to be by any means an easy one, Michael is performing by goading the swarthy Cæsar-aut-nihil on the head with a spear. West could not surely have supposed, that

" Finding no hole in his coat,
He pick't one in his head."

If such were really his opinion, our artist's acquaintance with ecclesiastical history must have been very confined indeed. The devil is described in the picture as a yellow, middle-aged, ill-looking kind of personage.

* For the benefit of the *unsophisticated*, (meaning, of course, *Freshmen*,) the term *drunk* is too often misapplied. If a man, after being put to bed, retain sense enough to hold by the sheets, it is unfair and ungenerous to call him drunk. He may be *tipsy*, *bosky*, *cut*, or anything but *drunk*. If, however, he be so far bereaved of all sense as to roll out of bed as fast as you put him in, I am afraid that he must then lie under the stigma of being drunk.

His shoulders are adorned with small black wings, and his mouth with large white teeth, like a chimney-sweeper's, both of which make so formidable a display, that one feels inclined to advise Michael to look to his toes, which are situated much nearer his Satanic majesty's mouth than prudence would suggest. Talking, by the by, of the devil, it has often struck me as a very extraordinary circumstance, that poets and painters should have entertained such various and conflicting ideas of the *person* of that individual; and, in this place, one is particularly amused if one compares the representation of him on canvass, by West, with the description of him in poetry, by the celebrated scholar* whose effigy is situated at the other end of the chapel. Some idea of the *former's* pourtraicture has been given—the *latter* runs thus:—

From his brimstone bed, at break of day,
The Devil's a-walking gone;
To visit his snug little farm on the earth,
And see how his stock there goes on.

And over the hill and over the dale
He rambled, and over the plain;
And backwards and forwards he switch'd
his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

“And pray now, how was the Devil
dress'd?”—

“Oh, he was in his Sunday's best:
His coat it was red, and his breeches were
blue,
With a hole behind, which his tail went
through.”

The reader may laugh—but want of knowledge as to the person of the devil is no subject for merriment;—the matter ought to be looked into, and some accurate information upon this point should be obtained. It would be impossible for any good Christian to recognize him now, even if he were to cross his path. The Whigs, when they have done with Missionary Smith, will perhaps turn their attention to this negligence on the part of Ministers. After the share they took in that business, it will be quite impossible for them to *lower* themselves in the opinion of the country; and as Parliament is about to be

dissolved, it will make a very excellent finale for them—(and if they do not *invent* something, God knows what they can find to prate about!) Not to mention that it will furnish one of the best examples extant of *Babes* in Whig-speechery.

The reader has perhaps been supposing all this time, that it has escaped my memory that Horace had told the Pisos,—

“pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.”

But it has not; I recollect it very well, only I deny the truth of his observation, and cannot help thinking that this luckless line and a half has brought more hot-pressed duodecimo volumes of poetry upon the public, than all the gold-beaters and chandler-shop-keepers in the united kingdom will get rid of by Doomsday.

I have rather bolted from the course, I believe, in the last sentence or two; but as I had to confess that I was rather *amused* than *edified* at chapel, it was perhaps worth while to give a reason for the wickedness that was in me. I will now proceed.

The service concluded, I hastened home for the purpose of breakfasting and preparing for lectures. The reader will judge with what surprise I contemplated my domicile, which I found so completely metamorphosed, that I scarcely knew it again. Divers holes were bored in my mantel-piece, and a red-hot poker was lying in the middle of my carpet; my books, which I had arranged with so much care and trouble on the preceding day, were in utter disorder; my sofa was torn; the frame of my looking-glass studded with cards, bearing the names of men I never heard of; and—But to describe all the changes that had taken place during my short absence would be impossible, and I shall merely furnish one more subject in the picture—My Gyp was busily employed in scratching my beautifully varnished tea-cady with a penknife!

Of course I should not long have continued a silent spectator of the scene, even if Ferret had not broken silence with, “Hope you an't the worse for last night's work, sir?”—persevering, at the same time, with the

* Professor Porson.

greatest industry in demolishing my tea-cady, and turning the edge of my penknife.—“As to last night’s work,” I replied, “I recollect very little about it; but, whatever harm I may happen to have sustained from *that*, this *morning’s* work seems likely to turn out much more injurious. Why don’t you put down the knife?—what the devil do you mean by destroying the things in that manner? Put down the knife, I say, and tell me instantly who has been amusing himself with tearing my sofa, decorating my rooms with the cards of men I never spoke to in my life, and”——“Who, sir?” interrupted Ferret,—“come, that’s a good un—Who, sir?—Why, who should it be but myself?—all my own, sir, upon my”——“Your own, you scoundrel you!—and how dare you?”

“Dare!—come, that’s a good un—dare!—Oh, oh! I see how it is—you don’t recollect what you told me last night, sir, eh?—Cut to the *nth**—pretty goings on for a Freshman, sir; Lord, how cut you must have been!”

“Cut!” I exclaimed, looking in the glass, “cut—where?”

Ferret grinned.

More than ever enraged with the incomprehensible dog, I seized him by the collar, declaring, that if he did not instantly explain the meaning of what I saw, I would break every bone in his skin.

“Well, sir,” replied Ferret, “be patient, and I’ll tell you all about it. You see, sir, when you came home last night, I let you in, and lighted you up to your room. Well, sir, I see directly that you were tipsy like—or, as we say, *cut*; and says I to you, Do you want anything to-night, sir? With that you seizes me by the collar, as you did just now, and says—Ferret, says you, if you don’t make my rooms like a senior Soph’s, I’ll break your head for you; and if I find anything fresh about them when I get up in the morning, I’ll cut your throat for you. Well, you see, sir, I did as you said. As to the sofa being torn a little, why, Lord bless you, sir! it may as well be done now as not—you’ll be sure to get a hole or two in it at the first wine party you give;—

and then you see, sir, it looks knowing like to have plenty of cards stuck in your glass, cause it’s like a gay man; and, as I didn’t know the names of your friends, I took the liberty o’ putting them there up till I found ’em out.”—By this time I had been enabled to give a pretty shrewd guess at my condition on the preceding night, and replied, “Well, well, Ferret, I cannot contradict you—perhaps I did tell you so; but why deface the tea-cady?”

“Lord, sir, this an’t a *face*—I an’t been a-drawing no faces on it—Look here sir, I’ve writ *DOCES*.”

“*Doces*? and what is the meaning of *doces*?” “My eyes, sir! don’t you know the meaning of *doces*?—why *doces* is the Latin for, *Thou Teacheſt* †—I’ve heard a great many gentlemen say so, and seen ’em write it on their tea-cadies too—though some on ’em certainly prefers *hæc canis*—can’t say I understand the meaning of that—Do you, sir?” “Make me some *bitch* ‡ directly,” was my reply—Ferret disappeared.

Breakfast is unquestionably a very pleasant thing to the principals, but as I am not yet convinced that it’s interest extends to the looker-on, I shall take the liberty of requesting the reader to accompany me at once to the lecture-room,—supposing that I have already crammed myself with eggs, toast, coffee, and the first five propositions in Euclid. And here I must be allowed to remark once for all, that if I should seem to pass from one place to another somewhat too rapidly, it is because the intervening events are either unimportant or uninteresting.

“*Aut agitur res in scenis aut acta refertur*,” which, for the benefit of mathematicians, I translate, “events are either related to the reader, or he is to *suppose* them to have taken place.”

I reached the door of the lecture-room about five minutes before the appointed time.—This work of super-erogation in the duties of punctuality, most men are guilty of for the first week,—but they soon get the better of it. There I found some fifty or sixty “gentlemen of the first year;”

* Cut to the *nth*, means *infinitely cut*.

† The late Lord Erskine is said to have been the author of this pun execrable.

‡ The word *tea* is never used at Cambridge. It is always called *bitch*.

looking so fresh, so neat, and so dreadfully nervous, or so superlatively impudent, that I never recollect to have witnessed a more amusing spectacle than was presented to me in contemplating the different expressions of countenance and of manner with which my fellow-sufferers entered upon the first lecture.—*C'est le premier pas qui coute*, in the university career, as well as in walking six leagues after having undergone the unpleasant operation of decapitation. The clock struck nine—no one stirred—each man appeared to have an insuperable objection to be the *first* to enter the lecture-room. For my own part I wished the matter over, and putting my hand upon the latch, a dozen officious gentlemen indicated their inclination to do the same thing. We entered, and I had leisure to take a more complete survey of my companions. In the countenances of a few was depicted all that agitation which bespoke the diffidence of their character, and a dread of making a worse appearance than the rest; others exhibited an easy carelessness, which resulted from the confidence of their being what is called, *well up with their subjects*;—while another class of men displayed in every act, in every feature, that unblushing boldness which was inspired by the consciousness that they *knew* nothing about the subjects, and what is more, that they *did not wish to know anything about them*.

The latter class of individuals come up to the *Varsity*, (as they would term it,) with the professed intention of being *varmint** men, and if they be not expelled before the period of their under-graduateship is expired, they will in all probability leave the finest feathers in their caps a prey to those ruthless gentlemen called moderators;—or, in other words, they will stand a very good chance of being plucked. These persons amuse themselves in the lecture-room by telling good stories—writing droll verses—drawing caricatures, and, in fact, by exerting their utmost skill for the purpose of distracting the attention of some hard reader who has the misfortune to be seated

near them. But the *ne plus ultra* of their ambition is to make some poor wretch burst into a fit of laughter while he is in the midst of demonstrating a proposition in mathematics, or construing some very affecting passage in a Greek tragedy. The latter they affect by an extemporaneous parody, or a doggerel version of the lines which the unfortunate object of their pleasantry may happen to be translating. The former, too, is managed in much the same way. It is done by burlesquing the problems which are given out by the tutor for solution. I recollect finding myself seated by one of those facetious gentlemen whose opposite neighbour, a lank-haired, sallow-looking Freshman, of a very studious and sedate cast, begged that he would be kind enough to favour him with the last question proposed by the Tutor; assuring him at the same time how sorry he was to trouble him. The individual to whom this inquiry was addressed replied, with a degree of gravity unparalleled even in the annals of stoicism, that he was not exactly *sure*, but that he believed it to be an equation involving one unknown quantity, and that to the best of his recollection it ran thus:—

“Given, the dimensions of a ship, the weight of her cargo, and the surname of the first mate, to find the christian name of the owners.” This was copied with the greatest rapidity, and many thanks by the inquirer, who, for the first two or three minutes, was unable to detect the joke. When he did discover it, the look of mingled shame and anger which he darted at his informant beggars all description. I was greatly amused by it—almost as much as by the blunder which another ill-starred Freshman committed on the same day. In demonstrating, *viva voce*, a proposition of Euclid, he had the ill luck to meet with the expression “*produce the straight line K to L*.”—the ill luck, I say, because this gentleman happened to come from London, and by a dreadful *lapsus lingue* peculiar to the metropolis, he gave us an idea that he had taken a much *deeper* view of the subject than

* “*Varmint men*.” The reader is particularly requested not to confound *varmint*, with *gay* men. The former are *slang* men. Badger-baiting and cock-fighting form their most favourite pleasures. The latter indulge in the sports of the field, in convivial parties, balls, &c., and are, generally speaking, *gentlemen*.

the father of Geometry himself—For, in a voice which was heard throughout the room he expressed his intention of “*producing the straight line K to Hell.*”

Mistakes like these are very grand occurrences indeed. If it were not for the blunders perpetrated in a mathematical lecture, I verily believe that there would be more suicides committed every day at Cambridge, between the hours of *nine* and *eleven*, than all the coroners in the kingdom would decide upon in twelve months. I have myself been more than once tempted to become *felo de se*, by laying a violent penknife upon my throat; and I really think that, after being crossed in love and reading, I should also have been crossed (or, cross-roads, if the reader pleases) in my funeral, had it not been for the respect I entertained for my tutor, who was really a very worthy man. I reflected that there would have been a deodand of five pounds upon his Euclid, (the innocent cause of my death, and which may be got for five shillings anywhere,) and I refrained.

But now, reader, it is time that I should give you some idea of the lecture at which I took fright. To repeat the whole of it would be of very little service to any one, and I shall content myself with giving a few of the more remarkable passages in that lecture of lectures, with which our tutor, Dr Cosine, annually* favours the Freshmen on his side; at least, such *was* his custom; what his occupation may happen to be at the present writing, I really cannot say; for the worthy Doctor has now departed *that* life, changed his black gown for a white one, and his lecture-room for the chapel. Alas! poor Cosine, “*Othello's* occupation's gone.”

The Doctor was accustomed to give two or three preparatory *hems!* and then to begin somewhat after this fashion:—

“Gentlemen,—As this is a mathematical university—as the road to the good graces of our Alma Mater lies through mathematics only—classics, at the same time, be it observed, not being *altogether* useless acquirements in

this seminary of sound learning and religious education, since they will be found profitable for the newly instituted classical tripos; yet, without mathematics, classical learning will be of no avail whatsoever, as no one is qualified to sit for classical honours unless he shall have previously gained a place in the mathematical tripos;† which shews, Gentlemen, that I have rightly stated the subject in asserting, that the road to the good graces of our Alma Mater lies through mathematics, and through mathematics only. Well, Gentlemen, this being the case, it has for many years been a custom with me to prove, that the authorities of this university have, in their wisdom, rightly considered *mathematics* as the *maximum*, and *classics* as the *minimum*, of human erudition; and this object I have for many years been accustomed to attain, by discussing the comparative merits of logic and mathematics, as far as they tend to the acquirement of the art of right reasoning.

“Nothing, Gentlemen, has tended so much to propagate and to perpetuate error, as the art of logic.—She, gentlemen, was the mother, so to speak, that at once *begot and brought forth* the monster called error;—then, Gentlemen, she made this monster her child, which is not only itself a “*monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum*, but which makes *cui lumen ademptum* of us all;—then, I say, to speak in the figurative language of the classics, she made this monstrous child of hers drink of those immortal fountains, (I forget what they were called, but I recollect they are mentioned somewhere in Lempriere's Classical Dictionary,) so much celebrated by the ancient bards, thereby making her inhale immortality;—which circumstances, Gentlemen, will easily account for the semper-existence of error in the doctrines of every set of men, mathematicians alone excepted;—so that, to borrow a beautiful metaphor from the glorious science up which I lecture,—a metaphor, gentlemen, which I am surprised that none of our great poets have hit upon,—to borrow, I say, a beautiful and correct

* This lecture was annually repeated by the late Dr Cosine, for nearly twenty years.

† There are now two kinds of *Honours* at Cambridge—classical and mathematical; but to obtain the former it is necessary first to have gained the latter.

metaphor from the science of mathematics, I would call this *error* a *surd*.—For, gentlemen, as the root of that quantity which is denominated a *surd*, can never be extracted, so it is impossible to eradicate error from the minds of those unenlightened individuals who have given themselves up to the study of logic.—Gentlemen, a facetious poet of our own country has drawn two lines, I beg pardon, has written two lines, which, if they be not precisely true, are, at least, pretty nearly so. I mean the poet Hudibras, who says,—

‘For all the rhetoricians’ rules
Teach nothing but to name their tools.’

(Here the worthy Doctor was accustomed to laugh, and I eagerly seized this opportunity of giving vent to my risibility. I would have given the world to have been allowed the same indulgence when he came to his *ab surd* metaphor.)

“And, Gentlemen,” (the Doctor was accustomed to continue,) that I may not seem to advance anything without good and sufficient proof, I pledge myself to prove *anything*, no matter how absurd, by the syllogisms of logicians. For instance, gentlemen,

‘A bullock has a liver,
But I also have a liver,
Therefore, I am a bullock.’

Can anything be more ridiculous? Gentlemen, I have no patience with a science or an art that can be thus prostituted to the indiscriminate defence, right and wrong, of truth and falsehood.—With much less equanimity can I look upon those men whose judgments are so shamefully perverted, that they feel no shame in asserting that for its *ingenuity* at least, if for nothing else, the art is not to be despised.—Ingenuity indeed!—Why, if logic be ingenious, much more, then, are mathematics ingenious. Shew me the logician who, with all his boasted ingenuity, can prove that “one equals two.”—Now the mathematician can prove it. I can prove it, Gentlemen; I will prove it.

“Let $a=x$, then $ax=x^2$ —now, take a^2 from each side of the equation; then $ax-a^2=x^2-a^2$, that is, $a(x-a)=(x+a)(x-a)$; divide both sides by $x-a$, then $a=x+a$, that is, $a=2a$, (for $a=x$); and, therefore, $1=2$.—*Q. E. D.*

“This, Gentlemen, is no *jeu d’esprit*—no punning, quibbling proof, but a true, incontrovertible algebraical proof. Admire, Gentlemen, admire the glorious and omnipotent science of Algebra, which can prove so much—which can demonstrate, by the use of a few letters, that which the uninitiated in its mysteries would pronounce to be impossible. But I have not done yet. By the same science, I can prove that ‘NOTHING divided by *nothing* equal *two*.’ No one can dispute that $\frac{a^2-x^2}{a-x}=a+x$. This is quite clear.

Now, assuming, as we did before, that $a=x$, and supposing the value of a to be b , then it will follow that $\frac{0}{0}=2a$, and therefore that $\frac{0}{0}=2$.”

This was *too* much, and I really felt myself called upon to make some reply to the “*ingenuity*” and “*excellence*” of a science, which was thought to be so much superior to logic, because the latter could be “prostituted to the indiscriminate defence of right and wrong.” I interrupted the worthy Tutor, by remarking, that, as he had before proved *one* to equal *two*, *nothing* divided by *nothing* must, of course, equal *one*. He hesitated for a few minutes, and then replied, “Sir, I like an inquiring spirit, but I must not be interrupted in my lecture. For the present, however, let me observe, that you will have greater cause for wonder yet:—we have a quantity, sir, in algebra *less than nothing*.”

I closed my book in consternation and despair.

And now, worthy reader, I wish to leave off for the present, and yet I do not exactly know how to accomplish the same without appearing somewhat abrupt. I almost wish that I had been confessing rapes, murders, treasons, and so forth, that I might here “sink back exhausted at the bare recollection of my crimes,” after the laudable example of the heroes of many tales of horror now extant. Then I could perhaps persuade Mr Ebony to suffer his compositor to close with divers little asterisks, as is the custom with the Minerva press authors. But unfortunately I have no *deeds of blood* to atone for; and I shall therefore conclude with endeavouring to put my readers in good humour at parting, by relating a favourite illustration of the doctrine

of ratios, which our Tutor, who sometimes *did* the facetious, was in the habit of favouring us with. Talking of ratios, he was accustomed to say, "Gentlemen, in finding the ratio between any proposed quantities, it is absolutely necessary that these quantities should be in some measure rela-

ted to, should have some affinity with, each other. For instance, Gentlemen, it would be ridiculous for any one to ask me how far it was from the foot of Westminster Bridge to the first of April."

Au revoir, gentle reader, I really must conclude for the present.

A SUMMER EVENING'S LOVE STORY.

COME, Harriet, sit a while ; this July eve
 Hath neither dew nor breeze to mitigate
 Its fiery sunset : we must pause perforce,
 And bide its change of mood. This rustic bench,
 Back'd by the lime-tree's trunk, solicits us
 To spend the hour in quietness. And where
 Doth bower or arbour, pleach'd by art, afford
 A cooler seat, or snugger privacy,
 Than this green closet,—not by gardener's shears
 Clipp'd into form ; nor did man's fingers lace
 Those dangling boughs, which, tent-like, close us round
 With a transparent web of sun-lit leaves ?
 Sit, maiden of my heart, and I will tell,
 Accordant to the softness of the hour,
 A tale of hapless love—the place, the month,
 The very look this gorgeous eve is wearing,
 Yea, the condition of this untrimmed lime,
 With its o'er-luscious flowers just out of bloom,
 And changed to pallid tassels—all conspire
 To clear the tablets of my memory,
 And chase forgetfulness. Then listen, love,—
 Ah ! trembler, you may well press nearer me,
 For I shall rob you of some tears, the alms
 Pity bestows, where other alms are vain ;
 But I will kiss away the stealing drops
 Shed without pain, and love you all the more
 For that kind heart which throbs at others' woes.

Here in this grassy circle, underneath
 This roof of living thatch, while spring was young,
 Did Reginald D'Arcy passionately plight
 His troth to Lydia Gandolyn. And here,
 When spring had fled before the scorching sun,
 When every branch and every spray was thick
 With heart-shaped leaves, and the brown honey-bees
 Played truant from this lime's exhausted flowers,
 The pair met once again—a youth and maid,
 To whom boon Nature liberally presented,
 As if for once she had forgotten thrift,
 Her choicest loans—complexion, features, shape,
 Affections, temper, intellect, and hearts
 E'en of magnetic sensibility.
 Here, then, these innocent lovers met once more,

When hope was lost, to snatch a last adieu,
As if their frenzy courted agony.
They had been early playmates ; and when time
Open'd the forehead of the bright-eyed boy,
And gave the tresses of the girl to take
Their tendril windings, they together met
Self-chosen partners in the Christmas dance :
Holiday sojourn at a mutual friend's
Fostered the intimacy, till at length
The stripling and the virgin were in love,
Enamoured deeply and most tenderly.
The little plant of infant liking throve,
And spread its leaves to th' sun, till, all unthought of,
The bud of passion topt it, oped a flower
Beauteous as fragrant, rich in promise too,
But destined to be severed timelessly,
And know no fruitage. Reginald D'Arcy was
A younger scion of a family
Of ancient English blood, a house that kept
Its fealty to Rome's tiara, when
The living gospel was again declared
The only rule of life ; when Pope and Monk
Once and for ever lost their tyrannous hold
Of merry England. Ne'ertheless, some few
Hugg'd their old spiritual slavery ; them among
The D'Arcies held a foremost rank, and down
E'en to our times have all along remain'd
Rome's steadfast and submissive votaries.
Lydia meanwhile was sprung of ancestors
Respectable, but whose antiquity
Of name, and fair possessions, rivall'd not
The blazon'd record of her lover's stock.
Staunch Protestants the Gandolyns ; they kept
Among the archives of their race (though then
It was not one of note) the memory
Of a fair scholar, who, abandoning
Hopes of advancement and emolument,
Made choice of following the gospel light
The priest of Lutterworth held aloft, that first
Most dauntless herald of the Reformation,
Right apostolic Wickliffe ! And the breed
Degenerated not, nor swerved aside,
When, under Mary's bigot rule, the fires
Of Smithfield were enkindled by Rome's breath,
And slaked with English blood—their blood who fought
The fight of Faith, and died the martyr's death.
For the good name of Gandolyn appears
Shrined in the piteous annals which record
The shame of England—yea, her glory too !
Such, and so differing were the creeds maintained
By the respective families which owned
Lydia and Reginald. The youth, aware
That bigotry had long time ceased to shew
Her more repulsive form, (alliances
With those of varying worship having been

Connived at by his kindred,) thought to find
 No insurmountable obstacle delay
 His union with the maid. He, therefore, wooed
 The fair, not altogether openly,
 Nor yet clandestinely—it was a young
 And timid love, that brook'd not others' eyes
 To gaze upon it. Meanwhile the smitten ones fed
 Upon each other's looks; and so they pass'd
 A tremulous, rapturous time of consciousness,
 Till all uncounsell'd in an hour of passion,
 Meeting in unexpected secrecy,
 They took and gave their trothplight, each to each,
 Within this bower. O, could that fleeting period
 Be but detained,—when palm is press'd by palm;
 When virtuous attachment seals the bond
 Upon the averted and yet willing lips;—
 When he who asks receives the whispered yes;
 When heart to heart devotes futurity,
 Casts all its hopes, designs, joys, griefs, and cares,
 Yea, life itself, into a common stock,
 The good not to be welcomed, nor the ill
 To be endured, by either soul, alone;—
 Then (for this happens when the breast is warm,
 And hope is yet undeadened) all is fair
 On earth and in the sky; the land of promise
 Opens; 'tis all one waking dream of bliss.
 Not long did Reginald slumber; he was waked
 By a rude shock; his father's stern command
 Bade him prepare to take upon himself
 The sacerdotal vows of that harsh church
 Which of her priests exacts strict celibacy,
 The barren apathy of single life.
 Prudential calculations instigated
 This sudden resolution—nought availed,
 That the poor lovesick youth betrayed the ties
 Which held his honour gaged, his heart enthralled,
 The peace of all his future wrapt in them.
 His father was a man austere and grave,
 Inflexible when he had once resolved,
 Not to be moved by prayer or opposition,
 But one who pressed, in all he undertook,
 Right to the mark. Remonstrance from his son
 Was but as flame against the solid rock,
 The fugitive substance on the durable
 And incombustible. The form of faith
 That Lydia held (a vincible objection
 In other circumstances) now was made
 A reason and pretext for this dire haste
 In hurrying on poor Reginald's sacrifice,—
 The ceremonial tonsure, that last act
 Which was to bar out every ray of hope.
 Her kin too disapproved the match; and he,
 Fondly considerate of her alone,
 Dared not exhibit her to poverty
 And all the hardships which must fain ensue

On an illicit marriage. In despair
 He gave the fatal promise to his sire
 Of full compliance, only bargaining
 For a last interview—and here they met.
 Here did they pass the stipulated hour,
 An hour of groans, and blood-shot vacant looks,
 And strange unwonted shiverings, on his part,
 But he was tearless. Woman's softer nature
 Had still ascendancy o'er her; she wept
 And ratified her pledge of faithful love,
 And fell upon his neck, and bade him look
 To a blest union in the realms above.
 It was an eve like this; the lime was hung
 With wing-like seeds, just as it now appears;
 He pluck'd them from the branches, scattering them
 Wide o'er the turfen floor, as if his hand
 Thought from this petty ravage to derive
 Ease and control. And after he was gone,
 For Lydia will'd that he should leave her there,
 (I spare you the recital of the throes
 Of two young hearts while breaking,) she remain'd
 In desolation some short breathing space,
 Then gather'd to her bosom hastily
 A handful of those bunches—frail mementoes
 Of this sad meeting—sickly in their hue
 As her now bloodless cheek—and soon to be
 As sere as her lone heart! She caught them up
 And treasured them, for they were pull'd by him—
 By him, whom she was never more to see!
 You ask—Where are the separated ones,
 And what their farther lot? Dispart those boughs,
 And through the loophole an acclivity
 Presents itself embowered in crowding trees:
 Those trees conceal a church, an edifice
 Of other years; there 'neath another lime
 (She chose the spot herself) quietly sleeps
 The gentle Lydia. Her too fragile form
 Waned imperceptibly, and she was said
 To die Consumption's victim. 'Twas not so—
 A broken heart was her incurable
 And deadly malady—she died in peace.
 Would you know more of Reginald? Climb the Alps,
 As guest, accept the hospitality
 Which the monastic brotherhood extend
 To all who travel by St Bernard's walls,
 And you will find him there. Not long did he
 Remain a secular priest; his health betray'd
 The stroke of grief; travel and change of air
 Were recommended, and in part sufficed
 To work the restoration of his strength.
 But he deliberately refused to turn
 His eyes tow'rd's England's cliffs, and when he reach'd
 The Monastery in the Greater Pass
 Which bears St Bernard's name, he then made known
 That he would take the cowl, and cord, and gown,

And dedicate himself to charity.
Now on that frozen height more than five years
Hath he fulfilled his calling ; not a brother
So venturous in that work of love as he,
So heedless of his life, so desperate !
He and his wolf-dogs, when the storm rides high,
Are evermore a-foot ; wherever falls
An avalanche, he thitherward directs
His instant steps ; and he will persevere
Mid blinding snow and icy blasts to delve
For o'erwhelm'd passengers. Many has he given
To share the warmth of the refectory—
Far many more his restless spade has brought
To take their station in that house of death
And incorruption, (sepulchre that keeps
Its tenantry unburied, piteous sight !)
Which stands all froze beside the convent gate.
Such his vocation, such the solitudes
He makes his haunt, and he will linger there
Amid the everlasting snows, until
Some toppling mountain bury him beneath
Its loosen'd peak, while he o'er-daringly
Stands in the place of peril, and forbids
(By shouts which bring down ruin) some far train
From jeoparding their lives within the pass—
The avalanche plunges down—the warning father
Lies fathoms underneath it—and the mules
Of those who scarcely yet believe their rescue,
Must back and seek an unencumber'd road.
Or if not this his fate, early old age,
The sure concomitant of such a life
As these vow'd friars lead—(perpetual winter,
In the heart of summer realms)—early old age
Will creep upon him ; racking rheumatism,
Or the more dire disorder which destroys
The fine machinery of respiration,
Will end him. Kind compulsion will be used—
But all too late, and much unwilling he—
To place him in fair Savoy's sunny plains
For warmth and cheer ; and there the shatter'd wretch
Will find dismissal from his lot of woe.
A traveller told him of poor Lydia's death
Most cautiously ; and he detected not
A single sign of anguish. Time, his habit,
Exposure to the sight of sufferings
Daily and hourly, mental isolation,
Long communing with grief, and something like
The apathy of despair, had tutor'd him,
And he repress'd emotion—but he took
His staff and trustiest dog, and was all night,
And the next day till dusk, upon the mountain,
Where never thaw approaches,—there he was
Alone, unwitness'd, unapproachable—
This the sole symptom that he took to heart
The intelligence, and was her lover still !

Perhaps c'en now he is at rest, his spirit
Gone to rejoin his spouse in other worlds.
Peace to their memory !

My betrothed love,
This story hath beguiled the sultry time,
And hastened on the coolness—see the sky
Deepens its blueness, and is here and there
Set with a few faint diamond sparks of light ;
The breeze begins to whisper and to play
Among the leaves above ; the dewy air
Diffuses wide the scent of every flower,
And every odorous aromatic bud ;
Daylight is fading fast, and daylight-sounds
Are not so overpowering—hark, the rill
Is toying with its pebbles prettily ;
My ancient friend, that hoary-feather'd owl,
Hath left his chimney-nook, and seeks the glade—
Mark with what noiseless ease his snowy vans
Bear him along, as, coursing up and down
Yon hedgerow green, he seeks his wily prey.
Quick on the wing, the bat around our heads
Darts, and delivers at short intervals
A sharp low squeak of joyance ; while the hum
Of chafers (like the bass-note under-song
Of organ, heard outside the storied walls
Of some cathedral nave, while voices clear,
Of young and old, are quiring psalmody,)
Makes all to harmonize. Look, love, the moon
Is rising—Nay, your cheek hath still a tear
Which the beam glitters on. Did then the tale
So deeply touch you, that you cannot feel
Your spirits tuned to other lighter thoughts ?
Well then, we'll give the hour to melancholy,
Of chastening influence. The churchyard mound
Is near us ; you shall see poor Lydia's grave ;
And yield a sigh to her, whose hapless love
Had frost upon its earliest leaves ; then turn,
For here's an unforbidden breast, whose heart
Beats in most perfect unison with yours,
And let us thankful think, how different
Is the fair lot which Heaven bestows on us.

R.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XVII.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
 ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides, An ancient who wrote crabbed Greeks in no silly days ; Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE, " NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ; " BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
 And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]*

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

MULLION.

Do you often get similar epistles ?

NORTH.

O, every month a heap, but I seldom notice them.

MULLION.

Have you any more ?

NORTH.

See this white bag here lettered Scan. Mag. *i. e.* Scandalum Magæ, it is destined for that purpose, and is now full.

MULLION.

Give us a specimen.

NORTH.

Take the first that comes to hand.

MULLION.

Here is one about your August number, the auto-biography of Kean. Shall I read it ?

NORTH, (*smoking.*)

Peruse.

MULLION, (*reads.*)

SIR,

The first article which caught my eye upon opening your Magazine for this month was, "Auto-biography of Edmund Kean, Esquire," and a precious article it is, a tissue of scurrility, (not in the Whig acceptance of the word,) and personal abuse, clearly having its rise in some personal pique; but could you find no other way of venting your spleen than by public calumny, and, worse still, making a jest of a man's natural imperfections? I am surprised, Mr North, you should have prostituted your pages to such unparalleled baseness. Whenever hitherto you have bestowed censure or praise, I have been fool enough to think you did it from principle, (what an egregious ass I must have been!) but this affair has opened my eyes.

It is, not, however, for any of these reasons I am induced to notice the article in question, but merely in reference to a critique on the same gentleman's performance in the number for March 1818, the consistency of which two articles I shall presently shew you by a few extracts from both. How it obtained insertion I cannot conceive, except, indeed, you mean practically to illustrate an article on "Memory" in your last, of whose effects I've an idea you have formed a woefully erroneous estimate. It is no part of my intention to canvass the merits of Mr Kean as an actor or a man, my sole object being to point out the absurd inconsistency of the two articles, to do which I proceed to a few extracts.

MARCH, 1818.—Page 664.

SEPTEMBER, 1824.

After noticing the entire change After some prefatory matter, you wrought in the art of acting by Mr proceed:—
 Kean, you go on:—

"Indeed, we cannot better illustrate what we feel to be the distinctive difference between the acting of Mr Kean and that of his distinguished predecessor, (Kemble,) than by saying that, as an actor, the latter is to the former nearly what, as a poet, Racine is to Shakspeare!!!"

Again.

"Passion seems to be the very food, the breath, the vital principle of his mental existence. He adapts himself to all its forms: detects its most delicate shades; follows it through all its windings and blendings; pierces to its most secret recesses," &c. &c.!!!

Again.

"Mr Kean's passion is as various, as it is natural and true!!!"

Again.

Speaking of his mental energy, you say:—

"This it is which gives such endless variety, and appropriateness, and beauty to the expression of his face and action. Indeed Mr Kean's look and action are at all times precisely such as a consummate painter would assign to the particular situation and character in which they occur!!"

And I might say again, and again, and again, but I have neither time nor patience; the hasty and random extracts I have made may "give some few touches of the thing;" but to form any adequate idea of the whole, it is necessary to read the two articles, which whoever does, Mr North, will set your Magazine down for a pretty particular considerable sort of a humbug, I calculate. But, perhaps, the best part of the joke is, after all, that after indulging in a most virulent tirade against the Examiner for upholding Kean as an actor, you take credit to yourself for having opened the eyes of the public to his real merits, or, rather, according to your account, his want of them. I like modesty.

Yours, &c.

J. S.

NORTH, (taking the pipe out of his mouth.)

There is some fun in that fellow, but he is rather spoony in imagining that the contributor of 1824 is bound to follow the opinions of him of 1818.

MULLION.

It needs no ghost to tell us who the 24 man is. Who is the 18 pounder? Pounder, I may well call him; for never did paviour put in lumps of two years old into Pall Mall as he puts the puff into Kean.

NORTH.

Poor Tims. We tolerated him at that time among us. We knew nothing of the London stage, and Tims, who used every now and then to get a tumbler of punch from Kean at the Harp by Old Drury, felt it only grateful to puff him, and he imposed on us provincials accordingly. I soon, however, turned him off, and he now having bought an old French coat in Monmouth Street, passes off for a Wicount, as he calls himself.

"Never before, in the annals of a civilized country, was it heard of, that a man who could not act was puffed off as the prince of actors by men who could not write, and the audacious lump of pomatum swallowed even by the capacious gullet of the long-eared monster who acts audience at our playhouses."—"Even by the capacious gullet! Why, what gullet would you choose to swallow so audacious lumps of pomatum?"

Again.

"His retching at the back of the scene, whenever he wanted to express passion!!"

Again.

"A worse actor than Mr Kean never trod the stage; we mean, pretending to enact such characters as he has taken upon himself to murder!!"

Again.

"But it appears also, that he had a bandy-legged uncle in the same employment, from whom we opine he borrowed his novel and original method of treading the stage!!"—Very witty.

MULLION.

O, ay, Victoire. Well-chosen name, as we should say, my Lord Molly. But, in truth, what do you think of Kean?

NORTH.

I have never seen him. I am by far too old to go to plays, and, besides, I do not like to disturb my recollections of John Kemble.

MULLION.

There are several left.

NORTH, (*smokes.*)

Bales.—Take another.

MULLION, (*reads.*)

Here.

SIR,—I have been a subscriber to your magazine for some years, but of late I have come to the determination of discontinuing being so. The chief reason,—for I think it always best to be quite candid,—that I have for this, is the fact, that your magazine does not contain good articles. You appear to be chiefly filled up with abuse of the periodical publications, written by the first men of the age—Mr Jeffrey, Mr Place, Mr Campbell, Mr Bentham, and others, as if anybody whatever cares about *your* abuse of these eminent men. Whoever writes under the name of T. Tickler,—of course, a fictitious name,—has been so offensive in this way, that the magazines containing his vapid lucubrations have been ejected from at least three of by far the most decent libraries hereabouts.

However, as I like your politics, I shall not absolutely give you up, but occasionally buy your book, and therefore advise you to make it better. Could you not give us Tales—or Travels—or Memoirs—or Histories—or something else amusing and miscellaneous-like, just such as the other magazines? Because, though I am not so great a fool as to imagine that the accusation of personality, and other similar charges, is so true as some clever men,—who *are* clever, though your partiality may deny it,—could wish to have believed; yet I must say, that if you go on as you go on now, *you will be but a stupid concern.*

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

A. B.

NORTH, (*taking the pipe out of his mouth.*)

Are you sure of that signature?—Shew it to me.

MULLION.

Yes, quite sure—here it is for you.

NORTH, (*taking it.*)

A. B. *A Blackguard*; that's the word, sir. He is—but I shall not lose my temper for such an evident ass—a blockhead, sir. Ring the bell—A mean ass, sir.—Curse the waiter—ring the bell again, Doctor—A very donkey, sir. (*Enter Waiter.*) What brings you here, Richard?

RICHARD.

Sir?

MULLION.

You bade me ring.

NORTH.

Did I?—Nothing, Richard.—Stop, bring us in another quart of porter. (*Exit Richard, with a bow.*) Why, sir, that *is* a blackguard letter. So Tickler is a fictitious name, and *of course* too. Good God! is Hogg a fictitious name?—is Mullion a fictitious name?—is Macvey Napier a fictitious name?—is Philip Kempferhausen a fictitious name?—is Henry Colburn of Burlington Street, or his man Tom Campbell, a fictitious name?—is William Cobbett—

Re-enter Waiter.

Two quarts of porter, sir.

NORTH.

Put them down—thank you—vanish. [*Exit RICHARD.*] Sir, I am sorry

that that fellow has not had the courage to have signed his name, in order that I might have just flayed him alive. He and his subscription—some five shillings affair *per annum*, in my pocket—

MULLION.

Ne savi, magne sacerdos. Cool yourself with the narcotic of porter.

NORTH, (*Drinks off the quart.*)

So I am not like the other Magazines.—Heaven forfend! What, sir, am I to have such things as—“Mrs Stubbs kept a cheese-shop in Norton Falgate. Her brother, Mr Deputy Dip, was of the ward of Portsoken, and there had a voice potential double as the Duke’s. He was a thriving man, and waxed rich on *tallow*. His visits to his sister in Norton Falgate were complete epochs in the family. The genteelest fish in the market was bought on the occasion, and the pudding was composed with double care. Then Mr Hoggins from Aldgate, Miss Dobson, Mr Deputy Dump, and Mr Spriggins, were asked to be of the party, and the very best Elder-wine that could be had in London was produced.

“Mr Spriggins was a Tory, Mr Deputy Dip was a Whig, and they both supported their opinions stiffly. At Mrs Stubbs’s last party, Mr Spriggins was cutting up a turkey, on which Mr Deputy Dip remarked, that he wished Turkey in Europe was cut up as completely as turkey on table. Ay, said Mr Spriggins, it is evident that you are partial to the cause of Grease. At which, Miss Dobson burst out laughing, and said, ‘Drat it now, that is droll.’—‘For my part, madam,’ says Spriggins, ‘the only good thing I know of the map-makers is, that they put Turkey next Hungary; for when I am hungry I like to be next a turkey’—at which everybody laughed, except Mr Deputy Dip, who said, ‘that punning was the lowest wit.’ ‘Yes,’ retorted Spriggins, ‘because it is the foundation of all wit!’—and so on through the rest of the garbage.—Am I to put this into my Magazine to make it interesting?—or am I to fill it—

MULLION.

Fill your glass, at all events, which is much more to the purpose now than your Magazine.

NORTH.

Am I to fill it, I say, with—

“Idealism, as explained by Kant, antagonizes with the spirit of carnality developed in the idiosyncrasy arising from the peculiarity of affinities indisputable in the individualism of perfectible power. Keeping this plain axiom in view, we shall be able to explain the various results of—”

Fiddle-faddle. Is this to be the staple commodity of my Magazine? I should see it down at the bottom of the Firth of Forth first, with a copy of the London tied round its neck, so as to hinder it from rising!

MULLION.

Nay, I think you have got into a fret for nothing. Nobody can think less of these magazine people than I do; but you know that the *real* complaint against you is not want of *vis*, but a too strong direction of it every now and then.

NORTH.

Personality, Doctor—Is it that ye are driving at? Why, I have discussed that so often, that it would be quite a bore if I were to bring it in by the head and shoulders now. But first listen for a minute—The people who blame my Magazine very generally praise the New Monthly. I have no objection to this, for I feel no sort of rivalry towards such a poor concern, which is, in point of talent in general, no higher than the Rambler’s Magazine, the old European, or such trash books. But I beg leave to say, that they who object to me for my personality, are very inconsistent, if they patronize the writer Tam.

MULLION.

I do not read the Dromedarian lucubrations, so I cannot say whether you are right or not.

NORTH.

I read all the periodicals, you know; and, sir, I must say, that for downright personal scurrility, there never yet were articles in any periodical equal to those which Mr Shiel—

MULLION.

Who is he?

NORTH.

Pho! a young Irish lawyer, who wrote some trash of plays for Mrs Wrixon Becher to play in. I say, no articles are equal in scurrility to those supplied to Campbell by Mr Shiel and Mr W. Curran from Ireland. Have the goodness, when next you are at leisure, to peruse their remarks on the late Luke White, the cold-blooded, blackguard prying into his private life,—the dirty jealousy displayed against his success, and, in fact, the atrocious spirit of the whole, for which, by the by, they would have smarted properly but for Luke's death; or read what they say about Ellis of Dublin, or the gentleman-like allusions to Lady Rossmore; or, indeed, the tissue of the thing altogether, and you will find, that if clever people such as my friends can sometimes abuse, the same thing is done by stupid people also.

MULLION.

But, North, it is not worth your while to be talking so much of such poor hacks as these.

NORTH.

Neither should I, my dear fellow, but for this, that you hear well-minded poor bodies every now and then puffing up the gentility, and elegance, and freedom from scurrility, of such compositions, whereas the truth is, that their wit is vulgarity, their taste frivolity, and that their supposed exemption from personal abuse is owing to their efforts, however malignant in intention and blackguard in execution, being so weak in their effects as to escape observation. You see how I squabashed the London the other day.

MULLION.

Squabashed!—extinguished it. Why, a Newfoundland dog never displayed his superiority over a mangy cur in a more complete and contemptuous fashion.

NORTH.

Change the subject—Give us a stave.

MULLION.

Here's, then, to the honour and glory of Maga! (*Sings.*)

Like prongs, like prongs, your bristles rear—
 Arise, nor linger stuffing, dining—
 Lo! Blockheads drive in full career,
 And Common Sense away is pining.
 They come—in ruffian ranks they come,—
 Rage, rags, and ruin heave in sight;
 Haste—Earth throws up her dirtiest scum—
 Ho! Maga, to the fight.

Truth stood erect in ancient days,
 And over Falsehood's jaw went ploughing;
 Now Faction in the sunshine strays,
 While Loyalty her neck is bowing:
 Power reigns with Ambrose in the halls,
 And Fancy high, and Frolic light,
 Hark! 'tis the voice of Reason calls—
 Ho! Maga, to the fight!

Shepherd of Ettrick, ho! arise—
 Haste, Tickler, to the fierce pursuing;
 North! Dash the cobwebs from your eyes—
 Are ye asleep when War is brewing?
 Lo! dunces crown Parnassus high,
 With yellow breeches gleaming bright;
 Haste, drive the grunTERS to the sty—
 Ho! Maga, to the fight!

Look forth upon the toothless curs,
 On fools and dunces, Hunts and Hazlitts,

Who think themselves eternal stars,
 Although but stinking, sparkling gas-lights—
 Haste, homewards send them to Cockaigne,
 To sup on egg and lettuce white;
 Haste, how can ye the knout refrain?—
 Ho! Maga, to the fight!

And Whigs are now so lost, so low,
 A miracle could scarce restore them;
 They fall in droves at every blow,
 And dirt and dust are spatter'd o'er them;
 Religion, Liberty, and Law,
 In thee repose their sole delight;
 Who against thee dares wag a paw?—
 Ho! Maga, to the fight!

(While MULLION is singing, HOGG enters, takes a seat, and makes a tumbler.)

HOGG.

Brawly sung, Doctor. Is't your ain?

MULLION.

Yes.

HOGG.

Od, man, but ye are getting on finely—in time ye may be as good a hand at it as Scott or Byron, or aiblins mysell. By the by, a' the periodicals are making a great crack about Byron, hae ye onything o' the sort?

NORTH.

Here are two articles; Mullion has been reading them; they are on Medwin's book. Look over them.

[HOGG raising the articles and his tumbler, reads, and drinks them off without delay.

MULLION.

Who wrote them?

NORTH.

You are always a modest hand at the catechizing. However, they are both old friends of Byron's own—real friends, who knew him well. This Medwin has, as you will perceive, done as much as I could expect from any such person—that is, told *some* truth about the business.

MULLION.

Ay, ay, some truth, and many lies, I do suppose.

NORTH.

Thou hast said it. I don't mean to call Medwin a liar—indeed, I should be sorry to forget the best stanza in Don Juan. The Captain lies, sir,—but it is only under a thousand mistakes. Whether Byron bammed him—or he, by virtue of his own egregious stupidity, was the sole and sufficient bammifier of himself, I know not, neither greatly do I care. This much is certain, (and it is enough for our turn,) that the book is throughout full of things that were not, and most resplendently deficient *quoad* the things that were.

MULLION.

A got-up concern entirely?—A mere bookseller's business?

NORTH.

I wish I could be quite sure that some part of the beastliness of the Book is not mere *bookseller's* business—I mean as to its sins of omission. You have seen from the newspapers, that Master Colbourn cancelled some of the cuts *anent* our good friend, whom Byron so absurdly calls “the most timorous of all God's booksellers.” How shall we be certain that he did not cancel ten thousand things about the most audacious of all God's booksellers?

HOGG.

Ha! ha! ha!—Weel, there's anither good *alias*!

MULLION.

Why, it certainly did occur to me as rather odd, that although Medwin's Byron sports so continually all the pet bits of your vocabulary, such as “The

Cockney School," &c. &c., your name—or rather, I should say, the name of old MAGA—is never expressly introduced—except, indeed, in an absurd note of his own about Poet Shelley.

NORTH.

Pooh, pooh! man—Byron and I knew each other pretty well; and I suppose there's no harm in adding, that we appreciated each other pretty tolerably. Did you ever see his letter to me?

MULLION.

Why, yes—Murray once shewed it to me; but it was after dinner at the time; and when I awoke next morning, the only thing I remembered was that I had seen it.

NORTH.

You having, in point of fact, fallen asleep over the concern. But no matter, Doctor.

HOGG.

Sic things will happen in the best regulated families.

MULLION.

I observe, Hogg, that Byron told Medwin he was greatly taken with your manners when he met you at the Lakes. Pray, Jem, was the feeling mutual?

HOGG.

Oo, aye, man—I thought Byron a very nice laud. Did ye no ken Byron, Doctor?

MULLION.

Not I; I never saw him in my life except once, and that was in Murray's shop. He was quizzing Rogers, to all appearance, in the window. We were merely introduced. He seemed well made for swimming—a fine broad chest—the scapula grandly turned.

HOGG.

The first lad that reviews Medwin for you, Mr North, does not seem to have admired him very muckle. He was a most awfu' sallow-faced ane, to be sure, and there's a hantle o' your landward-bred women thinks there's nae real beauty in a man wanting the red cheeks; but, for me, I lookit mair to the cut of the back and girths o' Byron. He was a tight-made, middle-sized man—no unlike mysell in some things.

NORTH.

Come, this is a little too much, Hogg. You once published an account of yourself, in which you stated that your bumpal system bore the closest resemblance to Scott's. Your "Sketch of the Ettrick Shepherd," in the now defunct Panopticon, is what I allude to. And now your back and girths, as you call them, are like Byron's! No doubt you are a perfect Tom Moore in something or other?

HOGG.

Me a Tam Muir! I wish I had him his lane for five minutes on the Mount Benger—I would *Muir* him.

MULLION.

Well, well, James. But you and Byron took to each other famously, it seems?

HOGG.

We were just as thick as weavers in no time. Ye see I had been jauntin about in that country for tway three weeks, seeing Wulson and Soothey, and the rest of my leterary friends there. I had a gig with me—John Grieve's auld yellow gig it was—and as I was standing by mysell afore the inn door that evening, just glowing frae me, for I kent naebody in Ambleside, an be not the minister and the landscape painter, out comes a strapping young man frae the house, and off with his hat, and out with his hand, in a moment like. He seemed to think that I would ken him at ance; but seeing me bamboozled a thocht, (for he wasna sae very dooms like the capper-plates,) Mr Hogg, quo' he, I hope you will excuse me—my name is Byron—and I cannot help thinking that we ought to hold ourselves acquaintance.

MULLION.

So you shook hands immediately, of course?

HOGG.

Shook! Od! he had a good wrist of his ain; yet, I trow, I garred the shackle-bane o' him dinlle.

MULLION.

August moment! Little did you then foresee either Don Juan or the Chaldec. What was your potation?

HOGG.

Potation!—we had everything that was in the house—Claret, and Port, and ale, and ginger-beer, and brandy-wine, and toddy, and twist, an' a'; we just made a night on't. O, man, wasna this a different kind of behaviour frae that proud Don Wordsworth's? Od! how Byron leuch when I tell'd him Wordsworth's way wi' me!

MULLION.

What was this?—I don't recollect to have heard it, Hogg.

HOGG.

Toots! a'body has heard it—I never made ony concealment of his cauld, dirty-like behaviour. But, to be sure, it was a' naething but envy—just clean envy. Ye see I had never forgathered wi' Wordsworth before, and he was invited to dinner at Godswhittles, and down he came; and just as he came in at the east gate, De Quincey and me cam in at the west; and says I, the moment me and Wordsworth were introduced, “Lord keep us a'!” says I, “Godswhittle, my man, there's nae want of poets here the day, at ony rate.” Wi' that Wordsworth turned up his nose, as if we had been a' carrion, and then he gied a kind of a smile, that I thought was the bitterest, most contemptible, despicable, abominable, wauf, narrow-minded, envious, sneezablest kind of an attitude that I ever saw a human form assume—and “PoetS!” quo' he, (deil mean him!)—“PoetS, Mr Hogg?—Pray, where are they, sir?” Confound him!—I doubt if he would have allowed even Byron to have been a poet, if he had been there. He thinks there's nae real poets in our time, an it be not himself, and his sister, and Coleridge. He doesna make an exception in favour of Southey—at least to ony extent worth mentioning. Na, even Scott—would ony mortal believe there was sic a donneration of arrogance in this waurld?—even Scott I believe's not a pawet, gin you take his word—or at least his sneer for't.

MULLION.

Pooh! we all know Wordsworth's weaknesses—the greatest are not without something of the sort. This story of yours, however, is a curious pendant to one I have heard of Wordsworth's first meeting with Byron—or rather, I believe, his only one.

HOGG.

They had never met when Byron and me were thegither; for I mind Byron had a kind of a curiosity to see him, and I took him up to Rydallwood, and let him have a glimpse o' him, as he was gaun staukin up and down on his ain backside, grumblin out some of his havers, and glowering about him like a gawpus. Byron and me just reconnatred him for a wee while, and then we came down the hill again, to hae our laugh out. We swam ower Grasmere that day, breeks an a'. I spoilt a pair o' as gude corduroys as ever cam out of the Director-General's for that piece of fun. I couldna bide to thwart him in onything—he did just as he liket wi' me the twa days we staid yonder: he was sic a gay, laughing, lively, wutty fallow,—we greed like breether. He was a grand lad, Byron—nane of your blawn-up pompous laker notions about him. He took his toddy brawly.

MULLION.

D—n the Lakers!

HOGG.

Ditto! ditto!

NORTH.

O fie! O fie, gentlemen! How often must I remind you that no personality is permitted here. Look round you, gentlemen, look round this neat, and even elegant apartment, rich in all the appliances of mundane comfort and repose, living with gas, bright with pictures, resplendent with the concentrated radiance of intellect-exalting recollections—look around this beautiful chamber, and recollect with what feelings it is destined to be visited years and lustres hence by the enthusiastic lovers of wit and wisdom, and Toryism and—

Toddy.

HOGG.

NORTH.

Have done—have done, and consider for a moment how jarring must be the contrast between the general influence breathed from the very surface of this haunted place, and the specific, particular, individual influence of the baser moods of which you, in the wantonness and levity of madly exhilarated spirits, are planting *pabula plus—quam—futura*—Mullion, I trouble you for your pipe-stopper—You are a brute, Hogg!—Why, laying all petty, dirty, little minutæ out of the question, who can hesitate to say, that Wordsworth is, on the whole, and in the eyes of all capable of largely and wisely contemplating such concerns, of poets, and of the poetical life, the very image essential—I speak of men *οἱ τοὶ νῦν ἔπι τοῖς εἰσιν*—the very specimen and exemplar—of poets, the very *beau-ideal*—

MULLION.

Bore-ideal, you mean. Go on.

NORTH.

On?—O Mullion! how little does the world know of my real sufferings! Sir, you are a savage, and you compel me to pay the penalty of your barbarism! I am the most unfortunate of men. My character will never be understood—I shall go down a puzzle to posterity! I see it—I see it all—Your wildness will be my ruin!

HOGG.

Are you at this bottle, or this, my dawtie? Fill up your tumbler.

MULLION.

To say the truth, Christopher, you and Canning are, in my opinion, much to be pitied. Yourselves the purest and the most liberal of your race, you are doomed to be eternally injured by the indecorousness, the rashness, the bigotry, the blindness, of your *soi-disants* adherents. I commiserate you both from my soul of souls. Who will ever believe that the one of you did not write

“Michael’s dinner—Michael’s dinner,”

and the other

“Pericles to call the man?”

HOGG.

Rax me the black bottle. I say, Christopher, what, after all, is your opinion about Lord and Leddy Byron’s quarrel? Do you—you yourself I mean—take part with him or with her?—I would like to hear your real opinion.

NORTH.

O dear!—Well, Hogg, since you will have it, I think Douglas Kinnaird and Hobhouse are bound to tell us whether there be any truth, and how much, in this story about the *declaration* signed by Sir Ralph. I think they, as friends of Lord Byron, must do this—and, since so much has been said about these matters, I think Lady Byron’s letter—the “dearest Duck” one I mean—should really be forthcoming, if her Ladyship’s friends wish to stand fair *coram populo*. At present, we have nothing but the loose talk of society to go upon, and certainly, most certainly, if the things that are said be true, there must be thorough explanation from some quarter, or the tide will continue, as it has assuredly begun, to flow in a direction very opposite to what we for years were accustomed to. Sir, they must explain this business of the letter. You have of course, heard about the invitation it contained—the warm affectionate invitation to K—, you have heard of the housewife-like account of certain domestic conveniencies there—you have heard of the hair-tearing scene, as described by the wife of this Fletcher—you have heard of the consolations of Mrs C—; you have heard of the injunctions “not to be again naughty;” you have heard of the very last thing which preceded their valediction—you have heard of all this—and we have all heard that these things were followed up by a cool and deliberate declaration, that all these endearments were meant “only to soothe a madman!”

HOGG.

I dinna like to be interrupting ye, Mr North; but I maun speer, is the jug to stan’ still while ye are hivering away that gate?

NORTH.

There, Porker. These things are part and parcel of the chatter of every bookseller's shop, *à fortiori* of every drawing-room in Mayfair. Can the matter stop here? Can a great man's memory be permitted to incur damnation, while these saving clauses are afloat anywhere uncontradicted? I think not. I think, since the Memoirs were burnt by these people, these people are bound to put us in possession of the best evidence which they still have the power of producing, in order that we may come to a just conclusion, as to a subject upon which, by their act, at least as much as by any other people's act, we are compelled to consider it as our duty to make up our deliberate opinion—deliberate and decisive. Woe be to those that provoke this curiosity, and will not allay it!—Woe to them, say I—woe to them, says the world.

HOGG.

Faith, and it cannot be denied but what there's something very like reason in what you say, Mr North. Just drap ae hint o' this in Maga, and my word for't ye'll see a' the lave of the periodicals take up the same tune—and then the thing maun be cleared up—it maun, it will, and it shall be—

NORTH.

Shall I confess the truth to you?—Byron's behaviour in regard to the Greeks has, upon the whole, greatly elevated his character in my estimation. He really seems to have been cut off at the moment when he was beginning in almost every way to give promise and token of improvement. He never wrote any verses so instinct with a noble scorn of the worse parts of his nature (alas! may I not say, of *our* nature) as the very last that ever came from his pen—the Ode on his last Birth-day;—and it is but justice to admit, that, overlooking the general wisdom or folly of his Greek expedition, he seems in Greece to have conducted himself like a man of sense and sanity; while all the others—at least all the other Frankish Philhellenists, appear in the light of dreaming doltish fools, idiots, madmen. It did me good to read Colonel Stanhope's account of his altercations with Byron on the subject of the Greek press—to see Byron expressing his complete scorn of the idea of establishing an unchecked press in the midst of an uneducated, barbarous, divided and unsettled people, and the Honourable Colonel flinging out of the room, with the grand exclamation, “Byron is a TURK!”

HOGG.

He was mair liker Captain MacTurk his ain sell, I'm thinking.

NORTH.

This conduct, and the great and successful efforts Byron was making to introduce something like the humane observances of civilized war among these poor people—all this, I must say, has elevated Byron in my mind. He seems to have driven Stanhope quite mad with his sarcasms against Jeremy Bentham, Lord Erskine, Joseph Hume, and the rest of “the statesmen of Cockaigne?”

MULLION.

Stanhope was ordered home by the Duke of York—was he not?

NORTH.

Yes, and I must say, there are some parts of the Colonel's behaviour which appear to me explicable, only on the supposition of his being as devoid of sense and memory, as his book shews him to be of education and knowledge.

MULLION.

Education?—

NORTH.

Ay, education. The man cannot even spell English. He writes in the very letter authorizing the publication of his correspondence with Babylonian Bowring, *croud for crowd, council for counsel*.

MULLION.

Pòoh! he's but a soldier.

NORTH.

Yes, and in his answer to Colonel Macdonald's letter, ordering his return, he tells him, that throughout all his doings in Greece, he had had nothing in view but “to deserve the esteem of mankind, his country, and HIS KING;” which last is to me a puzzler, I must own.

MULLION.

As how, Kit?

NORTH.

Why, you see Stanhope, throughout his book, avows himself to Turk, Greek, and Frank, a disciple to the back-bone of sage Jeremy the bencher. He goes so far on one occasion as to repel with apparent indignation an insinuation that he wished to see a government resembling the British established in Greece; avowing, in terms express, that his wish is to see Greece "not Anglicized, but Americanized;" and adding also, in terms express, that the only nations that do not loathe the governments under which they live, are the Swiss and the Americans. This is pretty well. But farther still, we have him acting all along in the confidence and in the service of the Greek Committee in London. In other words, of Jeremy Bentham and Bowring. He is their servant and tool throughout.

MULLION.

Of course, he was. We all know that.

NORTH.

Very well. Now reach me the last number of the Westminster Review. By the way, Bowring sent Colonel Stanhope the first number of this work into Greece with a great air. Turn me up the article on Washington Irving's last book—Ay, ay, here it is. Read that passage, Mullion—I need not tell you that Jeremy Bentham is the great and presiding spirit of this periodical. This, indeed, is avowed. Read.

MULLION, (*reads.*)

"In America he saw the great mass of the population earning from thirty to forty shillings a-week, furnished with all the necessaries of life, and absolutely exempt from want; in America, he saw a clergy, voluntarily paid by the people, performing their duties with zeal and ability; the various functions of government performed much better than in Europe, and at less than a twentieth of the expense; the people orderly, provident, and improving, without libel-law, vice-societies, or constitutional associations; no lords or squires driving their dependants to the poll, or commanding votes by *influence*, that is, by terror—by apprehension of loss if the vote be withheld; no lords or squires turned by means of this influence into what are called representatives, and then combining to make corn dear, or voting away millions, for the support of their own children or friends, money extorted in the shape of taxation from needy wretches, who had not even a share in the mockery of being compelled to give a free vote for their member.

"In the British dominions he sees the great mass of the agricultural labourers starving on eight shillings a-week; he sees a clergy enormously paid by taxation of the whole community, for rendering slender service, in one portion of the empire to about a fourteenth part of the population, and in other parts to little more than a third; he sees discussion repressed, the investigation of truth punished by fine and imprisonment for life, and the judges themselves so hostile to the press, as to prohibit, during the course of a trial, when its appearance is most likely to be beneficial to all parties, any printed statement of what passes in court; *he sees a gang of about a hundred and eighty families converting all the functions of government into means of a provision for themselves and their dependants, and for that purpose steadily upholding and promoting every species of abuse, and steadily opposing every attempt at political improvement: all this and more he sees in Britain only, and yet, with this before his eyes, the ignorant and puling sentimentalist has a manifest preference for British institutions! In a man of ordinary penetration and ordinary benevolence, such a preference could never be found; but the penetration and benevolence of your genuine sentimentalist are not of the ordinary kind; his perverse fecundity of imagination fills him with apprehension where no danger exists; his individual attachments and associations preclude him from entertaining any general regard for his species. In the check which every well-regulated community ought to possess against misconduct on the part of its rulers, he sees nothing but visions of anarchy, rapine, and bloodshed; in uncontrolled power on the part of government, and the consequent pillage and privation to which the many are subjected for the benefit of the few, he sees nothing but the natural, and, as he deems it, amiable weakness of human institutions. He can weep at a tale of disappointed love, and sigh over a dying leaf, but the slaughter of thousands at the nod of the successful conqueror, the pain and privation inflicted on millions to support the conqueror's career, will not cost him a regret, or a single exertion of thought as to the means by which the world may be ridden of such detestable vermin. In Geoffrey's sentimentalism there is also something antiquarian and romantic. America has no buildings nor institutions that have not the demerit of being new; in England we have Gothic *cathedrals* and Norman castles; and who would not submit to, or allow the Nobodys to submit to, a world of actual evil, to enjoy the edifying associations which the*

sight of these venerable edifices, these strong-holds of ignorance and superstition, are sure to excite ! How Geoffrey came to acquire and cultivate the tastes of these Somebodys, it is not difficult to divine."

NORTH.

Stop there—Pretty well for one specimen, I think. The whole of that article is the most genuine effusion of the ignorant malevolence of the tailorly tribe, that I have as yet met with ; but it is not worth while to talk of that—I only wished to let you have the opportunity of comparing this avowal of the true Bentham principles, with the assertion of one of Bentham's dearest and most devoted pupils, that he who went to Greece as Bentham's agent, and began and ended every one communication he had with the Greek authorities by maintaining that there could be no good for Greece unless Greece Benthamized herself—I wished you to compare this passage in the Bentham Gazette with the assertion of the Bentham soldier, that he was uniformly influenced while in Greece by the desire to obtain the esteem of the King of England, whose uniform he wears. I wished you to put these things together, and hesitate if you can about coming to the same conclusion with myself as to the intellectual status of this hero-statesman.

MULLION.

They say Bowring and Co. have made TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS by the Greek Loan. Some folks, at least, are no fools, if that be true.

NORTH.

Ay, ay—I guessed what the bursting of the bubble would reveal. Well, Bowring, after all, is not a goose—he is a good linguist. I should not be sorry to hear he had made a little picking off those dolts.

MULLION.

They are a neat set altogether. What a fine thing they would make of it were they in power ! Then they might sing—

I.

When Church and Crown are tumbled down
By Bentham and his band,
When Taylor Place shall wield the mace,
Torn from old Eldon's hand ;
When Joseph Hume fills Canning's room,
And Hone supplants Magee ;
When Brougham looks big in Copley's wig.
Then hey, boys, up go we.

II.

When Waithman's face in Sutton's place,
As Speaker, we behold ;
When Sir James Mac shall hold the sack,
Which keeps the nation's gold ;
When Croker's quill thy fist shall fill,
Dear Secretary Leigh,
When Bowring's tongue sings Southey's song,
Then hey, boys, up go we.

III.

When Cobbett turns our home concerns,
In place of murdered Peel ;
When glowing Grey shall feel his way,
To guide the common weal ;
When murky Mill our trade shall drill,
On continent and sea,
When the grim Stot the Mint has got,
Then hey, boys, up go we.

IV.

When Stanhope's hand great York's command
With frenzied gripe shall seize ;
When Wilson's tread the laurelled head
Of Wellington shall squeeze ;

When Cochrane's flag shall proudly wag,
Where Nelson's wont to be ;
When Hob we greet in Melville's seat,
Then hey, boys, up go we.

V.

When fire shall gleam o'er Isis stream,
And Cam with blood shall flow ;
When base Carlile shall scowling smile,
O'er Lambeth crumbled low.
When Westminster in ceaseless whirr
Shall spinning-jennies see ;
When Preston stalls in fair Saint Paul's,
Then hey, boys, up go we.

VI.

When Jeremy shall sit on high,
Where Bradshaw sat of yore ;
When GEORGE shall stand with hat in hand,
His hatted judge before ;
When Prince and Peer, 'mid scorn and jeer,
Ascend the gallows tree ;
When Honour dies, and Justice flies,
Then hey, boys, up go we.

HOGG.

I admit that Byron had his defects. He was aye courting the ill will o' the world, that he might make a fool o't. There was a principle in his prodigality that I ne'er observed in other men. He wasna just like King Henry, the fifth o' that name, wild for wantonness—but in a degree like Hamlet the play-actor, a thought antic for a purpose—What that purpose was, he best kent himself, and if it werena to speak blasphemy, I would a'maist say he was wicket that he might be wise. O he was a desperate worldly creature, thinking to make himself a something between a god and devil—a spirit that would hae a dominion over the spirits o' men—and make the earth a third estate 'tween heaven and hell.

MULLION.

A new idea, Hogg—and the thing is not an impossibility. Do we not see, every now and then, a genius arise, whose energies affect the whole elements of mind,—changing the currents of opinion, and, in proportion to its power, influencing and governing the thoughts, and, by consequence, the will and actions of mankind.

NORTH.

Po! None of your mysteries now—Put Hogg's thought into plain language, and it means nothing more than that Lord Byron was ambitious, and chose literature for the field of his fame.

MULLION.

Not so fast, old one—I could build a theory on the Shepherd's notion—Suppose, for example, that there has been another rebellion among the angels, and that they have been cast upon the earth, and entered into certain human forms—may not Byron have been the Satan of this secret insurrection ?

NORTH.

If what Medwin says be true, the only spirits that Byron fell with were gin and water.

HOGG.

Really ye're vera comical the night, Mr North.—Oh, Mullion, man, it's a great pity you and Byron hadna been acquaint ; there would hae been a brave ettling to see wha could say the wildest or the dreadfu'est things—for he hadna fear either o' man or woman—but would hae his joke and jeer, harm wha it might. Did ye ever hear Terry tell what happened wi' him and ane o' the players behind the scenes o' Drury Lane ae night—that there was a stramash among the actors anent a wife who had misbehaved at Covent Garden. "Had I been Harris," said my lord, "I would have turned her out o' the house."—

“And had I been her,” replied that birky Fanny Kelly, “I would have put on breeches, and challenged your lordship.”—“In that case, Miss Kelly,” quo’ he, “I might have considered whether it would be worth my while to turn *sansculotte*, and accept the challenge.”

MULLION.

Mind your glass, Jem ; a little more—

HOGG.

And there was another funny thing o’ his, till a queer-looking lad, one Mr Skeffington, that wrote a tragedy, that was called “The Mysterious Bride,”—the whilk thing made the Times newspaper for once witty—for it said no more o’t, than just “last night a play called The Mysterious Bride, by the Honourable Mr Skeffington, was performed at Drury Lane.—The piece was damned.”—Weel, ye see, it happened that there was a masquerade some nights after,—and Mr Cam Hobhouse gaed till’t, in the disguise o’ a Spanish nun, that had been ravished by the French army—

MULLION.

O, I remember it—I was there myself—Hob had made up his dairy with a pair of boxing-gloves.

HOGG.

Weel, ye see—Being there as a misfortunate nun, he was cleekit wi’ my Lord Byron ; and Mr Skeffington, compassionating the situation of the artificial young woman, in a most discreet and sentimental manner,—was greatly moved by the history o’ her ravishment. Who is she? said that unfortunate author to my Lord,—but “The Mysterious Bride,” was a’ the satisfaction he got for his civility. In truth, it may be said he was a fearless creature, and spared neither friend nor foe, so that he had dominion.—But, od ! I liket him as if he had been my ain Billy, for a’ that.

Enter ODOHERTY.

Good bye—good bye—I’m off in half an hour per coach, and have not time to say more.

NORTH.

Sit down while you are here, at all events. Fill your glass.

ODOHERTY.

Small need of advising that.

NORTH.

Give us a parting chaunt.

ODOHERTY.

With all my spirit.

Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland—

HOGG.

Vera civil, that. My certie, lad, ye’re no blate.

ODOHERTY.

Bleat—grunt. Hold your tongue.

1.

FAREWELL, farewell, beggarly Scotland,

Cold and beggarly poor countrie,

If ever I cross thy border again,

The muckle deil must carry me.

There’s but one tree in a’ the land,

And that’s the bonny gallows tree.

The very nowte look to the south,

And wish that they had wings to flee.

2.

Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland,

Brose and barnocks, crowdy and kale !

Welcome, welcome, jolly old England,

Laughing lasses and foaming ale !

’Twas when I came to merry Carlisle,

That out I laughed loud laughers three,

And if I cross the Sark again,

The muckle deil maun carry me.

3.

Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland,
 Kilted kimmers, wi' carrotty hair,
 Pipers, who beg that your honours would buy
 A bawbee's worth of their famish'd air
 I'd rather keep Cadwallader's goats,
 And feast upon toasted cheese and leeks,
 Than go back again to the beggarly North,
 To herd 'mang loons with bottomless breeks.

NORTH.

A very polite ditty, I must say—but, 'pon honour, as a sturdy Scot, I had rather hear such things as that, than the idiot talk about the Modern Athens. What are you going to do in London, Sir Morgan?

ODOHERTY.

Business, diplomatic and deep. Have you any commands?

NORTH.

Nothing particular. Stir up the lads for me.

ODOHERTY.

Poz. I shall certainly mention you at the Pig and Whistle. *Le cochon et soufflé.*

HOGG.

Whaur's that?

ODOHERTY.

In a certain spot. It is the great resort of the eminent literary men of London—you meet them all there and at Sir Humphrey Davy's. I shall send you a dissertation on the taverns of London—which I shall certainly make an *opus magnum*. It is at present the greatest desideratum in our literature.

NORTH.

Do you go through Leeds?

ODOHERTY.

Yes. Why?

NORTH.

You will, of course, call on Alaric Watts. You will find him in Commercial Street.

ODOHERTY.

I know the ground. Leeds is a dirty town; but the devil's in the dice, if you could not raise a tumbler of twist somewhere or other in it.

NORTH.

Tell Watts that I have received his very pretty LITERARY SOUVENIR.

MULLION.

Is it good?

NORTH.

The Literary Souvenir is a very graceful and agreeable book, both inside and outside, and does infinite credit both to the editor and publishers.

ODOHERTY.

Some of our friends—Croly, Delta, and Davie Lyndsay, I see, contribute to it some capital pieces—and you too, Jemmy.

HOGG.

Yes, I wrote some havers about fairies.

NORTH.

No, James, it is not havers, it is a clever writing. But this I tell you, that you will be known in future ages, not by such things, but your great works—your truly great and important works in prose and rhyme—the Chaldee MS., and the Left-handed Fiddler. They will be recorded in the inscription on your tomb, to be erected at Altrive, in the year 2024.

ODOHERTY.

Yes, Hogg, you will shine among the bards of bonny Scotland.

HOGG.

Haud yer tongue anent bonny Scotland, after the blackguard sang ye hae just blethered out.

ODOHERTY.

Do not be angry, Shepherd, and I shall make you blessed by a French song in praise of it; written by Monsieur de Voltaire, a man for whom I have particular respect.

HOGG.

Ou, ay, Voltaire was a man of preceese judgment—So give us his sang.

ODOHERTY *sings*.

1.

Valedico, Scotia, tibi,
Mendica, egens, frigida gens;
Diabolus me reportet ibi
Si unquam tibi sum rediens.
Arbor unus nascitur ibi,
Isque patibulus est decens.
Bos ipse Austrum suspicit, sibi
Alas ut fugeret cupiens.

2.

Vale, vale, Scotia mendica,
Avenæ, siliquæ, crambe, fâr!
Ridentibus virgines, Anglia antiqua,
Salvete, et zythum cui nil est par!
Cum redirem Carlilam lætam
Risu excepi effuso ter,
Si unquam Sarcam rediens petam
Diabole ingens! tu me fer!

3.

Vale popellus tunicatus
Crinibus crassis, et cum his
Tibicen precans si quid afflatus
Famelici emere asse vis!
Capros pascerem Cadwalladero,
Cui cibus ex cepis et caseo fit,
Potius quam degam cum populo fero,
Cui vestis sine fundo sit.

HOGG.

Ay, there's something in *that*. The remark about *popular fair*, O, in the last line amaist, is vera gude indeed.

NORTH.

Get married, O'Doherty, before you return, and bring us back Lady Morgan. All my contributors are getting married.

MULLION.

Yes, faith, but not all with equal luck. Buller was not so very happy!

NORTH.

I am sorry to hear it, for I like that lad Buller.

MULLION.

There's a gayish song on the subject. Shall I sing it?

NORTH, HOGG, ODOHERTY.

By all means.

MULLION *sings*.

THE CRABSTICK.

Air—The Green Immortal Shamrock.

THROUGH Britain's isle as Hymen stray'd
Upon his ambling pony,
With Buller sage, in wig array'd,
To act as cicerone,
To them full many a spouse forlorn
Complain'd of guineas squander'd,
Of visage torn, and breeches worn,
And thus his godship ponder'd—
Oh, the Crabstick! the green immortal Crabstick
I'll insure
A lasting cure
In Russia's native Crabstick!

With magic wand he struck the earth,
 And straight his conjuration
 Gave that same wholesome sapling birth,
 The husband's consolation ;
 Dispense, quoth he, thou legal man,
 This new-discover'd treasure,
 And let thy thumb's capacious span
 Henceforward fix its measure.

Oh, the Crabstick ! the green immortal Crabstick
 Long essay'd
 On jilt and jade
 Be Buller's magic Crabstick !

The olive branch, Minerva's boon,
 Betokens peace and quiet,
 But 'tis sage Hymen's gift alone
 Can quell domestic riot ;
 For 'tis a maxim long maintain'd
 By doctors and logicians,
 That peace is most securely gain'd
 By armed politicians.

Oh, the Crabstick ! the green immortal Crabstick !
 Its vigorous shoot
 Quells all dispute,
 The wonder-working Crabstick !

In idleness and youthful hours,
 When graver thoughts seem stupid,
 Men fly to rose and myrtle bowers
 To worship tiny Cupid ;
 But spliced for life, and wiser grown,
 Dog-sick of sighs and rhyming,
 They haunt the crab-tree bower alone,
 The leafy shrine of Hymen.

Oh, the Crabstick ! the green immortal Crabstick !
 Love bestows
 The useless rose,
 But Hymen gives the Crabstick !

NORTH.

Bravo ! Very well indeed. I hope, however, that he will have no need of using his specific.

ODOHERTY.

I can't stay another minute. Good bye. Keep up the fun, my old fellows, and console yourselves as well as you can.

HOGG.

Take care of yourself, O'Doherty, in the great vanity fair of Lunnun. Dinna let your eye or your tongue seduce you to sin or disgrace—dinna consort wi' drunken loons, or ne'er-do-weel hizzies, but wi' douce, orderly, quiet-like people, like the editor and myself.

ODOHERTY.

Have not time to hear a sermon. Adieu.

[Exit. The Mail-coach horn is heard sounding from the head of Leith Walk. The company listen in tender silence, and wiping a tear from the eye, brew a bowl of punch.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The Rev. W. L. Bowles is preparing for the press, a Reply to some Observations of Mr Roscoe, in his recent edition of Pope's Works.

It is stated that Madame de Genlis is preparing for the press *Memoirs of her Life*, which will occupy four volumes 8vo.

Archdeacon Cox has nearly ready for publication the *History of the Administration of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham*, drawn from authentic sources, with Private and Original Correspondence, from 1743 to 1754. This work, which will be in two volumes quarto, will contain a portrait of Mr Pelham.

Stemmata Anglicana, or a Miscellaneous Collection of Genealogy; shewing the descent of numerous eminent and baronial families, whereof neither Dugdale, Collins, Edmondson, nor any other peerage writer, has hitherto made mention. By T. C. Banks, author of "The Dormant and Extinct Baronetage of England," &c. &c. &c.

The Rev. J. R. Pitman will shortly publish a course of Sermons for the Year; for the use of schools and families. In one large volume.

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Mrs Opie has in the press a work entitled *Illustrations of Lying* in all its Branches.

Mr Winsor is preparing for publication an Appeal to the Public on the Origin, Introduction, and Progress of Gas-Lighting in England, France, &c.

The Rev. Mr Fry's *History of the Christian Church* will shortly appear.

Mr Faulkner has issued proposals for publishing by subscription a *South-West View of the New Gothic Church of St Luke, Chelsea*; from an original drawing.

An Epistle to Archdeacon Nares, V. P. of the Royal Society of Literature, from R. P. Polwhell, an honorary associate. Written at Newlyn Vicarage, near Fruro.

A Treatise on the Steam-Engine; historical, practical, and descriptive. By John Farey, Jun. Engineer, 1 vol. 4to. With illustrative plates and cuts.

Recollections of Foreign Travel, on Life, Literature, and Self-Knowledge. By Sir S. E. Brydges, Bart. &c. &c.

Mrs H. More is preparing for publication, *Thoughts on the Importance and Universal Obligation of Prayer*, selected by herself from various parts of her published volumes. In one volume, foolscap 8vo.

The Opinion of the Catholic Church for the Three First Centuries, on the necessity of believing that Our Lord Jesus Christ is the True God. Translated from the Latin of Bishop Bull. By the Rev. T. Rankin.

Mr J. Cornish has in the press a *View of the Present State of the Salmon and Channel Fisheries, and of the Statute Laws by which they are regulated.*

A work, entitled *Revelations of the Dead Alive*, is announced for publication.

A Voyage, performed in the years 1822-23-24; containing an Examination of the Antarctic Sea to the 74th degree of latitude, and a Visit to Terra-del-Fuega, with a Particular Account of the Inhabitants. By James Weddell, Esq.

Tales, Novels, and Miscellanies. By Maria Edgeworth.

Muscologia Britannica; containing the Mosses of Great Britain and Ireland, systematically arranged and described; with plates illustrative of the character of the genera and species. By William Jackson Hooker, F.R.S. A.S.L. &c. and Thomas Taylor, M.D. M.R.I.A. and F.L.S. &c. In 8vo, with plates.

The Moral Government of God Vindicated in Observations on the System of Theology taught by the Rev. Dr Hawker, Vicar of Charles, Plymouth. By Isaiah Birt.

Hien Wun Shoo; or, Chinese Moral Maxims; with a free and verbal translation, affording examples of the grammatical structure of the language. Compiled by J. P. Davies, F.R.S.

The Twenty-third Number of Fosbroke's *Encyclopedia of Antiquities* is on the eve of publication.

Village Lawyer; or, Every Englishman his own Attorney. By Henry Cooper.

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An *Explanatory Dictionary of the Apparatus and Instruments employed in the various Operations of Philosophical and Experimental Chemistry.*

The Rev. Mr Newcome has nearly ready for publication a *Life of Archbishop Sharpe*. It will be comprised in two octavo volumes, and a portrait of the archbishop will accompany the memoir.

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We have the pleasure of announcing, that by his Majesty's special command, will be published, early in the ensuing year, in one volume 4to, JOANNIS MILTONI Angli DE DOCTRINA CHRISTIANA, Libri duo posthumi, nunc primum Typis Mandati; edente C. R. Sumner, M. A. At the same time will be published, uniform with the above, a Treatise on Christian Doctrine, by John Milton, translated from the original by Charles R. Sumner, M.A. Librarian and Historiographer to his Majesty, and Prebendary of Worcester. This important and interesting posthumous work of Milton, and the Translation, are now printing at the Cambridge University Press.

The History of Origins, forming a collection of antiquities, important historical facts, singular customs, political and social institutions, and national rites and peculiarities, &c. &c. is now in the press.

The Lectures of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. F. R. S. Surgeon to the King, &c. &c. on the Principles and Practice of Surgery; with additional Notes and Cases, by Frederick Tyrrell, Esq. Surgeon to St Thomas's Hospital, and to the London Ophthalmic Infirmary.

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Mr Bliss has in the press, a Practical Treatise on Fruit Trees, and a description of all the best Fruits in cultivation.

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Mr Gilbert has in the press, Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Rev. Edward Williams, D. D.; with an Appendix, including remarks on important parts of Theological Science, in 1 volume.

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Mr Ugo Foscolo has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, the Ancient Italian Poets, with Biographical Notices, &c.

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 London, Corn Exchange, Nov. 1. Liverpool, Nov. 2.

Wheat, red, old	52 to 70	Maple	— to —	Wheat, per 70 lb.	— to —	Amer. p. 196 lb.	— to —
Red, new	52 to 60	White pease	37 to 44	Eng.	7 6 to 9 6	Sweet, U.S. 21 0 to 24 0	Do. in bond — to —
Fine ditto	62 to 65	Ditto, boilers	43 to 50	Old	— to —	Do. in bond	— to —
Superfine ditto	65 to 70	Small Beans, new	44 to 48	Scotch	7 6 to 9 6	Sour bond	18 0 to 20 0
White, old	58 to 76	Ditto, old	48 to 50	Irish	6 6 to 7 10	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	— to —
White, new	54 to 57	Tick ditto, new	34 to 36	Bonded	4 6 to 6 6	English	28 0 to 32 0
Fine ditto	58 to 68	Ditto, old	40 to 42	Barley, per 60 lbs.	— to —	Scotch	27 0 to 32 0
Superfine ditto	70 to 74	Feed oats	17 to 19	Eng.	5 6 to 6 3	Irish	24 0 to 30 0
Rye	32 to 36	Fine ditto	20 to 25	Scotch	4 9 to 5 0	Bran, p. 24 lb.	0 9 to 0 11
Barley	32 to 35	Poland ditto	19 to 20	Irish	4 6 to 5 0	Butter, Beef, &c.	— to —
Fine ditto	37 to 41	Fine ditto	22 to 25	Foreign	4 9 to 5 0	Butter, p. wt. s. d.	— to —
Superfine ditto	42 to 47	Potato ditto	21 to 23	Oats, per 45 lb.	— to —	Belfast, new	97 0 to 98 0
Malt	58 to 62	Fine ditto	24 to 27	Eng.	3 1 to 3 3	Newry	91 0 to 92 0
Fine	64 to 68	Scotch	27 to 29	Irish	2 11 to 3 2	Waterford	89 0 to 90 0
Hog Pease	34 to 36	Flour, per sack	65 to 70	For. in bond	2 0 to 2 2	Cork, pic. 24, 94 0 to —	— to —
Maple	59 to 42	Ditto, seconds	60 to 65	Do. dut. fr.	2 11 to 3 2	5d dry	80 0 to 82 0
				Rye, per qr.	35 0 to 38 6	Beef, p. tierce.	— to —
				Malt per b.	9 3 to 9 9	Mess	90 0 to 95 0
				Middling	8 6 to 9 5	p. barrel	— to —
				Beans, per q.	— to —	Pork, p. bl.	— to —
				English	.44 0 to 48 6	Mess	.78 0 to 80 0
				Irish	.42 0 to 46 0	Middl.	.73 0 to 75 0
				Rapeseed, p. l. nominal	— to —	Bacon, p. cwt.	— to —
				Pease, grey	55 0 to 44 0	Short mids.	— 0 to — 0
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				Flour, English,	— to —	Hams, dry,	— 0 to — 0
				p. 240 lb. fine	45 0 to 52 0	Green	— 0 to — 0
				Irish,	2s 44 0 to 50 0	Lard, rd. p. c.	56 0 to — 0

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	1st.	3th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	—	—	233½	234½ 3¾ 4¼
3 per cent. reduced,	—	—	95½	95¾ 1
3 per cent. consols,	95½ 3/8 1/2	95¾ 3/8 1/2	96½	96½ 96
3½ per cent. consols,	—	—	102½	102½
4 per cent. consols,	—	—	—	—
New 4 per cent. consols,	106¼ 3/8	106¾ 7/8	108 7/8 8½	108¾ 1
India stock,	—	—	291 90½	290½
— bonds,	80 81	87 88	95 96	102 100
Exchequer bills,	45 46	48 54	54 51	54 56
Exchequer bills, sm.	44 46	—	—	45 46
Consols for acc.	95¾ 3/8	95 3/8 3/4	96¾ 3/8	96¼ 7/8 1
Long Annuities,	—	—	23 5-16	23 1-16
French 5 per cents.	105f. 50c.	—	103f. 25c.	103f. 0c.

Course of Exchange, Nov. 2.—Amsterdam, 12 : 2. C. F. Ditto at sight, 11 : 19. Rotterdam, 12 : 3. Antwerp, 12 : 3. Hamburg, 37 : 0. Altona, 37 : 1. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 20. Bourdeaux, 25 : 50. Frankfort on the Maine, 152. Petersburg, per rble. 9 : 3. Us. Berlin, 7 : 10. Vienna, 10 : 3. Eff. flo. Trieste, 10 : 3. Eff. flo. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35½. Bilboa, 35½. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 44½. Venice, 27 : 0. Malta, 0 : 0. Naples, 38½. Palermo, per oz. 115½. Lisbon, 50½. Oporto, 50½. Rio Janeiro, 46 Bahia, 49. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

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	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . . cwt.	55	to 58	54	57	51	53	54	55
Mid. good, and fine mid.	60	64	58	64	54	61	56	60
Fine and very fine, . .	70	76	—	—	66	72	66	70
Refined Doub. Leaves, .	106	115	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto,	—	—	—	—	—	—	84	88
Single ditto,	90	104	87	96	—	—	78	80
Small Lumps,	82	85	83	85	—	—	76	80
Large ditto,	80	84	78	80	—	—	84	88
Crushed Lumps,	35	38	—	—	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	30	6	27	27	27	6	25	27
COFFEE, Jamaica, . . cwt.	44	50	—	—	38	49	50	54
Ord. good, and fine ord.	55	70	50	64	51	65	55	59
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70	80	68	88	72	92	75	102
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	35	50	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	—	58	68	54	68	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	70	—	70	86	—	—
St Domingo,	122	126	—	—	57	58	51	60
Pimento (in Bond), . . .	9	10	—	—	7½	8	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 0	—	1s 9d	1s 10	1s 11d	3s 0d	1s 7d	2s 0
Brandy,	3 0	3 6	—	—	—	—	2 4	3 8
Geneva,	2 0	2 3	—	—	—	—	1 4	1 9
Grain Whisky,	4 6	4 9	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	40	55	—	—	—	—	£48	£50
Portugal Red, pipe,	32	44	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spanish White, butt,	31	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe,	27	29	—	—	—	—	22	28
Madeira,	40	0	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton,	10	0	£7 0	7 5	£7	—	£7	10
Honduras,	—	—	—	—	7 5	—	7	7 15
Campeachy,	8	—	—	—	7 15	—	8 10	—
FUSTIC, Jamaica,	7	8	8 0	8 8	8 0	—	6 0	7 10
Cuba,	9	11	9 10	10 0	9 10	10 5	9	10 0
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	10s	11s 6	—	—	10s 0	11s 0	10s 0	11s 8
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 4	2 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid),	2 2	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, . .	1 0	1 6	1 1	1 4	0 11	1 2	0 10	1 0
St Domingo, ditto, . . .	1 6	3 6	1 6	3 0	1 7	2 10	1 9	2 0
TAR, American, brl.	18	0	18	—	14 0	16 0	15 0	—
Archangel,	17 0	17 6	—	—	—	—	16 0	16 6
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	10 0	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	38 0	40	36	38	36 6	37	35 0	35 6
Home melted,	39	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Polish Rhinc, ton,	—	42	—	—	—	—	£42	0 42 0
Petersburgh, Clean, . . .	39	40	—	—	39	40	37 0	37 10
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	56	—	—	—	—	—	£52 0	£54
Dutch,	50	75	—	—	—	—	44	45
Irish,	35	50	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel,	—	100	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	17	21	—	—	—	—	14 12	14 15
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	40	—	—	—	—	—	36	—
Montreal, ditto,	38 6	—	—	—	37 3	37 6	36	40
Pot,	34	—	—	—	55 6	—	39 6	40
OIL, Whale, tun,	26	27	27	27 10	—	—	25	—
Cod,	25	—	25	26	—	—	24	25 0
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7	7½	7½	7½	0 5½	0 8	0	7½
Middling,	5½	6½	5½	6½	0 3½	0 5	0	4 0 5
Inferior,	4	5	4	5	0 2	0 2½	0	2½ 0 2½
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 8½	0 9½	0 8	0 9½	0	7½ 0 9
Sea Island, fine,	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 3	1 5	1	2 1 8
Good,	—	—	1 2	1 5	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Middling,	—	—	1 1	1 1½	1 0½	1 1	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	0 10	0 11	0 10½	1 0½	0 11	1 0½
West India,	—	—	0 8½	0 9	0 7½	1 0	0 9	0 10½
Pernambuco,	—	—	0 10½	0 11½	0 11½	1 0	0 11	1 0
Maranham,	—	—	0 10	0 10½	0 10½	0 11½	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Oct. 1	M.51	28.941	M.56	Cble.	Morn. fair, day showery	17	M.25	29.686	M.37	NE.	Frost morn. fair day.
	A.56	.772	A.55		Showery		A.31	.855	A.39		Rain morn. fair day.
2	M.38	.785	M.50	SW.	most of day.	18	M.32	.636	M.44	W.	Ditto.
	A.46	.751	A.52		Fair, mild, sunshine.		A.40	.667	A.45		Ditto.
3	M.45	29.204	M.56	SW.	Fair morn. day showery.	19	M.40	.502	M.49	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A.54	.456	A.54		Heavy fog most of day.		A.48	.399	A.48		Dayfair, dull h. rain night.
4	M.46	.520	M.53	Cble.	Heavy fog most of day.	20	M.59	.405	M.48	W.	Morn. rain, day showery.
	A.54	.525	A.52		Rain, with heavy fog.		A.47	.715	A.50		Foren. fair, aftern. rain.
5	M.41	.441	M.55	NE.	Rain, with heavy fog.	21	M.39	.630	M.47	SW.	Foren. fair, rain even.
	A.50	.433	A.54		Rain morn. day fair.		A.47	.504	A.49		Foren. fair, rain aftern.
6	M.45	.304	M.53	E.	Fair foren. hail aftern.	22	M.42	.380	M.54	SW.	Ditto.
	A.49	.304	A.53		Heavy rain most of day.		A.55	.380	A.55		Fair, with sunshine.
7	M.47	.150	M.54	E.	Showers hail and sleet.	23	M.50	.531	M.55	Cble.	Morn. rain, day showery.
	A.52	28.999	A.54		Foren. snow, aftern. fair.		A.49	.625	A.53		Foren. fair, aftern. rain.
8	M.48	.998	M.49	E.	Rain morn. day fair, cold	24	M.45	.562	M.52	Cble.	Foren. fair, rain even.
	A.52	29.190	A.53		Morn. frost, day fair, cold		A.49	.294	A.54		Ditto.
9	M.40	.398	M.49	NE.	Ditto.	25	M.43	28.998	M.53	SW.	Ditto.
	A.44	.465	A.47				A.53	.990	A.52		Ditto.
10	M.35	.560	M.44	E.		26	M.40	.762	M.51	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A.42	.150	A.44				A.48	.720	A.49		Ditto.
11	M.52	28.999	M.44	NE		27	M.39	.890	M.47	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A.42	29.140	A.44				A.44	29.172	A.55		Ditto.
12	M.31	.147	M.42	NE.		28	M.34	.246	M.47	W.	Ditto.
	A.38	.147	A.39				A.39	.538	A.45		Ditto.
13	M.26	28.998	M.37	Cble.		29	M.30	.592	M.42	Cble.	Dull, snow on hills, frost.
	A.32	.994	A.36				A.38	.498	A.45		Rain morn. dull day.
14	M.33	29.350	M.42	NE.		30	M.35	.615	M.50	NW.	Ditto.
	A.41	.560	A.41				A.38	.797	A.50		Ditto.
15	M.28	.440	M.38	Cble.		31	M.30	.510	M.46	NW.	Ditto.
	A.35	.555	A.38				A.37	.310	A.45		
16	M.28	.595	M.38	NE.							
	A.35	.599	A.								

Average of rain, 4.525.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of September, and 20th of October, 1824; extracted from the London Gazette.

- Appleton, C. Northampton, hosier.
 Arangelo, Claudio, Gloucester-terrace, Bethnal-green, feather merchant.
 Baildon, T. Dean-street, Soho, coffeehouse keeper.
 Barton, L. Strutton-ground, Westminster, linen-draper.
 Bell, J. Manchester, dealer in cotton twist.
 Burgess, G. and E. Maidstone, milliners.
 Burgess, T. Sittingbourne, Kent, banker.
 Byng, C. Staines, bookseller.
 Clayton, W. B. Manchester, soot-dealer.
 Cooke, J. Barnstaple, Devonshire, linen-draper.
 Cooper, B. W. Wrexham, Denbighshire, spirit-merchant.
 Davies, G. Haverfordwest, shopkeeper.
 Davis, S. Great Surrey-street, Blackfriar's Road, dealer in drugs.
 Davison, J. St George's Circus, St George's Fields, linen-draper.
 Duncan, J. Trafalgar-square, Stepney, merchant.
 Edington, T. Wells-street, Oxford-street, coach-maker, and Tooley-street, Southwark, sacking-manufacturer.
 Emans, J. Ivy-lane, bookseller.
 Eveleigh, F. and S. Union-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturers.
 Fairless, M. Bishop Wearmouth, Durham, merchant.
 Goodenough, C. Fleet-street, baker.
 Hanson, R. B. Bedford, boot and shoemaker.
 Harris, Wm. Monmouth, grocer.
 Harrison, B. and M. Sheffield, paper-manufacturers.
 Helling, E. Bedford-street, Bedford Row, Holborn, painter.
 Hodgson, G. Liverpool, grocer.
 Houlden, R. High-row, Kensington, coal-merchant.
 Humphries, J. Westbury, Wiltshire, woolstapler.
 Hyslop, J. Ipswich, grocer.
 Loud, T. and T. Burgess, Sittingbourne, Kent, bankers.
 Lowman, J. G. Crawford-street, Mary-le-bone, grocer.
 Martindale, B. jun. Gate-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, money-scrivener.
 Mason, J. Keswick, Cumberland, mercer.
 Metcalf, F. Friday-street, wholesale linen-draper.
 Millard, J. Cheapside, linen-draper.
 Morley, J. Oxford, butcher.
 Nunn, K. Queen-street, Cheapside, warehouseman.
 Pearson, C. Grosvenor-place, Southwark, grocer.
 Peckham, H. C. Bushy Rough, paper-manufacturer.
 Perkins, R. Monmouth, coal-merchant.
 Plant, Uriah, Wharton, Cheshire, flour-dealer.
 Robson, G. Benwall, Northumberland, common brewer.
 Salter, T. Manchester, and Wm. Pearson, London, merchants.
 Sanderson, J. Birmingham, victualler.
 Sheppard, E. M. Hornsey, tavern-keeper.
 Smith, J. and F. Clement's-lane, and St Swithin's-lane, wine-merchants.
 Stiekney, W. Welton, Yorkshire, linen-draper.
 Stubbs, J. Hadlow-street, Burton Crescent, wine-merchant.
 Thomson, M. Norfolk-street, Commercial Road, and R. Longridge, South Shields, paint and colour manufacturers.
 Vincent, G. St Margaret's-hill, Southwark, jeweller.
 Wainwright, J. Manchester, merchant.
 Walker, J. Manchester, corn-dealer.
 Waylett, J. N. Fish-street Hill, and Crooked-lane, cordwainer.
 Watkins, J. Warminster, Wiltshire, corn-factor.
 Worthington, W. J. Lower Thames-street, wine and spirit merchant.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st of October, 1824, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Clark, Charles, in Glendow, cattle-dealer and fish-curer in the county of Sutherland.
 Martin, James, and company, manufacturers, Paisley.
 Spence, George, merchant, Picardy Place, Edinburgh.
 West and Eckford, coach-makers, Edinburgh.

DIVIDENDS.

Christie, Andrew, late merchant in Leith; a first and final dividend after 8th November.
 Gordon, William, some time coal-merchant in Saint Andrews; a first dividend to those creditors ranked since the first dividend was struck; and a second dividend to those who have duly produced their claims, after 24th November.
 King, George, merchant in Glasgow; a dividend on 22d November.

Montgomerie, Alexander, grain, cattle, and cheese dealer, in Todhole of Auchentiber; an interim dividend 3d November.

Nasmyth, Pollock, and Co. paper-makers at Melville Mill, and stationers in Edinburgh; an equalizing dividend on 4th November to those whose claims were not lodged in time for the first.

Richardson, Robert, late merchant in, and Provost of Lochmaben; a dividend 30th November.
 Sturrock, William, the deceased, merchant in Dundee; a fourth and final dividend on 8th December.

Young, Alexander, late merchant and ship-owner in Perth; a final dividend 8th November.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

October.

Brevet.	Capt. Pilkington, 3 R. Vet. Bn. Maj. in the Army	12 Aug. 1819.	62	Ens. Damerum, Lt. by purch. vice Mitchell, ret.	23 Sept.
R. H. Gds. Cor.	Lord Pelham, from 6 Dr. Gds. Cor. by p. vice Arbutnot, ret.	14 Oct. 1824.	66	F. Kerr, Ens.	14 Oct.
1 Dr. Gds. Cor.	Smith, Lieut. by purch. vice Heaviside, ret.	do.	69	Lt. Ross, from h. p. 61 F. Lt. vice Dodgin, 31 F.	30 do.
2d Lt.	Elwes, from 25 F. Cor.	do.		Ens. Penn, Lt. vice Smith, prom.	11 May, 1823.
4 Dr.	Lt. Shaw, from 17 Dr. Lt. vice Hart, h. p. 17 Dr.	27 Sept. 1825.		— Muttelbury, Lt. vice Roy, dead	28 Jan. 1824.
7	Lt. Inge, Capt. by purch. vice Williams, ret.	16 Sept. 1824.		W. Semple, jun. Ens. vice Muttelbury	23 Sept.
3 F. Gds.	G. A. F. Houston, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Westenna, 75 F.	23 do.	75	Maj. Visc. Barnard, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Sir J. Campbell, ret.	do.
	Hon. M. H. Ongley, do. by purch. vice Houston, cancelled	14 Oct.		Capt. M'Adam, Major	do.
5 F.	Lt. Harris, Capt. by purch. vice Pollock, ret.	23 Sept.		Lt. Hon. J. C. Westenna, from 3 F. Gds. Capt.	do.
	Ens. Hatton, Lt.	do.	82	Lt. Methold, from 4 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Taylor, ret.	14 Oct.
7	P. M. N. Guy, Ens.	do.	83	Capt. Magenis, from 28 F. Capt. vice Brutton, Staff Ion. Isl.	30 Sept.
	As. Surg. O'Reilly, from h. p. 1 F. As. Surg. vice James Staff	12 do.		Lt. Brough, from h. p. 99 F. Paym. vice Greig, h. p.	7 Oct.
8	Lt. Hannay, Capt. by purch. vice Bl. Maj. Robinson, ret.	30 do.	87	Lt. Christian, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Moore, 35 F.	23 Sept.
	Ens. Cotter, Lt.	do.	91	Bl. Lt. Col. M'Donald, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Mac Neill, ret.	do.
	E. Newton, Ens.	do.		Capt. Anderson, Maj.	do.
13	Ens. Jones, Lt. vice Rothe, dead	18 Nov. 1823.		Lt. Fraser, Capt.	do.
	R. W. Croker, Ens.	do.		Ens. Barnes, Lt.	do.
21 F.	Capt. Doherty, Maj. by parch. vice MacLaine, prom.	16 Sept. 1821.	93	W. M. Wetenhall, Ens.	do.
	Lt. Beresford, Capt.	do.		Ens. Sutherland, Lt. vice Sutherland,	2 W. I. R.
	2d Lt. Beete, 1st Lt.	do.		G. Drummond Ens.	14 Oct.
	W. H. Armstrong, 2d Lt.	do.	98	Lt. Stuart, Capt. vice M'Iver, dead, do.	
23	Gen. Cadet, B. Losh, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lt. vice Elwes, 1 Dr. Gds.	14 Oct.		Ens. Dutton, Lt.	do.
	Capt. Nicholls, from h. p. 25 Dr. Capt. vice Maegenis, 82 F.	30 Sept.		Hon. J. H. R. Curzon, Ens.	do.
	W. Sullivan, Ens. by purch. vice Lord S. Lennox, 52 F.	14 Oct.		2 W. I. R. Lt. Campbell, from Ceylon R. Lt. vice Boyes, 38 F.	23 Sept.
28	J. C. Battley, Ens. vice Vanderzee, dead	1 Jan. 1821.		Lt. Spence, Adj. vice Currey, dead	25 Aug.
	Lt. Dodgin, from 66 F. Lt. vice Beckham, h. p. 61 F.	30 Sept. 1821.		Lt. Sutherland, from 93 F. Capt. vice Winter, dead	14 Oct.
32	Ens. Lord S. Lennox, from 28 F. Lt. by purch. vice Ives, ret.	14 Oct.		Ceylon R. Lt. Hodges, from h. p. 21 F. Lt. vice Campbell, 2 W. I. R.	25 Sept.
35	Lt. Moore, from 87 F. Lt. vice Walsh, 1 Vet. Bn.	23 Sept.		Afr. Col. C. Hosp. As. J. Bell, (2d) As. Surg. vice Geddes, cancelled	8 July.
38	Lt. C. J. Boyes, from 2 W. I. R. Lt. vice J. W. Boyes, h. p. 21 F.	do.		Ens. White, Lt. vice Swanzy, killed in action	7 Oct.
41	Ens. Tathwell, Lt. by purch. vice Smith, ret.	7 Oct.		J. A. Gordon, Ens.	do.
43	As. Surg. Starr, from h. p. As. Surg.	16 Sept.		Maj. Chisholm, Lt. Col.	14 do.
				2d Lt. Campbell, from Col. Comp. Mauritius, Lt. vice Maclean, dead, do.	do.
				1 Vet. Bn. Lt. Walsh, from 35 F. Lieut. vice Christian, 87 F.	25 Sept.
				Capt. Pilkington, from Vet. Comp. Newf. Capt. vice Hall, h. p. 105 F. 2do.	do.

Vet. Com. } Capt. Willock, from h. p. 103 F. Capt.
Newf. } vice Pilkington, 3 Vet. Bn. do.
Lt. Rice, from h. p. 34 F. Lt. vice
Dunn, cancelled 30 do.
As. Surg. Strachan, from h. p. 3 W. I. R.
As. Surg. 23 do.

Unattached.

Maj. Deare, from 8 Dr. Lt. Col. of Inf. by p. vice
M. Gen. Barry, ret. 14 Oct. 1824.
Lt. Hon. W. L. L. Fitz G. de Roos, from 1 Life
Gds. Capt. of Comp. by purch. vice Wilson, ret.
23 do.

Staff.

Lt. Anderson, from 63 F. Adj. of Recruit. Dist.
vice Munbee, h. p. 69 F. 23 Sept. 1824.

Hospital Staff.

Staff Surg. Lyons, from h. p. Surg. vice Tully,
prom. 25 Sept. 1824.
As. Surg. James, from 7 F. As. Surg. vice Muir,
h. p. 1 F. 12 do.
Hosp. As. Nelson, As. Surg. vice O'Beirne, 2
W. I. R. 8 Oct.
J. Fraser, Hosp. As. do.

Exchanges.

Capt. Lewis, from 57 F. with Bt. Major Ovens,
h. p. 74 F.
Capt. Smith, from 63 F. with Bt. Major Kerr, 3
R. Vet. Bn.
Capt. Barlow, from 11 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt.
Bond, h. p. 19 Dr.
Capt. Forster, from 3 F. G. with Capt. Hon. J. C.
Westenra, 75 F.
Capt. Borlase, from 2 F. with Capt. Brough, 96 F.
Capt. Reed, from 31 F. with Capt. Greene, 53 F.
Capt. Browne, from 50 F. with Capt. Kyle, h. p.
26 F.
Capt. Muller, from 60 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Man-
ners, h. p.
Lieut. St Quintin, from 4 Dr. with Lieut. Lewis,
17 Dr.
Lieut. Bartlet, from 60 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Wood, h. p. 7 F.
2d Lieut. Von Kruger, from 60 F. rec. diff. with
2d Lieut. Price, h. p. 2 Ceylon Regt.
2d Lieut. Paterson, from 60 F. rec. diff. with En-
sign Pigott, h. p. 39 F.
Cornet Dundas, from 6 Dr. with Ensign Addison,
65 F.
Surg. Stanford, from 29 F. with Surg. Milton,
h. p. Cape Regt.
Surg. Alderson, from 62 F. with Surg. Linn, h. p.
95 F.
Assist. Surg. Gardiner, from 3 Vet. Bn. with
Assist. Surg. Dillon, h. p. 72 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major General Barry, late of 15 F.
Lieut. Col. Sir J. Campbell, 75 F.
—— Mac Neill, 31 F.
Major Robinson, 8 F.
Capt. Williams, 7 Dr.
—— Pollock, 5 F.

Capt. Taylor, 75 F.
—— Wilson, R. Art.
Lieut. Heavyside, 1 Dr. G.
—— Ives, 32 F.
—— Smith, 41 F.
—— Michell, 62 F.
Cornet Arbutnot, R. Horse Gds.

Appointments Cancelled.

Lieut. Dunn, Vet. Comp. Newf.
Ens. and Lieut. Houstoun 3 F. G.
Assist. Surg. Geddes, Afr. Col. Corps.

Dismissed.

2d Capt. Atehlson, Roy. Art.
1st Lieut. G. F. Dawson, Roy. Art.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. Sir John Macdonald, K.C.B. East
Ind. Co. Serv. Calcutta 12 June, 1824.
Capt. M'Iver, 98 F. Chichester 9 Oct.
—— Winter, 2 W. I. R. on passage from Sierra
Leone 25 Sept.
—— Christie, h. p. 37 F. previously of 5 Dr. G.
—— Artherton, h. p. 67 F. Norwich, 1 Feb.
—— Sir N. Dukinfield, Bt. h. p. 82 F. Oct.
—— Dunne, Ceylon Regt.
—— Dudie, h. p. 44 F. Poole 25 Nov. 1823.
—— Molyneux, h. p. Indep. Comp. near Guild-
ford 24 Nov.
Lieut. Anderson, 4 Dr. Kaira 1 May, 1824.
—— Wall, 16 F.
—— O'Hara, do.
—— Rigney, do.
—— Kerr, 38 F. killed in action with the Bur-
mese 1824.
—— Summerfield, 85 F.
—— Henry, 2 W. I. R. Cape Coast Castle
22 June.
—— Smith, Ceylon Regt.
—— Maclean, Afr. Col. Corps.
—— Swanzy, do. wounded and afterwards killed
in action with the Ashantees, near Cape
Coast Castle 11 July.
—— Thomas, Inval. Chester Sept.
—— Moodie, do. Middlesex Oct.
—— Kinloch, h. p. 76 F. 17 May.
—— Ainsworth, h. p. 34 F. Billericay, Essex
28 July.
—— Anderson, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Dinan, France
19 May.
2d Lieut. Michel, R. Eng. Kandy, Ceylon
23 Apr.
Ens. Toole, 80 F. whilst employed on a mission in
the interior of Africa 26 Feb.
—— Noel, h. p. 55 F. Bronymaine 10 July.
—— Teasdale, So. Lincoln Milit. 16 Apr.
Paym. Lt. Stopford, 2 W. I. R. Sierra Leone
22 July.
Adj. Lt. Curry, 2 W. I. Reg. Sierra Leone
15 Aug.
Quar. Mast. Ens. Mahon, Afr. Col. Corps.
—— Balmer, h. p. 28 Dr. 10 Sept.
Dep. Ass. Com. Gen. J. Jesse, West Bromwich,
Staffordshire 10 Oct.
Hosp. Ass. Geddes, Accra, West Coast of Africa
21 July.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 8, 1824. At St Croix, in the West Indies,
the lady of Joseph Bushby, Esq. of a son.
Sept. 12. At Dinan, France, Mrs Ralston of
Towerhill, of a daughter.
24. At Paradise House, near Castletown, Isle
of Man, the lady of General Cumming, of a son.
Oct. 4. At Heriot Row, Mrs Maekenzie of In-
verinate, of a daughter.
—— At 9, Albany Street, Mrs Cargill, of a daugh-
ter.
—— At Campsall Park, the lady of Sir Joseph
Radeliffe, Bart. of a son and heir.
6. At 28, Queen Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Borth-
wick, younger of Crookston, of a son.

6. Mrs Welsh, 60, Northumberland Street, of
a son.

8. In Portland Place, London, the lady of M.
Stewart Nicholson, Esq. of Carnock, of a daugh-
ter.

9. At Edinburgh, the lady of William Ogilvie,
Esq. younger of Chesters, of a son.

—— In George Street, Mrs Dr MacLagan, of a son.

12. At Edinburgh, the lady of Norman Lock-
hart, Esq. of a daughter.

—— Mrs Maekenzie Ross of Aldie, of a son.

—— Mrs Knowles of Kirkville, of a daughter.

15. At Gogar House, the lady of A. Maitland
Gibson, younger of Cliftonhall, Esq. of a son.

—— At Edinburgh, Mrs Baillie of Culterallers, of
a son.

16. At Ballinaby, Mrs Campbell, of a daughter.
 17. In Frederick Street, Mrs T. Rymer, of a daughter.
 — Mrs Wishart, York Place, of a daughter.
 19. At Warriston Croseent, Mrs Carmichael, of a daughter.
 — At Whim, the lady of Archibald Montgomery, Esq. of a son.
 20. At his house in George Street, Edinburgh, the lady of Lieut.-General Sir John Hope, G.C.B. of a son.
 — At Glorat, the lady of Captain Stirling, of a son.
 — Mrs J. S. Robertson, Pitt Street, of a son.
 22. At Pinkie House, the lady of Sir John Hope, of Craighall, Bart. of a son.
 23. In Abercromby Place, the lady of Charles Wake, Esq. of a son.
 — At Heriot Row, the lady of Alexander Norman Macleod, Esq. of a daughter.
 24. At 16, Royal Circus, Mrs Renny, of a daughter.
 — Mrs Johnston of Sands, of a son.
 25. At the house of Mrs Admiral Deans, Northumberland Street, the lady of Alexander Deans, Esq. Master in Chancery in the Island of Jamaica, of a daughter.
 — At Stirling Castle, Mrs Whitehead, of a daughter.
 26. At Rose Park, Mrs Dunbar, of a son.
 27. At Edinburgh, the lady of William L. White, Esq. advocate, of a son.
 28. At 15, Duke Street, Mrs Dr Sanders, of a son.
Lately. At Geddes House, the lady of William Macintosh, Esq. of Geddes, of a daughter.
 — At Stirling, the lady of John Fraser, Esq. advocate, of a daughter.
 — In Glamis, the wife of a labourer, of two girls and a boy.

MARRIAGES.

- Sept.* At London, Captain Alexander Fraser, Royal Engineers, eldest son of Vice-Admiral Fraser, to Mademoiselle Cecille de Julienne, only daughter of the late Count de Julienne.
 27. At Dublin, the Rev. W. H. Drummond, D. D. Minister of the Presbyterian Church of Strand Street, to Catherine, daughter of the late Robert Blackly, Esq. of Lurgan Street.
 28. At Northampton, Archibald Robertson, M. D. of that place, to Lucy, only daughter of the late Mr Pell, of Sywell Hall.
Oct. 4. At Edinburgh, William Henry Dowbiggin, Esq. to Georgina, fourth daughter of the Hon. William Maule of Panmure, M. P.
 — At Skedsbush, Mr David Hume, merchant, Edinburgh, to Jane Veitch, second daughter of Richard Sommer, Esq. of Sommerfield.
 — At Aberdeen, William Forbes Robertson, Esq. of Hazlehead, to Helen, youngest daughter of James Hadden, Esq.
 — At Glasgow, Thomas Galbraith Logan, Esq. M. D. surgeon of the 5th Dragoon Guards, to Mrs Marion Ann Snodgrass, relict of John Buchanan, Esq. of Ladrichmore.
 — At Glasgow, Mr Duncan M'Cuaig, clothier, Edinburgh, to Jess Graham, second daughter of the Rev. Alex. Simson, parish of Lochs, Lewis.
 — At Riccarton, William Kaye, of the Middle Temple, Esq. barrister-at-law, to Mary Cecilia, eldest daughter of James Gibson Craig of Riccarton, Esq.
 5. At Edinburgh, Peter Clarke Gibson, Esq. surgeon, to Catherine, second daughter of the late John M'Kenzie, Esq. of Strathgarve.
 — At Aberdeen, Alex. Warrant, Esq., Madras Medical Establishment, to Emilia Mary Davidson, second daughter of H. R. Duff, Esq. of Muirtown, Inverness-shire.
 — At Dedham, George Round, Esq. of Lexden, near Colchester, to Margaret, second daughter of the late Major-General Borthwick, of the Royal Artillery.
 — John Lewis Graham Balfour, Esq. writer to the signet, to Alexis, eldest daughter of Charles Mercer, Esq. Allan Park, Stirling.
 — At Millfield, Haddington, Peter Crooks, Esq. writer to the signet, to Marion, daughter of Mr Peter Dods.
 — At Hermitage Place, Leith, Mr Ebenezer Watson to Isabella, daughter of William Thorburn, Esq.

6. At Edinburgh, Mr John Neil, Greenside Company, to Mary, eldest daughter of James Glover, Esq. Hailes Street.
 10. At Kirkcaldy, Mr Peter Hill, manufacturer, Glasgow, to Janet, eldest daughter of Mr Ebenezer Birrell, merchant there.
 11. At Dalsert, James Bruce of Broomhill, Esq. to Janet, third daughter of William Jamieson, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.
 12. At Edinburgh, Dr Adam Turnbull, to Margaret, third daughter of George Young, Esq. accountant of Exeise.
 — At Mayfield, Lieutenant William Bremner, of the 24th regiment, Madras Army, to Georgina Huntly, fourth daughter of the late James Robertson of Mayfield, Esq. writer to the signet.
 13. At Aberdeen, Major J. S. Sinclair, Royal Artillery, to Euphemia, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Buchan, Esq. of Auchmacoy.
 14. At London, Charles Murray, Esq. of St Peter's College, Cambridge, third son of Major-General John Murray, to Frederica Jane, second daughter of the late Frederick Groves, Esq.
 16. At Guernsey, James Cockburn, Esq. to Maria Louisa, eldest daughter of the late William Corbin, Esq. of Guernsey.
 18. James Hamilton, Esq. of Bangour, to Mary, third daughter of the Hon. William Maule of Panmure, M. P.
 — At Sundrum, the Rev. George Colville, Minister of Kilwinning, to Janet Maria, daughter of the late Alexander Macdougall, Esq.
 — At Woodhill, James Hadden, jun. Esq. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of George Hogarth, Esq. of Woodhill.
 19. At the Manse of Lanark, Charles Cowan, Esq. Penicuik, to Catharine, second daughter of the Rev. Mr Menzies.
 — At Edinburgh, Hugh Craig, Esq. Wallace Bank, Kilmarnock, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Porteous.
 — Captain Robert Gordon, of the 45th Regiment, to Anne, only daughter of John Gordon, Esq. W. S. Frederick Street.
 20. At Gayfield Square, Mr William Finch, merchant, Louisiana, to Janet, second daughter of the late Mr Alexander Tweedie, merchant, Edinburgh.
 — At Gayfield Square, Mr Thomas Thomson, merchant, Louisiana, to Isabella, third daughter of the late Mr Alexander Tweedie, merchant, Edinburgh.
 21. At London, John Lister Kaye, Esq. eldest son of Sir John Lister Kaye, Bart. to Miss Arbutnot, niece to the Right Hon. Charles Arbutnot.
 27. At Balmungie, James Lumsdaine of Lathallan, Esq. to Sophia, eldest daughter of William Lindesay of Balmungie.
 28. At Kilmichael House, Argyllshire, George Cole, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Ann Campbell, daughter of the late Humphry Colquhoun, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.
 — At Glasgow, Mr Robert Greig, Edinburgh, to Jessie, youngest daughter of the late Mr James Blyth, Glasgow.
Lately. At Ayston, Rutlandshire, Sir Philip Musgrave, Bart. M. P. of Edenhall, Cumberland, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Mr Fludyer of Ayston.

DEATHS.

- Sept.* 27, 1822. At Wilet Medinet, a day's journey from Sennaar, from whence he was proceeding in an attempt to penetrate up to the source of the Bahr Coltiadi, Captain Robert James Gordon, of the Royal Navy, who had often distinguished himself during the late war. He was third son of Captain Gordon of Everton, near Bawtry. His death adds another victim to the melancholy list of those who have perished in the cause of African discovery.
March 31, 1824. At Calcutta, James, seventh son of Mr Thomson, Provost of Dumfries.
June 1. At Madras, Mrs Isabella Allan, wife of P. Cleghorn, Esq. barrister-at-law, and Registrar of the Supreme Court of Madras.
 12. At Calcutta, Sir John Macdonald, K. C. B. a Lieutenant-General in the Hon. Company's Service, aged 76.
July 17. At St Anns, Jamaica, Robert Laing Grant, Esq. second son of the Rev. William Grant, Sanda, Orkney.

21. At Accra, West Coast of Africa, Alexander Mackay Geddes, M. D. assistant-surgeon, Royal African Colonial Corps, youngest son of John Geddes, Esq. late of the Adjutant-General's Department, North Britain.

Aug. 1. At St Andrews, New Brunswick, John Strang, merchant, son of John Strang, Esq. Kilbride.

Sept. 7. Captain James Ellis, aged 79 years, the oldest Commander in the Navy. Previous to the breaking out of the late war he was First Lieutenant of the *Arethusa*, and was wounded in the celebrated action with the *Belle Poule*, in June, 1778, after which the *Arethusa* was sent to Portsmouth to refit. For his conduct in that action he was made Commander, and commanded the *Orestes*.

10. At Copenhagen, Mr Rothe, aged 94, the father of the bookselling trade in Denmark. He came originally from Germany, and edited the works of Klopstock.

— At Carskey, Lieut.-Colonel Malcolm Macneil of Carskey.

20. At Inverness, John Mitchell, Esq. General Inspector of the Parliamentary Roads in the Highlands of Scotland.

— At Geneva, Miss Robina Burnside, niece of the late Colonel Robert Wright of Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

27. At Ardeer House, Patrick Warner, Esq. of Ardeer, and late of the Royal Navy.

29. At Dunse, the Rev. Andrew Davison, senior pastor of the Second United Associate Congregation.

— George Douglas Macmillan, Esq. late of Kingston, Jamaica.

— At Loudham Hall, Suffolk, Lady Sophia Macdonald, wife of James Macdonald, Esq. M. P.

30. At Tarbolton, in the 78th year of his age, Captain Robert Cowan, late of the Royal Scots Greys, in which regiment he served with distinguished merit for the long period of 43 years.

Oct. 2. At Airdrie, Mrs Erskine of Airdrie.

3. William Marshall, Esq. Perth.

— At his father's house, Tomperran, Perthshire, Alexander M'Laren, Esq. late of Manchester.

— At 85, Great King Street, Esther, wife of the Rev. Christopher Anderson.

4. At Hawick, Mr George Waldie, merchant.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Isabella Mackay, spouse of Mr N. W. Robertson, solicitor in Supreme Courts.

— At Edinburgh, John, third son of Mr John Veitch, surgeon, Dunbar.

5 Near Blackburn, Mr Sadler, jun. the aeronaut. He was killed by an accident in the descent of his balloon. The balloon drove against a chimney, and Mr Sadler was thrown out of the car at a height of about thirty yards. His skull was fractured, and several of his ribs were broken.

6. At Edinburgh, Robert Wellwood, second son of Robert Clarke of Comrie, Esq.

— At his house in Stafford Street, Edinburgh, the Rev. Robert Elliot, Rector of Wheldrake and Huggate in Yorkshire.

7. At Mary Place, Stockbridge, Mr George Mitchell, merchant, Leith.

— Mr J. Otridge, bookseller, of the Strand, London.

8. At Woodhill, Robert Miln, Esq. of Woodhill.

9. At Portobello, Ann Hamilton, eldest daughter of Thomas Peat, Esq. writer to the signet.

9. At Kingston, East Lothian, William Lawrie, Esq.

— At Falkirk, Miss Helen Scott, daughter of the late David Scott, Esq. of Netherbenholm.

10. At Whitehill, Jane Grahame, wife of John Robison, Esq. Coates Crescent, Edinburgh.

— At Gibraltar, Helen Orr, youngest child of Major James Bogle, 91th regiment.

11. At Coblenz, of apoplexy, his Excellency Baron Thielman, General of Cavalry, and Commander-in-Chief in the Prussian provinces on the Rhine.

— At Inverleith Rouse, James Rocheid, Esq. of Inveleith.

— At Walton, near Liverpool, David Graham, Esq. the last surviving son of the late Robert Graham, Esq. of Fintry.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Jeffrey, widow of Mr Luke Fraser, formerly one of the masters of the High School of this city.

12. At Edinburgh, Louisa Isabella, daughter of Mr Robert Henderson, writer, Selkirk, in the 3d year of her age.

16. At Malahide, aged 98, John Haig, Esq. M. D. late Physician to the Forces at Cork.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Cockburn, writer.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Christian Hepburn, relict of Mr Pirnie, builder, Edinburgh.

17. At her house in Advocates' Close, Miss Mary Pringle.

— At Aberdeen, Dr Ross, one of the ministers of the East Church of that city.

— At his house, York Place, John Pitcairn, Esq. of Pitcairns.

18. At Edinburgh, Mrs Agnes Dickie Crawford, wife of Samuel James Douglas, Esq. surgeon, North St David Street.

— The Reverend Peter Young, one of the ministers of the Secession Church, in Jedburgh, in the 50th year of his age, and 27th of his ministry.

20. Suddenly, Mr Richard Blackwell, of the George Inn, Haddington, and one of the magistrates of that burgh.

21. At Bath, Captain Menzies Duncan, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

— Andrew Landale, Esq. of Pitmedden.

22. At his house at Portobello, William Caldwell, Esq.

— At St Quivox, Mrs M'Quhae, relict of the Rev. Dr M'Quhae, late minister of that parish.

— At Gladswood, Berwickshire, James Hill, Esq. of Walthamstow, near London.

24. At Edinburgh, Mr J. W. Campbell, writer. — In George Street, Isabella, eldest daughter of Dr John Thomson.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Marion Mansfield, widow of James Mansfield, Esq. of Midmar.

25. At Strathtyrum, James Cheape, Esq. of Strathtyrum.

26. At Inverary, Mrs Elizabeth Campbell, relict of Provost Lachlan Campbell.

27. At Broughton Place, Peebles-shire, Mrs Margaret Tweedie, wife of Mr John Anderson, Cranhill.

30. Near North Queensferry, William Gurley, Esq. of Petershope, St Vincent's, Captain in the 56th, or Aberdeenshire regiment of militia.

Lately, in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, London, Viscountess Templetown.

— At York, Elizabeth Elgin, a poor widow, in the hundred and second year of her age.—Her mother lived to be 105 years old, and her grandmother attained the still greater age of 104.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. XCV.

DECEMBER, 1824.

Vol. XVI.

A SUMMARY VIEW OF AMERICA.*

THIS is a very sensible, judicious book;—and, saving a little heavy ostentation, here and there: a few superficial remarks: a patch or two, of awkward old-fashioned poetical embellishment—and a multitude of school-boy allusions, altogether out of place, in almost every chapter: a score or two of hard words—pedantick—absurd—unintelligible—or belonging to no language under heaven: a dozen or more pardonable blunders, very natural for a traveller to fall into while traversing a land, that is really *unknown* to our countrymen—a book to be heartily recommended.—It is not such a work, as we want, upon the subject; but, so far as it goes, it is one, that may be more safely depended upon, than *any* other, of which we have *any* knowledge.—

Why is it, that, even to this hour, we have no such travellers in America, as we have, in every other part of the world: scholars: gentlemen: philosophers: profound and liberal thinkers, full of erudition—and lovers of plain dealing?

Why is it, that up to the year 1824, the statesmen; the men of science; and the yeomanry of Great Britain are acquainted with North America—only through the representations of such persons as Hewlett, Weld, Ashe, Parkinson, Welby, Fearon, Faux, Hall—and Miss Wright: per-

sons, who, whatever may be their honesty, would not have been permitted (with one or two exceptions, perhaps,) to write essays on anything, in a provincial newspaper, or paltry magazine. Are we never to know anything of this people, who have been born of our loins?—this community of nations?

This, we say, is the best of the books upon America. It contains more valuable information—and more plain truth: is less overcharged, and less mistaken—than any of the others: and yet, we shall show, before we get through, so many extraordinary errors, deficiencies, and blunders, in this very book, that people, who are zealous for a sound practical knowledge of America, will wonder at the amazing patience and credulity of our countrymen, toward *these* “Travellers” and their “Tales.”

The style of this author, in general, is good and sober. It is bad in those passages only, where the author has undertaken too much—ventured beyond his depth—*begun* by carrying the full-grown bull:—run off into classical allusion, poetical ornament, or foolish pedantry.

These transgressions are not very numerous; but, still, they are worth rebuking—else our books of travels and voyages, may become only pieces of patchwork, poetry, and absurd rhe-

* A SUMMARY VIEW OF AMERICA: comprising a Description of the face of the Country, and of several of the principal cities: and Remarks on the social, moral, and political character of the people: Being the result of observations and enquiries, during a JOURNEY IN THE UNITED STATES. BY AN ENGLISHMAN. London, 1824.
VOL. XVI.

torick. The words of which we complain, we shall give a list of; partly for the sake of the author, who appears to be very fastidious in such matters, (for which, by the way, he deserves all praise)—and, partly, for the sake of others, like him, who may be tempted aside, by a vile book-making spirit, from a natural, unpretending, proper diction, into offensive or childish parade: from language into jargon;—from usefulness and simplicity, into rigmarole. Finery is always detestable; but finery out of place—nasty finery—is the devil.

Our law is a very plain one. Suit your style to your subject: write as men talk. By this we try others; and by this, we are willing to be tried,—although we may change *our* style in every paragraph. We can pardon poetry as well as another—but never *because* it is poetry. Poetry may be out of place; and, when it is, we despise it—and the dealers in it. The more delightful it is, when properly applied; the more hateful it is, when misapplied.

The blunders and errors of which we have spoken, will be pointed out and corrected; each in the proper place.

THESE TRAVELS IN AMERICA took place in 1822-3; and were confined, it appears, to the following states;—namely, MASSACHUSETTS; RHODE-ISLAND; CONNECTICUT:—NEW YORK; NEW JERSEY; PENNSYLVANIA; DELAWARE; MARYLAND:—VIRGINIA; and NORTH CAROLINA.

These ten States are all on the Atlantic frontier. The *three* first belong to the Eastern division—the six New England States; the *four* next comprise the whole of what are called the Middle States; and the two last are a part of the Southern division, or circle.—We gather, moreover, that our traveller was in the District of Columbia—a territory of one hundred square miles—(a ten mile-square)—between Maryland and Virginia—under the exclusive jurisdiction of the federal, or general government.—He entered no one of those, which are called the “Western States;” none of the frontier “territories;” and, on the whole, saw parts only of *eleven* separate governments and communities; out of *twenty-nine*, (including East and West Florida,) which constitute the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Nevertheless, this proportion is large for any traveller in America. Lieutenant Hall, for example, saw only a small part of South Carolina and Virginia. *This* traveller *did* six hundred miles on foot—in every direction: Lieutenant Hall made his journey in the stage coach, by the main road; and Miss Wright, whose fervour and enthusiasm might have been turned, we believe, to much better account—in romances, under another title—confined her perambulations chiefly to certain of the tea-parties, drawing-rooms, &c. &c. of America. Observe, we do not charge this lady with wilful misrepresentation; but we say that she was too warm-hearted for travelling in the United States; that she had undergone too little preparation for such a job; and that her book, like Chateaubriand’s *Histories*, would pass better under some other name.

Our author praises and blames alike—boldly and unequivocally; with great sincerity and great candour. He is mistaken, of course, in many things; but he is not often to blame. There is a look of serious determination in whatever he says, upon whatever he understands; as if he were in earnest, and felt a becoming solicitude for the welfare, alike of America, and of Great Britain.—He is an Englishman: he loves the people of the United States—but he loves his own countrymen better. He is a sturdy witness in behalf of America; but he declares, and we believe him, that he would rather live in Great Britain—*after all*.

It is impossible to doubt his honesty, whatever we may think of his judgment: and, for ourselves, we see no reason to question his judgment—except where we *shall* question it—wherever he had a tolerable opportunity of knowing the facts.

He has divided his work into chapters: each one being set apart for the discussion of a particular subject; and for the record of particular facts bearing upon that subject. It was a wise plan. We shall follow it—and him—chapter by chapter; correcting his errors, and supplying his deficiencies as we proceed.

It is a hard thing to say of ourselves, and of our countrymen, when we consider the importance of North America—discovered three hundred and thirty-two years ago; colonized by ourselves, (or by those whom we

drove out from among us,) two centuries ago—it is a hard thing to say, but it is true, nevertheless, that we have been—and our wise men are yet shamefully ignorant of the country and people of North America. We have undertaken, at the eleventh hour, to atone for this. The time for ridicule and falsehood; slander and eulogy; reproach and recrimination, has gone by—in wise political dealing. Plain truth is now in demand. We say this with no common seriousness, while speaking of America. Justice to ourselves; and justice to her, do require a solemn consideration of this matter. We believe that the everlasting contradictions of the Edinburgh; and the unqualified foolish, open rancour of the Quarterly,* have done much evil, and little good to the great cause of the British empire—so far as America is concerned; that both journals have so far overdone whatever they have undertaken *for*, or *against* that country, that no reasonable man of *this*, who is anxious for sound information, upon the subject, can put any confidence in their representations. Much may be true—much *is* true—(as in Fearon)—but how are we to know what is true, from what is false—where one party contradicts itself, and the other, everybody else?—The truth is—if they design to be mischievous—they had better follow our plan. Sincerity, and such truth as cannot be contradicted, are the only weapons, after all, for a long and steady warfare.

For our part, we are not afraid of injuring Great Britain—by telling the truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth, of America. We are

now, thoroughly acquainted with our subject: and we pledge ourselves, that our countrymen, when they come to know what we know, will have no reason to wish themselves born out of Great Britain, or *in* the United States.

Let us take up the book. We have complained of certain words for their pedantry. They are—“abraded”—“sequacious”—“a certity”—“papa-verous”—“vivacious”—“gentilitious”—“dental”—“cognitive”—“prelation”—“intumescence”—“illative”—and “mendacity;” most of which would be unintelligible, *without* a dictionary, to ninety-nine one hundredths, of all the readers, that our author can have—or should wish to have. They are all useless, round-about, and awkward. What can be more absurd, than to address anybody in a language that is unintelligible? Our author has a strong mind; why then, does he not speak plainly; can he not make himself understood in common language—while talking to common people?—Simplicity is the chief attribute of strength. It is the glory of an extraordinary mind—that it can make itself, with all its mystery and phenomena—intelligible—to anybody and everybody—in any language—by looks and signs, if no words can be found.

Another class, which would be unintelligible *with* a dictionary—ay, with all the dictionaries under heaven, we *hope*—to him who understands the amazing vigour and copiousness of pure English—and regards, as we do, the counterfeiting and coinage of words, as little better than high treason (except where there is no coin, of the right

* “This reviewer,” says the last North American Review, which is roused, at last, into something like manhood, by the Quarterly’s outrage upon America, in the 68th Number:—“This reviewer dwells in a glass house.” Let him beware:—though we will not use *his* weapons—yet, if he persist, we will read him such a lesson—from *English works of standard authority*—as shall teach him to be silent toward this country, or to change his tone. What our political feuds could not do, is rapidly doing, by publications like the Quarterly Review; and it is matter of notoriety, that the feelings entertained in this country toward England, are less friendly now, than in the hottest of the late war. This alienation has been mainly effected by this very journal.—The threat is childish—for “who reads an American book?”—who would ever know of the retaliation, *here*?—But the fact is tremendous. It must be true—it *is* true. The North American Review comes from the “head quarters of federalism”—the “Boston Tories”—the “Hartford convention people;” the best “friends of Great Britain;” the people, who were so vehemently opposed to the last war with us, that a separation of the States would have taken place in consequence of their power—if it had continued: Every writer in it is a federalist; and, of course, partial to Great Britain—and yet, we are assured that they, the people of America, are less friendly to us *now*, in consequence of this miserable policy, pursued by the Quarterly Review, than they were, in the hottest of the late war.—God forbid!—It *is* a tremendous fact.

sort, in circulation, under the authority of our republick)—another class of transgressions, in our author, we shall now enumerate:—"to compete"—(an American discovery)—"to classify"—(a barbarism, which we are sorry to see, in the leading article of the last North American Review, No. 44, p. 42.)—"jugglery"—"trickery"—"tendering"—("it was a tendering sight," 137.) This comes of inventing new words "for short:"—*to classify* is a charming abbreviation of, *to class*; as *lengthy*, is of *length*. Reviewers use words in sport—printing them first, in italicks; or marking them, by inverted commas. Others repeat them, without any such warning; until, at last, they grow into common use, under the authority of reviewers. Thus *lengthy* is now established. We find it even in Blackwood. We shall have *breadthly* next.

To these, we can add a few more phrases from our author, who is quite insupportable, sometimes, on the subject of language. We would have him, and our other criticks careful of them—as we are—while talking about Americanisms; and Yankeeisms.

They are the following—"to happen of," p. 55—instead of, "to happen on"—(a vulgarism at best): "different to," (all through the book,) instead of different *from*:—"they take two or three sorts of vegetables on to the plate at once," p. 81—(a genuine Yankeeism—common here, nevertheless. A New Englander will say, I got on to my horse):—"I had been raised, (a Virginia prettiness, for "brought up;" of a piece with—will you use a bit of this chicken? won't you take something? is that a son or a daughter?—it being indelicate in Maryland and Virginia—to say, is that a boy or a girl?—babies are babes, or infants—washing is bathing—bodies are persons—suckling is nursing, &c. &c.)—"I enjoyed to witness"—(bad French); "being I guessed all"—(bad Yankee); "general particulars," p. 17. (Irish.)

The absurd poetical quotations, and more absurd classical school-boy allusions, of which we complain, abound in every chapter. They were, probably, after thoughts, in every case—at least, they look as if they were—and that is worse. Our author had better take a friendly hint—once for all—and avoid everything like poetry and

picture, hereafter. They are bad stuff in the hands of an ordinary workman—so with quotations. A common man cannot—an uncommon man will not make use of them—unless, indeed, where they become, instantaneously, a part of the subject—incorporate themselves with it—so that they cannot be taken away—infuse themselves through every pore and passage—like molten gold, dropped upon common earth; or that brilliant, strange metal, which the North American savages believe to have been driven into the solid rock, by lightning—when they find one split and broken—the surface discoloured; stained, and shining with a metallick splendour:—OR, (to make ourselves perfectly intelligible to the contemners of prose)—to bring home our illustration to the souls of men—OR, like the "tanning principle," which Mr Perkins, the American engineer, by some accidental misapplication of his embryo machinery, for throwing solid blocks of iron—"of twenty tons or more"—"from Dover to Calais," (a thing, which we are authorized to say, that he *can* do, nevertheless)—now forces into raw hides—making leather, and flattening bullets, by the same process. There!—that, we hope, is intelligible.

But we have not forgotten our author—a word or two more, for his especial edification. He, who has a good idea of his own, will not readily borrow another's: and he, who has not—cannot:—that is, he cannot, without getting himself into a scrape. The borrowed sword *will* get between his legs. It is twenty to one that his ostentation betrays his poverty. We have seen a proud man give away a sovereign—*because* he was poor—and *because* he was vehemently suspected of poverty—in a case, where, if he had been rich, he would have given a crown, perhaps—or nothing. The deaf betray themselves, as often, by their whispering, as bawling—as often, by being more quiet, as by being more noisy, than other men. Your second-hand wearers of cast-off poetry, are sure to be found out, by their beggarly parsimony, or more beggarly ostentation. They *will* have their tinsel; and *will* wear it in the street. These, by way of portable, pocket apothegms, for the benefit of the book-making people.

Our author would persuade himself,

that he understands poetry. He is mistaken—he does not. He would persuade himself, too, that he *feels* poetry. We are sorry for him—it is a miserable delusion. He never ventures upon Milton, Dyer, Cowper, Thomson, Young, or Addison, without making himself—and what is harder to forgive—*them* ridiculous. He never quotes a line, which, if it were taken out, would be missed; nor makes an allusion, which would not suit an advertisement, rather better than it does that part of his book, wherein it appears. We speak strongly; and we may appear to waste more time upon these matters, than they do deserve. But, *we are right*—and those, who do not agree with us, are wrong. There is a wicked fashion growing up in our sober literature, which must be put soon to open shame. We are determined, henceforth, to rebuke and punish this profane tampering with our magnificent language—this irreverent meddling with what has been left us, by the giants—wherever we meet with it.

Let us take an example of our traveller's poetry—his own. "Above, below, and opposite, the rock remains in its natural state," (very well, so far,) "knoll upon knoll, as if *nature were in a vagary*," p. 4: a "touch of the sublime," that, as "dear Byron" says. "While surveying the hills, dark below, and bright above with the sunshine—(tolerable)—I felt the power of a placid majestic scene on the mind."—Why? because he had stumbled upon a few lines in Dyer, that might be worked in; or found something to the purpose, as people do motos, in Johnson's Dictionary. They have only to look for a leading word, you know, in their subject; and pop—they have all the classics by heart, on that very point. We do not much like to see one of our dead, reverend poets lugged in, by the head and shoulders—(like a thought from a commonplace book—or a new phrase, by a woman)—where there is no room—or anything.

And, for the pathetick—in further illustration of our author's knack at poetry—we beg leave to cite the following spirited apostrophe:—"His wife and two young ladies, whom I took for visitors, were at the table, and O! what a dinner we had!" p. 142.

But enough. These things were probably worked in, after the biscuit were made, by way of making them *go down*: and it will be rather strange if they do not succeed, in spite of the solid worth and substantial virtue of the other materials. We handle nobody in mittens—touch nothing, daintily—are not afraid of burning *our* fingers:—and so, have at the book itself, chapter by chapter.

"CAP. I. FACE OF THE COUNTRY"—contains a multitude of "general particulars;" some lubberly touches; many little facts worth mentioning: a meagre notice of agricultural appearances; (without relation to the agricultural phenomena, of which we mean to say something, by and by;) steamboats; rivers; mountains; Mr Dyer, the poet; lakes; villages; Niagara-falls; Harper's Ferry; "Mr Jefferson's narrow-mindedness, bigotry, and enthusiasm;" Mr Pope—the poet; Madison's cave; a palace of ice, built by the Empress *Anne*; the dismal swamp; blue-ridge; a North American sunset, (not so bad, by the way); the frogs—nightingales—and singing birds—*not* of America.

This chapter is prettily got up; but amounts to nothing. It gives no valuable information—or, at best—only glimpses—and very unsatisfactory glimpses, too—of those objects which we all desire to know more of. Our author sees too many things at once—and all, at the same distance. All things are alike to him, so far. His vision is like that of the blind suddenly restored to sight by coughing. He believes that he *touches* whatever he sees. He wants practice. He must learn to see one thing—and one alone—at a time; like the painter, who can detect rich colours in everything; or the musician, who can hear only one particular note, whenever he pleases; or the lawyer, who can see—just what he pleases—and hear only that, which he is paid for hearing; or the system-builder, who finds material in everything.

Our author, for example, knows nothing of the great agricultural district of North America—the New England States—yet he speaks of the fences, just as he does of the mountains. He traversed New England, or a part of New England, in the winter; and his observations upon husbandry, in the United

States, are confined—meagre as they are—to one *county* of Pennsylvania ; and one, of Maryland.

We are sorry for this. Our farmers want particular and extensive knowledge, on this very head. We shall furnish them with what we can—*here*—consistently with our present object. English husbandry will not succeed in the United States. The national prejudices, which, after all, are founded on long experience—continual experiment—and close observation ; the soil ; climate ; and condition of the land, except in the old and populous parts of the country, where lands, of course, are dearer—and prejudices, more firmly rooted—are all unfavourable to our systems of husbandry. We have been told of many Englishmen, who have ruined themselves, by undertaking to carry on a farm in America, as they would in England : and we *know* of one (a Mr Gadsby, in Maryland) who has wasted a large fortune, within a few years, in a similar enterprize. He had slaves ; white natives ; free blacks, and English labourers—but all to no purpose. He is ruined. Yet no man ever deserved such a fate less. He had already made a fortune, by his extraordinary diligence, industry, and attention—by tavern-keeping, at George-Town, district of Columbia, and at Baltimore, where he kept the best house, in America, for many years. He has returned to it once more, in his old age, at Washington ; perfectly satisfied now, that keeping tavern is better business, than cultivating land, in America.

The native white Americans will neither work for an English farmer, nor use his instruments, nor follow his plans, if they can help it. Beside, none but large farms, where large capitals are invested, will pay the expense. Slaves are the worst of all farmers ; Irishmen will work hard—and so will the “ German redemptioners”—but both are ungovernable—the former, on account of their tempers ; the latter, on account of their language.

Agricultural societies are forming now in every direction ; and small premiums are paid. In Maryland, a valuable paper is published, called the “ American Farmer”—devoted entirely to agriculture. Mr Cobbett planted a seeds-man, some years ago, in Baltimore. He, and one other, have been continually supplied with all the books,

implements, seeds, roots, and improvements, of this country—yet he is fairly starved out—insolvent—and the other is in a fair way to the same end. In other parts of the country, however, they are beginning to look into chemistry, and inquire about the nature of soils—treatment—product—and system of tillage, with a zeal, that would have astonished everybody, ten years ago.

The best farmers in America are, 1st, The Shakers, the Germans, and their descendants, who are congregated in the county of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. 2dly, The descendants of the Dutch, in the State of New York, (like the Germans, averse to experiment, innovation, or change ; but laborious, indefatigable, and frugal). 3dly, English farmers, and the whole body of Yankee landholders, or New England husbandmen, whose farms have been held in their own family, and under judicious cultivation, from fifty to one hundred and fifty years. 4thly, The Pennsylvanians—the descendants of the Swedes, in New Jersey—the people upon Long Island ; those of Maryland ; those of Delaware ; and those of the western country. In the southern states, they know nothing at all of husbandry. Their lands are exhausted by tobacco ; and themselves, by growing cotton, rice, indigo, and sugar.

We are sorry to hear Mr Jefferson spoken of, so irreverently as he is—by an author, who does not speak lightly, of other persons. Mr Jefferson deserves more respect. When he wrote his notes on Virginia, he was a young man—a boy, in comparison with what he is now. He has done incalculable mischief to America—it is true—but he has laid her under eternal obligations. There is not a man living, to whom the charge of “ narrow-mindedness” and “ bigotry,” could be more unluckily applied : “ He plainly disavows his belief in the Mosaick account of the creation,” 357. His faults are altogether of an opposite character. He has been too much given to hypothesis, theory, and experiment : His views were never *narrow* ; they were always too comprehensive : and as for his “ bigotry”—the history of his life, and all his persecutions, are in the teeth of such a ridiculous charge. For half a century, he has been the advocate of universal toleration. It was

he, whose bitterest enemies could only say of him, that he corresponded with Tom Paine; had a coloured mistress (the unpardonable offence, to a New Englander;) and said on some occasion—"What business have I with my neighbour's belief? It is an affair between him and his Maker—so long as it does not interfere with my peace and comfort. Twenty Gods or no God—what business is it, of mine?—It neither picks my pocket, nor breaks my leg."* Mr Jefferson is an extraordinary man; a very old man—the ablest, undoubtedly, of the whole four American presidents—all of whom are now alive—a spectacle worth "crossing the Atlantick to see," if Harpa's Ferry be not. In fact, if this were a proper place, we could shew that he is one, of whom it is not wise, for any young man, to speak lightly.

"CAP. 2. CITIES, TOWNS, AND VILLAGES."—New York is well described here: so indeed, but not particularly, are Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Norfolk, and several small towns. It is a valuable chapter.—His remarks upon the wearisome regularity of that Quaker-capital, Philadelphia; that "ATHENS of the western world;" and upon matters connected with it, are very much to the purpose. He condemns the plan of straight streets, intersecting each other, as they do, in Philadelphia, at right angles, on these grounds: to wit—their sameness—the want of opportunity for the display of publick buildings—and because a straight line is not a curve. The first objection is good—so far as it concerns Philadelphia—the water-works, and their wooden image—the Pennsylvania bank (a Greek temple—think of the Quakers turning a Greek temple into a place for money-changers)—the theatre—the United States Bank (a noble edifice;) their churches; halls; and wooden Schuylkill bridge (about which they are eternally bragging, in a sober way)—all these matters to the contrary notwithstanding, we do hold the Quaker city to be, exactly, the most flat, stale, and unprof—no—that won't do—it is not an *unprofitable* city; but it is everything else, that is flat,

stale, and un—interesting. And yet—where is there a more *convenient* city?—or one better fitted for its *purposes*?—not upon this earth. Philadelphia is a map—not a picture:—a place of utility—not of beauty:—of business—not of pleasure:—in one word, a town of Quaker Pennsylvanians, and Pennsylvania Quakers; a good place for making money, (unless in the fine arts,) but a bad one for spending it in.

In planning a town (our author talks heavily upon this head; and we must *follow* him)—in planning a town, for commercial purposes, right lines and level surfaces, between all places of business, are the principal object. People, who have anything to do, soon get weary of circular approaches, and beautiful elevations, on the way to their work-shops and counting-rooms; especially after walking the same road three times a-day, as they do, in America, month after month: Not one in a thousand of our Londoners will go through Regent-Street, if he can help it—and, of those who do, not one in a thousand sees anything of the curve. He only *feels* it—and wishes for a short cut back. Mark how all the bye-ways are crowded; people dodging about, in every direction, to *avoid* the beauties—(the beauties of wood and plaster, we mean—the flesh-and-blood beauties are not so easily avoided, by dodging about, in bye-ways and blind allies.) Spaciousness, beyond what is necessary for health; all the coquetry and paraphernalia of architecture, will grow up of themselves, and always do, spontaneously—in the outskirts and suburbs of a town. It is their nature. They are never introduced into the centre of a city—among the places of business—but by violence: by a stretch of arbitrary power, exactly in proportion to the disregard of individual rights. One of two things must be done. In planning a city, you must make the places of business accessible by the shortest and easiest ways; or the men of business will do it for themselves, by making thoroughfares of their own parlours.† And when *they* have done so, their fashions are

* We do not give the very words; but we pledge ourselves for the substance, and believe that something, to the same *effect*, may be found in the "Notes on Virginia."

† Hence the wisdom of Sir C. Wren's foresight, in leaving a blind arch—in the solid wall—when he directed the building of St Magnus. That arch is now open—a common thoroughfare.

not easily changed—crooked streets in London, for example—what are they, but so much testimony in favour of the regard paid there to individual rights? Every man originally built as it pleased him, and all the passages—under houses—between houses—and through houses—all these contrivances and evasions—what are they, but so many acknowledgments of the same thing? Individual rights are sacred—so sacred—that the governing power dare not, cannot set them at naught, by opening a straight road through such a wilderness of architecture. All these inconveniences, in truth, as Blackstone says, of the “quiddities” and “quirks” of the law—are the price which an Englishman pays for his liberty—(a good bargain too.)—They are the growth of an extraordinary veneration for individual rights. A mere arbitrary government may reform the whole system of jurisprudence, more easily, than ours can change the laws of entail; the doctrines of primogeniture; the administration of justice in a court of common magistrates. A more arbitrary government may build a whole city, at once (like St Petersburg); empty one city into another; or demolish street after street; more easily than we can cut a passage—a broad straight passage—through any part of London east of Temple-bar. *Vide* the code Napoleon; Justinian’s institutes; and the improvements in Paris, under the last years of Bonaparte.

Begin with a chief regard for beauty, in a commercial town—or in any town—and you will defeat your own purpose. *Convenience* must be the principal object, even at watering-places; where palaces or villas are congregated. Strangers may be lured for a time, by show. But show must be supported, by commerce, manufactures, and business. Nobody—not even a man of pleasure, will abide long in a dull, beautiful town.

If the ways of a city, new or old, are roundabout; people go to work late, and leave off early. The hour of dinner grows later and later, every generation: the vices of the table, worse and worse: the return to employment after eating, more and more uncommon. Dinners give place to luncheons; eating, to beastly intemperance; until they, who have dined—like the poets—won’t work—or, like

wild animals (Qu. the difference?) cannot.

The second objection of our traveler, so far as it applies to Philadelphia, is also sound. There certainly *is* no good opportunity there, for the disclosure of a publick edifice—but why?—is it because the streets are straight? How is it in London? The streets there, we believe, are not perfectly straight. Yet a stranger who goes a-hunting there, after a publick edifice, will act wisely, in taking a town-crier with him (if he can find one)—and, moreover, in tying a bell, with his name on it, about his own neck.

Objection the third is unanswerable. Straight lines are not curves—and there is an end of the matter. We give up that point—or concede it—in a fair and candid fashion.

But, considering the purposes of William Penn, who was a thorough-going Quaker—we do maintain that no city ever so completely answered the purposes of a founder. Babylon was nothing to it—nor London with *her* hanging gardens. It is impossible to live in Philadelphia, without becoming a Quaker. Our very opera-dancers, poets, and players—pounds to pennies—would move, think, and talk, like Quakers, at the end of a twelvemonth. Curves, crescents, and sweeps; the circus of Bath—the ellipsis of Regent-Street—and the *turns* of Oxford—are all very pleasant. But show us a city, like Philadelphia—whose parallelograms are syllogisms—an acquaintance with which is downright conversion—a street, in the whole world, which operates upon any man’s understanding—so like the spirit of proselytism—as Market-Street, Philadelphia—a road that nobody, *can* walk—however vicious or rantipole he may be—any otherwise, than straight forward, in.

Our author seems partial to BALTIMORE. He prefers it, on several accounts, to every other American city. He is mistaken, however, in two things—to begin with. The population is nearer 70 than 60,000; it is nearer seventy than fifty years, since it was what he describes it, p. 38. Better English is talked there, he thinks, than anywhere else in America, p. 332. He is above half right. Yet, it is the Baltimoreans—heaven help them—who say *en*-quiry, for *in*qui-ry; “she does that, *like* I do,” (with Geof-

frey Crayon—the New Yorkers—and certain of *our* literati, on their side)—for *as* I do:—“*directly* he did so”—for *when*, or *as*, or *as soon as*—(common here)—“*to adverb-tiss*,” (wishing to follow the French—as in *obleege*, and *en-quiry*)—“*desiss-ive*—instead of *decisive*, &c. &c. &c.

The Boston-English is quite as good—perhaps better—but not so well, not so *delicately*—pronounced. So is the Philadelphian-English; so is that of New-York, on some accounts. But New-York is a Babel; (they sound the *t* in often, there,) the Yankees talk through the nose—with a *tang*, as they call it (pure English, that, by the way—though we have heard them ridiculed for using it, as they do many other fine old words, nearly obsolete here)—say “*dooze*” for does, (like the people of Deal—and a person, born in Leicestershire, who shows the pictures of Sir Thomas Lawrence)—“had ought”—*furce* for fierce—*purce* for pierce; *engine*—(the very word which we pronounce *inguun*) *genuine* (as we say *hostile*, *opposite*, &c. &c.)—while the Philadelphians in their turn, by reason of their association, with people who speak an execrable German gibberish, are eternally confounding the V and W, like the Cockneys; and, in some cases, the B and V, like the Spaniards.

The publick buildings of Baltimore are numerous; and some are beautiful. Here is a chasm for *us* to throw ourselves into again. The Exchange—“the finest building of the sort, in America”—(there being no other, now that the Boston Exchange is burnt)—was planned by Latrobe (the architect of the “CAPITOL,” as it is foolishly called—near TYBER-creek, a puddle of dirty water, celebrated by Mr Moore, the poet,)—and Godefroy (a Frenchman—a man of talent—now in London—starved out in America.) The Washington Monument—a plain, substantial, *stone* pillar (which, in America—where the splendours of architecture—the steeples and monuments—are almost always of wood or brick, is quite a marvel,) 130 feet high—is the joint achievement of a tolerable American architect, named Mills; and a blundering committee of lawyers—who chose the worst of many plans, for which they paid a premium, and spoilt it. The Battle Monument is a

capital affair; the most beautiful piece of marble workmanship in the United States. It was designed by Godefroy, built by stoue-masons; and is ornamented with some good alto relievo, representing the death of General Ross, at North Point, and the attack on Fort M’Henry: four capital Griffins—and a marble woman (the only one, that we know of, in America—though we did meet with some wooden ones)—colossal—and full of dignity—all the work of Capellano, an Italian, or Spaniard.

The Cathedral (Catholick)—built, as they say, in Baltimore, *after* St Peter’s, at Rome (another point which we are willing to concede)—was also designed by Latrobe (a Frenchman, we believe—not an American, we know,) is creditable to the country. It is not yet finished; has been, the people say there, a dozen or twenty years in building; and has cost already about 400,000 dollars (L.90,000—) two circumstances which we account for—*thus*. It has been boarded up, more than seven-eighths of the time—with nobody at work upon it: and is built of granite—which, not being a product of Baltimore, is brought from Elicott’s Mills, a village twelve miles off—at a great expense. It is a noble building, nevertheless; disfigured with a little tawdry ornament—quite Catholick though, and admirably contrived, like the Halls of Congress, for the comfort of hearers, and the relief of speakers—making musick of everything—and everything of musick.

The “Unitarian Church;” like our Irish diamonds; and the precious stones of Scotland—they carry forward, as a national wonder. In the cant of the day, it is quite a trans-atlantic *gem*. It is built of brick; plastered and painted, so as to resemble stone (like our celebrated Regent-Street;) exterior, like a bird cage: interior, perfectly beautiful: a dome upon four delightful arches: a plagiarism, by the way, from Sir C. Wren’s master-piece (St Stephen’s.) Godefroy was the architect.

It is built opposite the cathedral—on “t’other side of the broad road:” is unlike it, in everything: is called the opposition line, by the stage-drivers (coachmen:) and is, there is no denying it, a piece of heterodox flirtation—meant, in its airiness and stylish ap-

pearance; to throw a slur upon that plain, solid, sober, heavy piece of old architecture.—In front, near the roof, stands a very respectable archangel—of plaster—already crumbling, on the left side: with a scroll in his hand, upon which the words—in Hebrew—for the information of everybody—“TO THE ONE GOD” (we believe) are inscribed. As a suitable retort (they do these things with remarkable dignity, you know, in the “land of toleration,”) the catholicks have had painted, in large black letters, upon a stone tablet, on that side of the cathedral, which faces the archangel, aforesaid, these words—“AS FOR US, WE WORSHIP CHRIST CRUCIFIED!”—Being for the introduction of a new doctrine, in that quarter of America, the unitarian church was built with especial attention to beauty and allure-ment. Mr Sparks, the present Editor of the North American Review, was the first and last regular minister of the society—and chaplain to congress, for one session, at the same time.—He is an able man; but a bad preacher. They have no settled minister, at this time; are much embarrassed: the “ring-leaders,” as the charitable part of their brethren call them, having suffered severely in the late commercial overthrow of Baltimore: their proselytes having fallen off, as their bills became due: and their “clergyman” having betaken himself to a more profitable, and, on some accounts, a more respectable calling.—By this, we mean, that preaching Unitarianism, is neither profitable nor respectable, in about nineteen-twentieths of North America: and that Reviewing—particularly of men—is. The Unitarians are chiefly confined—like the literature of the country, to a part of New England—Boston and its neighbourhood. But both are spreading in every direction.

“The shops of New York,” says our author, “are less splendid than the size of the city would lead one to expect.”—We are surprised at this. New York is about a tenth part as

large as London.—Yet her “broadway”—a street more than two miles long—and broader (we speak from recollection only) than Oxford Street—is full of large, handsome shops on both sides, for more than a mile: “the houses of red brick, lofty and spacious:” p. 23:—The Americans, who come *here*, are sadly disappointed in our shops; and, particularly, in those of Bond Street, about which they have heard so much.

“The villages are not picturesque:” p. 37:—very true. But there is an air of newness, singularity, and cleanliness, in an American village, very delightful, to a stranger. The houses appear to have sprung up—altogether in a single night, as it were, among the trees. They are generally built of wood—painted—sometimes white—sometimes yellow—sometimes pale green—with dark red roofs—black steps, and mahogany-coloured panneldoors:—and are intermixed with a few brick buildings—a bank—a courthouse:—a jail:—an academy, a church, or two: and a school-house.—They never last long: look new, for that very reason: are often more showy than comfortable.

“CAP. 3. MODES AND CONVENIENCES OF TRAVELLING.”—We recommend this chapter. It is faithful, so far as it goes; and sufficiently exact. There are some points, however, worth elucidation; and some errors to correct. “The roads are bad.”*—True.—“None of the carriages have any approach to stylishness:” “they carry no outside passengers:”—True—but our traveller saw the eastern region of the United States, where the roads are much better: the carriages larger than the mail-coaches of England—very like the plain family-carriages of English gentry—the horses larger, and, in general, handsomer, than our stage horses, though not so good, or so spirited—having less blood; and, of course, less wind: he saw this region in the winter, when, owing to the climate, any road would appear bad; and any carriage uncomfortable. In

* “Roads are bad,” 250:—why? The Americans know that bad lands make the best roads—that bad lands, of course, are not so valuable as good lands. Hence, they take round-about ways to avoid good, and obtain bad land: Hence, the main roads are neglected: bye roads, are introduced: and hence, the unfavourable opinion of Travellers concerning the quality of the lands, in America, which they see only from the windows of a stage-coach—on the main roads.

the middle states, the conveyances, by land, are miserable; much worse now, than they were fifteen years ago.—Why?—because the steam-boats take all the passengers—in better style; and for less money, than it is possible to take them by land.—The steam-boats of America are “floating palaces:” even Fearon says this—Matthews repeats it; and everybody knows it. Our author overlooks this.—“I cannot give a person, who has travelled in France,” he says, “a better idea of American conveyances, than by saying (that) they are much on a par with the French;”—Very true—in the southern states they are: in the middle states, much better; and in the eastern states, on the great roads, hardly inferior to the English. Yet we never meet with a rope harness, in America; little rats of horses; or consume twenty-four hours in going forty-eight miles. The southern carriages are little better than waggons; many of those in the middle States are worse than the diligences of France; yet we have travelled in some parts of New England (from Boston to Newburyport, for example) at the rate of twelve miles an hour; over the worst roads, in every part of the country, about six; and in the mail one may go, on an average, all the year round, winter and summer, night and day, above seven. On the other hand, the New York hackney coaches are as superior to those of Paris and London, as English stage-coaches are to the French. “Post-chaises have not yet been introduced,” p. 41—not generally introduced, he should have said. They have been established in the principal cities;* but steam-boats destroy land-travelling, taverns, roads, and coaches—for coaches are chiefly used in transporting passengers and their luggage, over land, from one steam-boat to another, generally in the night, from ten to thirty miles. “The usual reception the traveller finds at the inns, is that of cold civility; but the landlord and the waiter, though not *obsequious*, are generally *sufficiently attentive*.” p. 42. “In many places I found tavern-keepers, who shewed me a *kindness beyond that required by their calling*.”—

This may be depended upon. “In England I had not been in the habit of conversing with persons in their station,” &c.—Here is the secret of travelling comfortably in the United States. Be civil—and familiar, if you will; but away with all airs of superiority, and you may go from one end of the country to the other without being molested. Questions will be asked, undoubtedly, and replies expected, which would not be in Great Britain; but, in general, they will be such as any man may properly ask of any other man. The Englishmen who travel in America have excited some prejudice. They are altogether of a lower class than those who travel in Europe—where, was it not for their liberality, they would never get along at all—so haughty, cold, and unpropitiating as they are. In America they are a thousand times worse. Ashe did a very shabby thing about certain mammoth bones there; Parkinson was a gardener; Fearon a stocking weaver; Faux, a Somersetshire farmer; and, in almost every case, British travellers in America have been precisely calculated for exciting prejudice. High breeding, high blood, high fashion, or great scholarship may be tolerated in a few airs, now and then—such as Mr Jeffrey took upon him and Master T. Moore, when he was there—but your second-hand quality are poor stuff; they unite the bad properties of every class—exhibit the good qualities of none.—An American tavern-keeper would not readily speak to an English lord, or to the President of the United States; but he would be offended—and we think, justly—if either should think it beneath him to speak to a tavern-keeper. In fact, your natural peers do not—your princes find such artificial protections of little use. They despise them. It is the second and third raters: the spurious and counterfeit, who are so watchful of their dignity; so afraid of encroachment.—An American would be surprised at our traveller for so speaking of a tavern-keeper; but he would laugh in his face, were he to hear him say, of Mr Calboun, the Secretary of War (see our last Ma

* And *posting* is common enough, in America; common alike among the farmers, merchants, ‘duellers,’ billstickers, and express riders. “Posting and railing,” too—both are known there.

Number for a sketch of him, among the other presidential candidates)—to whom our traveller offered an apology, for having treated him like a man of sense—that—“For his candour and *condescension*, he thus publicly thanks him,” p. 87—As little would he understand the feelings of our traveller, when, on inquiring of a person, in the lobby of the senate chamber, if strangers were admitted—that person led him to a seat—and, when our traveller questioned the propriety of such a procedure, bid him be of good cheer, for, as Vice-President of the United States, it was one of his privileges:—when the said person took the chair before his face, as President of the Senate:—and when our traveller acknowledges an act of common politeness—nay of common decency—in these words—“Had I been aware of his station, I certainly should not have made *so free as to speak to him*.”—And yet, we know not if this be true. Time *was*, when a man of America would have stood up, face to face, with any other man of America. Time *was*, when he would have put a civil question to the President of the United States—George Washington himself—as freely as to any other man.—It is no longer so. Rank is authority: power is becoming awful: titles are multiplying—in America, as everywhere else. Even the pride of ancestry—family-pride, has found root in that republican soil. There is a tremendous contention, at this hour, between the families of yesterday, and those of the day before.—Nay—there *is*—and we do not choose to qualify the assertion at all—there is quite as much political intrigue in the cabinet, of Washington, as in any cabinet of Europe—perhaps more—(there being five candidates for the Presidency; each trying to over-bid, or out-play the other four)—and quite as much corruption.—We are ready to prove this.

We would observe by the way, that the Vice-Presidency of the United States is a paltry office; there is neither dignity, profit, nor power in it. People talk there, about buying off some one of the candidates with it. Ridiculous!—There is not one of them who would not rather be a minister to this Court, or a Speaker of the House of Representatives; nor one who, if he should close with it, would not,

thereby, forego all pretensions to, and all hope of, the Presidency for ever.

Our traveller concludes the chapter with enumerating several cases of marked and affecting hospitality and kindness, which he met with in America from perfect strangers—and from others, who would receive no compensation.

He complains, however, of several things—very justly. He does not like washing *below*, (down stairs,) in the same basin with twenty other people; nor wiping on the same towel; nor sleeping in a triple-bedded room—sometimes with a bed-fellow—and always in questionable sheets. This is well; but can always be avoided in America. Remember this. When a stranger goes to that country, he misses the comforts to which he has been accustomed; but knows nothing of the *substitutes* and *parallels*, which all people have, and which are generally founded on good sense, however odd they may seem. The Americans never brush their hats: why?—Because they wear the fur longer than we do—a much greater quantity of it—*never* wear a silk hat—dislike a smooth satin look—and love the rich blackness and glossiness of the long, fine beaver, blowing about in the wind. We brush our hats, because there is never much fur on them. Theirs look best rough; ours brushed.—So, too, the Americans do not often use soap; p. 59.—Why?—They do not burn coal: the air is free from smoke; they do not manufacture much; nor busy themselves much in any sort of occupation which renders it a hard thing to wash in soft water. Wherever they *do* use coal, (as in Washington); or manufacture largely, (as in Pittsburg); or do dirty work, (as in Congress—or on the wharfs,) they always *do* use soap.—They never use nightcaps; p. 59.—Why?—Because they neither wear powder, nor grease their hair. Many wash their heads in cold water every morning; and those who do not, but use oil, grease, or pomatum, wear a handkerchief. Nightcaps are thought excessively old-womanish; and rather dangerous, (as they undoubtedly are—if they come off in the night.) Clean sheets, clean towels, and a single-bedded room, with a bed for yourself, may always be had for the asking. They are not *offered*,—why?—Because there are no chambermaids *used* in

America; no servants who live upon precarious bounty:—because the better class of travellers, and all who are not going express, or viewing the country, choose the steam-boats. Nineteen out of twenty, between the large towns, are country people. Representatives who, because the steam-boats do not run in the winter, take the road—and who thanks them for it then?—or country merchants: all of whom will “put up” with anything. Genteel private equipages never stop, if their owners can help it, between the second class of towns, unless perhaps for breakfast or provender. People never travel in the stage-coaches if they can well avoid it. This, of course, is well known by the stage proprietors, tavern-keepers, &c. who “tuck it on” accordingly; but with a show of justice, nevertheless; because, what they *put on* in the price, they are very careful to *take off* in the quality. All who travel by land see the effect without knowing the cause. Avoid the country taverns—eat bread and cheese—or go without eating—or “happen in,” as they call it, upon somebody, of whom they beg a night’s lodging. The taverns of the south, on the road, are abominable; the imposition shameless; and the poor tavern-keepers all starved out, by the hospitality of the rich planters, who make prize of any decent stranger, for a week or so, when they fall in with him,—and, sometimes when they fall out with him. Hence the beds, bed-linen, &c. are so execrable on the road. But in the larger towns—in the commercial states, where the business will pay for it, (and let your genuine American alone for discovering when *that* is,) you may always find comfortable, and often superb accommodations. The boarding-houses in America are not equalled anywhere. The best inns are quite equal to our second best in London.

It is gratifying, by the way, to hear, that a man may sleep safely in a room, the door of which has neither lock nor bolt, in America;—at a tavern, too—in a triple-bedded room—the other beds occupied by strangers—after all that we have been told of the “*thieving* Americans.” Twice does our traveller inform us, that he *never lost anything* in that country; p. 44, 454.—that in such a situation—among strangers—in a strange country—at night—in a triple-bedded room—“*he*

felt no fear!”—These four words are a volume; and yet we are not questioning the fidelity of a late picture, which represents one of our brother Jonathans in a terrible fright, because there was no lock on *his* door in England. The picture is true *there*. Every American,—and, we believe, every stranger,—feels the same apprehension when he first arrives in Great Britain; and especially if he arrive in London. He really *does* believe, that if he cannot secure his chamber-door—padlock his watch—hide his pocket-book—nothing but a miracle can save him:—That if he stay out late—venture into a narrow street—or saunter towards Hounslow or Blackheath on a fine afternoon—he will only escape a catastrophe “by the skin of his teeth.” They would never believe in America,—what is perfectly true,—that a stranger may traverse nine-tenths of London, at any hour of the night, with more safety than he could any American city;—why? Because, over the water, their police is weak, and their watchmen few. They have no confidence in themselves; or in their power of tracking their prey, if they once lose sight of it; and, therefore, they never lose sight of anything after twelve o’clock at night—except good manners. They are not very rude; but they are troublesome. A stranger in America, at night, has no protection; or that which is worse than none.

We have been told of the intemperance, and “*bestly drunkenness*” of the Americans. This traveller sees nothing of the latter, and little of the former. He, like others, did see decanters of brandy and whisky *placed on the table*, p. 45—the dinner-table, of common tavern ordinaries—nothing is more common. The fashion prevails in all the respectable taverns and boarding-houses throughout the United States; and, in many, these liquors are always upon the side-board, accessible to the whole household, without *extra* charge.—And yet, people would have us believe that the North Americans are a nation of drunkards;—nay, they do cite these very facts to prove it—precisely the facts upon which we would rely (if there were no others) to prove the contrary.—Would a tavern-keeper trust a drunkard, or even a very intemperate man, to help himself—whenever he pleased—to as much as he pleased—without making

an *extra* charge for it?—Nay, if there were one such drunkard in every twenty of his customers, would it not soon change the fashion?—O, but “liquors are cheap, in America.”—Granted—and so much the worse for everybody, on many accounts.—But are they cheap enough to give away? Are they cheaper than cider and porter—both of which are charged *extra*, unless in draught, which is very uncommon.—“It is usual to pour a *very small quantity into a glass* (of brandy or whisky) *diluting it with water, till it is quite weak. This is the most common beverage:*” 45, see also, 452. Of course, then, the tavern-keepers in America, have discovered, that it is *cheaper* to give their customers *brandy and whisky, than anything else*.—Beside—people seldom drink to intoxication, of any liquors, that are always under their nose—always plentiful—always to be had for the asking. Who ever saw a Frenchman drunk upon his own brandy? A brewer, upon his own porter? A Portuguese, upon his own wine? A butcher, gorged upon his own meat? or, a cook, that could eat heartily of his own delicacies?

Some difficulty in obtaining the liquor; some rarity; some costliness, are always required, even by the very guzzlers among men. They will gamble, cheat, or fight; smuggle, steal, or pay dearly for that, upon which they mean to be drunk—or else there is no pleasure in getting drunk—no indulgence—no relief—no distinction, in it. Men, who love Burgundy and Champagne, often cross the water to drink it. Simpletons!—It is the sure way to make them sick of both. The true epicure will pay more for worse wine at home—and swallow it, anywhere—*except* in the country where it is produced.

No man ever saw a decent American “take” a wine glass of “*raw*” spirit; “*neat*” spirit; or “*pure*” spirit. Those who do, are known for western countrymen; and they take water upon it immediately.—With us

it is common—by us, we mean, the whole people of Great Britain.—It is a very rare thing to see an American drunk, still more rare to see him drunk on anything but wine or punch: yet more rare—quite a phenomenon—to see an American beggar: and yet more rare to see a dinner-ordinary, at which one half, at least, of the company are not water-drinkers either wholly, or in part: “the Americans are all fond of tea—they never miss it, in the evening (seldom “use” it in the morning:) and are so much given up to female society,”* that such a thing as a *club* is hardly known in their country:—These are facts. We know them to be facts. And if so—*can* the Americans be so intemperate, as they have been represented?—*Drunkards* never get drunk upon punch—they would sooner, on Malaga:—very rarely upon wine—it has not fire enough to exhilarate a drunkard: they will drink spirits pure: will be seen drunk sometimes: cannot bear tea—hate the society of women—abominate slops—of every sort and kind—hot or cold—and entertain such an unconquerable antipathy to pure cold water—that if they fall into it, they become instantly sober.—Fire and water agree better—than a drunkard and water. Fire will keep its integrity under the water—a drunkard cannot keep his:—and, in one word, where drunkards are, women (respectable women) will be avoided; men will confederate; and beggars will be in the proportion of about four beggars out of every five drunkards.

“The dinner-ordinary has almost everything to recommend it, *except conversation*, which, according to American notions, is unnecessary to the enjoyment of dinner, so completely *sensual* are they at that meal. The bell rings. A rush ensues. The table is surrounded by guests, who devour rather than eat what is before them, as *if business were so urgent*, that not a moment was to be lost; each one rises as he finishes; and, *without wait-*

* An American is known everywhere, by his attention to women—it matters not who they are,—high or low, (unless they have negro blood in them.) Except in the higher classes, to the higher classes, the English are not. We have heard an English woman say of a fellow-traveller in a stage-coach—whom anybody would have taken for an Englishman—“No—he is *not*.”—“Why—do you know him?”—“No—I never saw him before.”—“How can you speak so positively then?”—“How! didn’t I see him reach one lady her shawl, and help others into the coach?”—He was an American! She did *not* know him.

ing for the rest of the company, leaves the table. I used often to be the last to rise, not being able to eat so ravenously as is common," (pp. 45, 46.)—Let us examine this theory for a moment: all travellers agree with our "Englishman," that cookery is little regarded in the United States; that a plain way of tossing up food, is universal; that the luxuries and refinements of the table are not understood, (p. 83); that the average hour of dinner is two o'clock, (p. 79); that they eat hastily; do not sit long at table; and hurry off, without ceremony, as if business were urgent; that luncheons are hardly ever heard of: suppers very rare, (p. 84); that business is done (except in Washington—and among those who live out of town, during the summer) as much after dinner as before; that eating is not known as a science in America—because they are so regardless of delicacy, and flavour, as to take several kinds of vegetables on to their plate at once, p. 81: that ladies do this—filling their plates—and leaving them full: that oysters and stock cakes, strawberries and cheese, are seen side by side, (p. 83);—and yet, our author would have us believe that the Americans are a sensual people.—Did ever a sensual people dine in the middle of the day? or look to their business after dinner? or hurry through their dinners in this fashion? or eat as if they only ate for the purpose of satisfying nature? as if business were urgent?—If so, what would he call a people, who eat luncheons and suppers?—four and five meals a-day?—who sit for hours—hour after hour—at the table? who never dine till the business of the day is over—so that nothing may interrupt them? with whom cookery is a science—a separate and learned profession? a people whose great men are not ashamed of understanding the mysteries of the kitchen? a people, who pay more money and higher prices to their cooks, than to the votaries of science—and the disciples of the fine arts?—a people, in short, who manage, by the aid of sauces, wines, variety, and conversation, to eat, until they are unable either to work or think, reason or see?—until it has become an excuse, when a man has

blundered egregiously—that it was after dinner?—would he call them an intellectual people?

"I do not see the speaker, Hal, do you?"
 "Not see the speaker! damme—I see two."

The truth is, however, in both cases, that the Americans are neither gluttons nor drunkards: neither great eaters, nor great drinkers.—But they are intemperate—and who are not?—they eat and drink more than they ought: and what people do not?—They do, moreover, whatever they do—eating or drinking—talking or sleeping—writing or printing, very much in a hurry. They may not eat against weight, like—no matter whom—but they do eat against, what is worse—time. They consume a great quantity of ardent spirit—greater than our people, in proportion—but why? Because it is cheaper (for though men will not get drunk upon cheap liquor—they will drink more of it, in the long run, than if it be dear)—because they live in a colder climate—and because malt liquors are not in use among them. It is a rare thing to see an American drunk; but, by no means a rare thing to see him drink—like an Englishman—more than he ought.—And as for eating—we must remember that nineteen out of every twenty Americans, are men of business—nothing more nor less—neither nobility nor gentry. These nineteen eat, as they do everything—like men of business: the other one will eat like a rational man, but seldom or never like a gentleman—like our gentlemen, we mean—those who pride and pique themselves upon a familiar knowledge of sauces and cookery.

"CAP. 4. MEN."—A short, sensible chapter. Our traveller speaks, as he ought, of their smoking and spitting every where—any where—in drawing-rooms—on carpets. It is a beastly practice (our language, this—not his:) Pipes are never used by the Americans: snuff-taking—that filthy abomination—is coming into practice—and segars are going out.

"In the principal cities, proper attention is paid to personal cleanliness,"* (p. 59:)—(Fearon and others tell us of the nasty Americans:)—"but, in

* The American house-maids—even the cooks, do not wear caps. We cannot, certainly, excuse that.

many parts of the country, *considerable* neglect (a supposed Yankeeism) is apparent," of course—in what parts of what country is it not?—The middling and lower classes, in America, dress better, and appear cleaner, than they do anywhere else. The highest class, however, are not particular enough. Their summer dress, (that, of the men, we mean) like that of the East and West Indian planter—is very unbecoming. It never looks clean, though it be clean: and their straw-hats are outrageous.—Conversation is neglected: very true—so it is. But not equally—not everywhere—the quantity of *talk*, in America is prodigious. Conversation is rare, except in the New England States.—“In their intercourse with each other, the men are easy and polite.”—Speaking of the lower class, he adds, “I met, now and then, with a rude fellow; but I must say that, in general, they are civil and obliging though not crouching.” (p. 61.)—The women prefer Europeans (p. 41:)—True—as a general rule: but he mistakes the cause. Europeans are *novelties*: His notion that it is because they (the women) love to be treated like people of sense, is true, but inapplicable.

“CAP. 5. THE WOMEN.”—Another very good chapter. He likes the American women very much. So do all travellers. “*Dear Byron*” took a prodigious fancy to several in the Mediterranean: Our Englishman is mistaken, by the way, in several matters. The gossiping, of which he speaks, (p. 65,) does not proceed “from the restraint imposed on females, in America;” for the restraint on females, in America, is altogether *less*, than it is in Great Britain—but upon a different circumstance entirely. Gossiping—talking—courtship—and all that, are the natural growth of small towns. The people have nothing else to do. Strangers are comets: common incidents, phenomena; among the heavenly bodies of a small village. The New England women—and the Philadelphians are well educated. The rest are only accomplished. The Baltimore ladies dance delightfully—talk French—work muslin—paint—sing—and walk the street, like so many beautiful apparitions: Not one in fifty, however, can do a sum in the rule of three; tell the size of her own State; or put a ca-

pital in the right place, when writing a note. Their domestic education is neglected, throughout the country. They are extravagant, as daughters, and as wives; but especially so in the south. No husband thinks of making a weekly allowance for his household expenses; or a quarterly one, for the females of his family. Still, however, women are to be found, even in Virginia, who, with princely estates, have the good sense to remember that they are partners—wives—mothers—not spendthrifts. In general, it is a competition of extravagance between the men and women. Both are shamefully prodigal. It is the national characteristic; and comes of their gambling commercial spirit, and execrable insolvent laws. “The ladies do not walk, arm in arm, with gentlemen in the streets,” (p. 70.)—Why? Because there is no need of it. They *must* in London—they could not get along without—they would lose their companions or themselves, if they did not. The *fashion* of London is carried into the smaller towns, without regarding the reason. It is not a “needless piece of refinement in America”—which induces the women to refuse a stranger’s arm—in the day-time. It is only common sense. At night—when it can be of use, they take it without scruple. “Shop-maids are not much employed,” (p. 76.)—Very true. We thank our traveller for the hint. There are some in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston—but not many; and, in Baltimore, and other large towns, not one—no, not one. It is a sin and a shame. Bar-maids and chamber-maids are never seen. God grant that people may never see them in America—they are short-lived everywhere. We—*ourselves* we mean—like well enough to be lighted up, (inside or out,) by a pretty girl—(with brandy, fine eyes, wax candles, or a warming-pan)—as well as another, at our age; but we believe—as a general practice—that nothing is more disastrous to the modesty and becoming pride of a poor girl.

“CAP. 6. DOMESTICK LIFE.”—“The Americans, in my opinion,” says our author, in this chapter, p. 85, after speaking of their meals, “may lay claim to, at least, *as much refinement as ourselves; in some particulars they have certainly more.*”—Very fair. That comes of tea-drinking in America.

Then follow some agreeable anecdotes, in proof of what needs no proof—the hospitality and warm-heartedness of the Americans toward our people. It has been unreasonable, foolish. It has injured them and us. Time was when the *name* of an Englishman would carry anybody—anywhere—in America. It is no longer so. This foolish confidence has been shamefully and wickedly abused. Mr Thomas Moore—the poet and song-writer, went over to America; every house was open to him—every heart. He came back; and repaid their hospitality—with just what they deserved for treating him as they did—a rascally lampoon.—True—he pretends to be sorry for it, now; but what of that? So with others. We could name twenty. Miss Wright and our traveller are solitary examples of gratitude; and we might say, of humanity—toward the Americans. Farmer Faux was treated with great consideration—a thousand times more than he deserved—only because he was an Englishman: *Money was given to him to help him along.* And what was his return for it?—a volume of absurd and ridiculous calumny—some truth—and much falsehood. Verily the character of “Tom Straddle,” in *Salmagundi*, is not overcharged. We, ourselves, have seen Englishmen in the company of American women—*Englishmen*, who, at home, would have been excluded from polite society, (they were in fact, mercantile and manufacturing agents)—*American women*, such as Jerome Bonaparte’s wife (Miss Paterson) and others, who have been the admiration of European courts—and these Englishmen have behaved with a superciliousness, like that of your high-blooded riders among village girls. Nevertheless, though things have altered, we undertake to say, that a well-bred Englishman may traverse the country in every direction—almost without money, and without price—if he have a few good letters to begin with—and choose to avail himself of private hospitality. The Scotch, the very Scotch, are not more hospitable than the Americans.

“It is neither in the ball-room, the theatre, nor the card-party, that the American ladies are seen to most advantage.” It is in their domestic circle, p. 68. This is high praise; but well deserved. There are no fine

ladies—no fine gentlemen, in America. Fine women, and fine men are common enough—according to the transatlantic signification of the words. A fine woman there, is an agreeable superior woman; a clever man—at the north—means a good-natured fellow. Sturgeons—(to follow the doctrine of suggestion)—*sturgeons* (Childe Harold, in the serious; Don Juan, or Beppo, in the profane—vide—for authority, in this kind of association)—*sturgeons* are not much cared for, in certain parts of America, p. 81. Our author attributes this to a want of taste. No such thing—fish are eaten for their rarity, *always*; not for their flavour. Salmon have been used for manure: pike are held so low, in the Baltimore market (we know this) that no decent housekeeper will be seen carrying one home. In Boston, (as it was in Ireland,) a baked pike is a rarity—a treat: a fine cod will bring any price at Baltimore—in Boston, it is a plain, very plain family dinner. In truth, if a dish do not smack o’ the siller, it is good for nothing anywhere.

“CAP. 7. SPIRIT OF CONVERSATION.”—Our traveller complains, very justly, of the miserable fastidiousness, common in America: the proscription of words having more than one sense: the childish prattle at parties; the want of a story-telling faculty in the Americans. His remarks are just. We have never known but four or five *American* story-tellers.—The best of them was an Englishman, (Jarvis the painter,)—and the others were intolerable, unless when they were tolerable *in* for it, with Irish whisky-punch, (your true fountain of inspiration, after all, for such people.) The Americans, though not *very* remarkable for wit—are more remarkable for wit than for humour.—Such a thing as an American humourist was never heard of. He would be worth his weight in gold. American oddities are common enough—like apples—full of hard knots—without juice.—*Ergo*—how can story-telling flourish there?—By the way, our author could, if he would, relate some pleasant stories of American squeamishness.—He refuses.—Why?—Has he caught the infection?—Wont butter melt in *his* mouth?—“Ah!” said a fine woman at our side, once—“Ah!”—“Bless me!” said we,

“what is the matter—you look very pale.”—“Ah!—a pain in my” (stopping short, and colouring to the eyes.) “Where, pray?”—“Here,” said she, putting her hand upon her knee—“just here.” She could not say *knee*.—They call cocks, chicken cocks, barn-fowl, and roosters: and we, ourself, once heard a beautiful girl, speaking of cock roaches, call them roaches.—A curse on such false modesty! say we. It is the death of real modesty. It is, the otto of licentiousness.

“CAP. 8. INTELLIGENCE.”—Our author begins this Chapter, considering his visible affection for the American people, in capital style. “They have a current saying,” says he, “that they are the most enlightened people on earth: and Congress actually passed a resolution to that effect, many years ago.”—The devil they did!—Where?—when?—Tell us all about it.

That story, we thought, was done with, for ever. It has been often repeated—often enough—too often—too circumstantially, by the highest authorities of Great Britain. Nevertheless—we desire to use language, that cannot be misunderstood; as we did in our last Number, while speaking of an atrocious political fabrication, by Dr Franklin—the great and good Franklin)—nevertheless, it is an absolute falsehood. We are not of those who look upon forgery and lying, as lawful in any case: We are not politicians. We claim to be, so far as we go—only statesmen. The slander, which goes out against a whole nation: the falsehood, which is trumpeted forth to the four winds of heaven: the libel, which becomes a part of history, are not such, as we can look upon, with a smile.

But—we do not stop here.—So long ago, as the year 1819, Mr Walsh, an American, wrote his “APPEAL;” a principal object of which was, to make an end of this very story; which, from continual repetition, like many a lie before it, had come to be believed.—“It was too absurd for serious refutation,” said his countrymen: “it is only a joke: nobody can believe it.” They were mistaken. It was believed—is believed—all over Europe, to this day: like the scalp-story of Dr Franklin.—“It is not refuted—it is not even contradicted,” said our countrymen—“therefore it cannot be contradicted: therefore, we believe it.”—So

Mr Walsh wrote a book: shewed how the story originated: and put his contradiction—as he ought—with a stern countenance, before all the world.—Nobody says: nobody ever did say—not even the Edinburgh and Quarterly—nobody will dare to say, that Mr Walsh failed in that part of his undertaking, (however wicked and foolish the whole scope of his work may be.) Now, observe—our traveller pretends to have read that very “APPEAL”—(one moment—we shall make short work of this)—He goes out of his way to speak of it: on two several occasions—pp. 117, 364—he reviews it, with an air: He calls it, what it is, a *clumsy* book, p. 117—remember the phrase, a *clumsy* book. Yet, in that very book, if he ever read it, he found the following facts—facts, which cannot be disputed: namely, that some twenty-eight years ago, when George Washington was ready to retire from publick life, the American Congress passed a resolution, of which these words were a part,—“the spectacle of a *free* and *enlightened* nation:” that, upon *these words*—and upon *these words only*, the ridiculous fabrication, which he repeats, was founded: that in the beginning, it was only a joke: that, after a time, it came to be rather too seriously repeated—in parliament, and out—all over Europe—all over the world—by statesmen—philosophers—and both of our “stupendous journals:”—that, sometimes, it was called a “three days debate;” sometimes, a “resolution;” and sometimes, an “ACT” of the American Congress.—(An “ACT,” by the British Review, or London Critical Journal.) Even Blackwood repeats the affair—in our last Number, p. 482—and calls it a *vote*. Where would this end, but for us?

The Edinburgh giants—meaning those of the Edinburgh Review—have, probably, read Mr Walsh’s appeal—at any rate, they reviewed it. Not a syllable do they say—either in justification, rebuke, or atonement. As usual, when they are convicted of such matters, they preserve a mortal silence—very magnanimous—very august, and very afflicting. The Quarterly people, too, who *have* read it, beyond all question—because they are abused in it—Gog and Magog, both—pursue the same “stupendous” policy. Not one of them, however, has the hardihood, now, to repeat the sto-

ry.—It remained for a friend of America—a plain, sensible, honest man, to start up, all at once, in the year 1824, and repeat the story again. Nay, what is more, to begin a chapter with it—to write a grave essay upon the subject—not in sport—not in pleasantry—but like a conscientious man, who knows what he says to be true—is very sorry for it—but cannot, will not, conceal the truth.

Now, what are we to say to such a man?—Only this—and this we do say. Sir, one of these two things must be true. You have never read Mr Walsh's book—in which case your remarks on it are impertinent; or, you are not, what we desire to believe—an honest man.

The dilemma is an awkward one; and being rather charitably disposed, we insist on helping you out. Let us cross-examine you, for a minute or two. How happens it, that you give us no more *real* information, about American literature, (as it is called—God knows why,) than you are able to scratch out of the Edinburgh?—that your logick—sentiments—opinions are precisely the same?—that, on one occasion you make use of the *very same words*? The Edinburgh calls the "Appeal" a *clumsy book*. So does Mr Walsh, in his preface. So do you. A remarkable coincidence that, while you are criticising a book, that you had never read, (supposing, for the sake of our argument now, that you *are* an honest man.)—What!—has it come to this! must we pay for new editions of the Edinburgh Review—under new titles—new editions of our old poetry, under the name of *Travels*? Our belief is this, that *after* your book was written, it occurred to you that something about "American literature," would be expected; that you were afraid—else—of having it mistaken for such travels as are written sometimes in one's own garret—from jest books, maps, and geographies;—like those of the "New England Man," who stole whatever is true in *his* book, out of Mr Walsh's Appeal; that you have never read an American book in your life; that you know nothing at all of the American writers; that you have read nothing on the subject, but the Edinburgh Review: and that you have taken out all that you could find there, to give an air of authenticity and research to one

chapter of your travels. These, we say, are the facts. Join issue with us, if you dare.

One word more:—Grant, if you please, that the Americans *do* believe themselves to be the most enlightened nation on earth. What people, we should be glad to know, do not believe the same thing of themselves?—Do not we?—the whole people of Great Britain?—the French—the Chinese—nay, the very Laplanders?—Why then should we reproach them—even if it be *untrue*? But we undertake to say that *it is true*. We undertake to prove—that the American *people*—as a people—saving and excepting the slave population—are the most *enlightened* people on earth. They are not the most *learned* people—they have not a sum of *learning* equal to that of our people, in proportion to their numbers; but no people under heaven have so large a sum of common, substantial, useful information, divided among them. Learning is like wealth. The Americans have no overgrown capitalists; few rich men: but all have a competency—all are above want. We say—and we know well what we say—that *the Americans are superficial*. They are not—as multitudes of our people are—profoundly acquainted with some one thing, and ignorant of everything else.

Talk with an American farmer: an American physician: an American lawyer: and you will find him able to converse with you upon other subjects, which you would never hear an allusion to, from an Englishman, in a correspondent class of society. But are the Americans the better for it?—No—like every jack of all trades, they are, *generally*, good at none. Having no apprentice laws, which compel workmen to undergo an apprenticeship: no laws, to prevent a man from following just what occupation he pleases, where he pleases—their whole history is a course of adventure and experiment. *Great* results are sometimes the consequence of this liberty—greater, perhaps, than by our course of restraint: but *reasonable* results, those which are useful and necessary, are never to be obtained, but by an approximation to our system. Generation after generation of the Chinese—as it was, among the work people of the Spartans—follow the trade of their fathers: the sons taking up where the fathers left off.

This, of course, discourages adventure and experiment, on a large scale—but encourages dexterity, and improvement. We, perhaps, are near the medium, between the Chinese and the Americans.

But a change is working in America. Professions are multiplying: trades are subdividing. But a little time ago, the business of a surgeon, a midwife, a dentist, a bleeder, a physician, a druggist, and an apothecary, was always united in one person. That of an attorney, a conveyancer, a special pleader, a solicitor, and a counsellor, was the same. How could these persons be profound in each department?—So was it with every trade. So is it in all country towns, yet. In the cities, however, people begin to separate, of themselves. Surgeons will neither draw teeth, nor physick, nor bleed, in Philadelphia. Attornies, conveyancers, and counsellors, are apart in Massachusetts, New York; and, until very lately, in the supreme court of the United States: where, on account of the distance which the counsellors come, and the difficulty of obtaining a good attorney, persons are admitted as counsellors and attorneys. It will be so, of course, with every other profession, trade, and business, in America. This changes the natural growth of cities—contains, in itself, the germ of all that excellence, which proceeds from a division of labour. We cannot go further into the subject now: but we have given hints enough, to shew that we can prove, all that we undertake to prove.

Our author speaks of a “free press,” in America, p. 106:—and of the surprise, manifested by a “publick lecturer” there, on hearing that the press was free, in England. There are no government prosecutions in America. That is what an American means, by a free press. Libels—even libels upon the government officers—are disregarded—until the sufferer calls upon the publick prosecutor—a very rare thing.

He tells a pleasant story of a person, whose name we will give, though he does not, p. 109. It was Dr Mitchell—a naturalist—the most credulous of men—(as learned men often are—your full grown ignorant people are the greatest unbelievers: They believe nothing, after a time—which they can-

not understand, or, have never heard of before. They begin with believing everything: they end with believing nothing)—it was he, who has published a chronological table of remarkable events in his own life. He is one of the seven wonders—as he, himself, believes; and we could mention some droll tricks recorded in that very table—if this were a proper time.

Our author is wrong, altogether wrong, about the state of education, in America. There are more people in London, who have never read—never heard of our modern literature, than, in America. (We except, of course, the slaves.) Books cost little or nothing, there—and are read by everybody. The Scotch novels are sold, first for two dollars, and then for one, (4s. 6d.), a set. *Nothing is given for the copyright.* Medical science is not “in a disgracefully low state.” The American medical writers are numerous and able: some stand very high, on the continent. Hypothesis and speculation, however, lead them astray: because the diseases of America are not the diseases of Europe: and, because of the many studies of a medical man in America. There are nearly eight hundred medical students, at Baltimore and Philadelphia: the young men, who come over here, come to study *surgery*, not medicine. *Subjects* are scarce, in America.

Law is the same. Our author is wholly mistaken. America has produced many great lawyers: many, who would have been thought great, in Westminster-Hall—in the proud seasons of English law. The American reporters are numerous—and most of them are admirable. Nearly one hundred octavo volumes a year, are issued from the American law press. Judge Griffith’s *LAW REGISTER*, should be accessible to every English lawyer, who may be consulted upon titles, claims, or property, in any part of America. Mr Phillips’s book on *INSURANCE*, (Willard Phillips, of Boston; former editor of the *North American Review*) is a *desideratum* in English law. It is wanted here. It contains the essence of all that has been written upon the subject. Principles are extracted, and authorities examined, with a precision worthy of Mr Chitty, himself. Law, in America, is loosely, shamefully neglected in general; but sometimes, in

particular parts of almost every state, it is more comprehensively studied than anywhere else, in the world; and as profoundly, now and then. A multitude of young men shuffle through Blackstone, and get admitted, only that people may call them *squires*: others, as an accomplishment;* others, because it is genteel: others, because it is the only avenue to political distinction. A good American lawyer is very common: a great one, by no means rare. The latter, however, must practise *in every court—in every capacity*. He must be familiar with our common and statute law: the laws of his own state: those of the United States: those of twenty-six other states and communities; civil, national, ecclesiastical, admiralty, and chancery law. Yet, as a body, the lawyers of America are not so learned, so exact, so profound, as ours: their learning, however, is much more comprehensive and various: and every member of the profession, is more or less acquainted, *practically*, with every branch of the profession.

“CAP. 9. PATRIOTISM.”—A sensible chapter. The Americans will do well to read it—and remember it. We know of no point on which they are so vulnerable, as upon this—their national vanity. We would have them entertain a high opinion of themselves. Nay; we hold that it is better for all to think too highly, than too humbly, of themselves.

But, we would have them especially well informed of their comparative, as well as positive advantages. We need not explain ourselves here. The able men of America well know what we mean: and as for the rest, we are not writing for them *here*. One word, however, that all may understand. The most boastful, in America, as everywhere else, are the most ignorant. The wise are full of solicitude. The former hardly see the present. The latter contemplate alike, the past, present, and future. It is enough to make such men serious.

The examples of their national vanity, however, which our traveller gives, p. 122-3, are unlucky. The New York Canal—“*taking the circumstances of the people into consideration*”—(their number—1400,000)—“*is equal to the pyramids of Egypt, or the*

wall of China.” The name of an American is a passport, in France, even among the rabble: that of an Englishman is rather a disadvantage. The difference was greater, a few years ago. The American cockade was actually worn, after the allies were in Paris, by all the Americans there, for *security* or *distinction*: and, even by some Englishmen. The French are partial to the Americans: Why?—Because they have been *directly* and *indirectly* their allies, in *two wars*, against Englishmen, to whom the French are not *very* partial.

“CAP. 10. HOSPITALITY.”—This chapter is taken up with anecdotes—all exceedingly favourable to the Americans—in illustration of their hospitality. We like it much. It accords with our own experience. The preliminary remarks, however, are stolen from the Edinburgh; but very sensible, and very just, nevertheless. Our author concludes in these words:—“America is certainly the land of kind dispositions.” So say we—so far as *visitors* are concerned. But we cannot say much for their treatment of *resident* foreigners, aliens, denizens, or naturalized citizens. There is a general prejudice against all foreigners, in America. They are less charitable than ourselves—our people—the British people, we mean, to those who stay long. Exceptions, of course, do occur. But, in every case, it is better by far to have been born *in* America, than out of it, if you would push your fortune in it. As a traveller—a visitor—it is directly the reverse. We care nothing for what may be said by the American government, and political writers. What we say, *is the truth*. We say it, because we know it. We dare them to contradict us, by anything but words. “Facts are stubborn things.”

“CAP. 11. POLITENESS.”—Our author met with kindness and singular attention, all over the country; and yet “he doubts whether the Americans can properly be called a *polite* people,” p. 150. A whole chapter is taken up with anecdotes of politeness, shewn to himself, by individuals, from “the vice-president of the United States, down to common labourers.” Still, our author is in doubt concerning their politeness. Strange. But, what may

* They read law—a volume or two—but never study it, as “an accomplishment.”

sound yet more strange—we agree with him. The Americans are not a polite people. Those of the north are cold, but sincere; those of the south warmer, heartier; but, of course, not so steady in their kindness. They are, in truth, a kind, friendly people—but not a polite people. The New Englanders are like the Scotch: the Southerners, like the Irish.

“CAP. 12. RELIGION.”—Our author deserves great credit for the temper of this chapter. It is the language of a Christian. We would make large extracts, but we do not like to mutilate it; and have no room for the whole. “*In few countries, if any, is publick worship more generally attended, than in the United States,*” p. 163. “Instances of openly avowed Deism, are rare.” *Ib.* There are seventy-eight places of worship in the city of New York; fifteen of which are Episcopalian. *They* are the most numerous there, p. 144. He heard a Unitarian* preach before Congress, in the House of Representatives; and the next week, an Episcopal clergyman, in his own church, denounce the *divine vengeance upon the whole nation therefore*, p. 172. He mentions also a Presbyterian sermon, which attributes the yellow fever among the people of New York, to their having elected a Jew to the office of High Sheriff; 173—such is toleration in America. But more—our traveller does not seem to know that a test oath, declaring a belief in the Christian religion, is administered in some of the states. In Maryland, they have nearly abolished it. We know of a D.D. (Doctor Mason—he preached, we are told, in Saint Paul’s, many years ago) who lately, on becoming the president of a literary institution, delivered a farewell sermon, in which he declared, in so many words, that keeping company with devils was less dangerous than with Unitarians. Having said this, he went off to Philadelphia, and “*put up*” with a leading Unitarian preacher there, (Mr Taylor.) So the story goes: and we have good reason to believe it.

CAPS. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, are set apart for a particular account of the EPISCOPALIANS, CATHOLICS, FRIENDS,

METHODISTS, and SHAKERS, (a people, whose principles are non-intercourse between the sexes; community of property; and hard work.) They are five good solid chapters; but not much after our taste. We hate *short* theological discussions. He forgets to mention, or did not know, perhaps, that one of the two Philadelphia mobs arose out of the circumstances mentioned by him, p. 195:—among the Catholics. They fought in the churchyard: many women as well as men were injured seriously; and some, they say, were killed outright. It was confined nearly, if not quite altogether, to the Irish—like the Baltimore mob, in its commencement. In America, there are no patriots, like the Irish; none so jealous of liberty. In one case, (that of the Baltimore mob,) they took possession of the town—did murder one old man, (a revolutionary general,) and left half a dozen others for dead; by way of shewing their affection for the American government, whom these men had been calling to account, for the war with Great Britain.

“CAP. 18. THE INDIANS.”—This chapter is devoted, like most of the others, to anecdote and speculation; judiciously intermixed with facts, that are wanted. But our author has fallen into a strange error: 243. We can tell him—after all his reasoning, on the subject—very modestly, though—that he does not understand what he is talking about. The American government will not permit—and have not permitted for many years—*anybody to purchase lands of the Indian*:—anybody, but themselves, we should say. The Indian title, for a long time has been extinguished everywhere; as it was in Pennsylvania, by William Penn himself—in the regular course of business: a few beads: a little powder and shot: a quantity of red cloth—in exchange for what?—for whole empires—empires—

Where, since there walked the Everlasting
God,
No living foot hath been.

Another process of the American government—who deserve the blame, because they might know the truth, if

* Mr Sparks—of whom we have already spoken; the present Editor of the North American Review. He was chaplain to the House one session; the next they had an Episcopalian; the previous one, a Methodist—if we are not mistaken.

they would—is this. Their advance population; the frontier forlorn hope; are always the worst men of New England, or their descendants: the most adventurous and unprincipled of their whole population. These fellows press upon the inheritance of the red men, on every side. Game, of course, becomes rare: the lands, of course, become useless to the red men: they desire to sell. In steps the American government—forbidding competition—and buys up the whole, at one sweep:—for what?—why, to retail out again, to their advance population—who, if *they* cheated the Indians each for himself, would not get it, after all, so cheaply as they now do. Another process is this. The frontier people pick a quarrel with the Indians, who are seldom foolish enough to do it for themselves. No declaration of war follows; no ceremony; but, forth goes General Jackson—or general somebody else; wasting and firing the whole country. A truce follows: a ceding of the conquered country—for the protection of the whites—and a short peace is concluded.

Still, however, the notion that prevails here, is ridiculous. The American government have made, and are making stupendous exertions, for the safety and improvement of the red men. As for what Mr John D. Hunter (who knows nothing at all of the Indian History—or the designs of the American government) may say about “his countrymen being the worst enemies of his *plan*,” it is all trumpery and stuff. He has no *plan* at all: He never had any: He never will have any. He is a shrewd, sensible fellow—nothing more: His achievements, wonderful as they are, have been those of accident—never of design. He has been ridiculously misunderstood and over-rated in this country: He is without any solid information upon any subject; and we know him to be surprisingly ignorant of those very things, which the people here, who are so fond of being deceived, that they are always ready to deceive themselves, under any pretence—believe him to be profoundly acquainted with. We speak now of the Indian History: sufferings and power: the policy and views of the American government: the process of amelioration. We know him well; and we undertake to say positively,

that, up to the day of his departure from London, he had no plan of his own, and was ready to adopt the suggestion of anybody; the plan of anybody; nay, more—we undertake to say, also, that the American government, will go heart in hand, with him, or anybody else, who will produce anything like a digested, rational plan, for the protection of the Indians: that Mr Owen of Lanark—enthusiastick and visionary though he be, in the *extent* of his views—will find there all the encouragement which he can desire; that Mr Hunter, if he go among the red men again—which we think very improbable—will be more likely to adopt *their* mode of living, than to persuade any *one* of them to adopt *his*. Why?—Because he goes alone: to make himself intelligible, he must use their language: to avoid *suspicion*, he must cease to be a white man: dress like them; eat like them; live like them: to acquire influence—he must excel—which he does not—in the race—in the use of the rifle—and in everything which *they* regard with veneration. We say these things, because we know the man: because we regard him for what he *is*: because we believe that he might be of singular service to the red men, if he would go about the work deliberately, with a full knowledge of all the difficulties; and, because we have heard rather too much gossiping about his magnificent views, and philanthropy, toward the red men—*for* whom, by the way, he cares about one half as much as we do: He knows less of them, as a whole, than we do—(we love modesty, but we love truth better :) and has done less for them, than Washington Irving, in his Knickerbocker.

Our traveller, by the way, questions the authenticity of Hunter's Narrative, p. 362. We have no reason to doubt on the subject. We have heard him talk better, than that book is written; and have seen him write better. The manuscript was corrected—not written—by a New Yorker. In a late edition, Mr Hunter has added a few pages, which we know to be his. But for a few flashes of absurd poetry, some ridiculous pomp, like the tone of his conversation, among women—some allusions to the “towering wilderness—a good place to fatten hogs in”—all of which, by the way, are very like

the poetry of our traveller himself—it is rather above the level of the book. We believe, however, that he is the child of some Indian woman, by some Yankee trader. Such children are not uncommon in America.

We take upon ourselves to say, concerning the Indians; 1st, that little is known of them in America, and less here; 2dly, that they have *never* been the aggressors; *never* broken a fair treaty; 3dly, that, whenever they have been treated with common decency, (as by William Penn,) or, with common humanity, (as by the French,) they have always been faithful and friendly; that, whenever a treaty has been such, as the *law of nations* would not justify them in breaking—the whites themselves, have gone about their business in the woods, and on the frontiers, without any sort of apprehension, thereby *proving* their reliance on the Indian faith; 4thly, That no people, ancient or modern, have ever exhibited more grandeur of soul—more virtue of every kind, and that none have been so deplorably oppressed, belied, and wronged, in every possible way. 5thly, That a parallel, for every individual, or national instance, of sublime and awful courage, fortitude, or patriotism, love of liberty or heroism, of any kind, recorded of the Spartans, the Jews, or of any other people, may be found in the history of the red men. 6thly, That wars have been excited among them, age after age, to obtain their lands; in some cases, by *our* own colonial governors to obtain slaves, who were actually sold in the West Indies: that the law of nations has never been regarded, in dealing with them: that their ambassadors have been seized, imprisoned, and butchered, a dozen at a time, when America was *ours*: that war has never been declared against them: that Philip of Mount Hope, was not one whit inferior to Philip of Macedon, in foresight and political sagacity. 7thly, That the things, for which they are chiefly reproached—their scalping and mode of warfare, were introduced by ourselves—encouraged by ourselves—or may be justified by *our* entrenchments, discipline, stratagem, generalship; and, in fact, by our whole art of war; and, lastly, that, although the red men have no historians, no writers, nobody to bear witness for them,

record their wrongs, and rebuke their calumniators; that, notwithstanding this, enough may be found in the writings of the white men—their oppressors, task-masters—and mortal enemies, to prove all that we have undertaken to prove.

“CAP. 19, 20, 21, 22. SLAVERY; SLAVE TRADE; FREE BLACKS; COLONIZATION SOCIETY.”—We recommend these four chapters, to the people of America; and, with our commentaries, to the people of Great Britain. The information is valuable; and the remarks judicious. Nevertheless, we have a few observations, once for all, to make upon the subject of slavery, in the United States of America. It is universally misunderstood here. It is one of two subjects upon which we should speak—all the writers of Great Britain, we mean—very cautiously, and very sparingly. The wickedness of the Americans, in holding so many of their fellow-creatures in bondage—their inconsistency, and their *ingratitude*, as they say, to the people of Great Britain—are favourite themes of late, with everybody. But, as usual, those who know least of the matter, make the most noise.

As for their *ingratitude*, we do hope never to hear it spoken of again. They have never obtained anything from us—anything but by hard knocks: We drove the first Americans from us, by religious persecution: we never spent a guinea upon them, as colonies: we derived prodigious advantages from them, “*two millions a year*,” says Chatham—the great Chatham—we monopolized their trade: we supplied them with slaves: we fought none of their battles: they fought ours continually, suffered for us continually: not only defended themselves, but helped us in driving the French out of America and the West Indies: conquered large territories for us in every direction: furnished us with seamen, (10,000 in the war of 1756,) and our West Indies with food: captured Louisburg without our assistance—the only valuable conquest of ours in the long French war, which was concluded by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle—a conquest, in fact, “which gave peace to Europe; and proved an equivalent for all the successes of the French upon the continent of Europe.” Need we go any further? If need be,

we can, from the day when the "fathers" landed in Plymouth, up to this hour; and prove that we have done nothing for them; they, much for us—that they are under no sort of obligation to us, except for what has been accidental; and that we *have been* under great obligations to them: "The first Americans were transported felons and convicts," it has been said. It is untrue. The *first* Americans were extraordinary men, men of education; such men as no other country can trace its population to. The convicts and felons were but few, and confined to a few states.

So with slavery. The Americans are to blame, greatly to blame; but not in the way supposed. They deserve to be reproached. 1st, Because two of the original states refused to enter the confederacy, unless with permission to hold slaves. 2dly, Because they have never done *all* that might have been done—all that should have been done, to make an end of slavery among themselves, (we do not much blame them, by the way, for refusing a *reciprocal* search.) 3dly, Because their practice and preaching are wickedly and obstinately contradictory; and 4thly, Because they have, within a few years, laid the foundation for eternal slavery, warfare, and bloodshed, in the new territories.

But, in their behalf it may be urged, that, even while they were colonies, they strove, continually, to prevent the introduction of slaves, by our people; that they petitioned our government against the trade; and passed laws half a century before we did, for the abolition of it: that they have gone on, year after year, from one step to another, until they have made it *piracy*; that a great minority of the people are solemnly and conscientiously set against it; that, in consequence of their vehement opposition to certain late proceedings, in the new territories, a civil war was talked of, and a separation predicted; that wise and good men—those who have taken all pains to understand the subject—are really at a loss how to proceed respecting the black population of America; that more has been done *against*, and less *for* slavery, by the Americans, than by any other people, among whom, or among whose colonies, men have been kept in bondage; that sla-

very is milder there than anywhere else; that when a plausible mode is discovered of setting themselves free from slaves and slavery, they will adopt it, as they always have, with great zeal, in one part of the population; and with singular disinterestedness, in the other.

And, for ourselves—let us be wary in our boasting. But for us, there would be no slaves in America, at this hour: We talk of the air of England—English ground—that a slave cannot breathe one, or tread the other, without undergoing a transfiguration. All this may be beautiful poetry, but, in our minds, it is a tremendous sarcasm. Look at our colonies; at our East Indian possessions; at what we have done *for* slavery, in every quarter of the globe. We boast of our "negro Somerset" case. The very case *proves* that the right of holding a slave in England, was, but a little time ago, a doubtful and serious question, in our *courts of law*. Beside, Massachusetts had given a like decision some time before. We are unspeakably grieved and shocked, on seeing a runaway "negro wench" offered for sale, in the American papers; yet, up to the year 1770, when the case of Somerset was decided, similar advertisements were frequently met with in the *London papers*.

And what is more—although it is fashionable to talk against negro slavery; and profitable, we have no doubt; and although we would go as far as anybody, to prevent people from stealing their fellow-creatures—or ill treating them—under any circumstances: we do aver that all the writers upon the subject, without one exception, have been only furnishing arguments against themselves: that what is urged by them, does not apply to slavery, as it *is*; but only to that, which *never was*, namely, absolute slavery—where not only the life and liberty, but even the moral faculties have been, hypothetically, held in thralldom:—that, nevertheless, if war, and the usages of war, be lawful—then, *that* worst of slavery is also lawful: and that such slavery as *does* exist in America is justifiable by the practice of all nations; the laws of all nations—the *principles of subordination throughout all nature*; and, strange as it may seem, in *substance*, by the *principles and practice*.

of English law, itself.—We say this deliberately; and undertake to shew it, on any suitable occasion.

But, leaving these doctrines for the present—we would ask, what is to be done to get rid of the slave population, and overcome the evils of slavery, in the United States?—The idea of colonization is absurd: our traveller's notions on that point are correct. Gradual emancipation has done well in the New England states; and in New York. It would have done well everywhere fifty years ago. But *now*—the blacks are too numerous—the policy of it is very questionable. The free negroes produce infinite mischief among the slaves.—Sudden emancipation of the whole, at once, is impossible; and, if it could be done, were the height of madness. Amalgamation—(by marriage)—never will take place. It might, but for the odour of the negro, which, in truth, is insupportably offensive.—The wisest and best men are divided on the subject. One party, at the head of whom is Robert Goodloe Harper—a good and great man—a statesman (well known here), are averse to emancipation; and encouragers of colonization—if it can be effected. But it cannot be. All the shipping of the United States, at the end of a few years, would not be able to transport the natural increase of the slaves.—On the other side, a variety of opinions are entertained. But only one plan—the plan of Daniel Raymond (author of a capital work on political economy) is at all plausible.—(Robert Walsh, by the way, has also some good notions on the subject.)—Raymond's doctrine is founded upon three facts, capable of proof:—*i. e.*—1st, the whole white population increase faster than the whole coloured population: 2dly, the slave population increases faster than the whites: 3dly, the free coloured population not so fast as the whites:—On these grounds, he urges this course of policy: 1st, the discouragement of slave emigration to the slave states: 2dly, the encouragement of manumission, in every possible way: and, 3dly, the encouragement of emigration to the West India Islands, which, he believes—and we are of the same belief—will soon be under the dominion of the blacks altogether. This plan is the best; and only wants to appear so, for universal encouragement, in the United States.

As for the talk of English writers and English travellers, about American prejudice—admitting the whole truth of what they say—it is, to say the least of it, exquisitely ridiculous. Black men are treated well *here*, just now—because they are curiosities; because it is the fashion—(partly as a fashion; partly in rebuke of the Americans; and partly to shew the superiority of the English to national prejudice)—because the black men are attentive here to personal cleanliness; because the climate is not very warm; and because their colour is *not a badge of inferiority*. But how was it fifty years ago?—directly the reverse. How is it *now*, in the British dominions abroad?—directly the reverse: nay—how is it, *now*, in England, towards those white men who *do* wear *any badge of inferiority*?—The blacks of America are treated as well as the white men of this country, who are born and brought up in a state of servitude: and when they emerge from *their* condition, in America, they have to encounter as little prejudice as the servants and labourers—equally ignorant of Great Britain. Colour is of *no consequence*. The *servant* class of people, in all countries, whatever may be their colour, are always regarded with prejudice. The coloured people of America are all of the *servant* class. Let us take an example or two from the speculations and philippics of our English philosophers, on the subject of national prejudice. We love to be wiser than other men. We love to catch people tripping in their heroicks. Our traveller, for instance, would not speak freely with a *white* English tavern-keeper—p. 54: and yet he wonders at the reserve of the Americans toward *black* people, who, in their country, are far below the tavern-keepers:—A woman who marries her own *white* footman; and a man who marries his own *white* servant, in England—no matter how good, wise, or handsome such footman or servant may be—will forfeit their *cast*—will be excluded from society; and avoided even by their own kindred: and yet, we are amazed at the unnatural prejudice of the Americans toward those who marry *blacks* and *mulattoes*. Mr Faux is quite scandalised, on account of the treatment which the negroes receive—bond or free—from the white men of America; yet Mr Faux reproaches the peo-

ple of Washington, for letting out their carriages, for hacks, to the negroes, (forgetting, perhaps, that the English nobility let out their operaboxes—to anybody—in the same way;) and Mr Fearon is dreadfully afflicted, in one page, because a barber of New York would not even shave a negro, lest he should lose his white customers:—but, in another page, a few days after, we find Mr Fearon himself, inexpressibly thankful, for not being obliged to sleep in the same house with a black fellow. It never entered his head, in the excess of his philanthropy—the ardour of his indignation against American prejudice—that the barber of a gentleman here, would be likely to lose his customers, too, if he were caught shaving a common labourer, particularly if that labourer were covered with dirt; half naked; and filled the whole shop with a rank and offensive smell, as the negroes do, (in consequence of their mode of secretion;) and so of twenty more such people. If we thought it worth our while, we could multiply these proofs of a reflecting mind, and a candid temper.

The Americans won't educate their slaves, in some parts of the country. Another beautiful theme for declamation. Have we forgotten the late uproar in this country, (about 1814,) against educating the white poor. The capacity of the negro is another like theme. For ourselves, we have only to say, that while we disregard colour, we pay great attention to form, in our estimation of capacity. The negro head is very bad.

One word of Mr Fearon by the way. He is respectfully mentioned once or twice by our author; wherefore we think proper to speak of him. There is more truth in his book—much more—than the Americans are willing to admit. But it is accidental. Mr F.'s course, generally, is one of blundering falsehood. Take, for example, this account, given so circumstantially by him. He sees an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper, concerning a number of persons just arrived in a vessel from Amsterdam, who, as usual, wish to pay their passage by selling themselves for a certain time. He goes on board.—“As we ascended the side of the hulk,” says he, “a most revolting scene of want and misery presented itself. The eye involuntarily turned for

some relief, from the horrible picture of human suffering which this living sepulchre afforded. Mr — inquired if there were any shoemakers on board. The captain advanced. His appearance bespoke his office. HE IS AN AMERICAN; TALL, DETERMINED, AND WITH AN EYE THAT FLASHES WITH ALGERINE CRUELTY. He called for shoemakers, . . . the poor fellows came running up; . . . Their clothes, if rags deserve that denomination, actually perfumed the air. Some were without shirts; others had this article of dress, but of a quality as coarse as the worst packing-cloth. . . . The deck was filthy. The cooking, washing, and necessary department, were close together. Such is the mercenary barbarity of the AMERICANS, who are engaged in this trade, that they crammed into one of those vessels 500 passengers, 80 of whom died on the passage.”

In extracting this paragraph, the Quarterly man adds, on his own accountability, “The infamous traffic is confined, exclusively, to American vessels.”

Now it happens, that this very vessel was *British*—owned by *British*—navigated by *British*! That her captain (William Gatterell) was an *Englishman*: That he was rather under the middle size; his countenance rather pleasant and agreeable: That five out of ten vessels, which were engaged in this “*infamous traffic*,” were *British*; and that the persons whom Fearon calls the *owners*, were only the *factors* of the *Bubona*.

What are we to say now to this traveller? And what should we say, as Englishmen, to the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, for never contradicting this atrocious falsehood, though Mr Walsh's “*Appeal*,” in which all the circumstances are related, came out five years ago?—God forgive them all, we say—for we cannot.

And as to Farmer Faux, we could handle him in the same way, if we had leisure. One or two facts, however, are as good as a million. He speaks of a Dr Dawes, from Wisbeach, England, who was fool enough to give up a practice of four or five hundred pounds a-year, and go to America. Now, we happen to know all about this matter. We know Dr D. personally. He is a worthy, good man; and acted about as much like a child in

going to America, as a young man whom we knew,—expecting, the simpleton, to make his fortune there by polishing watch-cases. Dr D. is in the worst part of the country—where a multitude of sharpers are congregated—near Washington: and yet we believe, that the Americans have more reason to complain of him, and of the three other families that went with him,—and who, in truth, are the cause of *his* embarrassment,—than he or they have to complain of the Americans. The others, except Mr Dunkin, (who was, literally, an idiot—but is dead now,) were insolvent from the first; and the Doctor began a system of improvement, which was enough to ruin anybody. He had, in truth, “no business” in America.

Mr Faux, too, found the “once notorious Joseph Lancaster,” at Baltimore, sinking fast into poverty and contempt; and “teaching a few small children.” Mr Lancaster has had from 80 to 150 children, from five up to sixteen years of age—for whose education he received, on an average, about six dollars a-quarter—perhaps more. He undertook too much—and has now gone to South America; but he was never in such a deplorable situation as Mr F. mentions. This witness too, heard, as he says, (but we do not believe him,) that the High Sheriff of Delaware, had been obliged to hang his *own* nephew, for the murder of his *own* mother—the Sheriff’s sister. *Ergo*, says a friend of ours—“*Ergo*, there are no poor in Delaware; or the poor cannot be bought, as here, to take the life, even of a murderer.” But enough of these fellows.

“CAP. 23. THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.”—A few words will give the substance of this Chapter. “An Englishman or a Scotchman desirous of learning to speak English in such a manner as not to be distinguished for provincial peculiarity, probably he could not do better than to reside, for a few years, in one of the principal cities of the United States.” P. 332.—He prefers Baltimore, *ibid.*—“*Much greater uniformity prevails in America than in England.*” P. 328.—We refer to our notes in cap. 2 and 1, and also to one of our June articles.—We

would remark, however, that we have heard, no less a man—no less a scholar, than John Quincy Adams, the Secretary of State—and favourite candidate for the Presidency, say—“it was *him*,”—that the people of New England, like our well-educated people, frequently confound the *u*, with *oo*—*enthoosiasm*—*pursoo* for *pursue*—saying *toob* for *tube*; *toon* for *tune*; and that the people of Baltimore are the only persons under heaven, who make any difference between the *u* and the *e*, in such words as person, persevere, perfect. Our most critical speakers call these words, *parson*, *persevere*, *purfect*: Why do they not call *peril*, *puril*, *peremptory*, *parumtory*? *peregrine*, *puregrine*?*

“CAP. 24. ORATORY.”—Our author gives no very favourable account of American eloquence. He heard no speech that was “overpowering:” p. 335; and on the whole, would say of American oratory, that “it is rambling and diffuse, *but simple and perspicuous*, (strange oratory that:) deficient in energy and pathos, but lively and argumentative, and better adapted to *convince the gainsayer than to arouse the indifferent*,” p. 346.—We agree with him in part; but not where he speaks of the Attorney-General of the United States, (Mr Wirt,† author of Patrick Henry’s life.) Mr W. is an eloquent man—a powerful reasoner, and a delightful rhetorician. Our traveller’s opinion, we fear, is taken at second-hand. It is the fashion, to call Mr Wirt a flowery speaker—but we have heard him, when he was anything but a flowery speaker—and read him when he was anything but a flowery writer—heard and read him, in short, when he was a man of sense—a logician, a lawyer.

“CAP. 25. LITERATURE.”—This chapter is very well. In general, the opinions of the author concerning American writers—though pretty just, are neither original nor complete. As we propose to “serve them all out,” by and by, we pass over them here.—Making, by the way, two or three remarks, on a very ingenious argument, of our traveller.

“Who reads an American book?” said the Edinburgh Review some years ago.—At which question, there has

* The Baltimoreans, too, are beginning to say *prayer*, *air*, *dare*, &c. &c. sounding the *a* as in *dame*. They are right—we, to a man, wrong, in *practice*, while we are right in theory. See WALKER.

† A Marylander—not a Virginian.

been the devil to pay, in America. *Ergo*, says our traveller, the Americans feel the truth of the taunt, as implied by the question. Suppose the words had been, says he, instead of "Who reads an American book?—this,—"*Has America ever produced a great man?*" Then, says he, the Americans would only smile, p. 350. We do not think so. The question has been asked. It has been said—seriously, too, that America had never produced a great man; that Washington, Franklin, and all her great men, were only "giants among dwarfs— one-eyed monarchs of the blind:" the growth of America, while she was a part and parcel of the British empire, (a true bill, by the way.) Yet, we have never seen any American smile. Nay, we have a notion that a man's blood may lawfully smoke, when he is assailed by a wicked, witty, and impertinent question, without his being, *therefore*, held guilty of what it may imply. Slander by insinuation—slander by innuendo, are both well understood here. Suppose an American should ask—"Who ever heard of a modest Englishwoman?" How would such a question be received, if put forth by the North American Review? And we—are we to have it inferred, that such a question is "not easily answered," if we get in a passion about it?

But, softly, softly. We propose to shew, by and by, that if people have not read an American book, it is not much to their credit, particularly, if they spend their time in squabbling about America, and American literature.

Remember this—an American writer, at home, has to contend with all our writers, at an overwhelming disadvantage. Ours are one hundred times more numerous, and paid like princes. *The Americans must work for nothing and find themselves.* Why? *Because the American booksellers pay nothing for English copy-rights.* They can publish the best of our books—those, which have produced the author a fortune, here—after they are reviewed here, (a great point in America,) after their credit is established, without one farthing's expense for the copy-right.

Is it not wonderful, then, that they have *done so much*? Consider their age as a people; their employments; the limited number of scholars; men of

leisure; and men of literature. Why is it that the painters of America have been so numerous, and so respectable? Would they have been so, if English pictures could have been multiplied, in America, as readily and with as little expense, as English books are. Would Mr West, Mr Leslie, and, in a degree, Mr Sully, have been sent out here, by subscription? The Americans are niggardly, towards even their painters—their best ones are starving, on large portraits from fifteen to thirty guineas a-piece—completely starved out by mechanics, who make faces for about five guineas a-piece, even at Philadelphia—the ATHENS of America;—nevertheless, the painters do continue to distinguish themselves. Is it not wonderful, then, that the authors who work for nothing—whose best works it is a *risk* for any American bookseller to publish—after they have been *given to him*—is it not *wonderful* that they have done so much? Mark our words. The Americans always have been distinguished, whenever and wherever they have had a tolerable opportunity, and always will be. It has been so, in government; commerce; naval architecture; war; negotiation; painting; mechanicks:—and so *it will be, in literature.*

"CAP. 26. THE GOVERNMENT."—Decidedly the best chapter in the book: with fewer errors, and more valuable information. We *would* extend largely—but cannot. We can only add a few notes—and correct a few errors, as usual. "The electoral qualifications vary considerably," says our traveller, "in some (of the states) the suffrage being nearly universal; in others, limited by property:—From the best accounts, I could obtain," he adds, "those states are the best regulated, where the qualifications are the highest." P. 380.—Meaning, we suppose, that from the best accounts, which he could obtain, he was led to believe, that those states were the best regulated, wherein the qualifications required were the highest.—We mark his words with emphasis.—Our experience and belief, all go to prove the same fact. But our author is not aware, we find, of many other facts, more important: nor of certain remarkable incongruities and infirmities, in the American system of government, which are carefully concealed, or slurred over—or, in most cases, *not known*—by the advocates of Ame-

rica, and the slanderers of Great Britain.—We shall mention a few here, long as this article is, because we wish to make it complete—a review, not merely of a book; but of many books—of America—and a paper, which may be worth appealing to, hereafter.

The Catholics complain of their exclusion from power, *on account of their religion*.—We do not blame them. But, in America, to whose example they appeal—in several of the United States, all persons, who will not swear to their belief in the Christian religion, are excluded from every office of trust, profit, and power: by which contrivance, of course, all Jews, and all honest unbelievers, are excluded.—Our people think it a great hardship (we say nothing of the reason, or policy of such a system, *now*;) that any person, who is a native subject of Great Britain—free and sinless of all political or legal offence—may not pursue his business—trade—or profession—and *vote*—anywhere in the Empire of Great Britain. They appeal to America. Little do they know, that, in America—even there—a free-born, white, native citizen, on removing from one state into another, cannot practise law, in the latter—without studying anew—sometimes for three years, under some attorney of—and residing—sometimes for three or four years—in the latter:—that, with an alien—denizen—or naturalised citizen, it is either much the same, or worse:—that, in some cases, a Jew cannot practise law at all:—that a citizen of one state, on removing into another, cannot vote—or be elected for *any* office—without a residence, in some cases of one year, in some, perhaps, of two or three—and a property qualification—one or both—even though he be a *native-born, free, white, male citizen* of America: that coloured men—bright mulattoes, for example, who may be lighter than Italians, or Spaniards, and *free, native-born citizens*, into the bargain, have no political privileges at all—cannot be elected, under any circumstances, to office; and, however excellent, wealthy, or of established residence, cannot even vote, but in a few cases—in a few states,—that, without a like residence, any such free, white, male, native-born citizen (we use these words, because they express, briefly, the qualification for liberty, in the

United States—disguise it as they will) of one state, on removing to another,—a residence in that other, we mean, (and what *is* a residence, it were no easy matter to say, in many parts of America)—*cannot even take the benefit of laws made*, as they pretend, for the exclusive protection and relief of the indigent, helpless, wretched and persecuted, in their “cities of refuge”—(The insolvent laws, for example,)—that, in short, for some offices—a person to be eligible, *must* be a *free, white, native-born, male citizen*—of a certain age (as forty-five)—with a certain property (from something, to much)—who has resided for a certain time, in a certain place:—that, for other offices—and for voting—subordinate, and less numerous qualifications are required—until colour alone—poverty alone—want of residence alone—want of a free birth alone—will disqualify a *citizen* of America both for voting, and for office.—Thus much for universal suffrage, and universal equality—of rights and privileges, in America.

The federal constitution declares, that the citizens of *each* state shall be *entitled*—(mark the word)—*to all the privileges and immunities of the citizens of the several states!*—This provision would seem to have been carefully worded: very plain; very unequivocal; and yet, we see that citizens of *each* state are *not* permitted either to vote, or be voted for, to practise law, or become insolvents, (very much the same thing, by the way, everywhere,)—and, in fact, are *not* citizens—or so considered—of the several states into which they remove.—Why?—Because the Supreme Court of the United States have determined extra-judicially—(but, *as* lawyers, nevertheless, and *ex officio*,)—that being *entitled* to a privilege is one thing; and that *having* it is another: just as they decreed—following Westminster-Hall, and shaking the Union to its foundations, that a *contract* is one thing, and the *obligation* of a contract, (meaning the moral obligation,) another:—The supreme court, we would remark, is the supreme judiciary, *co-equal* with, as they suppose, the supreme executive, and supreme legislative power, which, unitedly with it, compose the American system of government:—yet, by *construction* of the instrument which gives them

power, they have inferred a right, in themselves, to *construe* the acts of Congress, and all the laws of the country, just as they please; or, if they like it better, just as they *can*; (a movement like that of the American House, who lately voted themselves fifteen hundred dollars a-piece; and paralleled only by our *three-year* parliament, becoming, at pleasure, by their own vote, a *seven-year* parliament.)—Observe, we speak only of the facts now: we say nothing of the expediency of all these things.

The constitution and laws of the *United States* are the *supreme law* of the land. Every judge, (and every officer indeed, civil or military,) takes an oath to support the constitution of the United States. And yet—if a Chief Justice of New York; even Chancellor Kent, who has been turned out of office, because he was *sixty years* of age—convicted, on confession,—one of the ablest and best men of the age—if he were to go into another state, or into some other states, he would not be permitted even to practise as an attorney, without studying anew, under some attorney or judge of that state, for three or four years—and residing in it for three or four years:—a free, white, male, native-born citizen of the United States though he be.—How do the judges of the state courts think you get over the clause in the *supreme law* of the land concerning citizens?—A. First, by construing the word *entitled* after the prevailing fashion; and, secondly, by calling the law of exclusion, a *rule of court*; as if a rule of court were only another name for a wicked and shameless monopoly, without any reference whatever, to the character or competency of an applicant for admission—and without any regard whatever to the good of the publick.

We complain, too, that we are not equally represented: the Americans *are*, if we are to believe those who talk eternally about the matter.—And yet, in America, “under their perfect system—and more perfect practice,” *there is no such thing as equality of representation*; much less is there any such thing as *universal representation*; *universal suffrage*.—To say nothing of the circumstance, that women are not represented—which, on *their* theory of government, is alike inexcusable and unaccountable: to say little of the circumstance, that *free* coloured men

are *not* represented, while the coloured slaves *are*—a stupendous absurdity—we will confine ourselves to one single fact. Every state, be it large or small, sends *two* senators to Congress—and *only two*. New York has 1,332,744 inhabitants: Pennsylvania, 1,017,094: Maine, 69,604: Rhode Island, 79,413: Louisiana, 34,311.—New York, therefore, is more than six times, and Pennsylvania more than five times as large, as Maine, Rhode Island, and Louisiana *all together*—yet each of the five sends *two* senators to Congress—and *only two*.—Thus much for the federal Senate—the republican House of LORDS.—The federal House of Representatives—the republican COMMONS—on their part, find, as we have said before, the startling anomaly of *slave* representation, in their own body.

We complain of monopolies. Yet monopolies are not unknown, by any means, in that land, where, if we are to believe all sides, the science of government, (if not political economy,) is well understood. They have banking companies, and insurance companies—companies indeed of almost every kind under heaven—some of which pay one tax to some one of the individual States—another to the United States, for the privilege of taxing the publick at pleasure—and grow rich by it, notwithstanding. *Ergo*—monopolies are *very* profitable in America; and, *ergo*, their justice and policy are both questionable.

“A member of Congress told me,” says our traveller, “that he could bribe *half his constituents with whisky*; and I was assured that the election for Baltimore had been secured by one of the candidates, solely by *bribery*, though not by the direct use of money,”—p. 382. Here is a little misconception. The mob of the Southern States are *bribed*—if you choose to call it so—by familiarity, bowing, spouting, and shaking hands:—whisky must not be given to them—it never is—but a candidate will generally drink whisky *with them*. In the North it is entirely different. A New Englander never electioneers for himself—openly—never makes a speech *for himself*. The southern people; and even those of the Middle States, do both for themselves. Direct bribery is never known—we say this, peremptorily—*never* in any part of America: nor any other indirect bribery than

this—A party, wishing to carry all before them, raise money among the leaders, partizans, and office hunters of their creed: establish newspapers: hire blackguards: distribute handbills—pamphlets—without money and without price; now and then, promising the same office, over and over again, to different persons, whom they wish to secure. No other bribery is known there.—Why?—For the best of all possible reasons. No other is *required*—the privilege of voting is lightly esteemed, (like other privileges, when once obtained; and when almost *universal*, too,)—the electors are too numerous to be bribed—the candidates too poor—the office, generally, not worth having; and where it *is*, not worth *buying*.—So much for the purity of election *there*. If any man be disposed to contradict us, let him appear.

Our author's remarks, p. 393, on the weakness of the Executive department, in America, are very just and sensible; but, an example, which he gives concerning a treaty, is out of the way. A treaty may be concluded at leisure. If the president and senate choose to grant money—the house only require to be satisfied, concerning the wisdom of such a measure, to do their part. The King of Great Britain declares war—the House of Lords, or his privy council, if you please, may approve of it—but the House are to be satisfied, and *should be*, to make the declaration effectual. It is easier getting into war, than out of it. Congress, the whole three estates, make war, therefore, in America: but a power less than Congress—two estates—make peace; and appoint ambassadors. This, we think, wise. If it be good policy to withhold the purse from our executive, in making war: it is better policy there, in making peace—because peace may be made more leisurely; and there is less occasion for money in making peace, than in making war.

Another error—and a very strange one, too, in our author, considering the solidity of his observations, in other parts of this chapter is this. "I am by no means satisfied that the Americans have acted discreetly, in decreeing the *entire separation of the executive from the legislative department*," p. 395. They have not: no people ever did—or can—or ought,

The signature of the President, is necessary, before a bill can become a *law*, except under particular and extraordinary circumstances, which have so rarely occurred; and are so unlikely to occur again, as to justify us in saying, that he is *one of three estates*, whose joint concurrence are necessary to every supreme legislative act in America.

Our author alludes, p. 399, to the government of Hayti; and the policy of refusing to recognize it—after acknowledging the independence of certain Spanish colonies: both of which things, the government of the United States have done.—What will he say, when we inform him, that the chief reason, urged by the foremost champion of the present administration, (Mr Robert Walsh himself,) against a measure so obviously dictated by a regard for consistency—republicanism—and policy—is this. If we (the Americans) acknowledge the government of Hayti, we must interchange ambassadors: we must have a white man at their black court: and they, a black man at our white court—two things quite insupportable to these wise, politic, thoughtful *republicans*—who have called upon the "Supreme Governor of the universe" to WITNESS, that "all men are born free and equal!"—

"CAP. 27. POLITICAL PARTIES."—We have nothing to say upon this chapter, save that what information there is in it, is very correct; and that the prosecution, of which he speaks, in page 411—was undertaken, because of the personal and private slander, of private—not of public individuals. The district attorney was employed—as is usual, in America—when a party *libelled*, wishes to punish the offender, without expense to himself, and without suspicion, as to his motive—on a pecuniary ground, we mean. Libels on public officers—in their *public* characters—are totally disregarded, in America. The newspapers, which cost nothing—and, of course, are generally good for nothing, always take these matters up and see justice done—right or wrong.

"CAP. 28. LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE."—The author does not well understand what he is talking about, in this chapter. Yet many of his reflections are judicious. We have already spoken of what law *is*, in Ame-

rica, (Cap. 8.) We would now, make three or four observations. Law is *not* what he supposes it to be. It is not a *system*, which either can or should be easily reformed. Lawyers will spring up. Men will be influenced by reasoning—logick—ingenuity and eloquence. The plainest laws very soon cease to be plain. The decisions of every court upon every law go—and always *will* go—to make a part of the law, itself—so that a crude and unintelligible system will, of necessity, grow up, as out of the ten tables; and as there is now growing up (to the uninitiated) in the code Napoleon. Construction, interpretation, are, after all, but another name for legislation.—“Granted,” some one will say—“But when the system becomes unmanageable, what are we to do?”—Let it remain as a *system*: reform it gradually: you know not what you do, by touching the foundations, or the key-stone.—Would you satisfy yourself? Look into the history of law, in England. See what revolutions have been effected by a single statute (of Uses) for example—what convulsions have been the consequence of changing the phraseology of a single clause. Nobody *can* foresee; nobody ever *did* foresee, the effect of interpretation upon a law.—The worst evil, in America, is this. They make too many laws; hazard far too many experiments, which had been tried “out and out,” by their wise forefathers; reform abuses, with too rash a hand.—Boys legislate; and boys, too, who cannot get a living, in the common courts of a small state, by expounding law, are sent, every season, to the national congress, and state assemblies—to make laws: those who are good for nothing else—those, who would not be trusted with a case before a jury, are sent year after year, into the state legislature—to tamper with rights, and make laws, which may shake the tenures, by which all the land, over which they *ever* travelled, is held together, as by the law of gravitation. Hence is it, that except on very uncommon occasions, able, serious men, will not go to these law manufactories: and hence is it, also, that laws are passed every year—only to be repealed, the next—laws, which, a person would suppose, had been made by people, who had never heard of the constitution of the United States

(as the *stay* law—a law, *staying* executions—and many others.)

Each of these young men, aware of the frail tenure by which he holds his brief authority—the changeableness of popular favour; the improbability of his re-election—is anxious to make hay while the sun shines. Men, he knows, are not often distinguished by common, ordinary measures. Therefore, *he* is perpetually striving to get up some *extraordinary* bill; or work some *extraordinary* change, in “a hell of a hurry”—by way of perpetuating his own history for a twelvemonth, or so. We could mention more than one state, the assembly of which (chiefly boys and country lawyers—the most unprincipled, clamorous, and mischievous animals under heaven) annually “turn out,” as they call it, more laws, than a wise parliament would pass in a seven-year session, for the whole British empire.

The state of Maine, having a Lycurgus or two, of its own, as our traveller would wish, p. 415, with a score or two of Solons, no doubt, undertook, not long ago, to toss up a code for themselves—but, so far as we know anything of the matter, have made no progress in it. Virginia has a revised code; so has Pennsylvania; so has New York; so have most of the states. But, most of them—setting aside John Locke’s constitution for Carolina; and Jeremy Bentham’s conundrums in legislation, to speak reverently of what we cannot speak irreverently of—a truly great and incomprehensible man—whose thoughts are problems, and words (when they are English,) miracles—setting all these matters aside, most of the states have discovered that it is easier to overthrow pyramids, than to build them—better to submit, quietly, to the aspect of an irregular building—than to pull it down about our own ears, before we are sure of a better one, to put our heads in. The best laws in America—as everywhere else—are the oldest. It matters little what the law *is*, if it be known. Men accommodate themselves to it; repeal it by neglect; evade it by a construction of their own; or refuse to give or take judgment under it, if not wise and salutary, after a long trial—or after the times have changed, (value has become incapable of proof under the 40s. felony, for example; and what has become of the laws against such

as deny the Trinity?)—all repealed by the publick, directly or indirectly.

“CAP. 29. MANUFACTURES AND COMMERCE.”—A very satisfactory chapter, but short. He speaks of the vine, p. 443, and wonders that a people so enterprising as the Americans, have not paid attention to the culture of it. They have. It is cultivated with success in the Illinois. Wines are made; even tea is produced. The lands in Virginia, now completely exhausted by the tobacco, are admirably calculated—and so is the climate—for grapes. Mr Wm. Lee, of the Treasury department, Washington, formerly American consul at Bourdeaux, France, is preparing a work upon the subject, of great interest, in America; and is decidedly of opinion, that wine will—or may soon be an article of export, in America. He is a competent judge; and a very sensible man. It was but yesterday, that sugar, indigo, and even cotton, was introduced in America. The first export of cotton was in 1791.

“CAP. 30. THE FINE ARTS.”—Not worth looking at—after our speculations on the same subject. There are three regular annual exhibitions, we believe, in America, instead of one, p. 447; two, certainly, at Philadelphia and Baltimore; and one, we believe, at New York. “He speaks of a gigantick female figure,” p. 449, “over the speaker’s chair.” We are sorry for it. It is a disgrace to America. It is only plaster; a model by Causici, which was put up, without his knowledge or approbation—because Congress would not go to the expense of marble. The pillars are pudding stone. As for the fine arts—in America—the very idea is preposterous, considering the mercenary spirit of the day. Twenty-five-dollar people, as we have said before, are now starving out all the best painters; and the architects are starved out already. Not long ago, it was nearly determined in ATHENS (Philadelphia) to patronise Mr T. Sully, on a magnificent scale. The government of a church—after many consultations, desired Mr T. Sully to make them a sketch, for an altar piece. Mr S—, wasting alike in soul and body—panting for distinction; and ready to make transparencies of himself, and his whole family, so that he might once put forth his power, fairly—made a

pair of capital sketches. They cost him about a week—perhaps two weeks of hard labour—were kept a long time—and returned, with compliments—“they were very pretty”—and so, nothing more was ever heard of the matter. Yet all America is boasting of Mr Sully. Mr S—, at another time, was waited upon, to paint a portrait of Washington, for Charleston, S. C. The corporation could not “go” more than 500 dollars (100 guineas.) Mr S— cared nothing for the labour. He only desired all the room which they could spare. They gave him the dimensions. He painted his “passage of the Delaware,” for a *portrait price!*—when it was done—a mistake in the measure given, was discovered, and the picture was left on his hands. Very lately, too, a couple, of high rank and fashion, at Philadelphia, undertook to have a portrait of the lady painted. Mr S. made two sketches—as a particular favour. They were kept a week: One day, he saw a negro boy coming up street, with two papers flying in his hand; a knock followed: the sketches were come—no note—no message, except, perhaps, to say that “indeed they were very pretty.” There the matter ended. Gracious God!—is genius to be so profanely trifled with as this—in America? If so—alas, for the fine arts! Mr Rembrandt Peale is another example. His Roman Daughter was a great picture. Yet he, too, is literally starving—or would be, but for his friends.

“CAP. 31. MORALS.”—Our traveller, on very good grounds, we think, charges the Americans (save and except such as live in the New England States) with gambling, drinking, and swearing. He is right. But, altogether, his testimony, as we have seen before, is favourable. “The upper class appear to me to be very temperate; the middle *bibacious* more than health requires; and the lower only, justly chargeable with *ebriety*.” Fine words—but fine words butter no parsnips. Duelling is not so fashionable as it has been. People in America fought a little time ago, because they were challenged; or, because, if they did not challenge, it would be reckoned quite ungenteeled. Not one duel in five hundred was fought, with a conviction of the right. Duels are much more fatal there, than anywhere else.

The Americans are "dead shots," even with pistols: and the riflemen go "a-gunning" with rifles and ball—never with shot, (in some states)—balls of seventy to a pound—and, always, kill their squirrels in the head—on high trees—or won't pick them up. Several of the states have passed laws on the subject; and some offer an oath to every publick officer, which makes it necessary for him to swear that he was never concerned—in a duel. Such provisions are laughed at. Nothing will stop the practice but ignominious punishment—such as a jury will inflict—whipping, for instance.

"CAP. 32. NATIONAL CHARACTER."—A very good, very just, and very useful chapter. Some passages are worth a remark. Everybody knows how often, how continually, how seriously the Americans have been charged with reserve and phlegm. We have only laughed; wondering, nevertheless, that people should think of repeating such "tales of a traveller." The Americans were first charged with phlegm, and coldness, and reserve, merely as a joke—to remind them of their impudent familiarity, and hot-headed, rash, irritable tempers. But so it is—like the joke about the *act* of Congress, spoken of in Cap. 8, it has grown up into a serious, historical shape. One would believe, sometimes, that our travellers in America, had never seen an American, in their lives—never seen anybody who had seen one. The truth is, that the people of the southern states, in America, have just about as much reserve, coldness, and phlegm, as the Irish; those of the middle states less than the English; and those of the north, *not so much* as the Scotch. Familiarity is universal—impudence, rather common—but *reserve* is a thing so little known, that a man is put down at once, for an Englishman—a very proud and very foolish man—or an American, who has travelled in England. What says our traveller? The *distinguishing trait*—nay, the *first*, which he enumerates, of their distinguishing traits, is the *sociability* of the Americans: p. 466. He complains of their inattention to official decorum—their want of dignity. He is altogether right. We love simple, plain dignity; but we hate all affectation of plainness and simplicity—more heartily than we choose to express: and slovenly republicanism, rather more than

monarchical affectation. We have seen a host of American judges; not more than a dozen of whom were either men or gentlemen—decent, respectable men, we mean: to say nothing of the rabble, to be found in their legislative halls. We have seen, for example, Chief Justice Parsons—a great lawyer—a giant—covered with dirt and snuff, in a shirt, which he had, undoubtedly, worn a week:—and Luther Martin—whose knowledge of the common law, has not been surpassed, by *any man*—the champion of Aaron Burr, on his arraignment for high treason, when, together, side by side, they laughed all the learning, and power, and eloquence of the country, to scorn—though Luther Martin was drunk all the time—so drunk, that he could not stand up, without holding on by a seat. We have seen this man, in the dead of winter, walking the streets, while he was a judge, with his bosom open—a very dirty shirt hanging out—ragged ruffles over his hands—nankeen breeches, and a straw hat:—and, on a capital arraignment, sitting, with his posteriors toward a large audience,—in a similar dress; and a pile of gingerbread and cheese upon the desk, before him.

The story of the steel-yard, p. 485—we suspect, was taken from Knickerbocker. If not a story—it is a very capital joke. We undertake to say, however, that if it be a steel-yard, (and we are not certain,) the New Yorkers have some good reason for putting it up—a veneration for Dutch antiquity, perhaps:—an error, therefore, not so much of *taste*, as of judgment.

"CAP. 33. CONCLUSION."—We would give this chapter entire, if we could, for the benefit of all who are dreaming about emigration to America. It will do them good. It is fair and honest. Men of science—men of leisure—men of liberal views—may go there as visitors; but, in our opinion, there are few circumstances to induce any of our people, who can get along at all, here, to go to America. Our ignorance, as we have said before—the ignorance even of our "great men," about America, is astonishing. They even boast of it. It is told of Mr Jeffrey, for example, that he had the wit, wisdom, and good manners, when the President of the United States asked him what they thought, in Great Bri-

tain, of the war with America—to assure him that they had never heard of it. Capital wit, but very bad wisdom. Taunts are not easily forgiven—and falsehood, even when witty, is, nevertheless, falsehood. Ask the underwriters of Great Britain, concerning the price of insurance, for the West India fleet, *under convoy*—that, for navigating the *Irish and British* channels—ask them, if *they* had never heard of the American war? Ask our brave seamen—our best officers—who saw an English captain rewarded—*knighted*—and otherwise treated with a distinction altogether unknown in the naval history of Great Britain, for any like service, because he had whipped a single American frigate. Ask those who have heard of the “striped bunting,” and “fir-built frigates” of America; the “frigate-guards” and “Rarees” of Old England—ask them if *they* never heard of the American war? Nor is it, we think, very creditable to any respectable man of this empire, that he should *not* have heard of a war, wherein we employed 50,000 regular troops at one time; lost 12,000 in all: a war wherein we lost hundreds, and hundreds—yea, thousands of merchant vessels,* and, if we recollect rightly, a few vessels of war. Our traveller had never heard of the “affairs” at New Orleans; but *he* has the good sense to be sorry for his ignorance—and almost ashamed of it. Not so with his oracle—the Edinburgh: that journal makes a joke of the whole matter—learns the *existence* of an American navy, by the very documents, which tell of its triumph, in battle after battle.

The Americans are charged—and very justly—with outrageous impudence, and wicked, shameless folly, in making a guide book, for New York, the vehicle of a contemptible piece of bravado, concerning our navy.—This charge appears in the Quarterly. We are glad of it.—For once, they are right.—We join them, with all our souls, in the denunciation of this abo-

minable piece of absurdity. But what are we to say of a man, who gets up a NEW PICTURE OF LONDON in 1822—in a superior style—for the use of strangers, and leaves out, in the chronological table of events (which mentions other matters of no great moment, we would imagine,—such as that, on such a time the Thames was frozen) the *circumstance* of the American war—altogether—peace and all! If the American vanity be absurd, what are we to say of our *ignorance*—or *pride*—or *affectation*?—for one or the other it must be.—No, no—let us have done with all these things. Let us be friends. Let our war be one of good fellowship—not of recrimination;—much less a war of unmanly falsehood.—We have now done; one word for ourselves—and we take our leave. We have spared no pains upon this article. We do not undertake this kind of reviewing often; but, when we do, it is with a determination to make it valuable, not for a day, nor a month, but for years. In the end, it will save us much trouble. Long as it is, it will prove a great saving of labour, to ourselves, and to the reader, in the end. We have given, therefore, in this our running commentary—(wherein we have not run our author too hard, we hope)—the sum and substance of a whole volume; perhaps of many volumes, which are wanted—cannot be found—and might readily be made, out of this material.

We have laid about us—right and left—without mercy, and without favour: *because*, in our opinion, the spirit of the times; the errors, that prevail; and the magnitude of the questions, require it. We belong to no party; are sold—as anybody may perceive—to no party: and are willing to sacrifice ourselves, to promote a good understanding between the people of Great Britain and America: a thorough knowledge—without flattery or falsehood—of *this* people, in America; and of that *people*, in Great Britain.

A. C.

* Five thousand five hundred, in reality; more, it is reckoned, than we lost in all the wars which grew out of the French Revolution.

EXAMINATION OF THE SCHOOL OF SOUTHSIDE.

BY MR W. W.

Minister. Now, Mr Strap, I well approve the mode
 In which your pupils have been taught the first
 Fair rudiments of science. 'Tis a task
 Of weighty import, thus to train the minds
 Of all the youth o' the parish, Mr Strap :
 Of weighty import, sir, not unfulfill'd.
 Still, there is one small item yet omitted,
 Which I, as ghostly pastor, long to prove.
 What progress have they made in sacred lore ?
 Know they aught of the leading principles
 Of our religion ?—Not one word of that
 Hath been this day put to them, Mr Strap !

Strap. Sire, I'm a diffident and modest man,
 And wish not to encroach on the department
 Of such respected neighbour—well aware
 How much adapted to the grateful task
 Is his capacious mind. That part belongs
 Unto yourself—not me. Besides, I lay
 It down as maxim not to be controll'd,
 As plain as that the A, B, C, must come
 Before that great and fundamental rule
 Call'd "The Cat's Lesson," or the glorious square
 Of file and column—that eternal base
 On which so many fabrics have been rear'd,
 Reaching to heaven, struggling with the stars
 And planets in their courses—nay, have dared,
 As with a line and plummet, to mete out
 Seas, orbs, and the most wondrous works of God—
 Multiplication table !—that I mean.
 Simple it is—nay, almost laughable—
 Two twos make four ! two fours make eight, and so forth ;
 But what a force springs there ! O science ! science !
 How small is thy beginning ! But how vast
 Are thy attainments !—Pray now, note but this :
 Two ones make two—two threes make half a dozen.
 Ye gods, how beautifully simple 'tis !
 Think of it, sire—and of the heights sublime
 A Newton gain'd. Yet he began with this—
 Two ones make two !—Then of a Napier think,
 A David Brewster !

Minister. Prithee, Mr Strap,
 Where art thou going ? Whereto tends this speech ?
 I ask of thee to hear a specimen
 Of the religion taught within thy school ;
 And lo ! thou fliest off at a tangent, like
 A schoolboy's rocket—whizz away to heaven—
 Crack ! pluff !—then down to earth thou comest again
 In trivial flitters. Prithee, Mr Strap,
 Where is this speech to end ?

Strap.

Where it began,

If so you please, most reverend worthy sir,
 I say, I lay it down as maxim clear,
 Nor subject to perversion, that, as in
 The science of numbers, man must first begin
 With trivial things, and move up by degrees,
 And only reach to the sublimest last ;
 So is it with religion—'Tis the highest,
 The most sublime of all celestial things
 Which God hath yet reveal'd to mortal man ;
 Therefore, it ought to be the last instill'd
 Into his mind, when that hath reach'd the goal
 Of its capacity.

Minister. Ah, Mr Strap !
 Wrong, wrong—Sir, thou art grievously wrong.
 Hast thou ne'er heard me preach ? or has thy mind
 Been hunting tropes and figures at the time ?
 Religion ought to be administer'd
 To youthful minds as an emollient ;
 A seasoning to every mess with which
 Their spirits are dilated, that it may
 Grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength.
 In a young scion grafted, then its roots
 Spread in the earth, its tendrils in the heavens ;
 But in an old and crabbed stock it dies,
 And withers ere it bloom. Strap, thou hast laid
 A false foundation on a dangerous base,
 And all in poor excuse ; because, forsooth,
 Thou teachest no religion in thy school.
 Go send thy pupils to me, one by one,
 That there be no collusion. I have long
 Suspected thee a sceptic, Mr Strap ;
 If I can prove it on thee, I shall rend
 The Southside school from out thy dangerous grasp.

Enter a Scholar.

Come hither, little fellow. Thou'rt acute
 In all the branching elements of lore.
 Now, dost thou know who made thee ?

Boy. Yes.

Minister. Who was it then ?

Boy. My parents.

Minister. O heavens ! I knew it. These brave boys are lost
 Lost ! lost ! for lack of learning the great truths
 Of primitive religion !—My brave boy,
 Thou err'st exceedingly. Dost thou not know
 'Twas God who made thee, and all things beside ?

Boy. That I deny most promptly. True, he made
 Adam and Eve, and the first parent pairs
 Of every living thing. But since that time
 He's left all creatures to make one another,
 As best they may. Heaven mend thy wits, good sir,
 Think'st thou that God makes all the little brats,
 Bastards, and blackamoors ; foals, calves, and kids ;
 The lion's growling whelps ; the fox's litter ;
 The infant whales ; the little grovelling moles ;

And all the unlick'd cubs throughout the world?
I hold such thoughts as blasphemy.

Minister. Alack the day!—alack the day!—Strap, Strap!
Thou art a heathen—a rank renegado
From gospel light!—Still as the old cock crows,
So learns the young!—I have him on the hip!
He leaves the Southside school!—Thou chattering rogue,
So like thy master, hast thou ever read
A plain old-fashion'd book yclept the Bible?

Boy. Yes; often.

Minister. So? And how dost thou esteem it?

Boy. A good old book—a very worthy book.

Minister. Ay! say'st thou so? which may your wisdom deem
The best book in the world?

Boy. Blackwood's Magazine.

Minister. O hideous, hideous! Most deplorable!
This is the very summit of misrule,
And horrid miscreance. Incongruous elf,
Wherefore this answer? Who taught thee to give
That mass of vile scurrility the preference
To works of sacred worth? Base sciolist,
Your reasons?—Come, most sage philosopher?

Boy. Because I deem that little lightsome work
The greatest bulwark in our native land,
Around its holy faith, its sacred rights,
Its principles of loyalty and truth,
And all that cherishes content and peace
Among a bold, a free, and happy people.

Minister. Ay, ay, brave sir—'Tis very well with thee!
Thou'rt in the high way to preferment, master.
Thou'st seen a certain stage of great regard,
Right opposite our good friend David's corner?
Thither thy steps are tending. Fare thee well.
God speed thee to thy venerable goal.
Shake hands, and part we friends. Whom dost thou deem
The worthiest man of the parish?

Boy. O! Mr Tickler, beyond all compare!
The sage, the gay, the proud, the loyal Tickler!

Minister. Ay, ay! All of a piece! All of a piece!
Like Mr Pringle's butler of the Yair.
Beshrew me, but I smell a vicinal rat!
What is thy name, brave boy?

Boy. My name, sir, forms no portion of my creed;
On that alone am I examined here.

Minister. Thou art a dapper fellow—somewhat tall
Too for thy years. Wast thou brought up at home,
Or in a certain cottage at the end
Of a large town, call'd Duddingston? Eh? What?
Have I discovered thee?

Boy. Bid thee, good sir;
Most reverend sir, good day; and thank you, sir.

Min. (solus.) Ah me! What will this wicked world' become!
I've heard a foolish burden of a song
That runs to the following purport:—

“ An’ eh what a parish ! an’ O what a parish !
 And eh sic a parish as Little Dunkeld !
 They stickit the minister, hang’d the precentor,
 Dang down the kirk steeple, an’ drank the bell !”

I cannot get that foolish rhyme cancelled
 From out my heart, for O what a parish
 Is Little Southside !

Enter a young Lady.

Come hither, pretty maiden, full sore I dread
 To ask at so much innocence and beauty,
 Of that which most concerns her welfare here,
 And happiness hereafter, knowing well
 The base pestiferous stuff early instill’d
 Into thy plastic mind.

Girl. You may or may not, sir,
 As fits your inclination. ’Tis the same.
 But I can answer all the pretty questions
 Of sound morality, and truth, and love.

Minister. Eh ? Love ? What love ? I shall go mad !

Girl. I hope not now, sir ? Not on my account ?
 First try me ere you turn outrageous,
 I’ll warrant you shall note me for a tickler.

Minister. A what ! a what ! there are some words and terms
 That make me nervish ! But let us proceed.
 Which do you deem the best book of the world ?

Girl. The Bible, sir. The holy blessed Bible.
 What book on earth can e’er compare with that ?

Minister. Bless thee, thou lovely one ! for thou hast caught
 A spark divine amid a hive of sin.
 Dost thou believe in all the truth supreme
 Within that blessed book ?

Girl. O yes, I bow
 To them with reverence, and never let
 My heart doubt one of them. And I believe
 In that compendium made by holy men,
 My little Catechism. Next unto
 The Holy Scriptures, I approve of that.
 Pray am I right, good sir ?

Minister. Right ? Yes. Thou art a gem of the first water
 In God’s own sanctuary. Whom dost thou deem
 The worthiest and best man of the parish ?

Girl. Whom should I deem the best, but him commission’d
 By one who cannot err, to teach his word,
 And keep a watch for my immortal soul ?

Minister. Heaven bless thee, pretty maid, and o’er thee watch
 For everlasting good ! Forgive these tears,
 The tears of an old man. Here is a purse
 To buy thee a new Bible. Let it be
 A gilded one, gilded with gold all over,
 And I’ll put down thy name above the donor’s.
 Pry’thee, what is thy name ?

Girl. I’ve said it, sir.

Minister. Not that I did remark.

Girl. Maids do not always choose to tell their names.

Minister. Where wast thou bred? sure thou may'st tell me that.

Girl. I've heard it said that I was bred with care
And caution, at a place call'd Duddingston.

Minister. God grant me grace! Art thou a Tickler too?
Now I remind thou said'st thou wert a Tickler.

Girl. Ay, so are all the scholars of Southside,
But half of them will not tell thee their names.
Good morrow, reverend sir, and pray accept
A little maiden's thanks.

Minister, (solus.)

"An' eh what a parish! an' O what a parish!

"An' eh sic a parish as little Dunkeld!"

Strap shall not flit. That is decisive now,
And all for sake of that sweet maiden's wit;
That very lovely and ingenious thing.
Strap shall not flit; for if he train the maids
In any path whatever, right or wrong,
They most assuredly shall train the men
Right onward after them. Strap shall not flit.

(Calling in at the window as passing.)

Good morrow, Mr Strap. Farewell, good sir,
To thee and to thy *Ticklers*. Take good care
Of them and their religious principles.
Take care of their religion, Mr Strap.

[*Exit.*

ALTRIVE, December 1st, 1824.

LETTER FROM ONE OF THE HUMES.

SIR,—The first edition of *Paradise Lost*, with a Commentary, was given by a gentleman who signed himself P. H. (the initials of Patrick Hume,) *φιλοποιητης*, of whom, Bishop Newton says, nothing is known, except that from his name we may conjecture him to have been a Scotchman. His edition—a folio one—appeared at Jacob Tonson's in 1695; and Warton truly observes, in his preface to his edition of Milton's smaller poems, that to it "some of his successors in the same province," (of Commentary on *Paradise Lost*,) "apprehending no danger of detection from a work rarely inspected, and too pedantic and cumbersome to attract many readers, have been often amply indebted, without even the most distant hint of acknowledgment." Among these pillagers, none is more conspicuous than Callendar of Craigforth, who, in 1750, published a quarto edition of the first book of *Paradise Lost*, in Glasgow, as has been sufficiently demonstrated in your excellent Magazine some years ago, Vol. IV. p. 658, March, 1819. Todd, in his edition of Milton, appears to have been ignorant of this plagiarism, as he has pronounced a panegyric sentence on Callendar, expressing his wishes "that the annotator had continued his ingenious and elaborate criticisms on the whole poem."

My object in writing this note to you, is to inquire if anything be known of Patrick Hume, beyond what Newton has conjectured. When and where was he born?—*where* did he live?—*how* did he live?—when and where did he die?—and, finally, what, you know, is not the least important question among us, What Hume was he?—I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

ONE OF THE HUMES.

Greenlaw, December 2, 1824.

POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF CHARLES EDWARDS, ESQ.

No. IV.

Paris, 1820.

WELL! I am in Paris at last; and, wherever you report of me for the rest of your life, I pray you let it be dispraisingly. There never was mountain reputation ran before man yet in the world, but people thought of the *ridiculus mus* as soon as he appeared. Comparisons apart—I have travelled too far, perhaps, to be easily surprised. Men are apt to know, at five and thirty, that a sprat (saving your delicacy) is not a salmon; and I could not believe a cheese to be the moon, though all Gloucestershire should come to tell me so. But, experience apart, I had heard too much of Paris before I came to it, not to be disappointed, I doubt, were it greater than it is, at finding it so little.

Now I know your objection to me at once. Will I venture to have an opinion upon a three weeks' residence? But why not within three days—since I speak only to the *superficies*—to the *grand coup d'œil*? First impressions, in such cases, nine times in ten, are all. A man seldom sees anything so vividly—never so favourably—as at the first glance. Did you ever in your life baulk your first sight at a woodcock, that it was not waste of powder and shot to fire upon the second? Tell me none, therefore, that I am not *orienté*—no “bombast circumstance,” that I “don't read the Greek.” A plague of the “Greek”—ay, and of the Hebrew—it does not help my disliking the set of your pantaloons, though you should prove that I had never graduated at the shop-board on which they were constructed. What is there, I ask, in the pleasurable capabilities of any metropolis—for I meddle here with nothing else—that a man of active habits cannot get as good an idea of in thirty days, as in twice thirty years? To others with your pedantry—come on and fight—if I have no fence, yours is the better chance of victory; and tell me, what is there about Paris to please a man of adventure, (bating always good wine and cookery,) in which it can compete as a metropolis even with Lisbon?—for, as to likening it to London—*Sacre*

Dieu!—that would be too good altogether.

What should there be then, in the first place, of picturesque *whole* about Paris, which, situated at all points as unimposingly as London, wants the general gigantic scale—the extent and strength—the prodigious overpowering *physique*—which the most frog-eating inhabitant of the former city must confess staggers him in the aspect of the latter? Look from your Pont Neuf, or your Pont au Change—either way—I protest the very view of this place has made me English to a folly! What a figure do you make—I called a man *Mounseer* in the street yesterday, only for the honour of my nation! What a figure do you make here after one comparative glance—upwards or downwards—from Blackfriars or Waterloo Bridge! Why your river?—The Thames is muddy sometimes, certainly; but we cut kennels, (or canals at least,) as wide, and deeper, than the Seine. Your Louvre is showy, I grant, though sadly unwieldy. Our Somerset-House is a palace no longer, and washerwomen hang their shirts to dry against it. But what would you give, “good Monsieur Le Beau,” if you could quote me such a building as St Paul's, from your Pont des Arts, rising one way, and a pile like Westminster-Abbey finishing the view on the other? You get a glimpse of banks and fields beyond us from your Pont Notre Dame; because London is so large, that a man can't see from the middle of it into the country; but I don't find a great deal even in this better than “Lambeth-Walk,” or our “Temple Gardens,” where nursemaids take the air on Sundays? And, for the view along your famous Quay, approachable for punts and washing-tubs,—(Heaven knows your river ought to be ornamental, for its *forte* is not utility!)—But what is it that we should be distressed about, when we have such points as Whitehall, Somerset-House, the Temple, and the Adelphi; although our pride upon the water is, avowedly, the available rather than the enticing?

For, miserables that you are! look only at the display of strength—the sheer power—the grasp—the nerve—the muscle, national and individual—that stands paraded on the banks of the Thames, between Blackfriars and Westminster! Look at the heaps of iron, coal, corn, timber, salt—material to build a world, and food to nourish it! Look at the coal-barges—the fleets only of coal-barges—the mere wherries, rogue!—the very common-sewers—(I won't bate you the puddle-docks!)—Why, don't you think, now, that one London coal-heaver, "sawed into quantities," would make five-and-thirty of your *charbonniers*, who, I protest, are only blue—they don't reach the dignity of being black? and, for our in-land carriage—only fancy a York waggon—one string of Meux's drays—of coal-waggons—nay, of milkman's grain-carts—what a matter does your *roulage* of every description shew by the side of it!

But you give up this *boutiquerie* affair—(is it not so?)—in "buying and selling" we are unrivalled, and we excel in the appliances of it.—With all my heart;—your pretensions the other way—your *luxé*—your *fasté*—your *disposition tout-a-fait Asiatique*—I don't accord to them a whit.

After all, whatever may be their national pride, I think the English have less national vanity about them than any people in Europe. Every Mile-end Cockney that one crosses, at home or abroad, is in ecstasies about Paris, up to swooning; and yet I can scarcely find a Frenchman, who, after seeing London, has not some quarrel to make out against it. As I live by roast beef, there dwells in this city everlastingly one vile and particular odour—one most "ancient and fish-like smell"—one salt, sour, sea-weed-like, close, damnable, detestable *effluvi-um*! It puts you in mind constantly of Seven Dials, or of Spitalfields; makes you regret the pleasant purlieus of Wapping, or of Drury Lane; batters upon your nose incessantly, not only in this particular metropolis, but in every large town throughout the country. You scent it first half a league to the seaward of Calais; lose it (if the wind lies in front of you) about two leagues to the landward; and recognize it again regularly every time you come to six houses in a row, all through France, increasing in pungency as you

get near Paris! And yet a Frenchman, not two years since, coming into London with me in July, at very Bayswater, began to *sentir* the *charbon de mer*, and be oppressed by the *nuage de fumée*, with which our metropolis "was always covered;" when, I'll take my oath, there was not a cloud, either of *fumée*, or anything else, to be found, as big as a pocket-handkerchief, in the whole circumference of the island. Oh England—my country! I shall grow a very Laplander in the love of home. I shall become more patriotic than the Hottentot, who maintained that Adam was black; or the Irishman, who fought a duel to shew that the original Garden of Eden was Ballinasloe!

It is our Tour-mongers—our "Sketch" composers, who have done the most to set this Paris rage on foot;—they came to France to be astonished; and, between *couleur de rose* and *couleur d'enfer*, there was no medium. Crowds come, of second-class people too, to live at a rate which they never aspired to at home; and, as they never ate a good dinner except in Paris, believe naturally that it is in Paris only that good dinners can be produced.

But you boast of your luxury—your excess!—You are weak, my friend, on the contrary, very weak—weak in your splendour—in your crime—in your everything. For a man who knows how to live, or for a man who desires to die, your city is but as a baby-house—a child's puppet-show of motions—when compared with London. Take the Palais Royal, (and when you take that, you have got Paris,) and, what, with its dusty walks, and stunted trees, and silly *jet d'eau*, which, if it would water the place with its bubbling, might do something—what does it amount to? As regards the matter of building, it gives you a collection of "arcades," very inferior to our "Burlington-place," or the passages round the Opera-House. For the huddling together of ornamental merchandize, you don't make so good a show as we do at our Bazaar establishment in Soho Square. But if we are to talk, in earnest, of splendid shops—of rich and brilliant wares exhibited—of tailors, drapers, milliners, jewellers, perfumers, able to odoriferise and adorn the universe,—what is there in the Palais Royal, or in the Rue Vivienne, or in all Paris put

together, to set against Oxford Street, Cheapside, or the Strand; far less against Bond Street, Regent Street, or Piccadilly?

If we are to compare luxuries by the folly and vices—the profusions and the crimes—the miseries and the excesses—which make up the account of greatness in a capital city,—will you even name your Palais Royal—if we are to compare upon this head—against our simple parish of Covent Garden; just taking in the ground between Drury-Lane theatre, and the farther side of Leicester Square? Why even in our vices—I will rule even in ill—our *physique* casts you to a distance that is immeasurable. Can you drink—from high to low—in your Palais Royal;—game, rob, riot, revel, or blaspheme,—as we do all these, night by night, between St James's Street and “The Bedford,” or “The Hummums?” Offensive as the subject is, look at our public women,—what a wealth, what a costliness, our system has, compared with yours. Our very thieves and swindlers!—You only pretend to be rogues here; you have no title even to be hanged in English company! In despite of yourselves, you are, and shall be, a very honest, simple, inoffensive people. The *Grand Nation*!—Do you think, that such a set of knaves as ours of London merely, can be found in all Paris, or in all the world? What a community must it be that feeds all these vultures, and yet scarce feels the effect of their rapacity?

The fact is, you *autres François* have a smart spice of quackery in all you do; and the English who visit you become more absurd even than you are yourselves. Heaven give the man patience, who has eyes in his head to see, and who comes to this country with them open—ready to admire all he has heard talked about in England! If I did not know that there were circumstances which tended to keep you in good humour while you were here; that you got new rank, and came as a conqueror,—and came off a campaign, too, with the appetite of a soldier,—I should say, past question, you had been bitten by a French barber, or had fallen into being a noodle by the force of infection. For Paris, to an Englishman who has seen the Continent generally, presents nothing, on the face of it, strikingly new. I was far more pleased with my journey

through the Netherlands, and round by Hesse Cassel, Hanover, and Brunswick. Indeed, the country of France, the great provincial towns that I have seen, such as Rouen, Amiens, and Abbeville, almost all have satisfied me better (probably because I had heard them praised less) than the capital. You would laugh to hear of half the trifles which I had marked down, before I came, as curiosities; and which I have fallen into a rage at finding had neither curiosity, nor even novelty, about them.—And, for example,—

The first morning after my arrival, I rode on horseback over the Pont Neuf; the place where the wind, you know, according to Sterne, is more blasphemously *sacre Dieu* than in any other part of Paris.—N. B. This is not that the river is wide here, nor the situation high or bold; but that about twenty streets, from as many different quarters, converge to the bridge as to a centre. So you blaspheme at the Pont Neuf, not because the wind blows harder there than at other places, but because, blow which way it will, you are sure there to come in for a current of it.—But, about three weeks before this, thinking in London of what wonders I should find in Paris, my eye had been caught by some coloured engravings of French women of different trades—*blanches-seuses, tricotteuses*, and, above all, the *tondeuses de chiens*,—the prettiest, smartest, little girls—you quite broke your heart that they had not a better calling.—Well, sir, as I rode over the bridge, thinking of these very girls, and almost wishing I was a dog, that I might be sheared by one of them, I noticed a number of little stalls, kept by wretches like those (only worse) who sell walking-sticks, and brooms, upon our highways. At one of them, under a ragged umbrella, sat a wrinkled deformity of ninety, cutting the hair of an unfortunate poodle dog, who struggled—the—beast—as well as the arrangement of his legs, three of which were tied, would permit him. I dare say he was kept in *tondement* constantly, as a pattern, or sign, to attract the custom of others. Upon a pole, by the side of the scabby umbrella, hung a board, in good plain French, announcing the name, terms, and, moreover, the several capabilities, of this precious operator—of whom, by the way, the young *matous* of the

neighbourhood, or, as they call them here, *chats de goutiere*, entertain, even more than the dogs, a deep jealousy and suspicion. All along the *Pont*, sat other of the same "Pagan images;" some exclusively given to *couper*, and *chatrer*; others, for the sake of variety, cleaning a little shoes, or dabbling in a commerce of bones and rags; and these idols—what will your "Picture of Paris" people say to this?—these human non-descripts, were my *toudeuses de chiens*!

And everything written or reported to me by yourself or others is upon the same *façon*—pompous annunciation, ending, when one examines the affair, in nothing. Shade of Capability, Brown! how the gardens of the *Thuilleries* were commended to me!—with their snug-trimmed orange-trees growing out of square green-painted boxes—*parterres* laid out like an estate on the top of a twelfth-cake—gaudy white statues, and water in basins thirty feet superficial—all so fine *pre-pense*, and formal, and well swept and cleaned, and gimcracky. The same style again at the *Luxembourg*; the same—with a little exception for the *Trianons*—at *Versailles*. They must have set a mathematician to arrange their pleasure-grounds, and his model was the backgammon-board, or else he copied from the monstrous angularities of the toy they call the Chinese Puzzle.

I toiled through your overgrown, unfurnished palace of *Versailles*. Horrible exertion! It was a public day, but I was forced to go, because the *grandes eaux* were to be exhibited. And—the crowd!—The first blessing, surely, that wealth should procure for a man is solitude! I once thought it was the power of being idle; but now I am sure it is the power of being alone. It was a burning day when I adventured—Sunday—all the world at *Versailles*—thermometer, 190! The road from Paris—not one foot of which is watered—and all made of that particular sand which never cements, except in people's eyes—there was not one moment, in all the twelve-miles ride, that I could see a hundred yards before me! You get carried—that is, the *monde* does—the whole distance, for a *franc*, and all Paris seemed to be taking its departure. The one-horse stages, the *pots de chambre*, carried nine passengers in each. *Cabriolets*—*fiacres*—waggons covered with canvass—all

were glutted with people, smart, talkative, and happy. I tried my chariot open, and then I was roasted. I closed it, and then I was baked. Meanwhile, the dust!—But at the palace gate there regularly stand a company of men and boys, with brushes in their hands, and whisks, to cleanse visitors—this is fact!—as they descend from their equipages.

Then, the crowd—the suffocation! in the few rooms that I did venture through! In all the courts, nothing but that vile *sablon*, that they seem so fond of here, to walk upon. In the apartments, an eternal white and gold, with great looking-glasses, and bad pictures—for half the pictures are bad—or not excellent, which amounts to the same thing.—Nothing now in the aspect of the place as if it had ever been built to be inhabited. I certainly admired your disposition of the fountains; and they, here and there, give some points of beauty—though sadly artificial always—to the grounds. The ring of arches, within which the dances *champetre* were given (as I am told) in the days of the old court, is fanciful, with its fifty illuminated *jets*, rising from, and returning into, as many marble basins. The "concert" *gazon*, too, with its cascade rolling over coloured lamps, must have had some fairy-like, glittering character about it. And at the water exhibition *par preference*—the "Bath," I think, of "Neptune"—(though giving Neptune a bath sounds something like giving Pluto a warming-pan)—the people collected, ranged in rows one above another, upon the rising bank, (I should think a quarter of a mile long, and a hundred yards across,) that surrounds the pool, formed the most striking public assemblage—none *looking* what we call the "lower class," at all events, the gayest that, as Count Cassel expresses it, I ever saw "in the course of my travels." But then the impression of the whole place, after all, is that of a toy; and of a toy rather in fantastic, childish, clumsy taste. Windsor Castle, with its glorious park and river! Can any man compare the two for a moment? Or, what is there in the Gardens of the *Thuilleries*, taking the *Champs Elysees* into the bargain, which can be looked at against our Hyde Park, putting Kensington Gardens out of the question?

And Paris is not quite so select nei-

ther, I am inclined to think, as to its English company; and, for that reason among others, not quite so agreeable as it was when you were here. Our monsters, who used to go to Margate and Brighton, (I never knew which set were the most detestable,) now cross the water. You can't imagine how we are over-run with bankers' clerks (English) and pert prentices, upon furlough. They get "booked" from London to Paris, with "*diner copieuse*" all the way, for five pounds; and I saw a publication the other day, proving that, by bringing food from town, instead of dining at Canterbury, and sleeping on board the packet at Dover, (for which nothing was to be paid,) instead of going to an inn, the whole expense, by-drinkings included, might be defrayed for four pounds ten. Then the moneyed visitors, who don't do things in this way, they all go to Very's; which, accordingly, from being one of the best, is becoming one of the worst houses in Paris. I saw three men dining there the other day, (to be sure they were *cents au monsieur*, which was worth something;) but it was delightful, even across the room, to see the trash that they were swallowing, with, ever and anon, an "Ay!—This is something like a glass of wine!" For myself, I like Prevot's dinner and wines at least as well as Very's, and his *salon*, and style of waiting, a great deal better. But Very has been talked about in England; and, that once done—*ça ira!*

There are some "blacking" shops added to the *puanteur* of the Palais Royal, into which any person, who is sufficiently filthy, may walk, and enjoy the luxury of having his shoes cleaned upon his feet.—I saw these institutions quoted in a book the other day as an example of the *ultra* luxuriousness of the Parisians! There happens to be a coffee-house too in town, with not so much looking-glass quite about it, as Everington the linen-draper has in his shop—and all the world has been in arms about the "*Café de Mille Colannes!*"—with a tale about the beauty of the mistress of it, quite as voracious as the rest of the history.

Good wine's needing no bush, is no proverb of French manufacture. (And, indeed, there are other countries where good bush's needing no wine of the two would be the more popular maxim.) But here is a house at which

two blind fiddlers play of an evening—and this becomes the "*Café des Aveugles!*" At another, your currant water is served by persons in masquerade dresses. And this place—(it would be beset in England)—is the "*Café Chinois!*"

But the *Milles Colannes*, of all your quackeries, reminds me of that which is the most wicked—the story about the beauty, and desirableness, of your women! I always suspected the truth of this account, because the French women whom I met abroad were not handsome; but your population of Paris more than realises my apprehensions—it is not merely not handsome, but the most inexcusably unhandsome that I ever beheld. Your *Grisettes*, with their "neat ancles," and "*bien chausses!*" those themselves must be pug-nosed, who have written these things. For the "ancles," and so forth, I think, in the mass, they are decidedly bad. In the rank of "*Grisettes*," searching most curiously the milliners', glovers', and haberdashers' shops, I have been quite surprised to find so many girls so sinfully devoid of all attraction. The exceptions to this condition are few; chiefly found among the higher classes—and then it is not at all clear to me that beauty is understood in this country, where you have it. There is a girl lodges opposite to my house—she is a third-rate actress, but certainly the finest woman that I have seen in Paris—the French whom I talk to don't particularly admire her, which is suspicious. Again, you have so many tender figures, round-about ways in your language, of nominating the affliction which we know by the term, "plainness." There is your *genti*, which amounts to what we should call the "pert." Then there is your *espiegle*, used, I believe, when anybody squints; and then your *aimable*, we translate, all over the world, as the "perfectly detestable."

Certain it is, that both as to personal attraction, and as to the "dressing," "figure," &c. upon which the French affect to plume themselves, they stand, take them in equal numbers, incomparably below the English. Awkward as the people who come here are, many of them, in that which appertains to rank or fashion, you never meet a well-dressed man or woman in the streets, but you find that they are English.

Of the French women, few of any

station, ever walk in the streets at all. In fact, they could not do so without too much danger to their lives, as well as their petticoats. Your narrow streets, without an approach to anything like pavement, and that filthy black kennel always running, (I never can conceive where it comes from!) even in the driest weather, through them, leaves one no hope ever to get home without being splashed, (*eclaboussé*), from head to foot, unless one is run over, and so brought home upon a shutter, within ten seconds after going out! You may remind me here of Lisbon; but, in Lisbon, where mules and men were on an equal footing, the streets were, most of them, far wider, and, still more, there was not a tittle of the same traffic through them. In Paris, nobody rides even on horseback. Pole as I am in the exercise, I find it hardly practicable. Then, to return to the taste in dress, the prevailing fashion just now certainly here may be unlucky; but as for a well-dressed woman, where you see one, she almost invariably has copied the English style; and as for a well-dressed man, you never see such a thing at all.

And, really, a fact like this alone, it should tell with the English traveller who has known Bond Street, Piccadilly, and Hyde Park in the month of June. The people are silly enough, some of them contemptible enough, but they are all gloriously well-appointed, and splendid-looking. Recollect the carriages, and the horses, (and the clean streets,) that we publish; take them, "number and value," as we say in bankruptcy; and have you one to twenty in their place, and if you have, when, and where are they to be seen? In truth, you know, my dear fellow, the people here have not got the money. I am rich now; you have always been so; therefore we may properly disparage those who are otherwise. Look at the horses that we ride and drive—at the grooms, (though they are the stupidest rogues ever livery was cast away upon,) who follow us! The coats, such garments as I meet people buttoned into! so fantastic, and so rusty, and shabby, with poorly-assorted boots, greasy, ill-moulded hats! Really there is not a Frenchman in all Paris who can cut a coat fit even for a sloven, like me, to wear. And for grand display, either

of beauty, or "fine linen," think of one of our great theatres on a full night! I don't much like our scheme of public boxes; but our keeping the second rank (which is fit to look upon,) in the [pit, is a better principle than the French. And the fashion of the women's dressing themselves,—looking their best, to go, is one I would not give up for the world. For it is all nonsense to talk of "*esprit*," and "peculiar charm," and "fascination." A heavy foot is my aversion, although it should support the mistress of seven sciences. All the logic in the world, nay, all the wit, proceeding from a mouth too extended, cannot please me. I hate high cheek-bones and thin lips; women so gifted do not amount to the "soft sex," and, whatsoever woman would come into my grace, be it known that, morally and physically, she must be "soft." If she have but one ha'porth of angularity in voice, feature, or feeling about her, *je m'enfuis*. If her skin seems to be too tight for her—you have noticed this blemish upon the forehead?—I am lost for ever. Certainly, if a man did find a woman here that he could take a fancy to, his only hope must lie in her conscience. Alternative, diversion, supplies even to run away with, there would be none; and he must buy, no matter at what price, for there would be no second article in the market.

And there is another point, moreover, here, of necessary consideration; I don't impute it as matter of blame to the people, but certainly it is an argument of ridicule against those who madden about them. The habits and little customs of the French women, a great many of them, ought not to be pleasant to an Englishman of cultivated taste. These things are matter of convention. There is very little that can be called right or wrong, except as one is "to the manner born;" but, for that very reason, persons who have been accustomed to see what is held correct and fitting in England, ought to find a great deal in France worthy of sudden alteration. And don't nonsuit me here, I entreat, by a reference to "lords" and "ladies," whom you think I have not seen. I mean to take to the Peerage exclusively within this week. After next Thursday, I won't know a Chevalier even by sight. But, in the meantime, there ought to be

good manners out of the mere precincts of the court, (supposing them to exist within it;) and I tell you that, in very reasonable society, as to condition, the disciples of the *façon Rambouilles* are of every day occurrence. Consult the best authorities, the French writers of gossip for the last thirty years, upon this head?—But you know how it stands already. There is no bad taste in a New Zealander liking train oil—but if an English nobleman said he liked to drink out of his lamp, we should think him an odd fellow.

All Paris runs over with objects and exhibitions—I don't mean with depraved or wilfully indecent ones—but still with such as an Englishman cannot pass in the company of a lady without horror. Our own streets in London are very bad—in one or two respects, disgracefully so; but the evil—even the abuse of it—a certain severity would be necessary to cure; and that is a severity which (though we don't talk so much of the *empire des femmes* as you do) we are nevertheless very unwilling always to apply. People with us, too, all feel the difficulty, and agree *not* to perceive it; which very moral fiction lightens its operation in a considerable degree. But in Paris it is quite another affair. Upon (some) coarse points, at least, you are a plain-speaking people.

In the window of a cutler and jeweller in the Palais Royal, I saw an *affiche* paraded in full detail upon a subject too monstrous for the bill even of an English quack-doctor to have discussed. There it hangs at this moment, meeting the eyes of all persons, male or female, who look into the shop for articles of trade. In a picture shop (not a caricature shop) ten yards farther on, you find subjects treated, not unchaste or immoral, but such as cleanliness, and what we call “good breeding,” prevents people in England from adverting to. Again, not only do the signs of certain public “conveniences,” with elaborate commendations of their excellence, stare you in the face upon every public walk, but, in the most fashionable part of Paris, there are two lines of *verse*, now newly painted up, to attract the attention of all passengers, *peculiarly*, to a range of these institutions!

The same oppositeness to the accustomed opinions of decent English

men, prevails in a hundred other points, which must be familiar to you. I won't speak of the *sorties* from the diligence—but I confess I like to be made a stranger of sometimes. My own landlady—I knocked at the door of her *boudoir*—“Come in!”—I opened, and (it makes one sick, you know,) there she was without her wig. Calling at a friend's *hotel*, I saw his hostess, a very prudent woman, at needlework in a parlour, and sitting, with the greatest unconcern, in such a position as exhibited one of her legs, considerably above the knee, to a whole court-yard of valets and ostlers, independent of strangers (ten in five minutes) passing in or out of the house. Another—as respectable a woman as any in Paris—expressed her surprise at the apparent *chastity of my habits!* and concluded with cautious against mistakes which, as a foreigner, I might be liable to fall into. And, what is worse than all, the people here, too, except those of entirely the higher order, are most wickedly negligent in the nicer economy of their persons; and, of all criminals in the world—if any such offender be in existence—a woman who is not over fastidious in all her personal arrangements and dispositions, is to me the most justifiably smotherable. Blessed be the code of Mahomet, which makes familiarity with soap and water a condition for people going to Heaven. When I was a soldier, I used to make love to my washer-woman, (failing ready money,) that I might rejoice in a clean shirt once a-day.—N. B. As the Mahometan law allows women no interest in Heaven, it became necessary to provide statutes to insure their good behaviour on earth; and I make no doubt that the Turkish custom of tying females in a sack and throwing them into the sea, was originally devised (water and towel) as a punishment for lapses from personal *propreté* and neatness.

Don't take it that I mean to challenge the real views of any people in any country; but I object to pretensions unfounded in fact, and, particularly, to plaudits bestowed without comprehension. They talk in France never ceasingly—it is advertised even to sickening—the devotion—the adoration—the blind submission, paid, nationally, here to women—I will put it to yourself—were you ever in any country, where women were so little

really prized or regarded? Twenty Frenchmen have asked me with horror—was it *possible* such a thing ever happened, as that a clown should “sell his wife”—even with her own consent—in a public market in England? Those same men would stop, the next moment, to see a wretched woman stand upon her head, and tumble, on the Boulevards—such a display of female degradation, as our coarsest clown would scarcely witness without abhorrence. And, in plain words, that which passes here for the “empire” of “the sex,” seems to me to be little else than their most entire neglect, and discreditable oppression. Prose against jealousy as long as you will—it is the last feeling in a man which women ever were, or ever will be, distressed about; but, granting that we should “rise superior” to being jealous of a woman, is it necessary also that we should be “superior” to guarding her from insult? Is it that I am “jealous” of my wife, because I think it advisable to take care she is not affronted in the street? Must I prove my reliance on the correctness of her feelings, by exposing them, on every possible occasion, to outrage? I hear sufficient, and to spare, about the “despotic reign” of WOMAN in this country—of her absolute direction in all affairs—her paramount authority in all establishments; but I protest, before Heaven, all the “empire” that I see her exercise amounts to this—that she has nearly every kind of duty cast upon her, except those which she ought properly to perform. I hate the mixing woman in the business of life; still more, the committing it passively to her direction. Let the countess make ill verses, and avoid politics; the tradesman’s lady keep from the window, and comb her children. It may be convenient for a shopkeeper to let his pretty wife cheat his customers—let my countrymen forego the benefit of that convenience. All jobbing in females—even by implication—is base and detestable. Woman is a property—perhaps a poor man’s only one; then, if he *be* a man, let it be an exclusive one—if I were a tinker, I’d stab the rogue that squinted on my trull. A plague on your “*aimable franchise*,” and the devil, in all cases, take your “Reciprocity!” I could pardon a man, I think, for seizing that which belonged to his neighbour; but

never for letting his neighbour take a particle of what belonged to himself.

The desire, however, of exclusive property, in matters and possessions, generally prevails less in France than England. The French dine you in public with their families. All their leisure is passed in the open air, or in crowded coffee-rooms. The desire to be “to one’s self”—there is nothing but the vulgarism expresses it—is a feeling unknown to the inhabitants of Paris; and this love of publication—whether it be a cause or an effect—brings me to one circumstance in which you really have the advantage of us.

I don’t like being elbowed by a crowd anywhere—but that which we call a “mob,” is to be found only in England or in Ireland. The whole temperament of the man of the “third estate,” and I may add of the second, (to say nothing of the first)—his passions—wishes—pleasures—dispositions—are perfectly opposite in Paris and in London. In London, scourged and out-lawed, trammelled and fettered, as it is, the spirit of personal quarrel meets you at every corner, with an invitation to be shot, or have your bones broken. The labouring poor live like fox-hounds in a kennel, whom nothing but the huntsman’s whip keeps from tearing one another in pieces. Present battle seems to be the only end, in their own view, that the people were born for. It is curious to observe, how deeply and generally this disposition imbues the national character—every man seems watching in society for an opportunity to dance a hornpipe on the body of his fellow. You never in your life walked as a stranger into a full coffee-room, or passed a *trio*, (single-handed,) lounging in the street, that you did not *feel* that your safety from affront lay in your power to knock down the artist who should offer it to you.

Your Sunday clerk pokes your Sunday prentice; your Sunday shoemaker pushes both into the kennel; to have a hundred pounds a-year more than “the gentleman at next door,” (and take away the Old Bailey,) is to have your house fired, or, at least, your windows broken. *Così fan tutti!*—you can only perceive the extent to which the right of force applies in England, by residing on the Continent. We live in the interchange not of good offices, but of

violent blows. The first resort throughout the nation at large, seems to be the course which I once heard recommended to a man in Fleet Street who was fighting,—“Spit in your fist, Jack,” said the second—“Jack” was getting rather the worst of it—“Spit in your fist, Jack,”—and the whole crowd assented—“Spit in your fist, and go in!”—Your hackney coachman demands double his fare; and, even when you submit, will call you “horse” into the bargain. Your waterman has much ado to keep from drowning himself, that he may at the sametime give the man who hires him a “ducking.” A lamplighter throws his spare oil about jocosely; urchins pelt each other with mud, that a chance splash may fall upon the passenger; itinerant dealers collar you as they offer their wares for sale; butcher boys, and mail-coach drivers, run people down for their amusement as well as for their convenience; women (in the street) desire to embrace you, and overpower you with execrations when you decline; and watchmen take you up, (no crime committed,) growing rampant in the exercise of their authority!

Now, in France, the *contrat social* is of a very different character. Your Englishman, (especially after the second glass,) like Duke Richard, “has no brother.” Pass a market, a wharf, or even a merrymaking—the abiders not only curse you, but they curse one another. The oath among us, is not an excrescence or a garnish, but an integral and important member in every sentence. We have as many ways of sending a soul to hell in London, as they have of sending an egg to table (and more variety in them) at Paris. Our London carmen—firemen—boxers—mail-coach guards—and Thames-street porters—the whole globe could not match them for figure, insolence, courage, or ill-humour!—I heard a fellow the day before I left London—he was a “navigator,” digging out a sewer in Clure Market, and an inhabitant was in doubt whether the foundation of his house might not be affected.—“No, no!” said my friend, with the greatest coolness, “not yet—no danger at all yet. But, when I get over on the other side,” pointing, and working onwards, “you’ll come rattling down, all the row of you, as nice as can be.”

In France, there are no battles among

the lower orders; few quarrels; and a little ill language goes a great way. Your domestic servant has the art to be perfectly familiar, and yet never disrespectful; and this lies by no means in his acquiescence, of course, in your opinions, but in the tact and good humour with which he contradicts you. The same feeling prevails—an absence of heart-burning between rich and poor—in all the minor ordinary transactions of life. Your hackney-coachman takes his fare with a short bow—*remercie*, for the little *pour boire*—and there is kindness on both sides. The postilions are half spoiled by English travellers, but there is still the disposition to be *bon enfant*. If you quarrel, the thing is forgotten in ten minutes; (while an Englishman would sulk over it for ten days;) they laugh, “put on,” afresh, and seem to wish to keep in charity for all sakes. So, the drayman—though they have no rule for “sides,” in driving, does not block up a street at any time for his diversion. So the man whom you sit next to in the pit at the theatre, does not make himself as large as possible in order to incommode you. So,—

I was present here, ten days ago, at the *Fete St Louis*. All Paris was in the streets, and all France was in Paris. The gardens of the Thuilleries were crowded—the Champs Elysées—*on etouffoit!* as a French soldier said, making his way out to let me enter. There were loaves of bread, by pyramids, given away in the day. Sausages, neatly wrapped in white paper, fell, like manna, from raised stages, upon the multitude. Wine—Jack Cade himself could have desired no more—poured from twenty conduits at the same moment! On the day preceding the *fete*, all the *spectacles* of Paris were thrown open *gratis*. On the day itself, three spacious theatres—stages larger than those of our theatre in the Haymarket—were erected in the Bois de Boulogne, where the farces of Vadé (the *pieces de la Halle*) were performed at intervals during the evening. There were rope-dancers caracolling thirty feet over the heads of the spectators; jugglers who made your eyes the dupes of your other senses; and gamesters, from gingerbread nuts to stakes of crown-pieces. There were the *mals de Cocaque* (May Poles)—men climbing for purses, and no one hooting when they failed.

There were illuminations; fireworks of real brilliancy and taste; and music, dancing, and wine (as I told you) at discretion—and yet, during the whole feast, which lasted from noon till after midnight, I did not hear of one tumult, or see a single act of outrage!

I saw but six persons (all in one party) intoxicated; they were of the lowest class, and were viewed with the most perfect disgust by everybody who approached them. I did not hear of one robbery committed during the day; and I don't think that two police interferences, of any kind, arose out of it. In fact, the great mass of assaults, and frauds, and felonies, which engage our dozen police magistrates from morning to night, here are unknown. "Accidents and offences" form no head (instead of occupying four columns) in the daily newspapers. Here are lotteries drawing every day in the year; gaming-houses (accommodated to all degrees) openly sanctioned by the legislature; we have a populace dissipated, if not idle, mad for amusement, and careless of religious observance; and yet, with all these inducements to irregularity, there is not only this extraordinary peacefulness, but the *honesty*, even of the poorest people (as regards abstinence from thefts) is such as must be seen almost before it can be credited.

This "honesty" is quite unintelligible to an Englishman; who has no idea generally of trusting his property to persons who seem likely to be in want of it. We have never been famous for self-denial, since the time when Alfred hung up golden bracelets in the highways; and, as to that conundrum, it has never been clear to me, that purses of unmarked coin would have been treated with the same deference. The French themselves, too, are somewhat divided how to account for their own integrity. One very learned person assured me that the secret lay in the Police—in the impossibility that an offender saw of escaping. "Every man, sir," said he, "believes implicitly that, even in his sleep, he is overlooked,—that his very bed-posts would rise up into *gend'armes*, if he snored a secret (against the statute) to his pillow." Others hold that the French honesty is a natural state, and that it is we—the English—whom commerce has corrupted. For, say they,—“wealth ebbs and

flows.—Floods make us drunk—neap-tides leave us to starve. Sudden runs of trade, then you are rich—and that leads you to gin and water, broken heads, and the Sessions. Sudden stoppages, then you are without bread,—and that goes to the pawnbrokers, and the Old Bailey!”

“Then Adam Smith, sir, holds that extremes.—The Dutch, you know, next to you English, are the greatest rogues in the world? and then there's your Jew—you see, poverty to him; or at least beggary, is unknown. He gets you a crop of wheat off a flint stone—trades and thrives, where a Christian must rob or starve.—But then, whenever an occupation is so very villainous—so quite abhorrent to humanity—that no Christian rogue will undertake it, why, sir, you find a Jew stepping in to exercise it, and raising the commodity thirty per cent, because he has the monopoly.” This all sounded very reasonably at first; but, unluckily, I happened to recollect, that although few offences against the law are committed in Paris, all offences not against the law thrive luxuriantly enough. So, in the end, I came back again to the “Police.”—And then came the question how national character—upon the broad view—stood under such a Police?—and then I thought that if I went any farther I should be likely to get out of my depth. So I covered my retreat by pronouncing—that though the English did get hanged now and then—there were always enough of them survived for every necessary purpose, and that they were, moreover, (for the benefit of their neighbours,) the hardest *hitting* people in Europe.

And London is such a hive too, as regards population and extent, that it affords extra-facilities to fraud and robbery. No man knows his neighbour; authority knows nobody; and a swindler who can pay his way for a month—sometimes a swindler who cannot, may ride and drink with noblemen. I remember the son of a carpenter once, who had a trifle in ready money, assuming the title of “Baron,” and lasting, in Bond Street, more than a year. Another time, at P***s, after the arrival of a new “Esquire” in a post-chaise and four, came his mother, a good careful old woman, to advertise the keeper of the house, in person, that he had no means beyond some seventy pounds—and that, he

had abstracted from her *Ecritoir*. In short, we do business altogether upon a different scale—your game, at everything, is “chicken hazard,” to the game we play in England. We trade in lives as familiarly as you trade here in wafers—have an *eric* for men’s hearts, and hire out their constitutions by the day. Look at our daily outlay for mere conveniences (independent of show) of animal strength, and machinery, and capital. See our Brighton coach-horses, they run four years, and then their “work” is “done,”—this is to save two hours of time, perhaps, daily in the four-and-twenty. Your coal-heaver, by the force of mere muscle, gains eight shillings a-day—not one in twenty of these men lives to be forty years of age. Men, or cattle, with us, it is a short life and a merry one. We *pay*—we *lay out*—we *use up*!—Labourers we wear out three to your one—horses thirty—whips—(this is the saddest of the affair) a thousand. And yet it makes a glorious spectacle, the whole, if not quite a satisfying, a strangely cheering, and exciting one.—The thunder is a bolder sound than kettle drumming—the steam-engine, a grander triumph than the barrel organ, and the Thames, black as it is from the “Pool” to “Westminster,” will arrest more attention, even from triflers, than the gaudiest of your gold fish ponds at the Thuilleries or Versailles! Paris—from the little I know of it—is a good living for an Englishman who is luxurious and poor. He who loves society, and has not large revenues, will do well here. He who cannot—even in the streets—get out of the reach of the lower orders, must have strong nerves, or dull perceptions, if he stays in London. But, for a man of fortune, the case is different—and I see very little in France that such a man cannot obtain in England; while he has a hundred advantages and luxuries at home, which he will look in vain for among you. To your *cuisine*, no man bows with more deference than I do. Your *Potages*, all—*Julienne*—*Purée*—*Printanière*—are philosophic. Your *Fritots de Poulet*, almost invariably the most refined of human preparations. Your taste for soul is exemplary; your use of the *sauce tartare*, redeeming; I send to the devil (for whose digestion only they are fit) all our “turtles,” and “mock-turtles,” and I won’t say

a word about some of your dishes with long names, which are only familiar preparations, more known than esteemed among ourselves; (time, whereof the memory of my grandmother is not to the contrary;) but then the mistake that you fall into, is in imagining that there is *no* cookery *except* in France. You forget that, take away only one or two projections, (such as the *Omelette soufflée* for instance,) which I take to be *belles articles* rather than pungent dainties, I can get almost every French *mets* just as perfect in Leicester Square, as at the *Rocher de Cancale*; and this, in addition to many matters in high perfection, which, in Paris, you get in no perfection at all. For, to take the article of fish—(if I am to play the *gourmand*)—you have neither good fish in Paris, nor a good mode (generally) of dressing it. Think of our salmon—sole—turbot—and, still more, the *coquillage*—in which we excel you shamefully! What say you to our venison—or to the simple slice—(the centre slice) of beef, or mutton; cut with a sharp knife (which *can* only be in England) from a haunch, or sirloin, of twenty pounds!—morsels which may take rank, I say, and “bonnetted,” notwithstanding their Spartan plainness, with the very proudest services, and most disguised, of foreign manufacture?

Still, you are a fine people!—Coffee!—I can have it made, but there is none made in England such as you make in Paris. Ice, “value upon me” for also. All our preparations of it are weak and inexpensive. Wines, beds, *liqueurs*, and ornamental furniture—take credit for all these to what extent you will. Our English beds are always detestable; some of your most exquisite wines are spoiled in the carriage to us. I am frank—liberal,—and, therefore, though your fresh-butter is never well flavoured—though the luscious mysteries of the “fruit pudding” are as a book undisclosed to you, and your “*bonne double bière de mars*,” is the drink accursed of God and man, “small beer,”—though, from sunrise to nightfall, throughout your city, the *poêle* is perpetually going—though you can’t open your window to breathe without taking in the “immortal parts” of a *fricandeau*, or get from the Rue Richelieu to your *restaurateurs* in the Palais Royal,

without half dining, gratis, on ham and *haricot* by the way—still these slight flaws in a great system, my free criticism shall scorn to dwell on; and I will vote you *unequalled* in gastronomic arrangement, if not absolutely unexceptionable.

Apropos to the kitchen, however. Some of your best things in the way of “show places,” at Paris, are not by any means those that you make the most noise about. Your *Halles*, (if that be the proper term for the *depôts* of fish, fruit, and poultry,)—your markets are the most convenient, and the most worthy of a great city, that I have seen. There is a very fine market held in the great street of Antwerp, and curiously regulated and conducted too. Up to a given hour in the day, a broad street, near half a mile in length, is covered with produce (*en vivres*), of every description, meats, vegetables, game, and thronged with dealers. At the sound of a bell, at one o'clock, all business ceases to a moment. Buyers and sellers split their differences; squadrons of fresh brooms march from their hiding-places, and, in twenty minutes, not a remnant of fish, nor the fragment of a cabbage-leaf, lives to tell what was doing half an hour before. But this is a peculiar feature merely of arrangement; the Paris markets have circumstances of building about them, and greater curiosities of merchandize.

It is a fine place, that great square that forms your Fish-market, so neatly covered in and paved, and intersected by its hundred water-courses, to keep off the accumulation of slop and filth. Then the fish in which you deal, of ponds and rivers, though not so good as ours at the table, is more picturesque before it gets there. I like those long rows of wooden troughs and tubs, filled with tench, eels, pike, perch, gudgeon, carp, and trout—all splashing, and swimming, and running races with one another, up to the very moment of their summons to the stew-pan. Then your *Dames de la Halle*, are the finest females in Paris—a bold, showy, healthy-looking race of women—and of a rank, too, far above our ladies who sell mackerel, (to whom, in my ignorance, I had assimilated them.) So, again, your fruit, and poultry, and vegetables, make a gay display all, as you collect them; and I could give you credit, not only for these markets,

(though it may be doubted, perhaps, whether the distribution of shops is not more convenient,) but for a great many more of your public dispositions, if it were not that you excite one's indignation constantly, by claiming a triumph for them which they do not merit.

For, to take your *Abattoirs*, for instance—the position of which, beyond the city, no doubt is well judged. The bulls among us are inconvenient at Charing Cross. I believe they have the grace never to go along Pall Mall. But what led you to this improvement?—why sheer necessity. What could you do with mad oxen in your little, narrow, unpaved streets, but get rid of them? Why, you know, you would have been “tossed” on market days from day-break to the going down of the sun. You would have passed your time as your own opera-dancers do, three-fourths of it, hanging between heaven and earth. The droves of cattle must have marched with a surgeon (each) and two undertakers in its rear, to provide for accidents! Therefore, (in this case, for instance,) you should bear your honours meekly, and not talk so loud of the “abodes of cruelty,” “pestilence,” and “filth,” that we have in England.

For as to the cruelty, I believe you must pass for that—we spare very little, certainly, either the living or the dead. For the pestilence, it has been a good deal doubted, whether, in times of infectious malady, our butchers have not always come best off. But, for the disgust!—a truce at once to your delicacy, if you please, my friend, and make way for mine, just as another of your famous “public institutions,” the “*Morque*” of Paris, comes to my memory.

I went to look at this place almost as soon as I came; for a good nuisance is as exciting often as a gayer *spectacle*; but I had no conception how good the *morque* really was, or that it could give me a *coup*, who had seen something of the unseemly, here and there, already.

My man went to reconnoitre on the Sunday evening before the *Fete*; but there were no subjects in exhibition—“no doubt there would be some in the morning.”—So I walked down “in the morning,” and I found the place out some yards before I reached the door of it. The hall, which opened immediately into the street, was dark,

confined, and dirty; and there was that sort of damp clamminess upon the doors and wood work which you find in butcheries, great kitchens, and tallow-melters shops, in England. To the right hand lay a narrow stone staircase, leading to the abode, over head, of the *Concierge*, or keeper; who must live in an atmosphere of exhalations considerably worse than those of an hospital dissecting-room. Round the walls, hung coils of rope, black, soddened, and greasy; with hooks and pulleys used in drawing bodies from the river and elsewhere. And, to the left hand, divided from the spectator by a glass partition, were the "subjects" exposed.

There were three men to be seen on the day that I was there; all taken at different points out of the *Seine*; and their appearance was extraordinary. The water with which they were filled, added probably to the process of decomposition, which was commencing, had swollen the bodies to near twice their natural bulk; and one of them, who in his life must have been a large man, presented the human figure under a new, and terrific aspect. The swelling, from whatever cause it proceeded, was not of the stomach or abdomen merely, but general—all the limbs were those of a giant. The flesh, in most parts, was of a dusky green; but the features were perfect, and might have been recognised. I can't describe to you the sensation which the amazing breadth of this corpse—joined to its unusual colour, produced upon the eye! It looked like a huge mishapen statue, of stone, or metal, corroded by damp and age. The other two bodies were less striking; they had lain probably for a shorter time in the water; but the Herculean chest of the tall man is before me still.

Over the heads of the figures hung their wretched clothes, all peace-meal, apparently as cut off from them. Out of the windows above, on the side of the building next the river, some shabby linen, newly washed, but exceedingly ill-coloured, was drying; you could not help fancying that a part of the *Concierge* wardrobe came out of the perquisites of his office. I took some pains, afterwards, to ascertain the derivation of the title, *Morgue*, which this place bears, but could only find a note in the old *Diction-*

naire Royale—"Morgue—A little grated room, in which a new prisoner is set, and must continue some hours, that the gaoler's ordinary servants may the better take notice of his face." The whole was open to the street; persons walked in and out as they went by; and dogs were snuffing about, evidently attracted by the unwholesome odour.

The *Quartier*, however, in which the *Morgue* stands, and the streets of the same rank on the far side of the river, are to me the most curious and interesting parts of Paris. In your streets of the higher class, I see not much beyond a town inferior, at most points, to our own; but some of the meaner and older ones, say those behind the *Quai des Augustins*, give a notion to the fancy of what London might have been four centuries ago. In some of the Norman towns, Rouen particularly, this impression is still stronger. Our Richards, Henrys, and Edwards, are before you the moment you pass the gates of it. The approaches to Rouen, both from the coast and from Paris, the latter particularly, are alone worth going to France to see. The view, by moonlight, of the town and river, from a hill which they call, I think, *Mont St Catherine*, you would swear that the Scottish novelist, whoever he is, had studied from that very point. The town itself is still more curious, especially the parts near the Cathedral. I spent half a day in wandering about an immense inn at which I halted in the *Rue des Carmes*, which had all the peculiarities of decay, amazing extent, and rude Gothic architecture about it. The house, which ran, as usual, round a court-yard, seemed never to have been built at once, or upon any fixed design, but to have got up, a room at a time, from hand to mouth, as the convenience of different possessors, in the last thousand years, had suggested. There were garrets, with their walls five and forty degrees out of the perpendicular! And strange grotesque windows, or, rather, loop-holes, and monstrous approaches, meant for stair-cases, serving the rats to run up and down into what now were hay-lofts, lumber-rooms, and servants' sleeping-chambers. The building reaching, upon the whole, I believe, to nine stories high; as for the number of apartments, I could not count them;

but it was a day's journey to go from one end of the house to the other.

So Paris, in point of buildings now standing, shews you a much older city than London. You find houses, of which seeing the outside, you could wish to see the inside—a curiosity never awakened in Russell or Bedford Square. The sterling romance of the place has departed with its bigotry and pride of Catholic *regime*; but these are the abodes in which picturesque doings dwelt, although the spirit of their beauty lives no more. You weep for the suppression of the nunneries; but the garrets of Pigault le Brun still remain—and I can put my eye at this moment upon the identical three-cornered window, through which my uncle Thomas penetrates from his paternal home into the *gite* of the chimney-sweeps.

But I am wayward, I dare say, and fanciful—for I cannot fall into a great deal that passes for very fine here. Sculpture is out of my line; but I throw away a little money now and then on pictures; and I really cannot see how you can mention the modern artists of France on the same day with ours of England. What is there in David, (who seems to be excessively overrated,) or in Guerin, (whom I often like better,) or in Gerard, comparable to West, or to Sir Thomas Laurence? Then, for your second-rate people, there is a Mr Horace Vernet, who affects to paint with great knowledge of anatomy; and I find a whole host of people imitating this gentleman—who makes his figures look like the “nerve” and “blood-vessel” “subjects” in the Medical Dictionary. Sometimes he goes a little farther than this, and puts a sinew or two in, for extra grace, of his own; I certainly saw an Arabian horse, by him, which shewed more “points” than ever any single quadruped came by fairly.

The small pictures here—*Tableaux de guerre*, I think they call them, though I'm sure I don't know why—please me best. I have bought a picture of this kind, by an artist named Vigneron—the Death of a Deserter—which is extremely well imagined. The countenance of the soldier, as he kneels before the platoon, is very calm and manly, and yet highly expressive; and there is an admirable unconsciousness of danger about a poodle dog, who climbs upon his arm just

as the men are about to fire. I saw another story, I believe by the same artist—a female, with her child, thrown dead upon a rocky shore by shipwreck. Four crows sitting upon a stone, watch the bodies, and are kept off by a small dog who still survives. The snarl of the spaniel is very well given indeed; and the eye of the principal crow still better. It says distinctly—“We can wait—In a little while I shall eat you also.” These pictures, with a small one—a painting school—by Horace Vernet, are almost the only buyable ones I have seen out of a great collection. But the style does not seem to be popular; you like to be “great” in everything—fine hard outline; plenty of gaudy colour, and canvass ten feet by six, is all the rage.

Quackery—villainous quackery!—you do exceed us certainly in that. I wont talk about your theatres, because there is so much in them that cannot be appreciated by a foreigner; but *Marten*, the bear at the *Jardin des Plantes*, is to me the first comedian in Paris. I have always thought that the humour of animals, and particularly the expression of their countenances, was not done justice to. *Marten* is *magnifique*! The stoical contempt with which he regards the urchins who swarm round his den!—The grave sedulousness with which he “addresses himself again to sleep,” in spite of their *Montez, Monsieur Marten—Montez, pour un gateau!*—as well knowing that, from such a quarter, no *gateau* is likely to come. And then, when a respectable-looking man appears, the immediate attention and compliance—the prompt obedience to the *En, Montez donc, mon ami!*—giving you credit for the apple, on the appearance of your coat!

Marten might have been bred a master of arts. He has more deportment than six sheriff's footmen already. If he had only been taught to dance, he would have surpassed the footman who is at this moment practising a *cotillon* over my head, with scrubbing brushes tied to his feet, in order that he may accomplish himself, and scower the room at the same time. He deserves a grave in Pere La Chaise's burying ground, which is the only real piece of landscape-gardening about Paris; and I will devote to him one of those wreaths, such as the love-sick girls there hang upon the tomb of

Abelard and Eloisa—such as respectable octavos tell us are woven by lovers for the loss of their dear mistresses; by wives, weeping for their husbands slain in battle; and by patriots, to honour the brave few who have bled for the cause of liberty and of their country;—but which, in plain truth, (to the confusion of sentiment!) are sold “wholesale and retail” by the grave-digger’s daughter at the entrance of the church-yard, ready moistened, for the sensibility of those who, in their Sunday, or other promenades, may have fits of the pathetic come upon them.

But farewell! because writing is too tedious a mode of argument, and because the agility of the gentleman above stairs becomes too decided for me. Don’t make up your mind entirely, as most disputants do, that, where we differ, it is my ignorance (and not your absurdity) that speaks. For the people here, remember—bating

that the women are not handsome—I am enchanted with them. For their carriage and demeanour, it is the most delightful in the world; for their sincerity—to a prudent man—one way or other, that ought to make very little difference. Next week, Paris returns to town; and I shall then present all my credentials, and go industriously into good company for a month. By the end of that time, I make no doubt to be as perfectly informed upon all points of law, religion, or polity, civil and military, relating to the country, as I am upon those others which I have enlightened you as to in this letter. If, then, you will get on horseback with me, and traverse France, from the Seine to the Loire, I am yours; but a longer residence in Paris—unless something very unexpected turns up in the paths of greatness—will not be necessary to the entertainment of,

Yours,

C. E.

NOTICE OF “THE VALIANT SCOT,” AN ANCIENT ENGLISH DRAMA,
FOUNDED ON THE STORY OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

MR NORTH,

IT may, in all probability, be unknown even to you, that our famous Scotch hero, Sir William Wallace, was introduced upon the English stage so early as the year 1637. The play in which his achievements are thus celebrated is in the *extremest degree rare*. Indeed I do not believe there are more than three copies now in existence.

It is very hastily and inaccurately mentioned in the *Biographia Dramatica*, vol. III. p. 376; but, except this notice, I have not met with any reference to it in any of the critical works in which the affairs of our old drama are handled. Although abounding in many most curious and valuable specimens of antique phraseology, some of which might be applied with great success to the elucidation of our great poets, no allusion to this play occurs in the *Variorum Shakespeare*, nor in any of the dramatic works edited by Isaac Reed or Mr Gifford.

The play has this title-page:—

THE VALIANT SCOT,

By J. W. GENT.,

LONDON:

Printed by Thomas Harper, for John Waterson; and are to be sold at his Shop, in Paul’s Church-Yard, at the Signe of the Crowne. 1637.

And then follows a Dedication to the Marquis of Hamilton, signed by *William Bouyer*.

I am unable to offer any guess as to the author, though his initials may perhaps be sufficient to guide some more experienced person to the mark.

One of the most curious things in this play is the *Scotch* interspersed in its dialogue. I am not aware of any earlier attempt to introduce this dialect upon the stage, unless we consider Ben Jonson’s Pastoral Drama as one; and, indeed, I think it is sufficiently obvious that, like Ben, the author of this drama had paid a visit to Scotland. I suppose, however, he was a native of the north of England, since, with a few occasional exceptions, his Scotch is spelt so as to give it a very Yorkshire air. I do not allude to such of his characters as the old Friar; for the studiously antiquated language of these is evidently a transcript (to the best of the author’s power) of the style of the old Scotch poets and chroniclers.

Without farther preface, therefore, allow me to introduce you to *THE VALIANT SCOT*. The play opens at Ayr, in Scotland, where the Commissioners of the English King are assembled in council. Of these the chief are *Haselrigge*, Thorne, Selby, and one

Sir Jeoffrey Wiseacre, a foolish old justice of the peace, who (with his clerk, Master Bolt) gives occasion to most of the mirth with which, according to the good old custom, this tragic drama is here and there embellished. Thorne thus addresses the Council:—

Enter HASLERIGG, THORNE, SELBY, and SIR JEOFFREY WISEACRE.

Thorne. Fellow colleagues, since it hath pleased our king,

Renowned Edward, of his special favour, To speare us in this height of eminence, And make us rulers over Scotland, Let's shew ourselves worthy the dignities Conferr'd upon us.

Sel. That's not by lenity;

For, howsoe'er the armed hand of war Has made them ours, they are a nation Haughty and full of spleen, and must be managed

With straighter reins and rougher bits.

Thorne. Ahlas!

I find them easie, tractable, and mild; Authority may, with a slender twine, Hold in the strongest head;—then what needs tyranny

Use rein or bitt? By this all doubts are clear'd—

'Tis always better to be loved than fear'd. And, by your leave, Sir Thomas, We have good reason to defend our own.

Sel. You are as cleer of danger, and as free from foes—

Has. As he that holds a hungry wolfe by the ears.

The principles are true—*trust not thy wife With secrets, nor thy vassall with thy life,*— Sound example proves it.

Sir Jeoff. And private policy confirms it. I could urge reason why, shew cause wherefore, and speak to purpose whereby; but my betters are in place—I know theria to be pregnant; and a ready wit's worth all.

Sel. For our own safeties, then, and England's honour,

Let us not lose what our king hardly wonne.

Has. To that effect call'd we this solemne meeting,

To which we have summon'd divers— chiefly Wallace,

Late Sheriffe of Ayr, which office, though the king

Conferr'd on me, the haughty Scot thinks much

To tender up.—Observe his insolence.

Enter Old WALLACE, and takes his place.

Sel. Presumptuous groom! this is a seat for eagles,

And not for haggards.

O. Wall. Selby, 'tis a seat

I and my grandsire's grandsire have enjoy'd And held with worship; and, till Edward's hand

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Remove me from't, Wallace will still possess't.

Sel. Proud Wallace dares not—

O. Wall. Selby—both dares, and doe, And must, and will. Though subject unto Edward,

I'm Selby's equal, both in birth and place. Though in mine office Edward joynd you with me,

He never made you ruler over me.

Has. You'll find he did. Reade that commission,

And tell me then if Selby or yourself Be Sheriffe of Ayr.

O. Wall. (Reads.) To what my king commands

I humbly bend, resigning on my knee (kneels)

Both staffe and office.—

Selby. (Taking the staff.)—Which thus Selby breaks

Over thy head: and now, proud sir, acknowledge

Selby your ruler, and with your place resigne

Your castle and your lands.

O. Wall. That's not inscribed in your commission.

What the king has given, I surrender.— For my lands, they're still mine own,

Were purchased with the sweat of my dear ancestors;

And ere I lose a pole, a foot, ay, or the smallest turf

A silly lark may build on—I'll lose life!

Sel. At your own choice; either your lands, or life;

Or both—

O. Wall. Or neither—Royal Edward's mercy

Sits above Selby's malice.

Sel. Surly groom,

Mercy's for subjects: by what evidence, Charter, or service, do you hold your land?

O. Wall. Selby, by none. That little which I had

I have given my sonne, a boy of that proud temper,

As, should he hear thy insolent demand, Would pluck thee from thy seat, and lay thy head

A satisfaction at his father's feet.

But heavens forbid it: Selby, thus it stands,

Thou hast my office, and my sonne my lands.

Sel. He must shew how he holds 'em.

O. Wall. So he can,

And, Selby, will shew evidence sufficient; Mine, my deere father's, and my grandsire's sword—

He wears good evidence about him, Selby, &c.

This altercation is still going on with unabated spirit, when lo, and behold, in the very nick of time,

Enter Young SELBY himself, and other gallantes guarding Peggie.

Young Selby. Marke her: come, Peg, hide your Scottish face.

Peggie. Why shuld I hayd my Scottis face? my Scottis face is as gude as yare English face; 'tis a true Scottis face.

Y. Sel. I know 'tis, sweet Peggie; and because 'tis not a picture for every painter to draw forth, let this curtain be pind before it.

Peg. Hange yare flee-flaps! Na Scottis woeman is asheamed a that luke the master Painter abuife guifes her. Where mun I gangand now? Fay, fay, fay, what lossell am I, that am hurrand thus till and fra with swards and wapins? Why mun backerd men gang fencing and flourishing about me? Am I your May-game?

Y. Sel. No, Peggy, th'art my prisoner; but here's thy jail.

(Attempting to embrace her.)

Peg. Are yee my jailor? What kin bin you to the hangman senu* you? whare's hee? Wha is that foule loone amang you that mun be my hangman?

Y. Sel. Here's no man here your hangman, or your peg.

Peg. Wha then be you?

Y. Sel. Your friends that hold you only in bonds of love.

Peg. I reckand muckle your luife; fay upon sike luife! The awd fellow thief, luifand the true man's siller, as you luif-and me.—I'de rather be a Scutchman's whore, then an Englishman's waife, and be dreave to th' kirke with helters.

Y. Sel. Tell me, what proud Scot loves thee?

What Scot dare touch thee, now th'art Selbie's?—

Peg. Hang thee!

Hang thee, foule meazle'd lowne, What Scutchishman darres?—guiff my luife understood my case,

On Gad's dear earth you sud no farder gange;

As butcher's kie to the grund, he sud you bange.

Second Gallant. All mildnesse is in vain, take some rough course.

Y. Sel. To th' church! Away!—I'll marry her there by force.

First Gallant. Away with her!

Enter WALLACE, CUMMING, and MENTEITH.—PEGGY runs to WALLACE.

Sec. Gall. Yonder's Wallace, and's true.

Y. Sel. The devill and's dambe bee't, budge not.

Peg. O my luife!

These Sotherne Carles mickle wrang against me warcke,

And now wad force me gange untill the kirke

And marry Selby.—Wallace, my jo, not I.

Y. Sel. Unhand that beauteous prize. Proud slave, 'tis mine.

Wallace. Slave! th'art a villain, Selby.

Y. Sel. Are you so brave?

Wall. Looke to my wench.

Cumming and Mentcith. Kill'em.

Wall. We are no stares to die by dozens.

Y. Sel. Back!

The quarrel's mine; and if one single Scot, Proud'st of your swarme, dares answer me, step forth!—

Wall. Your first man I, sir.

Selby, upon this, requests (with great propriety) that Wallace and he may be left to settle their quarrel *solus cum solo*. All the rest go away accordingly, and the business is soon settled.

Wall. If you can win her, weare her—She's wholly mine.

Y. Sel. She is?

Wall. She is. Our lasses are not English common; I'me right Scotch bred, till death stick to a woman.

Y. Sel. And to the death thou shalt; no more but this

Thou shalt heare from me, Scot.

Wall. When?

Y. Sel. Instantly.

Make choice, † sir, of your weapon, time, and place.

Wall. This whinyard.

Y. Sel. This.

Wall. Our swords do now agree, And of one length and scantling. Why should not we—

If we must surgeons have to-morrow, or anon—

I'st ‡ not as good now? 'tis the English fashion

To swagger it out, and then drink, and then fight,

And kill in cold blood, having slept sound all night.

And oftentimes all gash'd the seconds fall.

When home in whole skins come the principal.

So about words the lawyer wrangling stands, And loses in meantime his clients' lands.

Y. Sel. Dost teach me fencing, too, in thy own school?

I'll beat thee, or be beaten. One draws short breath.

Wall. I feel no sicknesse.

Y. Sel. Yet th'art neare thy death.

(Fight.)

Enter Two Gallants, COMING, MENTEITH.—WALLACE loses his weapon.

1st Gall. At it so hotly!

2d Gall. Kill him. 'Tis faire.

* i. e. Say now.

† In the copy it is "make time, sir," &c.

‡ Ist. In the copy *if*.

Y. Sel. Inglorious conquest!—For King Edward's crown,
I'de trample on no enemy were hee down.
There—if th'art well, part.

Wall. I'll die,
Or in thy heart-blood wash this infamy.
Y. Sel. Mercy on my soule. (*Dies.*)
Coming. He's slain.
Menteith. Away!

Wall. Shift for yourselves; 'twill prove
a stormy day. (*Exeunt.*)

In the next scene we have present the King of England in council at Westminster, when Haselrig appears with the following intelligence:—

Has. Dread Sovereigne! Scotland is infected
With a most dangerous surfet. It breaks out
In strong rebellion.

Edw. This is your kingdome, Bruce.

Bruce. I have no hand in't, tho'.

Edw. Shouldst have no head,
Did we but think it. Who's the chief?

Has. One Wallace!
A fellow meanly bred, but spirited
Above beleefe.

Edw. Some needy Borderer—
How is our bosome parted?—Is their
power
Of any strength?—Bruce—leavy powers
for France—

If we but thought thee touch'd in't—War-
like Percy,
Beaumont, and Sebastian, fetch him in,
Or with a second and more fatall conquest,
Ruine that stubborn nation; &c.

Wallace, meantime, infuriated by the imprisonment of Peggie Graham, determines to storm the castle of Laverock, where she is confined.

(*Laverock* is the spelling, but *Larnark* is evidently meant.)

He is meditating this matter aloud, when Cumming and Menteith overhear him.

Wall. Laverock Castle weares but a
slender bolt of brick.

Com. Turn'd mad?

Wall. And say the moat be fifty fathomes deep—
Fiftie times fiftie—say it reach through to
hell,

Wallace will swim't.

Com. Swim't!—Yes, so wilt thrust an
oxe into an eg-shell,
And rost it by moonshine. But why should
Wallace?

Wall. Why should proud Selby, though
his forward son

Were justly slain, imprison Peg?
Poor lambe, she is no murtherer.

Com. In my conscience, she ne're drew
weapon in anger in her life.

Men. Not at sharp, I think; but, by
your leave, 'tis thought she has practised
in private, put Wallace to foil, and make
him be at his hanging ward many a time
and oft.

Haselrig is now come back to Scotland; and present in his camp with him are old Selby, Sir Jeoffrey Wiseacre, and other English. It has been proclaimed, that unless Wallace surrender himself, Peggy is to die the death forthwith, and Wallace gallantly resolves to save her at the expence of his own safety. With this view he employs her father, Sir John the Graham, to repair immediately to Haselrig, and arrest the execution of the lady.

Has. Is it by generall proclamation
voiced,
That, but proud Wallace yield, Peg
Graham dies?

Sir Jeoff. The cryers are all hoarse with
calling of it.

Old Selby. Though in her cause Selby
has lost a sonne,
And with him all content; so deer I tender
The peace of Scotland and my soveraigne's
good,

As give the traitour to the hand of law,
And with her life take thine.

Sir Jeoff. Good policie!

Peg. I *trowe, ye mean not Wallas; his
devoire

And dowty valour merits mare repute,
Nor sike fawe† language.

Graham. A fowle traitour!
I have conversed with Wallace, thrown my-
selfe

Into his bosome, mingled thoughts with
him,

And find him neither worthy of thy love
Nor my alliance.

Peg. Fay,
Sa not sea, my bunny Wallace luifes me.

Gra. Yes, as a politician does a knave,
For his own ends. Hearing thy death pro-
claim'd,

But he come in, I told him on't; he
smiled.

I urged thy love and constancy; still he
smiled:

And to confirm't, he basely has cut off
All his associates, and given up himselfe
Wholly to me.

Peg. Hawd there for cherritie!

* In the copy, "aye trowe."

† *Fawe*—It seems doubtful whether this be for *false* or *foul*.

And wad yee give him to your faes, that
gave
His blood to your protect ?

Here Wallace is brought in guarded, and ordered to prison forthwith, with strong assurances of being executed ere long. Peggie witnesses this, and exclaims, as he is retiring with his guards,

Peg. Dear Wallace, thoe ane shrude
Hawd not our bands, wees meet in yander
cloud,

Whare na fell Southern nowther can ex-
trude

Nor bar us fra celestial pulchritude.

Aid gange thy gate till heaven, and as we
flay,

Like turtle doves weese bill and find gude
play.

Wallace is led off, and so the First Act concludes.

The second presents us at its opening with Wallace journeying through a wood in custody of an English company. Some of his old associates lie in wait by the wayside, and rescue him. He is of course full of the desire of revenge, and proposes at once to march against some of the English garrisons, when, behold, an old friar, who has his hermitage in the wood, appears, and gives him advice, in the following very Archaic style:—

Friar Gertrid. Hied Girtrid's sawe—
Theke sword shall keep in mickle aw,
Tell sotherne folk—many a crie
Fray cradled barns, ere he shall flie ;
Nurses sighes and mothers tears
Shall swill the clouds, till thy awne blood
Prove false thilk crag* sall nere lig dead.

Wall. Shall Wallace live till his owne
blood prove false ?

Why, that can never be, till palsey age
Hath thrust his icy fingers through my
veins,

And frozen up the passages of blood.

Comm. The towne of Lavercke peopled
Only with English pride, and overjoyed
With thy surprizall, are made drunk with
mirth.—

Bonefires, bels, banquets, and the devile
and all,

Invite our swords to their sad funerall.

Wall. Close with advantage, put your-
selves in armes,

And cease their forfeit lives: This holy
friar

Shall first bestow a matrimoniall band

Of our united love, and then my sword,

Like winged lightening, shall prepare a
way

To Laverck's doom.

Friar. Nea, marry, stay a wheane,
Dip not thy winyard in the weambe
Of Laverick's towne, for giff thou gange
Thouse weark thy lives, friend, mickle
wrange.

Thouse come back seafe, but, barne, I fear,
Ise never blink upon thee meare ;

Kneel till thy sire, his benuson crave,

Next duty bin till dig her grave ;

Kisse, kisse thy Peg, for well-a-neer†

Thouse amerous twins sall nere kisse mare,

Till in Death's armes they kisse : thilke
state

Stands writ in heaven, and seal'd by fate.

Wall. Then fate dissembles with me !

This the second time

She has by vision summon'd me to armes.

(*Exeunt.*)

Shortly after this, the cruel English murder all together in cold blood the Friar Gertride, Old Wallace, and the lovely Peggy Graham. Wallace happens to pass through the forest where this butchery has taken place, almost immediately afterward, when the following scene occurs:—

Peg. O my dear Wallas, for the luive
waife,

For luive of awe sawles, and thy daying
waife,

List to my latter accens, and attend,

Of all thy joyes the derne and dismawe
end.

Wall. Torture above endurance !

King of dreames, dissolve my vision !

Peg. Wallace is awake.

Wall. O, if I be, let my soule never
sleepe

In the blest bosome of my ancestors,

Till I have drawne a sea of purple tears

From forth the bosom of the murderers !

Deer Peggie, Father Gertrid—which way,
where,

How, when, what meanes, what cause shall
I devise

To find it out, and venge yovr tragedies ?

Peg. I'll teach ye how,

Selby and Haslerigg byn the fell blood-
hounds,

Whae have hunted laife untill thilke toyles
of death.

Wall. Are they turn'd hangmen ?

Peg. Religious cries,

Beauteous entreats, and reverend well-a-
ways

Could not winne grace or favour——

—— Wallas, revenge my death——

* *Crag*—i. e. *craig*. Anglice, *neck*.

† *Well-a-neer*—i. e. most probably "well an year"—an ejaculation of precisely the same import, as *well-a-day*.

And for a favour keep my hindmost breath.
(Dies.)

Wall. And house it here!

While Wallace continues in the same storm of indignation and sorrow, he is saluted in the forest by some ambassadors from Edward, who bear that Prince's commands to hear what Wallace's complaints are, and upon what terms he is willing to confess himself the vassal of the English king. Wallace observes that there is one more in the company than are named in the commission, and discovering that the supernumerary and intruder is Selby himself, he instantly has his nose cut off, and his eyes dug out, and in that condition he desires the terrified embassy to reconduct their friend to the camp of their prince. Ere they go, he has them *all* treated in the same style:—And then, that nothing may be wanting, our hero himself resolves to put on a disguise, and venture into the said camp in his own proper person, in order, as he says, that he may see what impression the appearance of the maimed and mutilated envoys creates: but, in reality, no doubt, that he may pick up a little intelligence as to the intentions of the invaders. He enters ere long "like unto a halting souldier, on wooden stumps," and has, as might be expected, the luck to meet on his journey the objects of his late atrocious attentions. The dialogue that ensues between the "halting souldier" and "Glascot blinde" is not the least amusing thing in the play. He offers himself as their guide in these terms:—

Make me the thriddman, and here's a bunny noyse of fidders to gang fra wine-house to wine-house, a blind harper, a mute cornet, and an old Scotch bagpipe worne to the stumps.

He is accepted: and, by and by, the *noyse* are arrested by some English soldiers going their round—whereupon ensues a deal of fun in the same vein—"I'm blind, indeed," says the blind brother of the trio. "Conduct us to the Lords in the English camp—"—"How? Lords?" replies Bolt the justice's clerk—"are you ladies, that you long so for lords?" And another of the party keeps up the ball thus:—"What? do you take us for gulls to go tell the Lords, Here's a dumbe man would speak with 'em—What are you? Come, halt not. Let's not find you in two tales, y'are best."

Wallace. Ize a Scotchman, sir; ye shall neere find me in twa tales.

Bolt. A Scotchman, sir? Do you know where you are, sir?

Your blew bonnet on before an English scull?

Where's your leg, sir, when an officer speaks to you?

Wall. My leg, sir, is not in my galligaskins and slop, as yours is. Ize a pure Scotch souldier out at'heeles, and am glad to bestir my stumpes, [and] guide these gude men, yare wranged countrymen, wha that fawse traytor Wallace has misusand in sike wise.

Omnes. Wallace! Oh slave!

Bolt. I shall live (fellows in arms out at elbows) to give fire to my piece with a burnt inch of match made of that rascal's fat of mawegut.

Wall. By my saule, sir, I wad I might come to the making of sike a match.

Bolt. Here's my hand, because thou sayest so. Thou shalt be by when I make him give fire to my touchhole, &c.

At the opening of the third act we find ourselves upon a rocky and desolate part of the coast of Scotland, where Sir Jeffrey Wiseacre and Bolt, walking for their diversion, have just witnessed a shipwreck, and been so handy as to pick up one trunk of silver coin, and another of gold, from amidst the confusion of barrels and boxes littered along the sand. Sir Jeffrey, on examining his share of the booty, makes the pertinent observation, that the Scottish sea is "more rich and more fat than the land." To this Bolt replies,

So it had need, for the land looks with a leane payre of cheekes. Yet it has an excellent stomach—it digests anything.

Sir Jeo. Then 'tis like the sea, for all's fish that comes to there.

Bolt. I'll tell you the mystery of that. Look what mouths gape at land—the self-same gape at sea. All the land is one kingdom, and all the sea another.

Sir Jeo. And people in't?—

Bolt. And people in't, (right worshipful;) but they all go wetshod. As there are good and bad here, so there are good and bad there—gulls here, gulls there. As great men here eat up the little men, so Whales feed upon the lesser fishes.

Sir Jeo. Belike, then, the watery commonwealth are ill govern'd?

Bolt. No, bravely; for heroical *Hector Herring* is King of Fishes.

Sir Jeo. So?

Bolt. Rich cobs his good subjects who at Yarmouth lay down their lives in his quarrell. Swordfish and Pike are his Guard—

Sir Jeo. On!

Bolt. Fresh Cods the Gallants, and Sweet

Slipper the Knights ; Whiting Mopps the Ladies, and Lillie-white Mussels the Waiting-gentlewomen.

Sir Jeo. Dangerous meat to take too much of.

Bolt. But who the Pages ?

Sir Jeo. Shrimps.

Bolt. No, no, sir ; Perwinkles are the Pages—Perwinkles.

Sir Jeo. No Justices among them ?

Bolt. Yes, Sir Jeffrey, Thornebacks are the Justices, and Crabs the Constables ; whom, if you butter with good words, 'tis passing meat at midnight.

Sir Jeo. Ah, ha !

Bolt. Dogfish are Jaylors, and Stockfish the poore common people.

Sir Jeo. Indeed they live hardly.

Bolt. But, sir, they are beateat too't.—Then have you wet Eeles for Whores, and great Oysters for Bawds.

Sir Jeo. Why great Oysters Bawds ?

Bolt. Because for the most part they be stewed.

Sir Jeo. Very good !

Bolt. Lastly, because no kingdom can stand without Laws, and where Law has her eyne, there Lawyers and Pettifoggers swarme, therefore the Lawyers here are sharks, and Gudgeons their poore Clyents.

This luculent dialogue (which the reader may permit himself to smile over, in spite of all the recollections of Ben Jonson, which it must revive,) is interrupted by the voice of Wallace, who is singing to himself in the back ground. Bolt says it is "some falconer teaching his hawk pricksong ;" but the English wits are soon undeceived, and are, of course, eased of their portmanteaus by the illustrious hero of Scotia. The whole of the third act is occupied with the same sort of foolery.

In the fourth we have higher matters. Wallace joins the Scotch army, headed by Grimsby, Cumming, and other great lords. He is received with *three cheers* by the soldiery, but, on demanding his place, is ordered by the generals to charge in the rear rank—a proposal which he rejects with high scorn.

Were I to hunt within the wilderness
A herd of tigers, I would scorn to cheat
My glories from the sweat of others' brows,
By encount'ring the fierce beasts at second
hand ;

When others' strength had tamed 'em.
Let me meet

The lion, being new rowzed, and when his
eyes

Sparkle with flames of indignation.

I ha' not in the academie of war

So oft read lectures chief, now to come lag ;
I'll ha' the leading of the van, or none.

Wallace is obliged, nevertheless, to put up with the rear. The Scots are, as might be expected, worsted by the English assailants, and saved from utter ruin only by the tardy appearance of the sulky hero. The famous interview between him and Robert Bruce (the interview which decided ultimately the fate of Scotland) is, by a poetic license, made to occur in the midst of this battle, where the two chiefs stand speechifying to each other like Glaucus and Diomed discussing their pedigrees in the Iliad. The battle, in short, is a drawn one ; and we have King Edward carousing jollily all the night after in company, as it would seem, with his whole host—rather an extensive public meeting. Bolt, the clerkly wit, is apparently seated very near the King's own person, when his Majesty takes the opportunity of asking where his master Sir Jeffrey is ? Bolt replies that he was shot, and adds, that he wonders he himself was not shot before him.

King. Why, pr'ythee ?

Bolt. Why, because my knight's name being Wiseacre and mine Bolt ; and you know a *fooles bolt is soon shot*.

The which joke is exceedingly applauded by King Edward ; and, indeed, seems to have been so by the author of the play, since it is now obvious that Bolt was named *ab ovo* for the sake of its introduction. The King now inquires of Lord Clifford how the English had fought that day—(it seems, indeed, to be high time that he should inquire as to this matter)—and is answered that they fought well, and that they would have made a grand and complete victory of it had there been no WALLACE—concluding thus gallantly :—

Sir, you shall give me leave to drink
a health

To all the valiant Scots—

King. Clifford, I'll pledge thee—give
me my bowle.

Cliff. Sir, I remembered Wallace in my
draught.

King. I did not. So this cup were Wal-
lace' skull,
I'de drink it full with bloud, &c. &c. &c.

The act concludes with a trumpeter being sent in by Wallace to challenge the English King, host to host, hundred to hundred, fifty to fifty, or one to one : a cartel which is rejected even over a second bowl ; while, at the same time a proclamation, offering twenty

thousand crowns for Wallace's head, is suggested, and carried by a great show of hands.

Act V.—Menteith and Cumming converse together on the subject of this proclamation, and at last make up their minds to betray the Hero. He, meantime, has sundry extraordinary forewarnings, all of which he, after the manner of all heroes, neglects to act upon. For the sake of the broad Scotch of the ghosts, and the coolness of the ghost-seer, I shall extract a bit of this.

Enter the Fryer's (GERTRID'S) Ghost.
Wall. Ha!

If what thou seemest thou art, step forward—speak—
I have faced more horrid terror.

Fryer's Ghost. Whare do'st gang?

Wall. *What's that to thee?* [!!!]

Fry. Thouse not lestand lang;

Twa wolves will sucke thy bluide by the third night.

I charge thy sawle meet mine; thy death is dight.

Wall. Thou art a lying spirit—&c.
Farther down we have—

Enter Old WALLACE his Ghost.

Whereon Sir William says:—
That eye hath shot me throw, woundes me to death:

I know that face too well; but 'tis so ghastly,

I'll rather with my nayles here dig my grave,

Than once more behold thee.—

[*Exit Ghost.*

Part from me, vext spirit—my bloud turnes to water!—

I beseech thee, affright me not—it's gone!

Enter PEGGIE'S Ghost.

Peg. Alace! Scotland, to wham salt thou complayne—

Alace! fra mourning wha sall thee re-frayne?—

I thee beseeke, for him dyed on tree,
Come not near Bruyce, yet Bruyce sall not hurt thee—

Alace, alace! no man can stand 'gainst fate.—

The dampe dew fra the heaven does gyn to faw,

I to my rést mun gange ere the cock crawe.

[*Exit.*

Wall. It was my wife—What horror meet I hear?—

No armour in the world can hold out feare.

All this is to dissuade Wallace from going to Glasgow Moor, where he had

appointed to have a private meeting with Bruce; and, of course, Wallace does not change his plans. He is betrayed by Menteith—though we have nothing of the turning of the ban-nock.

Bruce, in the meantime, in endeavouring to escape from Edward's camp, has to solicit the aid of a poor Scotch soldier, who, granting what is asked, ejaculates—

O, my poore wronged country! Pardon me, Heaven,

And with a feather plucked from Mercie's wing,

Brush off the purple spots, that else would grow

Like freckles on my soul!

Menteith, however, and Wallace, his prisoner, make their appearance in the English camp ere Bruce is enabled to leave it. The moment Wallace's manacles are relaxed, in order that he may speak in his own defence, he turns round on his betrayer, and kills him with one blow of his fist. King Edward, without delay, passes sentence of hanging and drawing on Wallace; and Cumming, demanding, now that Menteith is dead, the whole of the 20,000 crowns, receives, at the same moment, a stab in the heart from the dirk of Bruce, (a boldish anticipation.) Bruce, bending before the knee of Edward, does homage, and is proclaimed King of Scotland; and so ends the play: the whole of these last matters being discussed in the space of about four pages.

It would be truly absurd to enter upon any formal criticism of such a piece as this. At the same time, I may be permitted to say, that there are probably a great many of your readers, who, like myself, more or less, enjoy anything in the shape of an unknown old English drama; that there are occasional flashes throughout this drama, both of the peculiar poetry and the peculiar humours of our old stage; and that it is, at all events, a matter of some curiosity to see how an English poet, in the early days of the Stuarts, got through the difficulties inherent in any attempt to represent upon the English theatre such a collision of characters and interests as that of which I have afforded you these few glimpses.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

H. M.

NEW CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

THEN fy let us a' to subscribing,
 Since siller is no worth a plack,
 And the pence in the kist that lay moulting,
 Will be turn'd into pounds in a crack.
 With our scheming, and steaming, and dreaming,
 Can no cash-burden'd Joint-Stock be found
 To fill the auld moon wi' whale blubber,
 And light her up a' the year round.

Now thieves will be nabb'd by the thousand ;
 And houses insured by the street ;
 And share-holders will scarcely know whether
 They walk on their heads or their feet.
 The Celtic will soon compass breeches ;
 The shoe-black will swagger in pumps ;
 And phrenologists club for old perukes,
 To cover their assinine bumps.

Alack, for our grandfathers musty,
 Of such ongoings ne'er did they dream ;
 Soon our Jockies will bizz out, at gloaming,
 To court their kind Jennies by steam ;
 And the world shall be turn'd topsy-turvy ;
 And the patients their doctors will bleed ;
 And the dandy, by true gravitation,
 Shall go waltz on the crown of his head.

Then fy let us a' to subscribing,
 And build up a tower to the moon ;
 And get fou on the tap, and, in daffing,
 Dad out the wee stars wi' our shoon ;—
 Then, hey fal de ray, fal de rady,
 Let's see a' how proud we can be,
 And build ower a brig to Kirkaldy,
 And drown a' the French in the sea !

NEW YEAR'S CHAUNT.

BY MR SECRETARY MULLION.

ADIEU—adieu to lubberly sorrow,—
 Drain your glasses, no heeltaps leave ;
 Vicars tittle on Saturday eve, and the morrow
 Twang through their noses, and smile in their sleeve :
 And shall we, my merry men, chicken-hearted,
 Faint at the tittle, and boggle queer ?
 Here's to the rest of the year departed,
 And here's to joy, and the opening year !

'Tis only whigamore fools and asses,
 That Sorrow can thump over buff and blue ;
 But loyal lieges empty their glasses,
 And stand to the bowl, and their country true.
 A fig then, hearties, for whining and pining ;
 A fig for Time, and its tear and wear,
 It finds us still as bang-up, and shining,
 And shall, we hope, yet for many a year !

Out upon time—och, the days are over,
 When love in this heart it play'd pit-a-pat ;
 But no charm in my phiz now can maids discover,
 My cheek is as brown as ODoherty's hat :
 Yet here is a substitute, neat and nappy,
 To banish blue devils, and welcome cheer ;
 May he o'er the jug who disdains to be happy,
 Be away to the moon e'er the next New-year !

Then here's to the health of the wise and witty ;
 And here's confusion to fools and knaves ;
 The helpless bodies, our foes, we pity ;
 And drink botheration to demagogue slaves ;
 Let radicals, rascals, and whigamore asses,
 Never be deem'd worth a sneeze or sneer,
 While we, jolly Tories, can empty our glasses,
 And sing hip—hurrah, boys, a Happy New-year !

FAREWELL TO TWENTY-FOUR.

BY DELTA.

FARE thee well, then, Twenty-four,
 The latest of thy days are come !
 Fair water in the china pour,
 And add the golden rum,
 Nor wanting be the fragrant lime,
 Nor snow-white lumps of sugar clear,
 So, as we triumph over Time,
 We'll hail the coming year !

Yet, where are they, the loved—the lost—
 Oh where are they, the young—the glad ?
 On Life's rude ocean tempest-tost,
 Or in the churchyard bed.
 Closed are the eyes which sparkled bright,
 The hearts are still'd in silence drear,
 That might have throbb'd with ours to-night,
 To hail the coming year !

Alas—alas ! why should we mourn
 O'er mellow pleasures which have been
 Could sorrowing make the past return,
 Or bring the vanish'd scene—
 Could sighs restore whom we deplore,
 The foreign-far should now be here,
 And voices join with thine, and mine,
 To hail the coming year !

Then far from us scowl sullen Care—
 And, as yon stars more brilliant seem,
 When frost is in the moonless air,
 And ice upon the stream ;
 So, let us cope, in buoyant hope,
 Yea, brave all ills with dauntless cheer,
 And trust to meet, in friendshipsweet,
 For many a coming year !

THE WEST INDIAN CONTROVERSY.

No. IV.

“THE THING WHICH HATH BEEN IS THAT ALSO WHICH SHALL BE.”

SOLOMON.

WE were quite in earnest when we spoke, some time ago, of having terminated this series of papers. We now find, however, that this must not be. We find that the enemies of the character and of the greatness of England will not be silent—that no reasons, either of justice or of humanity, or of prudence, have weight enough to make them sit in quiet even for one single day—that their meetings are as full of madness, and their press of malice, as they ever were—that Parliament is about to be again tormented with their obstinate ravings—that Government is, and is to be, repaid for every concession, for every exertion—short of the sum-total of that which the utmost imbecility, and the utmost hypocrisy, have combined to demand—with nothing but contempt, insult, scorn. We find this to be the case, and, so finding it, we shall not hesitate to do what in us lies towards the exposing of that abject ignorance, that pitiable folly, that fearless impudence, and that base dishonesty, by the protracted, however unnatural, union of which strange elements, some of the highest interests of this country are already placed in danger, and by which, unless decomposed or neutralized by some “wholesome chemistry,” these interests MUST, at no very distant date, be utterly destroyed.

This empire is, in our time, assailed at many different points by two different factions, two factions entirely different in principles and character—the Liberals and the Saints. The one of these is the avowed enemy of the CHURCH, and all but the avowed enemy of RELIGION. Its leaders, also, are never weary of sneering at the constitution of this country as it exists—we do not mean to say, of sneering at particular points of it, of labouring to produce reform in regard to particular matters, no matter whether of real or of fancied abuse—but of sneering at the fabric as a whole, and endeavouring to pave the way for a republican revolution. Their eternal laudations of the United States of America,

as compared with their parent country, and the open avowed sympathy and co-operation which they lend to all the schemes, no matter how wild, and all the exertions, however wicked, however absurd, of all the enemies of Monarchy and Christianity in every quarter of the world—these are plain things, which, being before the eyes of us all, would render any lengthened inquiry as to the real views and feelings of this party worse than idle. It is lamentable, but true, that the Whigs have all but ceased to exist as an active Opposition, either in or out of Parliament. It is certain that the men who at this day are chiefly before the public, whether as Opposition speakers or as Opposition writers, belong to this new faction. Its orators are the personal insulters of their King; its heroes are soldiers false to their trust, disgraced and degraded; its legislators are pedlars. It is at open war with the spirit of England. Every wise man in the country understands its folly—every GENTLEMAN despises its meanness.

The other party are the heirs of much of the religious, but happily not as yet of the political, fanaticism of the 17th century. In general feeling as to political matters, they are as much superior to the others, as in honesty and sincerity of principle, moral and religious, and in personal purity of life and manners. They have done good service in many respects to their country; they have, upon the whole, stood her fast friends in the day of peril; their influence has, upon the whole, been *as yet* favourable, even in regard to her church. But they have begun to be much too powerful, even as a religious party; and, above all, they have begun to turn their religious influence altogether away from its proper objects. The well-being of the State, in a word, is seriously threatened by the example they have recently set of using their fanatical *esprit-de-corps* as a distinct and independent engine for purposes purely political. This is an evil which must be checked, otherwise

things will necessarily proceed in their natural course, and their interference come to be, not an hindrance, but a foe. They have been permitted to organize a machinery perfect in form and wide in operation. Allow this machinery to be converted to political, instead of religious purposes, and it must follow of necessity, that they who command its movements will despise the notion of wielding such a power otherwise than for political purposes—and a system of political purposes, too—distinctly and entirely their own. What that system would be, the past may tell us. Religious fanaticism cannot obtain political power, without being destroyed by the dangerous possession. There was never so little religion in England as after the Puritans had been lords of England for twenty years. Hypocrites must always in politics get the better of sincere fanatics, and the rule of hypocrisy must always end in producing a turn of thought and feeling diametrically the reverse of religious. Let the Saints be a political faction for twenty years, and no Wilberforce will be their chief. It is much more likely that some Brougham might be found to give the pious breakfasts, and pour his unction over the anniversaries—a consummation towards which, we must add—and that with the most sincere feelings of sorrow and pity as to some, and indignation as to others of those concerned—an alarming approximation seems already, in certain instances, to have been made. We allude, of course, to the most unnatural alliance of the Saints and the Pseudo-Whigs, in relation to the affairs of the British West Indies. On the *prima facie* suspicious nature of that alliance, we have, on a former occasion, said enough to explain our feelings. We shall not now repeat what we then said: But proceed at once to notice the principal efforts which this alliance has made since we last called the attention of our readers to it and its proceedings.

The Saints have been bringing their heavy artillery into the field. Master Stephen has published a solemn octavo of 500 pages, under the solemn title of “*The Slavery of the British West India Colonies DELINEATED, as it exists both in LAW and PRACTICE, and compared with the Slavery of other Countries, Ancient and Modern.*” The

author of this big book is a lawyer, nay, he holds a high office in the law of England. He practised at a West Indian bar for some years of his early life; and, first and last, has spoken and written about West Indian affairs perhaps more (and more trash) than any man in existence. Will it be believed, however, that an old lawyer, aye, a Master of Chancery, has given his law-book a title-page, which tells as much falsehood as to its contents, as could well be conveyed in the number of syllables it contains? His book does *not* delineate the West Indian slavery, either as it exists in law, or as it exists in practice. As for the law of the matter, it is quite sufficient to state, in one sentence, the simple fact of the case—viz. that this part of the book consists of an enumeration of all the laws (in so far as the author knows them) that have at any period been enacted in relation to the slave population of these colonies, and that it is absolutely impossible that even a Mansfield or an Eldon should gather from it any knowledge whatever, as to the present state of *the law* in relation to that population, in any one of the West Indian Islands. The statute of Elizabeth, repealed by James I.—the statute of James, repealed by Cromwell—the statute of Cromwell, (for even Saints in those days made slave laws,) repealed by Charles II., or William III., or Queen Anne—the statute of William, or Anne, or George I., repealed by George II., George III., or George IV.—all these statutes—those that never were in force for two years, and those that have been in force for two hundred—the dead, the dying, the living and thriving, all appear in these pages, drawn up in one array, equal and undistinguished—and this it is to delineate THE LAW, in relation to this population as that law exists! We do believe, that no man possessing anything that could be called a lawyer’s knowledge, to say nothing of a lawyer’s reputation, least of all of a judge’s place, did ever put forth a work upon a legal subject, so calculated to excite the unmitigated contempt of every person who understands anything whatever of what laws are, and of what legal books ought to be: and we may add, so admirably calculated to strengthen foolish prejudices, by confirming and condensing ignorance, among those who

do not happen to possess the habits of investigating evidence, or who, overawed by the sanctity of such a name as this, are not likely to ask of themselves many questions as to its authority, or to hesitate either about swallowing or swearing by the "*Verba Magistrum*."

So much for his law as it exists. His *practice* as it exists, is a thing of precisely the same sort. He repeats, for the five-hundredth time, stories of individual oppression, many of which have been over and over again disproved—almost none of which have ever been proved at all, and all of which, even if they were all proved, would amount to nothing, for this one simple reason—that they are individual stories. This law-book, this digest, this West Indian Blackstone, has condescended to embody once again all the silly senile ravings of the Reports and Pamphlets. It does not even pretend to give us new facts—or rather, we should say, new stories. It repeats the old lies and the old truths together again *in statu quo*. Equally conspicuous for its want of shrewdness and of candour, the book is, from end to end, the dullest and the most elaborate of libels.

The "comparison with the slavery of other countries, ancient and modern," remains to be noticed. In this, also, the ignorance and imbecility of the good man are not a whit less apparent. We cannot follow him through all his prosing and blundering; but we shall mention one single fact, and that we think will be considered as enough—at least for the present. This lawyer professes among other things to compare the existing West Indian Slave Code with the Roman Slave Code—well, and how does he set about this? Why, passing over the circumstance, that, never having stated what the *existing* West Indian Code is, he cannot possibly have it to compare with any Roman Code whatever—passing over all this enormous blunder *in limine*—Master Stephen compares the West Indian Code with the Slave Code of JUSTINIAN. Now, the truth happens to be, that the Emperor Justinian was a Christian emperor, who lived and legislated in the 14th century of Rome, in the sixth century of Christ, and two centuries after the Christian religion had become the established religion of

the Roman empire. The slavery, therefore, in regard to which he made ameliorating, not abrogating laws, had existed for nearly fourteen hundred years. It existed, at the time when he made those laws, in the midst of nations in the highest degree refined and civilized—not in colonies, not in islands—but in mighty kingdoms and empires, where industry and art were flourishing, and had been so for a much longer period than they have as yet flourished in any of the existing nations of Europe—and nearly twice as long as they have as yet flourished in England itself.

The slaves, moreover, in regard to whom he made laws, were not, to any extent, worth mentioning, negroes, or savages, or the immediate descendants of savages. They were the labouring population of the greater part of the European soil, and of the whole, or very nearly so, of the Italian soil—they were the artisans and mechanics of imperial cities, like Rome and Constantinople—they had been continually improving in their condition during a long course of centuries, from the necessity of things, from their sharing in the information, the arts, the science of the times; from those natural causes which, in every society of the world, have slowly, gradually, but surely, lifted men from slavery into perfect freedom. More than six centuries before this time, there existed among the slaves of Rome a certain person of the name of TERENCE. Almost as far back, a certain person of the name of HORACE had been the grandson of a Roman slave. Emancipated slaves had been, in innumerable instances, the generals, the magistrates, the ministers, to all intents the rulers, of the Roman empire. And yet it is between the laws made for a body of slaves which had existed for such a length of time, which had gradually become susceptible of the refinement and knowledge implied in its producing such men as have been now alluded to; it is between the laws made for a body of slaves having such a history as this behind them, and existing in such countries, and such a society, as have been described—it is between these laws and the laws now in real or in fancied operation, in regard to the new and barbarous population of the British colonies in the Caribbean sea—it is between the slave population of

fourteen hundred years standing and that of two hundred years standing—it is between the population, at the best but a few degrees off from the naked savages of the Guinea coast, and the population, from the bosom of which the Terences and the Horaces sprung—it is between Constantinople and St Kitts, that this most accurate of all historians, and most profound of all jurists, institutes his *comparison*.

He does not trouble us with any allusion to the state of the Roman Slave Code at the time when our Saviour appeared to preach his Divine mission in the midst of the Roman empire. At that time—he takes good care *not* to tell us—the master had absolute power of life and death over his slave; at that time, however unpleasant such reminiscences may be to Master Stephen, if a Roman gentleman was killed by one of his slaves, **THE WHOLE** of that gentleman's slaves were put to death, in expiation of that one murder. At that time, if a Roman master died on a journey, under circumstances in the least degree dubious, the whole of his attendants died the death, *pour encourager les autres*. These are facts which are known to everybody except those who rely on the *magnum opus* of Master Stephen for their notions of West Indian slavery, as “ compared with the Slavery of other Countries, Ancient and Modern.” And it is also a fact, which ought to be known to the members of the Missionary Society, the African Institution, and all the Societies for the Promotion of East Indian sugar, that our Saviour lived and preached in the midst of a slave population, existing, not under Justinian's laws, but under these, and that he both lived and preached without doing one act, or uttering one word, that could, in any manner or degree whatever, tend to set that population at variance with their masters. Lastly, it is a fact, that the most illustrious of his Apostles, he, who was the great instrument employed in planting the religion we profess among the Greeks and the Romans themselves; he, whose peculiar office and privilege it was to preach Christianity to the wisest and most enlightened of the nations of the world—it is a fact, that St Paul has, in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, chapter 7th, verse 21, &c. written these words—words which, most assured-

ly, no Wilberforce nor Stephen ever quoted—words from which, most assuredly and most unhappily, no Smith ever took his text, when addressing the poor ignorant negroes of the British colonies.—St Paul's words are—

Δηλος ἐκλήθη; Μη σοι μελετω. ΑΛΛ' εἰ και δυνασαι ἐλευθερος γενεσθαι, μᾶλλον χρεσται.

Ἐκαστος ἐν ᾧ ἐκλήθη, ἀδελφοί, ἐν τῷ μενετω, παρὰ Τῷ Θεῷ.

which, being interpreted, signify,

“ Art thou called being a SLAVE? Care not for this. But if, nevertheless, thou hast the opportunity of gaining thy freedom, it is better to make use of that opportunity than to let it pass Brethren, let every man in the condition of life wherein he is called, in that condition abide, with God.”

Such is the literal meaning of St Paul's words. The word which we have rendered *slave*, is, of course, made *servant* in the English translation, as it is the case throughout that work. Indeed, it *may* perhaps be news to some of the inferior partizans of those who do not choose to tell all they know, that whenever the word *servant* occurs in the English Bible, without the word *hired* expressly prefixed to it, that word *servant* is in the original Hebrew or Greek, in every one instance, and without exception, **SLAVE**. This error should, without delay, be corrected in the Bibles that go out to the West Indies: and we are pretty certain, that the simple fact now stated, will produce some effect at home, among those followers of the anti-colonial leaders who do read these Bibles. Let any man turn up *servant* in the Concordance, and allow himself to reflect for a few moments on the import of what is before his eyes.

To such things as these, however, the anti-colonial Saints are, or appear to be, utterly blind. They have been, and are, acting in the most direct opposition, the most flagrant opposition, not merely to all that the history of the world, but to all that the words and deeds of our Saviour, and his immediate and inspired disciples, might be expected to teach them. They pretend to be historians, and they set the past at defiance. They pretend to be philosophers, and they shut their ears against everything like reason. They are, or they pretend to be, Christians,

and they speak and act in a manner not merely different from, but essentially and diametrically opposite to, the mode both of speech and of action which found favour with the Divine Founder, and the inspired Establishers of that Faith—the name of which is everlastingly in their mouths, the humane wisdom of which they themselves have proved to be equally beyond their knowledge, their comprehension, and their sympathy.

The Edinburgh Review, meanwhile, continues to back the heavy and unreadable performances of these stupid and blundering fanatics, by lucubrations conceived under the influence of a very different set of feelings, and composed, undoubtedly, in a style much more likely to produce some effect among the ignorant but sane part of our population. Mr Henry Brougham has rather too much sense to assume *as yet* the part of the Missionary Societies, in the pages of a review which has been, for so long a course of time, the most implacable derider of Methodism in every shape and shade. He has objects of his own, and he has weapons of his own. They write the pamphlets which circulate among the old women who support their innumerable institutions and associations, &c. &c. by their purses: it is his business to write articles in the Edinburgh Review, for the edification and guidance of the inferior scribes of his own party, to put big words and small arguments into the mouths of the pseudo-Whig praters over the land, to prepare the Members of Parliament who have no West Indian property for his own next speech on the West Indies, —in short, he and the Stephenses write for two entirely different sets of readers.—The Master is the *Man of Feeling* of the party: the Barrister is its *Man of the World*.

He has recourse, therefore, to three arguments, the substance of which may be stated in three sentences. *First*, It is ridiculous, says he, to persist in asserting, that the amelioration of the condition of the negroes ought to be intrusted to their masters and the government, *for* their masters and the government have done *nothing* for their benefit during these thirty years that have gone by, since the slave trade first began to attract a large share of public attention. The institutions and associations, therefore, must con-

tinue in restless activity—with pen, and with tongue, and with purse. *Second*, No real damage would be done to the British West Indies, by the immediate adoption of the sweeping measures of the Associations. *Third*, and last, and best of all—Even if the West Indian colonies were injured—were destroyed—in consequence of those sweeping measures, that would be no evil to England at all worthy of being set up against the good effects of those measures.

These are the three steps, or rather, as our friend Mr Coleridge would call them, *landing-places*, of Mr Brougham's argument. A sort of corollary or backstairs is appended; viz. *In the meantime*, make your puddings and jellies, all good men and true, with East Indian sugar—for that is encouraging the free industry of a well-used population, instead of putting money into the pockets of a heartless, unprincipled, cruel, lascivious, profligate, and tyrannical set of slave-drivers. Such are the views of the subject at present expounded, and enforced, by Mr Henry Brougham; nor were the brutal recklessness, the insolent levity, the real ferocity, of this gentleman's party, ever more triumphantly displayed than in his scandalous performance, in the 81st number of the Edinburgh Review. Mr Brougham, if not a long-headed, is undoubtedly a hard-headed man. His spite is not the drivelling of imbecility: His rancour is not frenzy. We pity those who have accepted him as their coadjutor. We understand him: And we only wish our limits could permit us to shew at once how thoroughly we do so.—But we shall at least make a beginning.

I. His first assertion is, that the planters and the government have, by their past proceedings, proved themselves incapable of doing what ought to be done for the negroes.—Now, the best way of answering this may perhaps be, to pass over for the present the question both as to persons and motives, and simply ask, *what has been done for the negro population in our own time?*

1. In the first place, then, the total stop which has been put to the importation of new slaves from Africa, has raised to a prodigious extent the value of every slave in the West Indies, in the eyes of his master. In other words, it has compelled the master either to disregard utterly his own pecuniary

interest, or to do everything in his power for the promotion of the bodily health and strength, and the prolongation of the life of his negro—and for the increase of his posterity. Accordingly, the planters assert that they have been unwearied in their exertions for making the negroes comfortable in everything that regards food, clothing, lodging, medical attendance, and the fit regulation of the quantity of labour to be performed. Their enemies deny all this. The planters demand that we shall not believe their enemies, in the teeth both of their own assertion, and of the assertion of a host of naval, and military, and legal officers of the crown, who have had means of making themselves personally acquainted with these colonies; and in the teeth, moreover, of the incontrovertible fact, that in all ages of the world, men, and especially mercantile men, have been accustomed not to leave undone what it was their clear and obvious interest to do—they demand that we shall not believe all this, without a solemn and deliberate examination of *evidence*; in other words, without sending out a parliamentary commission, to see and study the real condition of the negro population in the West Indies. The enemies of the planters hold this demand of theirs in utter scorn; they, on their part, demand, that we shall read their pamphlets and reviews, and form our judgment, as to the facts of the case, upon the (avowedly *ex-parte*) statements therein contained.

2. Another consequence of the abolition of the slave trade has been, that the relative proportion of the two sexes has made continual and rapid progress towards what it is found to be in every natural society; whereas, formerly, the numbers of the two sexes were kept to a miserable extent disproportioned; in as much as, while new slaves could be purchased in Africa, males were of necessity considered as more desirable acquisitions than females; and accordingly the male population was receiving daily additions, much above the female. No man, who has any reason at all, can doubt that this consequence must have followed from the abolition. The planters assert that it has done so, and they further assert, that the sexes are becoming daily more upon a par as to numbers, and consequently that the sexual habits of the negro population have been daily improving. They assert,

that wherever a man can get a woman to himself, he prefers this to sharing her with others; that negroes have the same feeling, as to this, with whites; that, accordingly, permanent connexions between man and woman have been, and are daily becoming, more common; that the necessary consequence of this is, and has been, a prodigious progress towards the virtuous feelings of domestic life; that the slaves have been, and are daily becoming, more and more alive to the proper feelings of husbands and wives, and consequently of fathers and mothers, and sons and daughters;—in other words, that the foundation of civil society has been laid among them. The planters assert, that this, of itself, is a prodigious step in improvement: they assert, that if the same causes continue (which they must) to produce the same species of effects for a very few generations, the inequality between the numbers of the men slaves and the women slaves will have entirely disappeared; and they say, that when that consummation has been achieved, *the greatest evil* that ever attached to the condition of this population will have ceased to have any existence. The planters assert, that this most blessed reformation is proceeding at this hour with sure and rapid steps, under the present state of society in the Colonies, and they deprecate any rash and violent interference with the frame of that society, while it is in progress, and incomplete. To this also the enemies of the planters listen with utter derision and contempt. They will hear nothing *when the West Indies are concerned*, even of the rules of nature. Away, they cry, with all such cold and calculating philosophy. You hold men in bondage—you have no right to do so: lay aside your atrocious authority, and then, and not till then, talk of the foundations of civil society having been laid among the negro population.

This brings us at once to a very great question—in *reality* the only one as to which these two parties are, as rational beings, at issue—the question, namely, whether a slave population can, under any conceivable circumstances, pass from the state of slavery into the state of freedom, unless through or by the operation of certain great laws provided by nature herself; laws, in aid of which the exertions of indivi-

dual philanthropists may do much, in opposition to which no exertions of any individuals, or of any associations of individuals, however benevolently disposed, can possibly terminate in the production of anything but evil to the slave population, which it is their purpose to befriend.

It is not at all necessary to go into the question about the origin of slavery in the world;—whether that be, or be not, one of the *necessary* evils attached to human society, an evil which *must* exist in every society in certain stages of its progress. It is not necessary to do this, because reason, and the authority of revelation, go hand in hand in teaching us that slavery is an evil; so that, of course, the only real question is, how or by what means it can be put an end to, without giving place to evils greater than itself. When St Paul tells the Christian slaves of Corinth, that whenever it is possible for them to obtain their freedom, they ought to embrace the opportunity and become free, his sentiments as to this matter are sufficiently explained to the dullest capacity. But the fact, that he throughout all his writings preaches to the slaves, as individuals, the duty of reverence and submission towards their masters, and that he never in any one instance breathes even a hint as to the emancipation of them *as a class*, or as to the possibility of slavery being exterminated, *as a condition of human life*,—these facts are equally conclusive evidence that this great apostle conceived it unwise, if not impossible, to get rid of the slavery then existing in the world by any means of a sudden or violent nature—in other words, that he, contemplating without doubt the eventual abolition of that slavery, foresaw that the best, if not the only means of abolishing it, consisted in the promotion of the virtue and industry of the slaves themselves. He foresaw that Christianity would civilize the slaves so completely, that the course of time they, partaking in the light and improvement of society, would of necessity merge into the great mass of society, and become free citizens. And this, we know, was exactly the posterior history of the slavery of those parts of the world in which his doctrines took root. The care with which he avoided doing or saying anything that might tend to irritate the slaves against their mas-

ters, and make them consider their condition as one of absolute illegality and oppression, this is truly a matter which cannot be too seriously considered by us all. Think only of the style in which such modern saints as Wilberforce address our negroes, and compare that for one moment with the constant language of the chief of the apostles of our Saviour. Compare it with the passage which we have already quoted from the First Epistle to the Corinthians, or compare it with the following perhaps still more striking passage, from his Epistle to the Church of Ephesus. (Chap. 6, verses 5 and 8.)

Οἱ δούλοι ὑπακούετε τοῖς κυρίοις κατὰ σάρκα, μετὰ φόβου καὶ τρομῆς, ἐν ἀπολοτητῇ ἰσχυρῆς ἡμῶν, ὡς τῷ Χριστῷ. . . .

Εἰδότες ὅτι ὁ ἕαν τις ἐκαστος πειρασθῆ ἀγαθὸν τοῦτο κομίζεται παρὰ ἰσχυρίου, εἰς δούλος, εἴτε ἐλευθέρου.—That is—

“SLAVES, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of heart, even as unto Christ.”

“Knowing, that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be a slave or a free man.”

Compare such words as these with the furious, rabid invectives of the African Association. Compare them with the cold-blooded rancour of the Edinburgh Review. Compare them but for one moment with Wilberforce’s *Appeal*, with Stephen’s *digest*, or with Brougham’s *diatribes*. We earnestly hope, and indeed believe, that many who have thought the whole of this subject as easy and simple as it has suited the purposes of fools, and worse than fools, to represent it, will listen to the hint which we have now thrown out to them. Search the Scriptures ere you again believe the Saints.

But—The disciples of St Paul and the other Apostles were not all slaves. There were among them, men and women of every rank; and some of very high rank. In those days, every person who was two steps above a slave, was a slave-proprietor. Such persons were of course Cornelius and Lydia, Aquila and Priscilla, Crispus, “the chief ruler of the Synagogue” at Corinth, and numberless other converts, whose names are recorded in the New Testament. Now, are we told of any one of all these ardent, enthusiastic converts having set his slaves free after his conversion?—No. We hear no-

thing of the sort about any one of them. It follows, therefore, that St Paul's silence to the slaves themselves upon the matter of emancipation, was not merely the result of a fear to irritate the minds of the slaves, but proceeded also from his knowledge that slavery could not, in the then condition of the world, be abolished. He never told the masters that they sinned in having slaves; that their property was an atrocity; that, if they were Christians, they would set them free on the instant. Nay, he did not even tell them that they ought to be looking forward to their emancipation, and preparing them for it. The Apostle, therefore, relied on other things than the exertions of individuals or of sects. He relied on the effects of that reformation of life and manners which he knew must mark the progress of a christianized population. He relied on the gradual increase of knowledge, virtue, and religion; on the natural consequences of these upon the industry of individuals in the condition of slavery; on the certainty that, whenever slaves, as a body, become sensible to their duties as husbands and fathers, and exert themselves *as if they were freemen*, then, from the very necessity of things, they must become freemen. He knew, in a word, that men, from a sense of their own interests, always have availed themselves, and always will avail themselves, of free labour, rather than of forced labour, *when they can get it*. He knew this great rule—he looked back upon the history of the world—ay, and he looked forward too, which is more than we, or even than Wilberforce, can do—and this was the view of the matter which found favour with his understanding—an understanding naturally as strong as any that ever inhabited a human bosom—an understanding enriched with all the knowledge and philosophy of Greece and Rome; graced with every excellence of wisdom, humanity, and genius—and enlightened and armed with the immediate inspiration of Heaven, for the achievement of the greatest service to man and society that it has ever fallen to the lot of a mere man to undertake and to accomplish.

This argument comes indeed with an *a fortiori* character, when we attend to the character of the negro population, and to the character of the climate and country in which it has been placed.

We cannot at present go at length into this part of the subject: it is sufficient to remember the plain facts, that these negroes are newly and imperfectly reclaimed savages, and that they live in a tropical climate, and upon a teeming soil, where all the natural wants of such barbarians can undoubtedly be supplied without the necessity of almost any exertion on their part whatever; where plantains, sufficient for the subsistence of the year, are raised without difficulty, by the easy labour of a month; where the most luxurious fruits and herbs are lavished abroad by the virgin munificence of nature; where clothing and lodging can scarcely be said to be natural wants of our species at all. Now, who will believe that these negroes are willing to labour in the West Indies, when we think for a moment of the effects which are produced on the Lazzaroni of Naples, by the facilities of subsistence which their climate gives—nay, when we think of the listless indolence in which the greater part of the infinitely superior peasantry of Spain at this time indulge—of the apathy in which, until of late, the Scotch Highlanders were contented to pass their days, gaining by a little exertion enough of fish and game, &c. for the support of life, and never dreaming of exerting their strength in order that they might be better clothed and better lodged;—in other words, in order that they might partake in the comforts and duties of a more civilized life;—or, lastly, of the condition of the vast mass of potatoe-eaters, whose idleness, rags, and misery, are at this moment the disgrace of Ireland? No, no. You cannot have free labour until you inspire the wish for comforts, for refinement, for something above the mere support of nature. The negroes, as a body of men, are as yet entirely destitute of any habits or desires which could form a sufficient inducement to labour—to anything that Europeans talk of as labour. They are, it is true, advancing rapidly towards the state in which they must acquire such habits and such desires. They are gradually beginning to have some notions about dress, finery, superior lodging. Let them go on to strengthen these feelings, and no doubt these habits will ere long produce their effects. But act as the pretended *friends* of the negroes dictate, and you, by one rash act of cowardice and imbecility, shut

out this population from the only real prospect of immediate improvement and ultimate freedom which lies before them. You arrest the savage in his steps towards civilization. You declare him free ere he has any wish beyond the indulgence of the native indolence of his barbarous race. You make a new Africa in the West Indies, and condemn a new region of the earth to the curse of African darkness, unproductiveness, licentiousness, brutality, and bloodshed.

4. What we have been saying leads naturally to the mention of a fourth great feature of improvement, which, if the planters and their medical, military, and clerical witnesses, may be trusted, has begun to make its appearance in many of these colonies. The system of *TASK WORK*, they assert, is already almost universal in some estates, and is rapidly increasing in many more. The meaning of this is, that the negroes on these estates are beginning to have such a degree of sense as to their own interests, that the masters find it possible to say to a man in the morning, "*Do so much work, and you are free to do what you like for the rest of the day.*" Who can believe that a planter would not prefer having his work done in this way, to superintending, whip in hand, or not in hand, his gang, during the whole hours of their labour? It is absurd to say that this thing *can* be otherwise. And who can doubt, that although the task-work negroes at present consume in idleness and amusement, for the most part, the hours which they have to themselves after their work is done—(that is to say, a great proportion of their whole day—for the statement is, that a diligent worker can *always* finish the work expected of any negro by two o'clock in the day; and that, in general, those who do task-work at all, are done by four o'clock)—who can doubt, that, in the natural progress of human affairs, the ambition of these men must be stimulated by habits of working, and by the experience of what working leads to—who can believe that in time they will *not* come to feel how much better many of their at present idle hours can be occupied for the interests of themselves and their families, than in idleness? The planters put forth this statement in the most solemn manner. They, once again, demand investigation as to facts. Once again, their facts are met with nothing

but a scornful denial—their arguments with nothing but the sneer of malice, or the scowl of blindness and bigotry.

5. The planters assert generally and decidedly, that the Creole slaves, born in the West Indies, are distinguished from the Africans by a marked superiority in intelligence, in industry, and in morals. They consider it as equally certain, that the next generation will surpass, in all these particulars, the present. They consider it as certain, that the *sweeping measures*, (Brougham's own pet phrase,) must make the Creoles Africans again, if they be resorted to before the Africans are entirely merged in the Creoles.—Here, we believe, the planters' facts are not disputed. Their argument, of course, is scoffed at. Let the impartial be judges, whether it is not at least deserving of an answer.

II. So much for Mr Brougham's first position, viz.—that the present system *must* be changed, because it has been proved that the present system does not, and is incapable of doing, any good to the negroes. In the course of commenting on this part of his lucubration, our readers will see that we have said a great deal which equally refers to his second assertion, viz.—that the colonies would not cease to be productive to the planters, although the sweeping measures were resorted to. On a former occasion, also, we found an opportunity to say a good deal as to the *introduction of free labour into the West Indies at present, or soon, as a system*. We have not at present time, (nor would room be given us here,) for recurring at length to this part of our subject. We must be contented with stating, in two words, that the question has been practically tried in one West Indian island, and that the results of that trial are before the world. 1st, St Domingo has *almost entirely* ceased to be an island exporting West Indian produce: 2d, the coffee there raised for home consumption is exclusively the produce of the trees planted before the revolution: and, 3dly and lastly, whatever is done there in the way of labour, beyond raising plantains and yams enough for mere food, (which costs scarcely any labour at all,) is done at the *point of the bayonet*. Our planters call upon us to investigate these facts; they boldly appeal to every British naval officer, who has recently visited St Domingo, whether they

have, in the smallest degree, exaggerated these facts—and Brougham laughs in their face, and Zachary snuffles.

Here, will Mr Brougham be so good as to answer us one question *en passant*? Does not this very number of the Edinburgh Review contain a long and elaborate article, in which the subject of pauperism is handled in a very able manner? And may not the whole argument of that paper be summed up in one sentence, viz.—*You should make no provision for your own countrymen in the way of poor's-rates, because the moment you make men sure of an actual subsistence, you, of necessity, sink the tone of their minds, take away from them the stimulus to labour, and of course bring ruin on the society, and on every branch of industry, by means of which the society is supported in a state far above that of mere nature?*—We defy any man to tell us that this is not the sum and substance of the argument in this coarsely and vulgarly written, but certainly very shrewd and sagacious paper. And we beg to know where that reasoning man is to be found, who can, for one moment, doubt, that if it applies at all to the European labouring classes, it must apply with force tenfold, and a hundred-fold, to the West Indian negroes? What are any possible poor-rates to an European, compared with the poor-rates which nature has established for the inhabitants of a rich soil, in a tropical climate—and this, too, in a country where, if nothing were grown but what is conducive to the physical necessities of the population, that population might bear to be increased in a proportion altogether incalculable above its present rate. A strong fact, or a strong truth, is not strengthened by strong words. We leave this as it is to Mr Brougham.

III. The third, and concluding statement of the anti-colonial Statesman and Reviewer, is—that even if these colonies were lost to England, this would be no evil at all worthy of being balanced against the good consequences of the “sweeping measures.”

In relation to this grand position, we beg leave to call the most serious attention of every man who really wishes to have the means of forming a con-

scientious opinion for himself, to a work which has just appeared, under the title of “Considerations on Negro Slavery, with authentic Reports illustrative of the actual Condition of the Negroes in Demerara, &c., by Alexander M'Donnell, Esq. secretary to the Committee of the Inhabitants of Demerara.”* We regard this book as upon the whole the most comprehensive that has as yet appeared on either side of the question before us. The author is evidently a man not only of sense and shrewdness, but of really large, profound, and philosophical views. He reasons boldly: he states his facts boldly: and he writes with great freedom and energy of style; yet, throughout the whole of his work, he preserves a tone so candid, so calm, so widely different from the frenzied or reckless compositions promulgated by the other party or parties, that we cannot help looking forward to most important results from the interest which the book must excite, and the thought and reflection to which, it is quite impossible for us to doubt, it must stimulate every mind in which candour is united with the habits of intelligence and the powers of reasoning. We shall probably have occasion to say more of this work hereafter, as there are many things in it altogether foreign to the views we ourselves have formed. But in the meantime we shall lay before our readers some extracts from that part of it which is devoted to the branch of the subject now before us—confident that no man who truly desires to be in the right as to this great matter, can reconcile it to his conscience to go one step further, until he has given the whole of Mr M'Donnell's book a careful and deliberate consideration.

He sums up the advantages which Britain derives from her West Indian colonies as follows.

“I. The colonies give a vent to the employment of the capital of the parent state, by persons lending out money on mortgage, which yields advantages not to be derived from any foreign trade.

“II. It is erroneous to consider the dealings with colonies as only equal to the dealings with other countries. They are in reality much more extensive; and this is occasioned by the persons emi-

* This work is published by Longman and Co. It is an octavo volume of 340 pages. Price 10s. 6d.

grating carrying out along with them British customs, manners, and feelings; from similarity of language, and greater freedom and frequency of intercourse.

“ III. Trade in general is supposed to benefit the two trading countries alike; but with regard to the West Indies, the gain which in common traffic would be derived by the other country, here reverts back to England, from the circumstance of the proprietors either residing there, or ultimately returning thither, and bringing all their wealth along with them.

“ IV. In a political point of view the colonies afford many advantages; by contributing to our safety as well as our prosperity; by giving an outlet in period of war to our products, which without such possessions could not be obtained; by rearing our national means of defence, and rendering that certain which otherwise would be precarious.

“ I. When a country first begins to distinguish itself in commerce, the want of capital is generally the greatest difficulty. In this state of things, the temptation of high profit abroad is injurious instead of beneficial. By drawing off the funds to a distant quarter, it cramps the operations of the home trade, which at this period is much more desirable and deserving of encouragement. By degrees, as the nation by its industry and frugality becomes richer, the home trade becomes fully stocked, and a portion of the capital naturally seeks a vent in foreign traffic. Even then the trade with the adjacent countries is to be preferred to that with the more distant, as the returns are quicker, which necessarily puts in motion a greater quantity of domestic industry. In the progress of time, however, if the nation continue her frugality, all these channels of commerce are filled up, and the desideratum then becomes, not to procure, but to get a vent for capital. England has long passed this period; her monied men experience great difficulty in getting employment for their funds; and on this account, the West Indies have not only hitherto afforded great benefit, but they might be made to yield still more, if the present unhappy feelings towards them had subsided. I believe this is a distinct feature of advantage which they possess. In any foreign trade, no person would ever think of lending out money in a similar manner; the difficulty of recovering it in foreign courts of law, and the incidents to which it would be liable in case of a war, would be considerations so strong, that none would be willing to encounter the risk.

In viewing, then, the question of the colonial trade, this part of the subject should be kept distinct; and I will only appeal to any intelligent man of business, to look to London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Bristol, and he will see how much it has operated in favour of our mercantile prosperity.

“ II. Persons leaving their own country to seek their fortunes abroad, it is obvious, will be much better customers to the parent state, than any foreign nation. The powerful influence of early prepossessions and habits, will naturally tend to cement the intercourse, and to make the newly established settlement follow all the changes in fashion which are continually taking place.^v Not only the different articles of clothing, but the furniture of the houses, the equipages, and every article that ministers to the wants of men, will be imitated and introduced from the mother country. If, for example, we take the French islands of Martinique and Guadaloupe, and imagine their population to be exactly equal to that of Jamaica; and suppose their commerce was then perfectly open in the manner desired by the advocates for the free-trade, the dealings with Jamaica would certainly be much greater than those with the foreign islands, from the plain obvious circumstance of having the same language, and continuing to practise a similar mode of living. This very great advantage will be found to bear in every case that can be assumed; and it certainly involves a consideration sufficiently cogent to determine a wise legislature to give a preference on all occasions to British settlements.

III. The effect produced by the residence of a large portion of the West Indian proprietors in England, though very generally noticed in a cursory manner, in different publications, has never yet been sufficiently investigated. I am of opinion, that it forms the most material feature in the whole system. Ever since we have understood the nature of what is termed adjustment of the supply to the demand, we have been taught to control many points in political economy, which before were at best somewhat problematical. Thinking men are now pretty much agreed, that an extensive consumption is the great principle from which prosperity is derived. The sentiments of Adam Smith, relative to productive and unproductive labourers, are at present regarded as not very correct. It is apparent, that it is quite out of the question for men to work, unless they can procure a market for their commodities. Whenever a manufacturer finds a sale for his wares, he

soon displays his activity in having them produced; but when they remain on his hands, he forbears further exertion, and thus a general stagnation of commerce most infallibly ensues. The truth of this being obvious to every understanding, it becomes necessary to lay down a position, the bearings of which it requires some little reflection to perceive, that any demand existing abroad for manufactures is quite useless, unless there be a corresponding consumption for the returns at home. It is only a great importing country which can be a great exporting country. The quantity of the precious metals annually required must be of exceedingly insignificant amount, being only for the wear and tear of the coin, and any additional plate used by private individuals, as the people grow richer. What is imported over and above these requisites has to be regarded as any other commodity, and consequently will be sent to that part of the world where it can be most profitably employed. Since, then, wealth is not acquired by a country hoarding up gold and silver, but rather by getting rid of them, it is pretty plain, that in the end, there must be the consumption for foreign commodities at home, or the country could not very long continue to export her manufactures. It is on this account that the residence of the rich, requiring the enjoyment of a great many foreign luxuries, contributes so much to advance a country in power. The benefit which they confer is not merely the local encouragement they give to the working classes around them; it is, perhaps, the much greater advantage of introducing more extensive articles of gratification from other countries, and consequently giving a greater stimulus to the industry of the people to produce manufactures to pay for these in return. To make this point still more clear, let it be imagined, that London were swallowed up by an earthquake; the effect this event would produce on the manufactures of Lancashire would not be only that it was a market lost to her directly, but we have to reflect on the far more important consideration that it would soon stop the exports of Liverpool to the Spanish Main or the Brazils. Say that the returns at present are in gold and silver, what, in the case we have supposed, would then be done with these? What is wanted is not the gold and silver, but it is what gold and silver will purchase. At present these precious metals go to France and to China, to purchase the wines and the teas, a great part of which is now consumed in London; but suppose this place to be out of

existence, where would then be the people to consume them as before? The effect would necessarily be, that the gold and silver must accumulate beyond the purposes of trade; and what would be the result of this accumulation? Most certainly the result would be, that it would have an immediate effect with the exchanges of other countries, and that a greater quantity of those metals would be given for labour and all the articles of life. In this situation, notwithstanding the abundance of gold and silver, the artisans would be in the greatest distress, and the manufacturers would soon discover the necessity of limiting their business, and that they could never think of exporting to the same extent as formerly, until a home mart, equal to the mighty city which had been destroyed, was once more restored. This doctrine of consumption forms indeed the most interesting inquiry in the whole range of political science. It is by this means that England has been exalted to her present pre-eminence. What, we may exclaim, led to the improvement of the steam-engine, and to the invention of the cotton machinery, those matchless specimens of the ingenuity of man? Not certainly the recreations of recluse philosophers, but the plain practical cause, that the demand for labour was greater than the supply. If we look around us, we may behold many countries which have remained stationary in industry and arts for centuries, for want of an adequate stimulus to arouse the exertions of the inhabitants; but I believe the world has never yet seen an instance, where there was an extensive home market, without gigantic strides being made to keep pace with it, and very frequently to go beyond it. I trust that by this time the reader will perceive the bearing of the observations, which I have thought proper to make, for the purpose of more fully developing the advantages which the West Indies, above all other colonies, yield to the mother country. It is not necessary to adduce the quantity of manufactures exported, or to draw a picture of distresses which would befall the artisans in this country, in case we were abandoned; we should rather dwell on the great extent and value of our produce; the many millions it brings annually to be spent in England; and the powerful aid thus given to the most material of all considerations, the home consumption. One of the most distinguished of our opponents, in arguing against us, observed, that the returns of the exports to the West Indies overrated the quantity used

there; a considerable portion being re-exported to the Spanish Main. If this were the case, I answer, so much the better; as then, so much greater was the balance of the trade, so much greater was the amount that came to be expended in England. If any person will trace this subject in all its ramifications, and carefully meditate on the benefits conferred by the distribution of our funds on the different classes in society, the demand it creates for labour, the stimulus it affords to exertion, (and, I apprehend, it will clear up many matters in his mind,) he will cease to wonder how England has become the asylum of all the useful arts, and a general pattern of industry to her neighbours. In point of fact, there can be no difference whatever, in the encouragement given to the various artificers, between a gentleman of Yorkshire who resides and spends his income in London, and a West India proprietor, who also lives there, and spends an equal amount. They both equally contribute in their expenditure to consume the various products of foreign countries, and on that account to call forth the exertions of the working classes to produce manufactures to pay for these in return. It is, therefore, quite erroneous to consider the colonial system merely in the light of an interchange of commodities between two countries. The West Indies should rather be regarded as a number of exceedingly rich provinces, from which the mother country derives all the benefits unattended with any of the disadvantages frequently resulting from such possessions. She has the benefit of the rich residing among her, and has not the disadvantage of being encumbered in making provisions for the poor; the latter class being amply provided for in their own respective places of residence. It is not requisite to enter into a detail, to point out the manner in which the income of our settlements is distributed over the different classes engaged in West India pursuits. It is only necessary to take the total amount of the imports into England, and after deducting the value of the exports, the balance is obviously clear revenue, gained to the general income of the country. I could not, I believe, present this to my readers in a more palpable manner than to suppose we took the district of England, south of the Thames, and assuming that a proposition were advanced to deprive of their incomes all the landlords of the counties of Berks, Wilts, Surrey, Kent, and Sussex. Everybody, I presume, will admit that this would be a great misfortune, and that it would produce the most sensible effect on the pros-

perity of the empire; yet precisely similar, as regards the nation, would be the result, if the theory of those men who call themselves political economists were carried into effect with respect to abandoning the colonies. And it ought to be further observed, that I do not here include the benefits derived from those persons, who, having made their fortunes, have disposed of their property, and have retired to the place of their nativity, to spend the remainder of their years: this particular in itself merits careful reflection. It would be a most instructive lesson, if we were to take the history of every county in England from the time of Charles II.; to examine into the changes which have taken place in the proprietors of the land; to review the improvements and the enclosures which have been made; and then to sum up and shew how much of this had been done by the funds of the colonial trade. I do not mean by those funds the gains which might have been realized in any other traffic with foreign countries; I mean that profit which the foreign country itself would have derived; which, from the planters coming home, has reverted back to England; and which, if I may so term it, has transferred itself into every channel of business, and most powerfully augmented the national resources."

Mr M'Donnell then proceeds to a discussion as to the political advantages we derive from those colonies. We wish it were in our power to quote the whole of what he has written on this matter—but we consider even the following mere fragment as in itself complete, conclusive, and unanswerable.

"In this particular the changes which have taken place in the public mind are fully as great as those we have been examining. The celebrated navigation act, so long the boast as being the wisest in the statute-book, has lost its admirers, and by many is treated with open derision. In this instance, as in other innovations, there may be a good deal of correctness, and also, perhaps, a good deal of error. It is not my intention to consume time in examining what has been so much more fully examined but lately; I will content myself with asking one simple question—What would this country have done during the late war, had it not been for her colonies? Where would she have got a vent for her manufactures; where would she have procured her draughts of sailors; where would she have raised her resources, had it not been for

the colonial system? When her intercourse with other countries was stopped, when Buonaparte, by his Milan and Berlin decrees, had excluded her from all Europe, how would she, single-handed, have maintained the conflict, and have upborne the almost expiring liberties of the world, had it not been for the aid of those settlements she had peopled?—Surely, if there be any period of history on which future generations will dwell with proud exultation, it is the late memorable struggle, when Britain presented her fearless front to her host of enemies, and, like a virtuous matron, gathering her family around her, placed her faith in her own possessions, and braved the threatened danger. We may be assured that the system which accomplished this cannot be a bad one; and he must be cold-blooded indeed, who would meditate a change, on the audacious authority of a mere speculative theory.

“It may be necessary to remind the public, that they are not in possession of all the sugar-settlements in the West Indies. Many powers are now looking on with eager satisfaction at the attempts which are making to deteriorate and to ruin the possessions of the British crown. And while a mortal blow has been levelled at us, they have been watching in silent expectation of beholding our ruin, and of raising themselves to more relative importance. It is well known that several of those powers view England with envious distrust, and some, perhaps, with deadly hatred; and it would be melancholy to contemplate the issue, should there ever be a diminution of our naval preponderance. As an admirable writer has stated, the settlements of Great Britain may be regarded as the outworks of the empire, which, in case of a war, are the first attacked. They keep the enemy from our own shores; their loss will be the first symptom of our decline; and when that event arrives, we shall soon have hostilities off the coasts of Lancashire and Kent, which, under a better policy, would take place in Canada and the West Indies. This great question of maintaining distant settlements, and of preserving a nursery for seamen, is the most important that presents itself to a statesman. In deciding upon it, if we are regulated by the best of all guides, experience, we shall naturally inquire, has the system answered the purpose, or has it not? If it has answered, why hazard the change? Is it not something like the heedless recklessness of prosperity, dissatisfied with the present, and seeking after change? Although it is not very likely that Great Britain would lose her

power within a short period, yet, at the same time, it might ultimately happen. Where is now, we may ask, the enterprise of those states which, at one time, made them so prominent in maritime pursuits? Many of them are at present scarcely heard of in European history. Might not a similar fate hereafter attend England, should her legislature neglect wisely to watch over her destinies, and make the evil day as distant as possible? The rapid progress of luxury has already done much to enervate the inhabitants. It may be truly said, that if it were not for the resources of Scotland and Ireland, England would find some difficulty in raising a considerable army, whenever circumstances should demand it. The reason is apparent. The superior comforts of the latter nation render few persons willing to encounter the irksomeness of military pursuits; while, to the former, they afford a life of comparative ease. By a parity of argument in this particular, if the policy of the country did not make it imperative that the number of seamen be kept up, is it not possible that a similar result might one day take place with this class of people, and make them averse to encounter the hardships of a sea-faring life? It is well known that their wages are at present relatively beyond those of the ordinary descriptions of labour. These reflections awaken important ideas, and should make men pause before they innovate on that policy which has borne the nation victorious through her struggles, and carried her to her present pitch of prosperity.

“I have now concluded my detail of what I deem the principal benefits of the colonial system; and I have some expectation that they will satisfy the reader. I have no wish to under-rate the exertions of those in Opposition; but I must say, their views appear to me neither judicious nor comprehensive. The party who are loudest in denouncing us to the public are those persons engaged in the East India trade. That this proceeds from a not very estimable feeling of human nature, none would dispute; and with regard to the advantages which the widely extended dominions of the East yield to this country, it will not perhaps be amiss to consider them under the same four heads as those applied to the West Indies.

“I believe no person has ever yet produced an instance of a British merchant lending out his money on mortgage on part of their territories. The uncertainty and risk are much too great. Instances there doubtless may be of the greedy avidity of some of the servants of

government lending out their gains at a usurious interest; but that mercantile and wholesome advance of money which benefits both the borrower and the lender has never yet taken place. They who reflect on the present state of England, when her capitalists transport funds abroad to resuscitate the exhausted treasuries of foreign potentates, will appreciate, as they ought to do, the advantage which must follow, if she could get rid of them within her own dominions.

“II. The first feature which strikes an inquirer on this subject is the immense extent of the population in India, and the small amount of the manufactures consumed from this country. We have yet to learn that British manners have made any considerable progress. The reason is, the Orientalists have so superstitious a veneration for hereditary prejudices and ancient customs, that it is next to impossible to effect a change. This is a most powerful drawback from their utility; and I would venture an opinion, that the period is not far distant when there will be more dealings with the infant colonies of Van Diemen’s Land and New Holland than with the 100 millions of Hindústan.

“III. But the chief and most important feature of the West Indian system, is the benefit of her planters residing in England. In this the East is utterly deficient. Suppose the intercourse with the West to be stopped, and the sugar exclusively obtained from the East, who would be benefited, and who would be the loser? The benefit would go to the natives in India, and the loser would be England herself: so much of the income of the inhabitants residing within her, that is to say, so much of the national income, being reduced. Lest anything should cross the reader’s mind to detract from this plain circumstance, I will shew to a demonstration, in the next chapter, that the idea of the West Indies exercising a monopoly of the sugar-market is a complete delusion. And if this be the case, the result is surely obvious, that no matter how we take the subject in an enlarged national light, if Great Britain import her 250,000 hogsheads of sugar from the East, she must clearly pay for them, while if she import them from the West she gets fully one-half of them for nothing.

“IV. Respecting the political benefits little need be said. The only possible one that I can see would be that of yielding some revenue; but of this there is not the least hope, from a very satisfactory proof that she is deeply in debt. I make no statement of the frail fabric of

the Indian empire; I draw no picture of the effect of an unfortunate battle to break the charin of the invincibility of British arms; but I may be allowed to observe, that were the advantages of India far greater than they are, it is wise and politic in a statesman, in his measures, to make choice of that which may be made secure and permanent, in preference to what is attended with hazard, and liable to be overturned. If the British were driven from India, no person would ever dream of recovering its possession; but as regards the sugar colonies of the western hemisphere, consisting of small islands or settlements along the coasts of the continent, it is evident that they must always be secure to the power who is mistress of the seas.

“By this contrast with the eastern empire the advantages of the West Indies are made still more apparent. The principle of, perish the advantages, if they militate against the honour of the country, is, perhaps, noble and magnanimous; and I am very far from impugning its correctness. I would merely remark, that the public should be clearly, fully, and honestly, informed upon the business; that, in a word, the loss of the colonies would bring serious evils on this country. A more correct inquiry would, probably, then be instituted into the nature of this humanity; and it is likely, that the consideration would ultimately be, not how the colonies should be tampered with and got rid of, but how they should be fostered and preserved.”

We must now bring this part of our paper to a conclusion. Mr M’Donnell, among other matters, discusses at great length the effects which any great or sudden change in our colonies must of necessity produce in the colonies of the other powers of Europe. He shews, that *already* our sugar is under-sold in Holland, because we import no new slaves into our colonies, while other powers carry on the slave trade with perseverance. He states this as a fact, which is not less certain in itself than pregnant with instruction as to the future; and we beg leave to quote one more paragraph, the sense, and truth, and sagacity of which, will, we think, speak pretty well for themselves.

“It would be unnecessary to dwell longer on this point did it not involve a much more important consideration, which is rarely taken into account by the public, but with which, for the sake of real genuine humanity, they ought to be perfectly acquainted. Have the party who are so inveterately opposed to the

West Indies, and who take every opportunity to state that it would be better for this country to cast them off,—have these men ever yet brought forward a statement how, in that case, the supply (of West Indian produce) is to be made up? Have they ever exhibited to the community the effect it would have upon the colonies of foreign nations? Confined indeed must be the range of a man's humanity, and weak his understanding, did he not perceive that the diminution of the produce made by the British West Indies must be supplied by an increase in the slave-trade. If we were to conceive an insurrection to take place in Jamaica, and all cultivation at an end, what would be the natural effect of so melancholy an event? It would be, simply, that the large surplus which now goes to the Continent must be left to be supplied by foreign countries. Their interest would naturally prompt them to do this, at the cheapest rate possible; and if all the efforts of our administration have not hitherto been able to stop their trade to Africa, is it to be supposed they could do so, when the avidity and prospect of gain would be so much the greater. I here make no allusion to the number of our own countrymen who would be reduced to ruin; I draw no picture of the rapine and bloodshed which would make Jamaica another St Domingo: I wish merely to point out that, exclusive of all these lamentable consequences, it would be attended with the inevitable effect of tearing from Africa not less, perhaps, than 100,000 human beings to work in foreign colonies. The question then really to be considered is, simply, which is preferable? to continue the humane and mild system which exists in our own colonies, and which has been shewn to produce great benefit to this country; or, on the other hand, to encourage the interests of foreign nations at the expense of our own, and greatly to increase that very human suffering which we were attempting to alleviate? On this point there can be but one opinion."

Most cordially do we echo the words: UPON THIS POINT THERE CAN BE BUT ONE OPINION.

We have exhausted our limits, and yet we find that several great and important branches of this subject remain altogether untouched. Mr Brougham says, that we could get our sugar from the East Indies cheaper than we now do from the West, were the five-shillings bounty on West Indian sugar withdrawn: He says, also, that the East Indian sugar is raised by the la-

bour of a free and happy peasantry, and not of slaves. To both of these statements, Mr Macdonnell's book gives the most clear and decided negative; and whoever wishes to see a triumph of sense over talk, let him turn to Mr Macdonnell's chapters on these matters, and he will enjoy it. The East Indian sugar is at this moment undersold by the Dutch, and, indeed, can get no access into the continent of Europe. But, at present, only a very little East Indian sugar, and that of one particular sort too, comes to Europe—so little, that it comes as ballast, and therefore pays no freight; and no wonder, therefore, that it should be a little cheaper than the West Indian. Do anything towards making the market of Europe depend on India for sugar, and of course our business will not be with 6000 tons coming home as ballast, but with 60,000 tons annually coming home in a proportionate number of new Indiamen, and paying the freight of that enormous voyage. Will these sugars be cheaper than the West Indian then—even if duties were assimilated to a farthing? Most certainly not. Lastly, suppose we do give the East Indians the same control over the sugar-market which they have long had over the tea-market, will they treat us more liberally than the West Indians have done? The answer is not far to seek. The East Indians having the tea-monopoly, take admirable care to bring home so exactly what is absolutely necessary, that we put nearly three millions every year into their pockets, as a small remuneration, solely and entirely for the minute and accurate care of our concerns, evinced in the scantiness of their tea-importation.

As for the alleged state of the labouring population in India—the fact is, that they are not only, to all intents and purposes, slaves as a body, but that no man can go into one of their markets, without seeing men and women offering themselves for sale, as *absolute slaves*, at every corner. And why? They are so miserably degraded by the slavish institutions, or rather the inveterate absurdities prevalent in that exhausted land, that, as the Abbé du Bois expresses it, the same smell of stinking carrion that attracts European crows, congregates, all over Hindostan, a cloud of famished men, women, and children. These poor *sudras*, fighting with dogs on dunghills for

offal—these poor things, who cannot hope in a thousand years to come one atom nearer the *caste* immediately above them—these miserable slaves, who have been the slaves both of cruelty and of bigotry, ever since the world knew anything about them—these unhappy slaves, whom we see and pity now exactly as they were seen and pitied by the soldiers of Alexander the Great—these abject, these hopeless creatures, forsooth, are free and happy, compared with our fat, well-fed, grinning, singing, dancing blacks, who would never have dreamt of anything but content and comfort, had there been no societies to export sedition from England; no Smiths to preach ignorance, folly, and

madness, in the name, and under the pretence of Christianity, in the West Indies.—We shall, however, resume these matters at greater length, and that very soon.

In the meantime, let all who wish to have knowledge on this subject, in all its branches, read and study Mr Macdonnell; and let the Editor of the Glasgow Courier publish, in a separate volume, and on a legible type, his excellent Letters to Lord Liverpool, in answer to, and to the annihilation of, a certain scribe who has been figuring under the name of *Ang'us*. Were two such books as these sufficiently circulated, there would be little need for any volunteer auxiliaries like ourselves.

GREAT FIRE.

THE year 1824 will be a memorable one in the annals of Edinburgh. Its High Street, which was always held out as an object of interest to strangers, is now, the best part of it in ruins; and the Tron Church, the most public building from its situation in the Old Town, is shorn of all its honours, and by an agency which, from its isolated situation, could scarcely have been contemplated. The fire in June last, which, beginning at the Royal Bank Close, destroyed the houses on the upper part of the south side of the High Street, and the eastern angle of the Parliament Square, was followed on the 15th and 16th of November by a conflagration, which has laid the fairest part of the principal street of the Old Town in ruins, and totally destroyed the Parliament Square, except the buildings connected with the Scottish House of Parliament—besides having nearly annihilated half a dozen closes, or narrow lanes, reaching from the High Street to the Cowgate.

On Monday evening, the 15th November, about ten o'clock, smoke was discovered issuing from the second floor of a house at the head of the Old Assembly Close, occupied by Messrs Kirkwood and Sons, engravers; and the drum instantly beat the signal of alarm throughout the city. Several fire-engines soon after arrived, and a crowd was speedily collected to render assistance where assistance could be afforded. The Lord Provost, Magistrates, Sheriff, and other high official

personages, were also upon the ground soon after the alarm was given; and a party of soldiers were dispatched from the Castle. But for such conflagrations, former experience had provided no remedy; the engines were ineffective, and out of order; and the multitude seemed assembled rather to witness the destructive effects of the fire than to render any useful assistance in extinguishing it. About eleven o'clock the whole house, consisting of six floors, and forming the eastern wing of one of the most imposing buildings in the High Street, was in a blaze. The crowd in the street, at this time, was excessive; for situated as the burning property was, upon the ridge of the highest ground in Edinburgh, it served as a beacon to direct the most distant inhabitants to the spot.

Efforts were now directed to save the houses to the west; for though the wind was from the south-west, yet the tenement on the east, being of comparatively recent erection, and divided from the burning house by a strong party wall, seemed in less danger. But the progress of the flames was uncontrollable, and spreading westwards from the back of the building, the narrow access to which precluded the employment of engines in that direction, soon after twelve, the whole range up to Borthwick's Close was in a blaze. The appearance of the High Street at this period was singularly impressive. The glare from the burning mass illuminated the street from

its extremity at the Netherbow to the Castle—at times more or less vivid, according to the quality of the material consumed. The spire of the Tron Church, and St Giles' imperial steeple, were striking objects in the scene—one side brightened by a light distinct as the sun at noon-day, but of a character totally different—red, flickering, and dismal,—the other side extended in shadow over the neighbouring buildings. Numbers of people from the adjacent houses—men, women, and even children, half-dressed, with faces prophetic of danger, were pressing through the crowd with such parts of their furniture as they were able to carry, eager to lodge these small remnants of their home in some place of safety. Beds, tables, chairs, and all the accumulations of many for years, were heaped in confusion, at intervals, on the streets, under the protection of the soldiers, or watched by some poor individual, who felt that he was ruined. Books, papers, and bedding, were tossing from the windows, by those who thought these articles must be safer anywhere, than where they were. The noise of the engines,—the shouts and answers of those giving and receiving orders—the running and crying of those employed in carrying water to the engines, and of those employed to clear the passage for them; the trembling anxiety of the public authorities to save what the means at command rendered impossible to save—the soldiers—the firemen—the crowd—the low compressed howling of the flames—the crackling of the burning rafters—the stream of burning embers, which rose to a great height and fell at a considerable distance—all combined to give the highest terrific sublimity to a scene which will not speedily be forgotten by any who witnessed it. It wanted only the wailings of women, the cries of children, and the presence of an enemy, to present a vivid picture of a city set on fire, and taken by storm. To such a height were the flaming embers projected, that several chimneys on the opposite side of the street were set on fire by their fall; and the heat was at one time so intense, as to be felt painfully warm by the spectators on the footpath of the opposite side.

The building to the westward, in which the Courant office was situated, was the next prey of the flames. Fire was observed in the upper floor of this

house, about two o'clock; and now, when it was too late, it was resolved to attempt its extinction, by leading up a pipe from an engine to the high roof of the adjacent house on the west, a measure which promised eventual success. But the pipe, when raised up, was found to be broken; and what might have saved this building, had it been applied in time, only served, like all the efforts of this night and morning, to shew the strong necessity for better apparatus, and a body more organized, to act with efficacy in similar calamities. The fire descended with uncontrollable fury, and about five o'clock the upper part of the front wall fell inward.

While the fire was thus raging in the front houses, those connected with them on the south side, and forming narrow lanes, or *closes*, down the steep declivity to the Cowgate, were not more fortunate. To give any assistance here was impossible, from the nature of the confined passages, inaccessible to engines, and dangerous from the falling portions of the shattered tenements. Three men, it is said, were killed by the fall of some of the ruins in Conn's Close. In the Assembly Close, distinguished from many others by its neatly laid pavement, and its more ample breadth, in some places exceeding four feet, and known as a place of fashionable resort before the New Town existed, was destroyed the Old Assembly Hall—the two under floors of a large building, with arched windows to the south,—and several houses of smaller note; and at this time, (7th December,) about the middle of the close, two fragments of wall still remain which had fallen over in mass, and are supported at their upper extremity by the houses on the other side, forming a species of Gothic arch, which we recommend to the notice of the curious in such matters. In Borthwick's Close, and the Old Fishmarket, the fire extended nearly half way down to the Cowgate; and the possessors of rare tracts and old manuscripts, in the hands of that most delectable of all binders, Mr Abram Thomson, began to be alarmed, that in spite of safes and fire-proof closets, the Caxtons and Fausts might be in peril. Abram was in danger, and part of his new premises were destroyed, by the falling of a chimney, or some such thing; and there is he, for the second time within these three

years, blocked up by rubbish, and surrounded by parcels of calf-skins and parchments, sitting like Caius Marius on the ruins of Carthage.

The extent of this alarming fire—the fearful rapidity of its progress—its contiguity to the buildings destroyed in June—and a feeling of general alarm, more universally excited than ever we before witnessed, drew crowds to the High Street, on the morning of Tuesday, to view the extent of the devastation. The engines were still directed to the smoking ruins, and flakes of burnt materials, raised by the wind, were falling thick in all the adjacent streets. Business was, in a great measure, suspended, and most of the shops in the High Street were shut. Parties stood here and there, inquiring and relating—conjecturing the causes, and speculating on the consequences, of this unforeseen and unprovided-for conflagration; and many a wrinkled hand was held up in commiserative pity and consternation, at witnessing the tottering fragments to-day, of what yesterday “seemed as fixed as Snowdown.”

Matters were in this state, when, about half past eleven, some wandering eye discovered flames playing about the balustrade and cornice of the steeple of the Tron Church. An alarm was immediately given that the Tron Church was on fire, which spread with the rapidity of lightning over the whole city. We ourselves were told by a person out of breath, that in verity it was so; but thinking it an experiment on our gullibility, we were in no haste, like Phrenologus and the turnip, to give credence to the assertion. Another and another arrived, (we were in the Parliament House at the time, and have general doubts of assertions made in that place,) all joining in a story as unlikely as “that Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane;” but, however improbable the fact seemed, we could not resist following the crowd of wigged barristers and writers, who were rushing to the scene. The moment we turned the corner of St Giles’s, we saw how it was. Perched on the radiated pavement which marks the site of the ancient Cross, we there witnessed a sight of more

imposing grandeur than had ever before been presented to our eyes. Behind us, at no great distance, stood the Great Unknown, gazing with eagerness at the profile of the spire amidst the curling flames; around, and on every side, were multitudes of wigged and gown-ed lawyers, from the recesses of the Parliament House, mixed with mechanics, and sporting their hoary locks and official costume unheeded among the miscellaneous assemblage. One object of paramount attraction occupied the attention of all, and all eyes were raised to this object of awful grandeur, in the mingled emotions of deep sublimity, which it was so well calculated to excite. Surprise and wonder gave way in many minds, to fear that this spectacle at noon-day, and after such a night of burning, was only the beginning of sorrows to a city devoted to destruction. In distant quarters of the city, it was reported that the whole of the Old Town was burning; and individuals, who saw the conflagration only at a distance, found sufficient warrant to believe the report, in the blaze of the well-known steeple. It was a sight without parallel. Be the business or the haste of those who came within the magic sight what it would—there was no stirring farther. Transfixed as by magic—charmed as by a basilisk*—all stood in silent wonder to await the result, or conjecturing what the result might further be, when a building, dedicated to the most holy uses—nowise connected with any other—and at a considerable distance from the former fire, was, as it were, spontaneously consuming.

The fire, it is believed, had originated from the flight of embers carried by the wind, which was from the west, lodging about the wooden balustrade. The steeple of the Tron Church, at least the stone part of it, rises in the form of a square tower, and above the masonry, the spire was formed of wood, originally, we believe, intended to be covered with copper, but which, in the necessities of the city, was replaced by lead, as the cheaper metal. It must have made considerable progress before it attracted attention, for, in less than an hour, all that was consumable was consumed. The flames as-

* We use these terms because we find them in common use. We know nothing of magic, and never saw a basilisk.

cended from the balustrade, as the heat melted the leaden covering—the lighter parts of the wood-work speedily gave way—and for nearly a quarter of an hour, the four angular ribs were seen in marked profile through the ascending flames. In this interval, a dark-coloured mass was seen to fall from the centre. It was the bell—the Tron Church bell—put up in the year 1673, at the expense of 1490 merks eight shillings Scots—and which for one hundred and fifty years never failed at ten o'clock in the morning to warn the merchant to his shop, and at eight in the evening to remind him to shut it up. It was well for thee, O Ebenezer,* thou didst not live to see this day! thy heart must have been broken, as if on thine own anvil, at the sorrowful sight; for a church is nothing without a spire, and a steeple does not deserve the name when deprived of its bell. The very weather-cock, though it stood upon its revolving pedestal like a bright Phoenix amidst the flames,† could withstand it no longer, and after looking wistfully below for a few moments, took its flight downwards to join its noisy companion. In sober seriousness, pinnacle after pinnacle fell, and before one o'clock, nothing of the steeple remained but the square tower. As the bulk of the wooden frame-work fell, a sort of wail—the suppressed ejaculations of the assembled thousands—rose from the crowd—the Great Unknown lifted up his stick involuntarily a little from the ground, and let it drop, as much as to say, as plainly as a stick could speak—it is gone—and thus falls the pride of the most lofty elevations!

Endeavours were now made to save the body of the church, and by the exertions of the firemen and others, and the powerful assistance of an engine from Leith Fort, (the only one, we believe, which proved of any material use,) this was happily in a great

measure accomplished, without any serious accident, though not without much danger. The crowd now gradually dispersed, at least the greater portion, and the fire-engines returned to their former stations at the still smoking ruins of the morning. Before night, the limits of the devastation seemed to be completely ascertained, and no further danger contemplated; and the wearied citizens retired to early repose, happily ignorant of events which, before another day arose, were to plunge the seemingly devoted city in a calamity still more dreadful.

On the evening of Tuesday the 16th, soon after ten o'clock, flames were discovered bursting from the windows of the top story of the house in the Parliament Square, part of which was recently fitted up for the accommodation of the Jury Court, and the drum again sounded the direful alarm of fire. The beat of the fire-drum of Edinburgh, (by the by, it is not so well beat now as formerly,) from the associations it calls forth, and the almost personal fear it inspires, we have always considered as the most impressive of sounds; and coming again to announce new conflagrations, increased its power of raising emotion tenfold. We never hear its beat—its *rat-tat-tat-too*,—three quavers, a crotchet, and a rest,—but we experience an almost breathlessness of anxiety, and, though the cause be perfectly insignificant, cannot help fancying images of helplessness and ruin, wretchedness rendered still more wretched, and the fire-fiend exulting in human misery. Our respected friend, Mr Alison, must avail himself of this remark in the next edition of his admirable Essay on Taste, in analysing the sublimity of sounds. No instance can be finer; and we have frequently felt its effect in the highest degree, when a little old drummer of the old City Guard,‡—a perfect mannikin, who seemed as if he had enlisted when a boy in the Seven Years' War,

* Ebenezer Wilson, the ringer of this bell past the memory of ordinary men—an eminent public character in Edinburgh, and well-known to many of the present, and to all of the past generation,—was among the last to give up the luxury of a cocked hat. He has left but one behind him in Edinburgh—that which covers the head of our excellent purgative friend, Dr Hamilton.—“We ne'er shall look upon their like again.”

† “So have we seen, in Araby the blest,
A Phoenix couch'd upon her funeral nest.”

‡ A portrait of this personage exists, we believe, in the etchings of Kay. His name was Jacky—the diminutive of the nomen Jack.

and never grown an inch afterwards,—half seas over, felt all the importance of his important situation in cases of alarm from fire. His puny strides, accelerated to almost a trot—his tremendously distinct beats—his quick and eager answers to the half-naked inquirers from open window, or night-capped heads popped out at doors,—all betokened danger that was imminent, and alarm that had real foundation. A drum in the silence of night is quite a different affair from a drum, even ten drums, at the head of a regiment on parade. So have we felt it often, and so we felt it on the evening of the 16th of November, when the sound was carried to our ear on gusts of wind, that soon after increased to a hurricane.

The fire, we have said, broke out in the upper floor of a house on the south side of the Parliament Square, remarkable as being the highest building in Edinburgh, and further, as having been built on the site of a house of no less than fifteen floors, which was destroyed, along with all the other buildings on the south and east sides, in a memorable fire which happened in 1700.* It retained the name which the wisdom of our ancestors applied to the cloud-capp'd mansion, of *Babel's Land*, from its emulation of that early piece of masonry, and was one of the Lions of Edinburgh. One part of the building projected farther south than the rest, and the high gable of this appeared, when seen from the Cowgate, to deserve the name. At the base of the bank, on which the gable rested, stands the house formerly the residence of Alexander Lockhart, (Lord Covington,) a Judge of the Court of Session; afterwards occupied for many years as a principal inn, under the direction of Mr Heron; and since as a printing-office. The Kirk-heugh Close (a designation which keeps alive the memory of the Parliament Square being a churchyard, and this lanè a

passage to the church) led from the Cowgate to the base of the stair which winded up to the top of this Babel. Part of the building had recently been fitted up for the accommodation of the Jury Court; and this Court had scarcely held two sittings in the new court-room, when all was destroyed, benches, desks, and all, by the most tremendous conflagration ever witnessed in Edinburgh.

The fire (we repeat it for the third time—but we have done with old recollections) broke out in the upper floor of this house about ten o'clock. We saw it about a quarter of an hour after, and the flames were bounding from the windows, lengthened by the wind into streaming sheets of fire. The alarm of the neighbourhood, and of all, at this new and dreadfully alarming conflagration,—which being at a considerable distance to windward of the former fire, gave no room to connect the one with the effects of the other,—amounted almost to despair. To the west, one house alone intervened between it and the buildings of the Exchequer, the Parliament House, and the public libraries; and the houses in the eastern angle, in one of which was the office of the Water Company, were partly occupied as business chambers, and partly as dwelling-houses. In none of these could the inmates feel secure, after witnessing the rapidity and the extent of the fire of Monday; and accordingly whatever was movable was attempted to be removed, with all the speed and all the confusion which terror of life could inspire. Books and papers, and furniture of every description, were hurled from the windows, or dashed from the bearers in the Square. Hundreds embarrassed the entrances in removing what was saved to places of temporary protection; while the engines and the firemen, and the multitudes hastening to assist, were crowding in the opposite direction. In the lanes

* "1700. By a dreadful fire that broke out at the north-eastern corner of the Meal-Market, about ten of the clock on Saturday night, on the third of February, all that magnificent pile of buildings (exclusive of the Treasury Room,) on the eastern and southern sides of the Parliament Close, with the Exchange, were destroyed."—*Maitland's Hist. of Edinburgh*, p. 112.

Maitland also quotes an Act of Parliament, 1st William, Sess. 7. c. 8., which we recommend to the notice of the Dean of Guild. It enacts, that no building to be erected in the city thereafter, shall exceed five stories in height; and gives directions as to the thickness of the walls, which we are afraid have not been attended to in any building erected within these fifty years.

to the south of the fire, down even to the Cowgate, the trembling inhabitants were removing their furniture, and every vacant area or close, of breadth enough to allow it, was piled up with the furniture of those who expected before the morning to be rendered houseless. A similar alarm occasioned the greater part of the possessors of houses eastward, down the line of the High Street to Hunter's Square, to remove their most valuable effects; for, judging from the effects of the fire on Monday, and from the direction and strength of the wind, it was by no means an impossible event that they might be sharers in the calamity.

From the floor in which it originated the fire descended gradually to the floors below. The height was too great for engines to be serviceable, and as the flames descended, and additional materials came within reach, it increased to an uncontrollable conflagration. From the chambers of the Auditor of the Court of Session it descended to the large hall occupied by the Jury Court, and from thence, the buildings being connected at the angle of the Square, proceeded northwards, along the eastern range, to the house which was partially damaged by the fire in June. Much of the property, and all the books and papers belonging to the Joint Stock Water Company and others were saved, before the fire had spread in this direction. The whole of the east, and part of the south side of the Square, was, about five o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, one continuous blaze—flames rushing out at every window; and rising from the top in showers of burning embers, which were wafted by the wind, now blowing a perfect hurricane, in arched streams over the property eastward, as far as the South Bridge. From the Cowgate and high ground on the opposite side, which was crowded with spectators, the scene was of terrific grandeur. Flames bursting from the windows of the highest houses in Edinburgh, (our London readers can form no idea of it,) with uncontrollable fury, and lengthened by the wind into extended and whirling sheets of flame, resembled more the contest of rival elements in the atmosphere, than the destruction of human property by ordinary conflagrations, did not the crackling of the wood-work, and the

rainbows of burning embers driven to a distance, and falling in showers of fire, remind one of the distress and ruin suffering by many, and threatened to all within the range of the flames. The steeple of St Giles, from this quarter, appeared as if almost in contact with the flames, and rose with fearful distinctness in the midst of this scene of desolation. We know not if it be well ascertained whether steeples think and feel; bridges, we know, do talk sometimes very sensibly; (vide Burns's Brigs of Ayr;)—but if so, we should not, for anything upon it or under it, have experienced the feelings of the imperial spire, after witnessing the catastrophe of the Tron Church, and the horrors of this night and morning.

The greatest endeavours, after witnessing the impotent effects of all that human power could do in the circumstances to stop the progress of the conflagration to the eastward, were now directed to prevent the fire from spreading in the opposite direction, and coming in contact with the Court of Exchequer and Parliament House. Besides the value of these buildings, as buildings, it is well known that the Advocates' Library, and that of the Writers to the Signet, which no money could replace were they destroyed, were integral parts of, and connected with, the courts, and, of course, must be lost if these were consumed. The engines were therefore directed to the house immediately adjoining to the Jury Court on the west, and the measures undertaken to stop the farther progress of the fire in this direction were happily successful. At day-break, the fire had nearly expended itself; and about half past eight, the front walls of the houses to the Square fell with a tremendous crash, and assisted by their fall to extinguish the still flaming mass.

It is impossible to describe in words the terrors and dangers of this dreadful night. To be conceived, they must have been seen. All that is terrific in the uncontrollable progress of devouring flames—all that can be conceived of danger to life and destruction to property, in situations where it is impossible to give any effective assistance,—were here combined in splendid magnificence, at the midnight hour, and on the most elevated ground in Edinburgh. The adjuncts of the en-

gines and the firemen—the highest authorities and most respectable individuals in the country, mixing in the common labour with the lowest of the people—the crowd—the torches—the mounted cavalry—the noise—the confusion—the ruined occupiers of the burning houses, and the fragments of their scattered furniture,—all contributed to fill up the details of a scene more terribly sublime than was ever before witnessed in this seemingly devoted city. For our own part, for nights after, our slumbers were disturbed with visions of erupted embers more dreadful than any that *Ætna* or *Vesuvius* could put forth; noises of falling ruins, which sounded as if an earthquake had shaken the city down; and it cost an effort of the mind to shake off the feeling, that these midnight fancies were the recollections of impressions recently felt—not the actual perceptions of impending danger.

Several minor fires took place, from the falling of the burning showers on the houses to the eastward. A roof in *Bell's Wynd*, and a wood-yard in *Car-rubber's Close*, were set on fire by this agency, but were speedily got under. A recommendation from the Magistracy to the proprietors of houses in this direction, to examine and watch the roofs of the houses, was felt to be necessary; but showers on Wednesday, and a heavy fall of rain on the morning of Thursday, washed away all danger from this cause. It was a fortunate circumstance that the wind was from the south-west on this memorable evening. Had it blown from the north, the whole of the *Cowgate*, and the houses on the rising ground to the south, must inevitably have suffered; and had an easterly wind prevailed, it might have been impossible to have saved the *Courts of Law* and the *Public Libraries*. As it was, the escape of many buildings was little less than miraculous. The large house at the back of *Babel's Land*, and the printing-offices in the *Old Fishmarket Close*, were in imminent danger; and had it not been for their relatively low situation, when compared with the burning *Babel*, and the strength of the wind, which carried most of the flaming embers over them, the whole must have been destroyed. We saw with our own eyes, when examining the ruins a week after, nearly a cart

load of charred wood, which had fallen, and was lying at the door of the printing-office to the south of the ruins.

Of the loss of life on this melancholy occasion, we learn from the newspapers that four individuals have been killed by the falling of walls, and that twelve were carried wounded to the *Infirmary*. Those rendered houseless by the calamity were, by the active interference of the Magistrates, lodged in *Queensberry barracks*; the benevolence of others furnished the most destitute with appropriate clothing; and a large subscription, and a general collection at the churches on the Sunday following, produced a sum which we hope will alleviate, as far as money can, the distresses of the poorer sufferers. The proceeds of the *Theatre*, for three nights, were generously allotted for the same disinterested purposes.

After all danger from the fire had ceased, alarm was still felt from the dangerous situation of the ruins. The front walls of the large houses on the south-east angle of the *Parliament-Square*, fell on the morning of the 17th, about half past eight o'clock, leaving on the east a large portion of the back wall, including a piece of gable which projected westwards, and formed a sort of buttress. On the south, the highest gable in *Edinburgh*, (about 130 feet high,) threatened, should it fall outwards, to demolish the intervening houses between it and the *Cowgate*—the *Police-Office*, (formerly the *Royal Bank*), and a house built by *Anderson*, the *King's printer*, and chiefly occupied by printers, were in danger from the eastern wall. To remove these ruins without injury to the neighbouring property, was now the chief object of interest; and frequent meetings of the public authorities, and of those interested, were held, regarding the best mode of accomplishing their downfall. At one time, a piece of cannon was proposed to be levelled at their base, beginning with a low charge, and increasing the quantity of powder till the effect was obtained, but without the shot going through the wall. On Thursday, miners were procured from the works at *Salisbury Crag*, for the purpose of shaking the under part of the walls by blasting; but they refused to attempt it, owing to the apparently dangerous situation

of the ruins. At last, after a final inspection on Friday morning, by the Magistrates, Baron Clerk Rattray, Sir David Milne, Captain Head, Messrs Reid, Playfair, and others, it was resolved, at a meeting in the Council Chamber, of those interested, to intrust the whole arrangement to Captain Head of the Engineers, assisted by Captain Hope, R.N. (who very kindly came forward with the offer of fifty seamen,) and the scientific gentlemen present.

A warrant from the Dean of Guild Court, to authorize their proceedings, being procured, operations were commenced as soon as the necessary apparatus of cables, blocks, and tackle, could be procured from Leith. Attention was first directed to the great south gable, the only, yet terrific remnant of the Babel of Edinburgh; and it was resolved to pass a chain cable round it at a considerable elevation, for the purpose of hauling it inwards to the Parliament Square. The great height of this wall, and the insecure and dangerous state of the ruins around, presented formidable difficulties in the way of getting up a cable sufficiently strong for the purpose intended. The scientific knowledge of the leaders, and the intrepidity of the men, however, overcame all difficulties; and the afternoon of Friday was employed in raising and arranging the necessary apparatus, which was securely fixed before evening, in the sight of the wondering thousands who had assembled to witness the unusual proceedings.

An officer and some seamen having ascended to the top of the neighbouring house to the west, immediately adjoining to the banking-house of Sir William Forbes and Co., and the Courts, and having been successful in throwing a small line, with an attached weight, across the wall at the place where the building was contracted to form the chimneys, it was lowered to the other side, and a stronger line affixed, and drawn up in the same position. To this second line a still stronger rope was made fast and hauled up in the same manner. The chain cable was now attached to this last, for the purpose of being drawn up; and to support its weight, and retain it from friction on the wall till got into the required position, numerous lines were attached to it, and held in the proper

situations by persons on the tops, and at the windows of the surrounding buildings. The work was one of difficulty, and excited a lively interest among the spectators; but all difficulties were surmounted by the resources and activity of the gentlemen who superintended; and the ends of the chain-cable were at last brought round to the side of the building next the Parliament Square, and fixed firmly together. A double block was then attached at the junction—strong ropes were arranged in the block, which terminated at a pivot, or beam sunk in the ground, at the entrance of the square. At this point other blocks and tackle, with extended lines, communicated with the main ropes, to increase the mechanical power of the whole apparatus. The ropes were manned with about a hundred seamen and carpenters from Leith.

The next object was the formation of mines at different places in the bulwark and side walls of the houses on the east, still standing; and this having been accomplished, the whole, by the morning of Saturday, was ready for the final issue of this grand experiment. On reviewing preparations on such a scale, as we wandered round the ruins on Friday, to take another peep of the proud Babel so soon destined to fall, we inly trembled for our worthy friends the typographers, whose premises were situated below, and the destruction of which would have been a loss to literature. We endeavoured to find them out—(for a friend in need is a friend indeed)—stumbled through the ruins to inquire after their welfare, and called at our friend Mr Miller's shop, to engage him as our pilot. But Mr Robert was in no humour to listen to our request; he stood in the door of his desolate shop, like "patience on a monument smiling at grief." It was his elegant shop no more, with its snug little back apartment, pictures and splendid books, but transformed into the Courant Office, and filled with all the paraphernalia that belongs to an extensive newspaper establishment.—Black devils were sitting where the fairest daughters of Edina had often sat, and inky newspapers covered the immaculate counters of our excellent friend. We could stand this no longer—so squeezing out a sigh as we squeezed the hand of our worthy friend,

we looked an adieu, and disappeared among the ruins. We found whom we sought, however, along with another respectable bibliopolist, whose active exertions throughout the whole of this week did him infinite honour—saw Captain Head and the whole apparatus—and if that gentleman availed himself of any of our suggestions, which happened to coincide with his own opinion, we take no merit on that score, for he is a clever little fellow, and a gentleman for whom we entertain the highest respect.

At twelve o'clock on Saturday, the mines being charged, and everything ready, the strength of the apparatus was tried on the great south gable; and an immense mass instantly fell inwards with tremendous noise. The dense cloud of dust which arose from the crumbling ruins, and spread round to a great distance, totally obscured the view for a few minutes; but when it cleared off, a pinnacle of the great Babel, a few feet broad, and extending the whole height of the building, was still seen standing, threatening danger more imminent than the whole conjoined mass. Orders were now given to fire the mines at the base of the wall on the east side of the square. A few seconds elapsed before the explosions took place, and a few more before their effect was observed on the ruins. It was a pause of breathless expectation. At last the cross wall which supported the larger mass was seen to fall majestically inwards, bringing with it a great part of the connected wall. The remainder followed in two successive masses, in the same direction. Again the dense clouds of dust arose, and a shout from the spectators testified their feelings at the successful result of measures which, it was feared, could not have been accomplished without danger to life and destruction of property.

The frightful pinnacle remaining of the high gable, now stood like an obelisk among the mass of ruins. It seemed to be cracked and shaken a little above where the chain appeared still hanging, and that little force would be required to bring it down also. The only danger apprehended was its falling to the south. Observers from the Cowgate perceived that the chain at one side was loose, and this having been communicated to Captain Head, and the other directors of these

measures, in the Parliament Square, the cable was again tightened, and the ruin, from a little above where the cable was fastened, gave way, and slid majestically, and almost perpendicularly, down, and added to the heap below. The great business was now over, and though some frightful fragments remained, yet these were neither so elevated nor so dangerous, as longer to occupy the time of those who had come forward so generously with their assistance, and they were pulled down in the course of the ensuing week. The avenues to the Square, and to the places backwards, which might be in danger from the ruins, were guarded all morning by a detachment of cavalry, and these, with the Yeomanry of the city and county, were of essential service during the whole of this memorable week, in keeping the passages open, and protecting the property.

Sir Walter Scott, some of the Judges, Magistrates, and other individuals of distinction, witnessed the demolition from the top of St Giles's church, and numerous artists were observed during the whole week taking sketches of the ruins. Many of these sketches have been published with all the speed of lithography; but by far the most spirited are those which are said to have been drawn by a young advocate, and which were published by Constable and Co. for behoof of the sufferers. The one, particularly, which presents a view of the preparations made for pulling down the great gable, struck us as being the best.

Having thus given a full, true, and particular account of the greatest fire which ever desolated Edinburgh, we now come, as all good clergymen do at the close of a good discourse, to make some practical application of the subject. And, in the first place, now that the affair is over, and our hands free from the blisters occasioned by working the crazy fire-engines, we beg to remark, that all similar calamities, however much individual misery they create, end in general good. We know it has been asserted by some pious old ladies, that nothing else could have been expected from having the Musical Festival on the week previous to the Sacramental Sabbath—that the Tron Church steeple was burnt because its reverend pastors are

very fond of music; and not a few believe that the Jury Court buildings shared the same fate from the infamous character of its inmates. Nay, we heard an eminent barrister ask two printers in the Parliament Square, what they had been printing, thus to draw down the anger of the Gods? Now, had the proceeds of the Musical Festival been ten times greater, we do not conceive that charity itself could have found fault with it—though it certainly might have been managed to have had it a week or two earlier. The Jury Court is unpopular, and we have the authority of John Knox for believing that the true way to banish the rooks, is to pull down their nests; but unless the fire had happened during the sitting of the Court—the Judges, Counsel, and Jury all asleep,—we do not see how this mends the matter. As to our friends the printers, more estimable men never lived; and touching the Courant newspaper, we sincerely believe it to be the most inoffensive paper, as well as the most widely circulated, within the bills of mortality. No—we will not believe that the sins of the old buildings of the Old Town are greater than those of the palaces of the New: and we should have much hesitation in believing, that the destruction of the Water Company's office arose from their taking undue advantage in the matter of water, (as Sir Patrick Walker alleges,) of their fellow-citizens. Neither will we suppose that the chambers of the Auditor of Court were consumed from any improper conduct on his part—nor that the Jury Court fell a sacrifice to the injured law of Scotland—nor that Messrs Brougham and Anderson's wines were not of the first quality. No such thing—the Water Company take no more in name of water tax than is permitted them by law. The Lord Chief Commissioner is one of the most amiable men in the world, albeit he inclines a little to whiggery—and Mr Brougham's Madeira is said to be so wonderfully improved by the heat applied, that he must make a fortune by it. Were we to hazard a conjecture on the origin of the late fires, we should attribute them to carelessness and coal gas. Before the introduction of gas, we never had a fire in Edinburgh worth the speaking of.

The loss of property by the fire has

been immense; but we hope, that in most cases where the loss would be most severely felt, it has been at least alleviated by insurance. For those unfortunate individuals whose circumstances or habits never lead their thoughts this way, public beneficence has provided largely. Blankets and petticoats without number have been furnished and made by charitable ladies—Queensberry barracks have been fitted up for the houseless—a larger sum than ever was raised in Edinburgh for the purposes of charity in a period so short, is now distributing by a committee of gentlemen; and everything has been done by the civic authorities for lightening or removing the evil. So, leaving the sufferers to the luxury of flannel petticoats and comfortable dinners, we now come to the second head of improvement, and that is, What is to be the result to the public and to the city from the late calamitous fires?

This is the age of speculation—of stock companies, bridges, crescents, and approaches; and no sooner is room made by any accident for a new house or a new street—than all the architects in Edinburgh are scratching their heads for plans and elevations—and the public are inundated with sections and levels, and stuff about Athenian grandeur and Roman magnificence. The first effort at architectural design, on a large scale, displayed itself in parallel lines and acute angles, as may be seen in the original streets of the New Town—nothing was thought of but uniformity and convenience. But the planners of the present day soon found out that straight lines were a bore—that the most direct road to one's house was not always the best, and that curves, and crescents, and circles, were much more pleasant figures to look at, and live in, than stiff, lengthened rows of houses, which any person could plan, and every one execute. Hence arose our crescents and circuses, and turnings and windings—every street bending this way or that way; and whether or not calculated for convenience or for the climate, Grecian fronts and pillars, and pilasters and pediments, became the order of the day—set down of course often at random, and without much regard to situation or general effect. In making this observation, we by no means mean to insinuate that the city

is not much improved by the introduction of the curve line in streets, or that the public buildings lately erected on Grecian models are not better than a heterogeneous mixture of all the orders, without the effect of any: we mean only to give a caveat against carrying the principle too far; and to instance the want of real taste, or defect of judgment, which cased up the fine old front of the Parliament House with unmeaning masses of Craighleith rock, and which threatens, should a few more fires occur, to make the magnificent High Street of Edinburgh rival in its curves the windings of the Forth.

We have seen the Plan and Report of Messrs Burn and Hamilton, regarding the projected bridge over the Cowgate by the Candlemaker-row, and the new approach to the city from the west by the south back of the castle, and we heartily approve of both—the first, as absolutely necessary for the convenience of a large part of the population; and the second, as a useful, and, we hope, a splendid entrance, to the city from the west. The levelling of the High Street, or the raising of the County Hall and Advocates' New Library, seem likewise to be improvements no less judicious than necessary. That something should likewise be done to the cathedral church of St Giles—something calculated to improve the appearance of this ancient fabric—without entirely destroying its personal identity, we readily concede; and we feel more inclined to adopt the suggestions of Messrs Burn and Hamilton, which seem dictated by good sense and good taste, than to follow the sweeping plan of Mr Elliot, which would have left nothing of the old fabric but the spire. But let not our Magistrates undertake too much at once. Now, that they have got rid of the Water and the Docks, we venture to recommend caution in acceding to new schemes, of which the utility is not manifest, and the returns proportioned to the expense. The execution of the plans, of which parliamentary notice has been given, is enough for the fame of those under whose patronage they are brought forward, and enough for the finances of the city. The addition to the plan of projected improvements upon the Parliament Square, and the suggestions of Mr Playfair, in the appendix to the Re-

port, ought to be conducted, if carried into execution at all, by government, so far as the Courts are concerned,—and by the Parliamentary Commissioners who take charge of the buildings of the University.

It is to this adjected part of the plan, which has been fudged in with so much unnecessary haste, (the ruins are not yet cold,) that we strongly object. The High Street, such as it was before the recent fires, had, we believe, no parallel in Europe. Its most majestic line of houses—(a deformed mass, the writer of the Caledonian Mercury terms them)—are now destroyed, with the exception of the building which contained the shop of our friend Mr Miller, over whom neither the flames of the burning houses, nor any other flames, seem to have any power; and it is proposed by the plan to form a kind of square from the head of the Old Assembly Close—a large gaping thing, of no earthly use that we can perceive, and for no human purpose, we believe, but for the pleasure of pulling down the Police-Office, recently fitted up at so much expense. Where were the curve and crescent architects when this unseen half square was projected? That something should be now agitated regarding the widening of the carriage entrance to the Parliament Square, is perfectly proper, and will, we have no doubt, be attended to; but if any human being exists who can think the cutting up of the High Street at such a place, and at such an expense, and for no purpose in the universe that anybody would care about, is at all necessary, we would enlarge the sphere of his ideas, by suggesting that the whole High Street from Hunter's Square, beginning with the Merchants' Hall, should be taken down—the Cowgate be covered with large flag stones, and made a common-sewer of—and then there would be no need of bridges. The proposed bridge by Mr Playfair, from the Parliament-House to the College, highly as we estimate the talents of that gentleman, we see no earthly occasion for, if the Lawnmarket one goes forward. To keep up the line of communication with the New Town, it would be necessary to carry a continuous road through the Council Chamber and Exchange Buildings to Prince's Street. But a minute's additional walking can be of no great importance

t, a student. The shutting up of North College Street, and keeping the houses a little further from the College, is judicious, and we hope will be accomplished.

As every human being in Edinburgh, who fancies he is arrived at the years of discretion, thinks it incumbent upon himself to bother the public with plans and speculations, we trust we shall be excused for mentioning our ideas with regard to the disposal of the ground occupied by the houses destroyed by the fire. It is not our plan, however, but was suggested to us by one of the respectable members of the Town-Council, who regretted, on the occurrence of the fire in June last, that it was not the Jury Court which had been destroyed in place of John's Coffeehouse. We have adopted the idea of the worthy Magistrate, however, and now consider it as our own. His idea was, that in place of beginning with a square so far down the street as is proposed, a crescent (see how the idea of curves is spreading) might be formed, beginning at the head of the Old Fishmarket Close, and after making a semicircle round the Parliament House and Libraries, join the projected bridge at the west end of the County Hall. This range of buildings, passing through property by no means valuable, would completely isolate the Courts and Libraries; and would give a carriage road all round. At the back of the buildings, a terrace might be formed, and the whole circle might be appropriated as chambers for writers to the signet or advocates. Till the commencement of the curve at the Police Office, which in this case would not require to be removed, the street might be built in a straight line as before, by the proprietors of the houses, in better style of architecture it may be supposed, and without costing the public one farthing of expense. The formation of the semicircle round the Parliament House would, of course, be taken charge of by government; and the expense would be amply repaid from the rental of the houses erected, whether occupied as shops or chambers. Mr Playfair's third bridge would thus be rendered unnecessary; the quiet of the College would be insured by making the law students walk a few paces about; and the Magistracy would be enabled to carry on their own plans

for the New Approach and New Bridge with undivided attention, and unexhausted means.

In the third place, having left the sufferers in very good hands, and planned a Crescent to occupy part of the space left in ruins, we now come to the last and most important consideration of all, namely, to call your attention, our dear public, to the best mode of preventing such a dangerous calamity in time to come. The miserable inefficiency of all the measures taken at the late fires, seems to call loudly for new and better arrangements; and now that the College of Justice have got every building demolished that endangered either their persons or libraries—and the enemies of the Jury Court have little more to wish for, we flatter ourselves that no serious opposition will be made to the repair of fire-engines—the mending of hose—and to the procuring of serviceable directors. We ourselves, indeed, have been cogitating over the midnight lamp, plan after plan, for the speedy extinction of accidental fires, and have about fourteen very promising, though untried schemes, for this purpose, at the service of the public; but until Sir Humphrey Davy finds out a pinch of detonating powder that shall blow out fires like the blowing out of a candle, we mortify our vanity by the suppression of our own ideas, and rather advise the introduction of arrangements which have been found practically successful in another country.

It may be necessary to mention, for the information of that august body whose fire committee and fire extinguishing director did such wonders at the late conflagration, that there is a place in the world inhabited by tribes of men called Yankee-Doodles, and named by travelling men and geographers America. This country or continent, a good deal larger than Great Britain, contains many cities, and among others one denominated Philadelphia, the population of which is said to exceed even that of our "own romantic town." These people wear clothes, live in houses, read books, and eat and drink, as we do here. Their houses do also sometimes catch fire, as ours do, occasionally; and it is to the mode adopted by the citizens of Philadelphia, for the prevention and extinction of fires when they occur, that we now wish to direct the public atten-

tion. And without allowing brother Jonathan to be much wiser than ourselves, we certainly do think that in several little matters he has turned the knowledge he possesses to purposes more practically useful than we in all the plenitude of intellectual superiority. The naked invention of steam navigation, to mention one instance, was nothing in our hands till its value was practically demonstrated by our American brethren.

The fire-engines in Philadelphia, and all the apparatus of hose, buckets, &c. belong to different individuals, in different districts, who furnish and work them at their own expense. Each engine is under the particular command of leaders, elected by those interested; and as all the male inhabitants of the district to which the engine belongs, without distinction of rank, are under the orders of these persons, the work goes on regularly, and with the spirit and adventure necessarily inspired by the competition of rival parties, and rival engines, in the cause of humanity. Paid firemen are not known; and it is found in practice, that gentlemen, whom a sense of duty and of the obligations of society alone, urge to the performance of this service, do ten times the work which can ever be expected from those whose only inducement to labour is the pittance distributed by insurance companies, or the public authorities.

We should have been glad to have had it in our power to present the detailed regulations of these voluntary associations, as a model for similar institutions in our own city. But we are promised a copy from an intelligent American friend, whose observation of the results of our late conflagrations, led him to remark to us how much better these things were managed in Philadelphia. As far as we understand the plan, there is a chief director to every engine, and subordinate officers, and the whole individuals of the district or class, who have associated in its purchase, are under the orders of these persons for the time. The engines are occasionally exercised, and kept in the best order; and every householder is required to have several water buckets in his possession, marked with his name, and the number of his house, which, in cases of danger, are either used by the parties

themselves, or set down in the street to be used by others. The police of the city, at the conclusion of the fire, return the buckets to the owners. Even classes of journeymen mechanics, we understand, have their engines and apparatus, furnished by small subscriptions among themselves, and any little assistance which the public authorities voluntarily give; and the emulation, where several engines meet at the same fire, of persons of different rank and circumstances, to be the first who shall put it down, renders great conflagrations rare, and, indeed, almost impossible. Absentees from their engines, in the moment of danger, are fined; and the number connected with each is not only such as to insure a plentiful change of hands at every department of the work, but a sufficient number to line the passages to the water, where it is distant. Those who, notwithstanding they belong to a particular engine, are perceived either to hang back from the work, or to interrupt it, are turned off from the ground—perhaps cooled with a bucket of water for their pusillanimity. A reward is given by the public to the first engine which arrives at the spot, which goes not, however, into the pockets of the individuals, but is appropriated to keeping the engine and tackle in order. A spirit of emulation—of rivalry—in the work of humanity, is found to be excited by these arrangements, which leads to exertions which no other motives could inspire.

There is, we will not doubt, public spirit enough among the inhabitants of Edinburgh to perfect a plan of this kind, and an honest pride, we should hope, among many classes of the inferior orders, to attach them to such an arrangement. People who will only assist, when the lives or property of their fellow-citizens is in danger, for the paltry sum which they expect to be paid them for their work, had better be wanted altogether. There will always be found, we are persuaded, a sufficient number on these melancholy occasions, whose services will be voluntarily given—whose consciousness that they have done to others what in the same circumstances they should wish others to do to them, will form their best reward.

SOUTHEY AND BYRON.

WE published some time ago Mr Southey's two letters, in vindication of his character from the attacks of Mr Smith of Norwich and Lord Byron; and we now insert another, in which he answers, and certainly answers most triumphantly, some passages of Mr Medwin's late book, in which his name had been made free with in a most unjustifiable manner. About the controversy as between Mr Southey and the Captain, we shall not say one word. It would be quite unnecessary for us to do so. All the world will at once understand and appreciate the different sorts of plight in which these twain have come out of their conflict.

In regard to the question—the real question—as between Mr Southey and Lord Byron himself, we consider this as a matter by no means so simple and easy of decision. It gives us, and all who have a proper respect for genius, the sincerest pain to see two men so eminent as these, railing about each other's real or supposed faults and foibles, even after the barrier of the grave has intervened between them. No man of sense and candour can suppose, that Mr Southey ever did, or could understand the character of Lord Byron, whom he never saw, or that Lord Byron did, or could, under similar circumstances, understand the character of Mr Southey. It would have been quite as sensible to expect, that Samuel Johnson and David Hume should be impressed with a profound respect for each other's talents and acquirements, and forget and forgive all each other's deficiencies and failings. Mr Southey is, and always was, too much of a monk, to understand a man of the world like Byron; and Byron was too decidedly, or rather too exclusively, a man of the world, to understand a monk like Southey. Hence this absurd exaggeration of each other's errors and defects. In Southey, in one of the most learned and accomplished scholars, and pure and virtuous men, that the modern world has produced, Byron could see nothing but the Tory partizan, and the author of certain articles in the Quarterly Review. In Byron, on the other hand,—in one of the greatest of the great Poets of England,—in a man who never wrote three pages without pouring out some emanation of a soul beautiful, lofty, and glorious, if ever such a soul dwelt within a human bosom,—in this great and godlike Poet of England, Southey could see nothing else but a “pander-general to youthful vice,” and the founder of “a Satanic school.” This nonsense on both sides excites an universal smile—nothing more. We would scarcely endure now-a-days to hear either Hume or Gibbon talked of as Satanic characters; nor could we sympathise very much, as matters go, with the moralist, who should carry his indignant virtue so far as to heap with epithets of unmingled abuse the names of those, who, in our fathers' or grandfathers' days, wrote Tom Jones or Peregrine Pickle. Hume was as virtuous a man as Mr Southey can be; so was Gibbon. Fielding was as amiable a man; and Smollett as upright and complete a gentleman. It will not do to talk so fluently about fiends and demons in this upper world.

Few men could endure the test of having their private talk written down,—especially after the discussion of a quart of gin between the talker and the note-taker. Byron was a rattling, reckless fellow, who said many things that he should not have said; but, from all we have been able to ascertain, he had a great deal too much taste and *tact* to talk low trash, unless where he found his audience incapable of sympathising with any of the higher and purer strains of his mind. We

regard Medwin's book as proof positive of a small and mean understanding in its writer; and of his total incapacity to be for one hour, in any just sense of the term, the companion of such a man as Lord Byron.

Lord Byron had great and undeniable faults; but we prophesy, that the silly and exaggerated cant, which has been flourishing in relation to him and his great name, will ere long subside beneath that growing feeling of disgust, which is already observable enough amidst all rational persons and classes.

Mr Southey does well to defend himself from any attack, by which he conceives it possible for his fair moral name to be injured. He may, however, rest assured, that no human being ever believed him to be capable of the least of the dirtinesses attributed to him by the drunken imagination of Byron,—or the base and blundering folly of this Captain Medwin. People of all orders laugh occasionally at some of the Laureate's little peculiarities of thought and manner; but, upon the whole, we are certain, that no man ever stood so high in our literature,—and stood there surrounded with a more general atmosphere of respect and good-will. He is totally mistaken if he supposes himself to be regarded with spleen or hatred by any class of English readers. His only enemies are a few pert critics,—scarcely one of whom would dare to open his lips in Mr Southey's presence;—and the miserable riff-raff of Cockneydom,—none of whom one can willingly imagine to occupy even one second of the serious attention of such a man, and such an author as he.

Had Southey and Byron been thrown together in life, we are certain, there would have been nothing but kindliness of feeling between them. It is now too late to pray for this;—but we are sure the world will not thank the survivor for anything tending to prolong unnecessarily the existence of feelings which never ought to have existed at all.

As a specimen of controversial and vituperative writing, the following letter is certainly well worthy of attention. Many of the turns are really quite exquisite in skilfulness,—and there is an honest breadth of scorn over some whole paragraphs, that reminds us of Warburton himself.

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURIER.

“ SIR,

“ On two former occasions you have allowed me, through the channel of your Journal, to contradict a calumnious accusation as publicly as it had been preferred; and though, in these days of slander, such things hardly deserve refutation, there are reasons which induce me once more to request a similar favour.

“ Some extracts from Captain Medwin's recent publication of Lord Byron's Conversations, have been transmitted to me by a friend, who, happening to know what the facts are which are there falsified, is of opinion that it would not misbecome me to state them at this time. I wish it, however, to be distinctly understood, that in so doing I am not influenced by any desire of vindicating myself; that would be wholly unnecessary, considering from what quarter the charges come. I notice them for the sake

of laying before the public one sample more of the practices of the Satanic School, and shewing what credit is due to Lord Byron's assertions. For that his Lordship spoke to this effect, and in this temper, I have no doubt; Captain Medwin having, I dare say, to the best of his recollection, faithfully performed the worshipful office of retailing all the effusions of spleen, slander, and malignity, which were vented in his presence. Lord Byron is the person who suffers most by this; and, indeed, what man is there whose character would remain uninjured if every peevish or angry expression, every sportive or extravagant sally, thrown off in the unsuspecting and imagined safety of private life, were to be secretly noted down, and published, with no notice of circumstances to shew how they had arisen, and when no explanation was possible? One of the offices which has

been attributed to the devil, is that of thus registering every idle word. There is an end of all confidence or comfort, in social intercourse, if such a practice is to be tolerated by public opinion. When I take these Conversations to be authentic, it is because, as far as I am concerned, they accord, both in matter and spirit, with what his Lordship himself had written and published; and it is on this account only, that I deem them worthy of notice—the last notice that I shall ever bestow upon the subject. Let there be as many ‘More Last Words of Mr Baxter,’ as the ‘reading public’ may choose to pay for, they will draw forth no further reply from me.

“Now then to the point.—The following speech is reported by Captain Medwin, as Lord Byron’s:—

“I am glad Mr Southey owns that article* on ‘Foliage,’ which excited my choler so much. But who else could have been the author? Who but Southey would have had the baseness, under pretext of reviewing the work of one man, insidiously to make it a nest-egg for hatching malicious calumnies against others? I say nothing of the critique itself on ‘Foliage;’ but what was the object of that article? I repeat, to vilify and scatter his dark and devilish insinuations against me and others. Shame on the man who could wound an already bleeding heart—be barbarous enough to revive the memory of an event that Shelley was perfectly innocent of—and found scandal on falsehood! Shelley taxed him with writing that article some years ago; and he had the audacity to admit that he had treasured up some opinions of Shelley, ten years before, when he was on a visit at Keswick, and had made a note of them at the time.”

“The review in question I did not write.

—Lord Byron might have known this if he had inquired of Mr Murray, who would readily have assured him that I was not the author; and he might have known it from the review itself, where the writer declares, in plain words, that he was a contemporary of Shelley’s, at Eton. I had no concern in it, directly or indirectly; but let it not be inferred that, in thus disclaiming that paper, any disapproval of it is intended. Papers in the Quarterly Review have been ascribed to me, (those on Keats’s Poems, for example,) which I have heartily condemned, both for their spirit and manner. But, for the

one in question, its composition would be creditable to the most distinguished writer; nor is there anything either in the opinions expressed, or in the manner of expressing them, which a man of just and honourable principles would have hesitated to advance. I would not have written that part of it which alludes to Mr Shelley, because having met him on familiar terms, and parted with him in kindness, (a feeling of which Lord Byron had no conception,) would have withheld me from animadverting in that manner upon his conduct. In other respects, the paper contains nothing that I would not have avowed if I had written, or subscribed, as entirely assenting to, and approving, it.

“It is not true that Shelley ever inquired of me whether I was the author of that paper, which, purporting, as it did, to be written by an Etonian of his own standing, he very well knew I was not. But in this part of Lord Byron’s statement there may be some mistake, mingled with a great deal of malignant falsehood. Mr Shelley addressed a letter to me from Pisa, asking if I were the author of a criticism in the Quarterly Review, upon his Revolt of Islam; not exactly, in Lord Byron’s phrase, *taxing* me with it, for he declared his own belief that I was not, but added, that he was induced to ask the question by the positive declaration of some friends in England, that the article was mine. Denying, in my reply, that either he or any other person was entitled to propose such a question upon such grounds, I, nevertheless, assured him that I had not written the paper, and that I had never, in any of my writings, alluded to him in any way.

“Now for the assertion that I had the audacity to admit having treasured up some of Shelley’s opinions, when he resided at Keswick, and having made notes of them at the time. What truth is mixed up with the slander of this statement I shall immediately explain; premising only, that, as the opinion there implied, concerning the practice of noting down familiar conversation, is not applicable to me, I transfer it to Captain Medwin, for his own especial use.

“Mr Shelley having, in the letter alluded to, thought proper to make some remarks, upon my opinions, I took occasion, in reply, to comment upon his, and to ask him, (as the tree is known by its fruits,) whether he had found them

* A volume of Poems by Mr Leigh Hunt. The reader, who may be desirous of referring to the article, will find it in the 18th volume of the Quarterly Review, p. 324.

conducive to his own happiness, and the happiness of those with whom he had been most nearly connected. This produced a second letter from him, written in a tone, partly of justification, partly of attack. I replied to this also—not by any such absurd admission as Lord Byron has stated—but by recapitulating to him, as a practical illustration of his principles, the leading circumstances of his own life, from the commencement of his career at University College. The earlier facts I stated upon his own authority, as I had heard them from his own lips; the latter were of public notoriety. There the correspondence ended. On his part it had been conducted with the courtesy which was natural to him—on mine, in the spirit of one who was earnestly admonishing a fellow-creature.

“This is the correspondence upon which Lord Byron’s misrepresentation has been constructed. It is all that ever passed between us, except a note from Shelley, some years before, accompanying a copy of his *Alastor*, and one of mine in acknowledgment of it. I have preserved his letter, together with copies of my own; and, if I had as little consideration for the feelings of the living as Captain Medwin has displayed, it is not any tenderness towards the dead† that would withhold me now from publishing them.

“It is not likely that Shelley should have communicated my part of this correspondence to Lord Byron, even if he did his own. Bearing testimony, as his heart did, to the truth of my statements in every point, and impossible as it was to escape from the conclusion which was there brought home, I do not think he would have dared produce it. How much, or how little, of the truth was known to his Lordship, or with which of the party at Pisa the insolent and calumnious misrepresentation conveyed in his Lordship’s words originated, is of little consequence.

“The charge of scattering dark and devilish insinuations, is one which, if Lord Byron were living, I would throw back in his teeth. Me he had assailed without the slightest provocation, and with that unmanliness too which was peculiar to him; and in this course he might

have gone on without giving me the slightest uneasiness, or calling forth one animadversion in reply. When I came forward to attack his Lordship, it was upon public, not upon private, grounds. He is pleased, however, to suppose that he had ‘mortally offended’ Mr Wordsworth and myself many years ago, by a letter which he had written to the Ettrick Shepherd. ‘Certain it is,’ he says, ‘that I did not spare the Lakists in it, and he told me that he could not resist the temptation, and had shewn it to the fraternity. It was too tempting; and, as I could never keep a secret of my own, (as you know,) much less that of other people, I could not blame him. I remember saying, among other things, that the Lake Poets were such fools as not to fish in their own waters. But this was the least offensive part of the epistle.’ No such epistle was ever shewn either to Mr Wordsworth or to me: but I remember (and this passage brings it to my recollection) to have heard that Lord Byron had spoken of us, in a letter to Hogg, with some contempt, as fellows who could neither vie with him for skill in angling, nor for prowess in swimming. Nothing more than this came to my hearing; and I must have been more sensitive than his Lordship himself could I have been offended by it. Lord Byron must have known that I had the *flocchi* of his eulogium to balance the *nauci* of his scorn; and that the one would have *nihili-pili-fied* the other, even if I had not well understood the worthlessness of both.

“It was because Lord Byron had brought a stigma upon English literature, that I accused him; because he had perverted great talents to the worst purposes; because he had set up for pander-general to the youth of Great Britain as long as his writings should endure; because he had committed a high crime and misdemeanour against society, by sending forth a work, in which mockery was mingled with horrors, filth with impiety, profligacy with sedition and slander. For these offences I came forward to arraign him. The accusation was not made darkly, it was not insinuated, nor was it advanced under the cover of a review. I

† In the Preface to his Monody on Keats, Shelley, as I have been informed, asserts, that I was the author of the criticism in the *Quarterly Review*, upon that young man’s poems, and that his death was occasioned by it. There was a degree of meanness in this, (especially considering the temper and tenour of our correspondence,) which I was not then prepared to expect from Shelley, for that he *believed* me to be the author of that paper, I certainly do not believe. He was once, for a short time, my neighbour. I met him upon terms, not of friendship indeed, but, certainly, of mutual good will. I meantime, a kind and generous heart would resist the effect of fatal opinions which he had taken up in ignorance and boyhood. Herein I was mistaken. But when I ceased to regard him with hope, he became to me an object for sorrow and awful commiseration, not of any injurious or unkind feeling; and when I expressed myself with just severity concerning him, it was in direct communication to himself.

attacked him openly in my own name, and only not by his, because he had not then publicly avowed the flagitious production, by which he will be remembered for lasting infamy. He replied in a manner altogether worthy of himself and his cause. Contention with a generous and honourable opponent leads naturally to esteem, and probably to friendship; but, next to such an antagonist, an enemy like Lord Byron is to be desired; one, who, by his conduct in the contest, divests himself of every claim to respect; one, whose baseness is such as to sanctify the vindictive feeling that it provokes, and upon whom the act of taking vengeance, is that of administering justice. I answered him as he deserved to be answered, and the effect which that answer produced upon his Lordship, has been described by his faithful chronicler, Captain Medwin. This is the real history of what the purveyors of scandal for the public are pleased sometimes to announce in their advertisements as 'Byron's Controversy with Southey.' What there was dark and devilish in it belongs to his Lordship; and had I been compelled to resume it during his life, he, who played the monster in literature, and aimed his blows at women, should have been treated accordingly. 'The Republican Trio,' says Lord Byron, 'when they began to publish in common, were to have had a community of all things, like the Ancient Britons—to have lived in a state of nature like savages—and peopled some island of the blest with children in common like ——. A very

pretty Arcadian notion!' I may be excused for wishing that Lord Byron had published this himself; but though he is responsible for the atrocious falsehood, he is not for its posthumous publication. I shall only observe, therefore, that the slander is as worthy of his Lordship as the scheme itself would have been. Nor would I have condescended to notice it even thus, were it not to shew how little this calumniator knew concerning the objects of his uneasy and restless hatred. Mr Wordsworth and I were strangers to each other, even by name, when he represents us as engaged in a Satanic confederacy, and we never published anything in common.

"Here I dismiss the subject. It might have been thought that Lord Byron had attained the last degree of disgrace when his head was set up for a sign at one of those preparatory schools for the brothel and the gallows; where obscenity, sedition, and blasphemy, are retailed in drams for the vulgar. There remained one further shame—there remained this exposure of his *Private Conversations*, which has compelled his Lordship's friends, in their own defence, to compare his oral declarations with his written words, and thereby demonstrate that he was as regardless of truth as he was incapable of sustaining those feelings suited to his birth, station, and high endowments, which sometimes came across his better mind.

"ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"*Keswick, Dec. 8, 1824.*"

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XIX.

To Malachi Mullion, Esq. M.D. F.R.S. Sec. of C. North, Esq. E.B.M.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I RECEIVED your kind note last night rather too late to answer it. Our cross posts in Scotland, I am sorry to say, are arranged on rather an absurd principle, and I wish the Editor would make some remarks on the subject to the post-office, where, I am sure, any application particularly coming from such a quarter, would meet with the utmost attention. The kindness and uniform good sense which pervade every department of that office, make me certain that any little irregularity of the kind of which I complain, needs only to be pointed out to be corrected.

In reference to the principal part of your communication—I do not mean

your application for black-cock, though that, of course, shall be most punctually attended to—the Edinburgh, I own I am of the same opinion which I have so often of late expressed with regard to it. I think my strictures on it, and the publicity which our friend gives them, by printing them in that excellent work to which you are private secretary, act only as advertisements. You are perfectly aware that an universal *sugh* of derision and contempt attends its publication now-a-days, and that it has fallen from being *the Journal* into the rear-rank of the whole set. Its notorious falsehoods, blasphemy, ill-taste, scurrility, meanness, personality—in a word, every

species of rascality which can be predicated of a periodical work, have sent it "full fathom five;" and the silly vanity of Jeffrey, who will not enlist clever new auxiliaries, for fear of their eclipsing him and his original *cortege*, must keep it from ever emerging from this Slough of Despond. Hence we are doomed continually to find in its pages the mere frothy shallowness of Jeffrey himself, the blustering dogmatisms, relieved from any care of truth or decency, of Brougham, and the amazingly dull attempts at wit and smartness of poor, lubberly, old Sidney Smyth, assisted only by the occasional vulgarity and ignorance of that poor creature Hazlitt, or the wooden-pated efforts at fine writing of some disappointed *employé* of the London or New Monthly Magazines—somebody rejected even of Colburn, or the *good feeling* Mr Taylor. I beg leave to ask you, what living being does it influence? whose opinions does it sway? or whom do its sarcasms irritate?

Look at really able journals, and you will then see the vast difference. Does the Quarterly say a word, right or wrong, (*that is now no part of my argument,*) in disparagement of any one, without calling forth a myriad of answers in one shape or another? Hone writes his blackguard pamphlet—Law crosses the Atlantic—Jack Keats flies to Italy—Valpy and Barker publish their *reclamations*—the Cockney crew writhe and howl in the most ludicrous though pitiable contortions—the friends of Sir George Prevost rise in arms—Mr Bowles buckles on his critical armour—Lord Byron writes letters and holds conversations without end—Bellamy and the mock Hebraists are in despair, &c. &c. &c.—I am not saying that the Quarterly has been right in all their different controversies—or that it has got out of them all in the best of all possible manners—but I wish just to shew you the effect of their strictures. Look we farther north. When Christopher or his allies take pen in hand, the good folks who suppose themselves thereby aggrieved, do not lie under it with Christian resignation. I do not wish to rip up the memory of the Chaldee, and the *alarm* it created—you know I am not using too strong a word in saying *alarm*—but recollect how "dire was the tossing, deep the groans," of all the hideous poor things who suffered

under Z—how Leslie resorted to the convincing argument of a jury of shopkeepers to *prove* his scholarship—how the beasts of Constable crouched under the lash—how Taylor in cold sweat snivelled out a mendacious apology—how the idiot phrenologists put their puddle into a storm—I beg pardon, I mean their pool into a passion. There is no need of my alluding to anything farther. But here again I beg you to note the *effect*.

What then is the gist of my argument? This, Doctor—Except ourselves, and of late the Westminster reviewers, nobody takes the trouble of caring whether the Edinburgh scribblers speak well or ill on any given question of any given person or party. They may just say what they like. The history of their decline and fall I must beg leave to decline giving. In a few words, suffice it to say, that when in politics they had insulted the British army and navy, the King, the church, and all with most egregious falsehood and stupid attempts at prophecy;—when in literature they had selected as their butts—their butts—Wordsworth and Coleridge, on them to exercise their little petulant and pettifogging wit; when they had suffered under the pen of Byron—whom such poor deer as they had attempted to run down—and even truckled to Tom Moore, it needed only the bold and unshrinking hand of Philpotts to drag *by name* before the public the admirable critic and noble Editor from whom these things had emanated, and to hang him up "at booksellers' windows" as a specimen of the degradation which sooner or later must be visited upon every one who dabbles in the dirty trade of calumny. Since that time, there has not been even a semblance of talent or spirit in the work. And now, so far from such consequences flowing from their tirade, (which in *attempted* insolence, are just as malignant and contemptible as ever,) as I have above mentioned, as flowing from the strictures of Tory journals, the utmost cholera that they excite is a contemptuous sneer, and the only reply they receive is a letter wrung occasionally from me against my better judgment, by the request of Mr North.

I put it to you, therefore, whether it is worth our while to pursue this line of conduct. Were I called on for my

vote, I should give it in the words of a poem of the Magazine,

“In silence perish the cattle.”

Harm they now cannot do; good they never thought of doing. Let us leave them to the universal contempt of the country.

I know, however, that North is of a different opinion; and I shall hold myself in readiness always to oblige him with reviews of these paltry reviewers as long as he pleases to call for them. I only beg of him to consider my objections as above stated—and proceed. In the Eighty-first Number, which accompanied your note, I see enough to call forth my unqualified disgust; but before I enter into the details of any of the papers contained in it, I beg leave to direct your attention to the general bill of fare.

This English Review for October 1824, consists, then, of notices of Chateaubriand's French *pamphlet*; an agricultural *pamphlet*, published more than two years ago; a *pamphlet* by a man named W. Davis, utterly unheard of, without date; *pamphlets* on impressment, one of which is published nine years back; *pamphlets* on the slave-trade; and Chalmers's local book on the State of the Poor of Glasgow, now two years old; mixed with three books of travels, and Tom Moore's Captain Rock!!! And this is a faithful record of our current literature! So then the mind of England, literary and political, is at present solely occupied with the labours of obscure pamphleteers, travellers of no great mark, and Tom Moore's absurd libel, which has been repeatedly overhauled *usque ad nauseam*, and is now, as palling to the public palate as his Odes, which Mr Jeffrey declared formerly were only fit for the meridian of a brothel. This is a critical Journal indeed! Why, even the British—my grandmother—is on the alert, compared with this. Let us see how they treat these interesting and novel topics.

That Chateaubriand's Eloge on the late King of France was supereminently absurd, no one will be inclined to deny; but I beg leave to protest against the mixing him up with our English Tories, as the reviewer thinks fit to do. In fact, I look on Chateaubriand to be as great a charlatan as Jeffrey himself; and, moreover, as a charlatan, quite ready to be of any party which would appear to promote

his own personal interests. I must remark, however, that this high-minded Edinburgh critic, who laughs at the *onction* of the Vicomte's “*Le Roi est mort*,” found everything to praise in similar tirades of the same good taste and chastened expression when they were addressed to Buonaparte; and that politicians of his stamp were quite in raptures when that mighty quack performed pieces of quackery of the same calibre as that which draws down the derision of the reviewer on the head of Charles X. In truth, every ruler of France has been always in the habit of such clap-traps. They suit the genius of the people, who must have always some “affecting anecdote,” some “noble impulse,” to tell of their chieftains. Hobhouse, wittily remarking that he was neither a stock, nor a stone, nor a Tory, burst out blubbing, when Napoleon got up one with an old bombardier, at the Champ de Mai. How did it differ from Charles X.'s taking the young woman's petition, which is here made matter of jest! They both would have been equally despised or disregarded in England, where our monarchs make no parade—in France, where, as has been long ago said, they are delighted with anything which they can admire and laugh at at the same time, they are regularly looked for. The same may be said of the fulsome nature of their harangues, whether made to legitimate or illegitimate sovereigns. Everything must be done with a flourish of trumpets—but what has this nonsense to do with our Tory principles? Exactly nothing at all. And this the honest reviewer well knew.

He, however, contrives to hitch it upon us by a very intelligent *apropos de bottles*; indeed, I do not recollect a prettier or more masterly use of that convenient figure anywhere. *Apropos* of Chateaubriand, it puts him in mind of Clarendon—and *apropos* of Clarendon, of the University of Oxford in 1683—and *apropos* of the University of Oxford in 1683, of—what, think ye? Why, of the Tories of the present day! Beautiful deduction! Logical mind! I should be ashamed, Doctor, to explain to you the circumstances which induced that truly great man, Lord Clarendon, to carry his devotion to the Royal Family to the great pitch which he did. He

had, you know, witnessed a tremendous revolution—the beheading of his king—the overthrow of his church—the spoliation of his friends, and he very naturally had a vast dislike to any principles which might tend to bringing on again a catastrophe, which, to him at least—whatever it may be to Messieurs the Edinburgh Reviewers, was lamentable. Hence his intense deference to the sanctity of kingly authority—hence his desire that the reigning dynasty should strengthen itself by connexions with other regal houses—and consequently hence his indignation at the marriage of his daughter with the Duke of York. Had he not reason too, and, as it turned out, ample reason, to suspect that this measure would be attributed to himself, and that he would be regarded as one who meanly sought the aggrandizement of his house by using his natural influence to promote such a match? But it is useless for me to discuss this question any farther, nor shall I waste any time on the decrees of Oxford or Cambridge in 1683. These learned bodies had smarted too severely under Puritan sway, not to feel naturally alarmed at the progress of any doctrines which might tend to favour the recurrence of that sway; and it is little wonderful that they should overdo the thing. It is the vice of cloistered men to theorize too refinedly. We all know they did not practise, in 1688, the passive obedience which they preached. Nor in this is there any inconsistency, as the Reviewer insinuates. A University is not one man.—It is continually receiving new blood; and what certain Oxonians held as infallible to-day, may be looked on in a very different light by other certain Oxonians this day five years. Sure I am, that if, at the approaching election, the men of Isis were to return that respectable and respected character Mr Henry Brougham to Parliament, the Edinburgh Reviewers would compliment it on its wisdom and perspicacity, although it has now the obtuseness of intellect to return Mr Peel.

It is needless for us to disclaim the doctrine of passive obedience, although here we have it boldly insinuated that it is our creed. Hogg, if I do not mistake, in that masterly letter in which he utterly overthrew the poor lurking creature who reviewed his *Jacobite Relics* some four years ago, (a letter which, by the by, is the very cleverest of all Hogg's prose works, for I do not consider the Chaldee MS. as prose,) had occasion to laugh at the absurd supposition. *It is too absurd for an answer; but when, as in the article I am noticing, the American war, the Anti-jacobin war, and the opposition to the claims of the Papists, are attributed to mere deference to the virtues of George III., I must only say, that the reviewer has spoken the thing which is not.* The American war was popular at first—the Anti-jacobin war was popular beyond all example; witness the Crown and Anchor meeting, the tumults at Birmingham, the enthusiastic sea-songs, the effect of Burke's Reflections, or, what our antagonists feel more, the total crippling the Whig party received from their opposition to it; and to prove that the opposition to Papist claims was not confined to the royal breast, I beg leave to refer to the mobs of 1780—the no-pope cry of 1806, and the still increasing dislike to the measure of emancipation among all classes in England. I suppose it is out of deference to George III. that that gentlemanlike paper the *Times* is occupied in denouncing at present the proceedings of the Irish Papist priesthood.

I am tired of going through this silly nonsense.* I shall therefore press on, after selecting one bijou worthy of the high and honourable feeling which has at all times characterized the party in general, and this knot of writers for it, in particular. Speaking of the death of Louis XVIII. he says, "Over this prince—this individual—but above all *THIS PATIENT, whose deplorable condition was as well known as his advanced age, and about whose PHYSICAL STATE at least, the most loy-*

* Perhaps his indignation at the late funeral honours to James II. is worth noticing. I do not think that that funeral was in good taste; but is there anything very unhandsome in a king's honouring his defeated and dead antagonist? It is very hard for us to know what to do with respect to that period—we here find people rated roundly, for honouring the memory of James—in another part of the Review, we find it equally detestable to drink that of William.

al devotee could not affect to raise a doubt," there have been raised lamentations, &c.

Can anything be more hideous or beastly? Heaven help us! we are all liable to the diseases which carried off the King of France, and to others even more loathsome; but none but a Whig could have the baseness to make such a foul allusion. So, because Louis died of erysipelas, respect for his memory is to be lessened! Is the reviewer sure that something as terrible may not conclude his own existence, and that he may not himself die as filthy in body as he evidently is filthy in mind? But it is a common Whig vice. The Morning Chronicle shouted over the murdered body of Percival, and Lord Byron forgot himself so much as to fall in with the party sarcasm on "carotid-artery-cutting Castlereagh."

[Private.—A notice of the Corn Laws should come in here.* I am not *au fait* at these—I supply a bit.

In Mr Whitmore's pamphlet, he says, that "all now are jealous of our power; all look with envy at OUR MARITIME AND COMMERCIAL SUPERIORITY." I am not quite so sure of the envy and jealousy, but of our superiority I am sure—and what is more, I always proclaimed it in all emergencies in peace and war. But what gall and wormwood it must be to the inmost souls of these reviewers, to be obliged to print these words after their continual declarations of the universal degradation into which we had fallen—of the poverty, misery, and ruin impending over us—of our complete powerlessness, &c. &c. Cheer up your heart, Mullion—I NEVER doubted the bottom of England, and I NEVER was deceived. As for those Whig prophets, let them eat their words at leisure. It is a diet I never fed on.]

The next paper, on the means of diffusing scientific education to the poor, is a sensible but heavy and rather unreadable paper. Jeffrey has defiled it by tacking a morceau of sneaking politics at the end, about tyrants and such irrelevant nonsense; to which he has appended a note, apparently picked up from Lady Morgan. I rejoice that the cause of education is making its way among the lower classes; and I rejoice because I know it will strengthen their attachment to the constitution of the country. There is rather too much puffery of the London Mechanics' Institution in this article, but that arises from Brougham's desire to ingratiate himself with that body. I understand that he regularly attends their meetings, and makes himself as ridiculous as well can be, by oratorizing on the details of trade. I do not

know enough of the institution to be able to decide whether it be true, as reported, that it is not now going on so prosperously as at first, and that it is falling into a sort of job. But if so, or if it suffer itself to be made the cat's-paw of any trading politician as Brougham, notwithstanding all the good it is capable of doing, or may have done, and notwithstanding all this fine puffing in the Edinburgh Review, it must fall in pieces. I should be sorry that such should be the case.

Of Tom Moore's Captain Rock, enough has been already said in your pages, and in that smashing reply which the Rev. S. O. Sullivan of Dublin gave Little Fudge, under the name of Captain Rock Detected. Smug Sydney, as Lord Byron calls the reverend reviewer, has, with characteristic honesty, omitted all mention of the Mun-

know enough of the institution to be able to decide whether it be true, as reported, that it is not now going on so prosperously as at first, and that it is falling into a sort of job. But if so, or if it suffer itself to be made the cat's-paw of any trading politician as Brougham, notwithstanding all the good it is capable of doing, or may have done, and notwithstanding all this fine puffing in the Edinburgh Review, it must fall in pieces. I should be sorry that such should be the case.

* No—no—no—we read the article in dread of the "raw material." Never did any article go more against the grain with us. The author is manifestly a member of the Stot.Club.—C. N.

ster Farmer's work, and puffed his brother Whig direct out, most grossly. The book was mischievous in intention—so is the Review. The war carried on between the Norman conquerors of Ireland and their Celtic enemies, and the desperate struggle which Elizabeth had to complete the conquest, are related at great length, as if they were actual and existing practical misfortunes. Cromwell, too, is held up as a raw-head and bloody bones, just as the old women of Ireland do to terrify naughty children. What conciliatory end does this serve? Are the churchmen of the present day implicated in the acts of Oliver? If Cromwell's career in Ireland were written by a historian, not a party squib writer, it might shine in different colours. He had to consolidate the victories of the republicans, and had no time to waste in conciliating Ireland; the predominant party of which was then reeking with the blood of the most diabolical massacre on record. His fame as a politician would be lowered indeed were we to suspect him of the folly of leaving behind him in Ireland any strength in a party whom he well knew no kindness could bind to *his* interests. Had he treated the country in any other way than what he did, another Irish war would have sprung up before another year. This, I own, is no complete justification of military cruelties; but it is such a justification as must be pleaded for all conquerors in all ages. To connect his invasion with the feelings of the present Anti-Catholics, is worse than nonsense—it is dishonesty.

Smith then gives us a detail of the penal laws, which I shall copy.

“Till the year 1788, every year produced some fresh penalty against that religion—some liberty was abridged, some right impaired, or some suffering increased. By acts in King William's reign, they were prevented from being solicitors. No Catholic was allowed to marry a Protestant; and any Catholic who sent a son to Catholic countries for education, was to forfeit all his lands. In the reign of Queen Anne, any son of a Catholic who chose to turn Protestant, got possession of the father's estate. No Papist was allowed to purchase freehold property, or to take a lease for more than thirty years. If a Protestant dies intestate, the estate is to go to the next *Protestant* heir, though all to the tenth generation should be

Catholic. In the same manner, if a Catholic dies intestate, his estate is to go to the next Protestant. No Papist is to dwell in Limerick or Galway. No Papist to take an annuity for life. The widow of a Papist turning Protestant to have a portion of the chattels of the deceased, in spite of any will. Every Papist teaching schools to be presented as a regular Popish convict. Prices of catechising Catholic priests from 50s. to L. 10, according to rank. Papists are to answer all questions respecting other Papists, or to be committed to jail for twelve months. No trust to be undertaken for Papists. No Papists to be on Grand Juries. Some notion may be formed of the spirit of those times, from an order of the House of Commons, ‘that the Serjeant at Arms should take into custody all Papists that should presume to come into the gallery!’ (*Commons' Journal*, vol. iii. fol. 976.) During this reign, the English Parliament legislated as absolutely for Ireland, as they do now for Rutlandshire—an evil not to be complained of, if they had done it as justly. In the reign of George I., the horses of Papists were seized for the militia, and rode by Protestants; towards which the Catholics paid double, and were compelled to find Protestant substitutes. They were prohibited from voting at vestries, or being high or petty constables. An act of the English Parliament in this reign opens as follows:—‘Whereas attempts have been lately made to shake off the subjection of Ireland to the Imperial Crown of these realms, be it enacted,’ &c. &c. In the reign of George II. four-sixths of the population were cut off from the right of voting at elections, by the necessity under which they were placed of taking the oath of supremacy. Barristers and solicitors marrying Catholics, are exposed to all the penalties of Catholics. Persons robbed by privateers during a war with a Catholic State, are to be indemnified by a levy on the Catholic inhabitants of the neighbourhood. All marriages between Catholics and Protestants are annulled. All Popish priests celebrating them are to be hanged. ‘This system,’ says Arthur Young, ‘has no other tendency than that of driving out of the kingdom all the personal wealth of the Catholics, and extinguishing their industry within it! and the face of the country, every object which presents itself to travellers, tells him how effectually this has been done.’—*Young's Tour in Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 48.”

Very well—all this is quite alarming to the tender-hearted. But I have

one question to ask. By whom were all these terrible laws enacted? and I answer, BY THE WHIGS—by the ancestors of those very persons under whose banners Jeffrey and Smyth and Co. are fighting. Jack Lawless the Irishman, our friend North's gorman-dizer—will tell them, in his drunken history of Ireland, that the fact is not unknown among his countrymen. Matchless, then, is the self-deception of this smug parson, if he thinks that he can gull any one by accusing us, who now have succeeded to the power of the Whigs, of "baseness and fatuity," (p. 152,)—because, out of fear for the Protestant ascendancy, we retain a few of the least galling of the laws which they enacted. From the time of Tory influence, the rigour of the penal laws was abated. Whether we were wise in so doing, is another question; but that it is a historical fact no one will venture to deny.

Nor will anybody venture to deny that this code kept Ireland quiet during the wars of the Pretender—or that the harvest of gratitude which we appear to have reaped from their repeal, has been the springing up of a hostile population, before unknown; or at least of no weight during the operation of the penal laws. Where lies the fault or the misfortune, I shall not now discuss. But who can help despising the antiquated air of juvenility thrown over this review? Here we have a deep wit prating away on the politics of 1171, 1580, 1650, 1688, 1788; and arguing upon their effects and causes with the feelings of a politician of the days of George IV., regardless or ignorant of the state of society and springs of action in those days, while he does not know what is going on this very moment in Ireland. This wise philosopher, who is so flippant on the affairs of Henry II., laughs at antiquated prejudices, while he and his textbook draw back more than six hundred years, to purvey for the foul appetite of faction; and yet is himself so completely behind the growing spirit of the present time, as to think that the tinkling nonsense—the *crambe millies repetita*—of his own youthful day, some five or six and twenty years

ago, is still attended to by man, woman, or child, of any party in the empire.

No, sir, let Sydney Smith, or any one else, prove to us that Roman Catholic emancipation, as it is called, is compatible with the security of the Protestant establishment in Ireland—let him prove that it will make one man contented or better affected to England in that country—let him prove that it will take miracle-mongery out of the hands of the priests—let him prove that it will do anything towards relieving the gross physical misery, and the awful mental darkness of the peasantry of the country—and then we shall listen to his reasoning, and endeavour, as much as possible, to laugh at his jokes. But while he is entertaining us with the iniquities of Henry II. and the atrocities of Cromwell, he must pardon us if we turn away our eyes from these ingenious and novel disquisitions, to look at the proceedings of the Popish Association now sitting in Dublin and levying money in thousands from an impoverished land—to listen to one priest declaring the Protestant dissenters a set of mountebanks, and denying to the established clergy any right to the name of clergy—to view the proceedings of a mob huzzaed on by another priest, to make Protestant clergymen fly out of the windows of a meeting-house to avoid being murdered for preaching that CHRIST desired all men to search the Scriptures—to hear the yells, in a country calling itself Christian, of a crowd, led by priests, shouting the awful cry of "DOWN WITH THE BIBLE!"—to see an archbishop in one place, and a dean in another, in jeopardy of life, not for any hostile attempt against Popery, but for taking the chair at meetings to receive reports of societies which distribute the Word of GOD among the Protestant poor—in a word, to consider whether a population so stimulated by fanatical ecclesiastics, so led by audacious imposture of miracle, so credulous of murderous prophecy, so bawled forward by insolent demagogues, (whose language is but one tissue of lying, and insulting calumny*

* One, I shall quote without farther remark. Mr O'Connell declared, in a speech to his colleagues, that nineteen out of every twenty women in Great Britain, were strumpets,—and that this almost universal unchastity arose from reading the Bible!

Ireland once had a reputation for gallantry.

against England, her church, her institutions, her great men,) so sunk in the lethargic stupidity of superstition as to suffer a priest to trample a child to death, [*its mother looking on,*] that he might beat the devil out of it, for the confusion of heresy, so stained by diabolical murders, murders unavenged, though the murderers be known in many cases to the whole vicinage, in *all* cases to the Romish priesthood—whether such a population, I say, can be governed, (in this generation at least,) by the same means as the civilized lands of Kent or Mid-Lothian, May we not justly doubt whether even the gentry of the party—about a twentieth part of the Irish gentry—may be Catholics, whom alone the measure of emancipation as *now* demanded, could by any possibility benefit, have shewn themselves superior to the suspicion at least of being devoted to the most paltry interests of their church, and therefore prepared to do the Protestant churches every detriment in their power? One damning fact is undeniable. Throughout the whole of Ireland, not one Roman Catholic gentleman, no matter what was his rank or education, has dared publicly to declare his disbelief of the Hohenlohe miracles! What a deplorable prostration of intellect! what a lamentable proof of subserviency to the views of their ecclesiastical leaders!

One hint of Smith's has often been thrown out. We shall be forced to give emancipation by our necessities when involved in a new war. This is frequently told the Papists by their chiefs. They are carefully informed that they have an immense majority, (most sedulously exaggerated,) that they have all the passes, mountains, strongholds, &c. of the country in their hands—that the Protestants are few, gathered in towns, and penned up like sheep to be slaughtered at their mercy. But, in spite of this additional testimony, I must differ

from the Yorkshire parson. In war there is always vent for the superabundant population of Ireland, and the men, who now burn nineteen people, including women and infants, at a time in a house, or murder a stage coach driver for not knowing how to bless himself, or smash father, mother, and son to pieces with crow-bars, or huzza at the aggregate meetings of the *people* of Ireland, become as fine soldiers as ever shouldered musket, and benefit the country in two ways, by fighting for it, and favouring it with their absence. We never heard, during the war, of the horrible atrocities, the vile blasphemies, or the furious spirit developed every day since the peace; and let war come again and again, the demagogue will harangue, if at all, unheard. As to foreign powers interfering violently in favour of the Irish Papists, what Philip II., and Louis XIV., and Napoleon Buonaparte, failed in, will hardly be done now. By my troth, *that* would be a ticklish experiment. They had better look at home.

I have written at greater length than I intended on this subject, but I wished to shew that Smith knows nothing about it—and I flatter myself I have succeeded. I shall therefore conclude, by admiring the valiant hardihood of the Rev. Peter Plymley, in talking of “the VIRTUOUS poet, Mr Moore.” If he will go back a few volumes of the work he writes for, he will see a different character of the virtues of that eminent bard. VIRTUOUS! what an epithet for the author of Little's poems, of the Twopenny Postbag, and the Fudge Family! By and by we shall hear some other Whig ecclesiastic—

“Some decent priest, when monkeys were the gods,”

recommending Cleland, or Faublas—
Faugh!

I cannot go on with this trash.

Yours, T. T.

Southside, 11th Dec. 1824.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

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Miss Edgeworth has in the press a new work, entitled, Mutual Instruction; the object of which is to excite the curiosity of young people for science, and to put them in possession of its principles.

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Mr Buckingham's Travels among the Arab Tribes inhabiting the countries east of Syria and Palestine, will appear in the early part of the present month.

Mr Thomas Bewick, the wood-engraver, is preparing for the press a work on British Fishes, in the style of his works on Quadrupeds and Birds.

In the press, Travels in South America, during the years 1819, 20, and 21. By Alexander Caldcleugh, Esq. With a map and engravings.

The Last Moments of Napoleou. By Dr Antommarchi.

The Private Journal of Madame de

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Letters from the East. By John Carne, Esq., are announced for publication.

The Stalls in the Royal Chapel of St George at Windsor; or, the Acts of the Sovereigns, and Memoirs of the Knights Companions of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. By — Beltz, Lancaster Herald.

A Short Narrative of Lord Byron's Last Journey to Greece, extracted from the Journal of Count Peter Gamba, who attended his Lordship on that expedition.

A Practical Epitome and Exposition of the whole Stamp Law and Duties, by G. A. Werand, is in the press.

Very shortly will be published, Travels in the Republic of Colombia, in 1822 and 1823. By G. Mollien.

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A volume of poems, by Mrs Cannon, of Hungerford, entitled, Maria and St Flos. To which is added, A Search after Happiness.

A most curious octavo volume, with 60 Original Designs of Hieroglyphics, Talismans, and Horoscopes, beautifully engraved by eminent artists. This work will be entitled, The Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century. Its contents have been collected from MSS. in the British Museum, the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, the Bodleian Library, the Libraries at Bristol Cathedral, and Wells; and they comprise the ancient practice of Raising Spirits and Invoking the Dead, Apparitions, Visions, Charms, Wonderful Secrets, and other subjects, never disclosed since 1590.

Early in January will be published, Part I. of a new Topographical Work, entitled, Delineations of Gloucestershire, being Views of the Principal Seats of Nobility and Gentry, and other objects of prominent interest in that county, with Historical and Descriptive Notices. The drawings to be made, and the plates engraved, by Messrs Storers; the Historical Notices by J. N. Brewer, Esq. and dedi-

cated, by permission, to his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Lieutenant of the county. It is intended that this work shall consist of 100 engraved views, quarto size, each to be accompanied, upon an average, with four pages of letter-press. Attached to the view of each mansion, will be presented the armorial-bearings of the proprietor. The publication will comprise twenty-five parts, calculated to form two handsome volumes. A list of subscribers will be appended to the last part, or number of the work.

Monsignor Marini, Prefect of the Vatican Archives, already advantageously known to the public by several learned productions, has completed his *Monumenta Authentica Angliæ, Scotiæ, et Hiberniæ*. This work will extend to eight volumes folio, and contain above 5000 Papal Letters, besides other precious documents, almost as numerous, of Letters from our kings and queens, transcribed from the autographs, from the time of Pope Honorius III. A. D. 1216, to a recent period. The whole are faithfully copied from the authentic register of the Vatican, and none of them have been hitherto published. Such articles as have correctly appeared in *Rymer* and our historians are omitted in the present work. This publication, which cannot fail to interest the historian, the antiquarian, and the topographer, opens with a learned preface, and an elegant dedication to his Majesty.

Dialogues on various Subjects, by Robert Southey, with engravings, are announced.

Lectures on the Lord's Prayer; with two Discourses on interesting and important subjects. By the Rev. Luke Booker.

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The Rev. T. Dibdin is employed on a second volume of his *Library Companion*, which will soon appear.

We understand that the University of Oxford is at present reprinting *Chandler's Travels in Asia Minor and Greece*, accompanied by the Manuscript Notes of Revett, his fellow-traveller.

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Mr Greenhow has in the press an Estimate of the true Value of Vaccination, as a security against the Small Pox.

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A work, entitled "A Voice from India, in answer to the Reformers of England;" by Captain Seely, is announced for publication.

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A Report to the Directors of the Edinburgh Gas Light Company, relative to the Theory and Application of Professor Leslie's Photometer. By Mr George Buchanan, Civil Engineer.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—Dec. 8.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st, ... 36s. 0d.	1st, ... 31s. 0d.	1st, ... 20s. 6d.	1st, ... 20s. 0d.
2d, ... 33s. 0d.	2d, ... 30s. 0d.	2d, ... 18s. 0d.	2d, ... 18s. 0d.
3d, ... 30s. 0d.	3d, ... 28s. 0d.	3d, ... 16s. 0d.	3d, ... 16s. 0d.

Average £1; 11s. 9d. 10-12ths.

Tuesday, Dec. 7.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4½d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 8½d. to 0s. 9d.
Mutton	0s. 4½d. to 0s. 7d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 8d. to 0s. 12d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d.
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	18s. 0d. to 20s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 8d. to 1s. 4d.
Tallow, per stone	6s. 6d. to 7s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	1s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—Dec. 10.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 33s. 0d.	1st, ... 30s. 6d.	1st, ... 20s. 6d.	1st, .. 20s. 0d.	1st, 20s. 0d.
2d, ... 30s. 0d.	2d, ... 28s. 0d.	2d, ... 18s. 0d.	2d, ... 18s. 0d.	2d, 18s. 0d.
3d, ... 25s. 0d.	3d, ... 24s. 0d.	3d, ... 15s. 0d.	3d, ... 16s. 0d.	3d, 16s. 0d.

Average £1, 10s. 10d. 3-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 4th December.

Wheat, 66s. 9d.—Barley, 41s. 11d.—Oats, 25s. 6d.—Rye, 40s. 6d.—Beans, 42s. 2d.—Pease, 46s. 7d.
 London, Corn Exchange, Dec. 6.

London, Corn Exchange, Dec. 6.				Liverpool, Dec. 7.			
s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, red, old	52 to 70	Maple, fine	— to —	Wheat, per 70 lb.	—	Amer. p. 196 lb.	—
Red, new	50 to 60	White pease	54 to 38	Eng.	8 4 to 10 6	Sweet, U.S.	24 0 to 25 0
Fine ditto	60 to 66	Ditto, boilers	61 to 67	Old	— to —	Do. in bond	— to —
Superfine ditto	66 to 70	Small Beans, new	42 to 48	Scotch	8 4 to 10 6	Sour bond	18 0 to 20 0
White, old	56 to 76	Tick, old	52 to 54	Irish	8 2 to 9 0	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	0
White, new	54 to 60	Tib, ditto, new	34 to 36	Bonded	4 6 to 5 0	English	32 0 to 36 0
Fine ditto	56 to 68	Tick, old	52 to 54	Barley, per 60 lbs.	7 0 to 7 0	Scotch	30 0 to 34 0
Superfine ditto	70 to 74	Feed oats	22 to 24	Eng.	6 6 to 7 0	Irish	27 0 to 38 0
Rye	36 to 40	Fine ditto	25 to 26	Scotch	5 6 to 6 0	Bran, p. 24 lb.	0 9 to 0 11
Barley	35 to 40	Poland ditto	25 to 25	Irish	5 4 to 5 9	Butter, Beef, &c.	
Fine ditto	42 to 45	Fine ditto	26 to 29	Foreign	5 6 to 6 3	Butter, p. cwt.	s. d.
Superfine ditto	48 to 52	Potato ditto	25 to 27	Oats, per 45 lb.	—	Belfast	106 0 to 108 0
Malt	60 to 64	Fine ditto	28 to 31	Eng.	3 4 to 4 0	Newry	98 0 to 103 0
Fine	66 to 72	Scotch	32 to 34	Irish	3 7 to 3 10	Waterford	100 0 to 101 0
Hog Pease	38 to 40	Flour, per sack	60 to 65	Scotch	3 4 to 4 0	Cork, pic.	103 0 to 104 6
Maple	40 to 42	Ditto, seconds	55 to 60	For. in bond	2 6 to 2 8	3d dry	— to —
Seeds, &c.				Do. dut. fr.	3 8 to 3 10	Beef, p. tierce.	90 0 to 94 0
Must. White,	7 to 9	Hempseed	0 to 0	Rye, per qr.	35 0 to 38 0	Mess	90 0 to 94 0
— Brown, new	12 to 17	Linseed, crush.	58 to 48	Malt per b. 10	0 to 10 9	— barrel	60 0 to 63 0
Tares, per bsh.	3 to 5	— Ditto, Feed	44 to 47	— Middling	8 6 to 9 6	Pork, p. bl.	—
Sanfoin, per qr.	0 to 0	Rye Grass,	22 to 35	Beans, per q.	—	— Mess	76 0 to 78 0
Turnips, bsh.	6 to 10	Ribgrass,	40 to 60	English	.48 0 to 55 0	— Middl.	33 0 to 75 0
— Red & green	0 to 0	Clover, red cwt.	50 to 63	Irish	.46 0 to 49 0	Bacon, p. cwt.	—
— Yellow,	0 to 0	— White	57 to 86	Rapeseed, p. l. nominal.	—	Short mids.	58 0 to 60 0
Caraway, cwt.	41 to 49	Coriander	.7 6 to 10 0	Pease, grey	35 0 to 48 0	Sides	— 0 to — 0
Canary, per qr.	65 to 73	Ofefoil	.9 0 to 25 0	— White	.48 0 to 56 0	Hams, dry,	— 0 to — 0
Rape Seed, per last,	£22 to £26.	Flour, English,	p. 240 lb. fine	Flour, English,	p. 240 lb. fine	Green	— 0 to — 0
			48 0 to 56 0	Irish, 2ds	46 0 to 53 0	Lard, rd. p. c.	55 0 to 56 0

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 2d to 23d November, 1824.

	2d.	9th.	16th.	23d.
Bank stock,	233¼ 41 3¾	231½	231¾ 2	232
3 per cent. reduced,	95¼	95¼	95¼	95½
3 per cent. consols,	95	96½	95½ 6	95¾ ¾
3½ per cent. consols,	—	—	101	—
4 per cent. consols,	—	—	—	—
New 4 per cent. consols,	107 8 7½	108½	108¼	108¾ ⅞
India stock,	290	290¼	—	289¾
— bonds,	98 100	100	98	97 99
Exchequer bills,	55 53	57 58	55 58	56
Exchequer bills, sm.	54 56	56 59 56	55 58	—
Consols for acc.	96¼	96½ ¼	95½ 6½ 5½	95¾
Long Annuities,	23¾	23 1-16	—	23 1-16½
French 5 per cents.	—	102f. 75c.	102f. 0c.	102f. 0c.

Course of Exchange, Dec. 7.—Amsterdam, 12: 2. C. F. Ditto at sight, 11: 19. Rotterdam, 12: 3. Antwerp, 12: 3. Hamburg, 37: 0. Altona, 37: 1. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25: 15. Bourdeaux, 25: 45. Frankfort on the Maine, 151½. Petersburg, per rble. 9: 3. Us. Berlin, 7: 10. Vienna, 10: 2. Eff. flo. Trieste, 10: 2. Eff. flo. Madrid, 36¼. Cadiz, 35½. Bilbao, 35½. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 43½. Genoa, 44½. Venice, 27: 0. Malta, 0: 0. Naples, 39. Palermo, per oz. 116½. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 51¼. Rio Janeiro, 47¾. Bahia, 49. Dublin, 9½. per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3: 17: 9d. per oz. New Doubloons, £3: 15: 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 10¼d. Silver in bars, stand. 5s. 0¼d.

PRICES CURRENT, Dec. 10.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57	to 59	54	57	51	53	54	57
Mid. good, and fine mid.	60	67	58	70	—	—	58	66
Fine and very fine, . . .	70	76	—	—	66	72	67	71
Refined Doub. Loaves, . .	106	115	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto,	—	—	—	—	—	—	85	88
Single ditto,	90	104	87	96	—	—	78	84
Small Lumps,	82	85	83	85	—	—	75	78
Large ditto,	80	84	78	80	—	—	80	88
Crushed Lumps,	33	38	—	—	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, ewt.	30	—	27 6	28	27 6	—	26 6	—
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	44	50	—	—	38	49	50	53
Ord. good, and fine ord.	55	70	50	64	51	65	52	73
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70	80	68	88	72	92	82	100
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	35	50	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	—	58	68	54	63	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	70	—	70	86	—	—
St Domingo,	122	126	—	—	57	58	57	60
Pimento (in Bond,)	9	10	—	—	7½	8	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 0	2 2	1s 9d	1s 10	1s 6d	1s 7d	1s 8d	1s 10
Brandy,	3 0	3 6	—	—	—	—	2 10	3 0
Geneva,	2 3	2 4	—	—	—	—	1 4	1 9
Grain Whisky,	4 0	0 0	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	40	55	—	—	—	—	£25	£50
Portugal Red, pipe,	34	44	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spanish White, butt,	34	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe,	27	29	—	—	—	—	22	28
Madeira,	40	0	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton,	£10	0	£7 0	7 5	£7	—	£7	7 10
Honduras,	—	—	—	—	7 5	—	7	7 5
Campeachy,	8	—	—	—	7 15	—	8 10	—
FUSTIC, Jamaica,	7	8	8 0	8 8	8 0	—	6 0	7 10
Cuba,	9	11	9 10	10 0	9 10	10 5	9	11 0
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	10s	11s 6	—	—	10s 0	11s 0	10s 0	13s 0
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 0	2 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid,)	2 2	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, . . .	1 0	1 6	1 1	1 4	0 11	1 2	0 10	1 0
St Domingo, ditto,	1 6	3 6	1 6	3 0	1 6	2 6	1 9	2 0
TAR, American, brl.	18	—	18	—	14 0	16 0	13 0	—
Archangel,	17 0	17 6	—	—	—	—	16 0	16 6
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	8 0	9 0
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	38 0	40	40	—	36 6	37	33 0	35 6
Home melted,	39	40	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	—	42	45	—	—	—	£42 0	—
Petersburgh, Clean,	40	—	40	41	39	40	37 15	38 0
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	48	50	—	—	—	—	£52 0	£53
Dutch,	50	75	—	—	—	—	45	55
Irish,	33	43	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel,	—	100	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	17	21	—	—	—	—	14 10	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . . .	40	—	—	—	—	—	36	—
Montreal, ditto,	40	41	—	—	37 5	37 6	34	36
Pot,	37	—	—	—	33 6	—	39	40
OIL, Whale, tun,	26	—	27	27 10	—	—	25	—
Cod,	25	—	23	25	—	—	24	25 0
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	7½	7½	7½	7½	0 5½	0 8	0	7½
Middling,	5½	6½	5½	6½	0 3½	0 5	0 0	4 0 5
Inferior,	4	5	4	4½	0 2	0 2½	0 0	2½ 0 2½
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 8½	0 9½	0 8½	0 9½	0	7½ 0 9
Sea Island, fine,	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 3	1 5	1 0	1 8
Good,	—	—	1 2	1 5	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Middling,	—	—	1 1	1 ½	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Demerara and Berbice, . . .	—	—	0 10½	0 11½	0 10½	1 0½	0 11	1 0
West India,	—	—	0 8½	0 9	0 7½	1 0	0 9	0 10½
Pernambuco,	—	—	0 10½	0 11	0 11½	1 0	0 11	1 0
Maranhm,	—	—	0 10½	0 11	0 10½	0 11½	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Nov. 1	M.36	29.568	M.45	NW.	Nov. 16	M.28	29.472	M.38	SW.	Day showery
	A. 44	.568	A. 45			A. 37	.402	A. 39		
2	M.55	28.999	M.44	NW.	17	M.41	28.770	M.51	SW.	Hail & sleet.
	A. 44	.996	A. 45			A. 55	.825	A. 50		
3	M.52	29.225	M.45	SW.	18	M.52	29.812	M.45	SW.	Foren.sunsh. aftern. dull.
	A. 39	.190	A. 40			A. 58	.285	A. 44		
4	M.27	.240	M.59	SW.	19	M.52	.289	M.50	W.	Day fair, dull night snow.
	A. 34	.322	A. 58			A. 41	.289	A. 47		
5	M.28	.355	M.38	NW.	20	M.51	28.302	M.40	Cble.	Day frost, night rain.
	A. 51	.575	A. 58			A. 58	.999	A. 41		
6	M.34	.682	M.37	NW.	21	M.55	.935	M.14	SW.	Dull, with rain.
	A. 55	.202	A. 39			A. 41	.999	A. 41		
7	M.59	.325	M.45	Cble.	22	M.55	.856	M.40	N.	Day sleet and rain.
	A. 50	.215	A. 47			A. 39	.591	A. 40		
8	M.40	.176	M.45	SW.	23	M.55	.456	M.41	NE.	Ditto.
	A. 44	.292	A. 43			A. 42	.205	A. 42		
9	M.34	.455	M.46	SW.	24	M.56	.517	M.44	NE.	Rain most of day.
	A. 40	.204	A. 45			A. 42	.862	A. 43		
10	M.34	.175	M.45	SW.	25	M.55	.950	M.41	NW.	Day fair, evening cold.
	A. 45	.294	A. 45			A. 40	29.584	A. 59		
11	M.56	.321	M.45	SW.	26	M.51	.438	M.38	NW.	Dull morn, day sunsh.
	A. 43	.425	A. 42			A. 56	.626	A. 38		
12	M.55	.364	M.42	SW.	27	M.29	.625	M.36	Cble.	Very dull,
	A. 38	.680	A. 40			A. 54	.460	A. 56		
13	M.32	.315	M.44	SW.	28	M.29	28.968	M.55	Cble.	Morn. snow, day h. rain.
	A. 45	28.865	A. 44			A. 55	.809	A. 41		
14	M.38	.862	M.50	SW.	29	M.56	.242	M.42	SW.	Fair, but dull.
	A. 44	29.124	A. 48			A. 44	.568	A. 49		
15	M.27	.498	M.84	SW.	30	M.26	.999	M.55	NW.	Day frost, snow night
	A. 34	.499	A. 45			A. 32	.795	A. 35		

Average of rain, 4.259.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of October, and 20th of November, 1824; extracted from the London Gazette.

Abrahams, L. of Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, merchant.

Allison, J. Church-street, Camberwell, coach-master.

Badcock, J. St John's-street, bootmaker.

Baker, C. Ratcliff-highway, grocer.

Banks, R. Paddington, Mary-le-bone, tailor.

Barnes, T. and H. Wentworth, New Corn Exchange, Mark-lane, millers.

Beech, J. Newcastle-under-Lyme, currier.

Bennet, Blandford Forum, Dorset, wine-merchant.

Biggs, G. Bradford, Wilts, clothier.

Biggs, H. Blandford Forum, Dorset, mercer.

Birt, G. Pickett-street, tea-dealer.

Boswell, F. S. Strand, shopkeeper.

Brook, J. late of Choppards in Wooldall, Kirkburton, York, clothier.

Browne, J. H. Clapham, linen-draper.

Brown, J. Rochdale, Lancaster, innholder.

Buncombe, R. Mile-end New-town, coal and potatoe dealers.

Byers, E. Prince's-street, Soho, whalebone merchant.

Capon, G. Oxford-street, upholsterer.

Chancellor, D. jun. Stowe Upland, Suffolk, maltster.

Chant, J. B. Somerset, grocer.

Clark, W. Speld-hurst-street, Burton-Crescent, coal-merchant and lath-render.

Clark, W. Kingston-upon-Hull, seedsman and coal-merchant.

Cooke, J. Bristol, brightsmith.

Cooper, F. East Derham, Norfolk, grocer.

Craig, J. Austinfriars-passage, merchant.

Croose, J. Cheltenham, tallow-chandler.

Dauncey, J. of Coaley Mills, Uley, Gloucestershire, woollen manufacturer.

Dawes, J. Oxford-street, orange-merchant.

Douglass, J. Blackburn, bookseller.

Dring, T. Bristol, brewer.

Drury, R. and G. Thompson, both late of New Park-street, Southwark, but now of Luke-street, Finsbury-square, and Turnham Green, brewers.

Fade, C. Stourmarket, Suffolk, grocer.

Ellis, A. Hackney, carpenter.

Farques, F. P. Berwick-street, Soho, printer.

Fauntleroy, H. Berner's-street, banker.

Foxeon, R. Norton Grange, Durham, common brewer.

France, T. Paddington, timber-merchant.

Francis, R. Wellclose-square, hatmaker.

Gardner, C. Mile-end-road, merchant.

Gibson, J. Cambridge, dealer.

Greening, W. Hampstead, carpenter.

Guyer, J. Woolwich, tailor.

Hassall, W. Newgate-street, hatter.

Haddon, T. South Burton-mews, Berkeley-square, stable keeper.

Hickson, M. Manchester, tailor.

Hide, R. High-street, Bloomsbury, bedstead-maker.

Hill, W. Greenfield, Flint, paper-manufacturer.

Hippon, W. Earls-court, Dewsbury, York, merchant.

Hodgson, J. late of Bath, auctioneer.

Holman, J. New Mills, Glossop, victualler.

Hoskins, R. Manchester, merchant.

Hunt, T. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, and Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-spinner.

Huntington, J. Skinner-street, jeweller.

Hyatt, W. Dorset-street, Manchester-square, upholsterer.

Ingham, J. Aldgate, woollen-draper.

Jackson, S. G. Loughborough, Leicestershire, corn merchant.

Johnson, P. Woolwich, linen-draper.

Johnson, T. O. Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn fields, dealer in musi

King, T. Crofton, Northumberland, ship-owner.
 Lee, P. C. and W. Ballard, Hammersmith, linen-draper.
 Levy, H. Rathbone-place, glass-dealer.
 Lewis, J. Bristol, merchant.
 Lloyd, F. Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars-road, malt-factor.
 Macmillan, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Manall, W. Great Wild-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, baker.
 Marsdall, T. Basinghall-street, Blackwell-hall factor.
 Marsh, W., J. H. Stracey, H. Fauntleroy, and G. E. Graham, Berner's-street, bankers.
 Marshall, W. Stepney, builder.
 Matthews, T. and W. Bingham, Kingston-upon-Hull, drapers.
 May, N. Stepney, builder.
 Neverd, W. Brunswick-street, Hackney-read, baker.
 Oldfield, J. Westholm, Somerset, tanner.
 Oldham, J. Bristol, woollen-draper.
 Oliver, T. Park-place, Regent's-park, stage-master.
 Parker, C. Bristol, tailor.
 Pilkington, W. G. Illford, victualler.
 Preston, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, broker.
 Rackham, J. Strand, bookseller.
 Radclyffe, E. High Holborn, carver and gilder.
 Ryall, W. and T. Upper Berkeley-street West, stone-masons.
 Sanders, W. Wood-street, Cheapside, ribbon manufacturer.
 Seagrim, J. jun. Wilton, Wilts, carpet manufacturer.

Sell, J. George-street, Tower-hill, cheesemonger.
 Shepherd, W. Sloane-terrace, Chelsea, plumber.
 Simpson, N. Shelton, Stafford, manufacturer of earthenware.
 Solomon, M. Great Prescott-street, hardwareman.
 Sparks, J. M. Mount-place, Whitechapel, merchant.
 Spencer, J. M. Chipping Wyeombe, Bucks, coach-master.
 Startling, T. Islington, bookseller.
 Stevens, W. H. Islington, dealer in earthenware.
 Stewart, D. and W. M'Adam, Troweridge, tea-dealers.
 Strachan, A. Liverpool, master-mariner.
 Stunton, G. Brighton, carpenter.
 Styring, C. jun. Sheffield, dealer.
 Tibbet, R. Stepney, cheesemonger.
 Tickner, J. late of Fitcham, Surry, and of Brighton, Sussex, now of Padeln-corner, Essex, horse-dealer.
 Valle, W. Newington-causeway, draper.
 Vincent, J. Trowbridge, Wilts, clothier.
 Warden, J. of New Sarum, Wilts, money-scriver.
 Watson, G. Lancaster, innkeeper.
 Wignall, C. Liverpool, turpentine dealer.
 Winkles, R. sen. and R. W. Winkles, jun. Islington, coal-merchants.
 Wood, E. Birch-in-lane, merchant.
 Woolley, H. sen. of Winster, Derbyshire, grocer and draper.
 Wroots, R. and Joseph Adkins, Great Titchfield-street, linen-drappers.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th of November, 1824, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Aitken, John, grocer and spirit-dealer, Hawick.
 Greig, James, writer in Kilmarnock, builder, and printer, and publisher.
 Hardy, James, grocer in Kirkaldy.
 Mitchell, J. and A. merchants, Kilmarnock.
 Swinton, Henry, merchant and ship-owner, Grangemouth.

DIVIDENDS.

Clark, Robert and Adam, cattle-dealers in White-side; a dividend 15th December.
 Cochrane, Archibald, of Ashkirk, sometime merchant, Fisher-row; a dividend 29th December.

Elliot, James, late merchant in Hawick; a final dividend on 18th January.
 Forrester and Buchanan, wood-merchants in Glasgow; a dividend 10th December.
 Gow, James, jun. merchant-tailor in Glasgow; a dividend after 24th December.
 Henniker, J. and L. merchants in Glasgow; a dividend on 21st December.
 M'Gowans, Watson, and Company, merchants in Glasgow; a dividend on 23d December.
 Sinclair, William, merchant in Lerwick; a dividend 29th December.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

1 Life Gds.	Cor. and Sub. Lt. Chetwynd, Lt. by purch. vice De Roos, prom.	14 Dr.	Lt. H. Gage, Capt. by purch. vice Badcock, 8 Dr.	28 do.
	1 Nov. 1824.		Cor. Musgrave, Lt. by purch. vice Willes, ret.	27 do.
1 Dr.	H. Peyton, Cor. and Sub. Lieut. do. Cor. Sir L. P. Glyn, Bt. Lieut. by purch. vice Wathen, 15 Dr.		Cor. Smith, do.	28 do.
	4 do.		C. Delme, Cor.	do.
	John Barney Petre, Cor. by purch. vice Glyn		J. M. Dawson, Cor.	4 Nov.
4	Cor. Bulkley, Lt. by purch. vice Methold, 75 F.		Lt. Wathen, from 1 Dr. Lt. vice Bayard, ret.	do.
	14 Oct.	Gren. Gds.	2d Lt. M'Kinnon, from Rifle Br. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Wigram, ret.	do.
	J. R. Somerville, Cor.		Bn. Surg. Watson, Surg. Maj. vice Nixon, ret.	11 do.
6	R. Whyte, Cor. by purch. vice Lord Pelham, R. Ho. Gds.		As. Surg. Armstrong, Surg. vice Watson	do.
8	Bt. Lt. Col. Lord G. W. Russell, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Westera, ret.		Coldst. Gds. Ens. Cotton, from 62 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Graves, prom.	6 do.
	28 do.		1 F. Capt. Glover, Maj. by purch. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Nixon, ret.	21 Oct.
	Capt. Baumgardt, Maj. by purch. vice Deare, prom.		Lt. Suckling, Capt.	do.
	21 do.		Ens. Temple, Lt.	do.
	Bt. Maj. Badcock, from 14 Dr. Maj. by purch.		E. Every, Ens.	do.
	28 do.			
	Lt. Morgell, Capt.			
	21 do.			
	Cor. Spooner, Lt.			
	do.			
	B. Wodehouse, Cor.			

- 7 F. Ehs. Lord S. A. Chichester, from 43 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Greaves, prom. 34 F. 4 Nov.
- 10 Bt. Lt. Col. A. S. King, from h. p. 98 F. Maj. vice Gordon, exch. 11 do.
- 16 Lieut. Hutchison, from h. p. Staff Corps Cav. Lt. vice Rigney, dead 5 May.
- Ens. Henley, Lt. vice O'Hara, dead 25 do.
- Luxmore, Lt. vice Wall, dead 11 June.
- G. Mylius, Ens. 27 Oct.
- W. S. Smith, do. 28 do.
- 30 Staff Qua. Mas. Serj. Ward, Qua. Mas. vice Kingsley, dead 21 do.
- 31 Surg. White, from h. p. 84 F. Surg. vice Callow, exch. 11 Nov.
- 34 Maj. Faunt, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Dickens, ret. 28 Oct.
- Capt. Davies, Maj. do.
- Lt. Greaves, from 7 F. Capt. do.
- 36 Lt. Cairns, Capt. by purch. vice Fraser, 50 F. 4 Nov.
- Ens. Skerry, Lt. do.
- Hon. F. Petre, Ens. do.
- 41 2d Lt. Price, from 60 F. Ens. vice Tathwell, prom. 7 Oct.
- 43 Gent. Cadet, Wilbraham Egerton, from R. Mill. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Lord Chichester, prom. in 7 F. 4 Nov.
- 45 W. Hope, Ens. vice Harrison, 83 F. do.
- 46 Lt. Graham, from h. p. 23 F. Lt. vice Hutchinson, 76 F. 11 do.
- 50 Bt. Lt. Col. Fraser, from 36 F. Maj. by purch. vice Price, ret. 4 do.
- Capt. Shaw, from 97 F. Capt. vice Bartley, h. p. 89 F. do.
- 60 G. Brockman, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Price, 41 F. 21 Oct.
- Ens. Wilford, from h. p. 11 F. Ens. vice Wolff, exch. 11 Nov.
- Paym. Maclauren, from 77 F. Paym. vice Read, h. p. do.
- Ens. Liddele, Adj. vice Wolff, res. Adj. only 19 Aug.
- 62 W. Guard, Ens. by purch. vice Cotton, Coldst. Gds. 6 Nov.
- Lt. Mair, from 47 F. Lt. vice A. Stewart, h. p. 47 F. 11 do.
- 72 Ens. Hickson, from h. p. 12 F. Qua. Mast. Campbell, exch. do.
- 73 Ens. Townsend, from 75 F. Lt. by purch. vice Lytleton, ret. 28 Oct.
- 75 Gent. Cadet, J. Graham, fm. R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Townsend, 73 F. do.
- 76 Lieut. Hutchinson, from 46 F. Lieut. Wood, h. p. 23 F. 11 Nov.
- 81 Lt. Duval, Capt. by purch. vice Jenkins, ret. 28 Oct.
- Ens. March, Lt. do.
- A. Splaine, Ens. do.
- 82 Lt. Campbell, from Col. Comp. Mauritius, Lt. vice Holdsworth, h. p. Col. Comp. Mauritius do.
- 83 Ens. Harrison, from 45 F. Lt. vice Summerfield, dead do.
- 84 Surg. Callow, from 31 F. Surg. vice White, exch. 11 Nov.
- 90 Bt. Maj. Dixon, Maj. vice Wright, dead 20 Sept.
- Lt. Cox, Capt. vice Dixon do.
- Ens. Popham, Lt. vice Cox do.
- Eyles, Lt. by purch. vice Maclean, 95 F. 6 Nov.
- 95 Lt. Maclean, from 90 F. Capt. by purch. vice Fox, prom. 28 Oct.
- 97 Capt. Logie, from h. p. 92 F. Capt. vice Shaw, 50 F. 4 Nov.
- 99 Ens. Caldwell, Lt. by purch. vice Hamilton, 2 W. 1. R. 28 Oct.
- S. W. H. Ramsbottom, Ens. do.
- Paym. Irwin, from h. p. 54 F. Paym. do.
- Ens. Last, Lt. by purch. vice Beauclerk, prom. 20 Nov.
- 99 Jaffray Nicholson, Ens. by purch. vice Last 20 Nov.
- Rifle Brig. Gent. Cadet J. S. Cameron, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lt. by purch. vice McKinnon, Gren. Gds. 4 Nov.
- 2 W. 1. R. Lt. Hamilton, from 99 F. Capt. by purch. vice Ross, Afr. Col. Corps 21 Oct.
- Ceylon R. Lt. Malcolm, Capt. vice Dunne, dead 4 May.
- 2d Lt. Mylius, 1st Lt. vice Smith, dead 30 do.
- W. Garstin, 2d Lt. 28 Oct.
- 2d Lt. Warburton, 1st Lt. vice Malcolm, prom. 11 Nov.
- Fra. Norris Toole, 2d Lt. vice Warburton do.
- Afr. Col. Co. Capt. Ross, from 2 W. 1. R. Capt. vice Donald, ret. 21 Oct.
- Qua. Mast. Serj. Brown, of late W. 1. Rang. Qua. Mast. vice Mahon, dead 28 do.
- Geo. Anth. Nott, Paym. 24 do.
- 2 R. Vet. Bn. Lt. Griffiths, from h. p. R. Art. Drivers, Lt. vice Griesbach, returns to his former h. p. 11 Nov.

Unattached.

Capt. Fox, from 95 F. Maj. of Inf. by purch. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Long, ret. 6 Nov. 1824.

Capt. Chichester, from 2 Life Gds. Maj. of Inf. by purch. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Dunsmore, ret. do.

Lt. Hon. W. T. Graves, from Coldst. Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Dalzel, ret. do.

Lt. Beauclerk, from 99 F. Capt. by purch. vice Payne, ret. 20 do.

Ordnance Department.

Royal Eng. Capt. Oldfield, from h. p. Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Kilvington, h. p. 30 Sept. 1824.

2d Capt. Melhuish, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Macdonald, ret. 28 do.

Garrisons.

Lt. Schwartz, h. p. Nova Scotia Fen. Town Adj. of Cape Breton, vice Weeks, dead 25 June, 1824.

Hospital Staff.

Assist. Surg. Hunter, from h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Assist. Surg. vice Hosp. Assist. Ewing, 21 F. 8 Sept. 1824.

W. Thompson, Hosp. As. vice Geddes, dead 12 Oct.

Surg. Maj. Nixon, of Gren. Gds. to have the Rank of Insp. of Hospitals, without any additional Pay 10 Nov.

Chaplains Department.

Rev. R. J. Hatchman, A.B. Chaplain to the Forces, vice R. G. Curtois, h. p. 11 Oct. 1824.

Exchanges.

Major Lockyer, from 19 F. with Major Lenn, 57 F. Capt. Forster, from 75 F. with Capt. Lord Churchill, h. p. 85 F.

Lieut. Harrison, from 53 F. with Lieut. Adams, Cape Corps.

Paym. Bowden, from 2 F. with Paym. Darby, h. p. 21 Dr.

Qua. Mast. Griffith, from 1 F. with Lieut. Mackay, h. p. 42 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Westera, 8 Dr.

— Nixon, 1 F.

— Dickens, 34 F.

— Price, 50 F.

— Long, R. Mar.

— Dunsmore, do.

Major Dalzell, R. Mar.

Capt. Jenkins, 81 F.
 — Donald, R. Afr. Col. Corps.
 Lieut. Willes, 14 Dr.
 — Wigram, Gren. Gds.
 — Lyttleton, 73 F.
 Hosp. Assist. J. Thornton.
 — C. Pargeter.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. Jeaffreson, of late 4 Gar. Bn.
 — Desbrisay, late of Royal Art. Teignmouth, Devonshire, March 23.
 Maj. Gen. T. Carey, late of 3 F. G. London, 9 Nov. 1824.
 Col. W. Marlay, Dep. Qua. Mast. Gen. at Madras, 6 May, 1824.
 Lieut. Col. Warren, 47 F. East Indies.
 — Wright, 90 F. Cephalonia, 19 Sep. 1824.
 Major Hart, h. p. Glengarry Fen. 30 July, 1824.
 Captain Smith, 11 Dr. Philibeat, near Barully, Bengal, 4 May, 1824.
 — Perry, 38 F. Fort William, Bengal, 11 Apr.
 — Coote, Wallajahabad, Madras, 25 May.
 — Sheehy, 89 F.
 — Sir J. A. Giffard, Bt. h. p. 24 Dr. 28 Aug. 1823.
 — Bayly, do. 1824.
 — Sidaway, h. p. Wagg. Train, 11 Jan.
 — Rice, h. p. 53 F. 6 June, 1823.
 — Tathwell, h. p. Indep. 26 Apr. 1824.
 — Cooke, do. 17 Oct.
 — Hall, So. Lincoln Mil. 17 Nov. 1824.
 Lieut. Carroll, 4 Dr. London, 17 Nov. 1824.
 — Howard, 13 F. killed in action with the Burmese, May.
 — Claus, 54 F. Madras, 5 June.
 — Cartwright, R. Afri. Col. Corps, Cape Coast, 29 Aug.
 — Mackenzie, do. do. 27 May.
 — Brown, of late Inval. Windsor, 7 Nov.
 — Bailey, of late V. Bn.
 — Chittie, do. do.
 — Smith, h. p. Wagg. Train, Britford, near Salisbury, 18 Sept.
 — Hutchison, h. p. Coldst. Gds. 21 June.
 — Taggart, h. p. 60 F. drowned, Sept.
 — Grant, h. p. 97 P. 17 Sept.
 — M'Tavish, h. p. 3 W. I. R. Greenock, 6 July.
 — Fraser, h. p. 3 W. I. R. 7 Feb.
 — M'Leod, h. p. Duplop's Corps, Rasay, Invernesshire, 3 Oct. 1823.
 — Fellows, h. p. 1 Line Germ. Leg. 16 Apr. 1824.
 — Biermann, h. p. Brunsw. Inf. May, 1824.
 Ens. Cuming, 46 F. Madras, May, 1824.
 — Uniacke, R. Afr. Col. Corps.
 — Lock, h. p. 60 F. Jounah, Mominabad, East Ind. 16 May
 — Gaynor, h. p. 112 F.
 — Chisholm, h. p. R. Afr. Corps, Cape Coast, 1 July, 1824.

Chap. Raddish, h. p. 133 F. 12 July, 1824.
 Paym. Coward, h. p. 2 Dr. Tarbolton, near Kilmarnock, 30 Sept. 1824.
 Adj. Lt. Wall, of late 3 Vet. Bn. Jersey, 11 Nov. 1824.
 — Loy, h. p. Rec. Dist. 8 Jan.
 Quart. Mas. KINGSLEY, 30 F.
 — Dukes, h. p. Horse Gds. 25 Feb. 1824.
 — Tranter, h. p. 16 Dr. Ipswich, 24 Oct.

Medical Department.

Dr Schetky, Dep. Inspector of Hosp. on the passage from Sierra Leone to Cape Coast Castle, 5 Sept. 1824.
 — Haigh, h. p. Physic. 16 O.
 Staff Surg. Bach, h. p. Wurtemberg.
 Surg. Wynne, h. p. 57 F. formerly of R. Wagg. Train.
 — Edwards, h. p. 96 F. 5 Feb.
 — Dunn, Hereford Milit.
 Staff Ass. Sur. Dr Sibbald, Accra, Gold Coast, 7 Sept.

Removed by Sentence of a General Court Martial, held at Gibraltar, 6th July, 1824.

Ensign and Adj. Coward, 94 F.

Discharged by Sentence of the same Court Martial.

Lieut. White, 94 F.

Killed and Wounded in the Expedition under the command of Brigadier General Sir Archibald Campbell, K. C. B. Lieutenant Colonel of the 38th Regiment, against the Dominions of the King of Ava, between the 16th May and 16th June, 1824.

Between the 16th and 31st May.

KILLED.

Lieut. Howard, 13 F.

— Kerr, 38 F.

WOUNDED.

Major Chambers, 41 F. severely, but not dangerously.

Lieut. Mitchell, 38 F. right leg amputated, and left leg severely wounded.

— Lieut. O'Halloran, 38 F. left leg amputated.

Between the 1st and 16th June.

WOUNDED.

Lieut. Petry, 13 F. slightly.

— Grimes, 38 F. slightly.

In the Reduction of the island of Cheduba, 18th May, 1824.

WOUNDED.

Brev. Maj. Thornhill, 13 F. slightly.

Ensign Kershaw, 13 F. slightly.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

June 5. At Singapore, Mrs D. Napier, of a son.
 Oct. 21. At Logie Elphinstone, Mrs Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone, of a daughter.
 22. At Reveck, Strathspey, the lady of Captain James Gordon, of a son.
 23. At Cullmalundie, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Cunningham, of the Bombay Army, of a daughter.
 — At Achagoyle House, Argyllshire, Mrs Keith Macallister, of a daughter.
 28. At St Andrews, the lady of Professor Alexander, of a son.
 31. At Sea Lodge, Leith, Mrs J. R. Forrest, of a son.
 Nov. 2. At Kirkmay House, the lady of Robert Inglis, Esq. of Kirkmay, of a daughter.
 4. In Charlotte Square, the lady of Thomas Maitland, Esq. younger of Dundrennan, of a daughter.
 5. At Kelso Manse, Mrs Lundie, of a son.

6. At No. 10, Great King's Street, Mrs Campbell, of a son, who lived only a short time.

7. At Tayfield, Mrs Berry, of a son.

— Mrs Napier, 23, Albany Street, of a son.

8. At 18, Hill Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Dr. Gairdner, of a son.

— In Prince's Street, the Hon. Mrs Sinclair of Ulbster, of a son.

9. At Yester, the Marchioness of Tweeddale of a son.

10. At Rockvale House, Mrs M'Queen of a son, who lived only a short time.

11. At Jersey, the lady of Major Fyers, Royal Engineers, of a daughter.

— At Bellevue Crescent, Mrs James Balfour, of a son.

— At Hallrule, Roxburghshire, the lady of William Filder, Esq. Deputy Commissary-General, of a son.

14. At Chatham, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Pasley, of the Royal Engineers, of a son.

— At Woolwich, the lady of Capt. H. W. Gordon, of the Royal Artillery, of a son.

16. Mrs George Hogarth, No. 2, Nelson Street, of a son.

17. At Brighton Place, Portobello, the lady of Major Davidson, of a son.

— At Parkhill, the lady of Robert Warden, Esq. of Parkhill, of a son.

18. In George Square, Mrs Mitchell, of a daughter.

20. At Glasgow, Mrs Thomas Hunter, Hope Street, of twin daughters.

21. At Tunbridge Wells, the Hon. Mrs Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth, of a son.

23. At Hythe the Right Hon. Lady Greenock, of a son and heir.

— In George Street, Mrs Donaldson, of a son.

24. At Weens House, Roxburghshire, Mrs Cleg-horn of Weens, of a daughter.

26. In Windsor Street, the lady of Capt. Deans, Royal Navy, of a son.

— At Little Bookham Rectory, Surrey, the lady of the Rev. George Bollean Bollen, of a son.

— At Trinity House, Mrs Scot of Trinity, of a daughter.

27. At 32, Gayfield Square, Mrs Chas. Tawse, of a daughter.

— Mrs Hunter of Thurston, of a daughter.

28. Mrs J. A. Cheyne, No. 9, Castle Street, of a son.

29. In Union Street, Mrs Robert Dunlop, of a daughter.

30. In Bryanston Square London, the lady of Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Hislop, Bart. G.C.B. of a daughter.

— At Montpelier Park, Burrowmuirhead, the wife of R. Scott, Esq. of a son.

— At Pirrig Street, Leith Walk, Mrs B. Oliver, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

May 12. At Agra, in Bengal, J. W. Boyd, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Medical Service, to Miss Helen Merchand.

June 2. At Calcutta, Captain Joseph Orchard, of the Hon. Company's 1st European regiment, to Miss Maria Douglas, niece of Lieut.-Col. John Lewis Stewart.

Oct. 28. At Niddrie Mains, Mr William Hope, farmer, Duddingstone, to Mary, daughter of Mr Thomas Park, Bankhead.

Nov. 1. David Smart, Esq. Inch Grundle, to Julia Richardson, eldest daughter of Wm. Richardson, Esq. of his Majesty's Customs, Leith.

2. At Gossford, Captain Wildman, of the 7th Hussars, to Lady Margaret Charteris, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March.

— At Hartshed Church, Yorkshire, Charles John Brandling, Esq. of the 10th Royal Hussars, to Henrietta, youngest daughter of Sir George Armytage, Bart. of Kirkclee, in the same county.

— At the English Chapel, Lausanne, Switzerland, Thomas Medwin, Esq. of the late 21th Light Dragoons, to Anne Henrietta, Countesse de Starford.

— At Edinburgh, James Glen, Esq. distiller, Mains, Linlithgow, to Ann, daughter of the late Mr George Heriot.

4. At Vienna, the Archduke Francis Charles to the Princess Sophia of Bavaria.

5. At Lint House, George Kinnear, Esq. banker in Edinburgh, to Euphemia, daughter of Robert Watson, Esq. banker in Glasgow.

— At Ayr, Mr Garbutt, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, to Martha, youngest daughter of the late Mr David M'Whinnie, writer, Ayr.

10. At Edinburgh, James Hay, Esq. of Belton, Captain in the royal navy, to Miss Stewart of Physgill.

— At Auchtertyre, in the county of Forfar, by the Rev. Mr Smith, Newtyle, James Anderson, Esq. Cupar Grange, to Jessie, only daughter of William Watson, Esq. Auchtertyre.

11. At Setonhill, Mr Charles Crawford, East Fortune, to Jane May, daughter of the late John Dods, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. James Reid Brown, minister of the High Chapel, Berwick, to Mary Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr Burke, St Andrew's Square.

12. At the Protestant Church, at Lausanne, in Switzerland, Captain Wynne Baird, son of Robert Baird, Esq. of Newbyth, and nephew to General Sir David Baird, Bart. &c. to Miss Mad-

line Susan Cerjat, daughter of Henry Cerjat, Esq.

13. In George Street, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. the Earl of Glasgow, to Miss Julia Sinclair, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart.

15. At Edinburgh, John Taylor, Esq. attorney in Exchequer, to Dorothea Judith, fourth daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Lewis Hay, of the Royal Engineers.

— At Inverness, Donald Macqueen, Esq. of Corrybrough, Captain in the Madras Cavalry, to Margaret, daughter of James Grant, Esq. of Bught.

16. At Hamilton, Mr Alexander Stewart, Straven House, to Sarah, daughter of Robert Whitehead, Esq. M.D. Hamilton.

— At Edinburgh, Mr George Gilmour to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr John M'Glashan, merchant.

17. At Stirling, the Rev. John Jaffray, minister of Dunbar, to Isabella, second daughter of the late Thomas Lucas, Esq. surgeon, Stirling.

19. At Dunfermline, Mr James Fotheringham, manufacturer, to Isobel Ferguson, only daughter of Mr John Ferguson, merchant there.

25. At Dunfermline, by the Rev. Mr Barlas, Mr James Hutton, ironmonger, to Margaret, only daughter of Mr Robert Morgan, Pittencreeff.

— At Musselburgh, Captain William Walker, 85th regiment of foot, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late G. C. Ogilvie, Esq.

24. At Haddington, Mr Alexander Fyfe, surgeon, St Patrick Square, Edinburgh, to Ann, second daughter of the late Mr Andrew Matthew.

26. Mr David Young, merchant, Leith, to Christiana, daughter of the late Mr William Roy, farmer, Unthank, Fife.

— At Edinburgh, Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas of Greencroft, Dumfries-shire, to Jane Wilhelmina, second daughter of the late Erskine Douglas, Esq. M.D.

Lately. At West Grinstead Park, Sussex, Gabriel Shaw, Esq. to the Hon. Frances Erskine, eldest daughter of Lord Erskine.

— At Berlin, the King of Prussia to the Princess of Leignitz. She received the left hand of his Majesty at the altar, in place of the right, as a mark of her inferiority in rank to his Majesty. The marriage was private. She is said to be 26 years of age, and beautiful.

DEATHS.

April 9. At Calcutta, Mr Hall Jop, and on the 27th, at same place, Mr William Sibbald Jop, merchant, Leith.

May 20. At Assam, of the cholera morbus, while in command of the troops belonging to the East India Company sent to that country, Colonel George M'Morine.

— At Calcutta, James Hare, jun. son of James Hare, M. D. apothecary-general.

25. At Kandy, in Ceylon, of a fever caught on an official tour in the Seven Korles, the Hon. Sir John D'Oyly, Bart.

June 26. At Salem, near Madras, Robert John Hunter, Esq. son of the late Sir John Hunter, Consul-general in Spain; and at the same place, on the 3d July, Mrs Hunter.

July 22. At St Croix, John Gordon, Esq. of Cane Valley, in the 85d year of his age.

Sept. 1. At Kingston, Jamaica, Mr John M'Feat, son of Mr Walter M'Feat, of Glasgow.

2. At Andrews, Jamaica, Robert Lathan Mowbray, eldest son of Mr Mowbray, W. S.

12. At Black River, Jamaica, Alexander Bruce, Esq. of St Elizabeth's.

14. At Florence, Captain Donald Mackalister of Loup and Torresdale.

October 14. At Lisset, near Campbeltown, Captain Nash, R. N.

19. At Anstruther, Mr David Rogers, senior, corn factor.

20. At Kenmore, Mr James Macknaughton, surgeon.

21. Robert Pollock, Esq. of Cross-bank.

— At Sainte Adresse, in Normandy, aged 70, Robert Charles Dallas, Esq. formerly of the island of Jamaica, and author of the History of the Maroon War, Percival, Aubrey, &c.

22. At the Hotwells, Bristol, Sarah Gordon, third daughter of the late Cornelius Duran Battele, of the island of St Croix.

23. At Kerse, Mrs Greenshields; and on the

26th, Isabella, youngest daughter, of John Green-shields, Esq. of Kerse.

25. At Aberdeen, Francis Suther, Esq. factor to the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, on the estate of Sutherland.

— At Ditton, near London, George Alexander Wylie, eldest son of the late Dr Wylie.

— At Dupplin Castie, the seat of the Earl of Kinnoul, Miss Hammond, the only child of Lieut.-General Sir Thomas and Lady Hammond.

— John Hamilton, Esq. of Broomfield.

30. At Dublin, after a protracted illness, the Rev. C. R. Maturin, M. A. Curate of St Peter's.

— Mrs Janet Watson, wife of John Seales, writer, Glasgow.

— At Southampton, the wife of Lieutenant Henry Downes, R. N. She retired to rest in perfect health. They were married only a fortnight.

Nov. 1. At Edinburgh, Miss Mary Reid, third daughter of the late Rev. James Reid of Kinglasie.

— At Howburn, Miss Janet White.

2. At her house, Leith Street, Mrs Anne Donaldson, relict of Mr Thomas Donaldson, merchant.

— At Irvine, William Snodgrass, Esq. in his 84th year.

— In the 72d year of his age, John Craig, Esq. of Kirkton.

— Mrs Anne Welsh, relict of Mr Alexander Tweedie, late in Drevu.

4. At Dalkeith, in his 74th year, Dr Andrew Graham, physician.

— At Mousewold Manse, the Rev. Jacob Dickson, minister of that parish.

6. At Dunfermline, the Rev. Dr Black, one of the ministers of the Chalmers' Street congregation.

— At Ecclefechan, James Miller, Esq. of Castlebank.

— At Dumfries, Robert Leef, merchant, Edinburgh.

7. At Stockbridge, Mr Charles Manson, late of Tobago.

— At Crescent, near Dundee, Miss Brown, daughter of the late Professor Brown, St Andrews, and sister to the Rev. Principal Brown, Aberdeen.

— At Kirkcaldy, Mr Henry Oliphant, third son of the late Henry Oliphant, Esq.

8. At the Manse of Annan, the Rev. William Hardie Moncrieff, minister of that parish.

— At Castlebarns near Edinburgh, Mr John Alexander, accountant.

9. At Dublin, Richard Earl of Annesley, Viscount Glerawly, and Baron Castlewillan.

10. At his seat, Dallam Tower, Westmoreland, Daniel Wilson, Esq. in his 78th year.

11. At Paisley, Mr James Orr, of the house of William Orr and Son, manufacturers.

13. At Hendon, Thomas Nicol, formerly lieutenant-colonel of the 70th regiment.

14. At Dalkeith, Mr John Bruce, son of the late Mr Alexander Bruce, upholsterer.

15. At Gayfield Square, Mrs Anna Foggo, widow of the Rev. James Watson, one of the ministers of Canongate.

16. At Edinburgh, the infant son of Laurence Johnston, Esq. of Sands.

— At Killermont, Miss Laura Colquhoun, youngest daughter of the late Lord Clerk Register.

16. At Perth, Cecilia Awstin, daughter of Captain Joseph Austin of Kilsindy, and relict of the late John Gloag, Esq. of Greenhill, aged 86.

17. At Transy, near Dunfermline, John Wilson, Esq. late provost of Dunfermline.

— At Pathhead, Lesmahagow, after a long and very painful illness, the Rev. Robert Andrew Wharrie, preacher, fifth son of the late Robert Wharrie of Pathhead.

— At Meadow Place, Miss Helen Jervis Ramage.

18. At Edinburgh, Hugh Fraser, Esq. younger of Eskadale.

— In Buccleuch Street, Miss Clementina Cleg-horn.

19. At Edinburgh, Emily Jane, fifth daughter of General Sir John Hope.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Christie, widow of Captain James Christie, of the city guard.

20. At Edinburgh, Mrs Harriet Mitchelson, relict of Dr Daniel Rutherford, Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh.

21. Mr John Chambers, of the White Horse inn, Canongate.

22. At Comely Bank, Mrs Isabella Bennet, relict of Archibald Hope, Esq. Collector of Excise.

— At Springfield, General the Hon. John Leslie Cuming.

23. John Erskine, Esq. late of the 94th regiment.

25. Mr John White, journeyman compositor with Mr Neill, Old Fishmarket Close.—He may be said to have lost his life by the late fires, having been in good health on Monday the 16th, and in consequence of his exertions during the two nights of the calamity, was seized with inflammation of the chest.

26. At No. 7, Bellevue Crescent, Edward, the infant son of James Balfour, Esq.

— At Cardon, Mr Alexander Welsh.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Scotland, Esq. W.S.

27. Jessie, daughter of Mr French, Lothian Street, aged 17.

28. In Nicholson Square, Mrs Marien Brown, spouse of James Spittal, Esq. merchant, aged 52.

— At St Andrews, the Rev. Dr John Cook, Professor of Divinity, St Mary's College.

— At Jock's Lodge, Major Morrison, Royal Marines.

29. At Fountainbridge, near Edinburgh, Mr David Greig, writer, Greenock.

— At Salisbury Cottage, Martha, infant daughter of James Douglas, Esq. accountant, Commercial Bank of Scotland.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Blair, relict of Hugh Blair, Esq. of Dunroad, in her 86th year.

30. At Edinburgh, J. G. Schetky, Esq. aged 85, for many years a professor of music in this city; and at Cape Coast Castle, on the 5th of September, his son, John Alexander Schetky, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, Deputy Inspector of Hospitals, and Member of Council at Sierra Leone.

Lately, in Patrick county, Virginia, John Camson, aged 120 years.

— At Drumlanrig toll-bar, on his way from Ayr to London, Captain Kissock, R. N. aged 36. He was in robust health when he commenced his journey.

DIED AT EDINBURGH, ON THE 5TH DAY OF NOVEMBER LAST,
WILLIAM RUSSELL, ESQ. ADVOCATE.

WE cannot permit these words to stand in this Magazine unaccompanied by some expression, however poor and inadequate, of the feelings which the event they record has excited in many hearts—and in few, most certainly, more strongly than our own.

The name of Mr WILLIAM RUSSELL was, and had for many years been, known and honoured in the literary circles of Scotland; but his conduct had been so modest, his modes of life so unobtrusive, that, in so far as we know, his reputation had scarcely travelled beyond his own country, when he was thus cut off in the very prime and vigour of an intellect which could not have been exerted, as he always did exert it, much longer without attracting an abundant share of notice and distinction.

As it is—if his friends should be induced, (as we hope they may be,) to present the world with some collection of Mr Russell's Essays from the periodical works to which he had contributed, there can be no doubt that his name must assume and retain a distinguished place in the political literature of this age. The largeness and comprehension of his views, the sound, solid sense of his reasoning, the vigour of his argument, and the massive energy of his eloquence, would have rendered him a most powerful auxiliary in any cause; and he never exerted these great talents but for the cause which was and ought to have been dear to him, as a gentleman, a patriot, and a Christian. During the tumult and agitation of the last war, he, then young and friendless, stood forth almost alone in Edinburgh—we might, perhaps, say in Scotland—as the bold and determined friend and defender of those principles which have eventually led to the salvation of this country and her constitution in church and state. He began to write, when all the political writing that anybody heard of in Scotland, was Whig—and nobody had more temptations, if anything could have tempted him, to join that active and then clever party, than he. He understood their views, he feared not their powers, and he laid the foundation of the literary opposition, which has since utterly ruined and annihilated the influence of those who, at that never-to-be-forgotten period, possessed the almost absolute sway of the political press of Scotland,—and who exercised that authority for purposes well worthy of the impudence which alone could have led to its assumption.

In his more mature years, Mr Russell continued to be one of the firmest and most effectual friends of the cause which in Scotland had owed so much to the zeal of his youth; and among other matters, he was the author of a great many of the best serious political papers that have appeared in these pages.

In History, Politics, and Political Economy, his attainments were of the first order. He was also thoroughly skilled in the jurisprudence of his country, and being gifted with very superior powers as a speaker, must, but for fortuitous circumstances, have risen to the very head of his profession.

We have never met with a man whose character was more perfectly appreciated among all who had any access to know him. It was impossible for anybody to see much of him, without feeling that every action, and every word of his, were dictated by a heart fraught with every sentiment of honour and kindness. Nothing mean, crooked, or sinister, could endure his presence. There was a purity and dignity in his mind, that never failed to overawe and banish those whom it did not attract and win. Few men had more personal friends than he;—and never was any man more uniformly and deeply respected by all who were entitled to consider themselves as his associates.

This gentleman, dying in his 37th year, has left abundant proofs at least, if not any one adequate monument, of his intellectual power. Equally amiable and estimable in every relation of public and private life; he has bequeathed sorrow to all that knew him—and pride to those immediate connexions who can never cease to deplore his loss. It will not be easy to fill up the void that has been created amongst us by the disappearance of WILLIAM RUSSELL.

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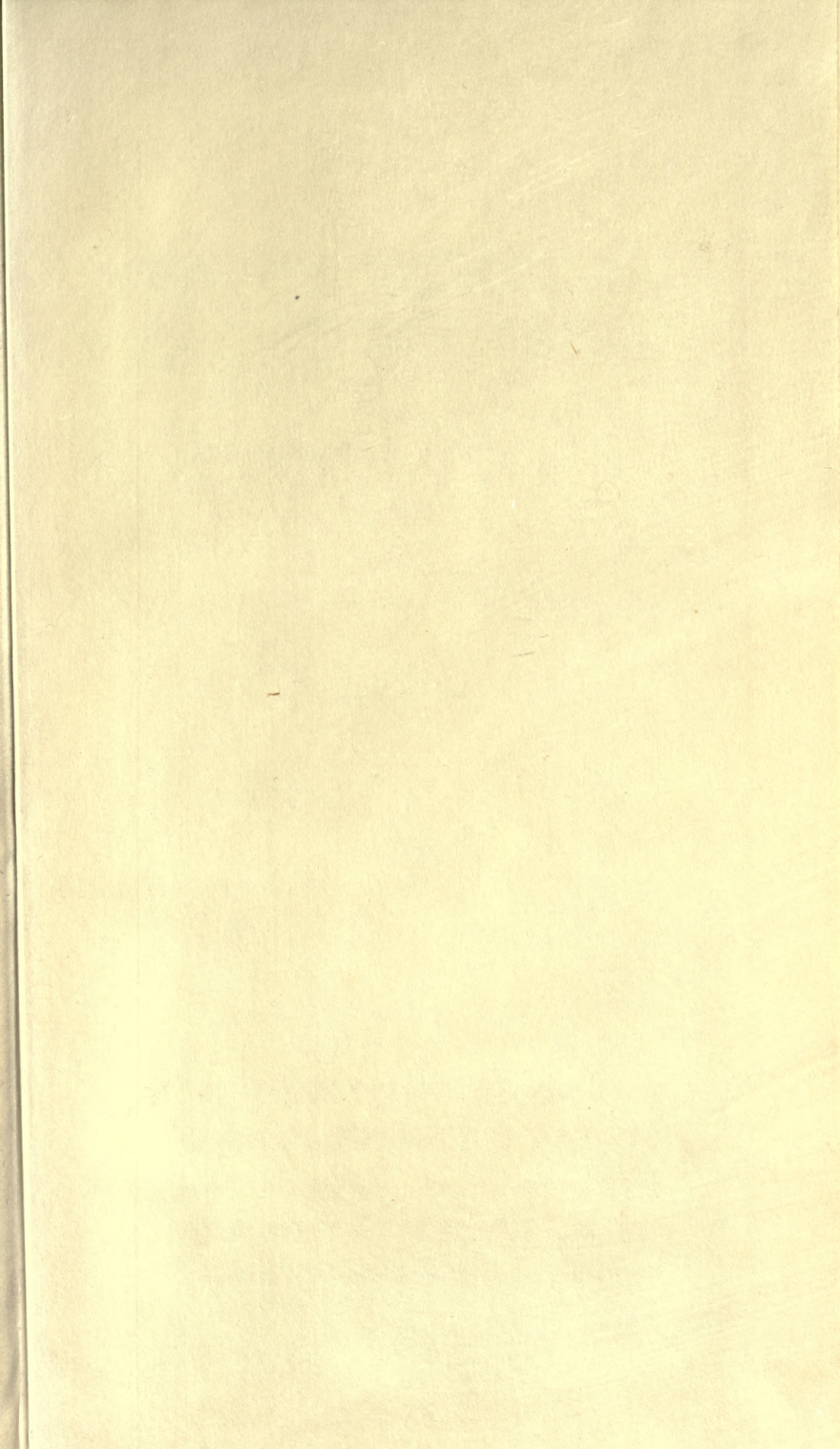
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