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BLACKWOOD'S

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VOL. XX.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1826.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

AND

T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

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WILLIAM BLACK & CO. EDINBURGH

T. GADDELL STRAND, LONDON

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CXIV.

JULY, 1826.

VOL. XX.

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

No. I.

SHUT your books, readers all ; arrange your libraries by MS. catalogue ; see your studies decently dusted ; entrust the key of the locked treasures to no man of woman born, and away with you into the country, forgetful of towns and turmoil, and like a bird from a cage, clapping your wings in the air of liberty.

Have you ever seen **THE LAKES** ? Take *Maga* with you then, and she will be your guide through that region of beauty and grandeur. Encumber yourselves with no needless volumes—*Maga* and a map are all-sufficient ; but trust to no man's eyes but your own ; and above all things, carry with you a good conscience.

From *Kendal* proceed not impatiently, but in the pleasures of hope, to the village of *Bowness*, on the banks of *Windermere*. You will see the *Lake* when you are about a mile from it, and the view is a pleasant one ; but first impressions, although often strong, are seldom correct ; so on this your first introduction to the *Lady* of the *Isles*, admire her beauty without considering its peculiar character, and wait till it has won its way to your heart in the light of a few sunsets.

We shall suppose that you reach the *White Lion* (one of the best inns in England) before breakfast, that is, between eight and ten o'clock ; for a certain latitude in all things must be allowed to travellers ; and if you lay down austere rules for your own guidance, you may depend upon being not

only miserable yourself, but the cause of misery to others during your entire tour. Most true it is, that *Time* was made for vulgar souls—but you are not a vulgar soul—very far from it—and will prove yourself independent of the *Dial*.

Many people, immediately on their arrival at an inn, in a picturesque or romantic country, become fidgetty in the extreme, and calling up the landlord, commence an unmerciful system of cross-questioning respecting everything visible in the neighbourhood. Beware of such weakness ; and rest assured, that as the scenery can have no reason for concealing itself, you will behold it all in good time, without difficulty or trepidation. No fear of the wonderful hanging-bridge, built by the devil, tumbling down the very hour before you approach it. Although there has been some talk about draining the *Lake*, operations are not yet commenced. You may very safely take another cup of coffee before the total cessation of the celebrated waterfall ;—and as for the mountains, they will wait, though perhaps not without murmuring, till you have composedly wound up your breakfast. Be not unduly alarmed at cloud, mist, or rain ; for they may come and go twenty times between first egg and last ham ; and as you have a soul to be saved, neither hope nor fear in that dull deceiver—the *Barometer*.

On your arrival, then, at the *White Lion*, *Bowness*, walk with an amiable

countenance into whatever room may be allotted to you ; but should there appear to be no great bustle before the white-washed front, then ask to be shown up to either of the two pretty bow-windowed parlours, that open into the Tent-Green. There is little or no difference between them ; but for our own parts, in our progress through life, we always prefer turning to the right, and have uniformly found it an excellent rule of conduct. There is not much to be seen from either, but the little is delightful—some of the prettiest cottages in the village, through orchard and garden—the old church, with its white tower and blue lead roof, the bells perhaps ringing for a wedding—a glimpse of the lake—the sylvan line of the opposite hill-shore—and in the distance, a few mountain tops.

And now that you have had breakfast, do not, we again beseech you, put yourself into a flurry, but quietly order a row-boat, and embark with your wife and children. On no account whatever have anything to do with a sail. There is, we believe, an apparatus for inflating the lungs, kept in the village, but it is in indifferent order ; and, besides, when a large party of all ages and sexes are upset, hours, nay days, elapse before they are brought ashore ; and, under such circumstances, to use the poetical phraseology of the daily press—no wonder that the vital spark should be found to be extinguished. Act then on the burthen of the old Scottish song,—“The boatie rows, the boatie rows,” and you are as safe on the waters of Windermere as if gathering wild-flowers on its banks.

Fix no hour for your return, nor have the meanness to order dinner. But let not your enthusiasm forget a pregnant basket in a white veil, whom both boatmen will assist over the gunwale, and stow away from the sunshine in the hollow of the stern. Intense admiration of mountain scenery soon exhausts the frame of the worshipper of Nature, and during the Bright Intermediate Hour, in sylvan nook, how refreshing a glass of Madeira and a veal-pie ! Such slight repast brings the capacity of the mind into power ; and as again you issue from the reedy bay of the Lily-of-the-Valley Isle, the Lake seems to expand into bolder and brighter beauty, and

Winandermere sounds like a lovelier name for Paradise.

Tell the boatmen to pull just sufficiently quick to keep themselves from falling asleep. Slow, regular, and steady should be the music of the oar, “when heaven and earth do make one imagery,” in the seeming air-depths of a summer lake. Leave not the Bay of Bowness too soon, in your impatient passion for beauty ; but let your pinnacle, like a swan, float away into the bays within the Bay, and now and then, as if her anchor were dropped, hang motionless on the mirror. You may now see the village in its fairest character, clustering round the church, and one sweet cottage (peace be with-in it !) dipping its feet in the shallow murmur. “The Island,” with a beautiful boundary, cuts the crescent ; away to the north gleams the broad basin of the Lake,—to the south, the eye stretches through “the straits” towards the sylvan Storrs, and many a coppice promontory—or, if that be forbidden by the laws of optics, you may at least admire the Ferry-House, beneath its grove of cherry-trees, and hear the sound of the huge heavy oars accompanying the slow motion of the Great Boat from shore to shore.

Follow now the impulse of your own imagination ; but, if equally pleasant to you all, row close round the nearest end of “The Island,” six in the minute being the dip of the oar. If you desire a wide prospect, let your eye sweep the Lake, as if with a telescope, from Rayrig-Bay over the groves of Calgarth, Lowood, and Dove-nest, till it rests on the blue misty light that glimmers in the vale of Ambleside. Do you rather choose to delight in a close home-scene ? Then drift along by forest-glades, and lose your reckoning in the confusion of that multitude of Islands, whose shadows meet on the narrow waters, and far down embower commingled harbours for the Naiads’ sleep. Here every pull of the oar sends you on into a new scene, as if the banks and isles had shifted places ; and you may make a whole forenoon’s voyage of discovery, so inexhaustible in beauty is that tiny sea, through which a light breeze would in a few minutes waft the winged pleasure-boat with her gaudy flags burning along the woods.

And now land at the Ferry-House,

and whoever may be of the party, walk arm in arm with your wife, through laurels, lilacs, and laburnums, up to the—Station. The wood is so overgrown, that, on your way up to the Fort, you can scarcely see the Lake. It is always a sad thing to cut down a fine, healthy, growing tree—and Mr Curwen does right to spare this forest. Nothing can be pleasanter than its glimmering alleys after some hours sunshine on the water. The green parasols are folded with a rustle, and the party rests on some old osier-seat beneath an ivied rock, amidst the fragrant perfume of roses, here somewhat pale in the shade. On entering a large room, with wide and many windows, in the “Station,” Windermere, with all her isles, suddenly reappears; and if the breeze has freshened, you probably behold at least a dozen pleasure-boats, with all sail set, (the Victory and Endeavour conspicuous like parent sea-mews among their brood,) going wherever the wind in its caprice chooses to carry them, or bent on clearing some point or promontory, close-hauled, and skillfully gathering every breath that blows, as if one of the Eyes of a Fleet drawn up in line of battle, and manœuvring for the weather-gage.

The view from the Station is a very delightful one, but it absolutely requires a fine day. Its character is that of beauty, which disappears almost utterly in wet or drizzly weather. If there be strong bright sunshine, a “blue breeze” perhaps gives animation to the scene. You look down on the islands, which are here very happily disposed. The banks of Windermere are rich and various in groves, woods, coppice, and corn-fields. The long deep valley of Troutbeck (which is, in fact, a sort of straggling village, houses of the true old Westmoreland style of architecture being dropped all the way from the lakeside to the head of it), stretches finely away up to the mountains of High street and Hill-Bell—hill and eminence are all cultivated wherever the trees have been cleared away; and numerous villas are visible in every direction, which, although perhaps not all built on very tasteful models, have yet an airy and sprightly character, and with their fields of brighter verdure and sheltered groves, may be fairly allowed to add to, rather than detract from, the beauty of a

scene, one of whose chief charms is, that it is the cheerful abode of social life.

Some of the windows of this room are of stained glass, producing the effect of sunrise and sunset, moonlight, deep gloom, frost and snow. This, it seems, has been talked of contemptuously, as a childish raree-show. Be it so. People do well to be a little childish, when away from home during the holidays. Green is, unquestionably, the best of all colours in the long run for the earth, and the trees, and the sea. But for all that, we wonder and admire to behold the creation dimly discoloured into a melancholy beauty, more especially if another pair of eyes, soft, large, and liquid, and of the hazel hue, are beaming through the same pane, and a little silken tress, with a momentary touch on the cheek thrilling to the heart's core, as we gaze together on the living lake and landscape.

Reimbark, and row away down to Storrs. The Mansion is in admirable keeping, with the scenery—here soft, sweet, gentle, and graceful. The rocks have been cut, so as to give from the windows on the ground-floor, glimpses of the near lake, and groves in the distance; the leafless lawn, bright and smooth as any sheep-nibbled pasture, is worthy the footsteps of Titania herself—and the flower-gardens, only a little richer than the blossoms naturally straying in the woods, breathe over the place an air of elegant luxury and refinement. The porticos, pillars, and cornices of the house, are seen through the glades; and such is the effect of the whole, that you feel this division of Windermere to be a lake by itself, a feeling increased by the appearance of a Vessel of sovereign beauty lying at anchor close to the shore, with masts so taper that they seem almost to bend beneath the weight of the streaming flag, yet so elastic, that, were her wings unfurled, she would manifestly glide away like a sunbeam over the murmuring waters.

There is a small four-sided building on the artificial mole called Storrs point, which, in days of yore, used, we remember, to be called a Naval temple. Each side then bore the name of a famous Admiral. The taste which engraved them there was certainly questionable; and they are now obliterated or hidden. One of those

persons who, in the language of Mr Jeffrey, "haunt about the lakes" in the character of poets, has written some lines about this edifice; and as

tourists are generally fond of poetry, here they are for their silent perusal, or sonorous recitation on the lake.

APOLOGY

FOR THE LITTLE NAVAL TEMPLE, ON STORRS' POINT, WINANDERMERE.

NAY! Stranger! smile not at this little dome,
Albeit quaint, and with no nice regard
To highest rules of grace and symmetry,
Plaything of art, it venture thus to stand
Mid the great forms of Nature. Doth it seem
A vain intruder in the quiet heart
Of this majestic Lake, that like an arm
Of Ocean, or some Indian river vast,
In beauty floats amid its guardian hills?
Haply it may: yet in this humble tower,
The mimicry of loftier edifice,
There lives a silent spirit, that confers
A lasting charter on its sportive wreath
Of battlements, amid the mountain-calm
To stand as proudly, as yon giant rock
That with his shadow dims the dazzling lake!

Then blame it not: for know 'twas planted here,
In mingled mood of seriousness and mirth,
By one who meant to Nature's sanctity
No cold unmeaning outrage. He was one
Who often in adventurous youth had sail'd
O'er the great waters, and he dearly loved
Their music wild; nor less the gallant souls
Whose home is on the Ocean:—so he framed
This jutting mole, that like a natural cape
Meets the soft-breaking waves, and on its point,
Bethinking him of some sea-structure huge,
Watch-tower or light-house, rear'd this mimic dome,
Seen up and down the lake, a monument
Sacred to images of former days.

See! in the playfulness of English zeal
Its low walls are emblazon'd! there thou read'st
Howe, Duncan, Vincent, and that mightier name
Whom death has made immortal.—Not misplaced
On temple rising from an inland sea
Such venerable names, though ne'er was heard
The sound of cannon o'er these tranquil shores,
Save when it peal'd to waken in her cave
The mountain echo: yet this chronicle,
Speaking of war amid the depths of peace,
Wastes not its meaning on the heedless air.
It hath its worshippers: it sends a voice,
A voice creating elevated thoughts,
Into the hearts of our bold peasantry
Following the plough along these fertile vales,
Or up among the misty solitude
Beside the wild sheep-fold. The fishermen,
Who on the clear wave ply their silent trade,
Oft passing lean upon their dripping oars,
And bless the heroes: Idling in the joy
Of summer sunshine, as in light canoe

The stranger glides among these lovely isles,
 This little temple to his startled soul
 Oft sends a gorgeous vision, gallant crews
 In fierce joy cheering as they onwards bear
 To break the line of battle, meteor-like
 Long ensigns brightening on the towery mast,
 And sails in awful silence o'er the main
 Lowering like thunder-clouds !—

Then, stranger ! give

A blessing on this temple, and admire
 The gaudy pendant round the painted staff
 Wreathed in still splendour, or in wanton folds,
 Even like a serpent bright and beautiful,
 Streaming its burnished glory on the air.
 And whether silence sleep upon the stones
 Of this small edifice, or from within
 Steal the glad voice of laughter and of song,
 Pass on with altered thoughts, and gently own
 That Windermere, with all her radiant isles
 Serenely floating on her azure breast,
 Like stars in heaven, with kindest smiles may robe
 This monument to heroes dedicate,
 Nor Nature feel her holy reign profaned
 By work of art, though framed in humblest guise,
 When a high spirit prompts the builder's soul.

On your return to Bowness, you will take our advice and land at the boat-house of Belle-Isle. You cannot expect to find many entirely new views, as you have already encircled the island ; yet, under the shade of venerable boughs, the panorama, as you walk along, goes majestically by, and nothing can be finer than the glades, which want only a few deer for the perfection of the forest character. A gravel path, about a mile in extent, winds round the island, which consists of nearly thirty acres. In former times the shores of this island were indented with numerous creeks and bays ; now there is a stone-beach, which has destroyed the beauty of the natural outline. But in high floods the island used in some parts to be entirely overflowed ; consequently, when the water was low, deformed with marshes. More, therefore, has perhaps been gained than lost by the change ; and, certainly, if there has been a sacrifice of the romantic or picturesque, there has been an advantage on the side of neatness and comfort. Reeds, and bulrushes, and water-lilies, are extremely beautiful to idle people—like you, gentle readers—lying all your length in a boat, and poetizing as you glide along ; but the man who builds a house on an island, and inhabits it summer and winter, must have

sound footing as he walks on the water-edge, and is entitled also to guard against miasmata and marsh fever. An uninhabited island should have its wild bays almost forlorn in the entanglement of briary underwood. Half a dozen flat stones, flung into the shallow water, suffice for a landing-place to the occasional visitant stepping ashore but for a solitary hour ; and the path cannot be too rough that leads to the ruined cell of the saint who died there hundreds of years ago, but not before he had worn a hollow on the stone floor with his knees. There the heron may fish in the creeks so shallow that his long bill catches the minnow on the turf ; and there the shy wild-duck may lead forth her yellow family through and among the strong stems of the bulrushes, not without an occasional death among them by the jaws of pike. And there, ere autumn-frosts set in, may the swallows congregate, before their flight across seas to warmer climates, while rural naturalist fondly imagines they sink down to the earth-holes below the waves, to reascend with freshened plume and twitter, when May-day again fills the sunshine with insects, and covers the earth with flowers. Gentle reader, in such an isle, perhaps, thou wouldst wish to act the hermit ? But if a family-man, thou wilt agree with us, that the water, pellucid though

it may be, must be kept within bounds in its wave-flow; and that stagnant fens may be dispensed with where there is a large family of children, whose beauty must not, by their parents, be sacrificed to the picturesque.

Now, my dear friends, you have done and seen enough for one day,—and although the entire extent of your circumnavigation has not been more than five miles, yet has it taken as many hours to complete. As you re-land on the margin of Bowness Bay, the church-clock strikes four, and little familiar as you are with the scenery around, still you see that a different set of shadows have given it a different character, the afternoon pensiveness being as pleasant as the morning joy. On your way up to the inn, you admire the beauty of the children now, many of them, set free from school; and a few halfpence distributed among a group, who, on receiving the largess, instantly clatter off on their wooden-clogs to the gingerbread-stall, spreads through the village praises of the Laker's opulence and generosity.

Two hours at least ought to elapse between the close of a five-hours' summer voyage on a lake and dinner. It takes a good hour to get your chin as smooth as satin—your head brushed and oiled—your body and limbs thoroughly dried and cooled, and freshened, and polished, and brightened, and clothed in fine linen. You then descend from your bedroom, like the sun out of a cloud, and the female waiters are astonished with your effulgence. Blue coat, yellow waistcoat, white trowsers, silk stockings of course, and pumps, is pretty apparel and cool-looking, and puts the wearer in love with himself and all the world.

We shall suppose that there are ladies in the party—Queen-Mary's caps are irresistible on virgin-heads; and if you be a bachelor, and have a heart to lose, it has gone to the bosom of that tall, slim, elegant girl, whose face, at all times beautiful, has now mixed with its innocence an almost Circean spell, while she sits in playful mood, in a high-backed and richly carved oak-chair, placed as a curious antique on the green, and, with half-conscious coquetry, lets peep out from below the silken drapery, such a foot as might be expected to match that little lily hand, with the violet

veins, whose touch tingles like a gentle shock of electricity. The time should be charmed away with converse and with song, till the approach of twilight, and then an hour's walk anywhere, alone or with another, not to discover but to dream! "A night like a darkened day" has gradually hushed the village; and wearied, although you know it not, by the perpetual flow of happiness, the eyes of the whole party close almost as soon as heads are laid on the pillow, and thus closes (Oh! wilt thou become a Contributor?) thy First Day on Windermere!

We are no friends to early rising in towns, but during the summer months in the country, who would lie a-bed after the mists have left the valleys? Up, then, all of you, about half before six, and off in your barouche to Coniston. It is a heavy carriage, so do not grudge to take four horses, and then there will be no occasion to walk up hills. To say nothing of the humanity, you will find your account in it a thousand ways. Remember that you are laking; forget the derangement of the currency; and since the life of the small notes is to be a short, let it be a merry one. The scenery from the Ferry-House to Hawkshead (four miles) is full of animation, and interchange of hill and dale. We do not know that there is any one particular cottage, knoll, field, garden, or grove, especially beautiful, but the variety is endless; and at every turn of the road, the country presents a new combination of objects, as at the shake of a kaleidoscope. There is something chaotic about the village of Saury; scarcely a village, indeed, but rocks, glades, and coppices, bedropt with dwellings. Estwaite is a cheerful piece of water, but not seen to advantage as you pass along its low shore; it is even beautiful when beheld lying in softened distance, (from the grounds of Belmont, for example,) with the village of Hawkshead in the foreground, and its impressive church-tower, which, in such a vale, has a commanding character. Three miles beyond Hawkshead, you come in sight of the Lake of Coniston. The prospect is at once beautiful and sublime. How profound the peace of that far-down valley, sleeping among wooded mountains—how sweet that sudden gleam of water, betrayed in the sunshine! Leave the carriage, and, send-

ing it on to the inn at Waterhead, be seated, we pray you, for half an hour, on a moss-cushioned stone, or a grassy couch among the heather. That huge mountain is Coniston Old Man; and he certainly is, with his firm foot and sunny brow,

“The prince o’ gude fellows, and wale o’ auld men.”

No doubt, from his summit there is a noble empire for an eagle’s eye; but you will find it slavish work to reach the summit on foot or pony-back, so be satisfied with imagination. It is obvious, from the slightest anatomical knowledge of the structure of the human frame, that it is not good for man to be alone on the mountain-tops. We have more than once managed to climb Chimborazo in our sleep, and even then it was fatiguing enough, although the view certainly repaid us; but when broad awake and sober, no sensible man will ever, in defiance of his own gravity, raise himself up thousands of feet above the level of the sea. You see yonder, three-fourths up the mountain, the mouth of a mine! If it is hard labour you are in search of, become a miner at once; or why not have a private tread-mill of your own, on which to perform the principal character?

Winding away down hill, and every moment widening the glorious panorama, the road leads you, smiling, and talking, and making love perhaps, to the pretty, little, white, comfortable, sycamore-shaded inn of Coniston Waterhead. There you get an admirable breakfast, the lake all the time rippling a low, cheerful song, for there is only the road between you; and when the wind, however gentle, comes from the south and the sea, the edge of the crescent-bay is here all in a murmur. The view down the Lake is nothing very remarkable; but a fine sheet of water, shining in the sun, or darkening in the shadow, is always worth gazing on; and there is a tempting pinnace—so hand or lift the ladies on board, and, without aim or object, pull away a mile or two, and then let your bark drift and dally with the waves. No wonder you cannot keep your eyes off that face, for it is indeed a pretty one, and there is something more than ordinarily sweet and insinuating in its smile; so without taking your arm from the gunwale, although it has rather too much the effect of

being round Louisa’s waist, look towards the head of the lake, and you will acknowledge that Coniston can almost bear a comparison with Windermere.

Here, indeed, are no islands like those of Windermere—no single cliff, crowned with oak and elm, and matted with broom, briar, and the nut-bearing hazel—no low-lying ridge of rocks, covered with lichens, and thinly sprinkled with dwarf birches sown by bird or breeze—no Isle of the Oratory, where once the penitent prayed—no Lady-Holm, where stood the Virgin’s Chapel—no Belle-Isle, whose noble forest-trees fling their shadows from shore to shore, till two separate Lakes, upper and lower, rejoice each in its own independent and different beauty. But there is great grandeur in the bold breadth of that amphitheatre; and those surely are noble woods and groves that not only embower the meadows, but ascend the mountain-sides, broken but by castellated cliffs, round which flies and cries hawk or kite, or perhaps the eagle. That kingly bird gives name to yonder solitary mountain in the darkness of the glen; but you must not expect to see him, for he is fond of foreign travel, and revisits his paternal mansion only about four times a century.

Coniston Lake is best seen, no doubt, by entering the country over the sands from Lancaster; and by doing so, you may likewise pay a visit to the interesting ruins of Furness-Abbey. “The stranger,” says Mr Wordsworth, with his usual poetical feeling, “from the moment he sets his foot on these sands, seems to leave the turmoil and traffic of the world behind him; and, crossing the majestic plain, when the sea has retired, he beholds, rising apparently from its base, the cluster of mountains among which he is going to wander; and towards whose recesses, by the Vale of Coniston, he is gradually and peacefully led.” Did time permit, every lake in the world, besides Coniston, ought to be approached from the foot; but the attempt would be often difficult, and indeed human life is too short for such a scientific survey. But now that you are afloat, you may pull away to the foot of the lake, if you choose, and you will be well repaid for your labour by the pretty promontories and bashful bays they conceal, and merry meadows lying in

ambush, and "corn-riggs sae bonny" trespassing upon the coppice-woods, that year after year yield up their lingering roots to the ploughshare, and grey, white, blue, green, and brown cottages, of every shape and size, and pastoral eminences of old lea, crowned with a few pine-trees, or with an Oak, itself a grove.

It is indeed a pretty sight to see two young ladies attempting to row. How white the gleam of the delicate little fingers on the yellow weather-beaten oar! Pity that there should ever rise a blister on such smooth silken palms! Ever and anon, their heads are tossed backward and aside,—the auburn head that glitters like the sunshine, and the head dark as the raven's wing,—that the dishvelled tresses may not blind altogether those blue or dark-grey laughing eyes. Those slender ankles would blush through the silk, and fly for shelter beneath the frounces, were there the slightest suspicion how innocently they are betrayed! How pants in its close concealment the heaving of the lilled bosom, whose slightest glimpse breathes over the senses at once beauty, brightness, and balm! But a wave, bolder than the rest, has taken hold of the deep-dipping oar, and the fair rower, falling back with a mirth-mingled shriek of fear, is caught in her lover's arms; while something like a kiss is, in spite of all his efforts to prevent it, left upon the blushes that burn even on her snow-white forehead.

By this time the Old People at the Inn have become angrily uneasy; but the landlord gives them a telescope, (the gift of an Ulverston sea-captain,) and their parental wrath is appeased by the far-off, but approaching display of parasols, that comes brightening along, and in half an hour, has brought its green reflection into the mirror of the home-bay, now indistinguishable from shore, air, or sky.

As you have brought with you four horses, what's to hinder them from being saddled—now that they have been combed and curried—and an equestrian excursion made into Yewdale and Tilberthwaite? That curly-pated pigmy will be your guide, and if murmuring streams, and dashing torrents, and silent pools, and shadow-haunted grass fields, and star-studded meadows, and glimmering groves, and cliff-girdling coppicewoods, and a hun-

dred charcoal Sheelings, Huts, and Cottages, and one old Hall, and several hall-like Barns, and a solitary Chapel among its green graves, and glades, and dells, and glens without number, knolls, eminences, hillocks, hills, and mountains,—if these, and many other such sights as these, all so disposed that beauty breathes, whispers, moves, or hangs motionless over all, have power to charm your spirit, then put all the side-saddles in the village in requisition, and you males being nimble as deer, pace proudly each by his own lady's palfrey, and away with the cavalcade into the heart of the expecting mountains!

On such excursions there are sure to occur a few enviable adventures. First, the girths get wrong, and without allowing your beloved virgin to alight, you spend more time than is absolutely necessary in arranging it; nor can you help admiring the attitude into which the graceful creature is forced to draw up her delicate limbs, that her fairy feet may not be in the way to impede your services. By and by, a calf,—which you hope will be allowed to grow up into a cow,—stretching up her curved red back from behind a wall, startles John Darby, albeit unused to the starting mood, and you leap four yards to the timely assistance of the fair shrieker, tenderly pressing her bridle-hand as you find the rein that has not been lost, and wonder what has become of the whip that never existed. A little farther on, a bridgeless stream crosses the road—a dangerous-looking ford indeed—a foot deep at the very least, and scorning wet feet, as they ought to be scorned, you almost carry, serene in danger, your affianced bride (or she is in a fair way of becoming so), in your arms off the saddle, nor relinquish the delightful clasp till all risk is at an end, some hundred yards on, along the velvet herbage. Next stream you come to has indeed a bridge—but then what a bridge! A long, coggly, cracked slate-stone, whose unsteady clatter would make the soberest steed jump over the moon. You beseech the timid girl to sit fast, and she almost leans down to your bosom, as you press to meet the blessed burthen, and to prevent the steady old stager from leaping over the battlements. But now the chasm on each side of the narrow path is so tremendous, that she must

dismount, after due disentanglement, from that awkward, old-fashioned crutch and pummel, and from a stirrup, into which a little foot, when it has once crept like a mouse, finds itself caught as in a trap of singular construction, and difficult to open for releasement. You feel that all you love in the world is indeed fully, freshly, and warmly in your arms, nor can you bear to set the treasure down on the rough, stony road, but look round, and round, and round, for a soft spot, which you finally prophesy at some distance up the hill, whitherwards, in spite of pouting Yea and Nay, you persist in carrying her whose head is ere long to lie in your tranquil bosom.

Gallantry forbids, but Truth commands to say, that young ladies are sorry sketchers. The dear creatures have no notion of perspective. At flower-painting and embroidery, they are pretty fair hands, but they make sad work among waterfalls and ruins. They pencil most extraordinary trees, and nothing can be more puzzling than their horned cattle. Their women are like boys in girls' clothes—all as flat as flounders; nor can there be greater failures than the generality of their men. Notwithstanding, it is pleasant to hang over them, seated on stone or stool, drawing from nature; and now and then to help them in with a cow or a horse, or a hermit. It is a difficult, almost an impossible thing—that foreshortening. The most speculative genius is often at a loss to conjecture the species of a human being foreshortened by a young lady. The hanging Tower at Pisa is, we believe, some thirty feet or so off the perpendicular, and there is one at Caerphilly about seventeen; but these are nothing to the castles in the air we have seen built by the touch of a female magician; nor is it an unusual thing with artists of the fair sex to order their plumed chivalry to gallop down precipices considerably steeper than a house, on animals apparently produced between the tiger and the elephant.

Their happiest landscapes betray indeed an amiable innocence of all branches of natural history, except perhaps botany,—the foreground being accordingly well stocked with rare plants, which it would stagger a Hooker, a Greville, or a Graham, to christen out of any accredited nomenclature.

When they have succeeded in getting something like the appearance of water between banks, like Mr Barrow of the Admiralty they are not very particular about its running occasionally up-hill; and it is interesting to see a stream stealing quietly below trees in gradual ascension, till, disappearing round a corner for a few minutes, it comes thundering down in the shape of a waterfall on the head of an elderly gentleman, unsuspectingly reading Mr Wordsworth's *Excursion*, perhaps, in the foreground. Nevertheless, we repeat, that it is delightful to hang over one of the dear creatures, seated on stone or stool, drawing from nature; for whatever may be the pencil's skill, the eye may behold the glimpse of a vision whose beauty shall be remembered when even Coniston and Windermere have faded into oblivion.

Several such sketches having enriched the portfolios of the party, you all return the best way you can, in straggling order, to the inn. Yesterday's Epicurean dinner at Bowness may have made you all rather fastidious; but the cook at Coniston Waterhead is a woman of great merit, and celebrated as the "Lady of the Lardner." In the cool of the evening you leave the inn in your barouche, the homeward-bound horses with difficulty being kept from the gallop,—and lo, at the Ferry, a group of intimates from the neighbourhood of your seat in Yorkshire or Surrey!

What cordial shaking of hands amongst the young gentlemen! what loving kisses among the young ladies! a hundred unanswered questions are immediately put into circulation; and the silence of the twilight is cheered by a sweet susurring, that whispers innocence and joy. A general assignation is made between the affectionate parties for to-morrow; and, after their few hours' dreamy sleep of wavering woods, lo, in the twinkling of the sun's eye, to-morrow rises on the world and Windermere.

It is very much the same with pleasant scenery as with pleasant people, we feel as if we knew the character of place or person even from a single interview. So is it now with the coalition of parties. Not a single soul among them had seen Windermere till yesterday, and now they are all talking away about it as if the friendship had been of twenty years' standing at

the least. They scramble up the hill above the School-house, which we believe was first discovered by Mr Arthur Young, and a wonderful discovery it was, so far remote, for a gentleman somewhat advanced in life, and so entirely devoted to agricultural pursuits. From that eminence the Lake is seen in all its length, breadth, and beauty; and now, and not till now, can it be said that you have seen Winandermere.

This is a fine, warm, cool, bright, dark, calm, and breezy forenoon; so you must pedestrianize it for a few unmeasured miles, over hill and dale, through brake and wood. Find your way, then, the best you can, over stone-wall, or through hedge-gap, gate, or stile, along the breast and brow of Bannerig, and along the heights of Elleray and Oresthead. Thence you not only behold all the Lakes, but also many of the noblest ranges of the Westmoreland, Lancashire, and Cumberland mountains. There is not, perhaps, such another splendid prospect in all England. The lake has indeed much of the character of a river, without, however, losing its own. The Islands are seen almost all lying together in a cluster—below which all is loftiness and beauty—above, all majesty and grandeur. Bold or gentle promontories break all the banks into frequent bays, seldom without a cottage or cottages embowered in trees; and while the whole landscape is of a sylvan kind, parts of it are so laden with woods that you see only here and there a wreath of smoke, but no houses, and could almost believe that you are gazing on the primeval forests.

Lunch over, and your Surrey friends off to Coniston with a laughing and tearful farewell, you wheel away to Lowood. But be persuaded and go round by Troutbeck Chapel. Your way lies up a narrow vale, with a stream deep down and picturesquely wooded, with frequent holm-grounds—nooks, in which build cottages, according to your own fancies, and let them melt away like dew-webs in the sunshine—Avoid both Grecian and Gothic architecture—and let the whole building, as you love us, be on the ground-floor.

Passing a snug way-side cottage, called Cook's-House, and turning suddenly to the left, you come gazing

along the magnificent terrace of Millar-ground, and then descending into the soft or solemn shadows of the Rayrigg woods, like our first parents,

Who, hand in hand, with wandering steps,
and slow,

Through Eden took their solitary way,

you find yourself unconsciously returned to Bowness, the Port of Paradise.

Now, very probably, not a single person in the whole party has admired the long vale-village of Troutbeck. Leaving the splendours of Windermere, of which now but a single gleam is visible, you may be pardoned for a feeling of disappointment in a place so shut up and secluded, and you glance somewhat impatiently at the much-praised picturesqueness of the many chimneyed cottages, rejoicing in their unnumbered gables, and slate-slab porticos, all dripping with roses and matted with the virgin's-bower. To feel the full force of the peculiar beauty breathing over these antique tenements, you must understand their domestic economy. Now you are in perfect ignorance of it all, and have not the faintest conception of the use or meaning of any one thing you see,—roof, eaves, chimney, beam, props, door, window, hovel, shed, and hanging staircase, being all huddled together, as you think, in unintelligible confusion; whereas they are all precisely what and where they ought to be, and have had their colours painted, forms shaped, and places allotted by wind and weather, and the perpetually but scarcely felt necessities of the natural condition of mountaineers.

Understanding, however, and enjoying as much as you can of Troutbeck, after an hour's ramble in lane and alley, you again collect your scattered forces on the hill above the chapel, and proceed towards Lowood, the most beautifully situated inn in this world, and that is a wide word. It is likewise an excellent inn, both for bed and board, and the party that leaves it without passing there an afternoon and a night, must be a party of savages, and, in all probability, cannibals.

A few years ago, a grove of stately pines stood on the shore of Lowood-bay. The axe has been laid unsparingly to the root, and but two, three, or four survive. There may be more,

for we never had heart to count them, remembering us of their murdered compeers. It is as absurd to ban gentlemen of landed and wooded property for felling their own trees, as for reaping their own corn; but the truth is, that the trees we speak of belonged to Mankind at large, and no person was entitled to put them to death, without an order signed by the Representative (at the approaching election a sharp contest is expected) of the Human Race.

Here it is that you must see Windermere in sunset. Her broad bosom still and serene in the evening light—and not a sound in the hush of Nature but that of your own dipping oars—you fix your eyes in a trance of solemn enthusiasm on the glowing and gorgeous west, where cloud and mountain are not to be named in the bewilderment of the golden glory that confuses earth with heaven.

We are, after all that has been rumoured to the contrary, plain matter-of-fact men, have little or no unnecessary talent for description, but love to call things by their right name—bread bread, and the sun the sun. We shall never forget ourselves so far, we hope, as to attempt to describe either a sunset or a sunrise. Pretty work indeed has been made of that luminary in print; and in some late poetry, in particular, he has been so grossly flattered to his face, that to conceal his burning blushes he has been under the absolute necessity of hiding his head behind a cloud. No mode of worship he likes so well as calm, wordless, self-withdrawn silence—the silence of life intenser than of death. Hush, therefore, thou vain babbler! Hush! and speak not till the pomp of the pageant has faded and floated dreamily away within your imagination, and the delightful but less elevated beauty of the pensive twilight brings back thoughts and feelings of a character more akin to the flow of ordinary existence. Soon as the Evening-star, or any other star, comes shining through the blue light of the concave, you may begin, if you are so disposed, gently to laugh, cheerfully to murmur, and gladly to sing, to breathe upon the voice-like flute, or bid the horn or trumpet startle the echoes on Langdale-Pikes, or within that one cloud, deep, pure, and settled as a snow-wreath, that crowns the head of the Great

Gable, and is reflected in Wastwater, loneliest of lakes, and all unhaunted by strife and stir of this weary world!

It would be easy to write a whole volume about such a village as Amble-side, where you are now sitting at breakfast in the Salutation Inn—nay, we have three volumes written about it already—a story, of which the scene is laid there—lying in MS. and eager for publication. Meanwhile, we request you to walk away up to Stockgill Force. There has been a new series of weather, to be sure, almost as dry as the New Monthly; but to our liking, a waterfall is best in a rainless summer. After a flood, the noise is beyond all endurance. You get stunned and stupified till your head splits. Then you may open your mouth like a barn-door, and roar into a friend's ear all in vain a remark on the cataract. To him you are a dumb man. In two minutes you are as completely drenched in spray as if you had fallen out of a boat—and descend to dinner with a toothache that keeps you in starvation in the presence of provender sufficient for a whole bench of bishops. In dry weather, on the contrary, like the New Monthly, the waterfall is in moderation; and instead of tumbling over the cliff in a perpetual peal of thunder, why, it slides and slidders merrily and musically away down the green shelving rocks, and sinks into repose in many a dim or lucid pool, amidst whose foam-bells is playing or asleep the fearless Naiad. Deuce a headache have you—speak in a whisper, and not a syllable of your excellent observation is lost; your coat is dry, except that a few dew-drops have been shook over you from the branches stirred by the sudden wing-clap of the cushat—and as for toothache interfering with dinner, you eat as if your tusks had been just sharpened, and would not scruple to discuss nuts, upper-and-lower-jaw-work fashion, against the best crackers in the county. And all this comes of looking at Stockgill Force, or any other waterfall, in weather dry as the New Monthly, or even not quite so dry, but after a few refreshing and fertilizing showers, that make the tributary rills to murmur, and set at work a thousand additional feeders to every Lake.

However, with all this talk of dinner, it still wants several hours of that

happy epocha in the history of the day, so away, beloved readers and contributors, in a posse comitatus to Rothay Bridge. Turn in at a gate to the right hand, which, twenty to one, you will find open, that the cattle may take an occasional promenade along the turn-pike, and cool their palates with a little ditch grass, and saunter along by Millar-Bridge and Foxgill on to Pelter Bridge, and, if you please, to Rydal-mere. Thus, and thus only, is seen the vale of Ambleside. And what a vale of grove, and glade, and stream, and cliff, and cottage, and villa, and village, and grass-field, and garden, and orchard, and—But not another word, for you would forthwith compare our description with the reality, and seeing it how faint and feeble, would toss poor Maga into the Rothay, and laugh as she plumped over a waterfall.

The sylvan—or say rather the forest scenery—(for there is to us an indescribable difference between these two words)—of Rydal Park, was, in memory of living men, magnificent, and it still contains a treasure of old trees. By all means wander away into those woods, and lose yourselves for an hour or two among the cooing of cushats, and the shrill shriek of startled black-birds, and the rustle of the harmless glow-worm among the last year's red beech-leaves. No very great harm should you even fall asleep under the shadow of an oak, while the magpie chatters angrily at safe distance, and the more innocent squirrel peeps down upon you from a bough of the canopy, and then hoisting his tail, glides into the obscurity of the loftiest umbrage. Although it may be safely averred that you are asleep, you still continue to see and hear, but the sight is a glimmer, and the sound a hum, as if the forest-glade were swarming with bees, from the ground-flowers to the herons' nests. Refreshed by your dream of Dryads, follow a lonesome din that issues from a pile of wooded cliffs, and you are led to a waterfall. Five minutes are enough for taking an impression, if your mind be of the right material, and you carry it away with you farther down the Forest. Such a torrent will not reach the lake without disporting itself into

many little cataracts; and saw ye ever such a fairy one as that flowing through below an ivied bridge into a circular basin overshadowed by the uncertain twilight of many-checkering branches, and washing the rock-base of a hermitage, in which a sin-sickened or pleasure-palled man might, before his hairs were grey, forget all the guilt and the gratifications of the noisy world!

There is nothing to be seen from the windows of the Salutation Inn but a sweet glimpse of hills and trees, so, after dinner, bring down stairs your albums, and portfolios, and journals, and pass the evening within doors, composing with pen and pencil, in present, and for future delight. You must not always be on the move—the spirit in which you visit such a country, is a far higher one than that of mere curiosity—"strange fits of passion you have known," no doubt, when some insupportable beauty shone suddenly on your soul; but the basis on which your feelings rest is affection, and you can be happy out of the sight of the beloved objects—just, sweetest of girls! as he who wins and weds thee will be happy—at least after one moon has waned—out of sight even of Thee, knowing that thou, while unseen, still art shining bright as a star in thy beauty, thy innocence, and thy happiness!

Our hope was, that these our Hints for the Holidays would have turned out to be a complete Guide to the Lakes—but, afraid of being tedious, here we come to a close. Remember that we are still at Ambleside, and must not leave it till we have looked through the smiling face of the country into its very heart. No. II. will probably be a pleasanter article than even No. I.; and we modestly beg that none of our dear subscribers will visit the Lakes till it comes out. No. III. will be published on the 1st of September, and the Initial Day of October will rejoice in Number Four and Final. The Holidays of all sensible people will soon after that close for a season, and we must think of something at once amusing and instructive for Christmas. God bless you all!

THE OWL.

THERE sat an Owl in an old Oak Tree,
Whooping very merrily ;
He was considering, as well he might,
Ways and means for a supper that night :
He looked about with a solemn scowl,
Yet very happy was the Owl,
For, in the hollow of that oak tree,
There sat his Wife, and his children three !

She was singing one to rest,
Another, under her downy breast,
'Gan trying his voice to learn her song,
The third (a hungry Owl was he)
Peeped slyly out of the old oak tree,
And peer'd for his Dad, and said " You're long ;"
But he hooted for joy, when he presently saw
His sire, with a full-grown mouse at his claw.
Oh what a supper they had that night !
All was feasting and delight ;
Who most can chatter, or cram, they strive,
They were the merriest owls alive.

What then did the old Owl do ?
Ah ! Not so gay was his next to-who !
It was very sadly said,
For after his children had gone to bed,
He did not sleep with his children three,
For, truly a gentleman Owl was he,
Who would not on his wife intrude,
When she was nursing her infant brood ;
So not to invade the nursery,
He slept outside the hollow tree.

So when he awoke at the fall of the dew,
He called his wife with a loud to-who ;
" Awake, dear wife, it is evening gray,
And our joys live from the death of day."
He call'd once more, and he shudder'd when
No voice replied to his again ;
Yet still unwilling to believe,
That Evil's raven wing was spread,
Hovering over his guiltless head,
And shutting out joy from his hollow tree,
" Ha—ha—they play me a trick," quoth he,
" They will not speak,—well, well, at night
They'll talk enough, I'll take a flight."
But still he went not, in, nor out,
But hopped uneasily about.

What then did the Father Owl ?
He sat still, until below
He heard cries of pain, and woe,
And saw his wife, and children three,
In a young Boy's captivity.
He follow'd them with noiseless wing,
Not a cry once uttering.

They went to a mansion tall,
He sat in a window of the hall,
Where he could see
His bewilder'd family ;
And he heard the hall with laughter ring,

When the boy said, "Blind they'll learn to sing;"
 And he heard the shriek, when the hot steel pin
 Through their eye-balls was thrust in!
 He felt it all! Their agony
 Was echoed by his frantic cry,
 His scream rose up with a mighty swell,
 And wild on the boy's fierce heart it fell;
 It quailed him, as he shuddering said,
 "Lo! The little birds are dead."

—But the Father Owl!

He tore his breast in his despair,
 And flew he knew not, recked not, where!

But whither then went the Father Owl,
 With his wild stare and deathly scowl?

—He had got a strange wild stare,
 For he thought he saw them ever there,
 And he scream'd as they scream'd when he saw them fall!
 Dead on the floor of the marble hall.

Many seasons travelled he,
 With his load of misery,
 Striving to forget the pain
 Which was clinging to his brain,
 Many seasons, many years,
 Number'd by his burning tears.
 Many nights his boding cry
 Scared the traveller passing by;
 But all in vain his wanderings were,
 He could not from his memory tear
 The things that had been, still were there.

One night, very very weary,
 He sat in a hollow tree,
 With his thoughts—ah! all so dreary
 For his only company—
 —He heard something like a sound
 Of horse-hoofs through the forest bound,
 And full soon he was aware,
 A Stranger, and a Lady fair,
 Hid them, motionless and mute,
 From a husband's swift pursuit.

The cheated husband passed them by,
 The Owl shrieked out, he scarce knew why;
 The spoiler look'd, and, by the light,
 Saw two wild eyes that, ghastly bright,
 Threw an unnatural glare around
 The spot where he had shelter found.—
 Starting, he woke from rapture's dream,
 For again he heard that boding scream,
 And "On—for danger and death are nigh,
 When drinks mine ear yon dismal cry"—
 He said—and fled through the forest fast;
 The owl has punish'd his foe at last—
 For he knew, in the injured husband's foe,
 Him who had laid his own hopes low.

Sick grew the heart of the bird of night,
 And again and again he took to flight;
 But ever on his wandering wing
 He bore that load of suffering!—
 Nought could cheer him!—the pale moon,
 In whose soft beam he took delight,

He look'd at now reproachfully,
That she could smile, and shine, while he
Had withered 'neath such cruel blight.
He hooted her—but still she shone—
And then away—alone! alone!—

The wheel of time went round once more,
And his weary wing him backward bore,
Urged by some strange destiny
Again to the well-known forest tree,
Where the stranger he saw at night,
With the lovely Lady bright.

The Owl was dozing—but a stroke
Strong on the root of the sturdy oak
Shook him from his reverie—
He looked down, and he might see
A stranger close to the hollow tree!
His looks were haggard, wild, and bad,
Yet the Owl knew in the man, the lad
Who had destroyed him!—he was glad!

And the lovely Lady too was there,
But now no longer bright nor fair;
She was lying on the ground,
Mute and motionless, no sound
Came from her coral lips, for they
Were seal'd in blood; and, as she lay,
Her locks, of the sun's most golden gleam,
Were dabbled in the crimson stream
That from a wound on her bosom white—
(Ah! that Man's hand could such impress
On that sweet seat of loveliness)—
Welled, a sad and ghastly sight,
And ran all wildly forth to meet
And cling around the Murderer's feet.

He was digging a grave—the Bird
Shriek'd aloud—the Murderer heard
Once again that boding scream,
And saw again those wild eyes gleam—
And “Curse on the Fiend!” he cried, and flung
His mattock up—it caught and hung—
The Felon stood a while aghast—
Then fled through the forest, fast, fast, fast!

The hardened Murderer hath fled—
But the Owl kept watch by the shroudless dead,
Until came friends with the early day,
And bore the mangled corse away—
Then, cutting the air all silently,
He fled away from his hollow tree.

Why is the crowd so great to-day,
And why do the people shout “huzza?”
And why is yonder Felon given
Alone to feed the birds of Heaven?
Had he no friend, now all is done,
To give his corse a grave?—Not one!

Night has fallen. What means that cry?
It descends from the gibbet high—
There sits on its top a lonely Owl,
With a staring eye, and a dismal scowl;
And he screams aloud, “Revenge is sweet!”
His mortal foe is at his feet!

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Town and country—Sights and smells—Parliament prorogued—Town thinning—Row at Epsom races—Putting down of the lottery—Brighton—Waterton—Denham—"Sketches in Portugal"—Visit to Exeter 'Change—Lions fed—Vauxhall—Carl Von Weber.

LONDON is to me the Tabernacle of Baal. Never write another word, if you love justice, in favour of land-owners or farmers. A price is it they want for growing corn and cabbages?—they ought to pay a tax rather—the unreasonable rogues!—for permission to live in any place capable of producing them.

Blessed be the sun—the sky—the breeze—the grass—the wood—the water,—and the day which carries me towards the sight of all these—which will be the day after to-morrow! The devil seems to possess, I think, more than usual, for the last fortnight, the people of this place:—or else it is that I am in an ill humour, for this last fortnight, more than usual. In the country, men, if they labour, seem, as it were, to labour at their leisure; or in their toils—ploughing and sowing in the open air—there is nothing that strikes one as painful or offensive. Man—the agriculturist—is always healthy and cheerful; but—as the trader or manufacturer!—I protest I never see a face in town, rich or poor, that is not marked with some sort of care or anxiety! And for repose, even where the opportunity exists, it is an enjoyment of which the people are physically incapable.

Every soul here will be *doing*! If he has no business of his own, he must attend to somebody else's. The first thing I saw when I went to my window this morning was a funeral. Some unhappy wretch was going to his grave—and he could not go even there without everybody that he met in the street turning round to accompany him. About twelve o'clock, there was an alarm of "fire" somewhere, and an "engine" passed. This seemed quite irresistible! A general scamper, male and female, took place from every quarter; and the only check upon the general delight seemed to be an apprehension that it might be "not a house, after all," that was going to be burned down, but "only a chimney." Walking out after this towards Covent Garden, I met the "prisoners' cara-

van" (that carries the thieves) coming away from Bow Street. The procession here was gradually dropping off, evidently with regret; but there was no more to be seen—the malefactors had been deposited at the "office." But luckily, as it turned towards Drury-lane theatre, Mr Macready the actor, or Mr Wallack, came out—who went off, of course, with a "Tail" as long as a Highland chieftain's after him immediately. Getting higher up town, towards the New Road, I passed the Extinguisher Church, in Langham Place, and saw no one looking on there, though a carriage stood at the door, as if for a wedding. Such an extraordinary circumstance struck me; so I waited till the party came out—mentioning that I was an observer of nature—to see if I could find out the occasion of it; when the bridegroom politely explained the seeming miracle, by directing my attention to the squeak of "Punch," about a hundred yards distant, whose trumpet I had heard before, but had not attended to—not being aware that he had been privately hired to perform there all the while of the nuptial ceremony!

"The fumes are infinite inhabit here too!" Accum, the chemist, who analyzed everything, with all his skill never could have analyzed the smell that I smell at this moment. There is a gas-pipe—to begin with—has just burst below me in the street. This accident has narrowed the passage in the road, and a soap-lees waggon is disputing with a scavenger's cart which shall go first, under my window. Meantime, a light breeze from the south accommodates me with all that can be spared from the mud at the bottom of the Thames, and from the coke-burners' yards on the farther bank of it. My opposite neighbour "pickles" to-day—he is an oilman; and there is gin taking in, in cans, at the public-house next door to me. My own landlady pours as much musk and lavender-water upon herself in two minutes as would serve to bring a whole nunnery out of hysterics for a month; and the

hot sucking-pigs are just sewing up, because it is two o'clock, at the cook's shop round the corner in Catherine Street! Compassionate me—though you do live in Edinburgh! If I were a Catholic, I could get this made a "penance" of, and put it all *au pied de la croix*; but a good Protestant endures purgatory, and finds himself none the nearer heaven for it. As I have been condemned, however, for the last six weeks, to suffer for my sins—if not to expiate them—in this place, I may as well turn my annoyance to some account, and let you know what is going on in it.

Parliament prorogued on the 1st of June. The last talking in the Commons, was an attack by Tierney upon the Currency of Scotland. "*Tout va bien*"—this was the opinion of Montesquieu—" *lorsque l'argent represente si parfaitement les choses, qu'on peut avoir les choses dès qu'on a l'argent; et lorsque les choses represente si parfaitement l'argent qu'on peut avoir l'argent dès qu'on a les choses.*"

Unless a law is to be passed, making all dealings between parties, under penalty, matters of ready-money payments or barter, I don't well see why men should be compelled to adopt a costly symbol of credit, who are satisfied with an inexpensive one, having that inexpensive one sufficiently guaranteed to them—just as well, or rather better. Corn question carried (as of course you know) by a strong majority in the Lords; and people looking forward confidently to a change in the whole system next year. No party very well pleased with Mr Jacob's report; one side being incredulous that corn coming from Germany will be at so high a price as he states, and the other very angry to find that it will come no cheaper. Upon one point in his account, the limited degree of supply which he thinks Poland and Prussia, with a regular demand from England, would be able to send us, I think, taking his own statements as evidence, the "reporter" rather miscalculates. But you have enough discussion I dare say upon this subject, from persons who know more about it than I do—and who don't find it very easy to come to any entirely satisfying conclusions about it either.

Town thinning, of course, fast; time coming to Macadamise Piccadilly, and hotel-keepers grumbling heavily at the shortness of the "season." Com-

forted something by the reflection that the muster in the next Parliament will be full and early, as the new candidates who are returned, will naturally be impatient to exercise their privileges; and those who are thrown out will come up (which will answer as well) to present petitions against their successful opponents. Bond-street pretty full still—very fairly full for the time, and ridiculous. Regent-street looking a little Rag-fairish, owing to the haberdashers all ticketing their old stocks of silk at half price, to sell them before the French come in. On the first of next month the change begins, and there will certainly be a great run for French, or "imitation French" articles, for the first year; but our dealers, upon the whole, seem pretty easy; I suspect that the old trade will go on—our ladies will pay for French goods, God bless them! and carry home English ones—which is as it should be.

Great row this year at Epsom races! and much injustice done, in my opinion, to Mr Crockford and his friends; who were not at all convicted of underhand dealings, but only suspected of the same—a distinction which, on the "turf," as in some other places, makes a great deal of difference. For my own part, I was in hopes that they *had cheated*, and would still *receive*, because that has been the principle a good deal recognised lately in the city. And, besides, when I see a man of high rank and ample fortune, setting his large means—perhaps a property of twenty thousand pounds a-year—to ruin a poor rogue who games for a livelihood, and has not probably five hundred pounds to lose in the world, I think the gentleman on the "flash side" is incomparably the more deserving person of the two, and I wish him success accordingly. In this affair, however, I believe most of the people who were at first concerned in the outcry, had wit enough afterwards to perceive, that to be too nice was to destroy their own trade in future. So the bets were paid; the matter was admitted to be all right, and my friend C. when I left the room at Tattersall's on the "settling day," was marking away on the "book" in high spirits, with a pile of bank notes, at least to the amount of fifty thousand pounds, before him.

Three hundred thousand pounds, however, won and lost upon one race, which is the calculation as to the stakes

at Epsom, might make us look almost, I believe it was apprehended, like a gaming people; and so, to retrieve the national character, we have, with excellent judgment, put down that too long tolerated abomination, the Public Lottery. "Lotteries," says Mr Goodluck, in a mourning bill, with a broad black edge, "Parliament has decreed must end for ever on the 18th of July!" All the "contractors," as may be supposed, are in despair. The people who write the puffs are talking of a claim for "compensation;" and the old men that used to walk about with the boards on their backs, say that every trade in the country—if this Ministry lasts—will be brought to ruin.

I confess, I think myself, that looking to our general habits and arrangements—the putting down of the Lottery in deprecation of "gaming," does show a little like affectation. To put down gaming as a practice, every man knows to be impossible. To prevent the existence of established common gaming-houses, we find to be impossible. I will not speak of the dealings on the Stock Exchange, because there is a fashion to *call* the gaming there illegal; but, while half the leading people in the country are winning and losing enormous sums of money every year at public races—it being notorious, as regards any argument of the advantage from keeping up our breed of horses, that two thirds of the money is betted by persons who keep no running horses at all;—to make it a merit, or a point of conscience, the abolishing Lotteries, while such a system as this is in activity, does seem to me to savour very strongly indeed of humbug.

I have not one word to say why Lotteries should be instituted; but we found them existing; and they raised something in the way of revenue; and this was raised in a way not at all felt by the people; and upon a scheme *free from all the objections* to which the practice of gaming (as a system) will apply. Everybody must be aware, that all the common transactions of life are, in fact, transactions of gaming. What is a man's going into trade—the mere opening and stocking of a new shop—but a speculation of chance? What is the purchase, by a publisher, of an author's book, but a speculation very hazardous? How, in fact, are all our great

mercantile fortunes notoriously made, but by gaming speculations, constantly of the most dangerous description, and often with inadequate means of responsibility in case of loss? I grant, that the objection to gaming as a system, does not apply to the majority of these dealings, viz. that the game played is wholly and necessarily unproductive of advantage to society; but the year that abolishes the Lotteries we find raises up the joint-stock companies; and, from the mischiefs commonly attendant upon the practice of gaming, the scheme of the Public Lottery is incomparably more free than the scheme of the Stock Exchange.

The true objection to the existence of the gaming house, is—not that a man may walk into such a house and lose a stake of twenty guineas (for this he may do without going into the house at all, by tossing up a halfpenny at the door)—but the real mischief is, that he plays at a game which (like the game of the Stock Exchange, or of the race course) is continuous; at a game, in the course of which he becomes excited; and at which, having lost one stake, the passion is inflamed, the means are ready, and he goes on and risks another.

There would be very little mischief done by playing at hazard, if a man, after he had won or lost one main, *could not* play for another until a month or six weeks afterwards. He would grow cool probably within such period, and be able to consider, whether it was advisable to play any more at all. And in the Lottery—as it stood—we had all this advantage, and more. The whole proceeding was void of the dangerous spirit of "play;" it was cold and methodical. The player did not himself become an actor in any game, nor see any game played; nor live, in many instances, within a hundred miles of the place where the game was played. He was fully protected from fraud. When he had lost his stake, if he was angry, he might get pleased again; for he *could not* go on—there was no other Lottery (at soonest) for the next two months. Something too much of this perhaps. I could not say a word about establishing a Lottery; but I think the killing the existing one was a piece of cant. The "raffles" at the watering-places, which go on from morning till

night—and which are, as regards the equity of the game played, monstrous robberies—seem to me, of the two, to have been more worthy of legislative interference.

Speaking of “watering-places,” and “raffles,” and so forth, puts me in mind of Brighton, which is the most horrid place upon the face of the earth; there are stories that the King does not mean to go to the Pavilion any more. In which event, may the rats (who are likely to be its sole inhabitants) have mercy upon that calamitous-looking range of new buildings they call “Kemp Town”—which looks to me like nothing in the world but a great barrack, built upon a site which was so barren as not to be available for any earthly purpose else.

Indeed, what carries people to Brighton I never could understand! for, certainly, as regards any approach to peacefulness, or the air of the country about it, you had incomparably better live at Charing Cross. The “Steyne!”—were you ever there?—it is a brick-paved alley, about thirty feet wide, with “raffle” shops on one side of it, and iron rails on the other. The Pavilion! this is now so built upon in every direction, as hardly to have any chance of a peep at the sea remaining! Then all day long—there’s no cessation—every ten minutes fresh coachfulls keep “arriving” from Cockaigne! On a Saturday, the “influx of company” is appalling to think of!

“There’s lofty Mrs Wick, the chandler’s wife;
And Mrs Bull, the butcher’s imp of strife.”

And about they walk—“doing a bit of grandeur”—all day on Sunday; and go up to London again—“Fare outside, 8s.”—full gallop all the way—on Monday.

And then you may guess the kind of trade this produces in the town! The sort of accommodation these people of passage get, whom their entertainers know under *all* treatment will *come*, and under *no* treatment will *stay*. I came in, the first time I was at Brighton, from Hampshire. I had come round the coast. I had seen Portsmouth during the war, and thought that I knew something—but I was to be taught better.

Drive in a hack chaise to one of the inns—I forget what was the name

of it, but it was somewhere upon the “cliff”—one of the “view” houses, where you may see a fishing-boat with a telescope, if you look sharp, one-half hour; and see the same boat, without a telescope, if you look sharp again, in the next half hour.

Saw the landlady, who was a pretty woman—and yet, though pretty, corrupted by the general tone of the place. Literally true!—knew I would not grumble, and used her beauty to impose upon me. I have ever since believed, and do believe it possible, that there may be truth in that property, attributed by some writers to the air of the West Indies—to wit, that men’s honesty will not keep there, if they happen to carry any out with them. Never was cheated by a pretty woman before in all my life! except in France, where the women (generally) are rascals.

Small, close, cooped-up sitting-room, rather smoky, because the wind blew down the chimney from the sea; and smelt—I don’t know how the fact was—as if there was a tom-cat either lived in, or visited the house.

Shown an equally vile bed-room—up a great many pair of stairs; and, when that would not do, shown another rather worse. N.B. This is a mode of giving you your choice not confined to Brighton.

Dressed, and inquired about dinner. No fish but mackerel, which I despise. Nothing to be got, that I could reduce to a certainty, but a veal cutlet, or a lamb chop; and I hate steaks and chops as I hate the devil—only worse. Waiter, with his hair dressed grotesquely, asked if I would take “asparagus,” or “a potato.” Cloth very neat; plates hot; silver forks; but the devil of anything to eat! Brought me a chop that weighed half an ounce; and after the second, together not a mouthful, asked “if I would have any more!” Desired them to dress the whole sheep, or rather the flock, and all the vegetables in the county. Appetite lost in ill humour. Could not eat when more was dressed. Tarts sour as verjuice. Wine!—Sherry they call it! Water—vinegar—Cayenne pepper—sugar—and Epsom salts. Gentleman who dined in the same coffee-room, said to another, “Not a bad glass of wine!” as he tasted his. What an inexpressible happiness it must be to be a beast!

Walked along the "cliff," having meant to stay a day or two, to try if I could get lodgings. All the people seemed rampant, in boots and spurs, and white hats, and riding in go-carts, or upon three-legged horses. Looked at half a dozen lodgings; saw that the owners were quite wretched for fear they should not ask all the money I had got. Would not take any; and made up my mind not to stay at all.

Then the next morning, "by coach," as Pepys would say, to London. Awoke at six! Cursed "six" by my gods, and all coaches that started at such an hour. "Boots" waked me; the wretch was one mass of velveteen and blacking! and smelled of oil—he was saturated with it, worse than a South-sea whaler. Coach loaded when I got down stairs. Monsters all! Book a delusion. Mrs "Delmore"—that I had counted on something—a mumbling old frippery of ninety; and the two "Miss Pratts"—urchins been out of town for "the meazles," in the care of "uncle Thomas," and a maid servant! Well! as Tobias says in the Stranger, "There is another, and a better world!"

But, beyond the odour of "Boots," or the presence of an old woman where you expected a young one, of all visitations that can be inflicted upon you, within that Pandora's box outdone, a public conveyance—the having a practised traveller with you, one who "knows the road,"—is the most crucifyingly horrible! Between Crawley and London, you can't pass a show-box, but this villain can tell you how long it is built, and the pedigree of the man that owns it! He knows the landlord's name at the inn, stop where you will; the house he came from last; the number of his children; and the time when his brother was hanged! The coachman is always "Mister," or "Dick" so and so, with this wretch; the bar-maid always "Betty." He prefers the "outside" of a coach to the "in," at "any time," holds a drop of "dogs nose" (beyond rum or brandy) the sovereignst thing a man can take to "keep the cold out with;" and has a great-coat "at home," that stood a fortnight's rain once without being wet through! Oh! it is hideous to have a pernicious polypus like this, poisoning the little good there is—the sweet air of the fields and of the gardens—drowning

the chirping of the birds, with his unwholesome gossip! The rascal has the impertinence, presumptive, of a barber, a fiddler, or a dancing-master. Hark! how he will talk you to the guard, of leaders, wheelers, and long stages! of weather, crops, potatoes, politics, and hailstones, and what he had for breakfast at the "Spread Eagle," the last time he came that way! How again he jests with the servant-maid of the "Miss Pratts!" and—there comes a laugh that pierces to your very marrow! How talkative the vulgar is *en masse*! He should have kept geese upon a common now, this ruffian. And yet, a hundred to one, our "general education" has made him clerk to an attorney!

Read some of Waterton's book, the "Wanderings," which was very pleasantly reviewed in the Quarterly. A very extraordinary production! The riding upon the crocodile must be meant as a hoax; there is so much good sense in other parts of the book, that it can't be anything else. And the style, too, is peculiarly good, for a man who is not an author by profession: A great deal of it is lively and pointed, and some of it very elegant. The same gift may be observed in Major Denham's book; which is got up with considerable taste and cleverness. If it be done by the Major himself, it shows a combination of talents in one individual, making such journeys, and constructing such paragraphs—the physical and the intellectual—not often to be met with.

Looked into the last Quarterly, and liked it much. Sound, and yet vivacious. Found I had read the article on the Poor Laws—which is a very clever one—piecemeal, all the week before, in half a dozen evening and Sunday newspapers; wondering all the while how the devil they got so much knowledge upon the matter. As we stand now, the reading public is completely divided into classes; after a joke or a thought is worn out in one circle, it is still fresh and good for another.

Took up another book, called "Sketches in Portugal," or some such title—done with pictures—before the author of which Mr Waterton—crocodile and all—must hide his diminished head. What do you say to being *shaved* in the Peninsula? But you shall have the story in the writer's own words.

“To return to Portuguese barbers, I remember one near Alcantara—[Alcantara is a parish in Lisbon]—renowned for his dexterity; and to the English who resided in Lisbon in the years 1809 to 1811, the circumstance must be familiar. It happened *invariably*, that when a well-dressed man (*homme de gravata lavada*) came into his shop to be shaved, he would *take off his head* instead of his beard—*let him down through a trap-door*, on which his chair had been purposely placed, and be ready in a trice to *repeat the operation* on the next customer, while his wife was occupied in disposing of the patient's clothes.”

If “*gravata lavada*” *i. e.* clean linen, was in anything like common request in Portugal at the time referred to, this barber must have made a fortune at this trade pretty rapidly. But our author meets with wholesale people in all professions, and wholesale doings wherever he goes. At Setubal, a little fishing village on the Tagus, he is present during the Carnival, when it is the custom of the Portuguese, among other sports, to throw oranges at one another for diversion; and he sees there as many oranges scattered about the streets, which people had been throwing at one another, as “would suffice, at least, to load *five or six vessels of two hundred tons burthen!*” Dickens and daisies—a man who has seen such things as these—what a gentleman he would be to show at a fair! Supposing these oranges now to be sold at *ten for a farthing*, the quantity thrown away would be worth rather more than *four thousand pounds*.

But the oranges carried me away from my purpose. Major Denham's travels put me in mind of lions and such ferocious beasts. I went to Exeter Change the other night to see the lions fed—a sight, I'll promise you, worth attention. I would not give a pin to see unhappy animals (miscalled “wild”) as we generally look at them in cages—dull, sleepy, sluggish, or, at best, only a little fretful from the sense of unmerited confinement. But, when excited by an amorous inclination, the sight of a bone, or any other interesting casualty—*Ca ira!* I am not surprised that the Roman Emperors gave their lions Christians—(whom they held in no more estimation than I would Cockneys)—to eat. But you

shall hear. Listen, Christopher—only listen.

I went in about a quarter of an hour before “feeding time”—just, I may say, as the cloth was laid; everybody very restless and anxious; great flourishing of tails, low stifed growling, and rapid passing to and fro against the bars of the dens, by the junior branches of the company—three glorious young lionesses and a lion—with a general spring to the front every time the commander of the legs of beef stirred from his place, obviously conscious that dinner could not be a very great way off, though not certain to a minute (as Chuny was dead, who always knew what o'clock it was) about the time. At length the ceremony commenced; and then, even in the certainty that he was secured, it was hardly possible to look at the grown lion, “Nero,” (all old lions, I believe, are called “Nero,”) without a disposition to get a “little farther” from the cage—in case “anything should happen.”

His roar, when a pole was placed upon the piece of meat which had been thrown to him, resembled no sound that I had ever heard before. It was not a sustained or continued tone; but a short, rapid, *staccato* repetition upon one note—a sort of half cough and half bark—not produced by any movement of the mouth, but issuing obviously and directly from the throat; and like to nothing so much that I can instance as the hollow, deep, quick rolling which is produced by the discharge of artillery, in a sharp running fire, at a small distance; or still more in the shooting down—if you ever heard it—of a cart-load of paving-stones; or by the continued falling of heavy masses of some slightly sonorous material one over another.

The spring, too, of the animal conveyed, what I never fully appreciated before, a sense of the utter hopelessness, with the best-chosen weapons, of a man's making any resistance in case he were attacked by such a brute. I had been of another opinion when I saw that lion of Wombwell's fight at Warwick; but there must have been some peculiarity about him that was not understood. He was a fine, handsome, well-grown, well-looking animal; but the “Nero” of Exeter Change!—the best dog ever bred in

England, that received one blow from his fore-paw, would never rise to fight again. I should be strongly inclined to bet that his spring alone would bring down an ox.

Visited the den of the late "Chuny"; and conversed with his late proprietor upon his mishap; who assured me that he would never have an elephant up two pair of stairs again. Had he only lived upon a ground floor, Chuny, it is thought now, might have been saved; but the Jews in the change underneath (who expected him to come through) made such a clamour!—Every man must do what he likes with his own—but I would not have killed him for all the old-clothes-men in Christendom. When his death, however, was resolved on, the object, of course, became to dispatch him with as little suffering as possible; and a "field piece" was suggested as the readiest way; but it was found impossible, the proprietor told me, in all London to get one. He sent to all the gun-smiths in the Strand asking for a "field-piece," but they had no such thing. Some one said that perhaps Mr Barber Beaumont, as he lived at a "fire" office, might do something for them, but they did not succeed there; then they sent to all the wharfs on the Surrey side of the river, which are in the habit of "saluting" when the Lord Mayor goes by in his barge, &c. &c.; but those guns, it was found, would not be safe to carry ball, as they were made only to be used with powder. And at last, the man sent up, he said, to Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres, where, he had heard, they had pieces of all sorts; but they sent him back word, that they had none such as would suit his purpose. So, then—as sixteen ounces make a pound—it seems they thought they could not do better than have recourse to muskets.

Was shown a cabinet of monkeys, a sort of creatures that I have always contemplated with great delight and attention, and am convinced that (after the inhabitants of Africa are civilized, and the negroes in our own colonies are emancipated) something more than people are aware of may be done for them. One baboon had a wife with him in his cage; and I never saw any person with a better general notion of matrimonial discipline in my life! He kept her always crouch-

ed up in a corner, while visitors were present; and if ever she ventured a little way out to get a nut, or any other indulgence, he gave her the most immense box on the ear imaginable, and converted the nut to his own use.

In another hutch was a female ape, with a son about two months old; whose only delight in the world seemed to be tickling his mother with a long straw when she wanted to go to sleep. As soon as the honest matron lay down, and curled herself round to take a little nap, this unlucky urchin began with his long straw, poking her under the ear from the farthest corner of the habitation. By and by, after enduring a great deal, the old lady jumped up with a yell, and dashed him furiously on the floor of the hutch, taking away the long straw, and breaking it into a hundred pieces; then, as doubting if he was hurt, picked him up again, and examined him carefully all over; coaxed him, caught a flea or two, and let him loose to begin his antics again, after the manner of mothers in general.

While this was going on below, a monkey in a cage a little over head was reaching down with all his might to take off the hat of a gentleman who stood before me. And another, still higher up, enraged at being overlooked in the distribution of gingerbread, gave a loud sudden scream to attract attention, and then flung a handful of saw-dust in the eyes of the person who looked up at him.

Transciant simia. "Vauxhall" was opened. First night, absolutely the most ridiculous scene in the world! The present proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, are the people of the "Patent Wine Company," or some such institution—I believe in Fleet Street, who have taken these gardens—no bad notion—for the sake of a vent for the article in which they deal. Be this as it may, Vauxhall this year was to have done everything! No more songs by Miss Wilkins, and Mrs Wilkins! Braham, Vestris, Miss Stephens, De Begnis, Spagnoletti—they wanted Pasta—all the first English people, and some of the Italians, were "engaged!" and folks were to pay sixpence a-piece more for the admission. When—mark the uncertainty of all "sublunary" enjoyments, especially in a climate like that of England! On the morning of the 29th of May,

that very night the "Season" was to begin—after a fortnight's continued fair weather before—down came a rain, which promised to last for a week without ceasing! It was so dense, that the geese about Lambeth Marsh flew to the tops of the steeples through it, and thought they were swimming! It was heavy enough, not merely to have "drowned the cocks," as Lear has it in the play, but the hens into the bargain! Adieu, three hundred pounds of good receipt! Adieu, two hundred pounds of profit upon arrack punch, and tea, and wine! It came—not after people had started—that would not have been so bad, for when folks have set out upon a party of pleasure, it is not easy to turn them back; but it came from noon—from the very morning—steady—slow—thick—increasing! The clouds that hung over the whole city looked like the black waters of a midnight sea! One gloomy level of unbroken darkness; no light—no shade—no breaking—no distinction—no pause!

The concert-room was cold and chilly. The few lamps that were lighted, spit—sputtered—and expired. The boatmen at the "water-gate" sucked their quids, as people are said to drink patriotic toasts at tavern-meetings—the memory of Tom Paine, and so on—"in solemn silence!" The hackney coachmen that had assembled in Kennington Lane resolved—double fare would not do under such circumstances—they would not carry people home upon any terms that night! Roast ducks rued the day. Fowls grew white in the face at the thought of not being eaten. Mr Simpson walked about in full dress and despair!—forty years Master of the Ceremonies at these "Gardens," and had never seen such an evening!—only doubting on which tree it would be most becoming that he should hang himself, and fortunately could not succeed in making up his mind.

Then the singers! they had to warble, like Orpheus of old, to the woods! for there was no audience, except a few people of the neighbourhood, fetched in extemporally, with great-coats and umbrellas, for company. The double bass has been rheumatic ever since; the big drum had to be "tapped" (but it was for the dropsy); and most of the wind instruments were rendered asthmatic for

life. And, to conclude, some vile dog, by way of consolation amid the general calamity, was hard-hearted enough to labour out a sort of pun upon the connexion of the "Garden" proprietors with the company in Fleet Street: he was not quite sure, he told Mr Simpson, on the first night, what to say about their *wine*; but certainly they were very lavish in the dispensation of their *water*.

* * * * *

The mention of Miss Stephens's name and Braham's, was naturally directing my thoughts to the Theatres; and by a most singular casualty, at the very moment that I was going to write the name of "Carl Von Weber," comes a note from a friend, to tell me that—he is DEAD!

"Life's but a walking shadow,"

And poor Weber's reign has been a brief one! I saw him not more than four nights since, the last time I think that he appeared in public, conducting the performance of his own Frieschutz overture, for the benefit of Miss Paton! This is terrible work.

I intended, four months ago, to try at a criticism upon his later performances, but now it is hardly possible; and perhaps the less so, because I had in some sort denied the peculiar merit of the *Oberon*—his last production. The fact is, there are a sort of persons in the world, whose very concurrence in an opinion, even that one has, inclines one to abandon it—a kind of people who slaver every man with exaggerated praise that happens to stand pretty well established in honour and popularity; in the idea that they get their own precious opinions, and his reputation, whether their stuff be either silently despised or contradicted, as far as the fools among mankind are concerned, mentioned together. A knot of these worthies, relying upon the success of the *Freischutz*, had fixed upon Weber the moment he came to England; and accordingly, no sooner was the *Oberon* produced, which, with a few splendid things in it, was a dreadfully dull opera, than straightway open ye me the whole cry of self-constituted critics, with a filthy yelp of laudation, just as nauseating probably to the poor man who was the unhappy object of it, as to the public who were condemned to hear it; and the result was, that people's anger at such hasty impertinence was excited, and one or

two decent persons, John Bull, I think, the first, struck at the performance perhaps harder than it merited.

For the comparison which has been attempted to be set up between Weber and Bishop, it is very absurd, and quite unnecessary. There was no more reasonable need—supposing both artists to be equally powerful—that that each should be able to excel in the style of the other, than that Sir Walter Scott, because he is an eminent poet, should be able to write a book like *Don Juan*, or that Lord Byron (if he were alive) could produce the counterpart of *Marmion*, or the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. I know nothing personally of Weber or of Bishop. I felt very kindly towards Weber, because he seemed to be an extremely modest, though enthusiastic man; whereas musical people in general, and indeed “show-people” of all kinds, are apt to be great coxcombs and bores. But, certainly, as regards the quantity of popular music known in this country, and composed by Bishop and Weber, the balance is in favour of Bishop twenty times over.

It is a favour to any man of real talents like Weber, to save him from being talked trash about by little people. His *Oberon* there are delightful things in, though they are thinly scattered. The *Freischutz*, I think, and must continue to think, is full of first-rate genius from beginning to end, and the overture equal to any piece of instrumental music—take it from what quarter you will, ancient or modern—extant. How poor Weber

ever composed such an opera as *Oberon*—though it be not the greatest hit in the world—under his manifold bodily sufferings, if we did not know the force of sterling mind in surmounting all obstacles, would seem inconceivable; and no persons will be more inclined to regret his loss, as a man of the rarest talent, than those who refused, in the zenith of his popularity, to place that talent above its proper level.

And, farther, I don't know that I have anything to say; for this talking about poor Weber has put me in ill spirits for jesting. We have little in the way of novelty stirring just at this moment, but the business of the Elections; and, there, not a great deal more than the general course of outrage, and blackguardism, and nonsense, and abuse, which goes to make a drunken foolery of that undertaking, which deserves more serious consideration at the hands of the country. Waithman will come in for the city, and Wilson for Southwark. Cobbett is held to have small chance at Preston;—there are people, however, already elected, who have little, if any, more than his respectability, without a fifty-thousandth portion of his talent. The “Mr Wakefield” you mention, I have seen—a poor silly creature, as ever existed. Instead of being committed for a “capital offence,” he ought to have been sentenced to be shown for a week in some perfumer's window in St James's street, and then suffered to go about his business. TITUS.

London, 10th June 1826.

REMINISCENCES.—No. III.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, &c.

I HAPPENED to pass the entire of the winter of 1775, and part of the wintry months of 1776, in London, being then a very young man, nearly of the same age with Richard Brinsley Sheridan. How far I was competent to form a judgment of theatricals, you already know from the first letter of this series, containing some account of the incomparable Roscius. I do well remember the coming-out of the *Duenna* at Covent Garden, for I was present on the second or third night of its performance, as well as at many other times; and can bear full testimony to the prodigious applause with which it was received from first to last of its long run. One mode of promoting success was by Sheridan judiciously adopted, from the previous management of Gay in the *Beggar's Opera*; who, instead of having recourse to the musical genius of Italy, then understood and relished only by a few amateurs, or fashionables who pretended to be amateurs, had selected for his opera several of the most favourite and well-known national airs, to which he skilfully adapted the words of his songs. This contributed very much, no doubt, to recommend it to a British audience; but the great attraction was the felicitous turn of the satire, the lucky and ingenious assimilation of the heroes of *Newgate* to the *primates* of the court,—a hint suggested by Swift, to whom and to Pope he was probably indebted for more than has been acknowledged. As a drama, and especially as a comic drama, it stands peculiarly distinguished from all others, of modern date at least, in being from beginning to end a severe satire upon men and manners, rendered still more poignant by direct reference to courts and ministers. The resemblance it bears to Swift's peculiar vein of humour,—a resemblance I think exhibited in no other composition of Gay, though several of them even among his fables are of a satirical nature,—strengthens the suspicion of the author's obligations to the Dean of St Patrick's; who, in the verses on his own death, thus speaks of him:

"In my own humorous, biting way,
I blush to be outdone by Gay:"

alluding obviously, I think, to the

Beggar's Opera. Yet, if the suspected aid was really given, the secret has been too well kept to justify us in depriving Gay of a credit, which no person of his own time seems to have had the least idea of supposing that he shared with any contemporary wit. Swift, indeed, was the man in the world best qualified to keep such a secret; but it seems next to an impossibility that it should not have transpired through some other channel, or that there should have been no allusion to it in any of their letters.

The only thing against which satire is particularly pointed in the *Duenna*, is the sensual indulgence and hypocrisy of the monastic life—an institution then little known or regarded by the good people of England. It owes its success to its truly comic merits, and a vivacity of witty dialogue, equalled only by Congreve, which, even without the music, were sufficient to command applause. The introduction of Leoni, then a very favourite singer, required some management. Mr Moore discovered among Sheridan's papers, that the part intended for Isaac's friend, first called Moses, contained much more dialogue than was given to Don Carlos, for which he cannot well account. I can assist him. Leoni could *sing* English, but could not *speak* it. The little that he had to say he could barely pronounce so as to be intelligible; but it was too trifling to attract notice, and the music of his voice made ample amends for the deficiencies of his articulation. This rendered him unfit for any length of dialogue, and Sheridan showed much ingenuity in contriving to give him so much to sing, and so little to say. I do not remember to have heard a voice resembling Leoni's; it was more like the tones of a fine oboe, than those which proceed from the human pipe. Mr Moore seems to wonder, that the printed edition of the *Duenna*, as caricatured in Dublin, for so it really was, should nevertheless have possessed a correct copy of the songs. This, too, I can resolve. The songs were printed off, and sold, for about sixpence, at the doors of the theatre every night, by the fruit-women and other followers of the stage; and probably from the very circumstance of

Leoni's imperfect pronunciation of the words,—for without such a clue it would have been impossible for the nicest ear to collect their sense,—he might as well have been singing German or Italian. It is, indeed, an example that should be followed in every new opera ; for few performers possess the happy gift of true marked expression,—of making the words as clear to the understanding, as the sound is pleasing to the ear.

“ In order to counteract (says Mr Moore) this great success of the rival house, Garrick found it necessary to bring forward all the weight of his own best characters ; and even had recourse to the expedient of playing off the mother against the son, by reviving Mrs Frances Sheridan's comedy of the Discovery, and acting the principal part in it himself. In allusion to the increased fatigue which this competition with the Duenna brought upon Garrick, who was then entering on his sixtieth year, it was said by an actor of the day, that the old woman would be the death of the old man !”

To all who, like me, were living witnesses of the occurrences here alluded to, the foregoing quotation must appear as ridiculously absurd, as it is notoriously untrue. That understanding and judgment, the operation of which was not here, as in political matters, overlaid by the malevolence of party spirit, might have sufficed to show the ingenious author, though he was *not* an eye-witness, that it was absolutely impossible that what he relates *could* be true, notwithstanding the potent authority of an *unknown* and *anonymous* actor. The very subject on which he was writing furnished internal evidence of its falsehood ; for at that very time Garrick's intention to retire was generally known, and, shortly after the Duenna made its appearance, Sheridan was in treaty with him for the purchase of his patent. In none of the letters congratulatory of the opera's great success, is there the smallest allusion to any uneasiness felt, or any exertion made, on the part of Garrick, to encounter or counteract the formidable *competition*, as he chooses to call it. No such thing was ever thought of, because for no such notion was there the smallest foundation. London afforded audiences for both houses, and nothing but the want of sufficient attraction ever prevented both from being filled. An

overflow in either, when the rival house presented no particular inducement, was always serviceable to the other ; because it threw into it several who would not otherwise have left home, but who, having gone to see a play, might think it better to take the minor entertainment than return without any theatrical gratification. Mr Garrick's nights during the season, which some knew, and all suspected would be his last, were always the same. He acted on Wednesdays and Fridays ; nor could I ever discern the smallest difference in the number of spectators, or the quality of his characters, between the weeks preceding and the weeks following the exhibition of Sheridan's opera. As far as I could form a judgment, the crowd which pressed for entrance was greater at the close than at the beginning of the season, that is, when the Duenna was in full career ; not because he “ brought forward all the weight of his own best characters,” but because it was then universally known that he intended to retire from the stage, and such as had only heard of his fame were naturally desirous to avail themselves of an opportunity that would never recur. As to choice of characters, Mr Moore may take my word for it, that though he might be more admired in one than another, any character he chose to represent was sufficiently attractive to ensure an overflowing house. As an instance of this attractive power, I shall relate an incident in which I had a personal concern. One night, in the month of January or February 1776, I was prevailed on by a fashionable friend to go with him to one of the front boxes, where he had with difficulty secured a place. Though we went early, the house was already crowded,—the lobby filled with company unable to find entrance,—and the door-way, close to which I sat, extremely thronged. Among the strugglers was a young man, making great but vain efforts to enter. I heard him say, “ Well, this is very hard. I came from York for no other purpose than to see Mr Garrick ; I shall be obliged to leave town to-morrow to join my regiment, now abroad ; and, in consequence of being ten minutes too late, I am disappointed.”—A compassionate gentleman, of athletic form, who stood beside me, heard the words, and, joining his strength with mine, we succeeded, not without much difficulty,

in forcing a passage for the despairing officer,—whose gratitude for our services could not have been expressed more warmly had we obtained him an advance of rank in the army. The reader may hence form a judgment of the formidable nature of that competition which poor David Garrick so laboriously toiled to counteract!

For the ingenious thought of “playing off the mother against the son, by the revival of the Discovery, and taking on himself to act the principal part in it,” we are, I presume, indebted to the happy imagination of the writer. That Mr Garrick played Mr Anthony Bromville is true, for I have seen him in it; but whether before or after the Duenna’s appearance I do not recollect,—perhaps both. That he made it a principal part by *his* playing it, is also true; but it never was one of his popular characters, because there were few who could relish and appreciate its peculiar humour, viz. that of an aged gentleman returning the romantic passion of the *vieille cour*. I know no character of his which elicited less of clamorous applause. His performance of it during the run of the Duenna, might more justly be deemed a compliment to the genius of that family, which could thus afford the highest entertainment to two great London audiences on the same night.

But why call it *reviving*? this term, I conceive, applies only to plays of ancient date, some of which are occasionally revived. The Discovery was comparatively a *new* play, written by a lady, who, if alive in the year 1775, could hardly be called an old woman. It was well received both on and off the stage, and Mr Garrick often amused himself and the public by acting a part of which no other player well understood, or was able to exhibit the humour. It was, moreover, one of the *least* fatiguing of his manifold characters, a circumstance rather unfavourable to the biographer’s notion of that increased toil and exertion which the Duenna so unfortunately imposed upon him. Even admitting that this Opera had diminished his profits by a few hundreds, of what sort of consequence could that be to a man abounding in wealth, without a child on whom to bestow it, in the sixtieth year of his age, and about to retire from that profession, of which, for so many years, he had been the

unequaled, and perhaps unequalable, honour and ornament?

Indulgence is certainly due to his biographer for an error into which he could not possibly have fallen, had he been old enough to appreciate theatrical talent in the year 1775. His desire of doing full justice to the merits and respectability of the Sheridan family, is fair and laudable, but does more credit to his friendship than to his judgment. In the second page of his book, he mentions “the competition and even rivalry which the father of Richard Brinsley so long maintained with Garrick.” Tom Sheridan the rival and competitor of David Garrick! Yes, as Shadwell was of Dryden, or an ordinary commodore of Horatio Viscount Nelson! The one, not only at the head of his profession, but confessedly the greatest actor that ever appeared on the British stage, the other a sensible and judicious player, who filled several parts in tragedy respectably, but in one only (or rather in one scene, viz. King John and Hubert) acknowledged to have no superior. Sheridan invited Garrick to assist him in Dublin, of whose stage he was then manager, at a very early period of the latter’s life, even then confessing the full superiority of his powers. While Garrick remained, the houses were crowded to such suffocating excess, (the weather being warm,) that many suffered by a sickness which was called the Garrick fever. With such support, though but for a short season, Sheridan no doubt filled his pockets; but what did he do when this *only equal* performer was gone? The final result of his managership was bankruptcy, or something little short of it. Richard Brinsley himself might have corrected his biographer’s error. From his monody on Garrick may be collected the opinion he entertained of the British Roscius, an opinion most unequivocally excluding all idea of competition or rivalry between Garrick and Sheridan. In one of his letters at this time (while preparing the Duenna for the stage) he says, “my father was astonishingly well received on Saturday night in Cato—I think it will not be many days before we are reconciled.” This expression seems to imply some surprise at his very favourable reception in a favourite part, and would hardly have been used had he been speaking of one who was able

to maintain a competition with Garrick, and who, besides, had been long absent from his former London friends and admirers. Sheridan was indeed always well received, as his sterling merit deserved, but his powers of attracting an audience were not of the highest order. I saw him play Cato in that very year to very thin houses. His theatrical character has been accurately drawn by Churchill in the Rosciad, who, with more than usual candour, does justice to his excellencies without exaggerating his defects. Of that rough and vigorous satirist the praise may be always depended on, but not so the censure. He has been most cruelly unjust to the celebrated Spranger Barry, one of the most fascinating actors, in many parts, who ever delighted or adorned a theatre. He indeed, though infinitely inferior in the extent and versatility of his powers, might with some reason have been called a rival and competitor of Garrick. Nature had bestowed on him advantages rarely united in one person, a tall and elegant figure, a beautiful countenance, and a most mellifluous voice. In *Romeo*, he disputed the palm with the accomplished Garrick himself; in *Lear*, he approached to an equality; and in *Othello* and *Alexander the Great*, he shone unrivalled. Churchill's observation on Sheridan might have been reserved for him whose great obligations were to bounteous nature—

Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone,
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.

Mrs Barry too, it is but fair to say, was, in general acting, among the very first actresses of that day; in the heart-rending scenes of tragedy fully equal, and sometimes, I had almost said, superior to Mrs Siddons herself. It is not generally known, but unless I mistake very much, it will be found true, that this latter great actress and amiable woman, appeared about this time on the boards of Drury Lane in an inferior cast of characters—probably she was not then aware of her own great powers. But enough of theatricals.

I cannot, however, take leave of historical reminiscences thus suggested, without some farther notice of that ingenious fellow-countryman, by whose biographical publication they have been awakened. But am I not guilty

of a misnomer? We cannot, I think, strictly call him compatriot, who has withdrawn himself from our shores, and robbed the land of his birth and affection of all the advantage derivable from personal excellence and pecuniary expenditure. To a poor country the latter is of some moment, though unaccompanied with any inheritance save that of virtue, and his patriotic excellencies may well enough be spared amidst the redundancy of similar worth and talent which he has left behind. But, though absent in body, he is, I shall be told, present in spirit,—true, he is. Of this spiritual visitation, we possess unquestionable proof in the pacific, sentimental, conciliatory, and benevolent romance entitled *Memoirs of Captain Rock*. This exquisite and veracious production is not only an apology for, but a justification of his absence. Of other absentees, unfortunately over numerous, we may, we must lament and deplore the loss; of that of him who threw his fire-brand among materials already too inflammable—never. That the torch has been extinguished without the quantum of nocturnal illumination contemplated by the pyrotechnical compounder, is a failure for which he has not the smallest cause of self-reproach—it was not his fault.

Longinus I think it is, who advises a writer to avail himself of established models of composition, and when about to commit his thoughts to paper, to consider how such or such an author would probably have written. Sheridan's Irish biographer seems to have had this precept under view in some degree at least, but rather in style than in sentiment, for in the latter they are frequently at variance. Sheridan's political creed was, unfortunately as it should seem for himself, taken from the Whigs, and the active warmth of his heart rivetted the early attachment he had formed to some very eminent men of that headstrong and turbulent party. That he became sensible of his error there is abundant reason to believe; but unhappily for his comfort, his character, his peace of mind, and perhaps, I may add, of his country, it came too late. It is, however, due to his fame to acknowledge, that there were moments when the strength of his understanding burst the fetters of his bondage,

and the sense of what he owed to his country and his King, triumphed over his habitual subjection to the domination of a party. This, in the eyes of his biographer, is an inexpiable offence, and no wonder. Infallibility is the test and basis of *his* religious and political creed, and consistency obliges him to consign to disgrace and condemnation here, if not hereafter, the blind and infatuated mortals who presume to think otherwise. Yet were there, for I remember the time right well, many whom the world called honest, respectable, and wise, who did venture to give poor Sheridan the highest credit for what they esteemed his voluntary, honourable, and manly support of government, on some most trying and critical emergencies; on occasions which found the selfish, the envious, and the disappointed seekers of place and power, skulking in their pantry holes, or wanting courage to face the storm that threatened desolation and distraction to their country.—But what of that? The modern Samson who scattered fiery brands, not in his enemy's country, but his own, is pleased to be of a different opinion, and against his authority what patriot will contend?

With respect to style, a certain imitation or resemblance of Sheridan's is sufficiently obvious in the pages of his biographer; not, however, in exact conformity with the suggestion of Longinus, which had reference to the beauties, not to the defects, of the model. Mr Moore censures, and not without justice, that profusion of conceits, tropes, figures, and metaphorical illustrations which the redundancy of Sheridan's wit was always pouring forth, with too frequent disregard of strict propriety and good taste.

Strange to say, however, he mistakes the faults he reprehends, and, though less copious in their use, is more extravagant in their application. Most of Sheridan's figurative embellishments, were *viva voce* effusions, and however unable to sustain the critical judgment of a cool reader, powerfully impressive on the admiring listeners. But what does his biographer? In a grave, critical composition, issuing from the calm recesses of the study, he has, in spite of the "nunc non erat hic locus" of Horace, given us frequent patches of the purple vestment,—"purpureus latè qui splendet unus

et alter assuitur pannus." One of peculiar eccentricity now meets my eye, while reading an account of Sheridan's anxiety to secure the success of the *Duenna*. Linley's great judgment in arranging and directing the musical department, he justly conceived to be of most material import, the more especially as the Covent Garden theatre did not appear to be well provided with instrumental performers. "As to the state of the music, (thus he writes to his father-in-law,) I want but three airs, but there are some glees and quartets in the last act, which will be inevitably ruined, if we have no one at least to set the performers in the right way." Of Leoni, he says, in another letter, "he sings nothing well but in a plaintive and pastoral style, and his voice is such as appears to me to be always hurt by much accompaniment." What he means by setting the performers in the right way, he explains in another place, by observing, that for want of a *Master*, (a director like Linley,) "everybody sings there according to their own ideas, or what chance instruction they can come at." On these observations his biographer thus comments: "In the instructions thus given by the poet to the musician," (in fact it was the poet who wanted the musician's instructions,) "we may perceive that he somewhat apprehended, even in the tasteful hands of Linley, that predominance of harmony over melody, and of noise over both, which is so fatal to poetry and song, in their perilous alliance with an orchestra." I am inclined to believe, that, however perilous the alliance between vocal and instrumental music in a concert or theatre may be, the situation of the former would be much more perilous without it, and that Sheridan was as far from apprehending "the predominance of harmony over melody," (matters quite distinct,) "and of noise over both, from the *tasteful hands* of Mr Linley," as he would, were he now alive, be of forming a guess by what metaphor this terrible predominance would be illustrated. "Indeed," says this able biographer, "indeed, those Elephants of old that used to tread down the ranks they were brought to assist, were but a *type* of the *havoc* that is sometimes made both of melody and meaning, by the over-laying aid of accompaniments"!!!

A quintetto of singers trampled down and overlaid by an orchestra of elephants! What a happy simile would it have been for the ingenious authors of Chrononhotonthologos, or Tom Thumb—see what it is to have written oriental epics, and become acquainted with elephantine types. One thing at least is made very clear by this hypercritical illustration, viz. that it is no difficult matter to make a havoc of meaning.

Another extraordinary instance (and of oriental origin also) of what is intended for superfineillustration, occurs in that part which treats of Sheridan's intercourse with his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales. As certain venomous creatures are reported to carry with them antidotes for their own stings, so it may be said of this and other productions of the same school, that they contain within themselves a refutation of their own slander. I am clearly of opinion, that any intelligent reader, previously unacquainted with the subjects of this piece of biography, would even, from its own relation of facts, be induced to regard the Prince of Wales as the sincerest, most generous, and most constant of all the friends with whom Sheridan's (probably unfortunate) introduction to a higher sphere had made him acquainted. Yet, either from some unaccountable obliquity of intellect, some blind and bigotted attachment to the debasing level of vulgar democracy, or some mortifying repulse, which the insolent obtrusiveness of plebeian vanity might have brought upon itself, we are presented with the following figurative elucidation of the baneful effects of royal friendship:—

“So fatal too often are royal friendships—whose attraction, like the loadstone rock in Eastern fable, that drew the nails out of the luckless ships that came near it, steals gradually away the strength by which character is held together, till at last it loosens at all points, and falls to pieces a wreck!”

Of this precious simile, calculated to dazzle Cockneys, and delight Radicals, it is hardly necessary to point out the inappropriateness and the malice. The act of “stealing gradually away,” is as unfitly typified by an operation of great and almost momentary violence, as the beneficence of Sheridan's royal patron and truest friend is represented to be the cause of his ec-

centricities, his extravagance, and his ruin! From Sheridan's misfortune, admitting the possibility of the assigned reason, Tommy Moore enjoys a fortunate exemption. His cockboat is proof against the Loadstone of Loyalty. The rock which can both draw and sharpen his spikes belongs to a very different class, and of the metallic qualities mixed up in his character, unless perhaps we except brass, iron will be among the most permanent ingredients.

For every extravagance of Sheridan's, his biographer can find some excuse,—for every fault some palliation,—against all accusations he can offer some defence, save only the crime of faithful attachment to the person and interests of his royal master! And what is the offence so heinously and unpardonably committed? Alas, it is not that the fidelity of the subject amounted to slavery to the prince, for this Sheridan's own manly letters openly and honourably disclaim;—No,—the unforgivable crime is, that he was too faithfully loyal to see that prince degraded into the slave of a party, whose insatiable thirst for power would allow no equal even in their king, and who would accept the reins of government on no other condition than that of unlimited concession on the part of royalty, and of rendering himself a cypher even in his own household! If any blame is imputable to that royal personage, it is that of too much condescension. He was willing to consent to any terms. But from this humiliation he was saved by the dignified firmness of a few friends, and the subsequent convictions of his own intellectual reflection. This is the real state of the case, and so notorious at the time, a time strongly imprinted on my own recollection, that it needed little acquaintance or intimacy with courts or statesmen to ascertain its truth. I do not say that Mr Percival would never have been prime minister, because I think his integrity and his talents might have ultimately reached that station; but I do say that he would not have come in as he did, had those who called themselves the Prince's early friends behaved with common gratitude, decorum, propriety, and respect.

On the life of this extraordinary man my own countryman and contemporary, for we were born within the same year, I am, as a reminiscent,

tempted to offer some further remarks, for though not acquainted with *him*, I was well acquainted with the times and the scenes in which he performed so conspicuous a part. Mr Moore's book is, upon the whole, agreeably written, interesting, and minute in detail, sometimes, perhaps, a little too much so. I think there has been rather too copious an exposition of his loose papers and fragments; and am inclined to think, that among those withheld, some more worth producing than what he has given, might easily be found.—Had I been among the friends who committed those papers to a biographer, I should certainly have refused to acquiesce in so full and indiscriminate a publication. The fac-simile of his hand-writing is particularly reprehensible, intending, as it should seem, to show us, not how he could write, but how he could scribble. It is so common for writers of verse to scratch out their first thoughts with a careless and rapid pen, and afterwards to correct and refine, that his doing so could be nothing new. Of this, therefore, a small specimen would have sufficed, and he should not have given a fac-simile of his worst penmanship, without adding one of his more correct.

One circumstance relating to his early years seems hard to be reconciled with credibility. We are told by his biographer, that at eight years old he was pronounced, "by the common consent both of parent and preceptor, a most impenetrable dunce." These peremptory pronouncers of dulness being moreover highly distinguished for philological taste and knowledge! After this follows a curious passage. Two or three years afterwards Richard is sent "to Harrow School, Charles being kept at home as a fitter subject for the instructions of his father, who, by another of those calculations of poor human foresight which the Deity called Eventus by the Romans" (*quæ* Roman Catholics, for the Roman Deity was called Fortuna,) "takes such wanton pleasure in falsifying, considered his elder brother as destined to be the brighter of the two brother stars,"—(he might have called them, *hibernice*, twins, the idea being suggested by Castor and Pollux.) Now, to a common understanding, an opposite conclusion would, I think, have presented itself. For surely a lad sent to a school so celebrated as

Harrow, would seem more likely to be put in the way of future fame and splendour, than he who was kept at home to learn English grammar and play-acting under the auspices of old Tom Sheridan. But how can we account for the different sentences pronounced upon him in Ireland and England, and that within the course of three years? In one he was an "impenetrable dunce," and in the other a boy of most winning disposition and great talents, but great idleness, and this too in the opinion of two of the best judges in Great Britain, Dr Parr and Dr Sumner; an opinion which the aforesaid Deity Eventus, contrary to custom, so amply justified. Could English air have wrought so wonderful a change? I know indeed that it encourages and rewards Irish talent, but I did not before hear that it was necessary to produce it. The biographer seems to have been too hasty in charging Messrs Whyte and Sheridan with passing a sentence which certainly could prove nothing but their own precipitancy of judgment or total want of penetration. His conversation even then could not have been that of a dunce, and that intelligence of eye which he possessed in so eminent a degree was alone sufficient to tell them that he was only an idler.

The nature of Sheridan's genius is by no means singular. Few persons who have been at schools and colleges, or much conversant with literary history, will fail to have found many parallels. Swift was undistinguished in his early days, and what was considered as dulness, arose probably from his dislike of the studies prescribed, and his contempt of those who prescribed them. Of Curran I can from my own knowledge say the same. He made no figure in college, and was much more inclined to ridicule than to respect the grave and learned sages under whose instruction he was placed. They saw little in the great future advocate but pertness and contumacy; but it was impossible to hold a free and familiar conversation with him for half an hour without being struck by the vivacity of his mind, and the power of his expression. Universities teach deep and various knowledge, they afford excellent ground for the exercise of wit and imagination, but they do not confer either. Hence it sometimes happens that those by whom these quali-

ties are eminently possessed, undervaluing that knowledge which they do not seem to themselves to want, are inclined to dislike, and perhaps despise, the graver personages by whom it is communicated. In the end, however, they never fail to discover the unfortunate rashness of that judgment which fondly hoped that wit would be a succedaneum for knowledge. The ground so lost is hardly ever regained.

Sheridan certainly could not have disliked or despised such men as Dr Sumner and Dr Parr, but he disliked everything in the shape of a task, and well knowing that he could not compete with clever boys who were diligent, without being diligent himself, was satisfied to have his inferiority put down to the score of idleness. He was *expected* to possess genius, and that at the time was enough for boyish ambition. In everything but lessons he seems to have taken a lead, being not only loved but admired by all his school associates.

Every reader must be pleased with Dr Parr's letter—it gives a lively and excellent account of the subject of it, and moreover intimates a persuasion that the father of Sheridan was fully aware of his son's talents and capacity; a matter of easy belief, for had he been an "impenetrable dunce," it was the greatest of all follies to have sent him to Harrow. That his circumstances would not allow old Sheridan to leave him there longer, is much regretted by the Doctor, and probably by the young man himself in after times; for under such tutors he could not have failed to lay in a good stock of useful and valuable knowledge. Of classic lore, however, he did possess, if Dr Parr is to be believed, who speaks from personal knowledge, more than his biographer, who can only speak from opinion, is willing to allow. "It was not," says Mr Moore, "one of the least of Sheridan's triumphs, to have been able to persuade so acute a scholar as Dr Parr, that the extent of his classical acquirements was so great as is here represented, and to have thus impressed with the idea of his remembering so much, the person who best knew how little he had learned."

Here again I must be at variance with the biographer. How a young and ingenuous mind could have looked for *triumph* in a falsehood injurious and dishonourable to himself, is not easy to

conceive, in the first place; and, in the second, Dr Parr was not one of those plodding, common-place tutors on whom boyish plausibility could impose, or who could in any case mistake the pertness of ignorance for the possession of knowledge. He admits the irregularity of his pupil, but their frequent conversation and intercourse left no doubt on his mind respecting the improvement he considers him to have made. Indeed, it seems impossible that a taste and imagination like Sheridan's should have been at all acquainted with Homer, Horace, and Virgil, without a desire to improve that acquaintance, not with the accuracy of a critic or commentator, but for the delight such study could not fail to communicate. That he did not deserve the name of a scholar is, however, a point I am perfectly willing to concede.

Sheridan's immethodical eccentricity has led his biographer into a strange error, and induced him to *ascribe* to nature what nature could not possibly bestow. Nature gives but the materials; she places the ore in the mind, but it is art that gives the value and the polish. Conscious of, and confiding too proudly in his own powers, Sheridan would learn in no way but his own; and that he did so to a very considerable degree, considering his giddy and playful disposition, appears not only from the fame he acquired as a speaker and writer, but from the account of the biographer himself. Dr Parr's illustration of his peculiarities sets the mode in a very clear light, yet Mr Moore tells us that, "of this advantage" (namely, the instruction of his father and other masters in London), "however, it is probable only the elder son availed himself, as Richard, who seems to have been determined to owe all his excellence to nature alone, was found as impracticable a pupil at home as at school!" Yet of this child of nature alone, it is in the succeeding sentence said, "that however inattentive to his school lessons at Harrow, he had already distinguished himself in poetry, which is the first exercise in which the young athlete of intellect try their strength." This is not like leaving everything to nature—there is certainly some art and labour too in making verses, as the biographer himself well knows. And besides this, "his friend Halhed and

he had in conjunction translated the seventh Idyl and *many* of the lesser poems of Theocritus." It is not very likely that a youth, voluntarily engaging in such exercises, should be such a Grecian ignoramus as his biographer is pleased to represent him; nor is it altogether probable that his time in London, though he might be indisposed to profit by the dry lectures of Kerr and his father, was thrown away, and that he read nothing, because he did not read the prescribed lessons. The union between him and Halhed, a young man of singular talents and endowments, is a sufficient proof of improvement as well as power, for Halhed would not have so joined himself with a mere unlettered idler. Poor Halhed's fate is a melancholy one. He returned (if I remember right) from India with improved fortunes, but impaired reason. One of the most eloquent speeches, or rather compositions, I ever read, was delivered by him in the House of Commons, in support of a ridiculous prediction published by one Brothers. It was heard with deep silence, and deeper sorrow. No observation was made, and being unseconded, the motion of course fell to the ground. What became of him afterwards I have not heard.

Sheridan's wit and vivacity, as well as the nature of his connexions and situation, almost necessarily directed him to the Stage, and among his scattered papers were found many dramatic sketches, of some of which he subsequently availed himself. On one of these, afterwards transplanted into what Mr Moore calls the *Farce* of the Critic, the biographer thus moralizes: "Thus it is too, and little to the glory of what are called our years of discretion, that the life of the MAN is chiefly employed in giving effect to the wishes and plans of the *boy*." Thus it is too that the ambition of pointing a sentence often leads a writer to transgress the limits of sense. Had he substituted *indiscretion* there would have been a meaning, for there are who, though they don't want talents, are boys all their lives. The glory of what *is*, and can alone be called mature discretion, consists, I apprehend, in unteaching the *man* the follies of the *boy*, and in instructing the ripened understanding "to put away childish things." Years of discretion were, I am afraid, what poor Sheridan never attained.

Instances of petty plagiarism from himself and others, are often brought against Sheridan by his poetical biographer; in some cases, I suspect, to show the extent of his own reading. From himself he was certainly at full liberty to take without the crime of stealing; and not to borrow occasionally from others, on subjects much handled, is perhaps impossible. In Sheridan's own observation (preface to the *Rivals*) he might have found the finest apology: "Faded ideas float on the mind like half-forgotten dreams, and imagination, in its most suspicious moments, becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted." To persons placed in the same situation the same thoughts will naturally occur, and it was little worth the critic's while to seek a precedent from the thought in one of his beautiful songs, that he could not tell how long his love would last, because he knew not the length of his life. I suppose every ardent young lover feels and often makes the same declaration. The value of the thought is in the peculiar elegance and delicacy of the expression. Among Sheridan's far-fetched conceits, he mentions his comparing "serenaders to Egyptian embalmers extracting the brain through the ears." It certainly is not farther fetched than some of his own (as I have already showed), and much less inappropriate. The thought, according to Moore, is not Sheridan's, but Halhed's. I can, however, assert, though the thought might also have occurred to Halhed's own mind, that I have seen it in some author much older than either. The idea, in the Critic, of stealing other men's thoughts as gipsies do children, and disfiguring them, in order that they may pass for their own, is, in the biographer's remarks, taken from Churchill, who perhaps borrowed it from some one else. It is a very happy one. Were dramatic authors to be confined to their own inventions, the range of the drama would be limited indeed. Sheridan must have read, at an early age, many works of this kind, as well as much of light literature. That he improved on what he imitated will easily be allowed, and all that honest criticism can expect is, not to be a servile copyist.

Sheridan's singularities seem to have accompanied him in everything, even

in love and fighting. Of his two remarkable duels, neither of which are very clearly narrated, we have somewhat too much. The silent progress of his love, his long unsuspected attachment, the young lover's romantic trip to France, and all the circumstances from the commencement to the conclusion, are very curious, and very interesting. Such lovers so rarely meet, except in the fictions of the poet or novelist, that when they do, a well-written and accurate account of all the incidents attending their union must be highly attractive, and can hardly be too long. Of the poetical effusions to which their mutual passion gave rise, the biographer has been too sparing, the more especially since what are called the Works of Sheridan are, in reality, only his dramatic works, and should have been so called. For the complete accuracy even of these, he tells us, in some part of the biography, that he is not answerable. Why, then, commit them to the press, under the sanction of his imprimatur, and with a preface signed by himself? The life certainly should have accompanied the edition, and in that edition all Sheridan's poetical works should have been included. The reasons assigned for delaying the biographical part are mere puff—the true one no doubt is, that the works were called for by the public—the booksellers would not wait—and the biographer was unprepared. There are several errors in the plays, particularly in the *Duenna*.

Having already offered some comments on matters preceding Sheridan's becoming manager of Drury Lane Theatre, I proceed to those which followed.

The biographer wonders that Sheridan, now become a manager, should think of reviving Vanburgh's comedy of the *Relapse*, under the name of a *Trip to Scarborough*. The only wonder, I think, is, that a play should appear among his works, to which he has no more pretensions as an author than Colley Cibber had to *Richard the Third*, which he adapted to the stage, with some very slight additions of his own. There were, however, strong managerial reasons for its introduction. In the first place, it cost him no trouble; in the next, it was well fitted for his company, by whom it was excellently performed; and, in the

last, it gave an opportunity of producing, in one night, three most remarkable actresses, Mrs Abington, Miss Farren, and Mrs Robinson—the first at the very top of her profession for comic humour—the second, of surpassing loveliness and elegance—and the third, one of the most beautiful women in London. Moore's mode of introducing the subject is worth quoting, as a specimen of that figurative affectation which he so often reprehends in Sheridan.

“In reading the original play, we are struck with surprise that Sheridan should ever have hoped to be able to *defecate* such dialogue, and, at the same time, leave any of the wit, whose whole spirit is in the lees, behind. The very life of such characters as *Berinthie* is in their licentiousness—and it is with them, as with objects that are luminous from putrescence, to remove their taint is to extinguish their light!” I cannot indeed say, that this simile, or metaphor, is far fetched, for one has not a great way to go for impurity, but it is incorrect and extravagant. Lord Foppington and Miss Hoyden had formerly been great favourites, and Sheridan hoped, that a little pruning would restore them to favour, aided by the reinforcement of so many other characters; but he had no idea of any literary credit from the revival, or of enrolling the *Trip to Scarborough* among his own productions. It was a temporary expedient, and, as well as I remember, successful. Miss Farren and Mrs Robinson were brought forward afterwards in a trifling entertainment called *The Camp*, merely to gratify the public with a sight of such elegant and beautiful females, for they did little more than appear on the stage, and their appearance was always attractive.

The sketches out of which *The School for Scandal* grew at last into so finished a comedy, are interesting, and show, according to the biographer's just, but not very novel observation, the pains and patience which even genius must employ to produce a perfect composition. Of these, however, he has given rather too much, nor has he forgot to adorn his remarks on the gradual process of the work, with metaphorical illustrations. “It cannot fail,” he says, “to interest deeply all who take delight in tracing the alchemy of genius, and in watching the

first slow workings of the menstruum out of which its first transmutations arise." This, however, is not enough, and presently after we are favoured with an illustration of a different character, and which, lying deeper, is more obscure. "Patience must first explore the depths where the pearl lies hid, before genius boldly dives and brings it up full into light." For my own part I should have been satisfied with the first, for I find myself more puzzled than edified by the second, followed as it is by a rather unintelligible exception: "There are," he says, "some striking exceptions to this rule, and our own times have witnessed more than one extraordinary intellect, whose depth has not prevented their treasures from lying ever ready within reach." The question is, how are those treasures of genius to be obtained? for when once possessed, they must, of course, be within reach of the possessor. "Patience," says this biographer, quoting from Buffon, "is power;" or (as another French writer has explained his thought) "Patience seeks, and Genius finds"—intimating, I presume, that pains and perseverance are necessary to enable genius to produce excellence. The materials on which genius works, are observation, study, and knowledge; the treasury of the mind must be filled before the owner can draw any riches from it; and it is the property of genius alone to render the stock available to the attainment of durable and eminent reputation. Does not the critic's first illustration militate a little against his second?—no uncommon thing, indeed, in such figurative dealers. In the first, Genius is an alchemist, slowly and laboriously transmuting the cheap into the precious. In the second, he is a bold diver for pearls, when patience had previously explored the depth at which they lay hid. This having been successfully ascertained, he has only to dive boldly whenever he wants one. The alchemist and the pearl diver are mighty different sorts of operators—if genius be in its process similar to one, my dulness cannot see how it can be like to the other. But it seems there are some pearl-fishers to whom kind nature spares the trouble of diving, and for whom the pearls always float at the top. These, as he justly observes, are very rare exceptions, and it would have

been but kind to have produced one of them, as I feel very much disposed to doubt the fact. The allusion, as I suspect, was to Edmund Burke, and perhaps also to Samuel Johnson. They did, indeed, draw readily from the mental store, but the treasury was first filled, not without much patience and pains. Yet, in poetic compositions at least, of which both were very sparing, I think it highly probable that they acted like others. But they were prudent enough to keep only fair copies, and to do, what Sheridan's carelessness omitted—burn the rest.

The biographer's remarks on the gradual elaboration of this highly-finished comedy are generally just and interesting, but perhaps unnecessarily copious. It affords an easy solution of what, to my knowledge, excited at the time general surprise, viz. why he who could write so well, and whose dramatic efforts were sure to be so attractive to the public, and profitable to himself, did not write more. Good sense and good taste forbade him to bring forward anything unworthy of his genius, and degrading to his character; and experience showed him that dramatic compositions of study must require a degree of mental labour, and toilsome perseverance, invincibly repugnant to his natural indolence and love of pleasure. To a man so highly gifted, and whose knowledge of men and things embraced a very wide circle, subjects for the comic muse could never be wanting; but his disposition revolted against the difficulties of the task. Had he loved money as well as he loved praise, he would have stuck to the drama even after he had been drawn into the vortex of politics. But he made a name, and was content with it. I doubt if we should ever have had "the Critic," but for the gratification of a little pique against a very worthy man, who had as great a passion for writing as Sheridan for pleasure, Richard Cumberland. In this there was less difficulty, for the model was prepared to his hand. I can tell, also, that he borrowed more than his biographer was aware of. I remember to have read a little entertainment of a similar kind, brought forward, I believe, for Mrs Clive's benefit, and, if I mistake not, written by Mr King, in which that inimitable actress, who was Lady Patroness of the rehearsal, amused the audience very much by describing the

actors, herself in particular, as Mr Puff does in the Critic. I think, by the by, that Mr Puff's shrewdness as a "ways and means" character, is not very compatible with his tragic absurdity. The extravagance of tragic writers in Charles the Second's days was justly ridiculed by the satirical lash of the witty Duke of Buckingham, but no writers of Sheridan's time were fairly subject to similar reproach. They might have been deficient in dramatic genius, but they were not guilty of dramatic absurdities. Puff's character, as at first appears, would render him much more likely to ridicule than to write the tragedy of "the Spanish Armada." But the defect of judgment in the author is covered by the glittering mantle of his wit. A similar inconsistency appears, I think, in the character of Partridge in Tom Jones, from whose first interview and dialogues with his master we are prepared to expect much more of the wag, and much less of the simpleton. He is certainly made conducive to the reader's entertainment, but his character is by no means sustained, *qualis ab imo*, with the same skill and happiness of that of his renowned prototype Don Quixote's squire, the amusing and inimitable Sancho.

It seems now thought, that in the lively rake of the School for Scandal, Sheridan was drawing a picture of himself; and that there are some points of resemblance, is obvious. But at the time it came out, the general opinion was, that another person sat for the picture, whom it resembled much more, and who was known to be the idol of Sheridan's admiration, the celebrated Charles Fox. Sheridan had spent no fortune; he was busily employed in making one; nor was he, at least at that time, known as a trafficker with Jews, or an associate of fashionable and deep-playing gamblers. All these circumstances, added to the identity of the Christian name, concurred to fix the dramatic cap upon the head of one so exactly qualified to wear it—his friend Fox.

Of these two remarkable men, so like in many points of wit, genius, and disposition, how different were the terminating scenes of life! Had human judgment ventured to predict their fortunes when they first began to be distinguished in the world, it would probably have reversed their fate, dooming the dissipated, dissolute, and ap-

parently incorrigible Fox, to an end commensurate with his wild career, and gilding the last days of the other with riches, with happiness, and with fame. Nature had bestowed upon Fox great talents, and education had cultivated them; he was also born to honour and to fortune. These, governed by prudence, would necessarily have led to the highest distinctions of the state, to all that the fondest votaries of wealth and glory can desire. But there was a time when the indulgence of dissipated and profligate habits seemed to point him out as a man whom even his talents, rank, and personal attractions, could not rescue from vice, from misery, and from ruin. The society of an amiable and accomplished wife might have gradually weaned him from pleasure, and pursuits destructive alike to health and fortune; but Sultan Solymán would as soon have thought of marrying, or combining his love to one fair favourite, as Charley Fox, at the time I speak of. Now, how was it with Sheridan? He had to *make* his fortune: he was born to none, and therefore wanted that only temptation to extravagance into which his friend had fallen. He had married the woman of his heart; a woman, too, who, in beauty and accomplishments, was considered to be unrivalled. Though inheriting no property, he was in possession of genius amply sufficient to supply the want; he knew well how to employ it successfully; and when he became manager, had, as the vulgar phrase is, the ball at his foot. Besides, it was reasonable to suppose that a fortune got by labour would be more valued, and better preserved, than one descending by inheritance. Yet Fox in some measure redeemed the errors of a voluptuous and extravagant youth, by leaving the vain and busy world, and seeking the comforts of domestic tranquillity in literary retirement, and the company of a wife (for he did marry at last) whom he wisely chose, not for wealth, beauty, or connexion, but for good temper and good sense. On poor Sheridan's melancholy and inglorious end it is too painful to dwell. He too had the advantages which connubial union is capable of imparting, had he with equal prudence availed himself of them. His biographer enters into pretty large details of that melancholy period, withholding, however, one of those unfortunate failings which

degraded him more in the estimation of the respectable than his debts and his imprudence, namely, addiction to strong liquors. How such a mind could so debase itself, it is hard to say. Possibly it was a consciousness of this wretched, but unconquerable habit, which induced him to decline the Prince's offer of a seat in Parliament. To appear there, as I fear he too frequently did towards the close of his political life, would have reflected some portion of disgrace on his royal patron.

What talents, what friendship, what patronage, could support a man thus wilfully devoting himself to shame and degradation? Mr Moore labours to throw the weight of all his closing miseries on the desertion of his friends. Alas! he had been first deserted by one who ought to have been, *instar omnium*, the first and best of friends—himself. This unfortunate propensity easily accounts for that disordered state of the digestive powers, and incapacity of the stomach to receive nourishment, which, notwithstanding his natural strength of constitution, accelerated, as it hardly ever fails to do, his dissolution. Many a melancholy instance of similar acceleration have I known, and that in constitutions which nature had rendered capable of resisting every other violent and irregular subversion of its powers.

But Sheridan's repugnance to the labour of dramatic composition was not the sole cause of his relinquishing it. His brilliant imagination, ready wit, and powers of expression, pointed him out as a valuable parliamentary acquisition to that party, with the primary leaders of which his public fame and convivial qualities had procured him an intimacy. The opportunity thus offered was too tempting to be resisted by a young man, conscious of possessing the talents which could adorn, though deficient in the knowledge which should accomplish, the statesman. The dramatic pursuit afforded, indeed, a certain road both to reputation and riches; but what were these in comparison with the transporting hope of winning the applause of an admiring senate, and gradually rising to the honours and emoluments of the state? In a mind like his, rendered still more ardent by flattery and applause, prudence had little chance of success in a struggle with ambition. The applause due to wit and eloquence

of the highest quality he did indeed attain, but found, too late, that he had not been equally fortunate in choosing the way to station and emolument, the ultimate object of his senatorial ambition. Disappointment, however, according to his biographer, resulted not from want of wisdom in his choice, but from the rectitude by which that choice was directed. Like Cato, he embraced the right cause, and that it turned out to be not the *victrix*, but the *victa*, was not his fault. Truly I believe so, nor of his friend Fox neither, than whom,—witness his India bill and his North Coalition—no minister ever more ardently aspired to be victor, not of Parliament alone, but of King and people also. But whether it was the worse or the better party, the truth is, that he had no option to make, except that of not coming into Parliament at all. Under that party he enlisted, and, being bound to its support, could not, in propriety of speech, be called an independent senator.

But, his biographer would rejoin, though a party no doubt it was, yet it was one which no great or good man could hesitate to embrace; for it was composed of all that was magnanimous, sapient, virtuous, and disinterested, within the realm. It was a party that looked upon kings as cyphers,—as all patriots should do. It was a party that had no other possible object in view but the public good, and—a little compensation for their own trouble. It was a noble and liberal party; with one remarkable exception, that would have welcomed Gallic reformists as brothers. It was a party that would have thrown down the pillars of obsolete establishments, and erected a new and splendid edifice on Universal Suffrage, and the Rights of Man. It was a party that would have opened the sluices of the state to the inundations of Radicalism, and let in a blessed tide of peace, plenty, liberty, and happiness, into oppressed, enslaved, unthriving, and ill-governed England. It was a party which one William Pitt, whose narrowness of mind could only be equalled by his selfishness and arrogance, was not only mulish enough to oppose, but, by some unaccountable fatuity in the people, strong enough to put down. All this it certainly was; and, therefore, it can be no wonder that an

adherent so enlightened and attached as Sheridan's little biographer, should whimper and whine over its unfortunate downfall. For mark the consequence. The principles laid down by the aforesaid William Pitt have been followed up to this very hour; nay, Fox himself, when he did come in, after his rival's ever-to-be-lamented length of ministerial sway, was necessitated to tread in the same steps.—Immense sums have been expended to preserve what prejudiced fools called the glory and independence of the British Empire; the nation is prodigiously in debt; the Church of Rome has been unable to send *her* representatives to the Imperial Parliament; and last, though not least, the Tories are lords of the ascendant! All this is very melancholy, no doubt, and what have we in compensation for it? A mere nothing. Military and naval renown, such as even Britain could never boast before!—a feather! Manufactures, industry, commerce, unbounded wealth, internal peace, and general prosperity;—things below the notice of reformers and radicals! A great accession of colonial settlements and foreign possessions;—useless and expensive encumbrances! National celebrity, unequalled among the empires of the world;—*Vox et preterea nihil!* In short, what Mr Pitt contemplated, and thought no sacrifice too great to purchase, has been attained. What might have resulted from a defeat of his measures, and a dereliction of his plans, no man can positively say, though many think it not very difficult to conjecture. For my own part I am not dissatisfied with things as they are; nor do I believe that there is a single man of wealth, wisdom, and character, even of Moore's own party, who is not in his heart of the same opinion.

The biographer's observations upon the Monody on Garrick are, I think, upon the whole just, though sometimes perhaps hypercritical. One is rather surprised to see an author so very fond of tropes, figures, and personifications, as himself, brand, with the name of "false taste," some personifications of Sheridan, which to me appear by no means destitute of either beauty or propriety.

"If dying excellence deserves a tear," is one, and he points to another in one of the Duenna's songs,—

"As some fond widow o'er her babe deploring,
Wakes its beauties with a tear."

I have certainly been tasteless enough not only to pass them without censure, but to consider them as legitimate flowers in the garden of poetry. The former, I think, would be badly exchanged for the simple name,—

"If dying Davy Garrick claim a tear;"

the latter, I believe, will find few reproachers amongst either the judges or the lovers of poetic composition. In fact, I doubt if either of them can strictly be called personifications. The following, however, is an apposite remark,—"It is only by concentrating his rays upon one point that even genius can kindle strong emotion; and, in order to produce any strong effect in the present instance on the audience, Garrick himself ought to have been kept prominently and individually before their eyes in almost every line. Instead of this, the man is soon lost in his art," &c.

This is very true; and hence the Monody, though a beautiful specimen of Sheridan's serious poetic talent, did not long continue to interest the audience. It was not among the theatrical beauties which *decies repetita placebit*. That he did not happen to view the subject with the eyes of his biographer is the more to be regretted, because so fair an opportunity was lost of consigning the various excellencies of Garrick to poetic immortality. His praise, however just, is too general to afford the reader any distinct idea of the actor's peculiar merits, and extraordinary powers. He might have made his Lear, his Richard, his Macbeth, contrasted with a few of his more remarkable comic parts, to borrow poetic phrase, "live in description, and look fresh in song." A picture-work of this kind, executed with the full power of Sheridan's talents, would have been not only a delightful *morceau* for the auditors in whose minds the recollection of Garrick's various parts was so strongly impressed, but perhaps the best memorial of him that could be transmitted to posterity. This, perhaps it will be said, was not in his power; for it seems he told somebody he had never seen Garrick act. I am just as willing to believe that he had never seen Westminster abbey or St Paul's. A wit is not always to be taken at his word; he might have said

so to excite surprise, or get rid of impertinence.

Sheridan, according to his biographer, was more fortunate than Alexander the Great; and as such superiority may not readily occur to readers who have not seen Moore's book, they shall have it in his own words,—“He may therefore here (*i. e.* with the world) be said to have closed his account with literature, when not only the glory of his past successes, but the hopes of all he might yet have achieved, were set down fully, and without any risk of forfeiture, to his credit; and instead of being left, *like Alexander*, to sigh for new worlds to vanquish, no sooner were his triumphs in one sphere of action complete, than another opened to invite him to new conquests.” It may be wrong in me to find fault with an illustration so much in our national taste, but to others a parallel between two cases and persons so utterly dissimilar will seem odd enough. There was, indeed, one part in their characters somewhat alike, which the reader of these pages will be at no loss to discover, and to regret.

But it is not quite true, that his literary and dramatic account was here closed; for we find him, some years after, bringing out a very successful production—under the auspices not of his old favourite the comic, but of the tragic muse,—the drama of Pizarro. This, indeed, is called a translation from the German; but it will be found to have undergone many improvements from his masterly hand, and to have been adorned with some additional beauties of his own. I know it has been the fashion with critics of this biographer's stamp, to charge this tragedy with inflated diction, and decry it as altogether unworthy of Sheridan's genius. It is time to rescue it from the envy and malevolence of such critics. The style, I believe, appears inflated only because it is not metrical; and, appearing to the eye as plain prose, many seem disposed to think, that it ought to be common prosaic language, not considering, that the genius of the tragic muse always demands a more elevated diction, as well as a more refined expression of sentiment, than is admitted in common parlance. In either of these it certainly does not soar to higher extravagance

than his admired oratorical effusions on the great trial of Hastings, and it has less of their figurative and far-fetched ornaments. Cora's song, of which the biographer has given a mangled fac-simile, is eminently beautiful; her character, that of Elvira, of Rolla, and, indeed, of all, are drawn with great force, sustained with great skill, and productive of powerful effect. I do not know any performance that made a deeper impression, or was more cordially greeted with the applause of numerous and respectable audiences, at the time of its appearance, as well as many years after. Such approbation would hardly have been bestowed, at the close of the last century and beginning of the present, upon false sentiment and bombastic diction. To me, and to many others, whose judgment had much more weight than mine, it displayed an unexpected reach of dramatic talent, and inspired a hope, that he to whom Thalia had been so bounteous of her favours, would enrich the English stage with some contributions from the treasury of her rival, but not her enemy, Melpomene. We hoped that he would become, in writing, what his friend Garrick was in acting,—one who “to their noblest characters would do equal honour;” and if praise and profit could have been effectual persuasives, he wanted neither.

But we need be at no loss to account for a torrent of censure and abuse which flowed, not from the pure fountain of honest criticism, but from the polluted streams of angry politics. A play, inculcating attachment to our old and venerated establishments, as well as steady loyalty to the King, implacable hatred to invaders, under the name of Reformists, and a resolution to fight and die, *pro aris et focis*, was, in the eyes of certain great men, bad enough, let it come from whom it may. What then, must it have been, issuing from the pen, and dictated by the feelings, of a Whig? But Sheridan, with all his faults and failings, had too good a head, and too honest a heart, to be long the dupe of the invidious, or the tool of the virulent. He had, like many others, been imposed upon by the plausibility of democratic professors, but he saw his error, and was not ashamed to avow his retraction. He saw at length the ruin-

ous tendency of measures, whose object was to revolutionize, under the name of reform, and he applied the powerful energy of dramatic influence to counteract it. He loved and venerated his good old King, though the Whigs hated him, and though the obnoxious William Pitt was his prime minister. When we reflect on all these heinous misdemeanours, we shall cease to wonder at the little mercy Pizarro has experienced at the hands of certain critical dissectors, now that the author is no longer able to appear as his own vindicator; though truly such strictures as we see here, were he even living, might, like the Jew in the *Duenna*, find sufficient protection in their insignificance. One trifling passage is quoted as too figurative, and, by some strange mistake, I don't choose to call it malicious intention, another is given, for the purpose of throwing ridicule on this obnoxious production. I quote the exact words from the second edition, vol. ii. p. 288.—“Even that scene where Cora describes the ‘white buds’ and ‘crimson blossoms’ of her infant’s teeth, which I have often heard cited as a specimen of Sheridan’s pure ornament, is indebted to this unknown paraphrast for the whole of its embroidery!!!” The words are these—they occur in a dialogue between Alonzo and Cora, where she describes the transports of a mother after the birth of her first-born. “When first the white blossoms of his teeth appear breaking the crimson buds that did incase them—that is a day of joy!” This I look upon to be a pretty striking image, one of those happy thoughts which unite the obvious and the novel, nor can I find anything in the whole scene which is not accordant with the parental feelings of the young, the sensitive, the tender, and the innocent. The real embroiderer is not the author, but the commentator, whose fancy gives the child of *his* creation white gums and scarlet teeth! But what may we not expect from an imagination that can people orchestras with elephants, make nail-drawers of kings, &c. &c., and while recording the exuberant sallies of Sheridan’s wit, slyly insinuate, by his own superior figurative extravagance, how much the genius of “departed excellence” is surpassed by that of its poetical biographer!

It is amusing enough to hear him talk of “the heroic dignity which *Kemble used to infuse* into the celebrated speech of Rolla”!!! from which we are, of course, to infer that all this heroic dignity was due to the actor, independent of the poet. So Cato’s celebrated soliloquy owed all its value to Booth, Addison having merely given the thoughts and the language! Excellent criticism indeed! Yet have I seen that celebrated speech of Rolla adorn the walls of many a chamber, the possessors of which had never seen John Kemble. In truth, he must have been a poor reciter indeed, whose enunciation could *rob* it of heroic dignity, more especially in the times for which it was written. It is not, in fact, the false taste of that or any other part of the play, which renders it obnoxious to the critical biographer, but its purport—the inexpiable crime of loyalty. Had it been written on opposite principles, had the hero been a republican insurgent, directing the thunders of his eloquence and his arms against the old possessors of opulence and power, and inciting the people, not to reverence or protect the person and authority of their king, but to sacrifice both at the altar of popular liberty, though such a play might not have been thought quite suited to the general taste of the British people, how would it have been applauded by the disciples of modern Whiggery! Little would be objected to it on the score of inflated diction or overcharged ornaments. It might, to be sure, be deemed a little too warm for the general coldness of British feelings; but then all must confess the sentiments to be grand, and the language sublime and beautiful! The jaundiced eye is not the only one that can discolour objects.

I do not know whether the author may not have found in Europe *one* crowned head which his champion might have been allowed by this biographer to defend with “heroic dignity.” That, however, stands upon a higher title, and reigns by right divine. How it comes to number Whigs among its supporters, it is not easy to conceive, for where it does exercise plenary authority, neither civil nor religious liberty does or can flourish. To suppose a nation *really* free, and at the same time submissive to papal authority, is to suppose a contradiction,

because every true son of the church *must*, in the most important of all human concerns, both think and speak as she wills and directs; a thing altogether incompatible with human freedom. But, I shall be told, France is a free country—if she be, a point I don't pretend to give a decided opinion upon, it is because the influential inhabitants despise her dogmas, and are Roman Catholics only in name. What the leaders of Gallican liberty thought some years since of the compatibility of catholicism with freedom, we may learn from that memorable decree of the Convention, by which Christianity, known to them only as the religion of Rome, was abolished. The national religion was restored, or rather the restoration of it was proclaimed by Buonaparte, not because he had any respect for it himself, but because it was conducive to his own private ends. As this hero is reputed to have been a favourite with the Whigs, it is not impossible that they may imitate his policy.

Among the impromptus of Sheridan's ready pen, one has escaped the *notice*, not the *memory*, of his biographer—he remembers to have heard of it but too well. On the memorable night in which Drury-lane Theatre was profaned by the attempted assassination of George the Third,—an attempt, the alarm and agitation of which seemed to be deeply felt by every breast, save that of Majesty alone, Sheridan, ever in attendance when the King visited the theatre,

stepped into the green-room, and in a few minutes the vocal and instrumental performers came forward and sung *God save the King*, with the following additional stanza:—

From every latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
Thy succour bring;
O'er him thine arm extend,
From every ill defend
Our Father, King, and Friend,
God save the King!

The cool intrepidity of Old George, the presence of mind which assured him that it was no more than one of those frenzied or fanatical attacks to which greatness is always liable, and the secure confidence he so evidently reposed in the affections of his subjects, contributed to redouble the acclamations with which the national anthem was received by the audience. The extempore verses, known at once to have come from the manager, seemed particularly gratifying to their feelings, and drew bursts of the loudest and most sincere applause that ever perhaps was heard in a theatre. This may be too trifling an anecdote for such "heroic dignity" as Tommy Moore's; and for an omission so consistent with his principles, it would perhaps be too severe to censure him. Those who have not learned to exclude royal virtues and loyal sentiments from their notions of heroism and dignity, will, I think, be of opinion, not only that it is worth relating, but that it should never be forgotten.

(To be Concluded in next Number.)

ACTED CHARADES.

No. IV.

SCENE THE FIRST.

*A Hair-dresser's Shop.*FRIZZLE *solus*, dressing a wig.

Frizzle. So! This is a most delicate piece of workmanship! Confoundedly clever. The hairs are woven better by half than they grow in the skin—more regular like—and the curl it takes! and the fine oily gloss! and the colour!—It's a pleasure to put such a wig out of hand—a wig, as the poet says, “beating nature.” Zounds! I wonder people are such fools as to wear their own hair! That curl a little more to the left, to give a sort of carelessness—so. To be sure, though I say it that should not say it, there is not an artist of more genius in my line in the whole West End. It must be confessed, though, that few men have had my advantages. Prenticed in Piccadilly—placed for improvement in Regent Street—a foreign tour—two days at Calais—three days—hang this straggling lock! It won't sit becoming! I've a great mind to clip it. No; that'll do. That's quite *comfy fo*, as the French say. The old general won't know his yellow wizen phiz in this wig. But then the wig, poor thing! if it could but see how much better it sits on this wooden head than ever it will on his battered skull, it would be sorry enough to go. Ah, my dear wig, I'm really sorry to part with you! One more touch—one more look! Ah, it will never look so well again! The wooden head for ever! [*Exit.*]

SCENE THE SECOND.

A Phrenologist's Study.—Casts, Boxes, and Skulls, arranged round the Room.

DR BRAIN, MRS ATKINS, a Child.

Dr Brain. Well, my good Mrs Atkins, I see that you have brought your son to be examined.

Mrs Atkins. Yes, sir, if you will have the goodness. Children are a great pleasure, but then they are a great care; and a widow, especially, a lone woman, cannot help feeling anxious about setting them out in life. To be sure, I have only my twins, a girl and this boy—but still it is a great trouble. One does not know what is fittest for them, poor things!

Dr Brain. Phrenology is precisely what will ease that trouble, Mrs Atkins. Our discoveries tend particularly to that point, by observing and following the natural indications. My friend Mr Hewson, I think, sent you to me?

Mrs Atk. Yes, sir; he told me that by looking at the boy's skull—Take off your hat, William!—and feeling the bumps—

Dr Brain. Organs, my good madam! Call them organs!

Mrs Atk. I beg your pardon, sir; I will. Mr Hewson said, that by feeling his bump—organs, I mean—you would be able to tell me what to do with him. I should like to bring him up to the grocery line, like his father, and take him into the business at a proper time; but the boy, it seems, has read a foolish book, called Robinson Crusoe, and is wild to go to sea.—Why don't you take your hat off, William, and let the Doctor look at your organs? He won't hurt you, child. For all he's so bold and full of tricks, the boy's as shamefaced before company as his sister. Hold yourself up, William.

Dr Brain. How old is the young gentleman?

Mrs Atk. Twelve, come next Michaelmas. He's but a shrimp of a thing, in spite of his great spirit; too puny by half for a boy. Fanny and he are so alike, that if it were not for their clothes, we should never know them asunder. But I suppose, Doctor, that's only their faces? I take it their bumps—I beg pardon—organs—are quite different?

Dr Brain. Undoubtedly, my good Mrs Atkins. Difference of sex is attended with difference of faculty. The perceptive organs, for instance, are usually

more developed in women; the reflective, in men. This is quite a boy's forehead. Come, sir, let me feel. I shall do you no harm.

[The Doctor feels the child's head; Mrs ATKINS walks about the room looking at the casts, and talking to herself.

Mrs Atk. Dear me, how ghastly these faces look, as if they had been chopped off just under the chin! Were the poor people all beheaded, I wonder! Perhaps they're taken from the French folks long ago that were guillotined! That skull looks, for all the world, like a horse's. Have horses bumps like Christians? Oh, the wonderful works of nature!

Dr Brain. A large *distinctiveness*—a prodigious *combativeness*—*firmness* strongly developed—*adhesiveness* small. Really, Mrs Atkins, this boy is the most striking instance of the truth of our science that I have ever met with in the thousands that I have examined. I never saw the propensities so strongly indicated. Let him go to sea by all means—indeed, it would be of no use if you were to try to keep him at home. With such a *firmness*, and *sensativeness* large, he would certainly run away. Besides, it would be a thousand pities. Here are all the organs that make a great warrior; a superb *distinctiveness*—a *finer combativeness* than Lord Nelson! I should like to have a cast of the boy.

Mrs Atk. Ah, well-a-day!

Dr Brain. *Acquisitiveness* strong too!

Mrs Atk. Ay—ay—what's that?

Dr Brain. Why, it means a desire to possess; which, in a boy, probably shows itself in a love of marbles, and apples, and nuts, without being very scrupulous as to the means by which they are acquired.

Mrs Atk. Oh, it's a wonderful art! See, William, how the Doctor finds you out! Yes, he—I take shame to say it, but the boy stole all the apples off our nonpareil tree last year; and we can't keep a gooseberry in the garden for him. I can trust his sister anywhere, she's such a good little quiet thing—but William—

Dr Brain. Never fear, Mrs Atkins; it's an excellent organ, under proper government, and will turn to a desire to capture Dutch spice ships and Spanish argosies. You must send him to sea.

Mrs Atk. Ah, well-a-day! But, Doctor, how is it that you can tell all these things?

Dr Brain. Why, look here, my good madam! Do you see that projection on the side of —Just here, Mrs Atkins—here, my good lady. If I had another child, I could show you what I mean in a moment.

Mrs Atk. Run and fetch your sister, William.

Dr Brain. Ay, then I can explain the difference. I'll venture to say there is not such a *combativeness*—why don't you go for your sister, my little man, as your mamma bids you?

Mrs Atk. Why do you stand there like a simpleton? Go for Fanny this moment.

Child. Pray, mamma, don't be angry, I am Fanny.

Mrs Atk. Oh, dear me! Dear me! This is one of William's unlucky tricks! Get out of my sight, you good-for-nothing hussy. What will the Doctor say to be made such a fool of!

Dr Brain. Make a fool of me, Mrs Atkins! I should like to see the person that could do that. It is not all the tricks of men, women, and children, that can put down phrenology. But I give you warning, my good madam, that whatever trouble you may have with your son, you will have more with your daughter. I was never mistaken in my life, and there are organs in that little noddle fit to belong to Joan of Arc. Good morning, Mrs Atkins! She'll follow the drum, I tell you; or, very likely, go to sea herself. Good-morning, ma'am. Make a fool of a phrenologist, indeed!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE THIRD.

A Breakfast Room in MORDAUNT'S House.

MORDAUNT and a Servant.

Mordaunt. Take away the breakfast things. Is the man that Sir David Onslow wrote about as a footman, come yet?

Servant. Yes, sir.

Mor. What does he look like?

Serv. Rather lumpish and stupidish, sir.

Mor. Lumpish and stupidish! Show him up.—[*Exit Servant.*]—Lumpish and stupidish! a pretty character Hevers gives of his new fellow-servant. Let's see again what Sir David says.—[*Reads.*]—“My dear friend, your inquiry for a trusty servant arrived in a lucky hour. My sister has just parted with one who answers exactly to your description. Her only reason for dismissing him is, that he was not quick enough. But she's a woman, and unreasonable of course.”—Well said, my trusty old bachelor! Where was I?—Oh, “unreasonable of course. He's the son of a tenant of mine, and might be trusted with untold gold, knows London, and has been used to travelling. His name is Zachary Boul't.”—Now, but that Sir David's geese are all swans, and that this is a tenant's son—Oh, here he comes!

Enter ZACHARY.

Stupid and lumpish enough, in all conscience!—Well, Zachary! Don't stand swinging the door in your hand that way, but come in. You lived, I understand, with Mrs Delville, Sir David Onslow's sister—In what capacity?—Why don't you answer, instead of twirling your hat about? Have you no tongue? Can't you speak?

Zachary. Yes, sir.

Mor. Well then—In what place did you live with her?

Zac. At Maybush.

Mor. Maybush! pshaw! In what situation?

Zac. By the great pond.

Mor. Did ever man hear! I want to know what department you filled in her family? Don't you understand? or won't you understand?

Zac. Anan!

Mor. Intolerable ass! Were you footman, butler, gardener, or groom? Did you clean the horses? Can't you speak, I say?

Zac. No, sir.

Mor. Did you wait at table?

Zac. Yes, sir.

Mor. You were footman, then, I presume? Why could not you say so before? (*Aside*) What a dolt it is! I don't think he can possibly do, but I'll just give him a trial out of compliment to my friend Sir David. You can deliver a message, I suppose?—Sir David says you've been used to London—(*Aside*) I'll certainly give him a trial—'Twill be but civil.—Hark ye, Zachary! Run to Miss Pindentia Clavering's, in Holles Street—anybody will tell you the number—and say, that I regret it will not be in my power to attend her conversazione to-night, as I am obliged to go immediately out of town; then step on to Devonshire Place, with my compliments to Mr Macknight, and beg that he'll dine with me to-day at seven; and be sure to inquire after Mrs Macknight and the baby.

[*ZACHARY is going, MORDAUNT calls him back.*]

Stay! Do you remember the message? Where were you to go first?

Zac. To Miss—Miss—Pin—

Mor. Pindentia Clavering—it is a long name. Well, and where?

Zac. Holly—Holly Place—

Mor. Holles Street. And what were you to say there?

Zac. That you'd come and conversation her folks to-night.

Mor. Dolt! That I can't come to her party to-night—going directly out of town. Well, and where were you to go besides?

Zac. To—to—

Mor. Don't stand scratching your head, idiot! To Mr Macknight's, in Devonshire Place, and ask—

Zac. Madam and the child to dinner.

Mor. Fool! To invite *him* to dinner, and inquire after Mrs Macknight and the child. Now go—Stay—you can read?—I'll write down the names and addresses—(*Writes and gives ZACHARY the paper.*)—Miss Pindentia Claver-

ing, Holles Street—Mr Macknight, Devonshire Place. Now, you can make no mistake. Why don't you go, as I ordered you?

[ZACHARY is going, but returns.

Zac. I'm to tell Mr Mac—Macknight you're going out of town, and to ask at t'other place after Miss and the baby?

Mor. Out of my sight, incorrigible idiot! Out of my house, I say! Sir David must have thought me as great a fool as yourself, when he sent you into it.—[Exit ZACHARY.]—Thank Heaven I'm rid of him! Now to describe his protegé in one word to my friend Sir David! [Exit.

No. V.

SCENE THE FIRST.

A Dining-Room in a Country Mansion.

Baron Von BLUMACK, Mr COLLINS.

(The Baron is engaged in stirring, and otherwise superintending the contents of a saucepan on the fire.)

Mr Collins. It does not signify talking, Baron! You do as you like, of course, in my house—Liberty Hall! No lady to interfere with you. But I cannot help saying that you are spoiling the perch.

Baron. My very goodt friendt, you know noding of de mattere.

Mr C. Nothing of perch! Have not I been a "brother of the angle" any time these thirty years? Are not these very fish of my catching? And were they not half an hour ago leaping alive in my basket, little dreaming, poor things, that they should ever be turned into water zootse—or whatever you call your confounded slop? Know nothing of perch!

Bar. Noding of de cookery. To cache is von ding—to vat you call drese is anoder.

Mr C. A pretty dressing truly! But did not Philips, my housekeeper—I suppose you'll admit that she knows something of cookery?

Bar. No—she vas know noding eider.

Mr C. Philips know nothing! Really, my dear Baron, I should have thought that the dinners which you have done me the honour to eat in this house might have carried with them a practical conviction, that the cook who dressed them was no ordinary kitchen drudge. But the dressing of perch is no disputed point in the gastronomic science—no "debateable land." All the world knows that they ought to be fried with Scotch oatmeal in fresh butter. Not that I care for the dish—I never touch it—But being the produce of my own rod, I have a kindness for the fish, and don't like to see them spoilt. Now, if you had suffered Philips to fry them—you'll allow that Philips can fry, I suppose?

Bar. Mistress Phileppe is very clevere. It is moche pitce dat she do not be feite to make water zootse. Here is de recepe in her own book—Lissenne—(reads.)—"First cache yore fish, den—"

Mr C. Trash! Trash! Philips knows that no cook would stay long in my house, who dressed fish acording to that recipe.

Bar. Will you ring de bell?—(Mr COLLINS rings.)—De water zootse is almost be do.—(A servant enters, and goes to assist the BARON.)—Stay—you will nocke down de pot. I will take it op.

Mr C. What do you want?

Bar. A deepe dishe, and two plaite, and bread, and boottere, and parsley, if you please, sare.—(Exit Servant, and returns immediately with the things required by the BARON.)—It is moche pitce you have no Hambro' parsley, my goodt friendt! I can get you some from de graite inn at Haine; dey keep in deir gardenne on purpose for de water zootse. Now my dishe is done. Eat, and taste how nice it is, soupe and fishe and all. Taste a leetel in von spoon.

Mr C. Taste! My dear Baron, I don't want to put you out of conceit of your luncheon—but the sight's enough for me. No tasting, thank ye. You don't really mean to eat all that slop of fish liquor?

Bar. Unless you will let me give you a leetel. Now, my goodt friendt, onely von leetel drope, von drope in de ladel.

Mr C. I! Heaven forbid I should spoil your appetite, my dear Baron, but I'd as soon take a ladleful out of the hog-tub. He's actually discussing the whole concern! fish, fish liquor, bread and butter, and parsley,—a precious luncheon! For my part, I shall never conceit the sight of a perch again, dead or alive. Even in the pond they'll have a twang of that infernal water zootse.

SCENE THE SECOND.

A Lady's Morning Apartment.

Mrs CUTHBERT and EMILY, a girl of twelve years old, who is standing by a cage, with a dove at one end of the room.

Emily. Oh, mamma! mamma! Pray, come here, my dear mamma?

Mrs Cuthbert. What is the matter, Emily?

Em. My dove, mamma, my dove! My beautiful dove!

Mrs C. It is not dead, I hope?

Em. Oh, mamma, it's dying. Can't we do anything to help it? Only see how it droops its poor pretty head; and the bright scarlet eye, so like the Cornelian you showed me the other day, is almost closed, and the wing hanging down, and the soft plumage stained and ruffled, and the dark ring round its neck ruffled and displaced. Oh it must die, my poor pretty dove!

Mrs C. Nay, Emily, it is reviving. See, it is gathering itself up. No! you are right, it is really dying—shivering and gasping, and rocking on its perch. One faint quiver—the death quiver—and now it falls—dead, poor bird! quite dead.

Em. Everything that I love is sure to die. It was but a few days ago that the nasty cat killed the other dove. I'll never have a bird again.

Mrs C. I was afraid that this one would not live long after it had lost its companion.

Em. Ought not we to have got another, mamma? Why did not we get another?

Mrs C. That would not have saved it, Emily. These beautiful creatures have within them the beautiful instinct of constancy, and are faithful in life and in death. Don't cry so, dearest. Come with me to the greenhouse, and Richard shall bury your poor favourite under the great myrtle. Did you never hear the old Italian story of the Pot of Basil? I'll read it to you this evening. And we'll bury your poor faithful bird; and your brother Henry shall write its epitaph. Think how he'll celebrate the tender bird that died of love and grief! Your dove will be as famous as that of Anacreon. Come, my own Emily, dry your eyes, and come with me to the greenhouse. [Exit.

SCENE THE THIRD.

An Hotel in Plymouth.

HARCOURT and CORBYN, meeting.

Corbyn. Ha! Tom! How d'ye do? I'm glad to see thee, faith! I did not think to be so glad to-day; for poor Sophy and the little ones are just gone—and parting—I won't talk of it—Oh, it's a terrible tug to the heartstrings, and makes a man's throat feel as if he was choking. But I won't talk of it. How has the world gone with you?

Harcourt. Passably.

Cor. I'm almost as glad to see thee as if poor Sophy—but we won't talk of that now. Where have you been these two years? I have not set eyes on you since the poor old Zenobia was paid off, and we were turned adrift on the wide world. What quarter of the globe have you been in?

Har. Cruising about France and Italy. Civil people, Jack, and a fine climate; but nothing like old friends and old England. The women, to be sure, are handsome, and tight rigged.

Cor. Handsome! Zounds, you have never seen my Sophy! If you had only come an hour sooner—and yet her dear eyes were swelled out of her head with crying—you'd not have seen half her beauty.

Har. I'd have given a quarter's pay, Jack, to have seen the wife of your heart, beautiful or not.

Cor. Would you? You are just the good fellow you always were. Many a time Sophy and I have talked of Tom Harcourt; of the pranks we played together when we were Mids on board the Ardent—we were sad wicked young dogs, Tom; of the drubbing we gave the Yankees in the dear old Zenobia, and of your good nursing when the splinter wounded my leg—you see I'm a little lame still—no woman could have nursed me more tenderly—not even her dear self. Many a time has Sophy laughed and cried at the name of Tom Harcourt. Poor Sophy! I won't talk of her any more—only somehow I can't help it.

Har. I like to hear of her. Where did you first meet?

Cor. At Harry Morris's—You remember Harry Morris? I went to spend a month with him as soon as I came ashore, just, as he said, to recover my land legs; and there was Sophy on a visit to Mrs Morris. I fell in love with her the moment I saw her sweet face, not altogether on account of its prettiness, pretty as she is, but because she seemed so good and so merry, such a kind, innocent, laughing creature. Before the end of the week I had popped the question, and before the month was out we were married.

Har. And her friends, did they consent?

Cor. Why, there was a little difficulty. Her parents were dead, and her uncle, Sir Charles, (for she's a baronet's niece,) talked of the offers she had refused, and the offers she might still expect, and lectured, and quarrelled, and threatened never to see her again. But Sophy was of age, and stood firm. And now the old gentleman, who is really a good sort of man, is quite reconciled. We had neither of us much money; but her little joined to my little, and the hope of a war, and her good management, kept all things comfortable. God bless her! Oh, if you could but have seen us in our little cottage in the midst of the Devonshire hills—Such a kesp!—Can't you run over and see her? It's only twenty miles off—The walls all covered with roses, and passion flowers, and jessamine—all within so neat and bright—then the little ones—two such cherubs! and the mother an angel. Oh, she has made my home a Paradise, Harcourt! Do go and see her. I wish I could go with you; but I can't, for I am under orders.

Har. So am I.

Cor. What ship?

Har. The Alfred.

Cor. The Alfred, Captain Hanley?

Har. The same.

Cor. Well, that is a comfort! That is a blessing! To think of our sailing together again!—Give me your hand Tom. The man I love best in the world! To think of our meeting in the same ship!

Har. I am as glad of it, Jack, as you can be for your life.

Cor. I'll write and tell Sophy directly.—Shake hands again, Tom—I'll write to her instantly.

Har. And tell her that we'll talk of her every day, and drink her health every evening.

Cor. You're the best fellow on earth, Tom. To think of our meeting!

[*Exeunt.*]

No. VI.

SCENE THE FIRST.

A Lady's sitting-room.

Mrs LESLIE and HORATIA at Work.

Horatia, singing.

The sun is careering in glory and might,
Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white ;
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by ;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play—
And why should not I be as merry as they !

The linnet is singing the wild-wood through ;
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew ;
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree ;
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee.
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay—
And why should not I be as merry as they !

Mrs Leslie. Really, Horatia, I am quite shocked to hear you singing that song at such a moment.

Horatia. What moment, mamma ?

Mrs Les. Look at your work.

Hor. My work ! I'm making a new dress : Is there anything in that to prevent my singing ? (*Singing.*)

"The linnet is singing the wild-wood through ;
The fawn's bounding footsteps skim over the dew."

Nothing in a new dress to prevent singing surely !

Mrs Les. Only look at the material.

Hor. Crape. Very pretty wear. (*Singing.*)

"The butterfly flits round the flowering tree ;
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee."

No pleasanter summer wear than crape. I prefer it to any.

Mrs Les. Ay, but look at the colour.

Hor. The most becoming that can be to a fair complexion. You know, mamma, you yourself say that I never look so well as in mourning. (*Singing.*)

"All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay"—

Mrs Les. Just think of the cause of that mourning.

Hor. My grandpapa is dead. (*Singing.*)

"And why should not I be as merry as they !
And why should not I be as merry as they !"

Mrs Les. You are an incorrigible girl, Horatia. I thought that you had had more feeling.

Hor. Oh, mamma ! mamma ! don't think that I want feeling, proper feeling. But why should I be sorry for grandpapa ? How could I be sorry for him if I would ? Never saw him in my life, except once that my aunt Delmont took me to his house when I was a little, little girl, and then he tossed me from him as if I had been a viper,—I remember it as freshly as if it had happened yesterday ! I never even saw his handwriting, but on the envelope to a letter of poor papa's, which he sent back torn in two. And did he not turn that dear papa out of doors, for marrying you, my own dear mamma ? And you to expect me to be sorry for him !

Mrs Les. But natural affection.

Hor. Don't talk of natural affection for such a tyrant as that. He had none.

Mrs Les. Still, Horatia, he was your grandfather.

Hor. Yes. But depend on it, mamma, he would not have been my grandfather if he could any way have helped it.

Mrs Les. The immediate ancestor to whom you owe an honourable name—two honourable names ; for your baptismal appellation was given in compliment to him.

Hor. Yes ; and, not being able to unchristen me, he half unchristened him-

self—for you know, mamma, that as soon as he heard of that unlucky nomination, he cashiered his own first name of Horatio in favour of his second name of Matthew, to the infinite puzzlement of friends and servants, court registers and court guides, and was actually called Sir Matthew Leslie to his last hour.

Mrs Les. Well! If you have no respect for him as your own grandfather—and certainly you have made out a strong case—remember that he really acted as a parent to your favourite cousin Horace Delmont.

Hor. Ay, mamma—But if he had lived, Horace must have married the great heiress Miss Ludlow, or he would have been turned out of doors like poor papa—Now—oh, mamma, think of that! (*Singing.*)

“All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay—

And why should not I be as merry as they!”

Think if poor Horace had been forced to marry Miss Ludlow—instead of—

Mrs Les. Instead of his dear little cousin. Why, it would have been a sad thing, Horatia, a very sad thing. Nevertheless, I don't like this singing over crapes and bombazines; it is not seemly.

Hor. When may I sing, mamma!—Ah, there's Horace coming; I must go and meet him.

[*Kisses her mother and runs off, humming the air of the song.*]

Mrs Les. All blessings go with thee, for the sweetest and gayest creature that ever made the joy of a mother's heart. Only she really should not sing till she has got her mourning off. It is not seemly.

SCENE THE SECOND.

A Glade in a Forest—Moonlight.

MORLAND and ELLIOTT.

Mor. What a night, and what scenery! Was ever vapour so soft, so transparent, and so silvery, as those small clouds that flit about the moon? And the edges of light which surround the larger and darker masses, how bright and how beautiful are they! Did you ever see a lovelier sky?

Ell. Very lovely.

Mor. Then the effect of the moon-beams on this forest glade! How they sleep on that broad oak, and dance in the tiny rivulet, that swells from amidst the convolved and snaky roots, and goes winding and gurgling along the tract like a thing of life! And how the shining bark of the weeping birch stands out like a stem of silver, whilst the delicate branches, as they flutter in the night-breeze, cast a tremulous and glancing shadow on the ground beneath! Is it not beautiful?

Ell. Eh?—Yes; I believe so.

Mor. You believe so!—And see how the holly leaves glitter above the tall fern, which waves round us in such wild profusion—a lower forest! Is it not enchanting? And that deep shadowy perspective, the intricacy, the involution, the mystery, which makes so much of the charm and the character of forest scenery. You don't enjoy it, Elliott! You, whom I have heard declaim for an hour together on a pollard by the side of a pond, or an elm tree overhanging a rustic bridge, or any such common-place picturesqueness; and here's a piece of fairy land, that sets even such a rattlepate as I am exclaiming, and when one asks you if it be beautiful, you say, I believe so! Only look at that cluster of glow-worms—Elliott, what can you be thinking of? But your true lover is ever a lover of nature; basks in the moonshine, and revels in the forest. It is his proper atmosphere. What can you be thinking of?

Ell. Simply, my dear Morland, that, however delightful this place may be, it would be still more delightful if one of the fairies you talk of would have the goodness to guide us home again. For, in my humble opinion, we are lost.

Mor. Never fear.

“I know each glade, and every alley green,
Dingle and bosky dell——”

By Jove, Elliott, you are right! I thought we had come back to the great oak, from which the avenue branches, which leads us straight to Kinley Lodge.

It's just such a tree. But there is no spring welling out from the roots of the Kinley oak.

Ell. Neither is there any sign of an avenue here. Nor, indeed, as far as I can see, of any path whatsoever. We edged ourselves, if you remember, through one of these thickets. I think that to the left.

Mor. No: this to the right. I think to the right. Never mind. We are lost. Take the matter quietly, man, instead of wandering about in that disconsolate manner, frightening the birds from their nests, by beating the bushes, and treading upon the poor pretty glow-worms and putting out their lamps. Be peaceable. I shall have the worst of the adventure, inasmuch as I shall certainly get disinherited by my good aunt Mrs Elizabeth Morland, for keeping bad hours whilst an inmate of her mansion, or rather for staying out all night (for we shall hardly get back before morning) in, as she will truly assert, bad company; for worse company than you at present, I think, can hardly be found. If the fair Helen Mayne were to see you in this mood!

Ell. Are you sure, Morland, that you have lost your way?

Mor. Certain. But what need you mind? You have no maiden aunt to look after your false steps—you are a mere guest of the good admiral's—nobody to take care of you, nobody to lecture you, nobody to rave if you sleep out twenty nights; whilst I—

Ell. And you really think that we shan't get home before morning?

Mor. Morning! I rather apprehend that we shall never get home again. I don't imagine that we shall find our way out; and I doubt, even if any one thinks it worth while to look after us, whether he will find his way in, though, I take it, the forest is the last wilderness in which we shall be sought for. Mrs Elizabeth is far more likely to have us cried in the next town, or to advertise us in the London papers, under the head "missing," with our names and marks, like two stray pointers.

Ell. Do, pray, be serious.

Mor. Certainly. It is a most grave subject. Twenty years hence, perhaps, we may turn up in the shape of the remains of two unfortunate gentlemen, who—

Ell. Hark! Is that a clock?

Mor. It's an owl, the clock of the forest.

Ell. Morland, I beseech you, leave jesting. If you could but imagine how important it is to me to reach Kinley by a certain time! Can you guess at the hour?

Mor. My repeater will tell us. (*Strikes his watch.*)—Half past ten.

Ell. Gracious heaven! my prospects are ruined for ever! I am a wretch for life! the most miserable of wretches! he who might have been the happiest.

Mor. That tone is too genuine and too passionate to be trifled with. But how, my dear Elliott, can this little difficulty, which must end with the night, affect your happiness?

Ell. You know Helen Mayne?

Mor. Yes! yes! and your passion for her. All the world knows that, the proud beauty herself included. But she is so nice, and so coy, and so high, and so cold. What of Helen Mayne?

Ell. We are staying in the same house; and this morning I ventured, for the first time, to put my love for her into words.

Mor. Ay? And she listened?

Ell. Yes; she, the coy, the haughty Helen Mayne, listened and blushed, and stood a while in abashed silence, then turned slowly away; and when I seized her hand and pressed for an answer, faltered that she was going out for the day, but should be back by eleven; and then she broke from me. And not to meet her! she the rich, the high-born, the beautiful Helen Mayne! the admired of all eyes! the coveted of all tongues! the beloved of all hearts! she to have made such a concession! and if you had but heard the tone! If you had but seen the blush! If you could image to yourself how divinely her unusual softness became the coy beauty! And to fail her now!

Mor. You shall not fail her. I will find the way. How in the name of Heaven came you to be wandering in the forest on such a night?

Ell. To beguile the hours. And you promised to be my guide.

Mor. But to trust such a guide as me! Never mind though, my good fellow! I will find the way. And depend on it, since Helen Mayne likes you well enough to have made this half appointment, that you'll be the happy man whether you keep it or not. But I'll find the way, I'll be sure to find the way. We must set about it now in good earnest. To the right! I am sure, to the right.

SCENE THE THIRD.

A Circulating Library in a Country Town.

Colonel HERVEY, Mr COMBE, Mrs OLIVER, Mrs PAGE, Miss LETITIA DASSSELL, and Miss COUNTER, the Mistress of the Shop.

Letitia. If you please, Miss Counter, can I have the Magazine?

Miss Counter. No, ma'am, the coach is not come in.

Colonel. You are to save me a copy, remember, Miss Counter.

Mrs Page. Ay, true; this is the first of the month. Let me have yours when you have done with it, Colonel.

Mrs Oliver. You promised that I should have one of the copies first, Miss Counter.

Mr Combe. So you did me. Have you only two copies?

Miss C. Only two at present, sir. But, perhaps, Miss Letitia—

Let. No, I can't let you have it first, Mr Combe, because grandmamma is so fond of it. There's nothing else in the world that puts her into a good humour.

Col. She's a woman of sense.

Let. Ay, but, Colonel, it only comes out once a-month! Oh, if it would but come out once a-week—especially when grandmamma has the gout.

Mr C. You should read her the back numbers.

Let. So I do.

Col. A wonderfully clever number the last, in spite of there being no Noctes—The Metempsychosis—

Let. What a hard word! Hard words are so disagreeable.

Col. But it was capital. Don't you think the story was capital, Miss Letitia?

Let. Yes, certainly—only—is it quite right to bring in the devil? Grandmamma says—

Col. Depend on it, your grandmamma's mistaken. Then the Smugglers!

Let. Ay, the Smugglers! If you had but seen how grandmamma cried!

Col. And Mansie Wauch!

Let. You should have seen how grandmamma laughed.

Col. And the Acted Charades.

Let. Grandmamma can't make them out.

Col. Not make them out! I shall be exceedingly happy, Miss Letitia, to perform Matchlock with you any evening you like for her information—she may read the part of Colonel Goodwin herself;—or, if you prefer Marriage—

Let. Dear me, Colonel, you are such a strange man!

Mr C. Here's the coach!

Mrs P. Passed without stopping.

Miss C. We send the boy to meet the coach, sir, as far as the King's Head, and he's generally here first.

Enter Boy, with a Parcel.

Ay, James, that's right. But how came the parcel untied?

Boy. Why, Mrs Welles and Mr Gregory had got it from the coachman before I reached the head—but they only took a Magazine a-piece.

Col. A Magazine!—The Magazine!—Maga's abstracted! Look, Miss Counter—both copies gone!

Mrs O. A highway robbery!

Mr P. A rank abduction!!!

Mr C. Robbing the Mail!!!

Let. Dear me! what will my grandmamma say?

Col. Why, that sending to Coventry's too good for them—and so it is.

[*Exeunt in a passion.*]

THE OMEN.*

THE Muse of Fiction has of late considerably extended her walk ; and it will probably be admitted, that she has lent her counsel to authors of greater powers, and more extended information, than those who detailed the uninteresting Memoirs of Jenny and Jemmy Jessamy, and the like tiresome persons. The grave humour of Fielding—the broad comedy of Smollett—the laboured pathos of Richardson—the sentiment of Mackenzie and Sterne—are of course excluded from this comparison. But even these distinguished authors seem to have limited the subjects of fictitious composition to imaginary incidents in private life, and to displaying the influence of the ordinary passions of mankind—the world in which they and the readers lived, could show parallel instances of the adventures narrated, and characters to match in some degree with the personages introduced. But the modern novelists, compelled, perhaps, by the success of their predecessors, to abandon a field where the harvest was exhausted, have, many of them, chosen elsewhere subjects of a different description. We have now novels which may take the old dramatic term of Chronicles ; bringing real and often exalted persons on the stage ; adorning historical events with such ornaments as their imagination can suggest ; introducing fictitious characters among such as are real, and assigning to those which are historical, qualities, speeches, and actions, which exist only in the writer's fancy. These historical novels may operate advantageously on the mind of two classes of readers ; first, upon those whose attention to history is awakened by the fictitious narrative, and whom curiosity stimulates to study, for the purpose of winnowing the wheat from the chaff, the true from the fabulous. Secondly, those who are too idle to read, save for the purpose of amusement, may in these works acquire some acquaintance with history, which, however inaccurate, is better than none. If there is a third class, whose delight in history is liable to be lessened by

becoming habituated to the fairy-land of fiction, it must be confessed, that to them the historical romance or novel runs risk of doing much harm. But the readers liable to suffer by this perversion, are supposed to be but few in number, or, indeed, to merge almost entirely in the second class, since the difference is but nominal betwixt those who read novels, because they dislike history—and those who dislike history, because they read novels.

It is not, however, of historical novels that we are now about to speak, but of another species of these productions which has become popular in the present day, and of which the interest turns less upon the incidents themselves, than upon the peculiar turn of mind of the principal personage who is active or passive under them, and which character is not like Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," a picture improved from nature, but has something in it so exaggerated, as to approach the verge of the grotesque or unnatural. In such works, it is the character of the individual, not the events of the tale, which constitute the charm of the writing. There is a strong resemblance betwixt the novel of character, and what was called, in the seventeenth century, plays of humour, when the interest consisted in observing how particular incidents worked upon those of the dramatic personæ, to whom was assigned a natural or acquired peculiarity of sentiment and taste, which made them consider matters under a different light from that in which they appeared to mankind in general. The Morose of Ben Jonson, whose passion it is to have everything silent around him, the Volpone, and almost all the principal characters of that able and learned dramatist, are influenced by some over-mastering humour, which, like the supposed influence of the planet under which he was born, sways and biasses the individual, and makes him unlike to the rest of his species, even in the events most common to humanity.

Mr Godwin has been one of the

* The Omen. William Blackwood, Edinburgh ; and T. Cadell, London.

masters in the novel of character,—a title which we rather choose than that of humour, which has now acquired an almost exclusive comic meaning. The morbid sensibility of Fleetwood, and the restless speculating curiosity of Caleb Williams, are instances of his talent in that department. There is, perhaps, little general sympathy with the over-strained delicacies of Fleetwood, who, like Falkland in the *School for Scandal*, is too extravagant in his peculiarities to deserve the reader's pity. On the other hand, few there are who do not enter into and understand the workings of the mind of Caleb Williams, where the demon of curiosity, finding a youth of an active and speculative disposition, without guide to advise, or business to occupy him, engages his thoughts and his time upon the task of prying into a mystery which no way concerned him, and which from the beginning he had a well-founded conviction might prove fatal to him, should he ever penetrate it. The chivalrous frenzy of Falkland, in the same piece, though perhaps awkwardly united with the character of an assassin, that love of fame to which he sacrifices honour and virtue, is another instance of a *humour*, or turn of mind, which, like stained glass, colours with its own peculiar tinge every object beheld by the party.

In the elegant little volume which forms the subject of this article, we find another example of the novel of character, and indisputably a good one. The theme which he has chosen, as predominating in his hero's mind, a youth of a gentle, melancholy, abstracted disposition, is a superstition as connected with an anxious and feverish apprehension of futurity—a feeling which, though ridiculed at one time, reasoned down at another, and stubbornly denied upon all, has, in one shape or other, greater weight with most men than any is willing to admit of himself, or ready to believe in another.

Men of the most different habits and characters in other respects, resemble each other in the practice of nursing in secret some pet superstition, the belief of which, though often painful to them, they cherish the more fondly in secret, that they dare not for shame avow it in public; so that many more people than the world in

general is aware of, hold similar opinions with that of a distinguished sea-officer of our acquaintance, who, having expressed his general disbelief of all the legends of Davy Jones, Flying Dutchmen, and other mystic terrors of the deep, summed up his general infidelity on the subject with these qualifying words,—“One would not, to be sure, whistle in a gale of wind.”

The reader will easily imagine that we do not allude to the superstition of the olden time, which believed in spectres, fairies, and other supernatural apparitions. These airy squadrons have been long routed, and are banished to the cottage and the nursery. But there exists more than one species of superstition entirely distinct from that which sees phantoms, a disease or weakness of the mind—not to be cured by Dr Alderson, or analyzed by Dr Hibbert—amongst which is pre-eminent that which supposes our mind receives secret intimations of futurity by accidents which appear mysteriously indicative of coming events, by impulses to which the mind seems involuntarily subjected, and which seem less to arise from its own reflections, than to be stamped and impressed on the thoughts by the agency of some separate being;—this constitutes the peculiar superstition of the hero of the *Omen*. The events which he meets are all of a natural and ordinary character in themselves; it is the sensations of the augur by whom they are interpreted, which gives them an ominous character.

This tendency to gaze beyond the curtain which divides us from futurity, has been the weakness of many distinguished names. Buonaparte secretly believed in the influence of his star—Byron had more than one point of superstitious faith—Sheridan had that horror of doing anything on a Friday, which is yet common among the vulgar; and he took his late son Tom away from Dr Parr's school, because he had dreamed he had fallen from a tree and broken his neck. Other instances might be produced; some are no doubt affected, because to entertain a strange and peculiar belief on particular subjects, looks like originality of thinking, or, at least, attracts attention, like the wearing a new and whimsical dress in order to engage public notice. But those whom we have named were too proud, and stood too

high to have recourse to such arts ; they are the genuine disciples, to a certain extent, of the mystic philosophy, which the author of the *Omen* thus describes.

“ Why are we so averse to confess to one another, how much we in secret acknowledge to ourselves, that we believe the mind to be endowed with other faculties of perception than those of the corporeal senses? We deride with worldly laughter the fine enthusiasm of the conscious spirit that gives heed and credence to the metaphorical intimations of prophetic reverie, and we condemn as superstition, the faith which consults the omens and oracles of dreams ; and yet, who is it that has not in the inscrutable abysses of his own bosom an awful worshipper, bowing the head and covering the countenance, as the dark harbingers of destiny, like the mute and slow precursors of the hearse, marshal the advent of a coming woe ?

“ It may be that the soul never sleeps, and what we call dreams, are but the endeavours which it makes, during the trance of the senses, to reason by the ideas of things associated with the forms and qualities of those whereof it then thinks. Are not indeed the visions of our impressive dreams often but the metaphors with which the eloquence of the poet would invest the cares and anxieties of our waking circumstances and rational fears? But still the spirit sometimes receives marvellous warnings ; and have we not experienced an unaccountable persuasion, that something of good or of evil follows the visits of certain persons, who, when the thing comes to pass, are found to have had neither affinity with the circumstances, nor influence on the event? The hand of the horologe indexes the movements of the planetary universe ; but where is the reciprocal enginery between them ?

“ These reflections, into which I am perhaps too prone to fall, partake somewhat of distemperature and disease, but they are not therefore the less deserving of solemn consideration.—The hectic flush, the palsied hand, and the frenzy of delirium, are as valid, and as efficacious in nature, to the fulfilment of providential intents, as the glow of health, in the masculine arm, and the sober inductions of philosophy.—Nor is it wise, in considering the state and frame of man, to overlook how much the universal element of disease affects the evolutions of fortune. Madness often babbles truths which makes wisdom wonder.”

The facts by which this theory is illustrated are few and simple. The author is one of those whose “ sense of being is derived from the past ;” who do not look forward to form splendid pictures of the future, but dote, with the constancy of infatuation, on those which exist in the gallery of memory. He does not form his conjectures of the future by comparing it with that which is present, but by auguries derived from events long passed, and deeply engraved upon the tablets of recollection.

These are of a solemn mystic air and tragic character. His infant years recall a vision of a splendid mansion, disturbed by signs of woe and violence, and the joyous remembrances of his childish play are interrupted by recollection of a wounded gentleman, and a lady distracted by sorrow. There are traces of a journey—the travellers, says the author,

“ arrive at the curious portal of a turreted manorial edifice :—I feel myself lifted from beside my companion, and fondly pressed to the bosom of a venerable matron, who is weeping in the dusky twilight of an ancient chamber, adorned with the portraits of warriors. A breach in my remembrance ensues ; and then the same sad lady is seen reclining on a bed, feeble, pale, and wasted, while sorrowful damsels are whispering and walking softly around.”

The author then finds himself residing by the seaside, under charge of an old lady. Here he meets a solitary stranger who resides in the neighbourhood, and notices the child with much and mixed emotion ; but being apparently recognized by Mrs Oswald, he disappears from the neighbourhood ; and Mrs Oswald, finding the boy retained deeper impressions concerning his infantine years than she thought desirable, sets out with the purpose of placing him at school. In their journey they met a magnificent but deserted mansion ; and the manner in which the author describes the reflections thus awakened, forms a good specimen of the style and tone of the whole work.

“ In seeking my way alone back to the vestibule, I happened to enter a large saloon, adorned with pictures and mirrors of a princely magnitude. Finding myself in error, I was on the point of retiring, when my eye caught a marble table, on which stood a French clock between two

gilded Cupids. The supporters of the table were curiously carved into such chimerical forms as belong only to heraldry and romance.

"As I looked around at the splendid furniture with wonder and curiosity, something in the ornaments of that gorgeous table arrested my attention, and made a chilly fear vibrate through my whole frame. I trembled as if a spectre of the past had been before me, claiming the renovation of an intimacy and communion which we had held together in some pre-Adamite state of being. Every object in that chamber I had assuredly seen in another time; but the reminiscence which the sight of them recalled fluttered my innocent imagination with fear.

"A door, opposite to that by which I had entered, led to the foot of a painted marble staircase. I moved tremblingly towards it, filled with an unknown apprehension and awe. I could no longer doubt I was in the same house where, in infancy, I had witnessed such dismay and sorrow; but all was dim and vague; much of the record was faded, and its import could not be read. The talisman of memory was shattered, and but distorted lineaments could be seen of the solemn geni who, in that moment, rose at the summons of the charm, and showed me the distracted lady and the wounded gentleman, whose blood still stained the alabaster purity of the pavement on which I was again standing."

He makes no stay at this mansion, but is placed at a private school, where he forms an acquaintance with Sydenham, the natural son of a person of high rank, and goes down to his father's house with him to spend the holidays. Here occurs one of those touches of scenery and description, well drawn and not overcharged, which we consider as evincing the author's taste as well as his powers.

"The old magnificence of the castle, a rude and vast pile, interested me for the two first days.

"It stands on the verge of a precipice, which overshadows a smooth-flowing river. Masses of venerable trees surround it on the other three sides, from the midst of which huge towers, with their coronals of battlements, and cloaks of ivy, look down upon the green and bowery villager of the valley, with the dark aspect of necromancy, and the veteran scowl of obdurate renown. It is indeed a place full of poesy and romance. The mysterious stairs, and the long hazy galleries, are haunted by the ever-whispering spirits of

echo and silence; and the portraits and tapestries of the chambers make chivalry come again."

Now, considering how much has been of late said about old castles, we think there is great merit indeed, in conveying, in a few and appropriate phrases, the poetical ideas connected with the subject.

At B— Castle he meets a Mr Oakley, in whom he recognizes the stranger of the sea-coast, and, considering it as certain that he must be connected with the mysteries of his own fate, he forms, together with his young companion, a scheme to penetrate into the secret. This is disconcerted by the duke, Sydenham's father, who imparts to his son information to be carefully concealed from the party principally concerned. The effect on their boyish intimacy is natural and well described. Upon Sydenham's return from the interview with the duke,

"A spell was invoked upon his frankness; and while he appeared in no measure less attached, yea, even while he showed a deeper feeling of affection for me, (for I often caught him looking at me with pity, till his eyes overflowed,) it was but too evident that he stood in awe of my unhappy destiny, and beheld the spectre which ever followed me,—the undivulged horror, of which my conscious spirit had only the dim knowledge, that dread and bodements sometimes so wonderfully and so inexplicably give."

The author is removed successively to Eton, and to Oxford; but (which seems rather improbable), although indulged in a large scale of expense, he receives no communication respecting his real fortune or rank in society. An eclairsissement on this point is prematurely forced forward, by one of those chances which govern human life. While he witnesses the play of Hamlet, the incidents of which sympathize with the gloomy forebodings of his own spirit, and with the recollections of his infancy, his eye suddenly falls on Mr Oakley; and the emotions which that mysterious person evinces, press upon him the conviction that his own history resembled that of Hamlet. — "Shakespeare," he exclaimed to Sydenham, who, notwithstanding his reserve, was still his companion, "has told me that my father was murdered."

"Sydenham grew pale, and lay back in his chair in astonishment.

“ ‘Nay more,’ cried I, ‘he has told me that the crime was caused by my mother.’

“Sydenham trembled and rose from his seat, exclaiming, ‘Is this possible?’

“ ‘Yes, and you have known it for years; and that Mr Oakdale is the adulterous assassin?’ ”

This discovery brings forth an explanation, which is undertaken by his maternal uncle, as he proves to be, General Oglethorpe. The author proves to be the heir of two considerable estates, and of those mansions which had impressed their appearance so strongly on his infantine imagination. His father had been killed or desperately hurt by Mr Oakdale, who had fled; his guilty mother had gone into farther irregularities. The veteran exacted a promise that he would never inquire after his mother; and, after a visit to his maternal seat, and to the ancient residence of his father, the young man agrees to his uncle’s proposal that he should go abroad for some years.

“Those who look to *freits*,” says the old Scottish proverb, with the sagacity which we boast as national, “*freits* (that is omens) will follow them.” The morbid sensibility of young Oglethorpe,—for such we suppose is his name, though never distinctly mentioned,—detects allusions to his own misfortunes in incidents which he meets with on the road, and even in the fantastic rack of clouds which drive along the sky. The reasoning of a person who is disposed to read references to his own fate in what passes in heaven, or in earth around him, is poetically given in the following passage:

“Surely it is the very error of our nature, a fantasy of human pride, to suppose that man can be wisely ruled by his reason. Are not all our sympathies and antipathies but the instructions of instinct—the guide which we receive direct, original, and uncorrupted from Heaven?”

“It may be, that we cannot, like choughs and ravens, and the other irrational and babbling oracles of change—being so removed by habit from the pristine condition of natural feeling—predict from our own immediate sensations, the coming of floods and of thunder-storms, nor scent, like the watch-dog, the smell of death, before the purple spot or the glittering eye have given sign of the fatal infection; but have we not an inward sense that is often gladdened and saddened by influences from futurity, as the

strings of the harp are prophetic of the mood and aspect of to-morrow? Shakespeare has exquisitely described his belief in this philosophy:

The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

And I believe myself to be possessed of the faculty whose power consists of this hereafter sort of discernment;—Sydenham used to call it my genius.”

The subject of our tale is detained at Hamburgh, by an acquaintance formed with an English officer of rank, General Purcel, and his lady, but chiefly by the charms of their daughter Maria. The beauty and accomplishments of this young lady, and still more the delicacy of her health, and the apparent frail tenure on which she holds these gifts, are calculated to make a deep impression on the heart of the youthful visionary, whose temperament was as melancholy as his feelings were tender. Of course he becomes the lover of Maria, but experiences the strongest and most startling opposition on the part of Mrs Purcel, who, seeming on the one hand much, and even passionately attached to her daughter’s admirer, declares herself, on the other, vehemently opposed to his suit. She is prevented from giving the grounds of her objections by some of those interruptions which are usually employed in romances to prolong the embarrassments of the dramatis personæ, and which perhaps are not in the present case very artificially interposed. Considering, as it proves to be the case, that Mrs Purcel was the guilty mother of the hero of the tale, and thus witnessed the dreadful scene of her son making love to her daughter, it is impossible that she could have left to chance an explanation of such tremendous importance. So, however, it is; and General Purcel conceiving the objections of his wife to be founded on some frivolous aversion, or yet more capricious, and perhaps guilty, attachment to the lover of Maria, gives his consent to their private marriage. General Oglethorpe is written to for his approbation. Instead of answering the letter, the veteran comes to town, to explain, doubtless, the fearful mystery, but expires ere he can discharge the task. The private marriage is then resolved on, and is in the act of proceeding in the very church where the body of the

deceased General Oglethorpe had been just interred.

“That such an unnatural mixture of irreconcilable rites should ever have been consented to by a creature so full of tenderness and of such unparalleled delicacy as Maria, is not the least wonder in our dismal story; but she was fastened to the same chain by which I was drawn on. It was thought by us that the horrible stragem of joining the funeral and the wedding together would never be suspected by Mrs Purcel.”

But Mrs Purcel had heard the intelligence. She bursts on the ceremony, and astounds them by the outcry, “Brother and sister—brother and sister!”—“I heard no more,” continues the ill-fated narrator; “the edifice reeled around me—and there is a hiatus in my remembrance—a chasm in my life.” The melancholy tale concludes thus:

“Ten years have passed since that dreadful morning, and I have never opened my lips to inquire the issues of the event; but one day, about two years ago, in visiting the English cemetery at Lisbon, I saw on a marble slab, which the weather or accident had already partly defaced, the epitaph of Maria. The remainder of my own story is but a tissue of aimless and objectless wanderings and moody meditations, under the anguish of the inherited curse.—But all will soon be over:—a tedious hectic that has long been consuming me, reluctantly and slowly, hath at last, within these few days, so augmented its fires, that I am conscious, from a sentiment within, I cannot survive another month; I have, indeed, had my warning. Twice hath a sound like the voice of my sister, startled my unrefreshing sleep: when it rouses me for the third time, then I shall awake to die.”

The objection readily occurs to this tale, that the events are improbable, and slightly tacked together; but in these respects authors demand, and must receive, some indulgence. It is not perhaps possible, at the same time, to preserve consistency and probability, and attain the interest of novelty. The reader must make the same allowances for such deficiency, as are granted to the scenist, or decorator of the drama. We see the towers which are described as being so solid in their structure, tremble as they are advanced or withdrawn, and we know the massy and earth-fast rocks of the theatre are of no stronger material than painted

pasteboard. But we grant to the dramatist that which must be granted, if we mean to allow ourselves the enjoyment of his art; and a similar convention must be made with the authors of fictitious narratives, and forgiving the want of solidity in the story, the reader must be good-natured enough to look only at the beauty of the painting.

It is perhaps a greater objection, that the nature of the interest and of the catastrophe is changed in the course of the narration. We are at first led to expect that the author had subjected the interest of his hero to that gloomy and inexorable deity, or principle, in whom the ancients believed, under the name of Destiny, or Fate, and that, like Orestes or Hamlet, he was to be the destined avenger of his father's injuries, or of his mother's guilt. Such was the persuasion of the victim himself, as expressed in several passages, some of which we have quoted. But the course of the action, the point upon which our imagination had been fixed, at the expense of some art, is altogether departed from. No more mention is made of Mr Oakdale, and though a fatal influence continues to impel the destined sufferer into most horrible danger, yet it is of a kind different from that which the omens presaged, and which the hero himself, and the reader, on his account, was induced to expect. For example, he meets on his road to Harwich with the funeral of a man who had been murdered, much in the same circumstances as those which attended the death of his own father, and which, while they indicate a bloody catastrophe to the story, bear no reference to that which really attends it.

But although these objections may be started, they affect, in a slight degree, the real merits of the work, which consist in the beauty of its language, and the truth of the descriptions introduced. Yet even these are kept in subordination to the main interest of the piece, which arises from the melancholy picture of an amiable young man, who has received a superstitious bias, imposed by original temperament, as well as by the sorrowful events of his childhood.

In this point of view, it is of little consequence whether the presages on which his mind dwells, concur with the event; for the author is not refusing the correctness of such auguries, but illustrating the character of one who believed in them.

The tendency to such belief is, we believe, common to most men. There are circumstances, and animals, and places, and sounds, which we are naturally led to connect with melancholy ideas, and thus far to consider as being of evil augury. Funerals, churchyards, the howling of dogs, the sounds of the passing bell, are all of a gloomy character, and, calamitous, or at least unpleasing in themselves, must lead, we are apt to suppose, to consequences equally unpleasing. He would be a stout sceptic who would choose, like the hero of our tale, to tack his wedding to the conclusion of a funeral, or even to place the representation of a death's-head on a marriage-ring; and yet the marriage might be a happy one in either case, were there not the risk that the evil omen might work its own accomplishment by its effect on the minds of the parties.

But besides the omens which arise out of natural associations, there are superstitions of this kind which we have from tradition, and which affect those who believe in them merely because others believed before. We have all the nurse has taught of presages by sparkles from the fire, and signs from accidental circumstances, which, however they have obtained the character originally, have been at least generally received as matters of ominous presage; and it is wonderful in how many, and how distant countries, the common sense, or rather the common nonsense, of mankind, has attached the same ideas of mishap to circumstances which appear to have little relation to it; and not less extraordinary to discover some ancient Roman superstition existing in some obscure village, and surprising the antiquary as much as when he has the good luck to detect an antique piece of sculpture or inscription on the crumbling walls of a decayed Scottish church.

Day-fatalism, which has been so much illustrated by the learned and credulous Aubrey, or that recurring coincidence which makes men connect their good and evil fortunes with particular days, months, and years, is another of the baits by which Superstition angles for her vassals. These fatalities, which seem to baffle calculation, resemble, in fact, what is commonly called a run of luck, or an extraordinary succession of good or evil, beyond hope or expectation. Such irregulari-

ties in the current of events are necessary to prevent human beings from lifting the veil of futurity. If the ordinary chances of fortune were not occasionally deranged, or set aside by those unexpected caprices of her power, Demoivre and his pupils might approach nearly to the rank of prophets.

In a third species of presage, our own mind, as we have hinted, becomes our oracle, and either from the dreams of the night, or the recollections of the day, we feel impressed with the belief that good or evil is about to befall us. We are far from absolutely scorning this species of divination, since we are convinced that in sleep, or even in profound abstraction, the mind may arrive at conclusions which are just in themselves, without our being able to perceive the process of thought which produced them. The singular stories told about dreams corresponding to the future event, are usually instances and illustrations of our meaning. A gentleman, for instance, is sued for a ruinous debt, with the accumulation of interest since his father's time. He is persuaded the claim had been long settled, but he cannot, after the utmost search, recover the document which should establish the payment. He was about to set out for the capital, in order to place himself at the mercy of his creditor, when, on the eve of his journey, he dreams a dream. His father, he thought, came to him and asked the cause of his melancholy, and of the preparations which he was making for his journey; and as the appearance of the dead excites no surprise in a dream, the visionary told the phantom the cause of his distress, and mentioned his conviction that this ruinous debt had been already settled. "You are right, my son," was the answer of the vision, "the money was paid by me in my lifetime. Go to such a person, formerly a practitioner of the law, now retired from business, and remind him that the papers are in his hands. If he has forgotten the circumstance of his having been employed by me on that occasion, for he was not my ordinary agent, say to him, that he may remember it by the token that there was some trouble about procuring change for a double Portugal piece when I settled my account with him." The vision was correct in all points.

The slumbering memory of the ex-attorney was roused by the recollection of the doubloon,—the writings were recovered,—and the dreamer freed from the prosecution brought against him.

This remarkable story we have every reason to believe accurate matter of fact, at least in its general bearings. Now, are we to suppose that the course of nature was interrupted, and that, to save a southland laird from a patrimonial injury, a supernatural warning was deigned, which the fate of empires has not drawn forth? This we find hard to credit. Or are we, on the other hand, to believe, that such coincidences between dreams and the events which they presage, arise from mere accident, and that a vision so distinct, and a result which afforded it so much corroboration, were merely the effect of circumstances, and happened by mere chance, just as two dice happen accidentally to cast up doublets? This is indeed possible, but we do not think it entirely philosophical. But our idea is different from both the alternative solutions which we have mentioned. Every one is sensible, that among the stuff which dreams are made of, we can

recognise broken and disjointed remnants of forgotten realities which dwell imperfectly on the memory. We are of opinion, therefore, that, in this and similar cases, the sleeping imagination is actually weaving its web out of the broken realities of actual facts. The mind, at some early period, had been, according to the story, impressed with a strong belief that the debt had actually been paid, which belief must have arisen from some early convictions on the subject, of which the ground-work was decayed. But in the course of the watches of the night, fancy, in her own time and manner, dresses up the faded materials of early recollection. The idea of the father once introduced, naturally recalls to memory what the dreamer, at some forgotten period, had actually heard from his parent; and by this clue he arrives at the truth of a fact, as he might have done at the result of a calculation, though without comprehending the mode by which he arrived at the truth.

The subject, if prosecuted, would lead very far, and farther perhaps than is warranted by the subject of these remarks. It is possible, however, we may one day return to it.

TALES OF THE WEDDING.

No. III.

A WEDDING UNDER GROUND.

It is the fate of modest merit to be overlooked in this “working-day world;” and, in my enumeration of the dramatis personæ of our “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” I believe I omitted to mention one of the most interesting, as well as the most highly gifted, viz. a young German mineralogist, who was to be, at an early hour the following morning, the travelling companion of the little Baron, on a tour through the north of Europe.

His uncommon taciturnity, and shrinking timidity of manner, secured for him an exemption from the ordeal of narration, till I had excused myself on the score of my extreme youth and ignorance of the world when I arrived at Geneva; and till the banker’s son had sheltered himself under the plea of never having quitted his native city, not very fertile in adventure, and every incident of which was too well known to the audience to form the subject of a “*veillé du chateau*.” All eyes then turned to the geologist; and the first spark which accident taught the savage to draw from the cold pebble under his feet, could hardly have caused him more surprise than we experienced, on beholding the latent fire which blazed out in the keen blue eye of the disciple of Werner, (apparently as much at home in the bowels of the earth as fishes are proverbially said to be in the water,) while giving us, from ocular demonstration, the history of a *Wedding under Ground*.

ON the conclusion of my studies at the mineralogical college of Freyberg, I was made very happy by being named one of a party commissioned to visit the most celebrated mines of

Europe, to procure information respecting recent discoveries, and collect specimens for the Museum.

No one, but a mineralogist, can imagine the heart-felt pleasure with

which we Cimmerians descend into the bowels of the earth, and follow nature into those recesses which none but the progeny of an Eve would ever have dreamed of exploring. But, though prepared to find in these subterranean abodes some of the most gorgeous spectacles the eye can witness, as well as the utmost horrors imagination can paint, it certainly was not in quest of romantic adventure that I penetrated their fathomless abysses.

Such, however, in countries where the mines are employed as places of punishment, are by no means uncommon; and I never shall forget the impression produced on my mind by the celebrated history of Count Alberti's confinement in the horrible quicksilver mines of Idria, as narrated to me on the spot by a grey-headed miner, in whose childhood it had occurred. Though the rank and favour of that accomplished young nobleman, and the dismal transition from the splendours of a court, and the smiles of an empress, to condemnation for life to subterranean drudgery of the most pestiferous nature, lend to his history a deeper and more terrific interest than can attach to the comparatively obscure adventures of the pair of youthful lovers, the denouement of whose little romance it was my good fortune to witness in the Hungarian mines of Schemnitz, I must trust to your indulgence, and the singularity of the scene of these nuptials, to atone for the deficiency.

Besides that superior order of nobles, or magnates, who, from wealth and extent of possessions, are more than nominal princes, there exists in Hungary a class of almost equally noble blood, but dilapidated fortunes, who, disdain all professions save that of arms, have no means of increasing their substance but by alliances with the free merchants, who are beginning rapidly to acquire riches and consideration in the larger cities. Such marriages, among the cadets especially of the poorer nobles, are not unfrequent; and while they are tolerated by the privileged race, who occasionally condescend to them, they are eagerly courted by that, till lately, oppressed and contemned class, who cheerfully make large sacrifices to accomplish them.

There was in S—— a beautiful girl,

the only daughter of a Polish merchant, (half suspected to have in his veins some of the blood of Israel,) who, in addition to her father's well-filled coffers, possessed personal attractions enough to draw around her a host of younger brothers, whose pedigrees outweighed their purses. Among these the heart of Ida Stephanoff soon declared in favour of Casimir Yaninsky, one of the first and most ardent of her suitors, and just such a gay, gallant sprig of nobility as was likely to make a deep impression on the daughter of a grave and penurious trader.

Although the sole patrimony of Casimir was his sword, there were circumstances which inclined old Stephanoff to concur in his daughter's preference of the youth over others similarly situated. There was still a small estate in the family, and the elder brother of Casimir, though married, was childless. Here was something of a reversionary prospect; and as Casimir was unquestionably the most rising young man among Ida's suitors, she and her father, during some happy months, saw him with the same favourable eye. His consent was formally given, and a time not very far distant fixed for the marriage, when a nobleman, who had been for many years absent from his estate in the neighbourhood of S——, unexpectedly returned, and, having accidentally seen Ida at a village festival, made to her father such dazzling overtures as entirely overset the old Jew's fidelity to his previous engagements, and even his regard for the feelings of his daughter. What these were, on being informed of the proposal, may be better imagined than described. Graf Metzlin was an elderly man, of peculiarly forbidding appearance and austere manners; and having already contrived to get rid of two wives, he had brought with him a sort of Blue-Beard reputation, by no means calculated to win the affections of even a disengaged maiden. But then he was not only rich, but enjoyed considerable credit at court; and had returned to Hungary with a degree of delegated influence, if not positive authority, which rendered his alliance infinitely desirable to a man in trade.

Stephanoff, though standing sufficiently in awe of the fiery Yaninsky

and his family, not abruptly to withdraw his promise, began to long earnestly for the means of breaking it; and this Graf Metzlin proposed to furnish by possessing himself as if by force of the person of Ida, and apparently reducing her father to consent to a union which it was out of his power to prevent. The plot was not difficult of execution. Ida and her old nurse (her mother had been long dead) were surprised in a rural excursion by a body of the Count's servants, and lodged in his old castle, where, by every demonstration of respectful affection which his harsh nature permitted, he strove to reconcile the high-spirited girl to her state of durance. What *she* felt did not transpire beyond the enchanted walls; but Casimir moved heaven and earth to procure her release, and was only restrained by sincere affection for the child, from wreaking his vengeance on her despicable parent.

Dreading the resentment which he was conscious of deserving, Stephanoff feigned to be inconsolable for the loss of his daughter, and solicited permission to reclaim her by force; but the local authorities, overawed by Graf Metzlin, and indeed apprised privately that he acted in concert with her father, to break off an idle match between two unadvised young people, declined interfering, and it became evident that the farce would soon end, like so many others, in the marriage of the chief actors.

This Casimir was determined to avert, and legal means being beyond his reach, he was not deaf to the demon, who, in their absence, threw in his way some of a very opposite character. Urged almost to madness by a pathetic billet which Ida had found means to convey to him, he availed himself of an accidental rencontre with a band of freebooters, (some of whom are still to be found lurking in all the mountainous parts of Hungary,) to engraft on their previously formed plan of plundering his rival's castle, the rescue of his betrothed, during the confusion of the attack. The morality and loyalty of this measure may easily be called in question; but there is yet in these countries a sufficient smack of barbarism to make retaliation be considered perfectly justifiable; and a young man just robbed of his mistress, may per-

haps be excused for not respecting his rival's money-bags. To his person there could be no injury meditated, as the time fixed was that of his necessary absence with part of his household, in attendance on a provincial assembly. The hazard of the enterprise was considerable, as Graf Metzlin had a tolerably numerous establishment; however, their attachment was not deemed such as to prompt a very vigorous resistance, and the young temporary bandit, and his more practised associates, marched gaily to the assault.

There had, however, been treachery somewhere; for in passing through a thick wood on the skirts of the Count's property, they were intercepted by a troop of soldiers, (who had long been aware of the existence of the brigands, and on the look-out for them,) and with the exception of one or two, were surrounded and made prisoners.

Yaninsky, in thus joining, at the instigation of passion and despair, a band of robbers, had so far remembered his own and his family's honour, as to exact from his comrades, in case of any disaster, the most implicit vow of secrecy as to his real name and condition; he therefore suffered himself to pass as one of the band, but his youth, and the testimony of even his hardened companions to his comparative innocence, marked him for the milder punishment of the mines, while the captain and one or two more, (who, to say truth, little deserved Casimir's self-reproaches for perhaps accelerating their fate,) expiated their former crimes on the scaffold.

As for Yaninsky, though he at first congratulated himself on being conducted for trial to a distant part of the province, where he was not likely to be recognized; yet the consequent impossibility of conveying to Ida any tidings of his fate, formed the chief aggravation of his situation; and having reason to fear she must have received his hasty information of her meditated rescue, the thought of her anxiety added bitterness to his own.

The mines, however, to which he was condemned for two years, were within three or four days' journey of S—, and among their frequent visitants, hope whispered one might ere long be found to communicate tidings of his personal safety, and unabated constancy.

Ida, meanwhile, had gathered from Graf Metzín's own triumphant account of his castle's escape from spoliation, corroboration of her own fears that Casimir was implicated; and during some days which elapsed ere the fate of the prisoners was decided at the capital of the district, she suffered agonies of suspense, which half inclined her to avow her suspicions, and redeem, by the sacrifice of her own hand, that life, which she was sure Casimir would not stoop to purchase at the expense of his honour.

At length her persevering, though still courteous jailor, brought her the almost welcome intelligence of the sentence of death pronounced upon three ringleaders, (none of whom, being men advanced in life, and of well-known atrocity, could possibly be Casimir,) and of the condemnation for various periods to the mines, of the rest, among whom, her heart whispered, he would certainly be found.

To effect her escape and join him, became now her sole object. To replace herself under the inefficient and unwilling protection of her father, would, she knew, be fruitless, as, from the tenor of his few letters since her captivity, she saw he was at least an accomplice in it, and might enforce her hated marriage with an urgency which would leave her in the end no alternative but a flight, less disgraceful from the power of a ravisher, than from a father's ostensible protection. Her nurse, who, in all but mental cultivation, had performed a mother's part towards the early orphan; and who loved her with all a mother's fondness, entered into her views with almost youthful enthusiasm, and a plan at length suggested itself for accomplishing her escape.

All parts of Hungary, it is well known, swarm with gipsies; and nowhere, perhaps, is that migratory race more largely tolerated and less oppressed. Bands of them are generally in some degree settled, as far as their habits permit, on each considerable estate; and, forbearing from all depredations on that privileged territory, enjoy a sort of tacit countenance from the proprietor. Metzín, as an alien from his country, and a harsh repulsive character, was no great favourite among his Zingari, whom he forbade to enter his castle, and banish-

ed from some of their immemorial haunts.

Old Natalia, little doubting that amid this acute and vindictive tribe she might secure coadjutors, could she once open a communication with them, feigned gradually to lend a more willing ear to Graf Metzín's endeavours to conciliate her, and to be won over by his arguments in favour of the match with her nursling.

She then confided to him that much of Ida's pertinacious adherence to her engagement with Casimir, arose from an early prophecy of one of the gifted race of Zingari, that she would marry a younger son of the best blood in Hungary, and, after many trials, would lead with him a long and happy life; and suggested, that, from a mind naturally inclined to superstition, the impression could only be effaced by a counter prediction by a yet more experienced and authoritative sibyl. Such a one, she knew, was to be found among the Count's territorial Egyptians, and in return for the communication, she received, as she expected, a commission to talk over the old beldane, and put into her mouth such an oracular response as should suit the purposes of her lord.

Delighted with this first step towards liberty, and satisfied that the prophetess owed the Count a sufficient grudge to enter cheerfully into any scheme to outwit him; Natalia held with her a long conference, during which she found in Miriam a coadjutress beyond her most sanguine hopes. It was agreed that, to prevent suspicion, the sibyl should at first confine herself to giving, in presence of the Count, mysterious intimations of his happy destiny, and afterwards solicit opportunities to confirm in private the impression on the still wavering mind of the young betrothed.

Ida, duly prepared for the farce, received the gipsy at first with contempt and indignation, but, as if irresistibly overpowered by the solemn eloquence of the skilful fortune-teller, gradually listened with more complacency to her gorgeous promises of a wealthy, as well as noble spouse, unbounded honour, and a numerous progeny, contrasted with a faithless and penniless lover, doomed by the destinies to a violent and premature death. Sufficient remaining incredulity was of course manifested to render future

visits necessary, but the Count, though unsuspecting of any plot, did not yet feel confidence enough in the staunchness of his Zingari ally, to trust her with any possible revocation of her oracle. He therefore chose to be present when she again entered the castle, and this obliged her to exert some ingenuity in communicating to Ida the positive intelligence she had that day received, of Casimir's actual sojourn in the Mines of Schemnitz.

In addition, therefore, to all her former asseverations, that the stars had irrevocably decreed the union of Ida with a rich and adoring suitor, she advanced towards her, and resuming her hand with an air of peculiar solemnity, exclaimed, in a manner fully calculated to excite her attention, "It has this day been revealed to me, that when you again meet your perfidious lover, *it will not be upon earth!*"

These ominous words at first made Ida start, but the gipsy's earnest tone and gesture, and an almost imperceptible glance of her wild dark eye, taught her to look for a less obvious meaning; and, with a joyful alacrity, from which the Count drew the most flattering hopes, she exclaimed, in reply, "Well, mother! I see you are a prophetess indeed! there is nothing, however deep, which you cannot fathom!"—The gipsy, thus made aware that she was understood, ingratiated herself so far with the Count, by her adroitness, as to procure free ingress to the chateau; stipulating, however, for permission to bring with her an orphan grandson, from whom she never willingly separated, as he was apt, when out of her restraining presence, to get into mischief, besides which, his musical powers on the hurdy-gurdy and Jew's harp, would, she was sure, serve to dissipate Ida's remaining melancholy, and pave the way for a new love.

Miriam generally contrived to pay her visits towards the dusk of evening, a time when she said the mind was more open to mysterious impressions, and the influence of the stars (which even, while she thus tampered with their supremacy, she more than half believed) peculiarly powerful. She and her grandson insensibly became such privileged personages as to pass in and out from the turret assigned to Ida and her nurse, without exciting any observation; and no sooner was

this the case, than Miriam and Natalia began to put in execution their project of transforming Ida into a very tolerable *fac simile* of young Zekiel, by means of the well-known gipsy dye for the skin, and a suit of boy's clothes, introduced piece by piece, under his grandame's tattered mantle.

The resemblance was quite sufficient to have deceived more suspicious observers, and Ida's fears for any possible evil consequences to her poor second self being obviated by seeing him safely descend a rope-ladder with all the agility of his tribe, and swim the moat with the ease of an amphibious animal, she with a heating heart and trembling limbs followed her gipsy conductress to the gates. Natalia, who could with no great difficulty have found a pretext for accompanying her beyond them, insisted with maternal devotion on remaining behind to carry on for a day or two the farce of the supposed illness of her charge, and gain time for the fugitive to reach the mines.

Once arrived there, she strongly advised Ida to reveal her sex and condition to the Bergrichter, or director, a humane and benevolent man, through whose interposition she trusted Casimir's release and her union with him might be effected, though the power of Graf Metzin, and the paramount influence of parental authority, might render it a hazardous measure. Ida, however, once happily beyond the hated walls, could think of nothing but increasing her distance from them, and was disposed to consider the deepest mine in Hungary with her lover a welcome refuge from tyranny above ground. She was too sanguine and inexperienced to foresee the many difficulties in her path, or even her own want of resolution to brave them, when it should come to the point; and it was not till conducted by Miriam within a short distance of the mines, and instructed by her to act the part of a gipsy boy, a runaway from his tribe for supposed ill treatment, that her heart died within her, and she half wished herself even at Metzinska again!

When ushered into the presence of the director, the half-formed project of confession quickly expired upon her lips, unequal alike to utter either the truth or the falsehood she had meditated. Had his manners been less

gentle and encouraging, she must infallibly have sunk beneath his glance; and had the dye on her skin been one jot less deep, her blushes must have betrayed her. The tears, however, which she shed abundantly, only seemed to attest the truth of the incoherent story she at length faltered out, of a cruel stepmother, and dislike to a vagrant life; but the compassion they excited had nearly frustrated all her plans, by inducing the director to propose easy labour and personal attendance above ground to so young a creature, instead of the confined air and laborious drudgery of the mine.

Never did poor culprit more ardently petition for release from that Cimmerian bondage than Ida now did to be permitted to endure it; and here again the plea which her awakened self-possession taught her to urge, in the natural dread of being traced and kidnapped by her gipsy relatives, found ample corroboration from the wild alarm which really filled her bosom, and lent energy to her supplications. Nor was she far from the truth in asserting, that above ground, for some time at least, she could not for a moment fancy herself safe.

Yielding, therefore, to her childish but pardonable terrors, the humane director promised to carry her down himself to the mine of N—, which, from its difficulty of access, and considerable distance from the more open and frequented ones of that celebrated district, was appropriated to the involuntary residence of convicts, and was rendered, by the same circumstances, a safer abode for a fugitive than those spacious, nay, almost splendid excavations, where royalty itself has frequently penetrated in commodious equipages, by an almost imperceptible descent, and where the daily and hourly egress of thousands of free labourers of both sexes would have lent dangerous facilities either for the escape of the criminal, or the recognition of the innocent.

The mine of N— was as yet accessible only by the appalling and often hazardous conveyance of the bucket; and fancy may easily picture the dread and horror with which a timid girl, even under the animating influence of love and hope, found herself suspended over earth's centre, and lowered into its almost fathomless abysses.

She had already descended, by steep

and slippery ladders, for nearly a hundred feet, without entirely losing the welcome glimmer of receding day, when, at a huge door, whose dingy aspect seemed fitted for an entrance into the infernal regions, she perceived two figures, half naked, and as black as ink, each of whom held in his hand a faggot of lighted fir, and, thus equipped, might have passed for one of Pluto's pages.

By these appalling satellites, the director and his trembling protégée were invested with dresses of congenial blackness, and, amid deafening shouts and muttered ejaculations, Ida found herself suddenly seized by one of the goblin grooms, who, unceremoniously throwing a rope round her, prepared to fasten her to the slight-looking bucket, which, with dizzy horror, she saw swinging in mid air, to receive her and her rude conductor.

It required a thought of Casimir to induce her to enter the frail vehicle within which she was ordered to seat herself, while the Stygian guide, merely resting on the edge, held the rope with one hand, and with a pole in the other kept the bucket clear of the numerous projections which might have proved fatal to its safety. There was an awful pause of a few moments ere the machinery above was put in motion to accelerate their descent, during which the miner, secretly enjoying his companion's silent terror, cried, "Cheer up, my little fellow! we shall be at the bottom in a trice; that is (crossing himself), if it please St Nicholas to give us a good journey. But we always make new comers fast to the bucket since the ugly accident which befel a poor little girl, some half dozen years ago. She had a lover in the mine, it would seem, and, poor simple thing! nothing would serve her but she must be down to seek him."—(Here they began to descend with almost breathless rapidity.)—"She had either no guide, or one as awkward as herself: so, you see, the bucket was caught and upset by that point of rock we are just passing, and the poor girl pitched out on yonder narrow shelf below, where she clung, God knows how, for more than half an hour, till we get ladders spliced together, and picked her off more dead than alive. You may believe it was her lover who brought down his frightened turtle; he got a pardon, and she a pension;

so, you see, all's well that ends well, and here we are safe at the bottom, St Nicholas be praised!"

Ida, while she shuddered at the fearful tale which had thus doubled the horrors of her passage, could have blessed the miner for the bright omen held out by its happy termination.

She now rejoined the director, and passing partly through galleries supported by timber-work, and partly through vaults hollowed in the rock, arrived at a vast hall, whose extremities the feeble light of many torches failed to illumine. It was supported by pillars of ore, and surrounded by seats of the same material, on which they paused for a moment's repose. They then proceeded to still greater depths—now saluted by burning exhalations from the furnaces and forges used for preparing tools, whose heat scarce permitted the workmen to bear the scantiest clothing—now almost frozen by subterranean currents of air, rushing with tempestuous violence through narrow cavities, till they arrived at the lowest gallery, eleven hundred feet under ground, where the pitchy darkness, the yet more dismal light from distant fires, the swarthy labourers, black as the ores they worked, partially discovered by the sparks proceeding from their own hammers, the noise of all this labour, and of the hydraulic engines for drying and ventilating the mine, together with the horrible figures which from time to time rushed past her with torches in their hands, made Ida for a moment doubt whether she had not descended rather too near to Tartarus.

Emotions so new and strange were, however, soon absorbed in still stronger dread of not meeting Casimir, or of a premature discovery from his hasty recognition of her in circumstances so overpowering. Feeling, however, pretty confident that her disguise would shield her for the present from even a lover's eye, she made a strong effort, and endeavoured to summon to her own aid the courage requisite for sustaining the spectacle of her beloved Yaninsky's humiliating condition.

The director-in-chief, whom chance had alone brought this day to visit the mine of N—, and whose stay below was necessarily brief, consigned Ida, on leaving the mine, to the resident overseer (a person fortunately for her, of advanced years and

mild deportment), with directions to employ Zekiel (the name Ida had borrowed with her dress for the occasion) only in the light labour of gathering those minute fragments of ore, which were overlooked in removing the larger masses to the furnace. "You will of course, as a father yourself," added the worthy director, "see, that what good his vagrant education may have left in him suffers as little as possible from temporary intercourse with your reprobate crew, among whom you have probably some minor offender conscientious enough to look after a boy. When the danger of pursuit from his tribe has subsided, you may send him to me at Schemnitz, where I will enter him a student at the College of Mines; and who knows," added he, kindly patting on the head the trembling novice in dissimulation, "but he may have cause to bless through life his dark sojourn in the mine of N——!" Another silent blessing from the heart of Ida hailed the cheering presage!

Evening was far advanced when she was left alone in the great hall with the good inspector, and, deriving courage from his parental behaviour, she timidly requested leave to accompany him in his rounds through the upper and less dismal galleries, where she was to commence her task on the morrow. They had traversed the greater part of the immense excavations without her recognizing among the swarthy groups, who pursued their labours, the well-known form of Casimir, and Ida's fears began to predominate over her hopes, when the overseer, turning into a new gallery, bade her observe its direction, and certain marks on the roof and pillars of ore, by which it was distinguished. "Here," said he, "I chiefly intend you to pursue your occupation. The young miner who superintends this gallery is, though a convict, of superior manners and regular conduct, and I know not any part of the mine where a boy of your age may be trusted with so little danger of evil communication."

So saying they advanced; and at the further end of the dimly-lighted vault, Ida, with almost irrepressible emotion, descried Casimir busily engaged in directing half-a-dozen men to remove a large mass of extraneous matter, which impeded the further progress of the shaft. Ida involun-

tarily fell back, that the beating of her heart might not become audible to the inspector. He advanced towards Casimir, coolly approved of his proceedings, and then beckoning forward the trembling Ida, "Stephan," said he, (a name which Casimir had adopted as Ida's patronymic)—"here is a boy whom the Berg-richter has picked up from among the gipsies. His orders are to work him lightly; and, above all, to keep him from mischief. You are a steady young fellow, and with you I think he will learn no harm. Take him to your mess this evening, and at roll-call I will come for him. He shall sleep with my little Adolf, who is afraid of spirits in the mine at night since his elder brother left us." Then turning to Ida, "Zekiel, I give you in that young man a friend and protector—if you quit his side it will be at your own peril, and you will repent it."—"Heaven forbid!" thought Ida.

Who would be so superfluous as to describe Ida's feelings, while the hasty and incurious glance of Casimir rested on her metamorphosed form, and his cold, yet gentle voice, uttered words of soothing and encouragement to the gipsy boy? Who cannot fancy her feverish impatience while the awkward miners tardily obeyed the directions of Casimir, and its almost ungovernable height, as she watched their retiring steps along the dreary corridor? Yaninsky fortunately lingered to see all safe for the night, yet she half feared he would follow before her parched lips could utter his name in an almost inaudible whisper.

Low as it was, it found an echo in the heart of Casimir. He looked up like one awakened from a dream; caught one glance of a radiant eye which sorrow could not quench nor art disguise, and swift as thought was in the arms of Ida! Who that had seen that wild and long embrace in which the swarthy miner held the gipsy boy, had dreamed that under those lowly weeds were shrouded the bravest heart and noblest blood in Hungary, and the loveliest of its high-souled, though low-born maidens?

After the first few moments of unmingled ecstasy, Casimir, for whose character some weeks of solitude and reflection had done much, had leisure to consider the singular and distressing situation in which love for him

had placed his bride, and to bless Heaven for the opportune relief afforded under it by the intended kindness and patronage of the inspector, and the society of his infant boy. This he briefly explained to Ida, as they slowly and reluctantly approached the great hall, where the miners were mustered, previous to the return to upper air of all save the convicts (who alone slept under ground) and the evening meal of the latter.

Ida shrunk from the bare idea of appearing in the rude assembly; but Casimir (after allowing the miners who had been present when the director delivered her to his charge, to precede them by a few minutes, and thereby preclude embarrassing inquiries) conjured her to take courage, and not betray by unnecessary fears a secret which love itself had nearly failed to penetrate. In efforts to overcome this natural repugnance, time had insensibly elapsed, when a shrill whistle echoing through the galleries, seemed to strike Yaninsky with a sudden agony of terror, wholly unaccountable to Ida, whom he hurried along with a breathless rapidity which rendered inquiry impossible. They had proceeded but a few paces, when a tremendous explosion burst on Ida's ear, like the crash of an absolutely impending thunderbolt, accompanied, too, with a sudden glare, which illumined the whole subterranean territory, but in an instant vanished, leaving them in total darkness, the concussion of the air having extinguished the torches. This darkness was interrupted only by the fitful flashes from succeeding discharges, of which the light lasted only for a moment, while the sound was long and terribly reverberated by a thousand echoes. The vaults cracked, the earth shook, the arched recess into which Casimir on the first alarm had instinctively dragged Ida, trembled on its rocky base.

To her, the noise of the bursting rocks, the sulphureous smoke in which she was enveloped, and the sense of suffocation it occasioned, suggested the idea of some awful natural convulsion; and though life had seldom been sweeter than during the few preceding moments, yet death with Casimir lost half its terrors; but to him, who knew the artificial cause of the mimic thunder, and its imminent danger to those

unprotected from its effects, who knew, also, that his own fond inadvertence had exposed his *Ida* to the peril of perishing by the actual workmanship of his own hands, the few minutes during which the awful scene lasted seemed an age of anxiety and terror. The mute devotion with which she clung to his side, and resigned herself to whatever might be the result of so terrific an adventure, enhanced the remorse he felt for having endangered a life so invaluable; and it was not till all fears had subsided, and silence again resumed her reign, that he found breath to explain to *Ida*, that the peculiarly impenetrable nature of the strata in this mine, rendered frequent blasting with gunpowder necessary; and that the period usually chosen for this hazardous operation, was during the meals of the workmen, when they were exempted from danger by being collected in one safe and central hall.

Towards this they now proceeded, guided through the gloom by the rude mirth of the guests, who rallied *Casimir* on his supposed design of amusing himself with the terrors of his young protégé. The imperfect light favoured *Ida's* efforts to encounter, with tolerable calmness, such slight scrutiny as the fatigued and hungry group had leisure to bestow; but it was not till the motley group, assembled around the rude board, were thoroughly engrossed by their repast, that she ventured to raise her downcast eyes, and as they wandered in pity or disgust over the ferocious or the abject amid his lawless associates, to rest, at length, with unmingled admiration on the noble form and dignified countenance of her lover. She thought she had never seen him to such advantage; not even when, gaily running his richly caparisoned steed, with a plumed brow and a glittering vest, he shone (in her eyes at least) the brightest star in the Emperor's proud train at the opening of the Diet! And it was love, love for *Ida*, that had robbed the brow of its plume, and the vest of its bravery; ay, and sadder still, the cheek of its bloom, and the eye of its radiance: but what are these to the mute eloquence of the pale cheek and languid eye, when they speak of reckless constancy, and faith unshaken by suffering?

It was with a strange mixture of reluctance to leave *Casimir*, and repug-

nance to remain a moment longer in the Pandemonium he inhabited for her sake, that *Ida* tore herself from her lover to obey the summons of the inspector, a worthy old Swede from *Sahla*, who had been attracted from his own country by the mineralogical reputation of *Schemnitz*, and engaged for a short period to superintend some new workings in the mine of *N—*, and introduce processes of his invention peculiarly applicable to the nature of the strata.

As they went along, the tender father could not forbear expatiating with parental delight on his child. "*Adolf*," said he, "is wild with joy at the idea of having a companion. Poor little fellow, I rashly, perhaps, promised his dying mother never to part from him, and foolish compliance with that promise has made me keep him with me even here; where, though we have been three weeks under ground, his health, thank God, has been excellent, though his spirits have threatened to fail latterly, especially at nights, from the foolish tales he hears from the miners of *Cobolds* and *Bergmännchen*. Do, *Zekiel*, try and get them out of his little head: But, hark ye, do not give him any of your *Zingari* notions of palmistry and divination in their stead, else the remedy will be worse than the disease!"

Ida could only shake her head, afraid to trust her voice with a reply, when a beautiful fair-haired boy of five years old came bounding to meet them, and threw himself into his father's arms, evidently startled by the dusky hue of the new friend he had so ardently longed to see. A second glance at *Ida*, and her sweet smile, however, conquered the first impression, and taking her by the hand, he hurried her playfully forward. A turn in the great gallery suddenly brought before them an object so new and unexpected to *Ida*, that she could scarce forbear exclaiming when she found herself at the door of the inspector's house, a log-hut, neatly and substantially constructed. *Adolf*, remarking her wonder, exclaimed, with all the conscious superiority of infant knowledge, "Ah! if you only saw *Sahla*! papa's house there is a palace to this, and there are streets, and houses, and a windmill! Oh! this is a shabby mine, not to be compared to dear *Sahla*!"

As he spoke they entered the house,

which consisted of two apartments, one of which, filled with books and instruments of science, was occupied by the inspector, while the other, a sort of kitchen, was prepared for the use of the children. Adolf, after insisting on sharing with his new playmate (whose slight figure gave her, in male attire, an absolutely childish appearance) a supper, somewhat more inviting than the rye bread and black beer she had left behind, complained of being sleepy; and the inspector, pronouncing a grave blessing on his infant head, (in which the good man included his worse than orphan comrade,) retired to his own apartment.

No sooner was his father gone, than little Adolf, forgetting his drowsiness, began to tell a thousand stories about Cobolds and Mincknockers, and good people; all of whom, he said, he saw or heard every night, and from whose visits he hoped the society of a companion would release him. Ida, too heavy at heart to laugh at the childish list of supernatural acquaintance, had recourse to her rosary; and recommending to the little Lutheran (who had never before seen such a plaything) to say a prayer for every bead till he fell asleep, put him to bed, availing herself of his still unconquered dislike of her complexion, to spread her own mattress at a little distance on the floor.

Here, at length, sleep visited her wearied frame, and her slumbers (broken only occasionally by the infant voice of Adolf, muttering his childish but efficacious orisons) continued, till she herself was conscious they had been protracted, and, on opening her eyes, fully expected to be rebuked by the bright blaze of day.

It was a painful moment that recalled her, by the darkness around, to a sense of her situation; but impatient to meet Casimir, of whom she had as yet enjoyed but a transient glimpse, conquered her dejection; and, striking a light, she awoke her little companion, and giving him his breakfast, (her share of which she reserved to partake it with Casimir,) she consigned him to his father, and awaited the arrival of her lover, who had promised to come and conduct her to the scene of their mutual labours. The sight of him in his coarse miner's dress, the paleness of confinement, increased by the rays of the lamp he held in his

hand, proved almost too much for her; but his unaltered smile cheered her; and there was a radiance in his bright black eye since yesterday, that spoke of hope and happiness!

Casimir was able to contrive that they should be uninterrupted during a great part of this day, and it was spent in discussing their prospects, and weighing the advantages held out by continued concealment or immediate discovery. The former, exposed to irksome confinement and inevitable delay; but the latter threatened possible destruction to their hopes, and was therefore more formidable. The inspector, though a worthy and humane man, must, as a parent, entertain high ideas of parental authority, and was not likely to sanction the union of an only child without the consent of her father; nay, would probably insist on delivering her up to him immediately. It was, therefore, advisable to endeavour to secure an interest in his breast, by continued kindness to his child; and they agreed, at all events, to defer discovery till the approaching festival should bring down to the mine a priest, to whom, in confession at least, if not otherwise, the secret might be confided.

During the intervening month, Casimir and Ida (whose *tête-à-tête*s were usually confined to a few short moments in proceeding to, or returning from their labours) indemnified themselves for the restraint imposed by the presence of their parties, by establishing, through the interesting child by whom they were almost constantly accompanied, a medium of intercourse as delightful as it was unsuspected. Tales of love and chivalry related by Casimir, (and which soon eclipsed in the mind of his young auditor the fairy and goblin legends of ruder narrators,) found a no less enthusiastic listener in Ida, who saw in her lover the hero of every romance, and read in the perils each experienced for his mistress, a faint reflection of the heroic daring of her own devoted Casimir; while Ida's encomiums on love and constancy, nay, sometimes even her heartfelt expressions of fond attachment to the child on whom they were sincerely lavished, were interpreted as more than half addressed to one, who might have found it difficult under other circumstances to extort them. In short, that mental sunshine, which is

altogether independent even of the smiles of nature, played so brightly across their darkling path, that each viewed with awe and anxiety the approach of a period which might restore them to light and liberty, at the possible expense of at least a temporary separation.

The festival which was to decide their fate (one of the most solemn of the Romish church), occurred during our visit to the Mining district, and we were advised on no account to quit N—— without witnessing the brilliant spectacle of the illumination of the mine, and the performance of high mass in its lofty and spacious chapel, whose intrinsic magnificence might put to shame the richest shrines of our upper world.

We went down early in the morning, that the previous splendours of day might not rob the subterranean *spectacle* of any of its brilliancy; and highly as my expectations had been raised, they were not disappointed. The blaze of the torches, reflected by the innumerable particles of silver ore that lined the roof and walls of the galleries, was absolutely dazzling; while the deep shadows beyond their immediate influence would have been studies for a Rembrandt.

The chapel, when we first looked into it, at that early hour, was crowded with miners waiting for admission to the confessional; among the last of whom, I remembered seeing a very dark but handsome boy leaning against a pillar, in evident agitation. I had followed the inspector into some distant workings, to see various effects of light and shadow and natural phenomena, rendered more apparent by the increased illumination, and did not return till a bell had given notice of the approaching commencement of mass.

The crowd in the chapel was rather increased than diminished; but it had spontaneously divided, leaving at the altar only the venerable white-haired priest, before whom knelt a handsome young miner, and the same slender dusky boy, whose dark skin was now, however, mocked, and betrayed to be factitious, by a redundant profusion of the finest flaxen hair, which swept as he knelt on the dark rocky floor of the chapel.

Murmurs and whispers ran around the assembly; and on seeing the in-

spector advance, the priest, in a dignified voice, inquired if any impediment prevented the administration of the sacrament of marriage to the pair now kneeling to receive it; long affianced in the sight of Heaven, and thus miraculously brought together to complete a violated contract? No one presumed to contravene or question the propriety of the ordinance, till the half-fainting bride, blushing through all her nut-brown dye, glanced at her strange habiliments, and with maiden modesty faltered, "No, not in these!"

The appeal was irresistible, and as soon as mass had been celebrated, a messenger was dispatched by the kind inspector, to the village above, for a female peasant's dress of the country, in which Ida looked absolutely enchanting.

It was not alone a bridal dress that this embassy procured. It brought friends to grace the nuptials, whom fate had strangely conspired to bring that day to N——.

Ida had conjured the gipsies to lighten as soon as possible her father's anxieties, by acquainting him with her safety, though not with her retreat; but the communication had been delayed, and it was only the appearance of the faithful Natalia, who had remained concealed for some time after her escape from the castle of Metzinska, that at length led him to a knowledge of his daughter's fate. With a heart softened by long anxiety and parental remorse, he was now arrived at the mouth of the mine, followed by the faithful nurse, and attended by the reconciled Yaninski, who had also at length gained tidings of their brother (whom they concluded in a foreign country with his bride), from one of the banditti who had escaped on the seizure of the others, and was glad to purchase indemnity on his return to his native country by such interesting intelligence.

The Yaninski were amply furnished with pardons and letters of rehabilitation. Stephanoff came loaded with wealth to reward his daughter's benefactors, and rich dresses to adorn her person—but it was in the peasant's dress of the mining district that she gave her hand to Casimir, and in that dress she has sworn to keep the anniversary of her

THE INQUISITION OF SPAIN ;

WITH ANECDOTES OF SOME OF ITS MORE ILLUSTRIOUS VICTIMS.

ABOUT three centuries and a half have now elapsed since there existed in Spain a regularly-organised Criminal Tribunal, charged with the prosecution of Heretics; and yet, up to a very recent period, no exact history had appeared of its origin, its establishment, and its progress. Several writers, foreigners as well as native Spaniards, had, indeed, treated of the Inquisitions established in different parts of the Catholic world, and more particularly of that of Spain; but, for reasons to be afterwards explained, all of them were destitute of that accurate knowledge of the subject which the public have a right to expect from those who undertake to write history. This observation applies to the *Histoire des Inquisitions*, which appeared in the course of the seventeenth century, and also particularly to the work of M. Lavallée, published at Paris in 1809, under the title of *Histoire des Inquisitions Religieuses d'Italie, d'Espagne, et de Portugal*, which, the author assures us, is little more than a translation of a work that he pretends to have discovered at Saragossa. The former is, in truth, a sort of historical romance, sprinkled over with a small portion of truth, which, however, it is impossible to separate from the mass of fiction with which it is embellished; while the latter, in the four books devoted to the Spanish Inquisition (4th, 6th, 9th, and 10th), contains the history of only six trifling prosecutions before the provincial Tribunal of Valladolid, and is, moreover, filled with historical errors, so palpable and gross as to impair the author's credit, even in regard to matters that were probably consistent with his personal knowledge. Nor are the Spanish and Portuguese writers deserving of greater

confidence. Neither has the learned and unfortunate Macanaz, in his unavailing *Apology*, nor the Monk Monteiro of Lisbon in his *History of the Inquisition of Portugal*, nor the anonymous Spaniard who published at Madrid, in 1803, an *Historical and Juridical Discourse on the Origin, Progress, and Utility of the Holy Office of the Inquisition*, nor, indeed, any other native writer of the Peninsula, prior to Llorente, succeeded in tracing a distinct outline of the series of events which led to the institution of this formidable Tribunal, far less in giving an authentic account of its progress, and of the influence it has exerted upon the character of the people and the government. Indeed, the Spanish authors themselves are not agreed either as to the period of its establishment, or the circumstances by which that memorable event was attended. Bernaldez and Hernando del Pulgar, though contemporaries, differ in this respect, in their *Chronicles of the Catholic Kings*;* and the same observation applies to Illescas,† Zurita,‡ Roman,§ Garibay,|| Paramo,¶ Ortiz,** and Ferreras,†† each of whom is at variance with the others on this simple point of chronology.

But if these authors have been unable to settle the question as to the exact period from which the Holy Office dates its commencement, still less have they succeeded in giving us any certain information as to the peculiar organization of that tremendous institution. The reason of this must be sought for in the nature of the Holy Office itself. No prisoner of the institution ever obtained a sight of his own process, far less of that instituted against another. All he could learn in regard to his individual cause was con-

* Hernando del Pulgar, *Cronico de los Reyes Catolicos*, c. 17; Bernaldez, *ejusd. tit.* c. 43-4.

† Illescas, *Hist. Pontifical*, tom. ii. l. 6.

‡ Zurita, *Annales de Arragon*, tom. iv. l. 20, c. 49, an. 1485.

§ Roman, *Republicas del Mundo*, tom 1, l. 5, c. 20.

|| Garibay, *Compendio Historial de Espagna*, tom. ii. l. 17, c. 29; l. 18, c. 12 and 17; l. 19, c. 1.

¶ Paramo, *De Origine et Progressu Inquisitionis*, l. ii. c. 2.

** Ortiz, *Annales de Sevilla*, l. 12, an. 1478.

†† Ferreras, *Hist. de Espagna*, siglo 15, pt. 11.

fin'd to such inferences as he might deduce from the interrogatories which he was compelled to answer, and from the extracts of the depositions of the witnesses, which, at a certain stage of the proceedings, were communicated to him; at the same time that the names of the witnesses, and all circumstances of time, place, and persons, which might lead the accused to discover his accuser, as well as every part of the evidence favourable to his defence, were carefully concealed from him; according to the maxim of the Holy Office, that the accused must confine himself to answering the different heads of accusation, and that it belonged to the judge, in the discharge of his duty, to compare the answers of the prisoner with those parts of the evidence which were favourable to his defence, and to give such effect to both as, in his wisdom, he might think fit. This mode of conducting procedure in the Inquisition explains the reason why Philip Limborch and other authors of perfectly good faith have failed to produce an authentic history of the Holy Office. Their principal sources of information were first the relations of prisoners, who, in every case, were entirely ignorant of the real grounds upon which they had

been prosecuted; and, secondly, the meagre details contained in the works of Eyemerick, Paramo, Pegna, Carena, and some other Inquisitors, who were interested in concealing the truth. It is hardly surprising that nothing satisfactory was produced by men who laboured under such disadvantages, and that an authentic history of the most infamous Tribunal which ever existed upon earth, and which systematically shrouded its proceedings in darkness, continued long an almost hopeless desideratum in the general literature of Europe.

The period, however, at length arrived when the mystery was to be dispelled. In the year 1809, Joseph Buonaparte, who had just assumed the title of King of Spain, published a decree, abolishing the Inquisition in that country; and that the nature of the Holy Office might be no longer unknown to the world, the archives of the Council of the *Supreme*, and of the Inquisition of the *Court*, were intrusted, by order of Joseph, to D. Juan Antonio Llorente, who had been himself an Inquisitor, and had been for many years occupied in collecting materials for a history of the Inquisition,* that he might carry his original design into execution. Spain could

* Llorente was born at Rincon del Soto, near Calahorra, in Arragon, in the year 1756; and at the age of fourteen received the clerical tonsure from the hands of the Bishop of Calahorra. In 1773, he went to Saragossa, to study law, by which was then understood the Institutes of Justinian and the Pandects, and in 1776 he took his bachelor's degree. He next applied himself to the study of the canon law, was ordained a priest by his diocesan in 1779, and soon after repaired to Valencia, to receive the bonnet of a doctor of laws. In 1781, he was admitted advocate before the Supreme Council of Castille, and the following year was appointed Proctor-General of the Bishopric of Calahorra. In 1785, the Tribunal of the Holy Office at Logrono chose him its commissary; and having proved, in compliance with the standing rule of the Inquisition, that his family, for three generations back, had incurred no punishment for heresy, nor were descended from Jews, Moors, or heretics, he entered upon office. Senor Llorente likewise applied himself with some success to preaching, till, in 1788, the Duchess of Satamayor, first lady to Louisa, Queen of Charles IV., appointed him *her Consultor de Camara*; in which capacity he must have given great satisfaction, for the Duchess subsequently nominated him one of her testamentary executors, (in conjunction with Grandees, Bishops, and Members of the Council of Castille,) and also tutor to the present Duke of Satamayor, one of the richest proprietors of Spain. At the commencement of 1789, the Inquisitor-General, D. Augustin Rubin de Cevallos, Bishop of Jaen, appointed Llorente Secretary-General to the Inquisition, a post which he held till 1791, and which placed at his disposal the archives of the Holy Office which he was one day to disclose to the world. Cevallos having died in 1792, D. Manuel Abad-y-la-Sierra, Bishop of Astorga, and Archbishop of Selimbria, was appointed his successor; and being a man of an enlightened mind, he immediately cast his eyes upon Senor Llorente, as a proper person to assist him in digesting a plan he had formed for introducing some important modifications in the internal constitution and forms of procedure of the Inquisition. But a Court intrigue displaced the honest Inquisitor before he could carry his project into effect. Not disconcerted by this untoward accident, Llorente pursued his labours, and had

not have supplied an individual better qualified for the honest discharge of this important trust. During two years, several persons were employed, under Senor Llorente's direction, in copying or extracting the original pieces which were found in the archives. All the criminal processes, with the exception of those which, either from their importance and celebrity, or from the quality of the persons prosecuted, seemed to belong to history, were burned; but the registers of the resolutions of the Council, the royal ordinances, the bulls or briefs of Rome, the memoranda relative to the Tribunal, and the informations on the genealogies of the *employés* of the Holy Office, were carefully preserved and arranged according to their respective dates, and the subjects to which they referred. From these materials, together with those which he had been occupied in collecting since the year 1789, when he first turned his atten-

tion to the subject, Senor Llorente was enabled to produce his *Critical History of the Inquisition of Spain, from the epoch of its establishment by Ferdinand V. till the reign of Ferdinand VII.*; a work which has entitled him to the eternal gratitude of the friends of true religion and rational liberty, and which has already gained for its author the honourable agnomen of *The Suetonius of the Inquisition*.

With this invaluable book, therefore, as our guide, with most of the elder authorities on the subject under our eye, and with some private information which we have been fortunate enough to obtain, we shall endeavour to lay before our readers, I. A view of the mode of procedure observed in all the Tribunals of the Holy Office throughout Spain; II. Anecdotes of distinguished individuals who have fallen victims of this diabolical tyranny; and, III. Some remarks on the political degeneracy which this Tri-

completed a scheme, the object of which was nothing less than to give full publicity to the hitherto dark and mysterious proceedings of the Holy Office, when the sudden fall of that able and enlightened minister, Jovellanos, who had encouraged him to persevere, utterly ruined the project. Llorente now found himself in danger of falling a victim to that tribunal of which he was a member, but which his projected reform had rendered his mortal enemy. The plan had been found among the papers of the ex-minister, and Llorente had aggravated his fault by paying his respects to Jovellanos as he passed through Callahorra to the place of his exile. By some fortunate accident, however, probably through the interest of some secret friends of the fallen minister, he escaped with the mild punishment of a fine and a short imprisonment; but he continued in disgrace till 1805, when he was recalled to Madrid, to engage in some historical inquiries, which interested the government, nominated Canon of the Metropolitan Church of Toledo, and the year after instituted Ecclesiastical Chevalier of the Order of Charles III., after having given the requisite proofs of nobility. On the invasion of Spain by the French, in 1808, he joined the party of Joseph Buonaparte, who appointed him a Counsellor of State, and, as has been already mentioned in the text, placed at his disposal the archives of the Holy Office, that he might prepare a history of the Inquisition. He shared the fortunes of his master; and on the expulsion of the French from Spain, he retired to France, leaving behind him the whole of his property, which was confiscated. At Paris, he who had been a dignitary of one of the richest churches in the Romish communion, Counsellor of State to the brother of Napoleon, director of the national property, and distributor of the royal bounty, considered himself fortunate in gaining an honourable pittance by instructing young Frenchmen to repeat the accents of that fine Castillian tongue, of which Raynal has said:—“*Qu'elle est éclatante comme l'or, et sonore comme l'argent.*” Chiefly occupied with literary pursuits, he continued to reside in the French capital till the end of 1822, when the intrigues of a junto of ultra fanatics procured an order commanding him to quit Paris in three days, and France without delay. He obeyed, but this abrupt and violent expulsion from his adopted country was to him like a second exile. He reached Madrid on the 1st or 2d of February 1823, and on the 5th of the same month, fell a victim to the fatigue and chagrin to which he had been so cruelly condemned. Besides his *Critical History of the Inquisition*, Senor Llorente was the author of several other works, the principal of which are, *Political Portraits of the Popes*, and *Memoirs for a History of the Spanish Revolution, with Justificatory Documents*, by M. Nellerto (the anagram of Llorente). It is to this work that Dr Southey has been indebted for a large portion of the materials from which he composed his account of the Spanish Revolution.

bunal has entailed on every country where it has been fully established, and suffered to act without any efficient control.

I. MODE OF PROCEDURE OBSERVED IN THE TRIBUNALS OF THE HOLY OFFICE THROUGHOUT SPAIN.—Before entering upon this branch of our subject, it may be necessary to premise, for the information of those who are unacquainted with the history of this Tribunal, that the pretext for its original establishment was furnished by the wars carried on for the extirpation of the Albigenes. Alarmed by the first dawn of those opinions which afterwards ushered in the full light of the Reformation, Pope Innocent III. appointed a commission for the prosecution and punishment of heretics in *Gallia Narbonnensis* (which included the provinces of Languedoc, Provence, Dauphiné, and Savoy); and this was followed by the establishment of an Inquisition, in that country, in 1208. LLORENTE, *Crit. Hist. of the Inquisit.* l. 2. art. 2 and 3. Innocent died in 1216, and was succeeded by Honorius III. who, eager to tread in the footsteps of his predecessor, and to share with him the glory of extirpating heretics, organized an Inquisition in Italy; but it was reserved for his successor Gregory IX., who mounted the Papal throne in the year 1227, to give to it the definite form of a tribunal, with a set of constitutions for regulating its procedure. Under the same Pontificate, and, according to Llorente, somewhere about the year 1232, Spain received the benefit which had been already conferred on Gaul and Italy, though not without considerable opposition on the part both of the nobility and people; for it is no less remarkable than true, that the country, over which the Holy Office has exercised more than three centuries of unrelenting despotism, was that in which its establishment was most firmly resisted, and where it was the slowest in taking root. Of the mode of procedure observed in this ancient tribunal, and of its progress during the course of the 13th and 14th centuries, it is unnecessary to say anything in this place. It will be enough to state, that it was not till the reign

of Ferdinand V. and Isabella, by whose marriage Arragon was united to Castille, that the Inquisition assumed the peculiar form and character which it afterwards maintained even down to the period of its abolition under Joseph Buonaparte. Under the pretext of punishing the apostacy of the Spanish Jews, who had been converted to Christianity, these Princes systematised the constitution, and extended the powers of the Holy Office, erecting an *imperium* in the heart of their dominions, which was destined to control and defy the government of the state, to arrest the progress of improvement, exclude the lights of science and philosophy, paralyze the powers of industry, and insulate Spain as a den of bigotry and darkness, in the midst of nations prosperous under the benign lights of knowledge and civilization. It is this Inquisition which has domineered over that unhappy country, from the year 1481 till our own day, when it was suppressed with the approbation of all Europe. Happy, if that abolition had been effectual! The odious monster has, however, once more reared its head, under the fostering and paternal care of the most contemptible despot who ever disgraced a throne, or rendered a nation miserable. But the consolation is, that it cannot survive its patron. Let us now attend to the mode in which its procedure was conducted, taking as our guide the Ordinances of 1561, promulgated by Valdes, the eighth Inquisitor-General, and constituting what may be considered the *corpus* of Inquisitorial Law.

1. *Denunciation*.—The procedure of the Holy Office commences with *Denunciation*, or some information which supplies its place, such as the disclosure which incidentally results from a deposition given before the Tribunal in another cause; and when the denunciation or deposition is signed, it takes the form of a declaration, in which the delator, after having sworn to speak the truth, points out, by name or otherwise, those individuals whom he believes or presumes capable of deposing against the person or persons denounced.* The witnesses thus indicated are examined; and

* Limborch, who compiled his *History of the Inquisition* from the best materials to which he had access, but who, nevertheless, is frequently in error, owing to the

their depositions, in conjunction with that of the first witness, or delator, form the *summary information* or *preparatory instruction*. Anonymous denunciations are received with the same avidity, and acted upon precisely in the same manner, as those given under the sanction of a name; and though, by the constitution of the Holy Office, an information upon oath subjects the informer, if his charge prove to be calumnious, to the same punishment which would have been inflicted upon the denounced had he been condemned, yet the Inquisitors have, in no instance, awarded this punishment; on the contrary, the accuser is invariably admitted as a witness against the accused; and in the rare instances in which the latter has been able to overcome all the obstacles, systematically accumulated against a proof of innocence, and to rebut triumphantly the charge brought against him, the Inquisitors have invariably interfered, by every means, to protect the convicted calumniator from the punishment decreed by their own statutes against him.* Experience indeed taught them, that, under such a sanction, few persons would be disposed to appear as accusers; and, as their

policy has always been to encourage denunciations, they soon found it expedient to dispense with a law which would have rendered the Holy Office nearly inoperative. They were also led to adopt this course by their favourite maxim, that the Holy Office cannot err; for it must be evident that this maxim would have appeared absolutely ridiculous, had they, in almost any instance, suffered a prisoner to demonstrate his innocence, or, which comes to the same thing, the guilt of his accuser, and had they given effect to their own law by subjecting the latter, when he failed to make good his charge, to the punishment of retaliation.

Denunciation was never more frequent than at the approach of the Easter Communion, when the confessors imposed it as a sacred duty upon such of their penitents as said they had *seen, heard, or learned anything which either was, or appeared to be, contrary to the Catholic Faith, or to the rights of the Inquisition*. This abuse of what the Catholics denominate the Sacrament of Confession, for the purpose of encouraging the basest tendencies of the human heart, was solemnly authorized by the pub-

circumstance of having been obliged to trust to the statements of prisoners, or the partial revelations of Inquisitors interested in perplexing everything connected with the Holy Office, has supposed (vol. II. ch. 5, 6, 7, 8) that there are *three* methods of beginning a process before the Tribunal of the Inquisition, 1, by *Inquisition*; 2, by *Accusation*; and 3, by *Denunciation*. When the process begins by *Inquisition*, the delator, according to him, appears before the Tribunal, and says that he does not come in the character of an accuser or denouncer, but merely for the purpose of relating that he has frequently heard it reported by grave and reputable persons that such a one has said or done some things contrary to the Catholic Faith, or the rights and privileges of the Tribunal. When the process begins by *accusation*, the accuser reports to the Inquisitor some crime committed by another; upon which the latter inquires whether the former will proceed in the affair by accusation or not; and if the answer be in the affirmative, he is to be admonished by the Inquisitor that he renders himself liable to the punishment of retaliation, unless his proof be good; after which he presents his accusation in writing, and so the process begins. But if the delator says that he will not accuse but *denounce*, and that he does this through fear of incurring the penalty of excommunication incurred by those who fail to discover things pertaining to the Faith within the term prescribed, then the Inquisitor prepares himself to make inquisition; and so the process in this way begins. Thus far Limborch, who, from the imperfect state of his information in regard to the form of process before the Inquisition, has erroneously supposed three varieties of *one* and the *same* mode of instituting proceedings to be three *different* and *distinct* modes; which supposition is plainly incorrect, as indeed appears on the face of his own statement. The real method pursued is that mentioned in the text, on the authority of Lorente, who, as we have already seen, was himself an Inquisitor.

* "Le delateur est admis comme témoin, au mépris des règles de droit; et on ne lui applique pas la peine due au calomniateur, lorsqu'il est reconnu comme tel." — LLORENTE, *Hist. Crit. de l'Inq.* II. 298.

lic reading in all the churches, during two Sundays of Lent, of an ordinance issued by the Inquisition, enjoining the denunciation within six days of all persons suspected of heresy, under pain of incurring mortal sin and the higher excommunication; anathematizing those who should suffer the prescribed period to elapse without appearing before one of the tribunals, to emit a declaration of all that they had seen, heard, and learned of the nature above-mentioned; and subjecting such as should prove refractory, to the most horrible canonical censures, "*aussi indignes*," says Senor Llorente, "*du lieu où on les faisait entendre, qu' apposées à l'esprit de l'Évangile.*" The consequence was, that many persons, recollecting certain loose or unguarded speeches they had heard, and which, in their simplicity or ignorance, they had never dreamt of considering heretical, began to feel uneasy at not having revealed them; their confessors were made the confidants of their disquieting scruples; and these worthies seldom lost any time in transmitting to the Inquisition, the information disclosed by their penitents. When he, who had anything of this sort to communicate, could write, he reduced his declaration to writing himself; when he could not write, his confessor prepared it in his name. This measure was so rigorously prescribed, that it was held obligatory on the nearest relatives of the person denounced. Thus, the father and the child, the husband and the wife, were mutually denouncers and denounced, because the confessor refused to grant absolution till they had, within the specified time, obtempered the ordinance of the Inquisition.

2. *Inquest.*—When the tribunal of the Inquisition has decided that the actions or speeches denounced, are of such a nature as to require an *Inquest* for establishing them by proof; and when the declaration on oath of the denouncer, accompanied by the circumstances above-stated, has been received, the next step is, the examination of the persons who have been cited as cognisant of the matters set forth in the declaration, and who are compelled to swear that they will observe the most profound secrecy regarding all that may be asked of them.

Not one of these witnesses, however, is informed of the subject in regard to which he is called upon to depone; he is only asked, generally, if he has either seen or heard anything which might appear to be contrary to the Catholic Faith, or to the rights and privileges of the Inquisition. In endeavouring to answer this vague and insidious interrogatory, it almost invariably happens that the witness, ignorant of the real purpose for which he has been called, recollects facts foreign to the case actually before the tribunal, and implicates persons not yet denounced, but whose names and residences he of course makes known. He is then closely examined in regard to the circumstances which he has unwittingly revealed, as if to speak to these had been the special purpose for which he was cited; and it is only when nothing more can be extracted from him thereon, that the Inquisitors direct his attention, as it were by pure accident, to the affair actually before them. This accidental deposition takes the place of a formal denunciation; an *act* thereof is engrossed in the records of the Tribunal; and a new process is commenced against individuals, hitherto unsuspected, and whom this detestable artifice of interrogation has compromised. In cases where the witness can neither read nor write, the consequences that result in the course of the process from his implied denunciation are the more serious, that his declaration is taken down by the hand and at the pleasure of the commissary or registrar, who commonly contrives to fulfil his task by aggravating the charges, as far as that can be done, by giving an arbitrary interpretation to the improper or equivocal expressions employed by the rude and illiterate person under examination. It is doubtless true, that the declaration emitted by a witness is read to him immediately after it is taken down, and that, at the end of four days, it is read to him a second time, in the presence of two priests, who are not attached to the Inquisition, though bound by oath to observe the strictest secrecy: But this does not better the situation of the denounced, because rude and ignorant witnesses, appalled by the circumstance of having been called in any way before a Tribunal of Terror,

never fail to approve of what has been taken down, although they neither comprehend its direct import, nor can fathom the purposes to which the diabolical ingenuity of the Inquisitors may pervert it. The evil is still greater where three persons conspire to destroy a fourth; for if, after one has tendered his denunciation, the two others, mentioned in that instrument as co-witnesses, be interrogated in support of it, the denounced is utterly undone, since the concurring testimony of three witnesses (the accuser being always one) establishes a complete proof even against innocence,—a proof, the effect of which it is impossible to take off, by reason of the impenetrable secrecy in which the whole procedure is enveloped, unless, indeed, the accused be saved by the occurrence of some extraordinary circumstance, as has sometimes happened even in the history of the Holy Office.

“A great portion of these abuses would have been avoided,” says Senor Llorente, “if the commissaries had been penetrated with the importance of their duties. But these instances have always been extremely rare, and they are generally found performing the functions of judges at a stage of the process where their misconduct cannot fail to be attended with the most disastrous consequences. The only persons competent to act as commissaries are either clerical juriconsults, or lay doctors, or licentiates in law, men who, by their education and habits, are duly qualified for weighing the inconveniences that may result from contenting themselves with detached propositions, and for putting to witnesses, agreeably to the rules of evidence recognized in other tribunals, all the questions necessary to elicit the true sense of the articles denounced. Unfortunately, almost all the commissaries are grossly ignorant of law, because, having no salaries, their places are commonly sought for only by ecclesiastics who have no other views than to dive into the secrets of the Inquisition, or to withdraw themselves from the jurisdiction of their bishops; a circumstance which has singularly favoured the libertinism of some commissaries and notaries of the Holy Office, and which has furnished the author of *Gil Blas*, and other writers of that class, with mat-

ter for several scandalous episodes, in which they introduce personages, inquisitors, or commissaries of the Holy Office, or those who pretend to be such, and who assume the name solely for the purpose of executing with more facility their projects of plunder or debauchery. No author would have ventured to admit similar scenes into a work of pure fiction, if he had not found the originals in history; which brings to our recollection the *Quid rides?* of the poet, the friend of Augustus. The author of *Cornelia Bororquia* has set down a tissue of calumnies, and the same thing may be said of the author of the French work, entitled *La Gusmanade*, on the subject of the imputations he has cast on Saint Dominic; but neither the one nor the other would have carried matters to such a pitch of exaggeration, if it had not been proved by the archives of the Council of the *Supreme*, that disorders and abuses of this sort have been committed more than once in the very bosom of the Inquisition itself.”—*Hist. Crit. de l'Inq. I. pp. 295-297.*

3. *Censure by Qualificators.*—When the Tribunal has examined the *Preliminary Instruction*, and discovered therein sufficient reason to induce it to proceed, it straightway addresses a circular to all the other tribunals of the province, to the end that, if there exist in their registers any charges against the denounced, these may be transmitted to it for the purpose of forming part of this process. This proceeding is called the *Review of the Registers*. Extracts are made from them of the *suspected* propositions imputed by witnesses to the accused; and if the same proposition be reported by two or more tribunals in different terms, which will almost always occur, it is held to be as many distinct propositions advanced on different accusations. The whole, together with the primary charge or charges, is then referred by the Inquisitors to theologians, *Qualificators of the Holy Office*, whose business it is to write at the bottom whether the propositions submitted to them merit *theological censure* as heretical, as smacking of heresy, or as conducive to heresy, and whether they give reason to believe that the person who uttered them approves of heresy, or is only *suspected*

of that crime ; in which last case they must determine whether the suspicion be *slight, grave, or violent*. The deliverance of the *Qualificators* determines the mode of proceeding against the denounced up to the moment when the process is prepared for definitive sentence, at which time they are also informed of all that has transpired since the first reference, and which is calculated either to fortify or invalidate the decision formed on the *Preparatory Instruction*. The *Qualificators* are bound by oath to observe secrecy ; consequently, no great inconvenience could have arisen from intrusting them with the original documents, the perusal of which would have enabled them the better to understand the nature of the propositions denounced, the sense in which the witnesses supposed them to have been advanced, and the particular form which these witnesses gave to their declaration. Had such course been pursued, it can hardly be questioned that the *Qualificators* would often have recognised the distinct propositions enregistered as in reality a consequence of the mode in which the witnesses expressed themselves, not a fair translation of the sentiments ascribed to the accused ; and this consideration could not have failed to affect materially the second part of their deliverance, namely, the judgment formed of the internal and secret sentiments of the accused. But the Inquisitors, accustomed to make a mystery of their conduct, imagine they render their authority more imposing by concealing from the whole world the grounds of the prosecution, and the name of the individual implicated ; and they think they justify themselves by alleging, that the *Qualificators* are better able to form an impartial judgment, when they are kept in ignorance of the name and quality of the accused, as well as those of the witnesses. This, however, is not the only or the greatest

evil that results from the course pursued by the Inquisition ; there is another, the magnitude of which may be conjectured from the fact now to be stated ; which is, that the *Qualificators* are generally, we might rather say always, scholastic theologians, trained up in utter ignorance of true systematic theology, imbued with false ideas, and ready to carry their superstition and fanaticism to the fullest, of denouncing as heretical all that they themselves have not studied or do not understand. Hence it is not uncommon to find them directing their *theological censures* against propositions which are to be found in the works of the greatest ornaments of the Catholic Church, and *qualifying* as a heretic, or as violently suspected of heresy, the learned Catholic, who, possessing an extent of erudition a thousand times greater than their own, had advanced propositions, contrary, it may be, to the received doctrines of modern times, but in perfect accordance with those which had been supported by the most learned of the Fathers, and the most celebrated of the ancient Councils. This preposterous policy has proved a fertile source of injustice in a multitude of instances, as the reader may discover by referring to Llorente's work ; and, which is most deplorable, it has generally been men eminent for their talents, their learning, and their virtue, who have fallen victims to the brutal ignorance and bigotry of the *Qualificators*. In confirmation of what is now stated, we may refer to the case of Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of all Spain, and to that of Antonio Perez, Minister and First Secretary of State to Philip II.

4. *Prisons*.—When the propositions referred to the theologians have been *qualified* as heretical, or as suspected, to a greater or less degree, of heresy, the Procurator Fiscal presents a requisition craving a mandate of arrest* for seizing and committing the person of

* The Inquisitors sign the mandate of arrest, and direct it to the *Grand Alguazil* of the Holy Office, whose business it is, with the aid of the *familiares*, to put it in execution. When the denunciation is one of formal heresy, this measure is immediately followed by the sequestration of all the real and moveable property belonging to the denounced ; and for this purpose the Alguazil is always accompanied by the Registrar of Sequestrations, and the Receiver of Goods, or Treasurer, who sequester and make out an inventory of the property of the denounced. All the expenses of his apprehension, and of his subsistence during the period of his confinement in the prisons of the Holy Office, are defrayed from his own means, which are

the accused to the *secret prisons* of the Holy Office. The Tribunal has three sorts of prisons, *public*, *intermediary*, and *secret*. The *public* are those in which the Holy Office confines persons who, without being guilty of any crime against the Faith, stand accused of some offence, the punishment of which belongs by privilege to, and is within the jurisdiction of, the Inquisition. The *intermediary* are destined for the reception of those *employés* of the Holy Office who have committed some crime or have been guilty of some fault in the exercise of their functions, without, however, incurring either the taint or suspicion of heresy. Persons confined either in the *public* or *intermediary* prisons have the right of communicating with their relations and friends without, unless the Inquisitors, in conformity with the law common to all the tribunals, ordain them to be put *in secret*. The *secret prisons* are those where heretics, or persons suspected of being heretics, are shut up, and where they can hold no communication except with the judges of the Tribunal, and that, too, only in the cases provided, and with the precautions appointed by the constitutions of the Holy Office. It would be difficult to conceive anything more truly frightful than these cells; not that they are at present such as they have been described, deep, moist, filthy, pestiferous dungeons, unfit for the reception of the most atrocious criminals. On the contrary, whatever they may have been in former times, we believe, that, at present, they are, in general, good vaulted chambers, well lighted, free of humidity, and in which the *detenus* may even take a little exercise. But what renders these prisons truly terrible is, that no one ever enters them without being eternally lost in public opinion. The *infamia juris* attaching, or which at least ought to attach, to the convicted felon, is as nothing to the *infamia carceris*, with which the unhappy wretch who has entered the *secret prisons* of the Holy

Office, is indelibly stigmatized. In Spain, all other modes and kinds of infamy merge in this. The murderer, the assassin, or the parricide, is less an object of horror and detestation than the unhappy being consigned to this dreadful prison for an imaginary offence consisting in mere matter of opinion, in which, too, it is more than probable that he has not deviated one iota from the true standard of the Faith, as fixed by its ablest expounders. In his own estimation and in that of his countrymen, the galley-slave, condemned to wear iron on his limbs for life, is respectable when compared with him, however innocent, who has inhabited the dens of ineffaceable ignominy and shame. What must be the reflections, what the agonies of spirit, endured by the miserable being consigned to these abodes of worse than death? He is kept in utter ignorance of the state of the process of which he is the object; he is denied the consolation of seeing and conversing with the person appointed to defend him; during the winter months he is during fifteen hours of the twenty-four in utter darkness, for no prisoner is allowed to have light after four o'clock in the afternoon, nor before seven o'clock in the morning; he is exposed to all the rigours of cold in a retreat where the cheerful blaze of a fire was never seen; and, to aggravate and envenom these miseries, he is conscious that his name is blasted for ever, and that should he escape from his dungeon, the basest and most abandoned of mankind will shun his society, regarding him as tainted with deeper infamy than themselves. Is it wonderful, then, that after the first paroxysms have subsided, the minds of the unhappy prisoners should become a prey to inexpressible dejection, the natural companion of profound and continual solitude, and that they should at length settle down into a hopeless and sullen despondency, from which the rack is sometimes insufficient to rouse them?*

converted into money as occasion requires, *Ordonnances de 1561*; and when we take into view, that, in point of delay, even the English Court of Chancery must yield the palm to the Inquisition, it may easily be imagined how this will operate to the dilapidation, if not utter extinction, of the property of the accused, even if it had at first been very considerable. We may add, that the salaries of the different officers of the Tribunal are also paid from this legalized plunder.

* Some writers have asserted that prisoners of the Inquisition are loaded with

5. *First audiences.*—During each of the three days immediately following the imprisonment of the accused, he is granted an *audience of monition*, as it is technically called, for the purpose of engaging him to speak the truth without reserve, in regard to all that he has himself done or said contrary to the faith; and also in regard to all that he can impute to others of a similar nature; and in order to stimulate him to be communicative, he is informed that if he comply faithfully with the injunction laid upon him, he will be treated with leniency and forbearance, but, on the contrary, if he prove obstinate or recusant, that he will experience the utmost rigour of law. The grounds upon which he has been arrested are carefully concealed from him; he is merely assured that no one is committed to the prisons of the Holy Office without sufficient evidence of his having spoken against the Catholic Faith, and that it is for his interest to confess frankly, before decree of accusation be passed, all the sins of this sort which he has committed. Thus admonished, some prisoners admit themselves to have been guilty of the facts (we cannot say charges) contained in the *preparatory instruction* alone; others confess to more, and others again to less; gene-

rally, however, they declare, that their conscience does not reproach them with anything, but that if the Inquisitors will order the depositions of the witnesses to be read to them, they will consult their memory, and make a frank avowal of all the faults which they remember having committed. At the present stage of the procedure this request is never complied with.*

Another practice of the Inquisition consists in interrogating the accused on his genealogy and connexions. The object of this is to find out afterwards by the registers whether any members of his family, either in the direct or collateral line, had incurred punishment on account of the crime of heresy; for in the event of the fact proving to be so, it is held as fortifying the suspicion, that the accused approves in his soul of the error imputed to him, and that he inherits the erroneous doctrines of his ancestors. With a similar view of eliciting something to give countenance to the charge preferred against him, the accused is compelled to recite the *Pater*, the *Credo*, the Articles of the Symbol, the Decalogue, and some other doctrinal formulas; and if he is either ignorant of them, or has forgot them, or blunders in his recitation, the presumption that he has erred in the faith acquires thereby additional force.

fetters in the shape of chains, manacles, iron collars, and such like apparatus; but this is incorrect—the prisons of the Holy Office are too strong to require any such accessaries in the way of security, and sufficiently peopled with real horrors without calling in the aid of such as are purely imaginary. The fact is, that fetters are employed only on rare occasions, and for very particular reasons. For example, in the year 1790, the hands and feet of a Frenchman, a native of Marseilles, (of whom some account will be given in the sequel,) were heavily ironed; but this measure was had recourse to for the purpose of preventing him from committing suicide, which he had previously attempted. Unfortunately the precaution proved fruitless; but it would be both unjust and false to represent as a common practice the method adopted in cases of a peculiar or extraordinary kind such as that now mentioned, which, moreover, is the only instance of a prisoner being ironed that fell under Llorento's observation during the whole period of his connexion with the Inquisition. *Hist. Crit. de l'Inq. I. 301.*

* The partizans of the Inquisition (some of whom are to be found even in this free and glorious country) maintain, that the practice of urging the accused to criminate themselves, though contrary to the principles of administrative justice received in every civilized nation, is attended with the advantage of abridging the course of procedure, while it saves the Inquisitors the pain of awarding so severe a punishment as they would otherwise have been obliged to decree in the definitive sentence, in all those cases, at least, where reconciliation is admissible. We do not conceive it necessary to do more than merely state this most miserable apology. Certain it is, that whatever promises may have been made to prisoners to induce them to criminate themselves, these unhappy individuals can neither expect to escape the disgrace of the *San Benito* and the *Auto-da-fe*, nor to save their property and their honour, if they avow themselves *formal* heretics; for sad experience has shown that there is no wretch in human shape so faithless and false as a Spanish Inquisitor.

In a word, the Inquisition, in the course of the proceedings, avails itself of every expedient which promises to make the accused appear really guilty of some offence against the Catholic faith; and as if flagrant injustice was not sufficiently detestable without the addition of hypocrisy and blasphemy, all this is carried on under a semblance of compassion and charity, and (*horrescimus referentes!*) in the name of Jesus Christ!

6. *Charges.*—When the formality of the three *audiencies of monition* has been gone through, the Procurator Fiscal forms his demand in accusation against the prisoner, conformably to the *charges* contained in the *instruction*—and although the facts deposed to amount to no more than a *semiplena probatio*, they are set forth in that instrument as if they had been completely proved. Nor is this the most illegal part of the proceeding. Instead of analysing methodically the result of the information, and other preliminary steps, and of applying to each head of accusation the peculiar character or description that belongs to it, the Fiscal, imitating the method practised in making out an extract of the propositions to be submitted to the Doctors for qualifications, multiplies the articles of his *Requisition* in exact conformity thereto; so that, in processes where the accusation ought to be confined to a single head—as, for example, having maintained this or that tenet contrary to the faith—five or six *charges* are arrayed against the accused, who, by this manœuvre, is represented as having advanced, on different occasions, so many heretical or suspected propositions; and this is done without any other foundation than the different modes in which different witnesses have related the substance of

the one conversation which has given rise to the prosecution.

This detestable Machiavelism is necessarily productive of the most fatal consequences. It distracts and confounds the mind of the accused at the moment when the reading of the *charges* takes place; and if he be deficient in address, presence of mind, and intelligence, he is certain to get bewildered, under the impression that he is accused of several distinct crimes. The natural result is, that in replying to one article or head of accusation, the third for example, he gives a version of the facts charged against him, differing probably, in the terms and in some of the circumstances, from that which he had proponed in answering to the second; and as the same trivial discrepancy (which all human tribunals, the Inquisition alone excepted, consider as the infallible index of sincerity) will not fail to be remarked in the replies to the other articles, the respondent is thus artfully and cruelly led to contradict himself, and to arm the Fiscal with new charges to aggravate and fortify those already preferred; it being an invariable rule so to construe answers of the nature now described, and to hold the accused as having departed from the truth in his responses. Is it wonderful that even intrepid innocence should almost invariably get entangled in the meshes of this diabolical jugglery? *

7. *Torture.*—But what follows is even still more horrible than this; for although the prisoner in the three *audiencies of monition* may have avowed all that the witnesses have deposed against him, and more, still the Fiscal terminates his requisition by alleging that, notwithstanding the admonition given him to speak the truth, accompanied with the promise of grace in

* If the definitive judgment of the Tribunal be followed by an *Auto-da-fe*, the *merits*, as they are called, that is, the heads of accusation, and an extract of such of the proceedings as the Inquisitors choose to be known, are publicly read at the commencement of the *ceremony*. Thus, by multiplying the counts charged against the prisoner, all of which are solemnly read on this occasion, the unhappy wretch is made to appear in the light of one who has committed a great number of distinct crimes; and the ignorant multitude applaud the sentence pronounced against him as an act of clemency, far short of the punishment due to so great a criminal. So that the artful mode of constructing what we may loosely call the indictment, serves the double purpose of entrapping the accused, and of imposing upon the public the notion of his aggravated guilt, and of the clemency of his judges, who have perhaps condemned him to the flames for an offence of which he is innocent. Verily, if the Devil himself did not preside in the fabrication of this machinery, he is *functus officio*, and an abler demon has taken his place.

case of compliance, the accused has been guilty of concealment and denial of facts, that he is therefore impenitent and obstinate, and ought without delay to be put to the *torture*. If the Inquisitors be of opinion that the accused has not made an unreserved confession, they ordain him to be put to the rack accordingly; and though latterly this has been less frequently applied than in the earlier times of the Tribunal, yet the law authorising it continues in full force to the present hour, and every prisoner, without exception, is *threatened* with the question at the particular stage of the process to which we have arrived. "Je ne m'arrêterai point," says Senor Llorente, "à décrire les divers genres de supplices exercés par ordre de l'Inquisition sur les accusés, *cette tâche ayant été remplie avec beaucoup de exactitude par un grand nombre d'historiens*. Je déclare, à cet égard, qu'aucun d'eux ne peut être accusé d'exaggeration." We will endeavour to supply what Senor Llorente has *ex consulto* omitted, from the most faithful of those historians to whose general accuracy, in this respect, he bears testimony.

The method of torturing, and the degree of torture now or lately employed in the Spanish Inquisition, will be sufficiently understood from the history of Isaac Orobio, which Limborch took down from his own mouth. This man, who was a Jew and a doctor of physic, had been delated to the Inquisition as an Israelite (a crime of the greatest magnitude in their eyes), by a Moorish servant of his own whom he had flogged for thieving; and four years after this he was again accused by a secret enemy of another fact which would have clearly established his descent. On this second charge he was committed to the secret prisous of the Holy Office, where he remained three whole years; and after undergoing several examinations, in the course of which the crimes charged against him were disclosed with a view to his confession, he was at length, in consequence of his obstinate denial of them, carried from his cell to the chamber of

torture. This was a large apartment under ground, vaulted, hung round with black cloth, and dimly lighted by candles placed in candlesticks fastened to the wall. At one end, there was an inclosed place, like a closet, where the Inquisitor in attendance and the notary sat at a table; so that the place seemed to poor Orobio the very mansion of death, everything being calculated to inspire terror. Here the Inquisitor again admonished him to confess the truth before being put to the torture; and when he answered that he had already told the truth, the Inquisitor formally protested, that, since he was so obstinate as to expose himself to the question, the Holy Office would be innocent of whatever might happen, and that, in case of lesion, rupture of members, or death, the fault would rest wholly with himself. This protest being extended in order to form part of the *procès-verbal*, they put a linen garment over his body, drawing it so very close on each side as almost to squeeze him to death; and when he was on the verge of expiring, they suddenly slackened the sides of the garment, by which, as respiration returned, and the blood began again to circulate, he suffered the most excruciating pain. At this stage, he was again admonished to confess the truth, in order to avoid further torments; but, persisting in his denial, they tied his thumbs so tight with small cords,* that the extremities immediately swelled, and the blood spirted out from under the nails. This done, he was placed with his back against a wall, and fixed upon a little bench. Into the wall were fastened little iron pullies, in which ropes were inserted, and tied round several parts of his body, particularly his arms and legs; then the executioner drawing the ropes with his whole force, pinned Orobio to the wall, so that his hands and feet, especially his fingers and toes, being cut by the ligatures, put him to the most exquisite pain, and seemed to him as if they had been dissolving in flames. In the midst of these torments, the executioner sud-

* The Spanish Inquisitors do not seem to have hit upon *thumbikins*, which their brother savages of Moscow could have supplied them with, and which would have answered the purpose even more effectively and expeditiously than the cords. If Dalvell and Lauderdale had happened to have been Catholics, the torture-rooms of Spain would unquestionably have been furnished with this neat little instrument.

denly jerked the bench from under him, so that the miserable wretch hung suspended by the cords, the weight of his body drawing the knots still tighter, and thus increasing his agony. He endured this for some time, after which he was taken down and subjected to a new kind of torture. An instrument like a small ladder, made of two upright pieces of wood and five cross ones sharpened before, being placed over him, the executioner struck it in a peculiar manner and with such violence against both his shins, that he received at the same instant five blows on each, in consequence of which he fainted away. After he recovered, the last torture was inflicted on him. The torturer having tied ropes round Orobio's wrists, put them round his own back, which was covered with leather, then falling backwards, and putting his feet up against the wall, he drew them with all his might till they cut through the unhappy man's flesh, even to the very bones. This torture was repeated thrice, the ropes being successively tied round his arms about an inch or thereby above the former wound, and drawn with the same violence. But it happened, that as the ropes were drawing the second time, they slid into the first wound, which caused so great an effusion of blood, that he seemed to be dying. Upon this, the surgeon in attendance was sent for from an adjoining apartment, and asked whether the patient had strength enough to undergo the remainder of the tortures, a question which is always put when death is apprehended, because the Inquisitors are considered guilty of an irregularity if their victim should expire in the midst of his torments. The surgeon, who was far from being an enemy to Orobio, answered in the affirmative, and thereby preserved him from having the tortures he had already endured repeated on him; for his sentence was that he should suffer them all at one time, and if the opinion of the surgeon had induced the Inquisitor to desist, through fear of occasioning death, all the tortures,

even those already endured, must have been successively inflicted to satisfy the sentence. Wherefore, the torture was repeated the third time, and then it ended, after which Orobio was bound up in his own clothes and carried back to prison, and was scarce healed of his wounds in seventy days. And inasmuch as he emitted no confession under his torture, he was condemned, not as one convicted, but suspected of Judaism, to wear the *Sun Benito*, or habit of infamy, for two whole years, and thereafter to perpetual banishment from the kingdom of Seville.*

There is another kind of torture, employed by the Spanish Inquisition, which has been very fully described by Llorente in his account of the case of De Salas,† and by *Gonsalvus*, in his work entitled "*Sanctæ Inquisitionis Hispanicæ Artes aliquot detectæ.*"‡ This is called torture by the *Escalera* or *Burro*, which is analogous to the French *Chevalet* and the English *Wooden Horse*. The instrument by which it is inflicted consists of wood, made hollow like a trough, so as to contain a man lying on his back at full length, and is without any other bottom than a round bar laid across, which, moreover, is so situated that the back of the person to be tortured must rest upon the bar, instead of the bottom of the trough, while, by its peculiar construction, his feet are raised much higher than his head. When the patient is placed in this apparatus, his arms, thighs, and ankles, are made fast to the sides by means of small cords, which, being tightened by means of *garrots*, or *rackpins*, (called by some the *Spanish windlass*,) in the same manner precisely as carriers tighten the ropes that fasten down the loads on their carts, cut into the very bones, so as to be no longer discernible. *Que sera-ce lorsqu'un bras nerveux viendra mouvoir et tourner le fatal billot?* The sufferer being in this situation, the most unfavourable that can be imagined for performing the function of respiration, there is inserted deep into his throat a piece of fine moist-

* Limborch's *Hist. of the Inquisit.* vol. II. c. 29.

† *Hist. Crit. de l'Inquisit.* vol. II. c. 20—23.

‡ The curious and rare work published under this title at Heidelberg in the year 1567, is the production of Raymundo Gonzalez de Montes, who has latinized his name into *Reginaldus Gonzalvinus Montanus*. He had some experience of the "artifices" which he has so fully "detected;" for we learn from himself, that in the year 1558, he had the good fortune to escape from the prisons of the Holy Office at Seville, where he had been for some time confined on a charge of Lutheranism.

ened linen, upon which an attenuated stream, or thread of water, descends from an earthen vessel, through an aperture so small that little more than an English pint is instilled in the course of an hour. In this state, the patient finds no interval for respiration. Every instant he makes an effort to swallow, hoping to give passage to a little air; but as the moistened linen is there to obstruct the attempt, and as the water enters at the same time by the nostrils, it is easy to conceive how this infernal contrivance must add to the difficulty of performing the most important functions of life. Hence, when the question is finished, and the linen withdrawn from the throat, it is always soaked with blood, from the ruptured vessels of the lungs, or the parts adjoining.

The mode of torture here described, was that employed on the Licentiate De Salas, mentioned above; and as the *procès-verbal* of that operation has been given to the public by the *Suetonius of the Inquisition*, we shall insert it here. It will give a more lively idea of the proceedings, than we can pretend to have conveyed by the above description.

“At Valladolid, the 21st of June 1527, the Senor Licentiate Moriz, Inquisitor, having summoned to his presence the Licentiate John Salas, caused to be read and notified to him the sentence ordaining him to be put to the question; the which reading being finished, the said Licentiate Salas declared, that he had uttered none of those things of which he was accused; and incontinent, the said Senor Licentiate Moriz having caused him to be conducted to the chamber of torture, and stripped of his garments to the shirt, the said Salas was placed by the shoulders in the *Escalera*, or wooden horse of torture, where the executioner, Pedro Porras, fastened him by the arms and legs with hempen cords, eleven turns of which were coiled round each limb; and while the said Pedro was thus binding him, the said Salas was several times admonished to confess the truth, to which he replied, that he had never advanced any of these things of which he was accused. He (Salas) recited the symbol *Quicumque vult*, and several times returned thanks to God and Our Lady; and the said Salas being still fastened, as has been already said, a piece of fine linen, moistened, was put upon his face; and

from an earthen vessel, containing about two litres, (nearly four and a half English pints,) pierced with a hole in the bottom, water to the extent of about a demi-litre was poured into his nostrils and mouth; and, notwithstanding thereof, the said Salas persisted in saying, that he had advanced none of those things of which he was accused. Then Pedro Porras made a turn of the garrot upon the right leg, and poured a second measure of water, as he had already done; a second turn of the garrot was made on the same leg; and, nevertheless, John Salas said, he had never advanced anything of the kind; and, being several times pressed to speak the truth, he declared, that he had never said that of which he was accused. Then the Senor Licentiate Moriz having declared that the question was COMMENCED, but not FINISHED, ordered the torture to cease, and the accused to be removed from the *Escalera*.” If this was only the commencement of the torture, how, in the name of God, was it to terminate? That the reader may comprehend the full import of this phraseology, however, it is proper to mention, that the Council of the Supreme was frequently under the necessity of forbidding the employment of torture oftener than once in the same process; but that this prohibition was constantly defeated by the Inquisitors, who, when compelled to discontinue the question through fear of their victim expiring in their hands, had recourse to the abominable sophism of describing it as commenced, but not finished. Thus, if the physician or surgeon in attendance ordered the torture to cease before the whole had been inflicted, and if the unhappy urchin did not die in his bed, as indeed often happened, of the consequences of what he had already suffered, his torments recommenced as soon as he recovered sufficient strength to undergo the operation; and this, in the language of the Holy Office, was not a new torture, but merely a continuation of the former! It cannot be denied that the logic of the Inquisition was every way worthy of the conduct pursued by that Holy Tribunal, and that both would have reflected no discredit on a conclave of devils in Pandæmonium, sitting in solemn deliberation how they might most effectually aggravate the miseries of the damned.

And such are a few of the methods practised by the Inquisition, to extract

the truth from the accused, as they are pleased to say, but in reality to force him, by the most powerful of all compulsiors, to criminate himself. In the rare instance, where the accused has sufficient physical force to resist the torments inflicted on him, and to persevere in his denial, no *decisive* advantage rewards his fortitude; for the judges, acting upon the maxim that the Inquisition cannot err, agree, in that case, to hold the preliminary depositions as proof; and, after declaring him *convicted* and *obstinate*, proceed without delay to condemn him to *relaxation*,* as a heretic of bad faith, and *impenitent*; the presumption of his guilt arising from his denial, joined to the *demi-proof* of the information, thus acquiring, in the judgment of these monsters, the force of the most complete and conclusive evidence. So that if the accused, while undergoing the tortures of the question, admits the torture of the charges brought against him, *he is convicted on his own confession*; if he perseveres in his denial, his fortitude is construed a *presumption* of guilt sufficiently strong, when joined to the information, *to constitute complete proof*. *Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim*. It often happens, however, that persons subjected to the question accuse themselves of crimes they never committed, nor could commit, in order to obtain a cessation of torture. The records of the prosecu-

tions for magic, sorcery, enchantment, witchcraft, pactions with the Evil One, &c., sufficiently attest the truth of this; men and women confessing themselves guilty of impossible crimes, and narrating, with circumstantial minuteness, the particulars of their imaginary interviews, and sometimes of their carnal connexion with the Prince of Darkness. See particularly Senor Llorente's account of the "*Secte des Sorciers*," vol. III. p. 431, which is not the least interesting portion of his admirable work. When, during the question, the accused confesses a part or the whole of the facts charged against him, his confession is taken down by the notary in attendance, and the following day he is called upon either to ratify upon oath, or retract. In most instances the prisoners ratify their confessions, because, if they dared to retract, their disavowal could have no other effect than to subject them a second time to the question; and as persons whose fortitude have not proved equal to one trial will hardly expose themselves to a second, the force of the motive to adhere and ratify will be readily acknowledged. From time to time, however, individuals have appeared who protested against their first declaration, stating, with the greatest sincerity, that they had emitted it to escape from intolerable anguish, and that it was false in every particular; † but these unhappy wretches speedily found occasion to

* *Relaxation* is the act by which the Inquisitors deliver over a person convicted of heresy to the royal judge ordinary, that he may be condemned to a capital punishment, conformably to the law of the country. Sentence is passed as a matter of course. When the Inquisitors condemn a prisoner to *relaxation*, that is, to certain death, they never fail to *supplicate* mercy for him at the hand of the secular judge, who is bound to pass sentence upon him *de plano*, when handed over for that purpose by the Holy Office. Horrible hypocrisy!

† Nine hundred and ninety-nine, out of every thousand individuals, may be made to confess anything when suffering excruciating torture. It is well known, that during the reign of James VII., our countryman Carstairs had been tortured by means of the *thumbikins* already mentioned. This instrument consisted of two horizontal bars of iron, the lower of which, being attachable to a table or beam of wood, had two rods of the same metal fixed vertically in its extremities, and prepared to receive large nut screws, by means of which the upper bar, fitted with two holes, so as to move easily upon the upright rods, might be compressed when any substance was interposed between it and the lower one, fastened to the table or beam of wood, as already mentioned. The *thumbs* of the person to be tortured were placed between these bars, and, by turning the nut screws, the executioner could inflict at pleasure the most moderate or the most excruciating pain. Mr. afterwards Principal Carstairs, had experienced the power of this instrument, and yielded under the infliction. At the Revolution, the apparatus fell into the hands of the magistrates of Edinburgh, who made a present of it to the Principal; and the latter happening, some time thereafter, to be in London, and to have the *thumbikins* along with him, King William, who was apprised of the circumstance, requested to see it. The Principal, of course, complied; and, wishing to know the power of the instrument, his Majesty placed his thumbs between the bars, bidding Carstairs turn the screws. The divine did so, but turned the screws with that forbearance which a subject may be supposed to exercise when

repent their frankness amidst new and more horrible torments, inflicted in every form which hellish ingenuity could invent, and protracted while sense or life remained. But we absolutely sicken over these details, and shall therefore desist, as our readers must have, by this time, "supped full on horrors," and seek relief as anxiously as ourselves.

8. *Requisition.*—The *Requisition*, or Accusation of the procurator-fiscal, is never communicated to the accused in writing, lest, in the solitude of his prison, he should meditate on the different articles therein charged, and prepare himself to rebut them by his answers. On the contrary, he is at this stage of the business conducted into the Hall of Audience, where, in the presence of the Inquisitors and the fiscal, a secretary reads the charges one by one in succession, stopping at the conclusion of each, and calling upon the accused to answer upon the instant, whether or not it be conform to the truth. By this proceeding a snare is laid for the prisoner, who, knowing no more of the accusation than what has just been read, perhaps in a very hurried and unintelligible manner, is necessarily compelled to answer without reflection, and thus, in all likelihood, to furnish the accuser with weapons that may be turned to his destruction. France, we believe, is the only civilized country where the judges presiding in the courts of law endeavour to surprise persons accused of murder, robbery, or other crimes against society, into an indirect admission of their guilt; and there is no enlightened or humane man, who, even in these instances, can approve of such a practice. But to resort to these stratagems in a Tribunal which pretends to be actuated solely by charity, compassion, the love of God, zeal for religion and the salvation of souls, is to garnish injustice in the garb of blasphemous mockery, and at once to

insult God and oppress his creatures. Such, however, is the invariable practice of the *Holy Inquisition*.

9. *Defence.*—After the reading of the libel, the Inquisitors ask the accused if he wishes to be *defended*; and if he reply in the affirmative, copies are ordered to be made of the *accusation* and answers. The list of the advocates of the *Holy Office* is then laid before him, and he is called upon to name the individual whom he wishes to undertake his defence. Prisoners sometimes claim the right of retaining counsel unconnected with the Tribunal, a demand which is contrary to no law of the Inquisition, provided the advocate selected take the usual oath of secrecy; but reasonable and just as this claim may appear, it has rarely been granted by the Inquisitors. Indeed it would be of no benefit to the accused if it were; for his counsel is never permitted to see the original process, or to communicate in private with his client. One of the clerks makes a copy of what is called the *result* of the *preliminary instruction*, in which he engrosses the depositions of the witnesses, omitting all mention of their names, of the circumstances of time and place, and of *everything they have said favourable to the accused*, and, also, taking no notice of the declarations of the individuals, who, after being interrogated, and urged by the Tribunal, have deponed *Nihil novimus*; and this precious document, accompanied by the censure of the qualificators, and the demand of the fiscal in accusation, with the answers of the accused, is put into the hands of the advocate in Hall, where the Inquisitors have commanded his attendance, and forms the whole of his instruction for the defence. He is then obliged to promise that he will undertake the defence of the accused, only if he is of opinion, after examining the document in question, that he has good grounds for so doing; but, that if he is of a contrary

he squeezes the thumbs of a monarch. Accordingly, the King, who felt no great pain, reproached the Principal with pusillanimity in yielding to so slight a compulsitor; upon which the latter, giving the screws an effective turn, forced his Majesty to roar out with pain, and instantly to admit, that, under such an infiction, a man might be made to confess anything. See a very amusing Note to Lord Fountainhall's Diary.

Royas, who was an Inquisitor, says, (*Simancas*, P. II. Ass. 31, § 300,) that he has frequently seen criminals confess when put to the torture, and after twenty-four hours retract their confession when they should confirm it; and when tortured again, confess again, and retract again, and repeat the same as often as they were tortured. This, however, must have been a rare occurrence. The Inquisitors did not generally relish such trifling, nor were they to be so easily humbugged out of their favourite diversion of gloating over the mangled limbs of their victims.

opinion, viz. that the accused has no good grounds of defence, he will use every means in his power to disabuse the latter, and persuade him to throw himself upon the mercy of the Tribunal, confess the crimes of which he has been guilty, with sincere contrition for having committed them, and demand to be reconciled to the Church.

We venture to say, that human ingenuity never hit upon a series of expedients more admirably calculated, not merely to cripple, but altogether to annihilate the means of a prisoner's defence. So perfectly self-evident does this appear to us, that we deem all commentary superfluous. It is sufficient, therefore, to state, as a matter of fact, that the advocate appointed by the Inquisition seldom attempts any other defence than merely pointing out some slight discrepancies, if such exist (which is very rarely the case) in the evidence in proof of each action or speech charged against the accused. But as this, of itself, is of no avail, there being already a *semiplena probatio* of the crime, he commonly demands permission to communicate with the accused, in order to learn if it be his intention to except to the witnesses, in order to destroy, in whole or in part, the proof on record against him. If he answer in the affirmative, the Inquisitors cause a minute thereof to be made by the secretary, and issue an order for proceeding to the proof of the *irregularity of the witnesses*; a contemptible mockery, seeing the prisoner has no other clew to discover who and what these witnesses are, than such conjectural inferences as he may deduce from the garbled excerpts of evidence contained in the document furnished to him for his defence.

10. *Proof*.—When a prisoner protests for reprobators, (to use a Scotch law phrase,) this proceeding, on his

part, renders it necessary to separate from the process the original declarations of the witnesses, as contained in the *preliminary instruction*, and to transmit them to the respective places where the said witnesses are domiciled, in order to their being submitted to what is called *ratification*. But this ceremony (for it is nothing more) is performed without the prisoner's knowledge; and as he is represented by no one upon the occasion, it is next to impossible that he can ever succeed in discrediting a witness, even though that witness be notoriously his mortal enemy.* In order to see this more clearly, let us attend to the only course which, in his present situation, it is competent for the prisoner to pursue. We have already had frequent occasion to mention, that he is kept in profound ignorance of the names and designations of the individuals who have given evidence against him, as well as of every circumstance that might lead him to detect them. Mere conjecture is, therefore, his only resource; and it is needless to say what a miserable resource it is. He is ordained to condescend on the individuals whom he considers his enemies, to state specifically the reasons of exception to each, and to write on the margin of each article the names of the persons who are to attest the facts upon which his exception is founded. When this is done, the Inquisitors, if they have no secret motive of opposition, ordain these persons to be examined. But as the prisoner acts without knowing what he is about, it often happens, that he excepts to persons who have not been witnesses, or who have given evidence in his favour, or who have not said anything against him; in all which cases the articles of exception are passed over in silence. It is obviously by mere accident if he

* " Si le témoin étoit à Madrid au moment de l'instruction, et s'il est ensuite allé aux îles Philipines, il n'y a pas de terme arrêté après lequel le procureur fiscal soit obligé de présenter la déclaration originale. Le cours de la procédure reste suspendue; et l'accusé, sans soutien et sans consolation, est obligé d'attendre que la ratification soit arrivée du fond de l'Asie."—Llorente, vol. I. p. 313. The same author informs us, that he knew a case in which the declarations of the witnesses were dispatched to Carthagená in South America, and that *five years* elapsed before it was discovered that they had not reached their destination, the vessel which carried them having foundered at sea. " Qu'on imagine," he adds, " dans quelle situation l'esprit du prisonnier devoit être! Demandoit-il à être entendu pour se plaindre du retard qu'on mettoit à son jugement, on ne lui faisoit qu'une réponse ambigue: on lui disoit que le tribunal ne pouvoit aller plus vite, par l'effet de certaines mesures dont il étoit occupé. Il est probable, que s'il avoit su ce qui se passoit, il eût consenti à se desister de sa récusation, pour ne pas courir le risque du délai effrayant dont il étoit menacé."

ever hits upon his denouncers; and even this accident may be provided against; for the real enemy of the accused has only to select, as instruments of his vengeance, persons utterly unknown to the prisoner, and he is safe from all hazard of *recusation*, because it is impossible for a man to except to individuals whom he does not know. This manœuvre has often been practised with success, in order to take off claimants to property, the possession of which had been unjustly and fraudulently usurped. But there are other cases in which the *right of exception at random* is of no avail. If, for example, the denunciation originate in fanaticism, superstition, scruples of conscience, or error, the denouncer and witnesses are generally persons to whom no valid exception can be taken; for though the proceeding they have commenced may terminate in the ruin of the denounced, they cannot be accused of being influenced by a *direct* intention to injure him, or, at least, such accusation, if propounded by way of exception, would be repelled as inhabitable and calumnious. Several cases of this description are mentioned by Llorente.* It sometimes happens, too, that a fiscal, in order to destroy the effect of *recusation*, leads secret proof of the credibility of the witnesses in support of the accusation, *before* the period arrives at which it is competent for the prisoner to except; and as this proceeding, on the part of the prosecutor, is always certain and easy, while the *recusation* of the prisoner is merely a bow drawn at a venture, it is easy to see that the latter must, in this way, be foreclosed from the little benefit that might otherwise result from his miserable privilege. Nay, even if he happened to be so fortunate as to hit upon the witnesses who had been examined against him, and to conde-

scend upon other individuals ready to swear that these witnesses were not worthy of belief, still, in the case under consideration, this would be productive of no advantage; for, in all doubtful cases, the Inquisitors are always disposed to credit the principal witness, unless he happens to be the declared enemy of the prisoner.

11. *Publication of the Proofs*.—When the proof is completed, the Tribunal (to use another Scotch law phrase) makes *avizandum* with the process, and decrees the *publication of the evidence*. Let not the reader be deceived by this phraseology. All that is meant by the *publication of the proof* is, that a garbled copy of the depositions, and other matters contained in the extract furnished for the defence, is read, in presence of the Inquisitors, to the accused, who, at the conclusion of each article, is asked by the Secretary whether he admits the truth of the whole, or only a part thereof, his answer, whatever it may be, being taken down, and appended to the article to which it refers: And when the whole of this farce is gone through, the accused, if he have not yet excepted to the witnesses, may still do so, in the way and manner pointed out under the preceding head. Supposing he declines to tender exceptions, and contents himself with merely answering the different articles as they are read, it is extremely probable that, by so doing, he only sinks himself deeper in the mire. From the isolated excerpts of the evidence, he can form no safe judgment of its general scope and bearing; his former answers to the articles of the *preliminary instruction* form no part of what is read to him at the present stage of the case; and as it is difficult, after the lapse of a considerable period, to recollect what took place in the midst of anxiety and trouble, a new

* We shall select one by way of illustration. A young lady, influenced by some extraordinary scruple of conscience, denounced her lover to the Holy Office, little dreaming, we may suppose, of the consequences with which such a proceeding might be attended. Fortunately for both parties, however, she confided the secret to her confessor, who, being the friend of the youth, lost no time in apprizing him of his danger, and counselling him how to act in the critical situation in which his pious mistress had placed him. Accordingly, the young man instantly repaired to the chambers of the Inquisition, and by a spontaneous confession, put an end to an affair, which, had it proceeded, would have infallibly led to his arrest in the first instance, and ultimately to the disgrace of appearing in an *auto-da-fe*, wearing the *San Benito*, or habit of infamy. In this case, it is clear, that but for the kind offices of the friendly ecclesiastic, the young man would never have dreamt of suspecting his mistress, and even, had he learned the truth, he could have taken no valid exception to her testimony. It is probable he took the hint, and afterwards made love with more caution.

snare is thus laid for the prisoner, who almost inevitably falls into contradictions, and thus does himself incalculable mischief. For, be the discrepancy between his present and former answers ever so slight, it is sufficient to create a suspicion of *duplicité, concealment, or false confession*, and may even serve as a pretext for refusing reconciliation, though earnestly solicited, or, if the Inquisitors are so minded, for condemning the unhappy victim to *relaxation*, that is, in plain terms, to the flames.

12.—*Definitive Censure by the Qualificators*.—The publication of the proofs is succeeded by the *definitive censure of the qualificators*. In article 3, we have already explained the *censure by qualificators*; and it is only necessary to add, that, at this stage of the case, the original *qualification*, together with an extract of the answers of the accused to the depositions of the witnesses, as communicated during the *publication*, are remitted to the same theologians, with instructions to *qualify* a second time the propositions denounced, to attend to the explanation thereof given by the accused, and to determine whether it has removed in whole or in part the suspicion of heresy with which he is charged, or whether, on the contrary, it has only served to fortify that suspicion, so as to justify a conviction of formal heresy, or, at least, of being suspected *de vehementi*. And this second, or, as it is called, *definitive qualification*, forms the basis of the definitive sentence, which immediately follows; a consideration which ought to inculcate extreme caution on the part of the qualificators, who, in many instances, are persons immeasurably inferior in talent and learning to the accused, and, therefore, liable, if they act precipitately, to *qualify* as heretical doctrines maintained by the greatest lights of the Christian Church. But as ignorance is always presumptuous, nothing of this kind is observed. In point of fact, they hardly give themselves the trouble of attending to a hurried reading of the documents submitted to them, and hasten to pronounce their judgment, which is the last important act of the procedure, the rest being mere matter of form.

13. *Sentence*.—The definitive qualification being returned by the Doctors, the ordinary diocesan is called in, that, with his assistance, the Inquisitors may determine the sentence to be pronounced. Anciently, doctors of law, with the title of *consultores*, performed the duty afterwards delegated to the diocesan; but as they had only a deliberative voice, the Inquisitors, who alone had a right to vote, invariably carried their point in all cases where opinion was divided. Nor had the accused then the right of appealing from their judgment to the Council of the *Supreme*, conformably to what had been decreed by repeated Bulls of the Popes, although, notwithstanding the rule just mentioned, circumstances sometimes occurred which rendered it necessary to have recourse to the Court of Rome. This being considered a prodigious hardship, a law was afterwards made, ordaining Provincial Inquisitors, before coming to a definitive judgment, to submit their opinion to the Council, in order to its being approved, modified, or altered at the pleasure of that body, or such instructions issued as might be deemed necessary in the circumstances of each particular case. Accordingly, when the decision of the Council was communicated to the Inquisitors, the latter proceeded to frame their judgment in conformity thereto, which judgment they pronounced in their own name, though it happened to be directly contrary to the opinion they had reported on the case to the supreme appellate jurisdiction.

Before the reign of Philip III. sentences of *absolution* or acquittal were so rare in the Holy Office, that they barely amount to the proportion of one in two thousand. This is easily accounted for. The slightest doubt as to the complete innocence of the accused induced the qualificators to pronounce him suspected *de levi*, or in the lowest degree; in consequence of which, the Inquisitors inflicted a punishment more or less grave according to circumstances, and imposed on him an abjuration of all kinds and forms of heresy, and in particular of that the suspicion of which was declared to attach to him, after which he was absolved from censures *ad cautelam*.* But if there ex-

* When the prisoner is absolved *ad cautelam*, he falls on his knees, asks pardon of the Inquisitors, pronounces and signs the formula of abjuration, and consents to be treated with the greatest severity, in the event of being again denounced for a similar offence.

isted no doubt whatever of the prisoner's innocence, and acquittal ensued, the names of his false accuser and of the false witnesses who had given evidence against him, were nevertheless withheld, and he received no other public reparation for the wrongs he had endured, than the liberty of returning to his friends with a certificate of absolution; a miserable compensation for all that he had suffered in his honour, his person, and his property, by the machinations of some secret enemy, thus effectually screened from justice, and whom the certainty of impunity encouraged to renew his practices as often as he might think proper to do so.

14. *Reading and Execution of the Sentence.*—The punishments inflicted by the Holy Office on prisoners found guilty of the crimes charged against them, resolve into two classes; *Reconciliation*, which includes every degree, from the slightest penance to imprisonment for life in the dungeons of the Inquisition; and *Relaxation*, which, as we have already explained, imports the delivery of the prisoner to the royal judge ordinary, that he may be consigned to the flames. The latter punishment is only inflicted on those who have been once *reconciled*, and have thereafter relapsed into error; on persons convicted of *formal heresy*; and sometimes on those who have been found *violently suspected* of having embraced heretical doctrines. The sentence, however, is not communicated to the prisoner till it is on the point of execution. When the time for this arrives, he is desired to prepare for the concluding ceremony, soon after which, muffled up in the *San-Benito*, with a paper mitre on his head, a rope of broom twisted round his neck, and a green wax taper in his hand, he is conducted from his dungeon to the *auto-da-fe*. The spot selected for the celebration of this infernal holocaust is generally at some distance from the city where the tribunal is established; the multitude, who delight in such exhibitions, flock in crowds to the scene; and that the intensity of ignominy may be screwed to the utmost pitch, the wretched criminals are marched slowly, and by the most circuitous route, to the place of doom. On reaching the grand

theatre of sacrifice, the sentences are read, after which those admitted to *reconciliation* receive the public part of their punishment, generally flagellation, while those condemned to *relaxation* are handed over to the secular arm, to be instantly committed to the flames.

We have thus completed the outline we proposed to give of the course of procedure in all the tribunals of the Holy Office, from the moment of denunciation till that when the sentence is at once pronounced and executed, and from the mere form of process, thus laid before the reader, we think it demonstrated, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the *Inquisition is a practical compound of every possible mode of injustice*. The machinery by which it acts is constructed solely for the purpose of entangling the accused, and rendering it next to impossible for him to establish his innocence. There is no rule of administrative procedure sanctioned by the practice of other tribunals, that is observed in this. Guilt is presumed from the very first; to be accused and to be criminal are, in the logic of this infernal tribunal, synonymous. Hence the prisoner is incessantly urged to criminate himself; and when neither false promises nor real threats can induce him to do so, the torture is employed to enforce confession. The laws of evidence received in other courts are violated here. Truth is invariably presumed to be on the side of the accuser; the witnesses are examined in secret, and in the absence of the prisoner; their evidence is manufactured at the pleasure of the Inquisitors, all that tends to exculpate being carefully kept in abeyance; a man's mortal enemy is admitted, without compunction, as an evidence against him; and every obstacle is accumulated in the way of him, who, to prove his innocence, attempts to discredit the witnesses for the prosecution. In short, the procedure of the Inquisition is an inversion of every principle of justice, and the men who carry it into practice such as the prophet has described: *for their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood; their thoughts are thoughts of iniquity; wasting and destruction are in their paths.*

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XXVII.

ΚΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
 ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

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.

Scene, BUCHANAN LODGE—PORCH—Time, AFTERNOON.—
 NORTH, TICKLER, SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD.

What a changed warld, sirs, since that April forenoon we druve down to the Lodge in a cotch ! I cu'dna but pity the puir Spring.

TICKLER.

Not a primrose to salute his feet that shivered in the snow-wreath.

NORTH.

Not a lark to hymn his advent in the uncertain sunshine.

SHEPHERD.

No a bit butterflee on its silent waver, meeting the murmur of the straight-forward bee.

TICKLER.

In vain Spring sought his Flora, in haunts beloved of old, on the bank of the shaded rivulet—

NORTH.

Or in nooks among the rocky mountains—

SHEPHERD.

Or oases among the heather—

TICKLER.

Or parterres of grove-guarded gardens—

NORTH.

Or within the shadow of veranda—

SHEPHERD.

Or forest glade, where move the antlers of the unhunted red-deer.—In siccan bonny spats hae I often seen the Spring, like a doubtfu' glimmer o' sunshine, appearing and disappearing frae among the birk-trees, twenty times in the course o' an April day—But, oh ! sirs, yon was just a maist detestable forenoon—and as for the hackney-cotch—

TICKLER.

The meanest of miseries !

SHEPHERD.

It's waur than sleepin' in damp sheets. You haena sat twa hunder yards till your breeks are glued to the clammy seat, that fin's saft and hard aneath you, at ane and the same time, in a maist unaccountable manner. The auld, cracked, stained, faded, tarnished, red leather lining stinks like a tan-yard. Gin' you want to let down the window, or pu't up, it's a' alike ; you keep ruggin' at the lang slobbery worsted till it cums aff wi' a tear in your haun', and leaves you at the mercy o' wind and weather—then what a sharp and continual rattle o' wheels ! far waur than a cart ; intolerable aneuch ower the macadam, but, Lord hae mercy on us, when you're on the causeway ! you cou'd swear the wheels are o' different sizes ; up wi' the tae side, down wi' the

tither, sae that nae man can be sufficiently sober to keep his balance. Puch ! puch ! what dung-like straw aneath your soles ; and as for the roof, sae laigh, that you canna keep on your hat, or it 'll be dunsheed down atower your eebrees ; then, if there's sax or eight o' you in ae fare——

TICKLER.

Why don't you keep your own carriage, James ?

SHEPHERD.

So I do—a gig—but when I happen to foregather wi' sic scrubs as you, that grudge the expense o' a yeckipage o' their ain, I maun submit to a glass-cotch and a' its abominations.

NORTH.

How do you like that punch, James ?

SHEPHERD.

It's rather ower sair iced, I jalouse, and will be apt to gie ane the tooth-ache ; but it has a gran' taste, and a maist seducin' smell—Oh ! man, that's a bonny ladle ! and you hae a nice way o' steerin' ! Only half-fu', if you please, sir, for thae wine-glasses are perfec tumblers, and though the drink seems to be, when you are preein't, as innocent as the dew o' lauchin' lassy's lip, yet it's just as dangerous, and leads insensibly on, by littles and wees, to a state o' unconscious intoxication.

TICKLER.

I never saw you the worse of liquor in my life, James.

SHEPHERD.

Nor me you.

NORTH.

None but your sober men ever get drunk.

SHEPHERD.

I've observed that many a thousan' times ; just as nane but your excessively healthy men ever die. When'er I hear in the kintra o' ony man's being killed aff his horse, I ken at ance that he's a sober coof, that's been gettin' himsel drunk at Selkirk or Hawick, and sweein' aff at a sharp turn ower the bank, he has played wallop into the water, or is aiblins been fun' lyin' in the middle o' the road, wi' his neck dislocate, the doctors canna tell hoo ; or ayont the wa' wi' his harns stickin' on the coupin-stane.

NORTH.

Or foot in stirrup, and face trailing the pebbly mire, swept homewards by a spanking half-bred, and disentangled at the door by shriek and candle light.

SHEPHERD.

Had he been in the habit o' takin' his glass like a Christian, he wad hae ridden like a Centaur ; and instead o' havin' been brought hame a corp, he wuld hae been staggerin' gaen steady into the parlour, wi' a' the weans ruggin' at his pouches for fairin's, and his wife half angry, half pleased, helping him tidily and tenderly aff wi' his big boots ; and then by and by mixin' him the bowster cup—and then——

TICKLER.

Your sober man, on every public occasion of festivity, is uniformly seen, soon after " the Duke of York and the Army," led off between two waiters, with his face as white as the table-cloth, eyes upwards, and a ghastly smile about his gaping mouth, that seems to threaten unutterable things before he reach the lobby.

NORTH.

He turns round his head at the three times three, with a loyal hiccup, and is borne off a speechless martyr to the cause of the Hanoverian Succession.

SHEPHERD.

I wad rather get fou five hunder times in an ordinar way like, than ance to expose myself sae afore my fellow-citizens. Yet, meet my gentleman next forenoon in the Parliament House, or in a bookseller's shop, or in Prince's street, arm in arm wi' a minister, and he hauds up his face as if naething had happened, speaks o' the pleasant party, expresses his regret at having been obliged to leave it so soon, at the call of a client, and ten to ane, denounces you to his cronies for a drunkard, who exposes himself in company, and is getting constantly into scrapes that promise a fatal termination.

NORTH.

Hush! The minstrels!

SHEPHERD.

Maist delightfu' music! O, sir, hoo it sweetens, and strengthens, and mer-
 rifies as it comes up the avenue! Are they Foreigners?

NORTH.

An itinerant family of Savoyards.

SHEPHERD.

Look at them—Look at them! What an outlandish, toosey-headed, wee
 sunbrunt deevil o' a lassie that, playin' her antics, heel and head, wi' the tam-
 bourine. Yon's a darlin' wi' her thoom coquet coquetin' on the guitaur, and
 makin' music without kennan't—a' the while she is curtsyhin', and singin' wi'
 lauchin' rosy mouth, and then blushin' because we're glowering on her, and
 lettin' fa' her big black een on the grun', as if a body were askin' for a kiss!
 That maun be her younger sister, as dark as a gipsey, that hafflins lassie wi'
 the buddin' breast, her that's tinklin' on the triangle that surely maun be o'
 silver, sae dewy sweet the soun'! Safe us, only look at the auld man and his
 wife! There's mony a comical auld woman in Scotland, especially in the Hee-
 lans, but I never saw the match o' that ane. She maun be mony hunder year
 auld, and yet her petticoats as short as a play-actress dancin' on the stage.
 Gude legs too—thin ancles, and a thick calve—girl, wife, and witch a' in ane,
 and only think o't,—playin' on a base drum! Savyaurds! It'll be a mountain-
 ous kintra theirs—for sic a lang-backed, short-thee'd, sinewy and muscular,
 hap-and-stap-jump o' a bouncin' body as that man o' hers, wi' the swarthy
 face and head harlequinaddin' on the Pan's-pipes, could never hae been bred
 and born on a flat—But whish—whish—they're beginning to play some-
 thing pathetic!

TICKLER.

Music is the universal language.

SHEPHERD.

It's a lament that the puir wandering creturs are singin' and playin' about
 their native land. I wush I may hae ony change in my pocket—

TICKLER.

They are as happy in their own way as we are in ours, my dear James.
 May they find their mountain cottage unharmed by wind or weather on their
 return, and let us join our little subscription—

SHEPHERD.

There's a five shillin' crown-piece for mine.

NORTH.

And mine.

TICKLER.

And mine.

SHEPHERD.

I'll gee't to them.—(*Shepherd leaps out.*)—There, my bonny bloomin' bru-
 nette with the raven hair, that are just perfectly beautifu', wanderin' wi' your
 melody lameless but happy, and may nae hand untie its snood till your bridal
 night in the hut on the hill, when the evening marriage dance and song are
 hushed and silent, and love and innocence in their lawfu' delight lie in each
 other's arms—If your sweetheart's a shepherd, so am I—

TICKLER.

Hallo, Hogg—no whispering. Here, give each of them a tumbler of punch,
 and God be with the joyous Savoyards.

SHEPHERD.

Did you see, sirs, hoo desperate thirsty they a' were—nae wonner, singin'
 frae morn to night a' up and doon the dusty streets and squares. Yet they
 askt for nathing, contented creturs!—Hear till them singin' awa down the ave-
 nue "God save the King," in compliment to us and our country. A weel-
 timed interlude this, Mr North, and it has putten me in a gran' mood for a
 sang.

NORTH & TICKLER.

A song—a song—a song!

SONG—*Shepherd sings.*

MY BONNY MARY.

WHERE Yarrow rows among the rocks,
 An' wheels an' boils in mony a linn,
 A blithe young Shepherd fed his flocks,
 Unused to branglement or din.
 But Love its silken net had thrown
 Around his breast so brisk an' airy,
 And his blue eyes wi' moisture shoue,
 As thus he sung of bonny Mary.

“ O Mary, thou'rt sae mild an' sweet,
 My very being clings about thee,
 This heart wad rather cease to beat,
 Than beat a lonely thing without thee.
 I see thee in the evening beam,
 A radiant glorious apparition ;
 I see thee in the midnight dream,
 By the dim light of heavenly vision.

“ When over Benger's haughty head
 The morning breaks in streaks sae bonny,
 I climb the mountain's velvet side,
 For quiet rest I get nae ony.
 How sweet the brow on Brownhill cheek,
 Where many a weary hour I tarry !
 For there I see the twisted reek
 Rise frae the cot where dwells my Mary.

“ When Phoebus mounts outower the muir,
 His gowden locks a' streaming gaily,
 When morn has breathed its fragrance pure,
 An' life, an' joy, ring through the valley,
 I drive my flocks to yonder brook,
 The feeble in my arms I carry,
 Then every lammie's harmless look
 Brings to my mind my bonny Mary.

“ Oft has the lark sung o'er my head,
 And shook the dew-drops frae her wing,
 Oft hae my flocks forgot to feed,
 And round their shepherd form'd a ring.
 Their looks condole the lee-lang day,
 While mine are fix'd an' canna vary,
 Aye turning down the westlan brae,
 Where dwells my loved, my bonny Mary.

“ When gloaming o'er the welkin steals,
 And haps the hills in solemn grey,
 And bitterns, in their airy wheels,
 Amuse the wanderer on his way ;
 Regardless of the wind or rain,
 With cautious step and prospect wary,
 I often trace the lonely glen,
 To steal a sight o' bonny Mary.

“ When midnight draws her curtain deep,
 And lays the breeze among the bushes,

And Yarrow, in her sounding sweep,
By rocks and ruins raves and rushes ;
Then, sunk in short and restless sleep,
My fancy wings her flight so airy,
To where sweet guardian spirits keep
Their watch around the couch of Mary.

“ The exile may forget his home,
Where blooming youth to manhood grew,
The bee forget the honey-comb,
Nor with the spring his toil renew ;
The sun may lose his light and heat,
The planets in their rounds miscarry,
But my fond heart shall cease to beat
When I forget my bonny Mary.”

TICKLER.

Equal to anything of Burns’.

NORTH.

Not a better in all George Thomson’s collection. Thank ye, James—God bless you, James—give me your hand—you’re a most admirable fellow—and there’s no end to your genius.

SHEPHERD.

A man may be sair mistaen about mony things—such as yepics, and tragedies, and tales, and even lang-set elegies about the death o’ great public characters, and hymns, and odds, and the like—but he canna be mistaen about a sang. As soon’s it’s doon on the sclave, I ken whether it’s gude, bad, or meddlin’—if ony o’ the twa last, I dight it out wi’ my elbow—if the first, I copy’t ower into write, and then get it aff by heart, when it’s as sure o’ no being lost as if it were engraven on a brass-plate ; for though I hae a treacherous memory about things in ordinar, a’ my happy sangs will cleave to my heart till my dying day, and I shouldna’ wonder gin I was to croon a verse or twa frae some o’ them on my death-bed.

NORTH.

Once more we thank you, my dear James. There, the chill is quite gone—and I think I have been almost as happy in this bowl as you have been in your inimitable lyric.

TICKLER.

What think you, Kit, of the Rev. Cæsar Malan ?

NORTH.

What think you, Timothy, of his audience ?

SHEPHERD.

A French sermon in a chapel in Rose-street o’ Embro’ for purchasing the freedom o’ a black wench in the West Indies ! He maun hae been a man o’ genius that first started the idea, for it’s a’ thegither out o’ the ordinary course o’ nature. Was you there, Mr Tickler ?

TICKLER.

I was—but you will pardon me, James, when I tell you how it happened. I was going to order a cheese at Mrs M’Alpine’s shop, when I found myself unexpectedly walking in a hurried procession. Being in a somewhat passive mood, for the cheese had been a mere passing thought, I sailed along with the stream, and ere long found myself sitting in a pew between two very good-looking middle-aged women, in Dunstable bonnets, streaming with ribbons, and tastily enveloped in half-withdrawn green veils, that on either side descended to my shoulder.

SHEPHERD.

Mr North, did you ever ken ony chiel fa’ on his feet at a’ times like Mr Tickler ? He never gangs out to walk in the Meadows, or down to Leith, or roun the Calton, or up Arthur’s Seat, or out-bye yonder to Duddistone, but he is sure to foregather, as if by appointment, wi’ some bonny leddy, wha cleeks his arm wi’ little pressin’, and then walks off wi’ him, looking up and laugh-

ing sae sweetly in his face, and takin' half-a-dizzen wee bit triflin' fairy steps to ane o' his lang strides, till they disappear ayont the horrizon.

NORTH.

But let us hear about Cæsar Malan and the negro wench.

SHEPHERD.

It's the same way wi' him in the kintra—at kirk or market. The women folk a' crowd round him like fascinated creatures——

NORTH.

Whom are you speaking of, James? the Rev. Cæsar Malan?

SHEPHERD.

Na, na—the Rev. Timothy Tickler, wha'll preach a better sermon than ony Genevese Frenchman that ever snivelled.

TICKLER.

Cæsar, to my astonishment, began to speak French, and then I remembered the advertisement. I whispered to the Dunstable Dianas, that they must be my interpreters—but they confessed themselves ignorant of the Gallic tongue.

SHEPHERD.

No ane in ten, ay twenty—forty—were able to make him out, tak my word for't. It's a very different thing parleyvouing about the weather, and following out a discourse frae the poopit in a strange tongue. But I'm thinking Mr Malan 'll be a gude-looking fallow, wi' a heigh nose and gleg een, and a saft insinuatin' manner——

TICKLER.

A gentlemanly-looking man enough, James, and even something of an orator, though rather wishy-washy.

SHEPHERD.

And then, och, och! the shameful absurdity o' the subjec! Thousans and thousans o' our ain white brithers and sisters literally starving in every manufacturin' toon in Scotland, and a Frenchman o' the name o' Cæsar colleckin platefu's o' siller, I'se warrant, to be sent aff to the West Indies, to buy an abstract idea for an ugly black wench, wha suckles her weans out ower her shouther!

NORTH.

Why, James, that is the custom of the country.

SHEPHERD.

And an ugly custom it is, and maist disgustfu'; at least when you compare't wi' the bosoms o' our ain nursing matrons.

NORTH.

An odd reason, James, for charity——

SHEPHERD.

Nae odd reason at a', Mr North. I mainteen, that at the present creesis, when thousands o' bonny white callans are tining the roses out o' their cheeks for verra hunger—and thousands o' growin lassies sittin' disconsolate wi' comes sae trig in their silken hair, although they hae been obliged to sell their claes to buy bread for their parents—and thousands o' married women, that greet when they look on their unemployed and starving husbands—I mainteen, Mr North, that under such affecting, distressing circumstances o' our ain hame-condition, the he, or the she, or the it, that troubles their head about West India Niggers, and gangs to glower like a gawpus at a Gallic gull-grupper gol-larin' out gegery about some grewsome black doudy—stinking amang her piccaninnies——

TICKLER.

I plead guilty, James.

SHEPHERD.

Were there nae white slaves, sir, about the door-cheek, haudin' out their hauns for an awmous? Nae sickly auld widows, wi' baskets aneath their arms, pretendin' to be selling tape, and thread, and chap ballads or religious tracts, but, in truth, appealin' wi' silent looks to the charity o' the ingoers and out-comers, a' gossipin' about the Reverend Mr Cæsar Malan?

NORTH.

What! are there slaves in Scotland, James?

SHEPHERD.

Ay—ae half o' mankind, sir, are slaves a' ower the face o' the earth. I'm no gaun to bletcher about the West Indian question to a man like you, Mr North, wha kens a' the ins and the outs o't, better than ony abolitionist that ever sacrificed the sincerity o' his soul at the shrine o' East Indian sugar.

TICKLER.

Hear—hear—hear.—Encore—“The shrine o' East Indian sugar!”

NORTH.

Speaking of the West India question, there is a great deal too much impertinence in Mr Coleridge's “Six Months' Visit.” An old man like myself may with some difficulty be excused for occasionally drivelling about his rheumatism, all the world knowing his martyrdom; but who can endure this conceited mannikin, apparently because he is the nephew of a bishop, prating, in print, of his bodily infirmities, in a style that might sicken a horse or an apothecary?

TICKLER.

Scotch and English puppies make a striking contrast. The Scotch puppy sports philosophical, and sets to rights Locke, Smith, Stewart, and Reid. In his minority he is as solemn as a major of two score—sits at table, even during dinner, with an argumentative face, and in a logical position—and gives out his sentences deliberately, as if he were making a payment in sovereigns.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, man, how I do hate sic formal young chiels—reason, reason, reasoning on things that you maun see whether you will or no, even gin you were to shut your een wi' a' your force, and then cover them wi' a bandage—chiels that are employed frae morning to nicht colleckin' facks out o' books, in that dark, dirty dungeon the Advocates' Leebrary, and that 'll no hesitate, wi' a breach o' a' gude manners, to correct your verra chronology when you're in the middle o' a story that may hae happened equally weel ony day frae the flood to the last judgment—chiels that quote Mr Jeffrey and Hairy Cobrun, and even on their first introduction to Englishers, keep up a clatter about the Ooter-house—chiels that think it a great maitter to spoot aff by heart an oration on the corn laws, in that puir pucket Gogotha, the Speculative Society, and treat you, ower the nits and prunes, wi' skreeds o' College Essays on Syllogism, and what's ca'd the Association o' Ideas—chiels that would rather be a Judge o' the Court o' Session than the Great Khan o' Tartary himsel—and look prouder, when taking their forenoon's airing, alang Prince's Street, on a bit shachlan ewe-necked powney, coft frae a sportin' flesher, than Saladin, at the head of ten thousand chosen chivalry, shaking the desert—chiels—

NORTH.

Stop, James—just look at Tickler catching flies.

SHEPHERD.

Sound asleep, as I'm a Contributor. Oh! man—I wush we had a saut herring to put intil the mooth o' him, or a burned cork to gie him mistashies, or a string o' ingans to fasten to the nape o' his neck by way o' a pigtail, or—

NORTH.

Shamming Abraham.

SHEPHERD.

Na—he's in a sort o' dwam—and nae wonner, for the Lodge is just a verra Castle o' Indolence. Thae broad vine-leaves hingin' in the veranda in the breathless heat, or stirrin' when the breeze sugs by, like water-lilies tremblin' in the swell o' the blue loch-water, inspire a dreamin' somnolency that the maist waukrife canna ategither resist; and the bonny twilight, chequering the stane floor a' round and round the shady Lodge, keeps the thochts confined within its glimmerin' boundaries, till every cause o' disturbance is afar off, and the life o' man gets tranquil as a wean's rest in its cradle, or amang the gowans on a sunny knowe; sae let us speak lown and no wauken him, for he's buried in the umbrage o' imagination, and weel ken I what a heavenly thing it is to soom down the silent stream o' that haunted world.

NORTH.

What say you to that smile on his face, James?

SHEPHERD.

It's a gey wicked ane—I'm thinkin' he's after some mischief. I'll put this raisin-stalk up his nose. Mercy on us, what a sneeze!

TICKLER (*starting and looking round*).

Ha! Hogg, my dear fellow, how are you? Soft—soft—I have it—why that hotch-potch, and that afternoon sun—But—but—what of Master Coleridge, is he a Prig?

NORTH.

Besides the counterfeited impertinence of my rheumatism, he treats the ladies and gentlemen who peruse his "Six Months' Visit" with eternal assurances that he is a young man—that his stomach is often out of order—and that he always travels with a medicine-chest—and that he is a very sweaty young gentleman.

SHEPHERD.

That's really a disgustfu' specie o' yegotism. But is't true?

NORTH.

May I request you, James, to get me the volume. That's it beside Juno—
There at the foot of yonder nodding bitch,
That wreathes her old fantastic tail so low.

SHEPHERD.

Nine and saxpence for a bit volumn like that, and a' about the state o' the author's stomach and bowels! But let's hear some extracks.

NORTH.

"I was steamed by one, showered by another, just escaped needling by a third, and was nearly boiled to the consistency of a pudding for the love of an oblong gentleman of Ifeland," &c.

SHEPHERD.

That's geyan stupid, but excusable aneuch wut in a verra young lad—anither extrack.

NORTH.

"I went simply and sheerly on my own account, or rather on account of the aforesaid rheumatism; for as every other sort of chemical action had failed, I was willing to try if fusion would succeed."—"If Yorick had written after me, he would have mentioned the Rheumatic Traveller."—"This book is rheumatism from beginning to end."—"I rarely argue a matter unless my shoulders or knees ache."—"I trust they will think it is my rheumatism that chides."—

SHEPHERD.

I'm afraid that's geyan puppyish; but still, as I said before, I can excuse a laddie anxious to be enterteenin'. Another extrack.

NORTH.

"I sat bolt upright, and for some time contemplated, by the glimmering of the lantern, the huge disarray of my pretty den. I fished for my clothes, but they were bathing; I essayed to rise, but I could find no resting-place for the sole of a rheumatic foot."

TICKLER.

Curse the whelp!—fling the book over the laburnums.

NORTH.

There it goes. Go where he will—do what he will—Master Coleridge is perpetually perspiring during his whole Six Months' Visit to the West Indies. He must have been very unpleasant company—especially as he was a valetudinarian. Had he been in fine fresh health, it might have passed; but what a nuisance a cabin passenger with the sallow and the sweating sickness!

SHEPHERD.

Is he dead noo?

NORTH.

Not at all.

SHEPHERD.

That's maist inexcusable.

NORTH.

He tells the world upwards of fifty times that he was at Eton—and—

TICKLER.

What the devil is the meaning of all this botheration about the Diary of an Invalid? Let the puppy keep in his own kennel.

NORTH.

I believe my temper was a little ruffled just now by the recollection of an article in the Quarterly Review, of which this poor prig's performance was the text-book. All the quotations were most loathsome. Fowel Buxton is no great witch, but he has more sense and knowledge too in his little finger than this most perspiring young genius has in all his cranium. The Six Months' Visit should have been a book of Colburn's.

TICKLER.

Colburn has published many valuable, interesting, and successful books, within these few years, and I wish him that success in his trade which his enterprising spirit deserves.

NORTH.

So do I, and here's "The Trade," if you please, in a bumper.

SHEPHERD.

The Tread—The Tread—The Tread—Hurraw—hurraw—hurraw!

NORTH.

But if he persists in that shameful and shameless puffery, which he has too long practised, the public will turn away with nausea from every volume that issues from his shop, and men of genius, scorning to submit their works to the pollution of his unprincipled paragraph-mongers, will shun a publisher, who, contrary to his natural sense and honour, has been betrayed into a system, that, were it to become general, would sink the literary character into deep degradation, till the name "Author" would become a byword of reproach and insult; and the mere suspicion of having written a book, be sufficient ground for expulsion from the society of gentlemen.

TICKLER.

Colburn, James, must have sent puffs of Vivian Grey to all the newspapers, fastening the authorship on various gentlemen, either by name or inuendo; thus attaching an interest to the book, at the sacrifice of the feelings of those gentlemen, and, I may add, the feelings of his own conscience. The foolish part of the public thus set agoing after Vivian Grey, for example, puff after puff continues to excite fading curiosity, and Colburn, knowing all the while that the writer is an obscure person, for whom nobody cares a straw, chuckles over the temporary sale, and sees the names of distinguished writers opprobriously bandied about by the blackguards of the press, indifferent to everything but the "Monish" which he is thus enabled to scrape together from defrauded purchasers, who, on the faith of puff and paragraph, believed the paltry catch-penny to be from the pen of a man of genius and achievement.

NORTH.

As far as I know, he is the only publisher guilty of this crime, and

"If old judgments hold their sacred course,"

there will come a day of punishment.

TICKLER.

Among the many useful discoveries of this age, none more so, my dear Hogg, than that poets are a set of very absurd inhabitants of this earth. The simple fact of their presuming to have a language of their own, should have dishd them centuries ago. A pretty kind of language to be sure it was; and, conscious themselves of its absurdity, they palmed it upon the Muses, and justified their own use of it on the plea of inspiration!

NORTH.

Till, in course of time, an honest man of the name of Wordsworth was born, who had too much integrity to submit to the law of their lingo, and, to the anger and astonishment of the order, began to speak in good, sound, sober, intelligible prose. Then was a revolution. All who adhered to the ancient regime became in a few years utterly incomprehensible, and were coughed down by the public. On the other hand, all those who adopted the new theory observed that they were merely accommodating themselves to the language of their brethren of mankind.

TICKLER.

Then the pig came snorting out of the poke, and it appeared that no such thing as poetry, essentially distinct from prose, could exist. True, that there are still some old women and children who rhyme; but the breed will soon be extinct, and a poet in Scotland be as scarce as a capercailzie.

NORTH.

Since the extinction, therefore, of English poetry, there has been a wide extension of the legitimate province of prose. People who have got any genius find that they may traverse it as they will, on foot, on horseback, or in chariot.

TICKLER.

A Pegasus with wings always seemed to me a silly and inefficient quadruped. A horse was never made to fly on feathers, but to gallop on hoofs. You destroy the idea of his peculiar powers the moment you clap pinions to his shoulder, and make him paw the clouds.

NORTH.

Certainly. How poor the image of

“Heaven’s warrior-horse, beneath his fiery form,
Paws the light clouds and gallops on the storm,”

to one of Wellington’s aid-de-camps, on an English hunter, charging his way through the French Cuirassiers, to order up the Scotch Greys against the Old Guard moving on to redeem the disastrous day of Waterloo!

TICKLER.

Poetry, therefore, being by universal consent exploded, all men, women, and children, are at liberty to use what style they choose, provided it be in the form of prose. Cram it full of imagery, as an egg is full of meat, If caller, down it will go, and the reader be grateful for his breakfast. Pour it out simple, like whey, or milk and water, and a swallow will be found enamoured of the liquid murmur. Let it gurgle forth, rich and racy, like a haggis, and there are stomachs that will not scunner. Fat paragraphs will be bolted like bacon; and, as he puts a period to the existence of a lofty climax, the reader will exclaim, “O, the roast beef of Old England, and, oh! the English roast beef!”

NORTH.

Well said, Tickler. That prose composition should always be a plain, uncondimented dish, is a dogma no longer endurable. Henceforth I shall show, not only favour, but praise to all prose books that contain any meaning, however small; whereas I shall use all vampers, like the great American shrike, commemorated in last Number, who sticks small singing-birds on sharp-pointed thorns, and leaves them sticking there in the sunshine, a rueful, if not a saving spectacle to the choristers of the grove.

SHEPHERD.

Haver awa’, gentlemen—haver awa,—you’s hae a’ your ain way o’t, for onything I care—but gin either the tane or the tither o’ you could write verses at a’ passable, you would haud a different theory. What think you o’ a prose sang? What would Burns’s “Mary in Heaven” be out o’ verse? or Moore’s Melodies—or—

TICKLER.

The Queen’s Wake.

SHEPHERD.

It’s no worth while repeatin’ a’ the nonsense, Mr North, that you and Tickler ’ll speak in the course o’ an afternoon, when your twa lang noses foregather ower a bowl o’ punch. But I’ve a poem in my pouch that’ll pull down your theories wi’ a single stanza; I got it frae Δ this forenoon, wha kent I was gaun to the Lodge to my denner, and I’ll read it aloud whether you wull or no—but deevil tak it, I’ve lost my specs! I maun hae drawn them out, on the way down, wi’ my hankercher. I maun hae them advertesed.

TICKLER.

There, James, mine will suit you.

SHEPHERD.

Yours! What, glowerin’ green anes! Aneuch to gie a body the jaundice!

NORTH.

Feel your nose, James.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, that's waur than the butcher swearing through his teeth for his knife, wi' hit in his mouth a' the while. Hae I been sittin wi' specs a' the afternoon?

NORTH.

You have, James, and very gash have you looked.

SHEPHERD.

Oo! Oo! I recollect noo. I put them on when that bonnie dark-haired, pale-faced, jimp-waisted lassie came in wi' a fresh velvet cushin for Mr North's foot. And the sicht o' her being gude for sair een, I clean forgot to tak aff the specs. But wheish—here's an answer to your theories.

A DIRGE.

WEEP not for her!—Oh she was far too fair,
 Too pure to dwell on this guilt-tainted earth!
 The sinless glory, and the golden air
 Of Zion, seem'd to claim her from her birth:
 A Spirit wander'd from its native zone,
 Which, soon discovering, took her for its own:
 Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—Her span was like the sky,
 Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright;
 Like flowers, that know not what it is to die;
 Like long-link'd, shadeless months of Polar light;
 Like Music floating o'er a waveless lake,
 While Echo answers from the flowery brake:
 Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—She died in early youth,
 Ere Hope had lost its rich romantic hues;
 When human bosoms seem'd the homes of truth,
 And earth still gleam'd with beauty's radiant dews.
 Her summer-prime waned not to days that freeze;
 Her wine of life was run not to the lees:
 Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—By fleet or slow decay,
 It never grieved her bosom's core to mark
 The playmates of her childhood wane away;
 Her prospects wither; or her hopes grow dark;
 Translated by her God, with spirit shriven,
 She pass'd as 'twere in smiles from earth to Heaven:
 Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—It was not hers to feel
 The miseries that corrode amassing years,
 'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
 To wander sad down Age's vale of tears,
 As whirl the wither'd leaves from Friendship's tree,
 And on earth's wintry wold alone to be:
 Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—She is an angel now,
 And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise ;
 All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
 Sin, sorrow, suffering, banish'd from her eyes :
 Victorious over death, to her appear
 The vista'd joys of Heaven's eternal year :
 Weep not for her !

Weep not for her!—Her memory is the shrine
 Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
 Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
 Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,
 Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
 Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night :
 Weep not for her !

Weep not for her!—There is no cause for woe ;
 But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk
 Unshrinking o'er the thorny paths below,
 And from earth's low defilements keep thee back :
 So, when a few fleet severing years have flown,
 She'll meet thee at Heaven's gate—and lead thee on !
 Weep not for her !

OMNES.

Beautiful—beautiful—beautiful—beautiful indeed !

NORTH.

James, now that you have seen us in summer, how do you like the Lodge ?

SHEPHERD.

There's no sic anither house, Mr North, baith for elegance and comfort, in
 a' Scotland.

NORTH.

In my old age, James, I think myself not altogether unentitled to the lux-
 uries of learned leisure—Do you find that sofa easy and commodious ?

SHEPHERD.

Easy and commodious ! What ! it has a' the saftness o' a bed, and a' the
 coolness o' a bank ; yielding rest without drowsiness, and without snoring re-
 pose.

TICKLER.

No sofa like a chair ! See, James, how I am lying and sitting at the same
 time ! carelessly diffused, yet—

SHEPHERD.

You're a maist extraordinary feegur, Mr Tickler, I humbly confess that, wi'
 your head embedded in a cushion, and your een fixed on the roof like an as-
 tronomer ; and your endless legs stretched out to the extremities o' the yearth ;
 and your lang arms hanging down to the verra floor, atower the bend o' the
 chair-settee, and only lift up, wi' a magnificent wave, to bring the bottom o' the
 glass o' cauld punch to rest upon your chin ; and wi' that tamboured waistcoat
 o' the fashion o' aughty-ought, like a meadow yellow wi' dandy lions ; and
 breeks—

TICKLER.

Check your hand, and change your measure, my dear Shepherd.—Oh ! for a
 portrait of North !

SHEPHERD.

I daurna try't, for his ee masters me ; and I fear to tak the same leeberties
 wi' Mr North that I sometimes venture upon wi' you, Mr Tickler. Yet, oh
 man ! I like him weel in that black neckerchief : it brings out his face grandly
 —and the green coat o' the Royal Archers gies him a Robin-Hoodish charac-

ter, that makes ane's imagination think o' the umbrage o' auld oaks, and the glimmering silence o' forests.

TICKLER.

He blushes.

SHEPHERD.

That he does—and I like to see the ingenuous blush o' bashfu' modesty on a wrinkled cheek. It proves that the heart's-blood is warm and free, and the circulation vigorous. Deil tak me, Mr North, if I dinna think you're something like his majesty the King.

NORTH.

I am proud that you love the Lodge. There! a bold breeze from the sea! Is not that a pleasant rustle, James, and lo! every sail on the Frith is dancing on the blue bosom of the waters, and brightening like seamews in the sunshine!

SHEPHERD.

After a', in het wather, there's naething like a marine villa. What for dinna ye big a Yott?

NORTH.

My sailing days are over, James; but mine is now the ship of Fancy, who can go at ten knots in a dead calm, and carry her sky-scrapers in a storm.

SHEPHERD.

Nae wonder, after sic a life o' travel by sea and land, you should hae found a hame at last, and sic a hame! A' the towers, and spires, and pillars, and pinnacles, and bewilderments o' blue house-roofs, seen frae the tae front through amang the leafy light o' interceptin' trees—and frae the other, where we are noo sitting, only here and there a bit sprinklin' o' villas, and then atower the grove-heads seeming sae thick and saft, that you think you might lie down on them and tak a sleep, the murmuring motion o' the never-weary sea! Oh, Mr North, that you would explain to me the nature o' the tides!

NORTH.

When the moon—

SHEPHERD.

Stap, stap, I couldna command my attention wi' yon bonny brig huggin' the shores o' Inch-Keith sae lovingly—at first I thocht she was but a breakin' wave.

NORTH.

Wave, cloud, bird, sunbeam, shadow, or ship—often know I not one from the other, James, when half-sleeping half-waking, in the debateable and border land between realities and dreams,

“My weary length at noon-tide would I stretch,
And muse upon the world that wavers by.”

TICKLER.

Yet I never saw you absent in company, North.

NORTH.

Nor, I presume, spit on the carpet.

SHEPHERD.

The ane's just as bad as the ither, or rather the first's the worst o' the twa. What right has ony man to leave his ugly carease in the room, by itsel', without a soul in't? Surely there could be nae cruelty or uncourtesy in kickin' out i' the door. Absent in company indeed!

TICKLER.

Look at the minny's face, with his mouth open and his eyes fixed on the carpet, his hand on his chin, and his head a little to the one side—in a fit of absence.

NORTH.

Thinking, perhaps, about ginger-beer or a raddish.

SHEPHERD.

Or determining which pair o' breeks he shall draw on when he gangs out to sooper,—or his mind far awa in Montgomery's shop, tasting something sweet,—or makin' profoun' calculation about buyin' a second-hand gig,—or thinkin' himsel' waitin' for a glass o' mineral water at St Bernard's wall,—or tryin' on a foraging-cap for sleepin' in catches,—or believin' himsel' stannin'

at the window o' a prént-shop, lookin' at Miss Foote's *pas seul*,—or forgettin' he's no in the kirk, and nae occasion to be sleepy,—or deluded into a belief that he is spittin ower a brig—or——

TICKLER.

Stop, James, stop. You are a whale running off with a thousand fathom——

SHEPHERD.

Thank ye, Mr Tickler. I was beginnin' to get ower copious. But—— I wonder what made me think the noo o' the Author o' the Modern Athens. What for did na ye tak him through hauns, Mr North?

NORTH.

Because I think him a man of some talent; and, for the sake of talent, I can overlook much, seeing that blockheads are on the increase.

SHEPHERD.

On the increase, say ye?

NORTH.

I fear so. Now, he is miserably poor—and knowing that many dull dogs dine at shilling ordinaries (beef, bread, and beer, with some vegetables) regularly once a-day, when he, who is really a man of merit, can afford to do so only on Tuesdays and Fridays, he naturally gets irritated and misanthropical; and what wonder, if, on the dinnerless afternoons, he writes what he would not commit on a full stomach, and much that he would sincerely repent of over a tureen of hotch-potch or a haggis?

TICKLER.

You hear the rumbling of empty bowels, poor fellow, in his happiest passages.

SHEPHERD.

But wull you tell me that being puir's ony reason for being a blackguard?

NORTH.

You mistake me—I did not say, James, that the author of Modern Athens is absolutely a blackguard. The usage, too, that he met with in his native country—literally kicked out of it, you know, could not but ruffle and sour his temper; and such is my opinion both of his head and heart, that, but for that unlucky application to his posteriors, I verily believe he might have been somewhat of an honest man, and a libeller merely of foreign countries.

SHEPHERD.

Weel—it's verra gude in you, Mr North, to make sic an ingenious defence for the sconnel; but I canna forgie him for abusin' alike the lassies and the leddies o' Scotland.

NORTH.

There are lassies and leddies in Scotland, my dear James, of whom you know nothing—houses where, it is obvious from his writings, the author of Modern Athens must have had his howf;—and really, when one considers from what originals he painted his portraits of Edina's girlery, the wonder is that his daubings are not even more disgusting than they are; but the likenesses are strong, although his nymphs must have been unsteady sitters.

TICKLER.

Poor devil! suppose we send him a few pounds——

SHEPHERD.

I wad dae nae sic thing. You canna serve sic chiefs by charity. It does them nae gude. Neither am I convinced that he would nae tell lees when he's no hungry. Yon was na a solid argument about the empty stomach. Sic a neerdoweel wad na scruple to utter falsehoods in the face o' a round o' beef. Cram him till he's like to burst, and he'll throw up anything but truth—loosen his shirt-neck when he's lyin' dead-drunk on a form, and he'll unconsciously ettle at a lee in maudlin syllablings, till his verra vomit is a libel, and falsehood rancifies the fume o' the toasted cheese that sickness brings harlin' out o' his throat in a gin-shower aneuch to sicken a fulzie-man.

NORTH.

Stop, James, stop—that's out of all bounds——

TICKLER.

By the by, North, I have a letter from Mullion in my pocket, apologizing,

I believe, for not dining here to-day. There it is, folded up in the Secretary's usual business-like style.

Why, it's an article.

NORTH (reading).

SHEPHERD.

An article—let's hear't. Mullion and me never agrees verra weel in company; but when he's absent I hae a great kindness for him, and naebody can dispute his abeelities.

NORTH.

It seems a sort of parody.

THE BATTLE OF THE BLOCKHEADS.

BY MR SECRETARY MULLION.

AIR—"Battle of the Baltic."

Of Wastle, Hogg, and North,
Sing the glory and renown,
And of Tickler, who came forth
With his bald and shining crown,
As their pens along our page brightly shone;
The knout and sereing brand,
In each bold determined hand,
While ODoherty jappann'd
Led them on.

Turnipologist and Stot,
All the breeds of Whiggish kine,
Trembled when the streamers flew
Over Blackwood's gallant line:
The twentieth of October was the time:
As they scoured proud Learning's path,
Every blockhead dreamt of death,
And Hunt held his stiinking breath,
For a time.

But Maga's rage was flush'd
In her garb of olive green;
And her foes, as on she rush'd,
Wish'd for greater space between.
"Pens of pluck!" the Tories cried, when each Gun,
With wit, intellect, and nous,
Did pound, pommel knaves, and souse,
Like blithe kitten with poor mouse
Making fun.

They play! they slay! they slay!
While untooth'd for all attack,
The old woman o'er the way
To our cheer a scraugh gave back;—
As sibyl-like she mutter'd our dark doom:—
Then fled with draggled tail;
While her young men took leg-bail,
Raising ullaloo and wail
In their gloom.

Blue and Yellow was hail'd then,
 By our Editor so brave ;
 " We are victors, yet are men,
 And old Jeffrey we would save,
 From the wise at your prophecies who sneeze :
 Then bid Bryan Proctor beat
 To dramaticals retreat,
 And bring Hazlitt to our feet
 On his knees."

Then the London blest our North,
 That he let the dull repose ;
 And the plaudits of his worth,
 Spake each Cockney through his nose,
 Glad to bundle off whole-skinned from the fray ;
 But all England laugh'd outright
 At their poor and piteous plight,
 And subscribers taking flight,
 Waned away.

Now joy, bold comrades, raise !
 For these tidings of our might,
 By this lamp, whose patent blaze
 Holds photometers in spite ;
 But yet, amid fun, fuddle, and uproar,
 Let us think of Tims, who keeps
 Hand on hinderland, and weeps
 That no golden grain he reaps
 From Victoire !—

Lean pates! to Whiggish pride
 Aye so faithful and so true,
 Who in pan of scorn were fried,
 With grey Jerry the old shrew :
 The Westminster's fond wings o'er you wave !
 While loud is Hazlitt's growl,
 And Hunt and Hone condole,
 Singing sonnets to the soul
 Of each knave !

SHEPHERD.

It souns as gin it was gude—but I'm sick o' a' that clan, and canna be amused wi' even true wut wasted upon them ; besides, the dougs hae had their day—hae died o' the mänge, and been buried in the dunghill.

TICKLER.

There, my dear bard, conquer your disgust by a peep into this volume.

SHEPHERD.

Dog on't, Mr Tickler, gin I had na jooked there, you had felled me—but—oo ay !—a volumn o' Mrs Radcliffe's Posthumous Warks. Poens, too ! I'm sure they'll be bonny, for she was a true genius.

TICKLER.

Kit, smoke his eyes, how they glare !

SHEPHERD.

The description is just perfectly beautiful'. Here's the way o' readin' out poetry.

“ On the bright margin of Italia’s shore,
Beneath the glance of summer-noon we stray,
And, indolently happy, ask no more
Than cooling airs that o’er the ocean play.

“ And watch the bark, that, on the busy strand,
Washed by the sparkling tide, awaits the gale,
Till, high among the shrouds, the sailor band
Gallantly shout, and raise the swelling sail.

“ On the broad deck a various group recline,
Touch’d with the moonlight, yet half-hid in shade;
Who, silent, watch the bark the coast resign,
The Pharos lessen, and the mountains fade.

“ We, indolently happy, watch alone
The wandering airs that o’er the ocean stray,
To bring some sad Venetian sonnet’s tone,
From that lone vessel floating far away!”

NORTH.

I wish you would review these four volumes, James, for next Number.

SHEPHERD.

Tuts—What’s the use o’ revewin’? Naething like a skreed o’ extracts into a magazeen taken in the kintra. When I fa’ on, tooth and nail, on an article about some new wark, oh, Mr North, but I’m wud when I see the creatur that’s undertaken to review’t, settin’ himsel wi’ clenched teeth to compose a philosophic creeticism, about the genius o’ an owther that every man kens as weel as his ain face in the glass—and then comparing him with this, and contrastin’ him wi’ that—and informin’ you which o’ his warks are best, and which warst, and which middlin’—balancin’ a genius against himsel, and setting his verra merits against his character and achievements—instead o’ telling you at aince what the plot is about, and how it begins, and gangs on, and is wunded up; in short, pithy hints o’ the characters that feegur throughout the story, and a maisterly abridgement o’ facts and incidents, wi’ noo and then an elucidatory observation, and a glowing panegyric; but, aboon a’ things else, lang, lang, lang extracts, judiciously seleckit, and lettin’ you ken at aince if the owther has equalled or excelled himsel’, or if he has struck out a new path, or followed the auld ane into some unsuspected scenery o’ bonny underwood, or lofty standards—or whether—but I’m out o’ breath, and maun hae a drink—Thank you, Mr North—that’s the best bowl you’ve made yet.

TICKLER.

I never had any professed feeling of the super or preter-natural in a printed book. Very early in life, I discovered that a ghost, who had kept me in a cold sweat during a whole winter’s midnight, was a tailor who haunted the house, partly through love, and partly through hunger, being enamoured of my nurse, and of the fat of ham which she gave him with mustard, between two thick shaves of a quartern loaf, and afterwards a bottle of small-beer to wash it down, before she yielded him the parting-kiss. After that I slept soundly, and had a contempt for ghosts, which I retain to this day.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, it’s verra different wi’ me. I should be feared yet even for the ninth part o’ a ghost, and I fancy a tailor has nae mair;—but I’m no muckle afeket by reading about them—an oral tradition out o’ the mouth o’ an auld grey-headed man or woman is far best, for then you canna dout the truth o’ the tale, unless ye dout a’ history thegither, and then, to be sure, you’ll end in universal skepticism.

NORTH.

Don’t you admire the romances of the Enchantress of Udolpho?

SHEPHERD.

I hae nae doubt, sir, that had I read Udolpho and her ither romances in my boyish days, that my hair would hae stood on end like that o' ither folk, for, by nature and education baith, ye ken, I'm just excessive superstitious. But afore her volumes fell into my hauns, my soul had been frichtened by a' kinds of traditionary terrors, and mony hunder times hae I maist swarfed wi' fear in lonesome spats in muirs and woods, at midnight, when no a leevin thing was movin but mysel and the great moon. Indeed, I canna say that I ever fan' mysel alane in the hush o' darkened nature, without a beatin at my heart; for a sort o' spiritual presence aye hovered about me—a presence o' something like and unlike my ain being—at times felt to be solemn and nae mair—at times sae awfu' that I wushed myself nearer ingle-licht—and ance or twice in my lifetime, sae terrible that I could hae prayed to sink down into the moss, sae that I micht be saved frae the quaking o' that ghostly wilderness o' a world that was na for flesh and bluid!

NORTH.

Look—James—look—what a sky!

SHEPHERD.

There'll be thunder the morn. These are the palaces o' the thunder, and before day-break every window will pour forth lichtnin'. Mrs Radcliffe has weel described mony sic, but I have seen some that can be remembered, but never, never painted by mortal pen; for after a', what is ony description by us puir creturs o' the works o' the Great God?

NORTH.

Perhaps it is a pity that Mrs Radcliffe never introduced into her stories any real ghosts.

SHEPHERD.

I canna just a'together think sae. Gin you introduce a real ghost at a', it maun appear but seldom—seldom, and never but on some great or dread account—as the ghost o' Hamlet's father. Then, what difficulty in makin' it speak with a tomb-voice! At the close o' the tale, the mind would be shocked unless the dead had burst its cearments for some end which the dead alane could have accomplished—unless the catastrophe were worthy an Apparition. How few events, and how few actors would, as the story shut itself up, be felt to have been of such surpassing moment as to have deserved the very laws o' nature to have been in a manner changed for their sakes, and shadows brought frae among the darkness o' burial-places, that seem to our imaginations locked up frae a' communion wi' the breathin' world!

NORTH.

In highest tragedy, a Spirit may be among the dramatis personæ—for the events come all on processionally, and under a feeling of fate.

SHEPHERD.

There, too, you see the ghost, and indifferently personated though it may be, the general hush proves that religion is the deepest principle o' our nature, and that even the vain shows o' a theatre can be sublimed by an awe-struck sadness, when, revisiting the glimpses o' the moon, and makin' night hideous, comes glidin' in and awa' in cauld unringin' armour, or unsubstantial vapour, a being whose eyes aince saw the cheerfu' sun-light, and whose footsteps aince brought out echoes frae the flowery earth.

NORTH.

In this posthumous tale of Mrs Radcliffe—I forget the name—a real ghost is the chief agent, and is two or three times brought forward with good effect; but I confess, James, that, agreeably to your excellent observations, I became somewhat too much hand-in-glove with his ghostship, and that all supernatural influence departed from him through too frequent intercourse with the air of the upper world.

TICKLER.

Come, James, be done with your palavering about ghosts, you brownie, and "gie us anither sang."

SHEPHERD.

Wi' a' my heart. What'll you hae? But beggars shou'd na be chusers,
sae here it gaes.

O weel befa' the maiden gay,
In cottage, bught, or penn ;
And weel befa' the bonny May
That wons in yonder glen,
Wha lo'es the modest truth sae weel—
Wha's aye say kind, an' aye sac leal,
An' pure as blooming asphodel,
Amang sae mony men.
O weel befa' the bonny thing,
That wons in yonder glen.

'Tis sweet to hear the music float
Alang the gloaming lea ;
'Tis sweet to hear the blackbird's note
Come pealing frae the tree ;
To see the lambkin's lightsome race—
The dappled kid in wanton chase—
The young deer cower in lonely place,
Deep in his flowery den ;
But sweeter far the bonny face
That smiles in yonder glen.

O, had it no been for the blush
Of maiden's virgin-flame,
Dear Beauty never had been known,
And never had a name.
But aye sin' that dear thing of blame
Was modell'd by an angel's frame,
The power of Beauty reigns supreme
O'er a' the sons of men ;
But deadliest far the sacred flame
Burns in a lonely glen.

There's beauty in the violet's vest—
There's hinny in the haw—
There's dew within the rose's breast,
The sweetest o' them a'.
The sun will rise an' set again,
And lace with burning gowd the main—
And rainbow bend outower the plain,
Sae lovely to the ken ;
But lovelier far my bonny thing,
That smiles in yonder glen.

NORTH.

Better and better. I see, James, that Allan Cunningham has included some
of your lyrics in his late Collection of the Songs of Scotland.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, man! I wush you would lend me the wark. Is't a gude collekshon,
d'ye opine?

NORTH.

A very good collection, indeed, James. Allan is occasionally very happy in
his ardent eulogy of his country's lyrical genius, and one loves to hear a man
speaking about a species of poetry in which he has himself excelled.

SHEPHERD.

I'm thinkin' you wad scarcely trust me wi' the reviewin' o' Allan Kinni-

gam's wark—for you'll be for doin' yoursel—though I wud do't a hantle better, wi' mair nature and knowledge, too, if wi' fewer fine-spun theories. But you're gettin desperate conceited, and mair especially o' what you execute waurst.

NORTH.

Come, James, be less severe, and I will sing you one of Allan's songs.

SHEPHERD.

Huts, ye never sung a sang i' your life—at least never that I heard tell o';—but to be sure you're a maist extraordinary cretur, and can do onything you hae a mind to try.

NORTH.

My voice is rather cracked and tremulous—but I have sung Scotch airs, James, of old, with Urbani.

My Ain Countree.

THE sun rises bright in France
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countree.
O! gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countree!

O! it's not my ain ruin
That saddens aye my ee,
But the love I left in Galloway,
Wi' bonnie bairns three;
My hamely hearth burn'd bonnie,
And smiled my fair Marie—
I've left a' my heart behind me
In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,
An' the blossom to the bee,
But I win back—oh, never!
To my ain countree!
I'm leal to the high heaven,
Which will be leal to me;
An there I'll meet ye a' soon
Frae my ain countree!

SHEPHERD.

Weel, I never heard the like o' that in a' my days. Deevil tak me gin there be sic a perfectly beautiful singer in a' Scotland. I prefer you to baith Peter Hill and David Wylie, and twa bonnier singers you'll no casier hear in "house or ha", by coal or candle light." But do you ken, I'm desperate sleepy.

TICKLER.

Let's off to roost.

NORTH.

Stop till I ring for candles.

SHEPHERD.

Cawnles! and sic a moon! It wad be perfect blasphemy—doonright atheism. But heh, sirs, it's het, an' I'se sleep without the sark the night.

NORTH.

Without a sark, James! "a mother-naked man!"

SHEPHERD.

I'm a bachelor ye ken, the noo, sae can tak my ain way o't—Gude nicht, sir—gude nicht—We've really been verra pleasant, and our meetin' has been maist as agreeable as ane o' the

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Dr Barry, of Paris, is preparing for the press, *Experimental Researches on the influence of Atmospheric Pressure upon the Venous Circulation, Absorption, and the Prevention and Cure of Hydrophobia, and the Symptoms arising from every Species of Poisoned Wounds.*

A Manuscript has, it is stated, been recently found in the Castle of Péguet, Canton de Vaud, which contains a particular Account of the Wars between the Swiss and Savoyards, and the Campaigns of Henry IV. of Savoy.

Mr Lass, author of the "Journey to Rome and Naples," is preparing for the press a History of the Arts of Painting and Sculpture in England, as far as is connected with his own time; detailing their progress for the last twenty-five years; with Remarks on the Works of the Artists during that Period, giving an Account of the different Institutions, and drawing a Comparison between the British School of Painting and the modern Schools of France and Italy, &c. &c.

A Work, entitled *Wisdom and Happiness, containing Selections from the Bible, from Bishops Patrick, Taylor, &c.* is printing, by the Rev. H. Watkins, A. M.

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Mr Bodden's Life of Mrs Siddons is very nearly printed.

The Secret Correspondence of Madame de Maintenon and the Princess des Ursins, from the Original MSS. in the possession of the Duke de Choiseul, is on the eve of publication.

The first Part of the Work some time since announced as preparing for publication by Mr Dawson Turner, on British Autographs, will soon appear. This Portion will consist of Specimens of the Handwriting of the Kings and Queens of England, and of the different Branches of the Royal Family, from the Reign of Richard II. until the present time.

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The Gypsy, a Tale of Romance; from the German of Laune, by the Translator of "Popular Stories of Northern Nations," is in a state of forwardness, and will shortly appear.

Mr Bernard Barton has a new work in the press, entitled "The Missionary's Memorial; or, Verses on the death of John Lawson, late Missionary at Calcutta."

Preparing for publication by Messrs Nichols and Son, 25, Parliament Street, uniform with Neale and Brayley's History of Westminster Abbey, "An Historical, Topographical, and Statistical Account of the City of Westminster, including Biographical Anecdotes of eminent and illustrious Individuals connected with the City." This work will, we understand, contain a complete review of the Manners and Customs of the Court at Whitehall during the interesting reigns comprised within the 16th and 17th centuries.

A Natural and Topographical History of Dorking and its neighbourhood, is preparing for the press. By Dr Smith.

The late Rev. John Lawson has left for publication a volume of poetry, to be entitled, "Flowers gathered in Exile."

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A combined View of the Prophecies, by Mr Frere, is announced for early publication.

The Rev. G. F. Roland is printing at his private press, *Harmonical Grammars* of the principal Ancient and Modern Languages; viz. The Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, and Samaritan, the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, and Modern Greek. Also, the Expectations formed by the Persians that a great Deliverer would appear about the time of our Lord's Advent, demonstrated.

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EDINBURGH.

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The Edinburgh Annual Register for 1825.

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The History of Scotland, from the Earliest Period to the Middle of the Ninth Century; being an Essay on the Ancient History of the Kingdom of the Gaelic Scots,—the extent of the Country—its Laws—Population—Poetry—and Learning. By the Rev. Alex. Low, A.M. Corresponding Member of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, Aberdeen.

* * * The attention of the Author was directed to this subject by an Advertisement of the Highland Society of London, making offer of a Premium "to the Author of the best Essay on the Ancient History of the Kingdom of the Gaelic Scots,—the extent of the Country,—its Laws—Population—Poetry—and Learning. He was fortunate enough to gain the prize and medal of the Society. Since that time the work has received many additions."

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2d, ... 30s. 0d.	2d, ... 22s. 0d.	2d, ... 20s. 0d.	2d, ... 19s. 0d.
3d, ... 28s. 6d.	3d, ... 20s. 0d.	3d, ... 18s. 0d.	3d, ... 18s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1, 9s. 9d.

Tuesday, June 13.

Beef (16 oz. per lb.)	0s. 4½d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.
Mutton	0s. 5½d. to 0s. 7d.	Potatoes (14 lb.)	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 5d. to 0s. 9d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	0s. 8d. to 0s. 10d.
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Tallow, per stone	5s. 6d. to 6s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 7d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—June 16.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 30s. 6d.	1st, ... 23s. 0d.	1st, ... 22s. 6d.	1st, ... 19s. 0d.	1st, ... 18s. 0d.
2d, ... 28s. 6d.	2d, ... 20s. 0d.	2d, ... 19s. 0d.	2d, ... 17s. 0d.	2d, ... 16s. 0d.
3d, ... 26s. 6d.	3d, ... 19s. 0d.	3d, ... 16s. 0d.	3d, ... 15s. 0d.	3d, ... 14s. 0d.

Average of Wheat £1, 9s. 5-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended June 10.

Wheat, 59s. 2d.—Barley, 30s. 0d.—Oats, 24s. 4d.—Rye, 40s. 9d.—Beans, 39s. 2d.—Pease, 38s. 9d.

Average by Imperial quarter—Wheat, 59s.—Barley, 29s. 10d.—Oats, 24s. 1d.—Rye, 34s. 11d.—Beans, 39s. 4d.—Pease, 39s. 5d.

London, Corn Exchange, June 12.

Liverpool, June 6.

London		Liverpool	
s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, red, old	40 to 46	Wheat, per 70 lb.	8 3 to 9 6
Red, new	— to —	Eng.	0 0 to 0 0
Fine ditto	44 to 52	Old	8 0 to 8 3
Superfine ditto	44 to 58	Scotch	7 6 to 8 10
White	54 to 58	Irish	4 0 to 4 6
Fine ditto	50 to 58	Bonded	3 6 to 4 0
Superfine ditto	62 to 65	Barley, per 60 lbs.	3 6 to 4 0
Rye	28 to 32	Eng.	3 10 to 4 6
Barley	22 to 26	Scotch	3 6 to 4 0
Fine ditto	26 to 28	Irish	3 6 to 4 0
Superfine ditto	29 to 30	Foreign	3 6 to 4 0
Malt	41 to 50	Oats, per 45 lb.	3 0 to 3 3½
Fine	52 to 58	Eng.	3 0 to 3 3½
Hog Pease	36 to 38	Irish	3 0 to 3 3½
Maple	33 to 42	Scotch	3 0 to 3 3½
Maple, fine	— to —	For. in bond	— to —

Seeds, &c.

Tares, per bsh.	5 6 to 5 6	Rye Grass,	22 to 26 0
Must. White,	14 to 21 0	Ribgrass,	24 to 28 0
— Brown, new	10 to 19 0	Clover, red cwt.	42 to 70 0
Turnips, bsh.	15 to 20 0	— White	50 to 68 0
— Red & green	0 to 0	Foreign red	40 to 60 0
— White,	14 to 21 0	— White	— to —
Caraway, cwt.	28 to 35 0	Coriander	16 to 24 0
Canary, per qr.	105 to 110 0	Trefoil	20 to 31 0
Cinque Foïn	45 to 55 0	Lintseed feed,	32 to 37 0

Rape Seed, per last, £25, to £29.

Amer. p. 196 lb.	28 0 to 30 0
Sweet, U.S.	28 0 to 30 0
Do. in bond	—
Sour bond	0 to —
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	25 0 to 27 0
English	26 0 to 32 0
Scotch	25 0 to 27 0
Irish	25 0 to 31 0
Bran, p. 24 lb.	— to —

Butter, Beef, &c.

Butter, p. cwt.	50 0 to 55 0
Belfast	50 0 to 55 0
Newry	50 0 to 55 0
Waterford	81 0 to 84 0
Cork, pic. 2d.	82 0 to 84 0
3d dry	66 0 to 68 0
Beef, p. tierce.	95 0 to 107 0
— Mess	60 0 to 63 0
Pork, p. bl.	54 0 to 64 0
— Mess	28 0 to 33 0
Bacon, p. cwt.	50 0 to 54 0
Short mids.	48 0 to 50 0
Sides	48 0 to 50 0
Hams, dry,	48 0 to 52 0
Green	34 0 to 36 0
Lard, rd. p. c.	40 0 to 42 0

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 24th May 1825.

	1st.	8th.	18th.	24th.
Bank stock,	—	200 199½	200¾	201½ 1/8
3 per cent. reduced,	76¾ 7½	77½	77¾ 1/4	77¾ 8/8
3 per cent. consols,	77¾ 8½	77½ 8½	78¾ 1/4	78¾ 5/8
3½ per cent. consols,	—	—	84¾ 5/8	84¾ 5/8
New 4 per cent. cons.	99¾ 4	94¾ 4¾	94¾ 3/8	95¾ 1/4
India stock,	—	223¾ 9¾	235 3/4	234
— bonds,	5 7	9	9 10	7
Exchequer bills,	9 10	10 9	9 10	8 9
Exchequer bills, sm.	9 10	9 11	9 10	8 9
Consols for acc.	78 7¾ 8¼	77 7/8 8¼	78 1/4 1/4	78 5/8 9 7/8
Long Annuities,	—	18¾ 11-16	18¾ 13-16	18¾ 3/4
French 5 per cents.	95f. 80c.	—	96 f. 15c.	95f.

Course of Exchange, June 13.—Amsterdam, 12 . 9. C. F. Ditto at sight, 12 : 6, Rotterdam, 12 : 10. Antwerp, 12 : 10. Hamburg, 37 : 10. Altona, 37 : 11. Paris. 3 d. sight, 25 : 70. Ditto, 25 : 95. Bourdeaux, 25 : 95. Frankfort on the Maine, 156. Petersburg, per rble. 8½ 3 U. Berlin, 7 : 0. Vienna, Eff. FL 10 : 28. Trieste, 10 : 28. Madrid, 35. Cadiz, 35. Bilboa, 35. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 35. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 47. Genoa, 43. Venice, 46 : 0. Malta, —. Naples, 38. Palermo, per oz. 114. Lisbon, 50½. Oporto, 50¾. Buenos Ayres, 43. Rio Janeiro, 41½. Bahia, 45. Dublin, — per cent. Cork, — per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. per oz. New Dollars, 0s. 0d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11½d.

PRICES CURRENT, June 10.—London 13.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
SUGAR, Musc.				
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	56 to 60	51 55	52 56	50 52
Mid. good, and fine mid.	62 72	59 67	57 67	53 65
Fine and very fine, . .	74 78	— —	68 72	66 70
Refined Doub. Leaves, . .	106 114	101 105	— —	90 —
Powder ditto,	— —	— —	— —	87 95
Single ditto,	90 102	88 95	— —	85 86
Small Lumps,	82 88	82 88	— —	77 81
Large ditto,	80 84	80 84	— —	90 100
Crushed Lumps,	64 86	63 76	— —	— —
COLASSES, British, cwt.	24 24 6	23 —	— —	26s. —
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	54 —	48 51	52 56	40 65
Ord. good, and fine ord.	52 54	52 54	57 65	43 60
Mid. good, and fine mid.	62 85	62 85	67 88	72 90
Dutch Triage and very ord.	54 58	54 58	— —	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	60 68	60 68	— —	— —
Mid. good, and fine mid.	85 90	70 85	— —	— —
St Domingo,	— —	— —	52 54	— —
Pimento (in Bond,)	0 8d —	— 9½d —	0 8½d 9d	— —
SPIRITS,				
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s 8d —	2s 1d 2s 8d	2s 7d 3s 0d	2s 5d 2s 9d
Brandy,	3 6 3 9	— —	— —	3 5 4 0
Geneva,	2 0 2 2	— —	— —	2 1 2 3
Grain Whisky,	4 6 0 0	— —	— —	— —
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	— —	— —	— —	£18 £58
Portugal Red, pipe,	35 46	— —	— —	26 32
Spanish White, butt,	36 48	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe,	22 24	— —	— —	20 28
Madeira, . p 110 gall.	25 60	— —	— —	25 50
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton,	£5 5 10	5 5 10	£5 5 5 12 6	£5 15 6 0
Honduras,	5 10 5 15	5 10 5 15	5 15 6 15	5 5 —
Campeachy,	6 0 6 10	6 0 6 10	6 10 6 15	7 0 —
FUSTIC, Jamaica,	5 10 6 0	5 10 6 0	6 0 7 10	6 10 7 0
Cuba,	9 10	8 0 8 10	8 0 9 0	8 0 9 0
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	12s 13s 0	— —	— —	8s 6d 10s 6d
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 8 2 0	— —	1 4 1 6	— —
Ditto Oak,	3 6 4 0	— —	— —	— —
Christiansand (dut. paid,)	2 0 2 7	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany, . . .	1 4 1 10	1 4 1 10	1 0 1 6	1 1 1 4
St Domingo, ditto,	2 4 2 9	2 4 2 9	1 0 2 3	1 10 2 6
TAR, American, brl	18 19	18 19	11 6 14 0	10 —
Archangel,	20 —	20 —	— —	16 —
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10 0 10 6	— —	— —	7 0 8
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	35 36	35 36	34 35	32 —
Home melted,	45 —	— —	— —	28 —
HEMP, Polish Rhinc, ton,	48 —	— —	44 45	42 0 10
Petersburgh, Clean, . . .	42 43	— —	42 43	39 10 —
FLAX,				
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	37 —	— —	— —	£38 £—
Dutch,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Irish,	— —	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel,	— —	— —	— —	— —
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	— —	— —	— —	14 10 —
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . . .	38 —	— —	— —	26 —
Montreal, ditto,	35 —	26 —	25 6 26	28 —
Pot,	32 —	24 —	25 0 26 0	26 —
OIL, Whale, tun,	28 —	27 —	25 26	27 28
Cod,	26 27	26 27	— —	28 —
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	7½ —	7½ —	0 8 —	0 6½ 0 7
Middling,	5 5½	5 5½	0 3½ 0 5	0 3 3½
Inferior,	4 4½	4 4½	0 2½ 0 4½	0 0 —
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	— —	— —	0 6 0 8
Sea Island, fine,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Stained,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Middling,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	— —	— —	0 8½ 0 10
West India,	— —	— —	— —	0 8 0 9
Fernambuco,	— —	— —	— —	0 10½ 11
Maranham,	— —	— —	— —	— —

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.

May.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
May 1	M.30	29.999	M.49	Cble.	Morn. frost day fair.	May 17	M.42	29.788	M.68	W.	Fair, sunsh. warm.
	A. 46	.999	A. 58		Fair, sunsh. cold.	18	A. 65	.799	A. 68	SW.	Ditto.
2	M.41	.790	M.55	NW.	Fair, but cold.	19	M.44	.811	M.63	Cble.	Fair, sunsh. very warm.
	A. 49	.820	A. 55		Fair, with sunshine.	20	A. 61	.790	A. 64	Cble.	morn. frost, day sunsh.
3	M.34½	.960	M.47	E.	Ditto.	21	M.44	.650	M.63	SE.	sunshine. and warm.
	A. 40	.957	A. 49		Dull, end very cold.	22	A. 55	.656	A. 65	E.	Sunshine, very warm.
4	M.54	.938	M.50	E.	Fair, with sunshine.	23	M.41½	.669	M.62	E.	Foren. fog, aftrn. sunsh.
	A. 44	.933	A. 50		Ditto.	24	A. 50	.851	A. 59	E.	Foren. rain, aftrn. warm.
5	M.38	.988	M.49	NE.	Fair, with sunshine.	25	A. 59	.750	M.60	E.	Dull, rain night.
	A. 43	.990	A. 48		Ditto.	26	M.42½	.728	M.52	E.	Heavy rain most of day.
6	M.35	.968	M.47	NE.	Fair, with sunshine.	27	A. 47	.814	A. 51	E.	Dull, but fair.
	A. 42	.990	A. 47		Ditto.	28	M.43	.804	M.54	E.	Fair, with sunshine.
7	M.35	.991	M.48	E.	Fair, with sunshine.	29	A. 51	.806	A. 54	SE.	Morn. fog, day sunsh.
	A. 44	.984	A. 50		Ditto.	30	M.44½	.818	M.58	NE.	Morn. cold, dy wm. suns.
8	M.35½	.969	M.55	Cble.	Ditto.	31	A. 51	.792	A. 60	Cble.	Day dull, rain even.
	A. 45	.850	A. 51		Foren. rain, aftrn. fair.	Average of rain, 1.270.					
9	M.39	.808	M.51	Cble.	Showsers hail and rain.		A. 55	.859	A. 58		
	A. 45	.808	A. 50		Morn. cold, day sunsh.		M.42	.728	M.52		
10	M.39½	.722	M.54	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.		A. 47	.814	A. 51		
	A. 50	.809	A. 53		Morn. cold, day sunsh.		M.43	.804	M.54		
11	M.38½	.932	M.52	E.	Fair, with sunshine.		A. 51	.806	A. 54		
	A. 46	.995	A. 52		Morn. cold, day sunsh.		M.44½	.807	M.62		
12	M.34	.999	M.59	W.	Fair, with sunshine.		A. 61	.792	A. 60		
	A. 46	.999	A. 58		Morn. cold, rain aftrn.		M.43	.748	M.62		
13	M.40	.969	M.57	W.	Fair, sunsh. warm.		A. 56	.816	A. 59		
	A. 50	.902	A. 57		Morn. shwr. day warm.		M.44	.818	M.58		
14	M.44	.868	M.65	SW.	Fair, sunsh. warm.		A. 51	.792	A. 60		
	A. 60	.868	A. 60		Fair, sunsh. warm.		M.44½	.748	M.62		
15	M.44	.906	M.62	W.	Fair, sunsh. warm.		A. 55	.659	A. 61		
	A. 58	.906	A. 58		Fair, sunsh. warm.						
16	M.40½	.850	M.56	SW.	Fair, sunsh. warm.						
	A. 48	.814	A. 58		Fair, sunsh. warm.						

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

April.

Brevet. Capt. Burke, of 66 F. Major in the Army. 12 Aug. 1819	5 Dr. Gds. Cor. Sir W. H. St L. Clarke, Bt. Lt. by purch. vice Kennedy, prom. 5 Apr.
T. C. Graham, late Major in 1 F. local rank of Major upon the Continent, only 8 April 1826	T. M. Goodlake, Cor. do.
1 Life Gds. Cor. and Sub Lt. Hon. H. T. Leeson, Lt. by purch. vice Sydney, prom. 27 Feb.	Vet. Surg. Constant, from 3 Dr. Vet. Surg. vice Ryding, superseded 30 Mar.
Cor. and Sub-Lt. Hon. H. S. Law, do. by purch. vice Millerd, prom. 8 Apr.	6 Cor. and Riding Mas. Phillips, rank of Lt. 16 Feb.
C. G. du Pre, Cor. and Sub-Lt. 27 Feb.	7 Cor. Bolton, Lt. by purch. vice Corkran, prom. 8 Apr.
Sir E. Blackett, Bt. do. 8 Apr.	J. Cronyn, cor. by purch. vice Osborn, prom. 9 Mar.
2 Dr. Gds. Cor. Griffiths, Adj. vice Collins, 'res. Adj. only 16 Feb.	1 Dr. Cor. Hibbert, Lt. by purch. vice Eccles, prom. 8 Apr.
Cor. and Adj. Griffiths, rank of Lt. do.	J. Yates, cor. do.
3 Lt. Burnaby, Capt. by purch. vice Abercromby, prom. 8 Apr.	F. Thomas, do. by purch. vice Skipwith, prom. do.
Cor. Shewell, Lt. do.	5 Cor. Richardson, Lt. by purch. vice Floyer, ret. do.
J. T. G. Taubman, Cor. do.	W. Scott, Vet. Surg. vice Constant, 5 Dr. Gds. 30 Mar.
4 Cor. Dayrell, Lt. by purch. vice Brooke, prom. 9 Mar.	W. C. Shipley, Cor. 8 Apr.
H. J. Collingwood, Cor. 8 Apr.	Lt. Parly, Capt. vice R. Burrows, dead 30 Sept. 1825.
Surg. Micklam, from 50 F. Surg. vice Pypser, h. p. 6 do.	Cor. Bromwich, Lt. vice Murray, dead 12 Aug.
5 Capt. Crichton, Maj. by purch. vice Walker, ret. do.	G. A. Brownlow, Cor. do.
Lt. Gardner, Capt. do.	Cor. Ho. J. Arbuthot, Lt. by purch. vice Mitchell, prom. 8 Apr. 1826.
Cor. Martin, Lt. 5 do.	H. Creighton, Cor. do.
S. M'Call, Cor. do.	

7	Lt. Fringle, Capt. by purch. vice Cathcart, 22 F.	8 Apr.	Ens. Christie, Lt.	25 Mar.
	Cor. Hall, Lt. by purch. vice Lord Hope-toun, prom.	7 do.	— Stewart, do.	26 do.
	— Vivian, do.	8 do.	Lieut. Amiel, from h. p. 17 Dr. Lit.	27 Mar. 1826
	A. Houston, Cor.	do.	— Ashhurst from 46 F.	do. do.
8	Cor. Miller, Lt. by purch. vice Spooner, prom.	22 do.	— Mackie, from 39 F.	do. do.
			— Cain, from 14 F.	do. do.
10	Capt. Drummond, Maj. by purch. vice Arnold, prom.	8 do.	— Dore, from h. p. 24 F.	do. do.
	Lt. Wood, Capt.	do.	— Morshead, from 52 F.	do. do.
	Cor. Lyne, Lt.	do.	Ens. Moore, from 94 F.	do. 28 do.
	J. Musters, Cor.	do.	— Carr, from 52 F.	do. 29 do.
11	Cor. Handley, Lt. by purch. vice Stewart, prom.	do.	— Walsh, from 35 F.	do. 30 do.
	C. R. Hyndman, Cor.	do.	— Wheatstone, from 53 F.	do. 31 do.
12	Cor. Hamilton, Lt. by purch. vice Eng-land, prom.	do.	T. Shiel, late Lt. of 7 F.	do. 1 Apr.
	Cor. Dewes, Lt. vice Stewart, prom.	9 do.	Ens. Barr, do. by purch. vice Crossdale, prom.	8 do.
	F. H. Vane, Cor.	do.	— Hanna, from 1 Vet. Bn. Ens.	7 Apr. 1825
13	Capt. Brunton, Maj. by purch. vice Hig-gins, prom.	2 Mar.	R. Turton, Ens. by purch. 25 Mar. 1826	
	Lt. Maitland, Capt.	do.	W. Rainey, do.	26 do.
	Cor. Evered, Lt. by purch. vice Lang, 8 F.	17 Feb.	P. de Blaquiere, Ens. by purch.	8 Apr.
	Cor. Hart, Lt. vice Brown, prom.	8 Apr.	Lt. Ridd, from h. p. 60 F. Lt. vice Wheat-stone, 53 F.	13 do.
	R. Gethin, Cor.	do.	4	Capt. Scott, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt.
15	Cor. Raitt, Lt. by purch. vice Dundas, prom.	do.		8 Apr. 1825
	G. P. Bushe, Cor.	do.	Ens. Campbell, from 1 F. Ens. vice Clarke, prom.	28 Mar. 1826
	J. C. Baird, do. by purch. vice Berguer, prom.	22 do.	5	Lt. Gray, from 2 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Gal-braith, prom.
	Cor. Guest, Lt. by purch. vice Armstrong, prom.	8 do.		8 Apr. 1825
	B. N. Everard, Cor.	do.	— J. Spence, from 2 W.L.R. Lt. vice Derinzy, h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol.	23 Feb. 1826
	As. Surg. Mouat, from 13 F. As. Surg. vice Malloch, 46 F.	13 Mar.	6	Ens. Phibbs, from 1 Vet. Bn. 7 Apr. 1825
	Lt. Douglass, from 81 F. Lt. by purch. vice Smyth, prom.	22 Apr.		Lt. Duke, Capt. vice Cox, dead 28 Aug.
17	Lt. Fisk, Capt. by purch. vice Johnston, prom.	8 do.	7	Ens. Warrington, from 67 F. Lt. do.
	Cor. Elton, Lt.	do.		Ens. Hon. S. Hay, from 71 F. Lt. by purch. vice Moorsom, prom.
	— Barron, do. vice Loftus, prom.	9 do.		2 Mar. 1826
	N. B. F. Shawe, Cor.	8 do.		Hon. A. Hope, Lt. vice Blaney, prom.
	W. Parker, do.	9 do.	8	Ens. Stenhouse, from 3 Vet. Bn. Ens.
	Lt. Barron, Adj. vice Fisk, prom.	do.		7 Apr. 1825
Gren. Gds.	Capt. Barrett, Capt. and Lt.-Col. vice Col. Barclay, dead	6 do.		Surg. Mostyn, from 81 F. Surg. vice Cartan, prom.
	Ens. and Lt. Perceval, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Dawkins, prom.	8 do.	9	Lt. Hill, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lt.
	W. Thornton, Ens. and Lt.	do.	10	— Johnson, from do. do. vice Leard, prom.
	Ens. and Lt. Drummond, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Ellis, prom.	22 do.		7 do.
	T. A. Kimmis, Ens. and Lt.	do.		Ens. Strickland, Lt. by purch. vice Halli-fax, prom.
Colds. F. Gds.	2d Lt. Clitherow, from Rifle Brig. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Bentinck, prom.	8 do.		8 Apr.
				Pilkington, from 1 Vet. Bn. Ens.
8 F. Gds.	G. Moncrieffe, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Dixon, prom.	do.	11	Capt. Turner, Maj. by purch. vice Ogilvie, ret.
1 F.	Capt. Deuchar, Maj. by purch. vice Graham, ret.	6 do.		8 Apr. 1826
	Lt. Bland, Capt.	2 Mar.		— Willshire, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt.
	— Fletcher, do. by purch. vice Deuchar	6 Apr.		8 Apr. 1825
	Ens. Butt, Lt.	2 Mar.		Lt. Richmond, Capt. by purch.
	Ens. and Adj. Muller, rank of Lt.	3 do.		8 Apr. 1826
	Lt. Macleod, from h. p. Lt. vice Sargent, cancelled	9 do.		Ens. Dolphin, Lt.
	Ens. Ormsby, Lt. vice Wilson, dead 22 do.	do.		— Cook, Ens.
	— Byrne, do. vice Bilcher, dead 23 do.	do.	12	— Tedlie, from h. p. Ens. vice Russell
	Lt. Macpherson, from 2 W. L. R. Lt. vice Bland	24 do.		89 F.
	Ens. M'Kenzie, Lt. by purch. vice Fletch-er	6 Apr.	13	Lt. Hon. F. Howard, from h. p. vice Wilson. 52 F.
	— Ritchie, from 1 Vet. Bn. Ens.	7 Apr. 1825		30 do.
	— Carr, from h. p. 8 W. I. R. Ens. vice Ormsby	22 Mar. 1826		Serj. Maj. Hutchins, Adj. and Ens. vice Fenton, prom.
	W. D. Bedford, Ens. by purch. vice M'Kenzie	6 Apr.		13 Sep. 1825
	A. M. Wilmot, do. by purch. vice Camp-bell, 4 F.	7 do.		Hosp. As. John Robertson, As. Surg. vice Mouat, 16 Dr.
	F. Hoskins, do. vice Butt	8 do.		13 Mar. 1826
	R. Going, do. vice Byrne	9 do.		2d Lt. C. White, from Ceylon R. Ens. vice Pearson, dead
5	Maj. Wall, Lt. Col.	25 Mar.		13 Apr.
	Bt. Lt. Col. Cameron, Maj.	do.	14	Ens. Budd, Lt. by purch. vice White, 32 F.
	Bt. Maj. Bowen, from h. p. 81 F. Capt.	16 do.		16 Mar.
	Lt. Woods, Capt.	25 do.		Lt. Moir, from h. p. 37 F. Lt. vice Cain, 3 F.
	Capt. Daniell, from Riding Est. Capt.	26 do.		27 do.
			15	— Dewson, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Humphry, prom.
				9 Apr. 1825
				Ens. Elliott, from 1 do. Ens.
				7 do.
				J. Hay, Adj. and Ens. vice Bannister, prom.
				16 Feb. 1826
				Ens. Rudyerd, Lt. by purch. vice Barton, prom.
				22 Apr.
				C. W. Hird, Ens.
				do.
				2d Lt. Kellett, from h. p. 24 F. Ens. vice Prettejohn, 53 F.
				31 Mar.
				T. Douglass, Ens. by purch. vice Kellett, prom.
				22 Apr.
				Ens. Hudson, from 2 Vet. Bn. Ens. 7 do.
				— Dunne, Lt. by purch. vice Moore, 98 F.
				2 Mar.
				F. Wigston, Ens.
				16 do.
				As. Surg. Lewis, from 3 Vet. Bn. As. Surg.
				25 do.

- 19 Lt. Vignoles, Capt. by purch. vice Farquharson, prom. 8 Apr. do.
Ens. Mitchell, Lt. do.
— Elliott, from 2 Vet. Bn. Ens. 7 Apr. 1825
- 20 S. R. Delme, Ens. by purch. 8 Apr. 1826
Ens. M'Dermott, Lt. vice Moore, 15 F. 23 F.
- 24 F. H. Stephens, Ens. by purch. do.
2d Lt. Pentland, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Bigge, prom. 8 Apr. do.
Hon. J. Sinclair, 2d Lt. do.
Capt. Hon. G. Cathcart, from 7 Dr. Maj. by purch. vice Clayton, prom. do.
Ens. Boileau, from 2 Vet. Bn. Ens. 7 Apr. 1825
- 23 Lt. Sloane, Capt. by purch. vice St George, ret. 8 April, 1826
- 24 2 Lt. Losh, 1st Lt. do. do.
C. Crutchley, 2d Lt. do. do.
Ens. Cunynghame, Lt. by purch. vice Smyth, prom. do.
— Alcock, Ens. do. do.
- 25 — Spalding, Lt. vice Paschal, 77 F. 30 March do.
— Ilderton, do. by purch. vice Pounden, prom. 8 Apr. do.
J. O'Donnell, Ens. by purch. vice Irving, 61 F. 16 Mar. do.
M. C. Seton, do. 30 do. do.
Lt. Dixon, from 3 F. G. Capt. by purch. vice Burgh, ret. 8 Apr. do.
- 26 Lt. Bowles, from 32 F. Capt. by purch. vice Beetham, prom. do.
— Fraser, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lt. 7 Apr. 1825
— Thomas, from 54 F. Lt. vice Pigott, 90 F. 13 Apr. 1826
- 27 Ens. Maclean, Lt. by purch. vice Dutton, ret. 30 Mar. do.
— Goodman, do. by purch. vice D'Urban, prom. 8 Apr. do.
Ens. Bolton, from h. p. Ens. vice Tew, 2 W.I.R. do.
Capt. Raymond, from h. p. 40 F. Paym. vice Crowe, h. p. 9 do. do.
T. Grove, Ens. by purch. 13 Apr. do.
Ens. Calcraft, Lt. by purch. vice Berkeley, prom. 22 do. do.
J. Every, Ens. by purch. vice Sullivan, prom. 21 do. do.
F. P. Trapaud, Ens. 22 do. do.
- 29 Lt. Lucas, Capt. by purch. vice Deedes, 75 F. do. do.
Ens. Sheppard, Lt. do. do.
A. Hathorn, Ens. do. do.
- 30 T. R. Burrowes, Ens. vice Wilson, dead 16 Aug. 1825
Ens. Marechaux, Lt. vice Gregg, dead 6 Apr. 1826
- 31 E. R. Gregg, Ens. do. do.
Ens. Wetenhall, Lt. by purch. vice Ruxton, prom. 16 Mar. do.
J. C. Stock, Ens. vice Minchin, 38 F. 25 do. do.
- 32 Lt. Hon. A. Harley, from 87 F. Lt. vice Bowles, 26 F. 8 Apr. do.
- 33 W. S. Norton, Ens. by purch. vice Talbot, 43 F. do. do.
- 34 Lt. Weyland, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lt. 8 Apr. 1825
S. R. Streatfield, Ens. by purch. vice Hughes, prom. 8 Apr. 1826
W. W. Abney, do. by purch. vice Streatfield, 52 F. 22 do. do.
- 35 Cor. Hall, from h. p. 24 Dr. Ens. pay. diff. vice Walsh, 3 F. 30 Mar. do.
T. Faris, do. by purch. vice Hall, prom. 8 Apr. do.
Lt. Buchanan, from h. p. York Ran. Lt. 6 do. do.
- 36 Lt. Cocker, Capt. by purch. vice Gilbert, ret. 8 do. do.
Ens. Hon. F. Petre, Lt. do. do.
J. P. Taylor, Ens. do. do.
Lt. Shenley, Adj. vice Roberts, res. Adj. only 9 Mar. do.
Ens. Hay, from 82 F. Ens. vice Wake, prom. 22 Ap. do.
- 38 Lt. Law, Capt. vice Birch, dead 9 Sept. 1825
- Ens. Minchin, from 31 F. Lt. 9 Sept. do.
— Lowth, Lt. vice Torrens, dead, 11 do. do.
T. Jenkins, Ens. vice Maclean, cancelled 2 Mar. 1826
- 39 A. Whittle, do. vice Lowth 23 do. do.
Ens. Loraine, Lt. by purch. vice Hall, 7 F. 8 Apr. do.
— Douglas, from 3 Vet. Bn. Ens. 7 Apr. 1825
- 40 Gent. Cadet C. B. Lloyd, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 8 Apr. 1826
- 41 Hosp. As. Mackenzie, As. Surg. 12 do. do.
Capt. Corfield, from 77 F. Capt. vice Borrowes, dead 23 Mar. do.
2d Lt. Hay, from 60 Ft. Lt. by purch. vice Versurme, prom. 8 Ap. do.
- 42 Ens. Inglis, from 54 F. Lt. by purch. vice Gray, ret. 22 do. do.
Capt. Brauder, Maj. by purch. vice Cowell, ret. 8 do. do.
Lt. Campbell, Capt. do. do.
Ens. Hill, Lt. do. do.
C. Campbell, Ens. do. do.
- 43 Hosp. As. M'Gregor, As. Surg. 12 do. do.
Ens. Freer, Lt. by purch. vice Gosselin, prom. 8 do. do.
— Talbot, from 33 F. Ens. do. do.
— Mathias, Lt. vice Gledstones, dead 16 Aug. 1825
- Clarke, from 4 F. Lt. by purch. vice Langmead, prom. 4 Mar. 1826
J. D. Young, Ens. 16 Aug. 1825
- 45 Ens. Browne, from 13 F. Lt. by purch. vice Hawkins, 89 F. 13 Apr. 1826
— Du Vernot, Lt. by purch. vice Geddes, prom. 8 do. do.
G. H. Clarke, Ens. by purch. do. do.
A. M. Tulloch, do. by purch. vice Lewis, 89 F. 9 do. do.
- 46 Capt. Martin, from 3 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Miller, 24 F. 8 Apr. 1825
Lt. Bruce, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Gleeson, 90 F. do.
— Antrobus, from h. p. 13 F. Lt. vice Ashhurst, 3 F. 27 Mar. 1826
C. W. St. J. Wall, Ens. by purch. vice Leigh, prom. 8 Apr. do.
- 48 Maj. Taylor, Lt. Col. vice Erskine, dead 8 June 1825
Brev. Maj. Morisset, Maj. do. do.
Lt. Reed, Capt. do. do.
— Griffiths, from 2 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Smith, 60 F. 10 Apr. do.
Ens. M'Cleverty, do. vice Reed, 26 Aug. do.
— Bell, do. vice Vincent, dead 25 Mar. 1826
- 49 J. A. Erskine, Ens. do. do.
Ens. Vincent, Lt. by purch. vice Grubbe, prom. 8 Apr. do.
Lt. de Lisle, Capt. by purch. vice Campbell, prom. 22 do. do.
Ens. Keating, Lt. do. do.
C. Tyssen, Ens. 8 do. do.
- 50 Capt. Anderson, Maj. by purch. vice Campbell, ret. do. do.
Lt. Greenwood, Capt. do. do.
Ens. Baxter, Lt. do. do.
- 51 Ens. Isham, do. by purch. vice Estridge, prom. 22 do. do.
C. T. Vandeleur, Ens. do. do.
Capt. Moorsom, from h. p. Capt. paying diff. vice Monins, 90 F. 8 do. do.
Lt. Wilson, from 13 F. Lt. vice Morshead, 3 F. 27 Mar. do.
Ens. Hughes, from h. p. Ens. vice Carr, 3 F. 23 do. do.
- Cockcraft, Lt. by purch. vice King, prom. 22d Apr. do.
— Streatfield, from 54 F. Ens. do. do.
Ens. Prettjohn, from 16 Ens. F. vice Wheatstone, 3 F. 31 Mar. do.
Lt. Wheatstone, from 5 F. Lt. vice Bremer, h. p. 60 F. 13 Apr. do.
- 54 F. Lt. Wells, from 2 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Dalgety, 70 F. 9 Apr. do.
Ens. Clarke, do. vice Fenton, dead 16 Aug. do.
— Bayley, Ens. do. do.
Burton, Lt. by purch. vice Crofton, ret. 12 Apr. 1826
- Lt. Tincombe, from h. p. 30 F. do. vice Thomas, 26 F. 13 do. do.

- C. Daintry, Ens. by purch. vice Inglis, 41 F. 22 Apr. 1826
- 55 D. L. Fawsett, do. by purch. vice Allen, canc. 6 do.
- 56 Ens. Hunt, Lt. by purch. vice Murray, prom. 8 do.
W. Croke, Ens. do.
Lt. Vicars, Capt. by purch. vice Webster, prom. 22 do.
Ens. Keating, Lt. by purch. vice Keating, prom. 9 do.
— Hogg, do. 22 do.
J. F. Alymer, Ens. 9 do.
Ens. Keating, from 54 F. do. 22 do.
- 59 Lt. Arnold, from 2 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Leslie, 72 F. 8 Apr. 1825
Ens. Fuller, Lt. by purch. vice Amherst, prom. 8 Apr. 1826
- 60 R. B. Yates, Ens. do.
Brev. Maj. Fawcett, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. 9 Apr. 1825
2d Lt. Gibbons, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Smith, prom. 8 Apr. 1826
- 61 G. Bulmer, 2d Lt. do.
J. R. Peyton, do. by purch. vice Mason, prom. 9 do.
W. R. Faber, do. by purch. vice Browne, 85 F. 10 do.
W. F. Harvey, do. vice O'Meara, 2 W. I. R. 11 do.
C. O. Leman, do. by purch. vice Bell, 64 F. 12 do.
- 62 Ens. Barlow, Lt. by purch. vice Coghlan, prom. 8 do.
G. Ruddle, Ens. do.
- 63 Capt. Stewart, from 2 Vet. Bn. Capt. 8 Apr. 1825
- 64 Lt. Allt, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Penefather, prom. do.
Ens. Ward, do. by purch. vice Doyle, prom. 8 Apr. 1826
- 65 J. L. Smith, Ens. by purch. do.
Ens. Murray, Lt. by purch. vice Boates, prom. do.
2d Lt. Bell, from 60 F. Ens. do.
- 66 Lt. Cochrane, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lt. 8 Apr. 1825
Ens. Hon. H. B. Grey, Lt. by purch. vice Hunt, prom. 15 Apr. 1826
— Wise, Lt. by purch. vice Amsink, prom. 22 do.
Lt. Palmer, from 89 F. Lt. by purch. vice Mackay, h. p. 5 W. I. R. do.
E. St. V. Digby, Ens. 13 do.
F. P. O'Reilly, do. 22 do.
- 67 Serj. Maj. Steele, from Gren. Gds. Adj. and Ens. vice Nowlan, Ceyl. R. 23 Mar.
R. A. Gossett, Ens. vice Warrington, 6 F. 2 do.
- 68 Qua. Mast. Serg. W. Mew, Qua. Mast. vice Johnstone, dead 16 Feb.
- 69 Capt. Monins, from 52 F. Capt. vice Silver, h. p. rec. diff. 8 Apr.
H. B. Bennett, Ens. vice Ford, dead 2 Mar.
- 70 Lt. Fleeson, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lt. 8 Apr. 1825
Qua. Mast. Serj. Wilson, Qua. Mast. vice Norman, dead 13 do. 1826
- 71 F. Dolson, Ens. by purch. vice Strange ways, 7 F. 5 do.
G. M. Stack, do by purch. vice Hay, 7 F. 8 do.
- 72 Brev. Maj. Owen, Maj. by purch. vice Bamford, ret. 8 do.
Lt. Smith, Capt. do.
Ens. Pickney, Lt. do.
D. Daly, Ens. by purch. vice Williamson, prom. 7 do.
C. H. Colston, do. 8 do.
- 74 Capt. Harold, from 2 Vet. Bn. Capt. 8 Apr. 1825
Ens. M'Nabb, from h. p. 49 F. Ens. vice Kearnes, 2 W. I. R. 3 Mar. 1826
- 75 Lt. Salmon, Capt. by purch. vice Lord G. Bentinck, prom. 9 do.
Ens. Davison, Lt. do.
— Graham, do. by purch. vice Browne, prom. 8 Apr.
Gen. Cadet G. W. D. O'Hara, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. 9 Mar.
- E. C. Ansell, Ens. vice Ferguson, dead 10 Mar.
H. Boys, Ens. by purch. 8 Apr.
Capt. Atkins, Maj. by purch. vice M'Adam, prom. 22 do.
— Deedes, from 29 F. Capt. do.
Ens. Hon. R. Preston, Lt. by purch. vice Hall prom. do.
A. Jardine, Ens. do.
Lt. Paschal, from 25 F. Capt. vice Corfield, 41 F. 23 Mar.
— Butler, from 2 Vet. Bn. Lt. 8 Apr. 1825
- 78 Capt. Mill, Maj. by purch. vice Macpherson, ret. do. 1826
Lt. Hemmans, Capt. do.
Ens. Holyoake, Lt. do.
As. Surg. Henderson, Surg. vice Bolton, h. p. 23 Mar.
Hosp. As. Duncan, As Surg. 23 Feb.
F. Montgomery, Ens. by purch. 15 Apr.
Hosp. As. Thomson, As. Surg. 8 do.
Ens. Crombie, Lt. by purch. vice Maule, prom. 8 do.
— Fulton, do. by purch. vice Townsend, prom. 9 do.
R. Blinney, Ens. 8 do.
C. Cameron, do. 9 do.
- 80 Ens. West, Lieut. by purch. vice Moore, prom. 16 Mar.
R. Scheberras, Ens. do.
- 81 Ens. Reeves, Lt. by purch. vice Hamilton, prom. 8 Apr.
As. Surg. Holmes, from 17 Dr. Surg. vice Mostyn, 8 F. 23 Feb.
- 82 En. Spalin, Lt. by purch. vice Douglas, 16 Dr. 22 Apr.
R. Heyland, Ens. 8 do.
H. De Visme, do. 22 do.
Lt. Quill, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lt. 8 do.
T. Stopford, Ens. by purch. vice Hay, 36 F. 22 Apr. 1826
- 84 Ens. Franklyn, Lt. by purch. vice Clarke, prom. 8 do.
C. A. Dean, Ens. do.
- 85 Ens. Harris, Lt. by purch. vice Maitland, prom. do.
2d Lt. Browne, from 60 F. Ens. do.
- 86 Ens. Dalgety, Lt. vice Close, dead 23 Mar.
J. Gallevey, Ens. by purch. vice Jekyll, Gren. Gds. 18 Feb.
Genl. Cadet, J. J. Grant, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Usher, prom. 9 Mar.
B. J. Selway, Ens. 23 do.
Serj. Jerome, Quar. Mast. vice Gill, ret. do.
Lt. Nunn, Capt. by purch. vice Chadwick, prom. 22 Apr.
- 87 Ens. Ramsay, Lt. by purch. vice Harley, 32 F. 8 do.
C. Urquhart, Ens. 13 do.
- 89 Ens. Lewis, from 45 F. Lt. by purch. vice Macdonald, 80 F. 2 Mar.
— Russel, from 12 F. Lt. vice Mackie, 3 F. 27 do.
Lt. Gorse, from h. p. 3 W. I. R. Lt. vice Palmer, 65 F. 22 Apr.
- 90 — Pigott, from 26 F. Lt. vice Buckeridge, h. p. 30 F. 13 do.
- 91 Lt. Shedden, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Lamont, prom. 8 Apr. 1825
B. DuF, Ens. by purch. vice Kane, 62 F. 16 Feb. 1826
- Lt. Croften, from 50 F. Capt. vice Murray, dead 13 Apr.
- 92 Ens. Bates, from h. p. Quart. Mast. vice Callagy, ret. 30 Mar.
- 93 Lt. Connop, Capt. by purch. vice Fraser, prom. 22 Apr.
Ens. Evans, Lt. do.
W. Guthrie, Ens. do.
- 94 R. Keating, Ens. vice Moore, 3 F. 28 Mar.
- 95 Lt. Mayne, Capt. by purch. vice Brownson, ret. 15 Apr.
Ens. Harrison, Lt. do.
W. Wood, Ens. do.
- 96 Capt. Hill, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. 8 Apr. 1825
R. Bush, Ens. by purch. vice Lloyd, promoted. 22d Apr. 1826

97	Lt. Matris, from h. p. 6 Dr. Gds. Lt.	S. Best	8 Mar.
	16 Mar.	R. Henderson	do.
	Ens. Stanners, Lt. by purch. vice Maedonald, prom.	G. B. Tremenhers	do.
	8 Apr.	F. Pelly	do.
	do.	F. C. Cotton	do.
98	E. Barton, Ens.	W. H. Graham	do.
	Lt. Douglas, Capt. by purch. vice Campbell, ret.	G. Patrickson	do.
99	do.	W. M. Smyth	do.
	Ens. Nicholson, Lt. by purch. vice Pearson, prom.	T. M. B. Turner	do.
	22 do.		
	J. Lecky, Ens.		

Hospital Staff.

Rifle Brig.	2d Lt. H. F. Beckwith, 1st Lt. by purchase, vice Power, prom.	Surg. Allen, from 6 Dr. Surg. to the Forces, vice Stewart, h. p.	25 Mar. 1826.
	8 do.	Staff As. Surg. Watson, do. vice Jebb, h. p.	6 Apr.
	— Cameron, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Ramsden, prom.	As. Surg. Smith, from 98 F. As. Surg. to the Forces	23 Feb.
	9 do.	Hosp. As. Portelli, do.	2 Mar.
	J. Rooper, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Saumarez, prom.	As. Surg. Thomson, from 64 F. do. vice M'Donogh, h. p.	25 do.
	7 do.	W. J. Breshin, Hosp. As.	9 Feb.
	W. Cumine, do. by purch.	W. M. Ford, do.	16 do.
	8 do.	J. S. Graves, do.	22 do.
	J. Martin, do. by purch.	J. Stuart, do.	9 Mar.
	9 do.	W. Smith, do.	do.
	2d Lt. Dering, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Slade, prom.	A. Smith, do.	21 do.
	22d do.	H. W. R. Davey, do.	25 do.
	Gent. Cadet, J. Buckner, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lt.	P. J. Meade, do.	23 do.
	do.	L. Leslie, do.	do.
R. Staff C.	Gent. Cadet, E. R. King, from R. Mill Col. 2d Lt. vice Stoddard, prom.	A. Urquhart, do.	do.
	16 Feb.		
2 W. I. R. Lt.	Gordon, from h. p. York. Lt. Inf. Vol. Lt. vice J. Spence, 5 F.		
	25 do.		
	Ens. Grey, Lt. vice Clarke, prom. 1 Mar.		
	2d Lt. O'Meara, from 60 F. Lt. vice Hughes, dead.		
	2 do.		
	Ens. Kearnes, from 74 F. Lt. vice Stewart, 93 F.		
	5 do.		
	— Tew, from 27. F. Lt. vice M'Pherson, 1 F.		
	24 do.		
	G. Maxwell, Ens. by purch. vice Goulden, 22 F.		
	23d Feb.		
	H. Spence, do.		
	2 Mar.		
	Lt. Conran, Adj. vice W. Spence, dead,		
	23 Feb.		

*Unattached.**To be Lieut. Colonels of Infantry by purchase.*

Maj. Clayton, from 22 F.	8 Apr. 1826
— Arnold, from 10 Dr.	do.
Capt. Dawkins, from Gren. Gds.	do.
Maj. M'Adam, from 75 F.	22 do.
Capt. Ellis, from Gren. Gds.	do.

To be Majors of Infantry by purchase.

Capt. Beetham, from 26 F.	8 do.
— Farquharson, from 19 F.	do.
— Hon. G. R. Abercromby from 3 Dr Gds.	do.
— Bush, from Cape C.	do.
— Johnston, from 17 Dr.	do.
— Fraser, from 93 F.	22 do.
— Rowley, from 58 F.	do.
— Webster, from 56 F.	do.
— Campbell, from 49 F.	do.
— Chadwick, from 86 F.	do.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lt. Maedonald, from 97 F.	8 do.
— Smyth, from 24 F.	do.
— Corkran, from 7 Dr. Gds.	do.
— Crossdale, 3 F.	do.
— Stewart, from 11 Dr.	do.
— England, from 12 Dr.	do.
— Gosselin, from 43 F.	do.
— Smith, from 60 F.	do.
— Eceles, from 1 Dr.	do.
— Hamilton, from 81 F.	do.
— Loftus, from 17 Dr.	do.
— Stuart, from 12 Dr.	do.
— Coghlan, from 64 F.	do.
— Murray, from 56 F.	do.
— Verstrume, from 41 F.	do.
— Geddes, from 45 F.	do.
— Browne, from 13 Dr.	do.
— Keating, from 56 F.	do.
— Clarke, from 84 F.	do.
— Bentinek, from Coldst. Gds.	do.
— Power, from Rifle Br.	do.
— Pouden, from 25 F.	do.
— Dixon, from 5 F. Gds.	do.
— Hon. J. Kennedy, from 5 Dr. Gds.	do.
— Marle, from 79 F.	do.
— Ogilvy, from 44 F.	do.
— Grubbe, from 49 F.	do.
— Hon. J. Amherst, from 59 F.	do.
— Halifax, from 10 F.	do.
— Doyle, from 63 F.	do.
— Boates, from 64 F.	do.
— Ramsden, from Rifle Brig.	do.
— Townshead, from 79 F.	do.
— Williams, from 44 F.	do.
— Hon. C. D. Blayney, from 7 F.	do.
— Dundas, from 15 Dr.	do.
— Maitland, from 85 F.	do.
— Armstrong, from 16 Dr.	do.
— Butler, from 1 F.	do.
— Agnew, from 4 Dr.	do.
— Bigge, from 21 F.	do.

Ceylon Reg. Lt.	Nowlan, from 66 F. Lt.	16 do.
— Nason, from 8 W. I. R. Lt.		2 Mar.
A. Irvine, 2d Lt. vice T. Mylius, prom.		9 Apr.
2d Lt. H. Von Kempen, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Dempsey, ret.		22 do.
W. Hope, 2d Lt. vice H. H. White, dead,		12 do.
J. Deaken, do. vice C. White, 13 F.		13 do.
Cape Cor. (Cav.) Cor. Sargeunt, Lt. by purch. vice Bird, prom.		30 Mar.
W. Van. Cor. by purch. vice Brown, 16 Dr.		29 do.
R. N. So. Wales Vet. Comp. Staff As. Surg. Gibson, As. Surg.		15 Feb.
R. E. I. Vol. Capt. Johnson, Adj. vice Dickenson, res.		17 Mar.

Garrisons.

Gen. Hon. Sir E. Paget, G.C.B. Gov. of R. Mill. College.	25 Mar. 1826
Gen. Marq. of Anglesey, G.C.B. Capt. of Cowes Castle, I. of Wight, vice Sir E. Paget,	do.

Staff.

Lt. Col. T. W. Taylor, from h. p. Unatt. Superintendent of Cav. Riding Establishment, vice Peters, h. p.	22d Apr. 1826
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Ordnance Department.

Roy. Art. Brev. Maj. Morrison, Maj. vice Hughes, ret.	22d Apr. 1826
2d Capt. Faddy, Capt.	do.
— Loeke, from h. p. 2d Capt.	do.
Roy. Eng. Capt. Hobbs, Lt. Col. vice Grayatt, ret.	8 do.
2d Capt. Gipps, Capt.	do.
Roy. Eng. 1st Lt. Worsley, 2d Capt.	8 do.
2d Lt. Vicars, 1st Lt.	do.
Gent. Cadet, J. Chaytor, 2d Lt.	15 Mar.
The under-mentioned Gent. Cadets of the Hon. E. I. C. Service, to have the Temp. Rank as 2d Lieuts. during the Period of their being placed under the Command of Lt. Col. Pasley, R. Eng. at Chatham, for Field Instruction.	
H. B. Turner	8 Mar. 1826
H. T. Pears	do.
A. de Butis	do.
E. Buckle	do.
A. Douglas	do.
E. Lawford	do.

Lt. Millerd, from 1 Life Gds. do.
 — Hon. A. C. J. Browne, from 75 F. do.
 — D'Urban, from 27 F. do.
 — Mitchell, from 6 Dr. do.
 — Lord W. F. Montagu, from Ceylon R. do.
 — Slade, from Rifle Br. 22 do.
 — Spooner, from 8 Dr. do.
 — Childers, from 41 F. 8 do.
 — Barton, from 15 F. do.
 — King, from 52 F. do.
 — Berkeley, from 28 F. do.
 — Smyth, from 16 Dr. do.
 — Hall, from 75 F. do.
 — Estridge, from 51 F. do.
 — Falconer, from Rifle Brig. do.
 — Pearson, from 99 F. do.
 — Deshon, from 33 F. do.
 — Amsinek, from 65 F. do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.

Cor. M'Douall, from 3 Dr. do.
 Ens. Sullivan, from 28 F. do.
 Cor. Skipwith, from 1 Dr. do.
 Ens. Schneider, from 12 F. do.
 — Hall, from 35 F. do.
 — Hughes, from 34 F. do.
 — Wainwright, from 99 F. do.
 Cor. Berguer, from 15 Dr. 22 do.
 Ens. Wake, from 36 F. do.
 — Kellett, from 16 F. do.
 — Lloyd, from 93 F. do.

To be Ensigns by purchase.

P. Grehan 8 do.
 L. C. Bayntum do.
 J. Arnold do.
 A. Moreau do.
 R. Donaldson do.
 O. B. D'Arcy do.
 W. G. Broadhurst do.
 G. Denshire do.
 C. Knox do.
 M. V. Abbott do.
 F. Q. Turner do.
 R. P. Lewis 22 do.

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. Sir C. Gordon, from 93 F. with Lt. Col. M'Gregor, h. p.
 — Barton, from 2 Life Gds. rec. diff. with Maj. Chichester, h. p.
 Maj. Luard, from 17 Dr. rec. diff. with Maj. Bacon, h. p.
 Capt. Woodward, from 38 F. rec. diff. with Brev. Maj. Rains, 51 F.
 — Colomb, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Capt. Hon. J. Kennedy, h. p.
 — Down, from 6 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Portman, h. p.
 — Black, from 6 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Ramsay, h. p.

Major General.

Sir P. Ross, from 75 F.

Colonels.

Gravatt, R. Inv. Eng.
 Castle, h. p. 6 F.
 Say, h. p. 99 F.

Lieutenant-Colonels.

Ogilvie, 11 F.
 Cowell, 42 F.
 Campbell, 50 F.
 Macpherson, 78 F.
 Fitz Simon, h. p. York Chass.
 Hon. G. Carnegie, h. p. 110 F.
 Ormsby, h. p. 63 F.
 Barrow, h. p. 43 F.
 Smith, h. p. 19 F.
 A. Bar. Beck, h. p. 2 Line Ger. L.
 Hawkshaw, h. p. Port. Serv.
 O'Halloran, h. p. 4 F.
 Tilt, h. p. 37 F.

Majors.

Walker, 5 Dr. G.
 Graham, 1 F.
 Bamford, 73 F.
 Hughes, R. Art.
 Scott, h. p. 26 F.
 Warburton, h. p. 96 F.
 Orr, h. p. 7 F.
 Williamson, h. p. 83 F.

Capt. Dunn, from 6 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Wigley, h. p.

— Wetherall, from 11 Dr. Capt. Tomlinson, 13 Dr.

— Palliser, from 12 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Beresford, h. p.

— Allen, from Gren. Gds. do. with the Hon. Captain J. St Clair, h. p.

— Shawe, from Coldst. Gds. do. with Capt. Bentinck, h. p.

— Northey, from 3 F. Gds. with Capt. Dixon, 25 F.

— French, from 18. F. with Capt. Dalgliesh, 28 F.

— French, from 22 F. receiving diff. with Capt. Pennefather, h. p.

— Harris, from 23 F. do. with Capt. Brown, h. p.

— Miller, from 24 F. do. with Capt. Smyth, h. p.

— Stephens, from 29 F. do. with Capt. Goselin, h. p.

— Frederick, from 51 F. do. with Capt. Timson, h. p.

— Maelachlan, from 75 F. do. with Capt. Stevenson, h. p.

Lieut. Stewart, from 2 Dr. Gds. with Lieut. Hon. R. Howard, h. h.

— Garnier, from 15 Dr. with Lieut. Callaghan, h. p.

— Rawstorne, from 4 F. with Lieut. Griffith, h. p.

— Fletcher, from 19 F. with Lieut. Price, h. p.

— O'Reilly, from 21 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Eveleigh, h. p.

— North, from 27 F. with Lieut. Dutton, New So. Wales Vet. Comp.

— Campbell, from 28 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Gammell, h. p.

— Brown, from 29 F. with Lieut. Thatcher, 37 F.

— Waters, from 37 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Custance, h. p. 25 Dr.

— Roberts, from 36 F. do. with Lieut. St Quintin, h. p.

— Bennet, from 47 F. with Lieut. Campbell, h. p. 77 F.

— Maedonald, from 81 F. with Lieut. Howe, h. p. Nova Sco. Fenc.

— Hewetson, from 82 F. with Lieut. Ashe, h. p. 101 F.

— Maedonald, from 86 F. rec. diff. from Lieut. Sidley, h. p.

— Brownrigg, from Rifle Brig. do. with Lieut. Sullivan, h. p.

— Oornet Shelley, from 13 Dr. with Cornet Berguer, h. p. 22 Dr.

— Ensign Abbott, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Kidd, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Bagwell, h. p. 83 F.

Captains.

St George, 23 F.
 Gilbert, 26 F.
 Burgh, 25 F.
 Campbell, 98 F.
 Brownson, 95 F.
 Colville, h. p. 15 F.
 North, h. p. Hompesch's Rif.
 Duff, h. p. 93 F.
 O'Hara, h. p. Port. Serv.
 Power, h. p. 5 Irish Brig.
 Elwyn, h. p. Warde's Reg.
 Algeo, h. p. 8 Gar. Bn.
 De Linstow, h. p. Port Serv.
 Dennis, h. p. 41 F.
 Huxley, h. p. 82 F.
 Carnegie, h. p. 102 F.
 Gordon, h. p. 84 F.
 Earl of Mansfield, h. p. 44 F.
 Shore, h. p. 104 F.
 Manson, h. p. 15 F.
 Christie, h. p. 42 F.
 Chambers, h. p. 40 F.
 M'Innes, h. p. 42 F.
 Cartwright, h. p. Canad. Fen.
 Henley, h. p. 14 F.
 Lt. Dunwich, h. p. Nov. Sco. F.
 Murray, late 3 Vef. Bn.

Earl of Cassillis, h. p. indep. Co.

Macneill, h. p. 91 F.
 Fulton, h. p. 12 Dr.
 Rainsford, h. p. 104 F.
 Stirling, h. p. 88 F.
 Durbin, h. p. 36 F.
 Gardiner, h. p. 3 F.
 Dickens, h. p. 90 F.
 Tuppenen, h. p. 56 F.
 Coralet, h. p. 7 W. I. R.
 M'Crummy, h. p. 79 F.
 Dundas, h. p. 26 F.
 Maxwell, h. p. 42 F.
 Coppinger, h. p. 29 F.
 Jenkinson, h. p. 3 F. G.
 Edwards, h. p. 81 F.
 Le Royd, h. p. 82 F.
 Hoar, h. p. 10 F.
 Watson, h. p. 4 W. I. R.
 Zobel, h. p. 38 F.
 Kirwan, h. p. W. Ind. Rang.
 Kelly, h. p. 40 F.
 Richards, h. p. 71 F.
 Murphy, h. p. 7 W. I. R.
 Fraser, h. p. 8 Dr.
 Ogilvy, h. p. Cape Regt.
 Smythe, h. p. 36 F.
 Irvine, late R. Gar. Bn.
 Kirkland, h. p. 27 F.

Serie, h. p. 50 F.
J. Campbell, jun. h. p. 91 F.

Lieutenants.

Floyer, 3 Dr.
Gray, 41 F.
Croton, 54 F.
Dempsey, Ceylon Regt.
Bankes, h. p. 24 Dr.
Harvey, h. p. 27 F.
Grinsell, h. p. 38 F.
Kendall, h. p. 48 F.
Gregory, h. p. 38 F.

Otter, h. p. Rifle Brig.
Fox, h. p. 4 F.
Bond, h. p. 31 F.
Dowglass, h. p. 89 F.
Harden, h. p. 34 F.
Salmon, h. p. 23 Dr.
Knivett, h. p. 11 Dr.

2d Lieutenant.

Pemberton, h. p. 23 F.

Ensigns.

Maclean, 58 F.

Aird, h. p. 10 F.
Booth, h. p. 37 F.
Carey, h. p. 3 Prov. Bn. of Mil.
Twiss, h. p. Nugent's Levy.
Vane, h. p. 83 F.
Plimpton, h. p. 25 F.
Lynam, h. p. 10 F.
Carie, h. p. 14 F.
Crucis, h. p. 37 F.
Harris, h. p. 99 F.
Jagger, h. p. Staff Corps.

*List of Killed and Wounded in Action
with the Burmese, 25th November, and
1st and 2d December, 1825.*

Killed.—Lieutenants.

Sutherland, 41 F. 1st Dec. 1825.
Gossip, 41 F. do.

Proctor, 38 F. 2d Dec. 1825.

Wounded.—Majors.

Baekhouse, 47 F. severely, not dangerously. 2
Dec. 1825.
Gully, 87 F. slightly, do.

Captains.

Bowes, 87 F. slightly. 25 Nov. 1825.

Lieutenants.

J. Gordon, 47 F. severely, not dangerously. 2
Dec. 1825.
J. G. Baylee, 87 F. dangerously (since dead.) 2
Dec. 1825.

Ensigns.

J. Campbell, 1 F. (since dead.) 1 Dec. 1825.

Deaths.

Lt. Gen. Skinner, late of 56 F. London
9 April 1826.
Col. Barelay, Grenadier Gds. Aid-de-Camp to the
King 28 March
— Morrison, 44 F. 11 Nov. 1825
— Dunkin, 44 F. Dacca 11 Nov. 1825
— M'Murde, late of 31 F. London 11 Apr. 1825
Lt. Col. Drummond, h. p. Unat. on board the
Ponoma, on passage to Jamaica 15 Jan. 1826
Capt. Grindlay, 54 F.
— T. Murray, 91 F. Up. Park Camp, Jamaica
15 Jan.
— Ross, African Col. Corps, Sierra Leone 9 do.
— Farewell, 1 Somerset Mil. Tours, France
7 Apr.
Lieut. Greg, 30 F. 1 Apr.
— Proctor, 38 F. in action with the Burmese
2 Dec. 1825

Lieut. Sutherland, 41 F. do. 1 Dec. 1825.
— Gossip, do. do.
— Donaldson, 44 F. at sea 5 do.
— Paton, 44 F. Arrakan 4 do.
— Carr, 44 F. Fort William 17 do.
— T. Fraser, 54 F. on board the ship David
Clarke, in Arrakan River 31 Oct.
— Considine, 54 F. Bangalore Oet.
— W. Moore, 54 F. Arrakan 22 Nov.
— J. G. Baylee, 87 F. in action with the Bur-
mese 2 Dec.
— Donald Turner, Afr. Col. Corps, Sierra Le-
one 25 do.
— Bambrick, ret. list 2 Vet. Bn. Maryborough
28 Nov.
— M'Carthy, ret. list 9 Vet. Bn. Devonport, 7 do.
— Jones, h. p. 81 F. Stafford 25 March 1826
— Scipioni, h. p. Corsican Ran. Santa Maura
9 Jan.
— Johnston, h. p. 50 F. at Keith, Banffshire
10 March
— Maul, h. p. Roll's Reg. 4 do.
Lieut. H. H. White, Ceylon Reg. on passage to
England 18 Dec. 1825
Ens. J. Campbell, 1 F. in action with the Burmese
1 Dec.
— French, 5 F. St Lucia 28 Feb. 1826
— Sargeant, 54 F.
— 75 F. Stirling 2 March
— Introino, h. p. 40 F. Malta 18 Feb.
Paym. Skene, h. p. Rec. Dist. Durham
16 Jan. 1826
— Sir W. Vachell, do.
Adj. Lt. W. Spence, 2 W. I. R.
Quar. Mas. Norman, 70 F.
— Stoddart, Herts Mil. 6 Apr. 1826
Surg. Farrer, 3 Lancashire Mil. 1 Feb.
As. Surg. Ralph, 2 F. Colabah 16 Oct. 1825
Vet. Surg. Trigg, 2 Dr. 27 March 1826
Dep. As. Com. Gen. Damant, Cape of Good Hope
22 Apr. 1825

May.

Brevet A. W. Young, late Lieut.-Col. h. p. 3 W.
I. R. rank of Lieut.-Col. in West Indies
only 4 May 1826
Capt. Champagne, 20 F. Maj. in the Ar-
my do.
4 Dr. Gds. Cor. Cuninghame, Lieut. by purch. vice
Ogle, prom. 20 do.
R. Holden, Cor. do.
3 Dr. Ens. Cosby, from 61 F. Cor. by purch.
vice M'Douall, prom. 4 do.
4 Cor. Harvey, Lieut. by purch. vice Rich-
ardson, prom. do.
6 Surg. Alexander, from 2 F. Surg. vice
Allan, prom. 20 Apr.
7 T. J. Pettat, Cor. by purch. vice Vivian,
prom. 4 May
8 S. H. Ball, Cor. by purch. vice Miller,
prom. do.
10 Cor. Heneage, Lieut. by purch. vice Lord
Fitz Roy, prom. 13 do.
Sir St. V. Cotton, Bt. Cor. do.
Lieut. Kaye, Adj. vice Fitz Roy do.
Cor. Visc. Frankfort de Montmorency,
Lt. by purch. vice Knox, prom. 20 do.
12 J. Pulteney, Cor. by purch. vice Hamil-
ton, prom. 4 do.
15 Cor. Ives, Lieut. by purch. vice Mus-
grave, prom. 20 do.
E Mortimer, Cor. do.
17 Cor. Hon. R. F. Greville, Lieut. by purch.
vice Massey, prom. do.
S. W. Need, Cor. do.
J. Wilkinson, Vet. Surg. vice Smith, h. p.
27 Apr.

Cold. Gds. Lieut. and Adj. Northey, rank of Lieut.
and Capt. 20 do.
2 F. Lieut. Mundy, Capt. by purch. vice Ford,
prom. 15 May
Ens. Fisher, Lieut. do.
— Mac-Mahon, Ens. vice Torrens, dead
10 Sept. 1825
M. W. Lomax, Ens. by purch.
13 May 1826
As. Surg. Campbell, Surg. vice Alexan-
der, 6 Dr. 27 Apr.
As. Surg. Wilkins, from Ceylon Reg. As.
Surg. vice Ralph, dead 20 do.
3 Lieut. Antrobus, from h. p. 15 F. Lieut.
vice Ashhurst, cancelled 27 Mar.
4 A. Lonsdale, Ens. by purch. vice Ruxton,
prom. 20 May
5 Lieut. Champain, from h. p. Lieut. (pay-
ing diff.) vice Fleming, 49 F. 27 Apr.
Quar. Mas. Simpson, from 7 F. Ens. vice
French, dead 20 do.
6 Staff. As. Surg. Campbell, As. Surg. vice
Hood, cancelled do.
7 Serj. Ledsdam, Quar. Mast. vice Simp-
son, 5 F. do.
10 Hon. S. White, Ens. by purch. vice Strick-
land, prom. do.
13 Hosp. Mate Brodie, As. Surg. vice Hen-
derson, 89 F. do.
14 Brev. Maj. Everard, Major, vice Tidy,
41 F. 4 May
Lieut. Armstrong, Capt. do.
Ens. Layard, Lieut. do.
Lieut. Grant, Adj. do.

17	Ens. Des Vœux, Lieut. by purch. vice Clunie, 55 F. 20 May	88	E. Davis, Ens. 4 May	
	W. S. Rason, Ens. do.		Ens. Warburton, Lieut. by purch. vice Buller, prom. 20 do.	
	T. Graham, do. 21 do.		G. Aclom, Ens. do.	
	Ens. Cooper, Adj. vice Clunie, prom. do.	89	Lieut. Stroud, from h. p. Lieut. vice Butler, cancelled 27 April	
19	Lieut. Sterling, Capt. by purch. vice Taylor, prom. 13 do.		Ens. Gray, Lieut. vice Olpherts, dead 4 May	
	Lieut. Sargent, from 58 F. Capt. by purch. vice Bromhead, prom. do.		H. J. Dewes, Ens. vice La Roche, cancelled 3 do.	
22	Capt. Craster, Maj. by purch. vice Cathcart, prom. do.		C. Lee, Ens. 4 do.	
	Lieut. Vivian, Capt. do.		As. Surg. Henderson, from 13 F. Surg. vice Daun, h. p. 20 April	
	Ens. Mills, Lieut. do.	92	Capt. Verity, from 55 F. Maj. by purch. vice Spink, prom. 20 May	
	E. T. Evans, Ens. do.	91	As. Surg. Burkitt, from 56 F. As. Surg. vice Renwicke, superseded 4 do.	
24	Lieut. Walsh, from Staff Corps, Lieut. vice Robinson, h. p. 20 Apr.	98	Ens. Eyre, Lieut. by purch. vice Douglas, prom. 20 April	
27	Lieut. Hay, from 41 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Young, prom. 13 May		— Edie, from 1 W.I.R. Ens. do.	
	J. Creach, Ens. by purch. vice Maclean, prom. 20 Apr.	99	F. Parr, Ens. by purch. vice Wainwright, prom. do.	
29	Ens. Eaton, Lieut. by purch. vice Champain, prom. 20 May		Rifle Brig. Gent. Cadet, R. S. Smith, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lt. by purch. vice Clitherow, Coldst. Gds. 27 do.	
	W. G. Alves, Ens. do.		R. Staff Corps Lieut. Hughes, from h. p. Lieut. vice Walsh, 24 F. 20 do.	
	Serj. Maj. Morgan, Adj. and Ens. vice Foskey, res. Adj. only 27 Apr.		1 W. I. R. J. L. Ormsby, Ens. by purch. vice Edie, 98 F. do.	
	As. Surg. Hawkey, from 4 F. As. Surg. do.		Ceyl. R. 2d Lt. Rogers, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Lord W. Montagu, prom. 4 May	
43	Ens. Lushington, Lieut. by purch. vice Morris, prom. 13 May		J. Edwards, 2d Lieut. do.	
	C. J. Gardiner, Ens. do.		Cape Corps J. F. Watson, Cor. by purch. vice Sargeant, prom. do.	
44	Brev. Lieut.-Col. Tiddy, from 14 F. Lieut.-Col. vice Morrison, dead 4 do.		R. E. Ind. Vol. Capt. Johnson, Adj. vice Dickin- son, res. 17 March	
46	J. Laey, Ens. vice Cumming, dead 20 Apr.		Lieut. Hunt, Capt. vice Johnson 24 April	
49	Lieut. Fleming, from 5 F. Lieut. vice Barker, h. p. rec. diff. 27 do.		Ens. Parish, Lieut. do.	
	Lord Wriothlesley Russell, Ens. by purch. vice Keating, prom. do.		G. Trevor, Ens. vice Codrington, res. do.	
50	Lieut. Kennedy, from R. Eng. Lieut. vice Crofton, 91 F. 20 do.		<i>Ordnance Department.</i>	
	J. B. Rose, Ens. by purch. vice Baxter, prom. 8 do.		<i>Royal Artillery.</i>	
	Lieut. Gill, Adj. vice Crofton 20 do.		Serj. Maj. Barker, Qua. Mast. vice Stewart dead 27 April 1826	
	As. Surg. Young, Surg. vice Micklam, 4 Dr. Gds. 4 May		<i>Royal Engineers.</i>	
	Staff As. Surg. Young, As. Surg. do.		Gen. Cadet S. H. Knockner, 2d Lieut. 25 April 1826	
52	C. F. Norton, Ens. by purch. vice Campbell, prom. 13 do.		— J. Coddington, do. do.	
54	Lieut. Gray, Capt. vice Grindlay dead 20 April		— C. Bailey, do. do.	
	Ens. Holt, Lieut. vice Cousidine, dead 12 Sept. 1825		— C. Ensor, do. do.	
	— Dodd, from h. p. 20 F. Ens. 20 April 1826		— W. H. Dennison, do. do.	
55	Lieut. Clunie, from 17 F. Capt. by purch. vice Verity, 92 F. 20 May		<i>Staff.</i>	
58	— Hebben, Capt. vice Rowley, prom. 13 do.		Lt. Col. Hon. C. Gore, Dep. Qua. Mast. Gen. to the Forces serving in Canada, vice Cockburn 20 April, 1826	
	Ens. Bell, Lieut. by purch. vice Sargeant, 19 F. do.		— Cockburn, Dep. Qua. Mast. Gen. to the Forces serving in Jamaica, vice Gore, do.	
	— Hon. H. Howard, Lieut. by purch. 14 do.		<i>Hospital Staff.</i>	
60	As. Surg. Winterscale, from 71 F. Surg. vice Glasco, prom. 20 April		<i>To be Surgeons to the Forces.</i>	
	Qua. Mast. Serj. Booth, Qua. Mast. vice Maxwell, ret. full pay 4 May		Surg. Glasco, from 60 F. vice O'Maley, h. p. 20 April 1826	
64	As. Surg. Campbell, from 52 F. As. Surg. vice Thomson, prom. do.		As. Surg. Bell, from Royal Afr. Col. Corps, vice Barry, h. p. do.	
76	Ens. Shepperd, Lieut. by purch. vice Grubbe, prom. 13 do.		Staff As. Surg. Hume do.	
	W. Ray, Ens. do.		<i>To be Apothecary to the Forces.</i>	
77	Hosp. As. Russell, As. Surg. vice O'Donnell, h. p. 25 April		Dispenser of Medicines H. B. Burman, 20 April 1826.	
78	Ens. Wilson, Lieut. by purch. vice Vassall, prom. 13 May		<i>To be Hospital Assistants.</i>	
	T. Wingate, Ens. do.		T. B. Sibbald 14 April 1826	
	Ens. Bull, Adj. vice Cooper, res. Adj. only 4 do.		J. G. Fraser do.	
83	Qua. Mast. Stubbs, Adj. and Ens. vice Swinburne, prom. 20 April		J. H. Sinclair do.	
	Serj. Rusher, Qua. Mast. do.		S. Lightfoot 27 do.	
84	Lieut. Pack, Capt. by purch. vice Shee, prom. 20 May		<i>Chaplain's Department.</i>	
	Ens. Bulman, Lieut. do.		Rev. B. C. Goodison, M. A. Chaplain to the Forces 17 April 1826	
	C. Hodgson, Ens. do.		<i>Unattached.</i>	
85	Ens. Hon. A. H. Ashley Cooper, Lieut. by purch. vice Wynyard, prom. do.		<i>To be Lieut.-Cols. of Infantry by purchase.</i>	
	— Wynyard, Lieut. by purch. vice Lord Crofton, prom. 21 do.		Major Hon. G. Cathcart, fm. 22 F. 13 May 1826	
	J. W. Fitzpatrick, Ens. 20 do.		— Spink, fm. 92 F. 20 do.	
86	Ens. Halliday, Lieut. by purch. vice Nunn, prom. 4 do.		<i>To be Majors of Infantry by purchase.</i>	
			Capt. Bromhead, from 19 F. 13 May 1826	
			— Ford, fm. 2 F. do.	
			— Taylor, fm. 19 F. do.	
			— Shee, fm. 84 F. 20 do.	
			<i>To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.</i>	
			Lieut. Lord Fitzroy, fm. 10 Dr. 13 May 1826	
			— Ellis, fm. 13 Dr. do.	
			— Grubbe, fm. 76 F. do.	
			— Musgrave, fm. 15 Dr. do.	
			— Ogle, fm. 4 Dr. G. do.	

Lieut. Morris, fm. 43 F.	13 May	Br. Lt. Col. Wade, fm. 42 F.	† May 1826
— Young, fm. 27 F.	do.	— Rainey, fm. R. Afr. Col. Corps, do.	do.
— Vassall, fm. 78 F.	do.	— Goldie, fm. 66 F.	do.
— Wynyard, fm. 85 F.	20 do.	— Stewart, fm. 46 F.	do.
— Buller, 88 F.	do.	Brev. Major Watson, fm. 14 F.	do.
— Lord Crofton, fm. 85 F.	do.	— Belshes, fm. 29 F.	do.
— Champion, fm. 29 F.	do.	— Crowe, fm. 32 F.	do.
— Hon. N. H. C. Massey, fm. 17 Dr.	do.	— Huxley, fm. 70 F.	do.
— Knox, fm. 10 Dr.	do.	— Baird, fm. 77 F.	do.
— Wellesley, fm. R. H. G.	do.	— Hon. F. C. Stanhope, fm. 78 F.	do.
<i>To be Lieuts. of Infantry by purchase.</i>			
Ens. Campbell, fm. 52 F.	13 May 1826	— Creighton, fm. 91 F.	do.
Cor. Segrave, fm. Cape Co.	do.	— Gore, fm. 95 F.	do.
— Brown, fm. 16 Dr.	do.	— Austen, fm. 25 F.	do.
Ens. Partridge, fm. 96 F.	do.	— Wright, fm. 15 F.	do.
— Ruxton, fm. 4 F.	20 do.	— Dudgeon, fm. 58 F.	do.
Cor. Penleaze, from 16 Dr.	do.	<i>Exchanges.</i>	
<i>To be Ensigns by purchase.</i>			
Francis Bland,	13 May 1826	Capt. Northey, from 25 F. with Brev. Lt.-Col. Thorn, h. p.	
Thomas Sidney Powell,	do.	— T. D. Burrows, from 4 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Master, h. p.	
Hon. Rich. Thomas Rowley,	20 do.	— Rose, from 12 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Stuart, h. p.	
John Gregory,	do.	— Maitland, from 15 Dr. with Capt. Lang, 8 F.	
William Graham,	do.	— Chepmell, from 53 F. rec. diff. with Capt. King, h. p.	
Charles Benjamin Caldwell,	do.	— Macpherson, from 92 F. with Capt. Forbes, h. p.	
<i>The under-mentioned Officers, having Brevet rank superior to their Regimental Commissions, have accepted Promotion upon half-pay, according to the General Order of 25th April 1826.</i>			
<i>To be Lieut.-Cols. of Infantry.</i>			
Br. Lt. Col. Campbell, fm. 1 F.	4 May 1826	Lieut. Watson, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lt. Loraine, h. p.	
— Peebles, fm. 9 F.	do.	— Cochrane, from 47 F. with Lieut. Walker, h. p. 4 F.	
— M'Gregor, fm. 88 F.	do.	— Shuckburgh, from 72 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Schneider, h. p.	
<i>To be Majors of Infantry.</i>			
Br. Lt. Col. M'Ra, fm. 1 F.	4 May 1826.	Ens. Henry, from 5 F. with Ens. Collins, h. p. 5 F.	
— Irving, fm. 28 F.	do.	— M'Intosh, from 16 F. with Hannagan, h. p. 76 F.	
— Rowan, fm. 52 F.	do.		
— Macleod, fm. 52 F.	do.		

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st of May and the 6th of June, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Allardice, Archibald, and Co. printers and book-sellers in Edinburgh.	Martin, William, merchant and manufacturer in Arbroath.
Anderson, William, merchant in Dundee.	Mitchell, John, merchant and manufacturer in St Ninian's, near Stirling.
Bowman, Alexander, wright and spirit-dealer, Tradeston of Glasgow.	Mungall, Robert, spirit-dealer in Glasgow, and distiller at Mile-end, near Glasgow.
Cassels, John, distiller and dealer in spirits at Kepp.	Muir, Thomas, grocer and spirit-dealer in Kirkaldy.
Cowan, William, skinner in Greenock.	Ogilvie, James and Co. shawl-manufacturers in Edinburgh.
Dobie, Robert, merchant and shipowner in Dy-sart.	Porteous, David, sen. and Co. grain-dealers, Crieff.
Dunlop, James, cattle-dealer, Provenhall.	Porteous, Andrew, tailor and cloth-merchant in Edinburgh.
Fraser, Simon, timber-merchant in Glasgow.	Rankine, Robert, cotton-yarn merchant in Glas-gow.
Fox, Michael, quarrier and stone-merchant, Port Hopeton.	Robertson, William, distiller, Crossburn, Dum-bartonshire.
Gardner, John, jun. hosier, Glasgow.	Robertson, Thomas, auctioneer, stoneware-mer-chant, and spirit-dealer, Glasgow.
Gibson, Thomas, merchant or spirit-dealer at Springfield.	Rollo, Clement, tobacconist, Edinburgh.
Henderson and Thomson, builders, Stockbridge.	Smith, D. and Co. soda-makers at Port Dundas, and merchants in Glasgow.
Hillard, William, merchant and general agent, Edinburgh.	Smith, Robert, bleacher, Darnley, Renfrewshire.
Jamieson, William M. and Co. wrights and tim-ber merchants in Glasgow.	Snell, William, jun. manufacturer in Glasgow.
Johnston, James and Son, tanners in Glasgow.	Stirling, Francis, merchant and manufacturer in Arbroath.
Kerr, William, upholsters, Paisley.	Thomson, John, horse-dealer, Burnbank, near Glasgow.
Kirkwood, Robert, agent in Glasgow.	Thomson, John, spirit-dealer and builder, North Leith.
Liddell, James, baker in Glasgow.	Thomson, John, slater in Edinburgh.
Lumgar, John, merchant and manufacturer in Arbroath.	Tweedie, Mrs Christian, haberdasher in Edin-burgh.
Mercer, Andrew, writer and builder in Paisley.	Watt, Charles, merchant and auctioneer, Dundee.
M'Gown, D. and D. distillers in Glenmurray.	Weir, James, merchant and manufacturer in Ar-broath.
M'Gregor, John and Co. calico-printers at Kelvin-haugh, near Glasgow.	Wilson, John and Son, wire-workers in Glasgow.
Macintosh, Alexander and Son, leather-dealers and tanners in Inverness.	
Maekay, Robert Alexander, merchant in Glas-gow.	
Manners, Alexander H. writer to the signet, and builder in Edinburgh.	

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

April 25. At Frederick Street, Mrs T. Rymer of a daughter.

May 4. At London, the Right Hon. the Countess of Airly of a son and heir.

5. Mrs John Brougham of a son.

6. At Stirling, Mrs Brown of Park of a son.

— At Logie Elphinstone, Mrs Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone of a son.

— At Brunswick Square, London, Lady Dalrymple Hay of a daughter.

7. At 10, Abercromby Place, the Lady of Dr Adolphus M. Ross of a son.

8. At Brighton Crescent, Portobello, Mrs Alexander Stephen of a son.

— At Gilmore Place, Mrs W. M. Bisset of a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Witherspoon, George Street, of a son.

— At Broughton Place, Mrs Robert Blackie of a daughter.

— At Dalkeith, Mrs Dr Morison of a son.

10. At 15, Duke Street, Mrs Dr Sanders of a daughter.

11. At 18, Hill Street, Mrs Dr Gairdner of a son.

12. Mrs John G. Kinnear of a daughter.

13. At Wardie, the Lady of Captain J. D. Boswall, Royal Navy, of a son.

15. At Corfu, the Lady of John Crawford, Esq. of Auchinames, Secretary to the Senate of the United Ionian Islands, of a son.

16. At 13, St Andrew's Square, Mrs John James Boswell of a son.

17. At Edinburgh, Mrs Heriot of Ramornie of a daughter.

— At 18, Scotland Street, Mrs Stormonth Darling of a daughter.

18. At Manor Place, the Lady of Dr Hibbert of a son.

19. At York, the Lady of Sir William Foulis, Bart. of a daughter.

20. At Dublin Street, Mrs George of a daughter.

21. At 28, Queen Street, Mrs Borthwick of a son.

— At Galashiels, Mrs Farquhar M'Donald of three daughters.

24. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Captain Deans, Royal Navy, of a daughter.

— At Edmonston, Mrs Lawson of Cairnmuir of a daughter.

— At Gilmore Place, Mrs George Berry of a daughter.

26. At Glenkindy, the Lady of Sir Alexander Keith, K.C.B. of a son.

27. At Windsor Street, Mrs Blaikie of a daughter.

29. At 16, Dublin Street, Mrs Burnet of a son.

30. At Dumbarnie House, Mrs Craigie of Dumbarnie of a son.

31. At Sunnyside, near Montrose, the Lady of Captain Hunter of a son.

— At Raeburn Place, Mrs M'Bean of a son.

June 1. At Whitehill, the Hon. Mrs Wardlaw of a son.

2. Mrs Alexander Douglas, Albany Street, of a daughter.

1. At 3, Drummond Place, Mrs Arthur Campbell of a daughter.

Lately, Mrs A. Finlay, at 62, Castle Street, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 19, 1825. At St Thomas's, Captain Robert Scott Wilson, Fort Adjutant, Madras, to Catherine Alexia, fourth daughter of John Ewart, Esq. late of Newington, Edinburgh.

March 1, 1826. At Malta, T. Akers Shone, Esq. Royal Artillery, to Margaret Aakerville, eldest daughter of the late General Ross.

April 28. At Edinburgh, Stephen Bennet, Esq. of Greenfield, Colmaie, Ireland, to Frances, youngest daughter of the late James Orr, Esq. of Thornlee Park, Paisley.

29. At Naples, Thomas Bulkly, Esq. M.D. to

Anne, second daughter of Dr Andrew Berry, Edinburgh.

May 5. At Leith, Mr John Milne, jun. shipmaster, Macduff, to Jane, daughter of the late Mr Murdoch Cameron, merchant, Leith.

8. At London, Lieut. Andrew Gardner, formerly of the 27th Regiment, to Eliza, daughter of the late Mr J. Lentz, of Sloan Street.

— At London, Peter Atkinson, Esq. of York, architect, to Miss Goodall, the vocalist.

10. At Edinburgh, John Wilson, Esq. advocate, to Helen, only surviving daughter of the late William Forbes, Esq. writer, Edinburgh.

13. In Berkeley Square, London, John Bulteel, eldest son of John Bulteel, Esq. of Flect, Devon, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Earl Grey.

15. At Edinburgh, Thomas Borland, Esq. writer, Kilmarnock, to Ann Bruce, only daughter of the late Francis Strachan, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service.

— Mr Alexander Clerk, 1, India Street, to Miss Ann Stratton, eldest daughter of Mr Charles Stratton, Prince's Street.

18. At Edinburgh, Donald Macdonald, Esq. of Lochinver, to Jessie, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Mackenzie, Esq. of Letterew.

19. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, on the 19th instant, John Murray Nasmyth, Esq. only son of Sir James Nasmyth, of Posso, Bart. to Mary, fourth daughter of Sir John Marjoribanks of Lees, Bart, M.P.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas C. Smith, solicitor-at-law, 6, Howe Street, to Louise Sophie, only daughter of Mr Samuel Albert Peter, Neuveville, canton of Berne, Switzerland.

23. At Burn Bank, Glasgow, Mr William White merchant, Cupar-Fife, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Andrew Marshall, Esq. of Camlachie.

June 1. At London, Charles, second son of the late James Balfour, Esq. to Maria Caroline, daughter of Sir John Edward Harrington, Bart.

5. At Bonnington Lodge, John Dalrymple Murray, Esq. of Murraythwaite, to Marion, daughter of William Hagart, Esq.

DEATHS.

Sept. 15, 1825. At Dum Dum, near Calcutta, Mr Samuel Guise Thomson, son of Alexander Thomson, Esq. late a Captain in the 46th and 100th Regiments.

Nov. 30. At Chittagong, Lieut. John Graham Macgregor, of the Hon. East India Company's 49th Regiment, Bengal Native Infantry.

Dec. 4. At Chittagong, Lieut. Alexander Pitcairn, of the 10th Regiment of Madras Native Infantry, fourth son of the late Alexander Pitcairn, Esq. of Edinburgh.

8. At Arracan, Andrew Wight, aged 20, Lieut. and Adjutant of the 10th Regiment Madras Native Infantry, youngest son of the late Lieut.-Col. Andrew Wight of Largnean, Dumfries-shire.

12. At Popree, East Indies, David Shaw, Esq. youngest son of John Shaw, Esq. of Ayr.

Mar. 2, 1826. At his seat of Moyhall, St David's, Jamaica, Alexander Mackintosh, Esq. of Moyhall.

April 10. At Pau, in the South of France, Mr Andrew Kelly, second son of William Kelly, Esq. Glasgow.

14. At the Manse of Kintail, the Rev. Roderick Morison, Minister of Kintail, in the 75th year of his age, and 47th of his ministry.

22. At London, Mr Charles Inderwick, Tuffton street, Westminster.

24. At Kirkdale, Ramsay Hannay, Esq.

25. At her house, in St Ann's Yards, Mrs Margaret M'Niven, widow of Mr Robert Playfair, writer, Edinburgh.

— At Orkee, Miss Helen Low, daughter of the late James Low of Leadenurquhart.

28. At Girvan, the Rev. Thomas Thomson, minister of the United Secession Church.

— At Craignish Castle, John K. Campbell, Esq. writer to the signet, second surviving son of Archibald Campbell, esq. of Jura.

30. At his house, in Fisherrow, George Young, esq. one of the present magistrates of Musselburgh.

— Suddcally, at Musselburgh, Mr Francis Emslie, late factor for the Earl of Wemyss and March.

— At his lodgings, James's square, after a few days' illness, D. J. Stuart, esq. apothecary to the forces.

May 1. At Buxton, Mrs Bromby, formerly of the theatre royal, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Carlisle, Lancaster, Buxton, &c.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Mary Scott, daughter of the late Archibald Scott, esq. of Rossie.

— At his house, Meadow place, Edinburgh, Hugh Graham, Esq. late of Antigua.

— At Borgue House, Mrs Blair, wife of David Blair, Esq.

— At Caldera, Miss Charlotte Low, daughter of the late Alexander Low, Esq. of Laws.

2. At Inverury, Miss Elizabeth Anderson, youngest daughter of the late Mr James Anderson, merchant in Banff.

3 At Morningside, Margaret Buchanan, infant daughter of A. S. Crawford, Esq.

— At No. 6, Maitland street, Lieut. Robert Balderston, 4th regiment Bengal Native Infantry, third son of the late William Balderston, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At Kinloch, Fifeshire, Mrs Agnes Barclay, spouse of Mr Andrew Thomson of Kinloch, aged 77 years.

— At Edinburgh, Mr George Stephen, founder.

4. At Knockbay, near Campbeltown, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel John Porter of Knockbay.

— At Newton of Skene, Major Wm. Skene, aged 70.

5. James Drummond, third son of Mr Orr, 13, Forth street.

— At Melendean, Caroline Jamima, infant daughter of Sir Charles Leslie, Bart.

6. At Greenhill Bank, near Edinburgh, Miss Janet Ewart, youngest daughter of David Ewart, Esq. of the Chancery office.

8. At Ballyshannon, near Castlewellan, Samuel Cumming, aged 112. He enlisted in 1734, and served in various campaigns with the most distinguished bravery. The amount of pension which he has received from government since his being discharged as unfit for service, is said to have been £1,323, 2s. He retained his mental faculties, and even his eye-sight, until a few days before his decease.

9. At 21, Melville street, John, second son of Robert Robertson, Esq. of Prendergust.

— At London, Dr Alexander Russel, late of Calcutta.

10. At Edinburgh, Mrs Helen Baillie, daughter of the late Lord Polkennet, one of the senators of the College of Justice.

— At No. 48, Frederick street, Margaret, eldest daughter of the late John Elder, Esq. one of the depute-clerks of Session.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Hugh Mitchell, late flesher, Edinburgh.

— At Letham, Wilhelmina, infant daughter of William Jaffray, Esq. of Letham.

— At his house in Crief, Mr McIntyre of Glenartney.

11. At Dunfermline, Mr Robert Hutton, writer there, aged 68.

— At her house, George street, Miss Dirom, daughter of the late Alex. Dirom, esq. of Muirस्क, Aberdeen.

— At Nicolson square, Mrs Isobel Jamieson, relict of William Renton, Esq.

— Mrs Uphane Cochrane, wife of Mr Johnston, Southfield.

12. At Leith, Mr David Mure, agent there for the Commercial Banking Company of Scotland.

12. At 8, Salisbury road, Newington, Thomas Pender, senior, lately comptroller of stamp duties for Scotland.

— At 72, Queen Street, Mrs Ann Patterson, wife of Mr D. M'Lean, British Honn.

13. At Falkirk, Mr John Wardrop, surgeon there.

— At Cupar-Fife, Colonel David Boswell, late of the 63d Regiment.

— At Dysart, Mrs Murray, relict of Mr William Murray, wine merchant, Canongate, aged 90.

15. At Abbotsford, Lady Scott.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Christian Reid, relict of James Bertram, Esq. of Belfield.

16. At Newton Stewart, the Rev. James Black, minister of Penninghame, in the 72d year of his age, and 32d of his ministry.

— At Belfi, near Kaluga, to which place she was going, from Taganrok, lamented by all who had the happiness to know her, her Majesty the Empress Dowager Elizabeth of Russia. The health of this universally beloved Princess had been much impaired, especially within the last two months; the most just grief at the irreparable loss which she had sustained in the winter had broken her heart. Her Majesty, before her marriage the Princess Louisa Maria Augusta, was the second daughter of the hereditary Prince Charles Louis of Baden, who died in 1801; she was born the 24th of Jan. 1779, and married in 1793. Adorned with all the virtues that can dignify woman, she would have been worthy of the most splendid throne, had not fate placed her upon it.

17. At her house, Gayfield Square, Mrs Margaret Andrew, widow of Mr Adam Matheson, of the Customhouse, Edinburgh.

18. At Edinburgh, Mr William Frazer, eldest son of the late Mr Francis Fraser, W.S.S.C.

— At his house in Duke Street, Westminster, the Right Hon. Sir Archibald Macdonald, late Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer.

— At Dublin, Mrs Jessie Magee, wife of Robert Magee, Esq. and daughter of Richard Prentice, Esq. Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

19. At Toftcombs, Biggar, Margaret, youngest daughter of James Gladstone, Esq.

— In Piccadilly, London, Lady Mary Anne Primrose, second daughter of the Earl of Roseberry.

— At the Manse of North Berwick, Robert Balfour, eldest son of the Rev. Robert Balfour Graham, minister of North Berwick.

— At Lathrisk House, Fifeshire, Mrs Jean Dobie, aged nearly 100 years.

21. At Lauriston, Mrs Howden, senior.

22. At High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, in his 19th year, Mr Thomas Smith, of Pembroke College, Oxford, son of the late James Smith, Esq. Edinburgh.

23. Mr David Hood, writer, Glasgow. He was unfortunately drowned while bathing in the sea off Springfield, near Gourcock.

— At West Kirk Manse, Margaret, Anne, youngest daughter of the Rev. David Dickson.

Lately, at 67, Great King street, Edinburgh, Mrs Janet Dewar, relict of Alex. Dewar, Esq.

— At his house, Weymouth Street, London, the Hon. Augustus Phipps, commissioner of Excise.

— At Plymouth, Lieut.-Colonel Westropp, royal marines.

— At Hot-wells, Bristol, Miss Mary Home, niece of the late Alex. Home, Esq. of Whitfield.

— At Gowan Bank, Mr John Hamilton, jun. timber-merchant in Glasgow.

— At Cairniehill, Fife, Mr Robert Rymer, late merchant in Edinburgh.

— In Africa, Captain Pearce and Dr Morrison, who accompanied Captain Clapperton to the coast of Africa, for the purpose of proceeding into the interior of that continent.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CXV.

AUGUST, 1826.

VOL. XX.

PART I.

GYMNASTICS.*

People in general have no notion what awkward cubs they are, and how exceedingly unlike Christians. Out of every score you meet, is there one whose external demeanour has not something absurd or offensive? Yet they are all manifestly trying to do the decent and the decorous; and as they hurry by in every imaginable form of awkwardness, believe themselves admired from every window, and doing execution from thrice-sunk story to devil-dozenth flat. Of their mental powers, men in society are made to form, in general, a pretty fair estimate, but they are often sadly out respecting corporeals. An individual, at the Scotch bar, we shall say—videlicet an advocate—masters, as he thinks, a case, and his copious speech overflows the bench, and reaches up to the knees of the President. But the opposite counsel does not leave him a leg to stand upon. Judge after Judge demolishes his argumentation, and the case is given against him unanimously, with costs. This occurring constantly, our friend gets suspicious of himself, and, in a few years, joins the gentlemanly men, who are not anxious for business. But he is not to be so driven from his faith in natural and acquired bodily abilities. They are never brought

into any very formidable competition; he can stand, walk, dance, ride, swim, and skate, always better than some one or other of his fellow-citizens similarly engaged; and thus he may continue to the close of a long and respectable life in the belief, that he has all along been a Cupid, a Castor, a Meleager, an Antinous, or an Apollo.

Now, the truth is, that not one man in a thousand knows even how to sit still. Watch the first friend you see sitting, and you will not fail to be shocked with his position—so repugnant to the laws of nature. The chance is that he does not even know on what part of his body nature intended him to sit. See! he is vainly attempting to sit on his hip-joints! and that, too, on a cane-chair. The most obtuse soon discovers his mistake, and seeks to rectify the error by suddenly bouncing from the left hip-bone to the right. The intermediate quarter never occurs to him, obvious as it is. And then, look at his feet, sprawling out into the middle of the floor, as if with his toe he sought to stop the currency of a half-crown, leaping into unintended circulation! With one hand in his breeches pocket, the other arm and elbow seemingly bound with cords to the back of his

* An Elementary Course of Gymnastic Exercises; intended to develope and improve the Physical Powers of Man; with the Report made to the Medical Faculty of Paris on the Subject; and a new and complete Treatise on the Art of Swimming. By Captain P. H. Clias. London, printed for Sherwood & Co.

chair, and his head dangling over like that of a sick harlequin, why, he seriously calls that—Sitting!

Now, as it is universally admitted that we must creep before we walk, so is it equally palpable that we must sit before we stand. Captain Clias, therefore, should have begun with Sitting as the first branch of Gymnastic Exercises: and his instructions here too should have been illustrated by plates. The difficulty is not so much in the theory as in the practice. The golden rule has been already hinted at—in taking your seat, consult and obey nature—don't imitate with your back the poker, nor with your legs the tongs, nor with your feet the shovel. Sit at your ease, but not at your impudence—no sort of scratching allowed; and never cease to remember that you are not at present exercising with the dumb-bells. The characteristic of gentlemanly sitting is—animated composure.

By the by, we are wrong in stating Sitting to be the first branch of gymnastics, for manifestly the first branch is—Lying. Unless a man lie well, he must never hope to be a good siter. Observe that person lying on a sofa. One leg drawn up with crooked knee—an arm awkwardly twisted round the neck—and to crown the horror, the monster is snoring on the flat of his back! When he starts from his doze, what sort of sitting, pray, can you expect from such a liar? A soft bed has been the ruin of many men. The human frame sinks into grotesque attitudes in the yielding down, and the luxurious rest enervates and dissolves. Nothing like a hair mattress above the feathers! and oh! from the bright, balmy, blooming heather-bed, elastic in its massy sweetness, how like a giant refreshed with mountain dew, springs up the pedestrian at first touch of the morning light—from the sheiling-door shakes hands with the new-risen sun, nor in the bounding fever of his prime, envies the rushing of the eagle's wing!

In Gymnastic Exercises, after Lying and Sitting, comes, as we said, Standing. Some unfortunate persons there are, who can neither lie, sit, nor stand; but the generality of mankind can be brought to do all three sufficiently well for the common purposes of life. Dancing masters teach showy, but not sound, Standing. That of the profes-

sor of fencing is elegant and effective in his own academy, but formal in the drawing-room. The drill-sergeant's is better for ordinary use, yet smacks, in its stiffness, too much of parade. The system of the gymnasiarch alone is suited for society; and, of all modern gymnasiarchs, Captain Clias is *facile princeps*.

If you wish to stand well in the eyes of the world, do as follows:

“At the word of command—‘Fall in,’—all the boys advance upon the same line, preserving between each other the distance of the arm's length. At the word,—‘Dress,’—each boy places his right hand on the left shoulder of the next, extending his arm at full length, and turning his head to the right. At the word,—‘Attention,’—the arms fall down by the side, and the head returns to the first position. The master places the boy, in the following manner: the head up, the shoulders back, the body erect, the stomach kept in, the knees straight, the heels on the same line, and the toes turned a little outwards. All things being thus arranged, the master standing in front, announces the exercise they are going to perform, taking care above all to explain clearly the movements which each boy ought to make. For example: Ordinary step, in place, explanation. At the word,—‘Hips,’—each boy places his hand on his sides, extending his fingers round the waist, and remains so.”

Look around among and over your family, and friends, and acquaintances, and perhaps among them all you will not find a first-rate Stander. This gentleman turns in his toes—and that gentleman stands in the opposite extreme, and the third gentleman seems to be very much in-knee'd, while the fourth gentleman is most unconscionably bandy. What the deuce does our friend in the long cloth gaiters (genteelst of wear) mean by dancing about in that guise, like a hen on a hot gridiron? He is ignorant of the very first principles of Standing. Then, why will you, my eloquent and brawny Man of the Manse, keep drawing figures in the dust with your iron-armed heel, all the time you are expatiating on your augmentation of stipend? In short, the power of sitting still is a rare accomplishment; but we really begin to suspect that to stand still is absolutely impossible. We cannot charge our memory, at this moment, with one person, male or fe-

male, who can do it; yes—one we recollect, but he shall be anonymous, whom we saw some seven years ago “Standing for the County,” and he, without moving a muscle, did for a week’s broiling weather stand perfectly stock-still, at the bottom of the poll.

Supposing then, for a moment, that you can lie, sit, and stand, you come naturally enough to think of Walking. But a very little reflection will suffice to show, that walking is by no manner of means so easy an affair as is generally imagined, and that to do it well, is, at the very least, as difficult as to play on the violin. Should any of our readers doubt this, let him read Captain Clias, and he will be satisfied of the truth of the apothegm. So numerous and intricate are his rules on this department of gymnastics, that we see at once that it requires not only good feet to walk well, but a good head also; and let no man who does not, in every sense of the word, possess a sound understanding, ever hope to be a Pedestrian.

But before treating the subject according to the laws of physical science, Captain Clias considers it, as we may say, in a moral and picturesque light. First of all, he well observes, that in “speaking of the walk, we mean that graceful and noble movement, by means of which the body, in transporting itself from one place to another, might increase or diminish the rapidity of its movements, without deranging its equilibrium, or the union of the parts in action. To walk is to make progressive movement. The body rests a moment on one foot whilst the other is advanced; then the centre of gravity of the body is made to fall from one foot upon the other, &c. It might be objected, that, generally, everybody knows how to walk, when not hindered by defects of conformation or accidental misfortunes; but our own experience has convinced us of the contrary; and if we give attention, we shall often have occasion to remark, that we see very few persons, however well formed, who in walking preserve a really erect position, and an air of becoming confidence and dignity. This movement, well executed, evinces not only the force of the body, but, more than is commonly thought, perhaps, the moral character of the individual. Walking may be considered in three different respects; first, with regard to

beauty, secondly to resistance, and thirdly, to promptitude.”

But we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of extracting the Captain’s philosophical panegyric on Walking. It reads like a bit of Bacon, Locke, or Stewart.

Walking in general.

“There are few motions in the human economy, says Barbier, which habit regulates more powerfully than walking. This mechanical motion, which is first acquired and formed by long practice, becomes in time quite habitual, so that this peculiar motion, voluntary as it is, appears in a manner mechanical. If we are put in motion in consequence of a first determination, habit alone guides us; it hastens, precipitates, or slackens our gait. It is the habit of walking or resting which gives or deprives us of the use of our limbs. Repose, or inaction even, too much indulged, takes away a wish to walk, whereas daily exercise, gradually increased in proportion to the augmentation in strength, generally makes most men good walkers. Thus recruits in infantry regiments, who are very much fatigued by the first march, become so much accustomed to it, that in a short time they are enabled to support the longest journeys. The principal qualities of walking, such as its rapidity, its duration, the capability we have for continuing it, and its peculiar character, do not only vary with respect to the circumstances which we have taken into consideration: we see, in fact, 1st, (for its quickness,) that the harmony of action which is established between several persons walking together in the same direction, causes each to acquire, almost insensibly, the same step, consequently that which is common to one person is more or less accelerated by another; we know, also, that many affections of the mind animate or retard the usual rapidity of the step, according to the peculiar disposition which they affect. In marches, which are regulated by music, the quickness of the step is entirely governed by the time. The general and the charging step accelerate the walk almost to a run, while a different beat of the drum produces quite a contrary effect.

“2dly. The duration of the walk influenced by the age, the sex, the temperament, and the peculiar pace, may be abridged or prolonged by several circumstances. Everybody knows that pleasant journeys, amusing and interesting exercises, such as hunting, shooting, &c. are continued whole days without an idea

of fatigue, but when we are accompanied by ennui and disgust, we feel, even in the shortest journeys, the necessity of rest. According to Chardin (*Voyage en Perse*), and Marshal Saxe (*Reveries*), the charms of music, or even a simple march or sound, executed in time, enlivens the loitering step of men walking in a body, to such a degree, that we see soldiers, who are harassed by a long day's march, apparently regain their strength, and walk gaily on as soon as they feel their steps animated and regulated by the beat of the drum. 3dly, and lastly; let us recall to mind, with respect to the peculiar character of walking, that it is lively, light, and very irregular in children, women, and nervous persons; slow, like drawling or sleeping, in phlegmatic persons; grave, steady, and with measured steps, in old men, in public ceremonies, &c. and it is heavy with the labourer, who is accustomed to walk under the pressure of weighty burdens. Walking on the toes, the wolf's-step, the giant's-step, and that which is named, on account of its slowness, the tortoise-step, are so many different modes of progression; the distinct character of each agrees with the name which has been appropriated to it by use. Other locutions still, such as walking proudly, majestically, looking at the feet, walking boldly, with a timid step, &c. prove also, that this infinitely varied action adapts itself, in several circumstances, to our sentiments and ideas.

“Walking, so important a part of locomotion, fulfils, in the animal economy, several functions to which we cannot refuse a special attention. It is principally by the help of walking that man, who moves voluntarily wherever he pleases, acquires the facility of satisfying many of his desires, and of divesting himself of the painful impressions which assail him. After prolonged rest, walking becomes more or less pleasing, in as much as it satisfies the internal impulse which induces us to move. Everybody knows that if we are fatigued by walking, walking in its turn destroys the bad consequences we feel from inaction. This motion, accompanied by the exercise of external sensations, which it promotes more or less in several circumstances, is itself under the immediate influence of the sight, as is proved by the impossibility of walking in a straight line, for example, without the help of this sense, the uneasiness we feel, and the dangers by which we fancy ourselves surrounded in the dark. In groping along, we call the sense of feeling to our assistance, and this in some measure replaces sight. We

have seen before, that oral impressions, which are produced by music, act powerfully on the character and length of the walk. Walking (and particularly solitary walking) ripens the ideas, develops the memory, and generally becomes a very good auxiliary to the work of the mind. Most of those who meditate a subject deeply, really feel the necessity of walking. It is a well-known fact, that men who compose, when they are deprived of their usual exercise in the open air, feel their ideas burst forth in pacing their libraries. These sort of square steps as they are called, in relieving the body, leave full liberty to the mind.

“This exercise relieves also our moral faculties, it diverts melancholy people, and offers the lazy a great resource against ennui. We know how well this exercise is calculated to dissipate gloomy ideas, the vapours of melancholy, and hypochondriacal affections. Ideas by their particular nature, and the affections of the soul, re-act in their turn on walking.

“We know that hope, desire, and fear, give wings, that terror and fright paralyze the legs, and make us immovable, and that warlike ardour, or the love of glory, which fires the soldier, makes him climb almost inaccessible heights, at which he would shudder in his cooler moments. It is the same influence which accelerates the movements of a victorious army, while everything seems to retard the progress, and discourage the exertions, of the vanquished. Walking is to locomotion, as it is indicated by the order of its progressive motion, the most simple, the most natural, and the most proper, to promote the general development of the strength of the inferior extremities.

“As far as regards expression, or the manifestation of the sentiments and ideas, what we have before said of its connexion with thought, proves that it becomes, by the different characters which it takes, according to our moral situation, a principal part of mimicry; it contributes also with the latter in presenting to the attentive physiologist, the distinguishing features of the predominating ideas, as well as those of the constitution, or of the physical and moral temperament. Walking exercises most of the internal functions, and the general motion which it communicates, seems to spread itself over almost all the organic phenomena; it provokes appetite, assists digestion, &c. it accelerates the general circulation, which loses its quickness by inaction and rest, and it exerts the same influence on respiration. Walking brings forth indirectly, but in a very safe way, the fluids

to the skin, and increases the cutaneous exhalation, it augments the calorification, and makes us capable of resisting the most rigorous cold. It is by walking only, that the inhabitants of the north resist the lethargic influence of the frost. By the daily exercise which it procures, walking, in fact, produces the good state of nutrition of all the organs. In considering the connexion which it has with all the functions of animal economy, we can easily conceive that this exercise constitutes a very important part of the dietetic, and that it is prescribed most advantageously to weak persons, to children, to convalescents, and in the greater part of those chronic diseases which depend on the general diminution of the strength. When it is taken in moderation, this is one of the best known exercises; the abuse of it only can injure and enervate, in the same way that every other exercise does which we take beyond our strength. We can also add, that a measured and continued walk, in consuming a considerable portion of the cerebral action which presides over movement and sensation, diminishes the more the functions which belong to sentiment."

No one, surely, after this, will deny that to walk well is at once useful and ornamental. It is obvious, however, that the bodily dispositions and daily habits have the greatest influence on the Walk, and therefore it is advantageous to accustom young persons early to a great variety of elementary exercises, in order to destroy in their origin the bad habits which they are inclined to contract, and to prevent, at the same time, many corporeal defects. Nothing is more common than to hear mothers affirm that their children (little prodigies) walk at fourteen months; yet look at the father of them, and you see he cannot walk at forty years. The honest man merely hobbles. The truth is, and we may as well say it boldly at once, not one man in as many thousands can walk. Lay down Maga and look out of the window. Why, surely, you cannot so contravene your conscience as to say, that yonder gentleman coming round the corner of the street is walking—he is just as much flying. Indeed it is but too certain that he is attempting to fly. See how his arms are flapping like wings—his neck stretched out like that of a wild-goose—his tail laboriously lifted with its long flaps from the pavement, and his body rolling

about after the fashion of a tar-barrel. That, he and most of his friends imagine to be walking, but we and Captain Clias know better. Whatever it is, most assuredly it is not walking—nor will it ever be walking on this side of the grave. To get on at the rate of four miles an hour—so—would require the strength of a dray-horse. What a sudden relief given to all the rest of his days, were that man, all at once, as by a miracle, to walk! He would feel as if he had laid down a burden that had been borne since his birth-day. To him, up and down hill would be all on the same level.—But, oh dear! only see him now walloping up stairs like a porpus climbing a ladder! However, we have his address, and shall send him a copy of Captain Clias.

We find it impossible to abridge the Captain's theory of Walking. Suffice it to say, it treats clearly and concisely of Changes in Place—Double Step—Triple Step—Oblique Step—Cross Step—French Step—Walking on Heels—the broken Step—the Tick-Tack—Balancing on one Leg—Pace of Three Times—the Cross Touch—the Touch of the Heel—Changing the Guard, &c. Let no man imagine that he can walk, unless he has mastered all these manœuvres. The one leads on to the other—a new set of muscles being daily strengthened into so much whipcord; and the only difficulty, at the end of a year's exercise, is to sit or to stand still, the whole frame being so uncontrollably saturated with locomotion.

One species of walking (exercise IX.) is somewhat startlingly called—Kicking, and is thus described.

Kicking.

"This exercise consists in throwing the feet alternately straight forward, as if forcibly striking at some object in front, and it may be made either advancing or retreating. When well performed, it acts powerfully on the muscles of the back and other parts of the body. It is also very useful as a means of defence against the attack of an animal, and in many other cases. The inhabitants of the mountains, in many European countries, fight in this manner, without making use of their hands, which they place in their bosoms or on their backs."

No doubt, Kicking may, as the Cap-

tain says, "be very useful as a means of defence," but to us it has always seemed preferable in the way of offence. It is seldom used in civilized society against the human species, except when the object of attack is on the retreat, and it is always confined to the same quarter. We are somewhat sceptical of its efficacy against any other animal—except, perhaps, a pug-dog, muzzled in apprehension of hydrophobia. We should be tardy in kicking a mastiff or a bull-dog—still more so in kicking a bear, a bull, or a bonassus. Captain Clias assures us in a note, that the Highlanders in Scotland fight after the fashion stated in the text; that is to say, they fight with their hands in their bosoms, or on their backs! They are no great pugilists certainly, but, our dear Captain, they do use their hands, once perhaps every five minutes, during a battle. Your Celt is slow, and his favourite figure is the circle. Could he be taught to hit out straight, he would often be an ugly customer. The boxers in the interior of Africa hit, Clapperton tells us, with the heel on the jugular; and in that amusing farago of fact and fiction, the "Customs of Portugal," the compiler tells us of a Black killing, in like manner, two hackney-coachmen, who had insulted him, right and left beneath the ear, and on the pit of the stomach. Kicking, however, is a branch of walking that cannot be too rarely practised, and may be left to the subjects of Sultan Bello and Ching-hong. Should any drunken carter or other cannibal lift his ugly foot with any such intent—do as we did last Thursday at Newington—catch hold of the proffered boon, and fling the proprietor head over heels into the kennel.

Having thus touched very slightly on Lying, Sitting, Standing, and Walking, Kicking included, we come in due course to Running. But hear the Captain.

Running in general.

"Running only differs from walking by the rapidity of the movements. It may be seen by that how useful and natural it is to man. The advantages which this exercise produces are incalculable: its salutary effects operate in a very visible manner on the individual who practises it, and are re-produced in a great many circumstances of life. Running favours

the development of the chest, dilates the lungs, and, when it is moderate, preserves this precious organ from the most dangerous and inveterate diseases.

"This exercise, in contributing much to render us healthy and vigorous, may also enable us to avoid innumerable dangers. In effect, how many persons have been victims to their incapacity in this exercise! How many unhappy soldiers would have escaped a hard captivity, and even a cruel death, if they had been accustomed in their youth to run fast and long. Often do unforeseen circumstances oblige us to hold our breath a long time, and to run with the greatest possible rapidity, when our dearest interests force us to the rescue of those whom we most dearly cherish; and our own preservation may frequently depend on the celerity with which we pass over any given distance. What are the consequences of an exercise so violent, when we have not been previously prepared for it? Sometimes the most serious diseases, the vexation to see an enterprise fail on which our welfare depended; or, what is still more cruel, to see persons the most dear to us perish before our eyes, whom we might have saved had we arrived a few seconds sooner."

We also cordially agree with Captain Clias in all the following sentiments:—

"Without the fear of hazarding too much, we may assert, that it is the same with running as it is with walking. If we see but very few persons run with grace and agility, we see still fewer run fast, and continue it for a long time. There are many who can scarcely run a few hundred paces without being out of breath and unable to go farther, because they perform that movement under a real disadvantage. Some, by swinging their arms with too much violence, agitate the muscles of the breast, and thereby compress the movement of respiration; others, by bending their knees, and throwing them forward, and by making long paces, fatigue themselves very soon, and also lose a great deal of time. Those who raise their legs too high behind, advance but very little, though they labour very much. It is also very disadvantageous whilst running, to throw the upper part of the body backward, to take too large strides, to press too hard upon the ground, and to respire too rapidly. To run fast and gracefully, one should, as it were, graze the ground with the feet, by keeping the legs as straight as possible whilst moving them forward, raise one's self from one foot upon the other with

great velocity, and make the movements of the feet rapidly succeed each other. During the course, the upper part of the body is inclined a little forward, the arms are, as it were, glued to the sides, and turned in at the heights of the hips, the hands shut, and the nails turned inwards."

Although never in the army, we have frequently saved our lives by running—once, more particularly, in presence of the enemy, an enormous red bull, with dagger horns, a tufted tail shockingly perpendicular, and a growling roar like that of a royal Bengal tiger. We had not then read Captain Clias—but if we had, we should have made a more scientific escape. The Lord of Herds was reposing with shut eyes behind a rock, on the breast of a Highland mountain, when we, who were laden with a three-stone knapsack, fishing-creel, and salmon-rod, stumbled upon his majesty. For an animal sixty stone weight, fourteen pound to the stone, he possessed great agility. Yes—although neither had he, any more than ourselves, read Captain Clias, he was a proficient in "running in general." Not twenty yards law did he allow the Editor of this Magazine, then an active stripling—for Christopher North was once young—and, at first starting, he took a most unfair, a most ungentlemanly, and un-John-Bull-like advantage, by meeting us right in the face, beyond the earliest knowe in our career. As one good turn deserved another, we hit him a bang across the eyes with our rod, till he winked again; and then diverging unexpectedly straight south, led him after us about five hundred yards right on end, without either party gaining an inch, like a will-o'-wisp, smack into a quagmire. Before he could extricate himself from the water-cresses, we were fifty rood of heather in advance, and within a mile of a wood. We heard the growl somewhat deepening behind us, and every time we ventured to cast a look over our shoulder, his swarthy eye was more and more visible. But bad as that was, his tail was worse, and seemed the Bloody Flag of the Pirate. The monster had four legs—we but two; but our knees were well-knit, our ham-strings strong, our ankles nimble as fencer's wrist, and our in-step an elastic arch, that needed not the spring-board of the circus—no-

thing but the bent of the broad mountain's brow. If he was a red bull,—and who could deny it?—were not we one of the red deer of the forest, that accompanies on earth the eagle's flight in heaven? Long before gaining the edge of the wood, we had beaten the brute to a stand-still. There he stood, the unwieldy laggard, pawing the stony moor, and hardly able to roar. Poor devil, he could not raise an echo! He absolutely lay down—and then, contempt being an uneasy and unchristian feeling, we left him lying there, like a specimen of mineralogy, and wandered away in a poetical reverie, into the sun and shadow of the great Pine-forest.

Captain Clias's running exercises are called Running in Pace—to Rise and Fall with Exactness—Running in a Square—Spiral Running—Sinuous Running—Doubling the Line—Running with a Stick—Prompt Running—Precipitate Running. All these several modes of running are clearly explained, and must all be useful on the arena of real life. Few people have practised sudden stopping, and turning aside at a right angle. But what so preservative of life, when suddenly threatened by a blood-horse, for example, coming distracted along the street, with the ruins of a Dennet or Stanhope at his tail? Nay, even for a running fight with watchmen, those paid disturbers of the peace, such accomplishments are of great avail; nor can we ever cease to remember, with pensive and regretful melancholy, the delightful running fights on Fort-Meadow or Bullington green, Oxon, when Reginald Dalton, Day of Merton, Agar of Christ Church, Gray of St Mary Hall, and a few more of us, used to show fight to the Oxford raffs, and pummel them into a jelly on a retreat, that, were all the particulars as well known and as eloquently recorded, would throw into the shade even that famous one of the Ten Thousand.

We cannot bring ourselves to think with Captain Clias that the same rules, the same system of running, ought to be applied indiscriminately to all men alike, for each individual has his own peculiar conformation of body, and must also have his own peculiar mode of regulating its motion. A Highlander, for example, five feet four, with lengthy spine, and short heather

legs, ought not to attempt taking immense strides; and indeed, whether he will or no, must adopt the short step recommended by our author. But why should a six-foot man, with a long fork, abstain from striding like a shadow when the sun is low? So, too, some men are by nature straight as an arrow, others lounge and stoop by nature. Let both parties, respectively, run in attitude congenial with their conformation; nor will a philosophical anatomist pretend to say pointedly which conformation is best adapted for fleetness. Dogs, horses, and men of all shapes, have excelled. The most beautifully proportioned is often worthless on trial, and Eclipse was cross-made who could give most racers a distance. Runners generally find out their own balance; and there would be as little sense in criticising the apparent awkwardness of a winning man, as in eulogizing the elegance of a laggard.

Before leaving this part of the Captain's treatise, however, we beg leave respectfully and kindly to hint, that he does not seem to be at all acquainted with the history of British Pedestrianism. Now, without such knowledge, no man can be said thoroughly to understand the science of Gymnastics. A first-rate walker, and none but a first-rate, will do—*toe and heel*—six miles an hour, for one hour, on a good road. If out of practice and training, the odds on such a match would, we think, be against any unknown pedestrian, 6 to 4 on time. A first-rate walker, in fine training, will do twelve miles in two hours. We should have no objection to bet 6 to 4 (in hundreds) against any man in England walking, fair toe and heel, eighteen miles in three hours, yet of such exploits one reads in sporting papers. A Captain Parker, somewhere in Lancashire, is said to have walked seven miles in one hour—and if he did so, he may safely challenge all England. Reduce the rate to five miles an hour,

and pedestrians of the first class will do forty miles in eight hours—*nay*, keep it up, probably, for fifty in ten. Reduce the rate to four miles, and then a man may walk on for twelve hours a-day—we were going to say all his lifetime—but certainly for a month; and if for a month, one sees no reason (sickness excepted) why not for a year; and if for a year, why not ten, and so on to twenty and fifty? There can be no doubt, that out of the British army, on a war-establishment, ten thousand men might be chosen, by trial, who would compose a corps capable of marching fifty miles a-day, on actual service, for a whole week. The power of such a corps is not to be calculated—and it would far outgo cavalry.*

Of feats of running, Captain Clias seems to be equally ignorant. Of short distances we do not now speak, for we forget the precise time of hundred-yard or two-hundred-yard men. But a quarter of a mile in a minute is sharp going—and it requires one of the best in all England to do a mile in four minutes at four starts. The Captain, when speaking of "Prompt Running," speaks very simply of "a mile in four minutes, and afterwards in less," being done by his scholars. Were the Captain to risk his money on the swiftest boy among them, he would find out his gross and grievous mistake. The mile was never run in four minutes in England. Metcalfe, now the swiftest living for a mile, does it, touch and go, in four minutes and a half. The Captain afterwards says, "Many of our scholars run a thousand yards in two minutes—*without being much heated*;" and "at the last examination of the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, several boys ran 580 yards in one minute and eight seconds." These two last feats are perhaps possible—but the first is impossible; and the statement of the one throws discredit over the other. Let Captain Clias go to Tattersall's, and offer to produce a lad

* Captain Clias tells us that Captain Barclay walked 180 miles without resting. He never did any such thing—nor attempted to do it—nor is it within human power. Perhaps he means without going to bed. Even that must be a mistake; for Captain Barclay would take his rest in the most judicious way during a match; and there is nothing like a bed. We question if any man ever walked 100 miles without some sort of rest. If any could, Captain Barclay was that man; for although there were many fleet men than he, he never had his equal for united strength, activity, and bottom, as a pedestrian.

to run a mile in less than four minutes, and he will get as much money laid against him, at twenty to one, as lately depended on that useless favourite, the General. A mile in five minutes is fair work, and requires a good runner—two miles in ten minutes is a match oftener lost than won—and four miles in twenty, puzzles, we believe, even an Ashton or a Halton. Ten miles an hour used twenty years ago to be reckoned prodigious, and was rarely attempted. Now it is done by all the first-raters. But fifteen miles in an hour and a half has never, to our knowledge, been done, although we think it practicable. Forty miles in four hours and three quarters or less, we think, was done at Newmarket by that most beautiful of all runners, Lancashire Wood, who was allowed five hours; and exploits not much inferior, allowing for bad roads, have been done in Scotland. Of great distances, we believe the ambition of Rainier was to accomplish 100 miles in eighteen hours—but he failed (in two attempts), and after him what man alive can hope to succeed?*

Captain Clias now comes to "Jumping in general," and remarks, that, of all the corporeal exercises, Jumping is, without contradiction, the finest and most useful. But we must quote the *ipsissima verba* of the amiable enthusiast:—

"Of all the corporeal exercises, jumping is, without contradiction, the finest and the most useful. As it cannot be executed with facility, but in proportion to the strength, the elasticity, and the suppleness of the articulations and muscles of the lower extremities, much exercise is necessary in order to attain to that degree of perfection which smooths every obstacle, or furnishes us with the means of overcoming them without danger. In a fire, or an inundation, it is often by means of a determined jump, that we escape the most imminent danger ourselves, or render important services to our fellow-creatures. In a carriage, often at the mercy of a coachman asleep or intoxicated, riding an unruly horse, and in a thousand other circumstances, a jump, made with promptitude and assurance, might save

our lives, or preserve us from fracturing our limbs. Lightness and perpendicularity constitute all the merit of jumping; the utmost ought to be done to acquire these two qualities, for, without them, jumping has neither grace nor security.

"*Remark.*—To jump with grace and assurance, one should always fall on the toes, taking care, especially, to bend the knees on the hips; the upper part of the body should be inclined forwards, and the arms extended towards the ground. The hands should serve to break the fall when jumping from a great height. By falling on the heels, the shock which, in this case, is communicated from the extremity of the vertebral column to the crown of the head, will occasion pain in these two parts, and may be attended with very bad consequences. It is also useful to hold the breath, whilst jumping, for, in all the efforts that we make, the retention of the breath, by preventing the blood from circulating with rapidity in the lungs, makes it flow into the members which are in movement, which greatly increases the strength of those parts."

There seems to us to be some little confusion in this extract. Pray what kind of jumping is of most use to a man in a house on fire? Jumping out of the window. But it requires small activity to jump out of a window of the fourteenth story, and it might be done even by a bed-ridden old gentleman of ninety. In cases of inundation jumping may be useful no doubt, but swimming, we should conjecture, much more so; and as for jumping out of carriages, driven by sleeping or intoxicated coachmen, more limbs are fractured and lives lost by doing so, even with promptitude and assurance, than any other mode that could be named. Then, as to "perpendicularity" constituting the chief merit of jumping, we flatly deny it. Nothing is half so elegant as a horizontal swing, and it is plain that the man who raises his head five or six feet above the height he overleaps, cannot, agreeably to the laws of nature, animate and inanimate, clear such an altitude, as he whose head is little higher than his feet, and

* We intend writing an article about our most celebrated pedestrians. The inaccuracies to be found even in Pearce Egan's *Life in London*, the *Annals of Sporting*, and Bell's sporting paper, are gross, glaring, and innumerable. Not one match in fifty is rightly reported in any of the common newspapers; and in ordinary conversation, all is confusion and fiction together. Except on the Turf, it is the same with all matches between horses—of all sorts, at trot or gallop, out or in harness.

whose whole figure is almost parallel with the ground. Neither in the above extract does Captain Clias inform us whether he is speaking of high or far leaping—perhaps of both—as indeed he who leaps over a great height must also leap over a considerable distance, and *vice versa*. As to always alighting on the toes, that is manifestly impossible, when you have to overleap a great extent of country. A leaper who dexterously throws out his feet before him will leap at least six feet farther than one who alights perpendicularly; but how is it possible to fling out your feet yards in advance, and to alight on your toes? In all far leaping, whether over a height or not, all men must alight on their heels—in high leaping, when distance is no object, you may and ought to alight on the forepart of the foot—and on leaping down from the top of a house on fire, why, you must take your chance of heel or toe, and think yourself very well off if you do not break your neck, and fracture your skull into the bargain.

Since jumping is so necessary to the preservation of life, we cannot help being a little surprised at the Captain's want of gallantry in not recommending it as an indispensable accomplishment of the fair sex. Surely in cases of fire and inundation, the ladies have at least as good a right to escape as the gentlemen. But the truth is, that we male creatures are a selfish set, and so that we can but jump ourselves, we are willing to let the softer sex perish in flame or flood. In carriages they are as much exposed as we are; but how, under their present imperfect system of education, can they be expected to jump out, in cases of drunk or sleepy coachmen, "with promptitude and assurance?" They must, therefore, be taught jumping. Every boarding-school must have its jumping-master and jumping-green, and what more delightful spectacle could be imagined than a bevy of maidens performing the preparatory movements.

Captain Clias lays down various exercises, which he calls preparatory movements—running and touching behind in place—trampling on the ground in place—walking pace in place—trotting pace in place—galloping pace in place, &c. A bright-eyed, round-limbed virgin of sweet sixteen "galloping in place," would

indeed warm the blood of an anchorite, and drive Malthus to despair. "Touching behind in place" would also be bewitching, and the preparatory movements would form an easy introduction to a running hop-step-and-jump to Gretna Green.

All these exercises may be very well—but what says the Captain when he comes to the Jumping itself? But little, and that little most unsatisfactory. He talks of the single jump, the redoubled jump, and the continued jump; but of the single jump, with a run, and of hop-step-and-jump, with a run, he says nothing, although they are the most beautiful feats in the whole range of gymnastics.

A good high jumper will clear five feet, a first-rate one five and a half, and an out-and-outer among the first-rates six feet. The late Mr Ingleby, of Lancaster, we have seen clear a stick held six feet two inches high, springing off the turnpike road, and with a run of about five yards. What Ireland could do without the spring-board we know not—probably not two inches more than Mr Ingleby. Mr Ingleby despised perpendicularly, and swayed himself over almost horizontally with singular grace, elegance, and facility.

Twelve feet is a good standing single jump on level ground; fourteen is a job for two or three in a county; twenty feet on level ground is a first-rate running single jump, but has been done often; twenty-one is something very extraordinary, but noways apocryphal; and twenty-two is, we believe, accomplished about once every twenty years, and that almost always by an Irishman. A hundred sovereigns to five, against any man in England doing twenty-three feet on a dead level. With a run and a leap, on a slightly inclined plane, perhaps an inch to a yard, we have seen twenty-three feet done in great style—and measured to a nicety; but the man who did it (aged twenty-one, height, five feet eleven inches, weight eleven stone) was admitted to be (Ireland excepted) the best far-leaper of his day in England.

At standing hop-step-and-jump, level ground, ten yards is good—eleven excellent—and twelve the extent of any man's tether. We have heard of thirteen, but believe it to be a lie. With a run, thirteen yards is good.

fourteen great, and fifteen prodigious. Perhaps there are not six authenticated cases on record of fifteen being done on level ground, and by actual admeasurement. All guess-work exploits shrivel up a good yard, or sometimes two, when brought to the measure, and the champion of the county dwindles into a clumsy clod-hopper. Ireland, it is said, did sixteen yards on Knavesmire, before he was known to the world; and indeed was noticed by some Londoners on that occasion, and brought forward at the Amphitheatre. He was the best leaper, both high and far, that ever jumped in England; and take him for all in all, it is most certain that we shall never look upon his like again. Now, we confess that instead of all that preparatory fiddling and piddling taught by Captain Clia, we should like to see his scholars stripped at a regular match of straight-forward leaping—of either of the kinds aforesaid, and seeing that the Captain avers he has boys who can run a mile under the four minutes—what is to hinder him to produce a hero to leap twenty-three feet, back and forwards (the great desideratum)? Or fifteen yards and a half at running hop-step-and-jump? Or six feet^o over a string? Let this be done “without being much heated,” and pray let it be at the next examination at the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea.

Of our Three United Nations, the Irish are, we think, the best leapers, perhaps the best in all departments of Pedestrianism. With fists they are formidable—with shillelas tremendous—with legs beautiful. They are all fair stand-up leapers. It is an ignominious thing, at the end of a jump, to come down whack, or squelch upon your bottom. You ought to clear your ground. For suppose the ground were water, and you plumped into it with your posteriors, would you say you had jumped over the canal? In Scotland that system is too prevalent, and in all such cases the measurement should be to the mark of the corduroys. In a running leap, or running hop-step-and-leap, the run is a great matter. Now, the Irishman flies like a whirlwind, and takes the spring in an impetuous mood, that flings him over a rood of land. It is not safe to be near Pat when recovering from his last bound, for he goes

whirling round and round among the by-standers, laying all flat within the wind of his careering circle. There is not much to choose, in leaping, between the Scotch and English Borderers, who are certainly the best in Britain. Tall, boney, wiry chaps, who bound, unshaken, from ground as hard as flags, and when tired, make strength do the work of agility. In Scotland, for our money, the leapers of Liddesdale. In England, the Westmoreland lads for leaping, the Lancashire for running, and for wrestling, canny Cumberland.

Much has been said and sung about the proper proportions of a leaper. We have already hinted, that in this, as in other things, Nature indulges in what we blindly call vagaries and anomalies. But we never knew a first-rater under five feet ten. First-raters range from that up to six feet two, but rarely exceed that height. Laird Shaw, in the parish of Kilbride, Renfrewshire, stood six feet three and a half, and he was the champion of the county at the close of the eighteenth century. The Border leapers of renown are rarely under six feet. Pretty leapers are frequent from five feet five to five feet eight, and will do their nineteen or even twenty feet at a single jump, and their fourteen yards at hop-step-and-jump; but when brought against men as good as themselves, half a foot taller, they must be beaten hollow. Between eighteen and twenty-six is the time of life during which leapers are in their prime. Before eighteen they rarely have mature power, and after twenty-six as rarely unimpaired elasticity.

When youths are leaping for amusement, all dangerous leaps ought to be avoided. What is the use of breaking a leg, and becoming a lameter for life? Never leap across rocky chasms, nor over sharp-pointed stakes, either of wood or iron. You may take a canal occasionally, for if you leap short, you have a soft fall; and there is little or no danger in a five foot gate of neat workmanship on a gravel walk. But be chary of your bones, and give your sinews fair play. Do not continue leaping too long at a time; and as soon as you feel tired, or winded, or falling behind your usual mark, on with your apparel, and walk home to dine or study.

Never believe one single word you

hear in general society about any one single feat of Gymnastics—especially Leaping. People talk of seventeen yards at hop-step-and-jump. If they say they saw it done, and measured it themselves, they are either no honest men, or no geometricians. Never believe in any feat at leaping said to have been achieved by a Scotch Highlander. We have leaped, in our youth, the whole Highlands; and never met a man, even the champions of the districts, who could do nineteen feet on a level. The South-country shepherds who go to Highland farms (witness George Laidlaw in Strathglass and others), beat the Gael all to sticks in Gymnastics in general. They are a harmless, contented, patient, enduring, patriotic, pious, and brave people, full of hospitality and every social virtue, but very so so jumpers indeed, and at wrestling not worth the toss-up of the smallest denomination of coin known, now or formerly, in these realms.

At the beginning of the previous paragraph we have warned our readers against ever believing one word they hear in general society about Gymnastics. Pray, may we extend our advice to all other subjects of public and private interest? Correct opinions and sentiments we have occasionally heard in mixed parties, but correct statements of facts, never. Only listen to a palaver about the battle of Waterloo—or Napoleon at St Helena—or the height of the Irish Giant—or the reduction of taxes—or the exaction of tithes—or Lord Kennedy and Mr Oldbaldiston and Captain Ross shooting pigeons—or the Silk Trade—or the Shipping Interest—or the Emigration of Swallows—or a great Bankruptcy or famous Forgery—or Salmon-fishing in the Tweed—or the population of Ireland—or the greatest number of annual swarms of Bees from one Hive—or the colour of this Miss's hair (in our opinion clearly a fiery red), or that Miss's eye (certainly a grey squint),—and what contradictions, inaccuracies, blunders, misrepresentations, and distortions of poor unhappy miserable Facts!

Often, indeed, have we wondered how this world goes on! Nobody seems to know anything. The events of last week are either forgotten, or by treacherous memory so transmogrified, that we know not the ghastly faces of our sorely altered friends. Can

this dim, faint, glimmering, attenuated shivering, and spectral Fact, be indeed the woe-begone apparition of the jolly reality of yester-morn was a week! You see men hurrying by you, on the wings of passion, as if their existence hung upon a moment, blind and deaf to the external world, and acting to admiration the part of spiritual essences. On the Monday following, by no train of circumstances can you recall to them from obliviscence the subject matter of their headlong impetuosity. They say you must be dreaming, and with faces of blank vacuity turn into Montgomery's for an ice-cream. There is no such thing as a faculty of Memory, and we very much doubt the existence of Judgment. But how, in the midst of all this confusion and bewilderment, the said world goes on—there is the mystery which no Magazine has yet resolved. Every man you meet is more ignorant and stupider than another; no living being can extract from another the slightest useful knowledge of any kind; collect facts and they all turn out falsehoods; from the invention of Printing to this blessed hour, never yet was there an accurate quotation; and oh! Heavens and earth! in Tables of Figures, to what countless millions amount the Sums Total of the Whole!

But we must return to Captain Clias. Captain Clias is such an enthusiast in his profession, that each branch of the science of Gymnastics appears to him to be, while he is teaching it, the most important. Thus, he pronounces, as we have seen, a splendid panegyric on Walking; and, under the influence of his eloquence, we are led to believe it the noblest of all human exploits, far beyond either Lying, Standing, or Sitting, each of which, however, had received in its turn a glowing eulogy. But when he warms upon Running, we feel for Walking almost a sort of contempt. Running seems to be all in all—without it, human life seems still, sedentary, and stagnant. Ere long, the Captain comes forward succinct for Jumping, and then all the business of this world appears transacted by leaps and springs. But no sooner have we joined the sect of jumpers, than the Captain lifts up his voice, and calls aloud in praise of Wrestling. We begin to wonder how we could have been so dazzled with the glories of Lying, Standing, Sitting, Walking, Running,

and Jumping in general, and wish that Jacob were alive, that we might try the patriarch a fall. What can be more beautifully philosophical than the following elege?

“The salutary effects which result from the different manners of wrestling extend themselves over the whole body. The members are developed, the muscles are fortified, the vital spirits are circulated more freely, and increased in a very visible manner. This exercise presents also the advantage of arming young persons with patience, courage, and constancy. A long experience, supported by daily practice, has clearly proved to us, that, of all the exercises of the body, wrestling, well directed, is that which increases courage the most, inures to pain, and accustoms young men to perseverance. This only gives them that moral force which is commonly called resistance.

“If we consider wrestling with regard to its general utility, we shall see that there is no other exercise which presents, more than this does, the certain, and not expensive, means of rendering the body supple, vigorous, and well formed, and of preserving the health, and increasing its means of defence.

“It is possible that some men, under the influence of prejudice, or the pretended brave, may think that wrestling is useless, since fighting with the fists is no longer practised amongst gentlemen; but let us suppose, for a moment, that one of these gentlemen unintentionally insults, or rather finds himself insulted, by one of those vigorous companions, who, to decide their quarrel, employ only the arms which nature has given them; in a similar case, what will the man do, who has hardly strength enough to handle the sword which he carries?”

The Captain then chooses his ground judiciously in the following passage:

“Both with regard to security and agreeableness, a close soil, covered with a good green turf, is, without contradiction, the most proper ground for wrestling on, when care has been taken to remove all the hard bodies which might injure the wrestlers in case of falls, or during the struggles which take place on the ground. Too hard a soil presents but little resistance to the feet, and it weakens the confidence of the wrestlers, because they are afraid of slipping and of hurting themselves in falling. Ground covered with a deep sand is very disagreeable, because in wrestling upon it the body is almost always covered with, and the eyes full of

sand. Neither boots with high heels nor shoes with iron about them, should ever be worn whilst wrestling. The pockets should always be emptied of all things that might be injurious to the movements, or that might do harm at the time of falling. The sleeves of the shirt ought to be turned up above the elbows, the waistband of the trowsers should not be very tight, and the shirt-collar should be open. It is expressly forbidden in wrestling for one to take his antagonist by the throat, or by any other improper part, to employ either the nails or the teeth, or to strike him under the chin.”

Here we confess that we lose sight of the system of Wrestling taught by Captain Clias. But as we are above all prejudice on this or any other subject, we do not doubt that it may be a very good and useful system. We have been too long accustomed, however, to the simple, straight-forward, manly, close-hugging, back-hold “worstle” of the north of England, to enter into the Captain’s cantrips, and we devoutly wish that we could see himself, or his best scholar, try a fall with any one of fifty of the Cumberland and Westmoreland society of gentlemen in London. In order to prepare his scholars for wrestling, the most complicated of gymnastics, both with respect to the diversity of its movements, and the different situations in which wrestlers are often placed, Captain Clias explains a course of preparatory exercises, which serves as an introduction. They have a somewhat quackish character, and a few of them seem to us better fitted to make a mountebank than a wrestler. Thus, he teaches his scholars to kiss the ground in equilibrium, on the arms and points of the feet—to support the body on the hands and heels, as far from the ground as possible—to do the goat’s jump, a foolish game at all-fours—and to rise from the ground by the action of the arms, keeping the legs still and extended—and a great variety of other manœuvres.

The essential difference between Captain Clias’s system of wrestling and that of the North of England, is this, that in his the wrestlers catch hold in any way they choose; whereas in the north, each party has an equal and similar hold before the struggle begins. Who can doubt which is the better system? The Captain’s is radically savage and barbarous, and more congenial with

the habits and temper of African negroes than European whites. The other is fair, just, and civilized. To us the sight of one man catching hold of another round the waist, and consequently throwing him at his pleasure, without the possibility of his antagonist making any effectual resistance, would be sickening indeed. Thus, what true Cock of the North can read without disgust Exercise XII., entitled "Of the First Fall" ?

"Sufficiently prepared by all the elements of wrestling, we may now, without fearing any accident, familiarize ourselves with one of the most complicated exercises, both by the variety of the movement, and the different situations in which we are placed during the action which is about to be described. Placed opposite to each other, as has been indicated in the preceding exercises, the wrestlers endeavour, by all sorts of movements, to take the advantage; but as here the principal object is for one to throw down the other, it is permitted in the attack, in endeavouring to take him round the body, to throw him in any manner whatever, and when one of the wrestlers is much quicker and more dexterous than the other, it might happen that the victory may be decided before either has taken his hold of the other, for he who has twice thrown his adversary on his back ought to be acknowledged conqueror. As soon as one has taken the other round the body, he who has obtained the advantage ought to keep his head as close as possible on the highest of his shoulders, in order to hinder his champion from taking it under his arm; then, in raising him from the ground, to push him from one side, and throw him to the other; or to take advantage of the moment when he advances one of his feet, and throw him down artfully, by giving him a trip up. He who loses the advantage ought quickly to move his feet backwards,—to lean the upper part of his body forwards,—to seize, if possible, the head of his champion under one of his arms,—to fix his other hand on the hip, or on the loins, and to make his adversary bear all the weight of his body."

William Litt and Tom Nicolson, what think ye of that? At such an exhibition, what hooting in the ring at Ambleside, Coniston, Keswick, Penrith, or Carlisle? We offer to bet Captain Clias a dinner for six (a pretty number), of Fell mutton and Windermere char, with all other appurtenances, that the very first time he witnesses a belt wrestled for in either of the above rings,

he will abjure his own system, as fit only for savages, and embrace that of Cumberland, as the "wrestling" of gentlemen and christians. It certainly is the duty of Captain Clias, as a gymnasiarch of high character and high situation, to whom part of the education of our British youth is intrusted, to make himself, if not master, for that may not be so easy, acquainted with the elements, at least the spirit, of the character of British Gymnastics. If he knows nothing at all about them, which we suspect is the case, then why should our unfeigned respect for his character, and admiration of his bodily accomplishments, prevent us from saying that he is not thoroughly qualified for the responsible, and, we presume, lucrative situation which he now holds?

The following exhibition must resemble dog-fighting more than man-wrestling.

"In this exercise the two wrestlers are lying on the ground, one on his right side, and the other on his left, two feet apart and opposite to each other. Their arms are lying on their breasts, or extended down by their sides. The action begins at a signal agreed on, and he who is first able to suspend all the movements of his adversary, by holding him confined under him upon his back, is conqueror. Here cunning, suppleness, agility, strength, and, especially, resistance, are indispensable. When the wrestlers are of nearly equal strength, the victory remains some time undecided; each takes his turn to be on the top, and it sometimes happens that he who loses the first part gains the other two; or, by making an equal part, renders the victory undecided. In this manner of wrestling, as well as in the others, they very often engage three times, for it often happens that he who has had the advantage in the first action, loses it in the second, and is consequently obliged to begin again, in order to decide the victory."

Having been unable conscientiously to praise Captain Clias's system of wrestling, it gives us pleasure to quote with approbation the only passage which seems to us truly scientific. The following rules might, we think, be brought into play in the legitimate back-hold.

"Among the great number of attacks used in Greek wrestling, we will point out the seven principal trips, or snares. It is extremely advantageous to understand them well, in order to employ them in case of necessity, or to know how to

avoid them.—1st. The first, which is called exterior, is made from right to right, outwards, the knees and the hips kept well together; that is, the leg is placed outwards behind the right of the champion.—2d. From left to left. The left leg outwards, behind the left of the champion. In the first case, the left hand of him who attacks draws back the upper part of the body, whilst the right shoulder presses forcibly on the breast of him who is to be overthrown. In the second case, it is the right hand which draws, and the left shoulder which presses vigorously. In the warmest moment of the action, he who attacks ought to stiffen as much as possible the knee which makes the lever. In either case, he who attacks ought to make all these partial movements as one single action, executed with the quickness of lightning. He who resists has the same chance as he who attacks, when he has foreseen the blow soon enough to ward it off. If, on the contrary, he has been surprised, or has no confidence in his strength, he ought immediately to disengage his leg and place it behind.—3d. One may also interlace the right with the left, placing it inside, then the under part of the knees are joined, and he who attacks makes the hook on the fore part of his champion's leg, with the point of his foot.—4th. With the right against the left, in the inside, as above said.—5th. By letting himself fall to the left, to lift quickly from the right, with the top of his foot, the left leg of his champion, tacking it under the calf, and to make him fall on his back, pulling him with the left hand, at the same time pushing vigorously with the right. In both cases, he who is overthrown is made to describe a sort of half turn on the heel of the foot which rests on the ground.—6th. To fall to the right by lifting up from the left, as above indicated.—7th. By giving a violent push from left to right; to take advantage of the moment when the opponent staggers, to place the end of the right foot quickly on the exterior part of the foot of the champion, and to push vigorously from right to left, without moving the foot which holds. The exterior snare of the left against the right, and of the right against the left, is given when the adversary presents to us one of his legs, sometimes to make a trap, the right for example. If we see that he intends the exterior snare, from the right against the right, we move the left leg quickly, outwards, behind that which he presents, by engaging him under the knee, we raise it up, drawing towards us with great force and rapidity; we pull at the

same time towards us with the left hand, whilst we push forcibly with the right. When this action is well executed, we seldom fail to overthrow our adversary. The blow of the knee is given at the moment when the adversary, bending backwards, moves one of his legs forward to overturn you, you seize the instant when one of your knees is behind his, to give him with the knee a strong push in that part, and with your hands you draw or push his body in a contrary way. Care must be taken not to give the blow of the knee, except the knee which presents itself, is a little stretched."

We are not afraid of having wearied our readers by these details; for of all athletic amusements of the people, wrestling is, beyond doubt, the best. It is indeed entirely unexceptionable. Good humour, mirth, merriment, and manliness, prevail in such a ring, and therein quarrels are like summer-showers, rare, short, sudden, and refreshing. Wrestling, at least such wrestling as we speak of, awakens so much enthusiasm over the whole country where it prevails, that there is little or no fighting except at an election. Wrestling, therefore, produces precisely the same effect on the manners of the people as pugilism—they both make people peaceable. The pugilistic prize-ring has now become infamous, from the villainy of many of the men and their supporters. Ward, the most finished pugilist since the days of *Jem Belcher*, is, in the ring, a convicted robber. May the integrity of the wrestling-ring remain for ever unimpeached and sacred! Sometimes, we fear, a few of the last standers compromise; not so much for the gain, which is no great object, as for glory. But the system is universally scouted, and soon proves fatal to character. *William Litt* was the *Bayard* of the ring, the *preux chevalier*, *sans peur et sans reproche*. *Miles Dixon* of *Grassmere* had always a soul superior to every meanness; so had *William Wilson* of *Ambleside*. *Wightman* is, we believe, incorruptible—the reputation of *Cass* is without a stain—*Abbot* is game to the back-bone, and deserves to win at *Carlisle*—and *Sandys*, although somewhat fractious at the hold, and inclined to chip, would not sell his honour for a collar and a crown of gold. The *Nicholsons*, the *Richardsons*, the *Harrisons*, and the *Armstrongs*, are not their names alone equivalent to the life of *Sir Philip*

Sydney? And would the worst man among them have sold the championship for the national debt, amounting, as we have been credibly informed, to many hundred millions of money?

What a most absurd and non-descript affair of a world would ours be, were all the inhabitants of the globe—Quakers! Great, big, fat, placid, greasy faces—and no more jumping, boxing, or wrestling, among a fast-doubling population of broad-brims! But to be sure the established religion would soon break down into sects, clothed, in the spirit of enlightened reform, in red, blue, yellow, and purple apparel; after the lapse of a few centuries, belts would be again wrestled for at Carlisle, and the ropes of the P. C. extended in the Moulseyhurst Aceldama, or Field of Blood!

We come in due course to a part of the Captain's book, which, now that the thermometer is standing at eighty-four in the shade, it is cooling to peruse—his chapter on Skating. O thou most ambitious and aspiring of thermometers, hast thou indeed ever been down so low in the world as the freezing point? Ice! What a charming cold little word! Oh! it comes over us like the chill north over a bank of craneuch, giving and stealing rigours! Will that bright, shadowy, and sleeping lake ever again tinkle to the circlings of the hissing skate? Will booths ever again be erected, and Glenlivat quaffed from quechs where now hangs the image of that sultry, castelled, and thunder-bearing cloud? But let us hear the Captain.

Skating.

"This exercise, carried to a certain degree of perfection, surpasses all those of which we have hitherto spoken, as well with respect to the beauty of the move-

ments, as to the infinite variety and rapidity of graceful attitudes, which the skilful skater knows how to assume and change instantaneously, without appearing to take the smallest trouble. Sometimes, his movement resembles that of a bird hovering about the same place; sometimes, with his body easily balanced, he waves from side to side, like the bark driven by the wind; then, instantly unking all his powers, the active skater dexterously and courageously darts forward with astonishing rapidity, and the velocity of his course equals the rapid flight of a bird which appears to cleave the air. Sometimes, appearing to yield himself to a simple movement of impulse, he slides upon this compact surface without the spectator being able to perceive the smallest muscular action, and passes as a flying shadow before the surrounding objects. This magical action, which seems (so to speak) to set us free from the laws of gravitation, possesses, indeed, something of enchantment; and, without doubt, it was the delightful pleasure which this recreation affords, that suggested to the immortal Klopstock the idea of celebrating, in his songs, the delights which the people of the north find during winter, on the smooth and solid ice of their numerous canals and lakes."

Yes! of all pastimes skating is indeed that which makes us feel allied to the gods, and believe in mythology. There goes an Edinburgh advocate in the character of Cupid—an accountant that would shame Apollo—and a W.S. more gracefully fleet than Mercury gathering the shore!

"The exercise in question may be considered under two points of view: *a*, as it regards the rapidity, and *b*, as it regards the beauty and elegance of the movements.

"In the first case, the active skater, without having any regard to the position or the movements of the body, considers

"During the winter, Holland presents a spectacle which may be enjoyed at a small expense. When the canals and lakes are frozen, they travel on the ice with skates. In all the provinces, but especially in Friesland, this art is carried to so great a degree of perfection, as to become the wonder of all foreigners; and it is surprising to see with what agility and boldness they will pass over twelve miles in one hour of time. All the countrywomen know how to skate. Sometimes thirty persons may be seen together, that is, fifteen young men with their mistresses, who, all holding each other by the hand, appear, as they move along, like a vessel driven before the wind. Others are seated on a sledge fixed on two bars of wood, faced with iron, and pushed on by one of the skaters. There are, also, boats ten or fifteen feet long, placed on large skates, and fitted up with masts and sails. The celerity with which these boats are driven forward, exceeds imagination; and, it may be said, they equal the rapid flight of a bird. They go three miles in less than a quarter of an hour.

absolutely nothing but rapidity.* In the second, he does just the contrary, and, always preserving a noble and graceful position of body, makes all his movements with the greatest regularity, and seems to measure precisely the space he passes over, and all he executes appears to be foreseen and calculated. He is absolute master of all his actions, however complicate they may be, and moves with so much ease and grace, that, at first sight, everybody thinks himself able to imitate him without trouble. In Holland it is not uncommon to see one of those virtuosos taking the most graceful attitudes, and drawing with his skates geometrical figures, and sometimes even flowers; and it may be said with confidence, that then this part of gymnastics is carried to the highest point of perfection.

The Serpentine Course.

“If the end proposed in passing on a straight line be to go over a certain space with the greatest rapidity, the only object in describing curve-lines, is to increase the pleasure, by retarding more or less the progress. In the direct course, the trace which the skate leaves upon the ice is only a little curved at its extremity; but in the exercise in question, the skates describe only semi-circles and quadrants throughout. If the skater makes the curves produced by the impulse too round, his movement then becomes retrograde. The extent of the lines described depends entirely on the force given, and we may, according to our inclination, trace at each turn a very limited line, or give it an extent of twenty feet. It is essential to observe, that the more the line is prolonged in the serpentine course, the greater facility the skater has to develop his body in a graceful manner. The action which produces this course consists only in alternate impulses and slides, as we have indicated in the direct course. Here the body must be inclined in the direction in

which we go, and the principal thing is to give it an impulse proportioned to the space which we wish to pass over; then, as soon as we are arrived at the extremity of the line, the foot which followed must be placed, the body inclined, an impulse given, and we must abandon ourselves more or less to the movement of pulsation, which we have just communicated to ourselves. The foot which gives the impulse follows close on the ice, yet without touching it, and gives a new blow by closing this movement as much as possible in order to render it imperceptible.

Crossing during the direct course.

“As soon as we are sufficiently exercised in the difficult evolutions just mentioned, we may try, in skating on a straight line, to give the impulse alternately, by making the foot which follows cross over that on which the body slides. We must act equally with both feet, because if we make this exercise several times following on the same foot, we shall describe a circle, the circumference of which will be proportionable to the greater or less extent of each slide.

To break short in crossing.

“This exercise requires a great deal of address, confidence, and quickness; we must have made considerable progress to be able to cross on both sides equally, in describing the curves, because the movement which is made to break the force communicated, in order to go in a contrary direction, requires that we should be absolute masters of all our movements, however violent they may be. In crossing, while making the serpentine course, the body is thrown with great violence, sometimes from right to left, and sometimes from left to right.

“In this action the dexterous skater resembles a vessel, which is proceeding by a serpentine or zig-zag course (tacking) with great rapidity.

* The Frieslander, who is generally considered to be the most skilful skater, often goes fifteen miles an hour, and is even able to support this pace for a long time. In the province of Friesland, there are annually several public courses, which may be considered as national festivals, where the two sexes are indiscriminately admitted to dispute the prize, and whoever arrives first at the goal, is always proclaimed conqueror. Here no regard whatever is paid to the fine movements of the body, each taking the attitude which appears to him the most proper to accelerate his course. Often the skater in Friesland is seen with his body leaning forward, assisting himself with his hands, which he places on the ice to increase his impulse. Here the women are the rivals of the men, nay often surpass them in quickness; and in many of these contests, at which we were present at Leuwarden, we have seen the young women carry off different prizes in the skating race.

In 1808, two young females, named Scholtens and Johanes, won the prize in a skating race at Groningen. They went thirty miles in two hours.

What season in all the year can bear comparison with winter? Can the imagination dream of a day superior to one of cold bleak frost? What bright and beautiful incrustations on house-eave, bank, and tree! What a glorious glitter on the mountain-top! Who would long for summer skies beneath that magnificent arch of heaven, "so deeply, darkly, beautifully blue!" The air you breathe belongs to a clime in which all living things must reach longevity without the labour of reading Sir John Sinclair. With every sweet single soul of that blooming bevy of fur-clad virgins are we in love; in such a bracing atmosphere we behold charms in every matron, and something pleasant in old women themselves! Then and then only do we lament our bachelorship, and vow "to show her the ring, and implore her to marry." But our courage melts with the first thaw, and Cœlebs ceases to go in Search of a Wife.

What varieties of scenery does the skater enjoy! The broad meadow, where the tree-stems are bound in the crisp water-flow, and the bells are heard jangling sweetly from the old monastic tower,—the pond in pleasure-ground, in whose oozy depths the carp repose, and whose margin is shaded from sun and storm by a brotherhood of sycamores or horse-chesnuts perpetually in bud,—the long river-shallows, with ivyed precipices closing up the vista, and overhead blue sky and white cloud, with perhaps a few cawing rooks,—the canal winding on its scientific level round knoll and hill, with stray-house and scattered village on its banks, and passage-boat, ferry-punt, and coal-barge imprisoned in the frost's embrace,—tarn up among the mountains, where no wind is heard but the cracking cliffs—or living lake, living, but asleep in its pellucid glassiness, with an old castle reflected in it, and a grove coteremporary with the foundation-stone!

Then with what an appetite does the skater return to his Dulce Domum! In no other exercise is there so little fatigue. Fox-hunting is glorious, but severe—cricketing is noble, but straining to the sinewy system—and we have felt somewhat too wearied from Tennis and Fives—but skating is always like the undebilitating and restorative exercise of a new fa-

culty. Hunger and thirst seem mere names, as we glide and skime along, yet, soon as we untie our skates, they are felt to be realities. No sleeping after dinner among a bright-eyed company of skaters! Quips and cranks, and wreathed smiles,—joke, jest, pun, and repartee,—sallies of pointed merriment, grotesque remarks, acute observations, original whimsies, nay, even profound reflections bordering upon the philosophical, intermingle with song, catch, and glee, till, through the illimitable range of laughter, from faint susurrus to indomitable gaffaw, the long glass-jingling table, with its central punch-bowl, is on a murmur or a roar!

But lo! Winter is over and gone, and warm-bosomed May-day dips her lily feet once more in the tepid murmurs of stream and lake, or in the foam-bells breaking over the heaving beauty of the grass-green sea—and the season of Swimming shines over the watery world. Captain Clia strips, and, like a merman, flings his muscular anatomy into the flowing tide, or over a waterfall. Perhaps the best part of the Captain's work is the chapter on Swimming. In Swimming, as in Poetry, no mediocrity must be allowed, and that for excellent reasons.

"It is not sufficient, as many may suppose, to know so much of this art as merely to extricate ourselves, but it is necessary to possess sufficient ability to succour another in the moment of distress. A swimmer who has only attained mediocrity, is incapable of this latter gratification, for his swimming cannot be considered as an action that he executes with facility; on the contrary, it appears as a continued struggle with the element, in which he must perish, should the least accident occur to confuse him, or impede his efforts. It is, then, essential for those who would possess the real benefits of this art, to convince themselves of its great utility, and not to commence, until they have resolved to pass the bounds of mediocrity.

"In the arts of fencing, dancing, music, horsemanship, &c. a tolerable progress produces no unhappy consequences, it is even productive of pleasure: it is not thus in regard to swimming; we can have but little pleasure, and no safety in the water as indifferent swimmers. Experience proves to us that more fatal accidents happen to those who swim imperfectly, than those who cannot swim at all.

the latter having no temptation to expose themselves to danger."

This is sound doctrine, and we are willing to subscribe to it on the sole authority of Captain Clia—but he clenches it with Rousseau.—“Without having finished his studies, (says Rousseau,) a traveller mounts on horseback, keeps his seat, and this he can do sufficiently well for his purpose; *but in the water, if he does not know how to swim, he will probably be drowned.*” Rousseau was indeed a strange paradoxical creature.—It is an error to suppose that grown-up men cannot learn to swim,—experience teaches the contrary,—and the great number of soldiers and private individuals who are taught swimming in the different European establishments, proves clearly that men may become most expert in the art at any period of life. Still there have been few first-rate swimmers who did not practise the art from childhood.

“Surely it may be called a duty of parents to attend to this part of the physical education of their children. Is it not truly pitiable, to see the smallest animal find its safety in crossing rivers, and in sustaining itself on the water for hours, whilst man, the king of animals, so proud of his knowledge, may be drowned in a brook, if he has not learnt to swim? In the moment of danger, of what service to a person are all the valuable pleasures of literature, and the stores of the mind? Of what avail to know the whole circle of the mathematics, the properties of different bodies, their mechanism and specific weight, if he should fall into the water, and not be able to remedy that property in his own body, which causes it to sink in that fluid? Nay, we beseech him to learn to swim, that he may preserve more effectually from accident, those gifts and attainments which would cause his loss to be severely felt.

“The motions we must make in the water, in order to preserve our equilibrium, or to direct the body according to our will, are not natural to man; it is therefore necessary to learn them, if we wish to preserve ourselves from danger. Even if the body of a man, placed horizontally on the water, had the property of buoyancy, it would be of no advantage without the art of urging it forward, or directing its movements. It would either remain stationary, or in a rapid stream be drawn into gulfs, bruised against rocks, or perhaps crushed by the wheel of a mill.

“Let the English youth feel this truth, and learn to govern their own persons, in its healthy kingdom, with as much skill as they do their ships of war and commerce, which have raised their country to the highest pitch of maritime glory and prosperity.”

It is certainly most absurd to live all the days of one's life at the mercy of any one of the elements whatever, more especially water; and, in most instances, people who are drowned deserve death. In much of the interior of Africa, and in the central deserts of Arabia, swimming is of no use, owing to the general aridity of the soil, and want of atmospheric moisture. But islanders like us, who are rarely out of sight or sound of stream, lake, and sea, ought to be amphibious. In angling, no man can be called a master who is not a swimmer. There is not a bridge at every turn across the Tweed, Tay, and Clyde,—ferry-boats are rare,—and fords are deep. Over with you, therefore, like a sagacious Newfoundland dog, back and forward from shady and sunny bank, according to the flow of flood, and giving yourself a shake, drop the fly lightly above snout of trout, grilse, or salmon. In lake-fishing, wherever you see a strong and shelving shallow stretching along the deeps, have instant recourse to natation, and you will fill your pannier with pounders, while land-lubbers are in vain flogging from the shore. Don't talk to us about danger. The wave is tepid as milk, so no chance of catching cold; cramp is a mere bug-bear; and as every man knows his own strength, he is just as safe while he keeps within moderate limits in the water as on the land.

We have, indeed, heard it seriously mentioned in conversation, that people who can swim run a greater risk of being drowned than those who cannot; and, no doubt, people who cannot swim do not often plunge into pools twenty feet deep, just as people who cannot ride are rarely seen on horseback, and never killed acting as jockeys at Newmarket. In all accidents with boats, the good swimmers, it is said, are uniformly drowned. That, in the first place, is a lie; but when it does so happen, pray who drown them but the knaves who cannot swim a stroke, and clutch hold of the legs of

better men, and drag them to the bottom? A prime seaman is not worthy the name, who cannot swim, nor can he discharge all his duties. In shipwreck during a storm, and on a lee-shore of precipices, swimming cannot greatly avail, and the sea will dash to death a thousand men among the floating fragments of the Dreadnought; or fire will consume the ship from the face of the sea; "and the strong swimmer in his agony," knows that he shall never behold the setting sun. But, to say that men in shipwreck have not a better chance of their lives, if able to swim, is about as rational as to say that men, in balloon-wrecks, would not have a better chance of their life if able to fly.

Most parents love their children, (the organ of philoprogenitiveness being a large bump on all heads, if there be truth in phrenology,) and cannot bear the thought of their being drowned; so they are apt to look upon bathing as a dangerous pastime. Although we have no children of our own, nor a right to have any, not being married, yet we can pardon the amiable weakness which betrays a rational mistrust in the efficacy of resuscitating machines. But swimming may be learned in water not deeper than your knee—nay, many of our readers with large families will be happy and surprised to hear, on the authority of Captain Clias himself, "that children may be taught the elementary principles of natation without having recourse to water," and may become tolerable swimmers on dry land.

The apparent paradox Captain Clias explains by a very clear and full account of the process, by which, with the aid of machinery, a boy may be taught the elements of the art:

"The swimming-girdle is placed round the pupil's breast, in such a manner that its upper edge touches the pap of the breast. The girdle, which is formed of *hemp or linen thread*, must be four fingers in breadth, and provided at both ends with brass rings. It must be of such a length that these rings may touch on the back. Through these the rope drawn, the ends of which are left loose, which the teacher holds in his hand. The pupil is then conducted to the water, and recommended to go gently into it.

"As soon as the pupil is in the water, in order to inspire him with confidence, the teacher winds the end of the rope,

which he holds in his hand, round the pole, and leaning the pole on the rail, he swings the pupil into the water, in such a way, that the latter appears to repose on its surface. The pupil is not placed in a perfectly horizontal position; the head is plunged up to the mouth, the arms are stiffly stretched forwards, so that the palms of the hands touch each other; the legs are also stiffly stretched out, and the heels are kept together, but the toes are turned to the outside and contracted; this is called *ranging*. In this position the pupil must remain for some time, till he feels it becomes easy to him. *When this is well known*, the pupil proceeds to the movements."

We have not room to enter into any detail of the various exercises by which the pupil is finally, and in a wonderfully short time, enabled to despise rope and pole, and launch out into river or sea.

This system, which Captain Clias put in practice in 1809, for the first time, with the two grandsons of Marshal Blucher, and in 1811, in his own country, (Switzerland,) has been introduced for some years, by Colonel Pfull, in the Prussian army, with great success, and lately, in many other parts of the Continent. Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Petersburg, Amsterdam, Berne, in Switzerland, and a great many other places, have now regular Swimming Schools established and maintained by the government, or private societies.

In the year 1818, there was formed, in the central school of Denmark, one hundred and five masters, destined to teach in the different cities of that kingdom. All of them having been instructed after the same method, learnt, in less than four months, to swim a distance of nine miles, to dive twenty feet deep, and even to swim a considerable distance in full dress and arms, carrying a man on their back. In the different Swimming Schools of that country, 2707 individuals have learnt to swim perfectly in the same year, and almost every one of those institutions, on the Continent, offer the same satisfactory result.

We recommend Captain Clias's book to all swimmers. They will find excellent instructions respecting Treading water—Swimming on the side, without employing the feet—Floating—Leaping, or Plunging—the Running

Plunge—the Flat Plunge—the Fling—the Mill—the Wheel backwards and forwards—the Thrust—the Double Thrust—Diving—and Saving from danger.

As a specimen of his style of treating the subject, hear him on diving :

“ The exercise of diving must begin by remaining under water without motion. The most pleasant manner for the diver is to let himself sink gently into the water, by means of a pole or rope. The breath must be drawn in slowly, and expelled by degrees, when the heart begins to beat very strongly. If the pupil has practised himself in this for some time, he may then begin to swim under water, and to *dive to the bottom*. In swimming under water, he may either move in the usual way, or keep his hands stretched before him, which will enable him to cut the water more easily, and greatly relieve the breast. If he observes that he approaches too near the surface of the water, he must press the palms of his hands upwards. If he wishes to dive to the bottom, he must turn the palms of the hands upwards, striking with them repeatedly and rapidly, whilst the feet are reposing; and when he has attained a perpendicular position, he should stretch out his hands like feelers, and make the usual movement with his feet; then he will descend with great rapidity to the bottom. It is well to accustom the eyes to open themselves under the water, at least in those beds of water which admit the light, as it will enable us to ascertain the depth of the water we are in.”

Except when it is sought to bring up drowning or drowned people from the bottom, we dissuade our readers from diving. It cannot be good for the health. Never, as you love us, dive under logs of wood, or barges, or frigates, or line-of-battle ships. We have seen such things done—we have ourselves done such things. On one occasion, with our head touching the keel of an eighteen gun-brig, we began to feel want of breath, and would have given a rump and dozen for a single gallon of air. The brig was rather big-bellied, and we could not get clear of her great fat sides. We began to fear that we should not find our level, and the journey upwards was indeed most intolerably tedious. Unluckily, on reaching the surface, we came up under a boat of live lumber,

from the shore, and had to put on our spectacles to see our way from under her ugly flat bottom. Then a pretty high sea was running, and when we had bobbed our head above water, wave after wave smote us, till we were heard from on board blowing like a porpus. We would not take such another dive again, no, not for a bushel of pearls; and we believe that, for nearly a quarter of an hour, (so the time seemed to us,) we had been given up by the whole ship's company—we had almost said the squadron.

In diving, beware of muddy bottoms. It is a shocking sensation to feel yourself settling down to the middle, head foremost, in sludge, among eels. Beware of weeds and water-lilies, for there the Naiads are ladies of indifferent reputation, and their embrace is death. Never leap from the battlements of a bridge—let a soft, green, sunny bank, of a few feet, suffice. As you are a gentleman, scorn canals—and neither bathe nor fish in troubled waters. Gentle river! gentle river! let me float adown the elisium of thy flowing murmurs; and then, in kind contention, lovingly buffet back my way to the pool, on whose tree-shaded brink lie my nankeen trowsers and shirt of fine linen, like a snow-patch amid the verdure. Ah! above all things else, as you are a man, let no foot-path, however unfrequented, touch the water edge near the pool where you, like a wild-goose, are at play; but steer your state like a swan, that, bold yet shy, disports in the solitude, and ever and anon rising on the surface, awakens the lonely echoes with the flapping of his victorious wings!

Often have we longed to save the life of a fellow-creature; and we have rescued from drowning one very young child, and one very old woman. But oh! that it had fallen to our lot to save some lovely virgin, unengaged to be married, and who had not yet lost her heart! That is a happiness that falls to the lot of one man in a million. Yet one precious life we have saved—when the waters rose and beat over her, nor has she been ungrateful—the life of the dearest, best creature alive—Maga the incomparable!—even at the very hour when her days were as those of a virgin when the days of her virginity have expired.*

* See Chaldee MS.

In all ordinary cases, follow the advice of Captain Clia.

"It is necessary for a swimmer to know how to act in rescuing a drowning person, without himself becoming the victim, as so often happens; we therefore lay down the following rules:—The swimmer must avoid approaching the drowning person in front, in order that he may not be grasped by him; for wherever a drowning person seizes, he holds with convulsive force, and it is no easy matter to get disentangled from his grasp; therefore, he ought to seize him from behind, and let him loose immediately the other turns towards him; his best way is either to impel him before the shore, or to draw him behind; if the space to be passed be too great, he should seize him by the foot, and drag him, turning him on his back. If the drowning person has seized him, there is no other resource for the swimmer than to drop at once to the bottom of the water, and there to wrestle with his antagonist; the drowning man endeavours, by a kind of instinct, to regain the surface, and when drawn down to the bottom, he usually quits his prey, particularly if the diver attacks him there with all his power.

"For two swimmers the labour is easier, because they can mutually relieve each other. If the drowning person has still some presence of mind remaining, they will then seize him one under one arm, and the other under the other, and, without any great effort in treading water, bring him along with his head above the water, while they enjoin him to keep himself as much stretched out, and as much without motion, as possible."

In the last Quarterly Review (an admirable Number, Mr Editor) there is an article on swimming, at once sensible and ingenious, entertaining and instructive. We have our doubts, however, about the superiority of upright natation. No doubt that method more closely resembles walking than the usual one, which, indeed, has no resemblance to walking at all; but why should swimming resemble walking?—Walking, Swimming, and Flying, seem to us three distinct kinds of locomotion, in three distinct kinds of elements—earth, water, and air. Such savage swimmers as we have seen—we speak of the natives of Otaheite and the Sandwich Isles, also of Malays and of the negroes on the coast of Guinea—do not swim upright, although certainly they do swim deep in the water, which is perhaps all that the reviewer

means to recommend. Men would take no heed of time but by its loss, were they to swim great distances upright; and on the whole we must remain partial to the method of the frog, the most elegant and powerful of swimmers, and an animal to whom, in many essential points, we have always thought the human species bears a very striking resemblance.

Some swimmers, at every stroke, raise not only their neck and shoulders, but absolutely breast and body, out of the water, and the style is imposing. But it must exhaust, and part of the power exerted is nearly useless. It is sufficient to keep your mouth above water; yet even that is not absolutely necessary, for you may breathe through your nostrils. Longish strokes are the best; but you may vary them at your pleasure. As far as our observation or experience goes, power in the arms is of more avail to the swimmer than power in the legs; and we would always bet on the pugilistic, in preference to the pedestrian figure.

Captain Clia will have ladies to learn to swim as well as jump; and of the two, natation and saltation, the former is, we think, according to our notions of feminine delicacy, the accomplishment which we should prefer in a wife or mistress. It is difficult for the female form to jump gracefully. Camilla herself, we suspect, would have looked awkward at hop-step-and-leap. Venus was no jumping Joan—but she walked well. And Urania, there can be no doubt from her name, was a charming swimmer. Petticoats, however, are not such good things to swim in as breeches; but that difficulty married ladies will be able to get over, while in the water all virgins must be Musidoras.

Life is sweet—so swim in no sea where, by any possibility, a shark can be within a hundred leagues of your leg. Remember the print of the young man saved with loss of limb from that marine attorney. Should a dolphin disturb you, up with you on his back, and calling for your fiddle, sport Arion. Bottlenoses are harmless. We never knew a life lost by Craken; and there is only one on record swallowed by a Whale.

In the Quarterly are some pleasant natatory anecdotes, to which we add a brace given by Captain Clia.

In 1699, a small vessel belonging

to the monks of La Charite, was over-set by a gust of wind, between St Lucie and Martinique, and all who were in it perished, with the exception of a Carabee, who, without being aided by a plank, or other morsel of wood that might have assisted him, kept himself buoyant upon the water for the space of sixty hours, supporting hunger, thirst, and the violence of the tempest, which caused the loss of the vessel, and at last landed at a small creek, and communicated the news of the wreck which had happened.

In the famous defence of Genoa, by General Massena, that officer felt the necessity of making known his perilous situation to the First Consul,—the fate of the place, and that of the French army, depended upon the event of the siege; the blockade cut off all communication by land, and that by sea was attended with great danger. Francesche, a young officer, was the first to present himself for this great act of devotion; he received dispatches from the general, and jumped into a fishing boat, with three intrepid rowers. By favour of the night he passed through three lines of the English fleet, but at day-break they were perceived, and chase was given them. Francesche escaped for a long time the pursuit of the English, until they were but a few leagues from Antibes, but the enemy then gained upon them, and the fear of falling into their hands was severely felt. Francesche stripped off his clothes, bound the dispatches to his body, and having recommended the sailors to manœuvre as long as possible, to draw the enemy's attention from himself, gently dropped into the sea. He swam several hours, landed among his countrymen, and had the satisfaction to present the dispatches

safe to the First Consul, who could not withhold his admiration of this proof of courage and success. The former begged to finish his enterprise, received the answer, and carried it back to General Massena at Genoa.

Captain Clias, we wish you good morning. Gentle readers! remember that all the gymnastic exercises in the world are not worth a bam, without regular, sober, active habits of life. All kinds of debauchery and dissipation incapacitate equally for lying, standing, walking, running, leaping, wrestling, skating, swimming, and a thousand things else beside. O what a charm in moderation! How strong the heart beats and the lungs play! The eye, how it sparkles! and the mantling blood on the clear cheek, how beautiful! But your fat, puffy, purpled son of a witch, who, from morn to night, guzzles and gurgles like a town-drake in a gutter, and from night to morn snorts and snores to the disturbance of other two tenements, no system of gymnastics will keep that man alive till Christmas; and then he will be seen practising *bona fide* that species of walking which Captain Clias calls the Spectre's March.

And now, gentle readers, we must part. We have indeed bestowed our tediousness upon you, but believe us when we declare 'pon our honour that our error was unpremeditated. Half a sheet was all we had allowed ourselves at starting, and we are really afraid to count the number of pages. We must not hope that you may never be drowned, in case you should come to a worse death; but may you live all the days of your life, and long may the stone sleep unshaped in the quarry that is destined to bear the epitaph commemorative of your virtues.

MY TRANSMOGRIFICATIONS.

MISS MITFORD, in a very clever little sketch, published in Ackermann's pretty "Forget-me-not," has very amusingly detailed the continual transmigrations of the female part of humanity in its progress through childhood, girlhood, and womanhood, to marriage and old age. But to us of the more lordly sex she has denied a mutability which perhaps she has not so much observed—this is solely because she is not one of us, and could scarcely have opportunities of remarking our changes as closely as those of her own sex. She observes, "there is very little change in men from early boyhood, and that they keep the same faces, however ugly." In some instances it may be so, but in general there are very few animals more unlike than the boy to the man; but perhaps Miss Mitford, in this sweeping indistinction, only alluded to the "wearers of smock frocks,"—in that case there is an end of the argument; but supposing the contrary, (which I do, otherwise an excellent article would be lost,) I will proceed to detail the history of my own "Transmogrifications."

I cannot say I recollect myself, but I perfectly well remember a portrait that strongly resembled me, painted when I was two years old, for my dear and tender mother, and valued accordingly. It represents a fat, roguish, black-eyed, curly-headed urchin, sitting on a bank with a lap full of flowers, which showed out magnificently from the white frock beneath them. There was happiness, round, rich, luscious, rosy happiness, in every little feature; and altogether it was such a child as a mother might be proud of. Three years after, I can recollect myself—the fat was passing away—I was growing tall, slender, an impudent self-willed imp, the delight of my father, the torment of my sister, and the curse of servants. My godfather gave me a guinea, and I gave it to a groom, as a bribe to let me mount his horse and ride him a few yards to water. I had a new beaver hat—I had no objection to sunbeams, and thought I could turn it to better account—I cut it into the shape of a very tolerable boat, and sent it down the stream, that, innocent of mischief,

flowed quietly through the grounds. Yet amid all this wildness, there might have been seen "sparkles of a better nature;" for I had much tenderness in my composition, glimpses of enthusiasm, and some queer undefined notions of the beautiful; for instance, a gang of gipsies sometimes favoured "our village" by pitching their tents in the outskirts; and many a time have I slipped away from the paternal care of "Old John" to listen to the voice of one dark-eyed girl among the troop, who had fascinated my young heart, or (I rather suppose) my ear, by her singing. How often have I wept over the melancholy fate of the lady, who, in the storm at sea, told her lover to

"Take a white napkin, and bind my head softly,
And then throw me overboard, me and my baby;"

and have frequently been elevated to heroism by the splendid portrait of that hero who was martyred at Tyburn; his constancy at his trial won my fervent admiration.

"I stood as bold as John of Gaunt,
All in my natty attire;
I ne'er seem'd daunted in the least,
Which made the folks admire!"

"That all the people they may say,
That I am no des-arter;
For the captain, he must lead the way,
And the men must follow a'-ter."

My wild spirits were really taken captive by these vagabonds; the lawless independence of their children was my envy; they had no lessons to learn, no elder sisters to keep them in order, nor elder brother to thump them out of their pocket-money; their whole existence to me was paradisaical. I believe if they had attempted to steal me, they would have found the business half done to their hands.

At seven years old I was breeched—I had a cloth jacket and trowsers—I was told that I was a man; and I thought it incumbent on me to be "grave and gentlemanlike." I paid more attention to my lessons and the young ladies, and thought it an imperative duty to discover they were more amiable and pretty than boys. Soon this affectation became sincere. My sister was better loved than all

my kin; to her I flew to roar away my grief, when my father took out Henry, and left me at home, or when he threatened to sell my pony, or give him to my playfellow, Richard Howard, whom I hated ever after. In her I reposed all my confidence, and in her gentle bosom deposited my tutor's severities, and my brother's wrongs—I was, in truth, “a most pathetic nit.”

But at ten, “O what a change was there!” No *Chrysalis'* metamorphosis was ever greater. I had grown accustomed to my breeches, and no longer held them in any consideration; I was impudent to my sister, contradicted my father, fought my own battles with my brother, and played truant with my tutor, till he made a solemn complaint of my manifold abominations. I scrambled all over the country, and came back with scarcely a rag on my back, and what were left me were so defaced by mud, or dust, as the weather would have it, that their quality could barely be discovered. My mother wept, my father swore, my tutor said the devil was in me. I was up to all sorts of villainy. I stuffed a goose with gunpowder in the absence of the cook, who was preparing to put it down to the spit, and I felt no sort of compunction for her intense fear and agony, when, on applying the lighted paper to singe it, it blew into ten thousand pieces, and nearly knocked her eyes out. I had threshed my brother into respect for me; and my playmates consoled themselves for not being able to master me, by bestowing upon me the very expressive cognomen of “Gallows!” At length I tired them out; my tutor gave in, and my mother acquiesced with my father in thinking school alone could preserve me. So to a public school I went, to learn decorum and obedience.

In four years more, there were no traces of Young Gallows, but I came home a monkey still, only melancholy, instead of mischievous. My early enthusiasm returned, and my intense love of the beautiful, undirected by reason, exhibited itself in the most ridiculous forms—I read novels, and the pathetic stories in the magazines.—I contemplated the setting sun—fell in love with the moon, and made verses to every little star that twinkled behind the clouds and before the

clouds. I would not have read or written anything lively for the world; I should have thought fun an insult to my feelings; and understanding I was a slender boy, with long arms and legs, of an active light figure, but delicate constitution—everybody said I should be tall—I had looked in the glass, and observing a pale, dark face, inclining to sallow, masses of black curling hair, and a somewhat serious look, I concluded that I should be a tall, thin, pale, pensive-looking young man, and acted up to the character accordingly. I loved to be thought an invalid, and frightened my mother to death by the affectation of a hectic cough, which I pretended to consider as a warning that I should die early of a decline. I wrote a long string of verses, called the “Dying Boy,” in which I lamented my early doom, expressed my resignation, and took a tender and pathetic farewell of the trees, and the moon, and the flowers. It brought the tears into my own eyes to read it—(I have since learned it had the same effect upon others, but from a very opposite emotion)—I sent them to one of the most pitiful magazines, where they were (God knows why) inserted. Oh, how proud was I—I was a Scholar and a Poet! There was wanting but one thing to complete me—I should fall in love—and so I did; but the affair was more serious than I could have imagined—more of real feeling mingled with the thing than I expected—the passion of a boy of fourteen has something desperate in it always; and that mine had an uncommon portion of sincerity, was obvious from the character of the object of my choice. She was a beautiful, accomplished woman of twenty-two (the daughter of an intimate friend of my father). A girl of my own age would not have been endurable. I “never told my love” to this charming creature for many months that she was on a visit to my sister and resided in my neighbourhood; but I endeavoured to make it apparent by every possible pathetic mode—I looked at her till I could not see, and listened to her till I could not hear; I gathered flowers to twist into her bright hair, and when they were dead, wept over them for envy at their fate, and deposited them next my shirt—I read to her, in the most tender voice, all the amatory verses I could put my

hands on, launched out on the happiness of domestic love, and affected to caress little children in her presence—I never ate any dinner when she was at table, but, with an air of desperation, gulped down as much wine as I possibly could, without incurring my father's observation—now, I thought, I should like to be a king, and place her on a throne; then, a successful warrior, that her country might offer her homage—love and a cottage had its charms, and sometimes I thought how delicious it would be to suffer for her sake. These thoughts became feelings, and what was begun as a matter of course, terminated in real tenderness, no less ridiculous. I was a diffident lad, exceeding modest: judge then of my sincerity by its effect. Finding myself alone with her in a beautiful bower by moonlight, I fell upon my knees, seized her fair hand, and made a vehement declaration of my passion; I besought her to have compassion upon my youth, and not by coldness to destroy its hopes—I vowed eternal truth, and swore desperately I could not live without her—I drew a glowing picture of the delights of married life, and expatiated warmly on the tyranny of parents and friends—I promised to make the best of husbands, the tenderest of fathers, and shuddered at the prospect of separation, shed real tears at the bare imagination of her indifference; and finally, rising with my subject, assured her that I had ten pounds untouched, and besought her to commit herself to my protection, and elope with me that night. I was too much agitated in the first instance to observe the effect of my pleadings, but I was soon most fearfully enlightened. Imagine my boundless horror, my stupefaction of feeling at hearing her burst into a loud laugh, and seeing her spring from her seat, and dart rapidly out of the bower—I was agonized beyond all description; I rubbed my eyes and my nose, and tried

to persuade myself that all that had passed was a dream. Presently my brother came into the arbour, he had an unspeakable grin upon his odious face, but he said nothing, affected to look for some unmissed article, and went out again; next, my father walked slowly past, whistling, as if perfectly indifferent to my movements, but I noticed a quick, queer, shrewd, merry-looking glance that was not to be misunderstood.—The story soon travelled; my acquaintance tried hard not to laugh in my face, and the more they stifled their mirth, the more frightful seemed its occasional ebullitions; and *she*, the cruel cause of all this misery to me, she married in about a week after this event, a man of thirty, who, as Blackwood says, “shaved twice a-day,” and no doubt entertained him mightily with the pathos of the smooth-chinned boy, who had the presumption to try to supplant him.

This adventure cured me completely of sentiment—I ceased, for a time, all attempts to captivate fair ladies, and turned an eye of admiration on myself. At seventeen, I was a puppy, a dandy; my dress and appearance the only subjects worthy my contemplation; I detested poetry, the moon, and little children, and generally gave these last a sly pinch or kick, when they had the presumption to expect I should play with them. This state continued a few years; and then, last stage of all, came whiskers, mustachios, love, real love, marriage, business, bustle, and twenty-nine—Here I pause—it would be egotism to say farther—my friends alone must decide whether the boy be like the man—I think not—so, with the burthen of nearly thirty years on my shoulders, all the usual cares of life, and some, perhaps, that are not usual, I take my leave, to fight out the remainder as I may.—Reader—Vale.

FIRST LOVE.

I SHALL never forget the first time I ever drank rum-punch after having been smoking cigars. Dates, says De Quincy, may be forgotten—epochs never. That formed an epoch in *my* existence ;

“ And the last trace of feeling with life shall depart,

Ere the smack of that moment shall pass from my heart.”

Let me recall it to my memory, with all its attendant circumstances, and while my soul broods over the delicious recollection, forget the present day, with its temporary miseries, and shut out from its view the follies, the frivolities, the wickedness, the baseness, the ingratitude of the world.

It happened, that though, like most men who, in my day, were reared in Trinity College, *juxta* Dublin, I had been tolerably well initiated into the theory and practice of computation, I had never much taken to its greatest adjunct, smoking. I do not think that the Trinity men (Dublin) smoke—it certainly, as long as I remember that seminary, of which I cannot think but with affection, never was a fashion there. Particular pipemen, and solitary cigarers, no doubt, always existed, but just as you now and then see a pig-tail (I do not allude to tobacco) dangling behind an elderly gentleman, or hear a shoe creak under the foot of a decent man. Smoking, in short, was the exception—non-smoking the rule. But the men of my time drank hard, though, as youths always do, unscientifically. I therefore, as the rest, drank, and did not smoke.

I was about twenty when I left the University, and went down to live with my father in a pretty sea-port town. Here I mixed a good deal in boating-parties, and other such excursions with seafaring men, and from them, after much persuasion on their parts, I learned to smoke. My first preceptors preferred the pipe. I shall not here enter into the controversy which has so long agitated the world, concerning the superiority of pipe or cigar. I am tired of controversies.

“ I am weary of hunting, and fain would lie down.”

For the same reason, I pass all mention of the too celebrated, though in reality minor dispute, concerning the

length of the pipe, which cost my friend Captain O'Shaughnessy his life. Though he died as became a man of honour and a gentleman, it may be permitted to a friend to avert his eyes from the melancholy cause which deprived the world of a true philosopher and a brave soldier.

I think I must have persevered in the pipe-system for nine months, when an accident (it is needless to encumber my narrative by detailing what it was) threw me in the way of Cornet Roger Silverthorne, of the 13th light dragoons, and Silverthorne Hall in the palatinate of Durham. This eminent and estimable young man—

“ O flos juvenum,
Spes læta patris,
Non certa tuæ
Data res patriæ!
Non mansuris
Ornate bonis,
Ostentatus,
Raptusque simul,
Solstitialis
Velut herba solet !

“ Flower of our youth, glad hope of thy fond sire,

To whose bright course thy country look'd in vain,

Deck'd with proud gifts not destined to remain,

But shown and snatch'd away—as, 'neath the fire

Of tropic summers, plants bloom bright, and soon expire.”

Forgive these tears. I own it is folly—but nature will sometimes have her way in spite of all our philosophy. This eminent and estimable young man was perhaps the most persevering cigar-smoker that ever existed. If peerages were distributing, he should be Count Segar, instead of the gentleman who now holds that honourable title. He generally smoked five dozen a-day. You never saw him without one in his mouth ; and as the voluminous smoke curled in picturesque wreaths from under his manly mustachio, while he luminously descanted on the various natures, uses, and proprieties of the several preparations of tobacco, he was one of the few men of whom you would decidedly say, that he was born *ex fumo dare lucem*. I never shall hear the like again: those eloquent lips are mute, and the brain that dic-

tated the thought, and the tongue that clothed it in utterance, have mouldered into clay. His fate was singular. He died of indigestion, from having eaten four pounds and a half of tripe for a wager. Others, however, maintain that he was choked in the operation. I never could penetrate through the veil which thus hangs over his mysterious death. I, however, incline to the latter hypothesis; for my respected and lamented friend, I am sure, could have digested anything. The question, after all, is of little moment. He is dead—and I remain!

“Sweet Roger,

I thought I should have deck’d thy bridal bed,

And not have strewed thy tomb!”

After some controversy, perhaps too obstinately persevered in on my part, the Cornet converted me to cigars. I have said already, that I do not wish to unsettle any man’s opinions, and therefore will let those who prefer the pipe, prefer it. I smoked pretty strenuously with him, and after he had been ordered away to Flanders, continued the practice. I moistened always, as is the custom of my country—where scarcely any other spirit is ever used—with whisky. Of that spirit let no one for a moment imagine that I am about to say anything but what is laudatory. If I did so, I were as ungrateful as unwise—but it is *not* the spirit to smoke with. I say this emphatically, because I know it to be the case. I am little inclined to dogmatize, but when once I have formed an opinion after careful examination, I uphold it with that firmness which a just regard for one’s own character and the interest of truth and honour demands.

Shortly after Silverthorne’s departure, business took me to Dublin. Fatal, though delicious visit! On what trifles our fate hangs! I had finished my business, and taken my seat on the outside of the coach to return home, when, as we waited outside the post-office in Sackville-street, I heard a sweet voice say—I hear it yet tingling in my ears, though fifteen years have elapsed—I heard a sweet voice—

I cannot go on. I must lay down the pen—

Excuse this gust of passion—it shall be the last. I heard a sweet though rather loud voice say, “Put the little

portmanteau into the boot, and take care to tie the two handboxes tight on the top, covering them from the rain. You can put the big trunk where you like, and I’ll take the cloth bag and two brown paper parcels into the coach—good bye, Judy. I’ll write from Ballinacree as soon as I see the old buck.” I looked down, and my doom was sealed—I was in love—

“Dead shepherd, now I found thy saw of might—

He never loved, who loved not at first sight!”

That insidious passion had entered my bosom for the first time. Is there any one who has not experienced it? If there be, I may envy his freedom from disturbance, but I pity the callousness of heart, and the distortion of feeling, for which he is indebted to it.

Cecilia—shall I say, *my* Cecilia—was hasty in her movements, and rejecting the proffered aid of the guard, she stepped unassisted toward the coach. Her foot slipped in the attempt, and she fell on the flagging. I was smoking on the top when I saw this cruel accident, and without a moment’s thought, flung from my jaw as fine a Havannah as ever saw the Moro, leaped on the ground and raised her. She was not hurt, but considerably agitated. She thanked me with hasty accents, and looked on me with a glance, which ever still is—but I have promised to repress my feelings.

The coach was full inside, and besides I had lived pretty close to my last tenpenny in Dublin, so that even if there had been a place vacant, I could not have taken it. She parted us about daybreak, but I was unfortunate in not being able to see her. In fact the agitation of my spirits was such that I had been obliged to drink fourteen glasses of whisky and water during the night, which had in some measure got in my head, for, as will happen when friends are parting, I had indulged a little after dinner with some few acquaintance with whom I chopped in Exchequer-street—and the guard seeing me inclined to be top-heavy, had laid me down in the well behind the coachman, where I was unluckily snoring when Cecilia left the coach. She asked for me, to thank me for my assistance, but on seeing how the land lay, they told me that she said in her own kind manner,

“Poor devil—he is flustered with drink—let him snooze it off.” Sweet girl!

When I awoke and found her gone I was frantic. I had lost every clue to her. We were twenty miles away from the place she parted the coach before I roused, and the coachman informed me that a gentleman with a led horse was waiting for her, with whom she immediately galloped away—he forgot—insensible brute that he was—in what direction. A new agony seized my mind—the gentleman! WAS SHE MARRIED? My brain was wild. I had no way of satisfying myself, for the accursed mail-coach-clerk had entered her name in the waybill in such a hand as to puzzle Beelzebub himself, were he the prince of decypherers, and the only letter I could make out was the first, which proved him to be as abominable in his ideas of spelling as in his writing—for her name, as I afterwards knew, was Crimeen, and the ruffian, regardless of all possible principles of orthography, had commenced it with a Q.

When I got home I concealed my unfortunate passion as well as I could, but what can escape the eye of a parent? About nine days had elapsed before my father noticed my loss of appetite and my silence, but at last he could not bear to pass it by. “Boy,” said he, taking me affectionately by the hand, “something is ailing you.” “Nothing, sir,” said I, “indeed.” “Ah!” said my father, “do not think to deceive me that way. There’s your fifth tumbler lying before you this half hour, and you’re scarce quarter through it yet. I’ve noticed the same this last week, and except on the day Lord Bullaboo dined with us, when it behoved you to make an exertion, you have not finished any one blessed day seven tumblers. Don’t think, my boy, that your father is not minding your happiness. You aren’t in love, are you?” The goodness of the old gentleman was not to be withstood, and I confessed the fact, and told him all about it. “Never mind it,” said he, “it looks the devil to you just now; but when you come to my time of life, you won’t think much about such little accidents as meeting a girl at a coach-door. So, go travel in God’s name, and drive this nonsense out of your skull; travelling, besides, opens the mind and polishes the manners. So, go to my cousin Gusty in

Bristol, he lives out towards Lamp-lighter’s Hall, and let me tell you, few soap-boilers from this to himself, and that’s no small step, can beat him.”

Good, venerable man, with what pleasure I record your honoured words! He gave me letters of change and introduction, adding his blessing and a gallon of whisky, which, as he well observed, could not be got for love or money in England. I had no objection to the change of scene, and soon established my quarters at my cousin Gusty’s. Gusty was a good fellow, hoggish in his manners like the Bristolians, but a strenuous supporter of Church and State. We dined punctually at one, and except on melting days, which he was obliged to mind, smoked through the evening. So passed a fortnight, but at the end of that time I had occasion to go to Clifton to play a game of skittles with a Jamaica Captain for a dozen of rum, and as I went along, just as I entered the North Crescent, whom should I see but Cecilia!

Skittles were at once knocked out of my head. She was alone, and I ventured to join her. Our mail-coach adventure afforded a common topic of conversation which soon grew animated. We talked of everything, and as I coaxed her towards Wardham Downs, I had established her arm under mine. At last we came on that eminence which exhibits the most beautiful and varied prospect of that delightful tract. It was summer, about three o’clock of a lovely June evening. Every sight and sound about us was such as to dispose the soul to tender emotions. Never did Cecilia look more lovely than when I persuaded her to rest herself by sitting down on one of the grassy points overlooking the descent below. What I said to her I cannot write, the first words of love are not to be profaned by exposure to the gaze of the world. Our thoughts were pure—pure as the cloudless sky overhanging the lovely landscape, in the midst of which we sat forgetful even of *its* beauties, wholly absorbed in the consideration of one another. I had whispered, and she had heard without reply, what is never whispered a second time.

We might have been half an hour together, it was but a moment to my thought, when she recollected that she had left her aunt waiting for her in a

butcher's shop where she was buying—how minutely love makes us recollect the merest trifles—buying a leg of pork, with a couple of pounds of sausages. I pressed her hand to my lips, and we returned to Clifton. Delightful day! Were my life prolonged to the days allotted to Methuselah, I never could forget a particle of what happened upon thee! It is *the* bright spot in the waste of my memory.

When we parted, I put my hand mechanically and mournfully into my waistcoat pocket, and found that I had forgotten my cigar case. Love had so completely taken possession of my soul, that I knew not what I was doing, and, by mere instinct, walked into a tobacconist's shop; which, such was the absence of my mind, I was about to leave without paying for the cigars, until the tobacconist rather energetically reminded me of my *insouciance*. Captain Snickersnee and his skittles were quite out of my head, and I went across to a low-browed public house, where a portrait of Lord Nelson, more spirited in conception, than exact in likeness, or studied in composition, shone glittering in one-armed majesty in the evening sun. The room I went into—why need I conceal that it was the tap-room?—was filled with the miscellaneous population of Bristol—men in general more noted for their candour than any other particularity in their manners. But I heeded them not. I was as much alone as if I was in the deserts of Tadmor, where the ruins of Palmyra tower towards the sky, or moulder upon the ground, filling the awe-struck traveller with melancholy musing on the instability of things. I lighted my cigar by the assistance of the pipe of a man sitting next me, who I have some reason to believe, but I shall not be positive, was a tailor. I puffed away—soft were my thoughts, delectable my visions. Every curl of smoke contained the countenance of my Cecilia—every twinkle from each surrounding pipe beamed upon me as if it was one of her celestial eyes. I had forgotten where I was, when the waiter came to me, and jogging my elbow, said, "Thee musn't lumber the room, if thee'l not drink zummat." In general, I have remarked, that the language of these persons is seldom marked by the refinements of elegance, and that perhaps you might travel from one end of

the country to the other without finding a waiter at a public-house who combines the terseness of Addison with the magniloquence of Johnson!

I replied to this rude man mildly, yet I think with sufficient dignity. "What have you in the house?" "Everything," said he. In this the man's bad faith was evident, for, on scrutinizing the subject, I found that he had nothing but gin, a liquor I ever detested, and rum. "Rum, then," said I with a sigh, resigning myself to my fate, for I anticipated, in my ignorance, that I would dislike it.

My mouth was full of the cigar-smoke—full, ay, full as my heart was of my Cecilia. Divine girl! when I think upon thy perfections, on thy charms, on the manner in which thou wert lost to me, by that fatal and mysterious circle of events, never to be anticipated—never to be repeated—But I'll think no more. There is a point of human endurance, beyond which it cannot go. Let me proceed. I was saturated with smoke, when, in the wildness of the delirium of my love, I did not perceive the water bottle standing by the *bottom* of rum, and swallowed the spirit, unalloyed, unmoistened, undiluted, uninjured. It permeated my whole mouth—it filled it with a species of solidity that seemed altogether to have destroyed the liquid character of the spirits; I felt it melting into my palate, my tongue, my fauces, my gums. It was an intense gush, a simple, original, indivisible idea of delight. It rose to my brain, as the vapour of the tedded meadow rises to the sky in the balminess of morning. It descended to the sole of my foot as the sky sends back that delicious vapour in the shape of the dews of evening. It was a joy to be felt once, and no more. I never felt it again. It was

"Odour fled

As soon as shed;

'Twas morning's winged dream,

'Twas a light that ne'er shall shine
again

On life's dull stream!"

I have tried it over and over, and it will not do. I smoke my cigar still in the evening, and frequently moisten with a quart or so of rum, naked, in grog, in punch, in flip—every way that can be thought of, but it will not return. That feeling of intense and transporting delight is over.

Days of my youth! when everything was innocence and peace—when my sorrows were light, and my joys unsophisticated—when I saw a glory in the sky, and a power on the earth which I shall never see again—how delightful, yet how sad is your recollection! Here's, then, to the days gone by—to the memory of my first love, and my first libation of rum over a cigar! Some young heart is now going the same round as I was then—revelling in delights which he fondly fancies are to last for ever—anticipating joys which never are destined to exist—Light be his heart, buoyant his spirits—I shall not break in on his dreams by the croaking of experience.

Farewell again, Cecilia! I never saw her after that day—in the evening she left Bristol with her aunt's butler—they were married three days after by the blacksmith at Gretna, and she is now, I understand, the mother of fourteen children, keeping, with her third husband, the sign of the Cat and Bagpipes somewhere about the Dock of Liverpool. I never could muster up courage to enter the house. The very sound of her voice saying, "Eightpence, sir," in reply to my question of what I had to pay, would inevitably overcome my feelings.

I was born to be unhappy—but I shall not intrude my sorrows on a thoughtless world!

THE MAN WITH THE NOSE.

"You were talking of the Man with the Nose," said the fat landlord of the Golden Lion to one of his customers, a tight, dapper, little fellow, in short buckskin breeches, and a green frock-coat, who sat toasting his legs at the fire, and smoking a cigar.

"Ay, very true," rejoined the latter. "Well, as I was saying, the Man with the Nose made his appearance at York in the year 1823."

"It was in 1822," interrupted a mild voice from behind the door, which opened at this instant, and gave entrance to a tall, meagre figure, dressed in a complete suit of black, a cocked hat, and silver knee and shoe buckles.

This sentence, and still more the appearance of the person who uttered it, produced a sudden pause in the words of the other speaker. He drew the cigar from his mouth, and gazed upon the stranger with mute astonishment. Such an extraordinary cessation of talk, in a man who was famous for talking, naturally excited the attention of the rest of the company, which, besides the landlord, consisted of three individuals, to wit, the barber, the fiddler, and the town-clerk. They looked first at the little fellow with the frock coat, then at the long man in black,—who had by this time seated himself near the fire, and drawn a pipe from his pocket,—and then at each other, as if for the purpose of inquiring, "What the devil is the meaning of all this?"

At last the host, summoning cou-

rage, ventured to put the following question,—“Pray, friend, who are you?”

“I am the Man with the Nose,” replied the new comer, taking the pipe from his mouth and emitting a preliminary whiff of tobacco smoke.

“The Man with the Nose!” muttered the landlord with a stare, in which the others joined simultaneously,—“and pray what do you want here?”

“A can of good ale, and a bed for the night,” answered the stranger, withdrawing the pipe as before, and resuming it the instant he got out with his sentence. This response, though it contained nothing at all remarkable, added considerably to the surprise of the aforesaid personages, who stood looking at him with a curiosity, which would have been at once unjustifiable and impertinent, but for the extraordinary nose which adorned his face. Such a snout had never before been presented to the eyes of these worthy characters, nor perhaps of anybody else. It was neither an aquiline nose, nor a Roman nose, nor a snub nose,—nor, in truth, could it be reduced to any classification whatever. It was chiefly characterized by its extreme length and redness, and was comparable to nothing but to the lugubrious noses which are sold for masquerades by the perfumers.

“The Man with the Nose!” ejaculated the landlord with amazement.

“The Man with the Nose!” re-

peated the barber and fiddler, with equal surprise.

"Ay, the Man with the Nose," said the stranger. "Is there anything remarkable in seeing a man with a nose upon his face?"

"But such a nose!" exclaimed the town-clerk, half breathless with wonder.

"Yes, my nose is certainly somewhat singular in its dimensions, I confess," replied the proprietor of this remarkable feature; "but yet, my friend, you must know,—you must know,—you must know, that it—that it is—that it is still——"

"That it is still what?" said the clerk, his curiosity excited to the highest pitch.

"That it is still a nose," concluded the other, putting the pipe once more into his mouth, and smoking with the most imperturbable gravity.

This answer threw the landlord and his three friends farther aback than ever. They had not another word to say, but kept up an interchange of mutual and wondering glances, and muttered between their teeth certain sentences, which were inaudible except to themselves respectively. For a time none ventured to hazard an observation. Each leaned back upon his chair, and continued gazing upon the stranger, who seemed totally regardless of their scrutiny. The longer he smoked, the more intense their curiosity became; and this feeling reached its climax, when the little fellow with the frock-coat rose from his seat in manifest perturbation, threw down a shilling as his share of the reckoning, and, putting on his hat, walked hastily out of the room.

This movement was not unnoticed by the rest. It struck them first with surprise; but in a short time a vague fear crept over their spirits, for which, had they been asked, they would have found it impossible to give any reason. The person before them had certainly a long nose, but what of that? Many persons had long noses, although this was, beyond doubt, the most extraordinary that ever came under their observation. In this manner did each philosophize upon the subject, but unfortunately all philosophy was at fault; and they sat at the table, their tankards of prime ale untasted, and gazed with an astonishment not unaccompanied with awe on the tall man, who

remained by the fireside smoking his pipe, and occasionally tasting the malt liquor, which, in compliance with his wish, the servant-girl of the inn had taken care to place before him. Not a word was spoken. The landlord at times would stroke his sleek paunch, and look wistfully around; the fiddler would utter a long and half-suppressed yawn; the barber stared like a fixture; and the town-clerk breathed as hard as if his lungs had been performing the part of a blacksmith's bellows. A spell seemed to have exercised its influence over the four; they could neither speak nor move, but sat as if bound to their seats by some irresistible agency.

Meanwhile, puff—puff—puff, went the lips of the stranger, and each was followed by a cloud of smoke, which, after enveloping his visage, either diffused itself in the apartment, or ascended the chimney in curling wreaths. The landlord and his acquaintances looked on with amazement; the tongue of each was chained; they made no attempt to speak, but sat staring at the smoker as if fascinated by the gaze of a basilisk. At length the town-clerk, who was seated nearest the door, arose after a violent effort, laid hold of his hat, and departed with as much apparent alarm as the little fellow in the frock-coat who preceded him. He had scarcely been gone three minutes, when the fiddler followed his example; leaving the landlord and the barber to their own cogitations. On witnessing these departures, the surprise and fear of both the latter increased. The former, in the height of alarm, drew his chair instinctively closer to that which contained the man of wigs. He did not, however, long enjoy the society of this remaining associate; for, after sundry chatterings of the teeth, sundry tremors of the frame, and sundry most ominous stares, the barber got up from his seat, and with limbs trembling under their load, tottered to the door, and made his sortie, leaving the host to encounter as he best could the Man with the Nose.

Never was human nature placed in such a predicament; never was dismay painted on any countenance so forcibly as on the landlord's on being left alone in such society. While his friends continued beside him his situation was somewhat endurable; but as they dropped off one by one, a feel-

ing of vague alarm crept over him ; and now that they were all gone, he felt overpowered with the sensations of genuine terror. He sat on his high-backed, stuffed arm-chair, directly opposite to his guest, who smoked as if utterly unconscious of his presence. The fire sparkled brightly, throwing a ruddy glare over the brilliant surfaces of the jugs and pans, which were studiously arranged, with English neatness, along the wall ; and the huge fitches of bacon that dangled from the roof, reflected the dazzling glow from their greasy sides. He could not move from his seat ; he could not speak ; he could not think. He could, in fact, do nothing but hear and see ; and such sounds and such sights were presented to his eyes and ears as never mortal innkeeper encountered. Before him sat the gaunt, motionless figure of the Man with the Nose ; and the incessant puff—puff—puff, followed by corresponding clouds of fragrance, pealed upon the drum of his ear, as if so many globules of quicksilver had been dropped into it.

What could he do ? We have said that he was unable to stir ; or perhaps, like his friend, he might have decamped, and left the house to shift for itself. He, however, had one resource : he could close his eyes, and shut out the object which gave him such annoyance. He did so, but the effort was so intense that he found it impossible to persevere. The eternal puff—puff—puff, against which it was impracticable to be deaf, reminded him that his tormentor was at hand ; and imagination, acting upon memory, represented the latter as thrusting his long nose into his face, and grinning and smoking at him with devilish malice. He could not carry on ; in spite of himself he was compelled to open his eyes,—and once more was the stranger revealed to him, smoking as at first.

A shudder now came over his heart, but his limbs were so rigidly immovable that they did not partake of it. He was fettered to his seat by a talisman, and sat victim-like upon it, as if to undergo persecution from some dreadful demon. It would be vain to relate the efforts he made to rise ; not a limb would move,—the powers of volition seemed totally suspended. He was cramped, paralyzed, spell-bound, or whatever we choose to call it. In vain did he endeavour to cry out for

the ostler or maid ; his voice was a rebel to his will, and refused to obey. In heart he beshrewed them both for not coming to his assistance. He was wide awake, yet he laboured under a night-mare ; and felt as if the entrance of any one would break asunder the cursed spell which bound him. Not one appeared. Fate had conspired against him ; ostler and maid had deserted him in his utmost need ; barber, and fiddler, and town-clerk, had played him foul, and left him basely in the lurch. Not even a strolling packman, or talkative newsmonger, would step charitably in for a pot of ale, or half an hour's conversation. What would he have given to any drunken ditcher or swaggering dragoon who had at this moment made his appearance !—But, alas ! none such was at hand. Not a soul showed his face at the Golden Lion.

This horrible state continued for some time, when it was partially interrupted by the striking of his cuckoo clock. It struck eleven, and as many times the cuckoo made its responses. These sounds, while they lasted, imparted a passing glow of satisfaction, but no sooner were they gone—no sooner had the last stroke of the clock's hammer sounded through the apartment, than he was left in a more dismal tone of mind than ever. The puff—puff—puff, of the Man with the Nose, which had been drowned by the striking of the time-piece and its mimic cuckoos, now seemed to peal with threefold loudness. The whiffs sounded like a blast of wind through the fanners of a mill. He not only heard them with vicious distinctness, but thought that he felt them blowing upon his face. Add to this, the echo of the striking hour and of the cuckoo, which still hovered dream-like over his imagination—the ticking of the clock, as its unwearied pendulum went from side to side, with the crackling of the coal as it blazed merrily in the huge grate, and we have him saluted with a concert of strange sounds, such as never before haunted the fancy of an innkeeper.

Things after this, instead of mending, became momentarily worse. The perspiration rolled in large drops down his forehead. His face was flushed ; his hands were clasped convulsively together, while his breath went and came in broken and suffocating pa-

roxysms. To move, to speak, to utter even the merest groan of agony, was impossible; his distress was extreme. He was denied even the wretched comfort of pouring it forth in complaint, while the author of his misery was seated opposite to him smoking with the most stoical and unfeeling indifference. That cursed puff—puff—puff, proceeded incessantly from his lips, and he was so much taken up with it that his mind seemed utterly abstracted from everything else.

Meanwhile the night continued to wear on apace. The fire in the grate began to get low, at least to emit less glare than formerly—and the unsnuffed candle exhibited in the midst of its sickly and yellow blaze a couple of inches of black wick—while the tallow rolled down its sides in liquid streams. The time-piece again struck, and the cuckoo gave its responses. It was twelve o'clock.

A gleam of joy now shot over the mind of the landlord. "It is midnight," thought he, "and he cannot sit longer. He will certainly get up and relieve me from this state of agony." His joy was increased when he saw the Man with the Nose knock out the ashes from his pipe. Alas! it was only to replenish it with a supply of fresh tobacco. His horror at this discovery was augmented tenfold. He saw that the case was hopeless, and that he was yet doomed to endure, for an unknown period, a continuance of his misery. The stranger lighted his pipe, and commenced smoking anew.

With this supply the whiffs became more loud and frequent, as if the smoker had received a fresh accession of enjoyment. The clouds of incense rolled in richer and more voluminous masses around him—and contributed by their density to assist in darkening the kitchen, which now, from the decay of the fire and fading light of the neglected candle, had become sufficiently obscure. The landlord saw all this in horrid silence. He marked the tobacco clouds encircling the stranger around. He marked his head involved in their obscurity, but, though all else was invisible, that nose—that mysterious nose, was for ever to be seen. It peered from the misty wreaths like a fiend, and projected forward when the face was no longer to be observed. It was this

that tormented the looker-on. It was this that stood perpetually before his eyes, and would not be denied. The longer he looked at it the greater it grew, and the more his desire to look increased. Every moment it stretched out, and was at last a foot in length. How much longer it might have grown it is impossible to ascertain; for its possessor withdrew the pipe, and applied himself to the tankard of ale, during which interval the smoke rolled away, and exhibited the strange feature in its natural dimensions. This was a relief, but only a transient one. Again was the pipe in his mouth—again did the clouds of smoke rise around him—again did his nose protrude through their dusky barrier, and lengthen as before. This process was repeated several times, and invariably with the same result.

The landlord was now bewildered with terror. Every moment the kitchen was shrouded in blacker gloom. At last, the glittering of the jugs and pans was gone; and the fitches of bacon, lately so shining, and prominent, hung like black shapeless masses from the roof. The clock was opposite to him, but he could not discern the letters upon its dial-plate. Its continued ticking sounded distinctly, but not half so loud as the horrible and unnatural puffs from the Man with the Nose.

The obscurity at length became so great that the stranger could hardly be observed, even when unenveloped in the fumes of his tobacco—but his nose was never hid. It projected long, raw, and red, like a firebrand in the midst of darkness. Flesh and blood could withstand this no longer. All at once, in the landlord's imagination, the room grew gloomier—the ticking of the clock more loud—the puff—puff—puff, more fearfully distinct, while the tremendous nose stretched itself out—a yard in length. This, indeed, was almost the only object to be observed—the immense bacon fitches, and the outlines of the clock, chairs, and table, being scarcely visible. At the same time horrid forms were seen floating in the tobacco smoke—imps of darkness—snakes—crocodiles—toads—lizards, and all sorts of impure things. They leaped, and crawled, and flew with detestable hisses around—while the stranger grinned, and shook his head, and jab

bered in an unearthly voice—his long nose, in the meantime, waving to and fro like a banner, while black demons, with tails and green eyes, sat astride upon it, screeching hideously. The spectacle was more than the landlord could endure, and he fell into a faint.

It was truly a faint, but it did not terminate his miseries. The same puffing fell upon his ears, but much more obscurely than before. He still heard the clock ticking; then it seemed to strike, and was answered by its attendant cuckoo. This had all the remote indistinctness of a dream, and, as such, was shadowed forth with dim obscurity. Nor did the sights he had just witnessed entirely leave him: He still saw the dreadful nose, and the demons and reptiles floating and crawling in the smoke; but it was now more as a remembered vision than as one actually before him. At last all these things faded gradually away. The ticking was heard no longer, the puffs became more faint, and at length inaudible; while the nose itself of the fearful man melted into "airy nothing," among the circumambient clouds of tobacco.

On awaking he looked in vain for the distracting objects which lately preyed upon him. It was broad day, which peered in at the windows, and lighted up the kitchen with the pale, clear lustre of an April morning. The

fire was extinguished, with the exception of a few embers which still retained a faint glow of red. The candle was removed from the table, on which stood nothing but a few tankards, the whole (save one) full of ale. These he recognized as having been set down the night before to his guests, the barber, the fiddler, and the town-clerk—and remained, as they left them, untasted. He himself was seated on his high-backed stuffed arm-chair, the fellow of which at the opposite side stood empty. The Man with the Nose, to his unspeakable satisfaction, was gone, but the pipe he used lay beside his tankard, which was drained to the bottom. On looking at the clock, he found that it wanted only a few minutes of seven. Having made these observations, and stretched himself, after a previous yawn, he went to the outer door of the house. He could hardly believe that time had passed so rapidly, and still less that he had slept during the preceding night in the kitchen. He inquired anxiously about the Man with the Nose, and was informed that he had ridden off a quarter of an hour before, having handsomely discharged his bill, and slipped a half-crown into the hand of the pretty chambermaid, and another into that of the ostler who had the charge of his horse.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

ANSWER TO LORD BYRON'S LINES ON LOVE,

BEGINNING,

"Yes—Love, indeed, is light from Heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire—
With angels shared—by Alla given—
To lift from earth our low desire——"

Oh, say not Love is light from Heaven,
A sacred flame of hallow'd birth!—
Oh, tell me not that Love is given
To lift the heart of man from earth—
No, no! 'tis but a chain to bind
The spirit to this earthly sphere;
To lull with false repose the mind,
And make this fleeting life *too dear*.
The soul that hath no earthly tie,
May cast a longing glance on high;
But those who taste the Heaven of Love,
Forget there is a Heaven above.
Then say not Love is light from Heaven,
A sacred flame of hallowed birth;
Then tell me not that Love is given,
To wean the soul of man from earth.

S. S.

HORÆ ITALICÆ.

No. III.

Adelchi; by Alessandro Manzoni.

THE British public, engrossed by discussions of the present commercial distress, of the late agricultural distress, of the corn laws, the currency, the banking system, or whatever other great national question constitutes the interest of the day, is probably not aware that in enslaved Italy—enslaved, we apprehend, chiefly because she deserves no better fate—where government takes upon itself the trouble of discussing or suppressing all such matters, the party spirit inherent in man, and deprived of its proper and useful vent, pours itself out upon subjects which we take more lightly, as destined to occupy only our moments of recreation. Italy is divided, not into Whigs and Tories, Catholic Emancipators, and anti-Catholics, &c., but into *Classicisti* and *Romanticisti*; the latter glowing with all the inconsiderate, hand-over-head impetuosity of reformers; the former exhibiting all the irritability, oddly enough combined with *morgue*, which occasionally marks the advocates of “things as they are,” and of “the wisdom of our ancestors.” The *Classicisti* have long reigned supreme; but a *Romanticisto* has lately arisen, of such distinguished talent, as irresistibly demands our notice, although his reputation stands higher, we believe, in Germany, and even in France, than in his native land. We speak of Alessandro Manzoni, a Milanese, and a descendant, by his mother, from the Marquis Beccaria, the celebrated author of the Treatise *DEI DELITTI E DELLE PENE*. Manzoni has already produced two tragedies, *IL CONTE DI CARMAGNOLA*, and *ADELCHI*; of the last of which we propose to give some account. But we must preface it by an exposition of our *Romanticisto's* views of tragedy.

In the first place, the word *Romanticisto* requires explanation, inasmuch as its meaning differs widely from that which an English reader would naturally ascribe to it. It is, as we understand, in Italy, the received appellation of those who might be more appropriately denominated *Anti-Classicisti*. And, indeed, we believe in France

likewise, the fashionable term *romantique* does not necessarily include anything *romanesque*, although they usually go together. In dramatic literature, the main distinction between the two parties seems to be the observance or disregard of the *Unities*; one less decisive is the adoption of ancient or modern fables for the subject of tragedy; but we suspect that a *Classicisto* would hardly be deemed to have absolutely ratted, who strictly squeezed a modern story, as Alfieri and Monti have occasionally done, within the due limits of a room, and twelve or even twenty-four hours.

Manzoni considers the historical play as the perfection of tragedy. He has taken Shakspeare's historical plays as his models, and reasoning, we imagine, from what he finds in them, lays down laws for this style of composition, the usual mode, indeed, of legislating with regard to literature, but which, as practised by the *Classicisti*, he severely reprobates, as inimical to improvement, in one of the multifarious pieces of prose, attached to his tragedies, according to the existing practice in Italy. We shall state in our author's own words, at least in some of them—for in prose his countrymen have ever been rather addicted to wordiness—his notions of the chief object of dramatic poetry. Whether our readers agree with him or not, an acquaintance with his views will render them the better and the fairer judges of the piece we are about to analyze. In an answer to a French *critique*, written likewise in French, Manzoni says:

“The historical causes of an action are essentially more dramatic and more interesting than any which could be invented. Facts, by their very conformity to material truth, if we may be allowed the phrase, possess in the highest degree that character of poetic truth which is required in tragedy. For what is the intellectual charm of this species of composition? The charm of knowing man; of discerning what is most real and intrinsic in his nature; of perceiving the effect

produced by external phenomena upon his soul, the ground of those thoughts which determine his actions; of seeing in another man sentiments calculated to excite a true sympathy in ourselves.

“A poet finds in history a striking character, who arrests his progress, seeming to say, Observe me, and I will give you an insight into human nature. The poet accepts the invitation; he wishes to depict, to develop this character: where shall he seek external actions more conformable to the true idea of the man he proposes to represent, than those he really performed? He had an object; he succeeded or failed in it. What better revelation of that object, and of the feelings which impelled the man towards it, than the means he himself selected for its attainment?”

“It appears, then, that to find in a series of facts what properly constitutes an action, to seize the characters of the actors, to give to this action and to these characters a harmonious development, to complete the history, restoring, as it were, its lost portion; to imagine facts when history affords only hints; to invent, if need be, personages who may exhibit the moral *costume*—we know not how to render more appropriately the peculiar word *mœurs* so applied—of a given era; in short, to take all that exists, and so to supply what is wanting, as that the invention may always accord with the reality, is what may reasonably be called poetic creation.”

This, then, is what Manzoni has proposed to do, and of this what he has done is executed with a vigour, a freshness, a spirit, and a dramatic individuality, unexampled in their combination, we believe, in the Italian theatre, and to us amply compensating for all the faults which, as critics, we cannot but find with the play as a play, as well as, perhaps, with the system according to which it is written, and which we certainly think somewhat of the narrowest, although we object as much as our author to the substitution of fictitious motives for the real ones. But these matters will be more fitly noticed in the course, or at the close, of the analysis which we shall give of the piece.

ADELCHI might full as well be called the Fall of the Lombards. The subject is the overthrow of the last kings of that race by Charlemagne,

presented, we were going to say, exactly as the event is recorded in history; but such expressions are not applicable to the indistinct notices we possess of the transactions of that unlearned epoch. The more correct statement is, that, agreeably to the views just given, the tragedy does not contain an incident of which an indication, a germ, as it were, is not to be found in the old and rather discordant chroniclers, who have related the disasters of the Lombards; and that the characters, with the single exception of his hero, Adelchi, or Adelchis, for whose superior polish and philosophy the author apologizes, are strictly in keeping with what we know of their contemporaries and countrymen. But our readers would prefer to these general remarks the means of judging for themselves.

The tragedy opens in the Palace of the Lombard Princes, in their metropolis, Pavia. King Desiderius, and his colleague and son Adelchis, are discovered; they are informed by Vermond of the near approach of their daughter and sister, Ermengardis, whom, according to their orders, he has just received from the hands of her Frank escort. The old monarch exclaims:—

Heaven's wrath, and earth's abhorrence,
and the sword

Of vengeance, fall upon his guilty head!
His, the perfidious, from her mother's
hand

Who, beautiful and pure, received my
child,

And with the ignominy of divorce
Stamp'd on her brow, returns her! Shame
to Charles!

Shame to the traitor, whose disloyalty
Has made th' arrival of a cherish'd daughter

Tidings of anguish to a father's heart!
Oh, be this day requited! May he fall
So low, that ev'n the meanest of his
subjects,

Arising from the dust, may meet, confront him,

And fearlessly exclaim, “'Twas a base
act

To wrong an innocent, a helpless woman.”

Adelchis would fly to receive and console his unhappy sister; but Desiderius forbids him; dispatches Vermond to conduct her as privately as possible to the palace; and when alone with his son, reproves him for having proposed to exhibit the disgrace of their house to the people, especially to the partizans of Ratchis, whom he,

Desiderius, had supplanted. Adelchis replies :—

Oh bitter price of sov'reignty! Condition
More miserable than the poorest vassal's,
If we must dread their glances, veil our
brows

For very shame, nor, in the face of day,
Dare honour the unmerited misfortune
Of her we dearest love!

Des. When to the outrage
The recompense is equal, when the stain
Is wash'd away in blood, then, cast aside
Her mourning weeds, my daughter from
the shade

Shall issue, daughter, sister, not in vain
Of kings; and high above th' admiring
crowd

Shall lift her brow, with glory and re-
venge

Most beautiful; nor distant is the day.

The old King now unfolds his scheme
of revenge; which is, to conduct the
two nephews of Charlemagne, who,
when deprived by their uncle of their
hereditary share of the kingdom, had
been brought by their mother Gerber-
ga to his court for protection, first to
Rome, there to obtain from the Pope
their coronation as Kings of the Franks;
and then into France, for the purpose
of dethroning Charlemagne. Adelchis
objects to this plan that they, the Lom-
bards, have offended the Pope, are ac-
tually at war with him, and that Char-
lemagne, against whom his father hopes
assistance from his Holiness, is the very
protector whose support Adrian is in-
quiring against them, as the usurpers
of part of his domains. Desiderius
thinks if the Pope refuses it will be all
the better, as they may then take Rome
itself; and when Adelchis urges that
Astolfo, in the fulness of his power,
had failed in such an attempt, and
been defeated by Pepin, he angrily
answers :—

What tell'st thou me of Pepin and As-
tolfo?

They both lie buried; other mortals rule,
The times are other, ay, and other swords
Are brandishing! What, if the warrior
first

Who fronts the peril, scaling hostile walls,
Be slaughter'd, shall his comrades in de-
spair

Disperse and fly? So counsels me my
son?

Where, where is he, mine own superb
Adelchis?

He whom Spoleti saw, a beardless boy
Rush on in ruin; like the youthful hawk
Upon his prey, upon the thickest flight
Pounce fearlessly; shining above the
crowd

Of warriors, as at wedding-feast the bride-
groom?

He with the conquer'd rebel-chief re-
turn'd;

The partner of my kingdom, on the field
I hail'd him: of applause and glad con-
sent

A shout arose; in his right hand—then
terrible—

Ensign of sov'reignty, the spear was
placed.

And is't the same Adelchis, who fore-
bodes

Only calamities and obstacles?

Not thus, were we defeated, should'st thou
counsel.

Oh, Heav'ns! were't told me that in
Charles's breast

Were harbour'd thoughts, such as in
thine, surprised

I find, with happiness I were o'er-
whelm'd!

Adel. Oh, were he here, that Charles!
Why cannot I

Front him in listed field! I, I alone,
Brother of Ermengardis! In thy sight,
Father, to God's high judgment, and my
sword,

Refer the vengeance of our wrongs, and
thus

Compel thee to confess, that unadvised
A hasty word escaped thee!

Desid. Now I hear

Adelchis' voice! My son, the day thou
wishest

I seek to speed.

Adel. A different day, oh, father,
I see impending. At the cry, unwarlike,
But most revered, of Adrian, I behold
Charles with all France rush on—Upon
that day

Astolfo's heirs shall meet with Pepin's
son.

Of whom we're kings bethink thee :—in
our ranks

That mingle with the loyal, and perchance
Outnumber them, our focs; that every
foe

The aspect of a foreign banner changes
Into a traitor. Gloriously to die

Valour suffices, father; but success
And empire are for him who happily

Rules o'er united spirits. I abhor
The dawn that ushers in the battle's
day,

My spear unto my hand grows burthen-
some,

Against the comrade fighting by my side,
If in the conflict I must guard myself.

Desid. Who without enemies e'er
ruled? What matter

The subjects' hearts? Or vainly are we
kings?

Till envy be extinct would'st in their
sheaths

Retain our weapons? Idle on the throne
Would'st thou await the tempest? Save
by boldness

What prospect of escape? What would'st
propose?

Adel. What, reign'd we o'er a race un-
conquer'd, faithful,

I on the day of victory would propose:—
The Roman cities to restore, and thus
Become the friends of Adrian; 'tis his
wish.

Desid. Better upon the throne, or in
the dust,

To perish, than incur such infamy!
Never again this counsel pass thy lips!
Thy father thus commands.

Enter VERMOND, ushering in ERMENGAR-
DIS and her Ladies.

Vermond. Kings, Ermengardis!

Desid. Take heart, my daughter.

[*Exit* VERMOND, and the Ladies fall
back to a distance.

Adel. In thy brother's arms,
Before thy father's face art thou, amidst
Thine ancient, faithful followers, in the
palace
Of sovereigns, thine own palace once
again, .

More loved, more honour'd, than ere thy
departure.

Ermen. Oh, blessed be the accents of
mine own!

My father and my brother, oh, may Hea-
ven

Reward those words! May Heaven prove
to you

For ever such, to an unfortunate,
As you now are! Were't possible hence-
forth

A blissful day should dawn on me, 'twere
this,

When I again behold you.—Sweetest
mother!

I left thee here, mine ear might not re-
ceive

Thy latest words—thou here wast dying
—whilst—

Oh, surely from on high thou look'st upon
us!

Behold thine Ermengardis, whom thy
hand

Upon that day so joyfully adorn'd,
So piously, when to the bridal fashion
Her virgin-length of hair thyself did cut,
See her return! And bless thine own be-
loved,

Who kindly welcome the rejected one!

Adel. Ours, sister, is thy sorrow, ours
thy wrongs.

Desid. And ours, my child, shall be the
thought of vengeance.

Ermen. Father, my sorrow asks not
for revenge.

I would but be forgotten, and so much
The world grants freely to th' unfortu-
nate.

Oh, be't enough, and end my griefs with
me!

Of friendship and of peace was I de-
sign'd

A spotless harbinger—that Heav'n de-
nied:—

But let it not be said, that wheresoever,
'Midst those who destined me a pledge
of joy,

I but appear'd, I brought along with me
Discord and lamentation.

Desid. Can it be
The chastisement of him, th' iniquitous,
Should grieve thee! That thou yet
should'st love him!—

Ermen. Father,

What seek'st thou in the depths of this
sad heart?

Oh, nothing that should gladden thee,
henceforth

Can it afford—I dare not question it—

Myself I dare not—all the past to me
Is now as nothing —

We have not room for the remain-
der of this scene. Ermengardis re-
quests permission to retire to the con-
vent of which her sister Ansberga is
abbess. Adelchis objects warmly; but
Desiderius only desires her to take
time to recover herself, and reflect
calmly before deciding upon such a
step. A messenger is now announc-
ed,

Who comes from Rome—but envoy of a
king.

Ermengardis immediately retires; the
messenger—Charlemagne's of course
—is introduced, and the Lombard no-
bles are summoned to hear the em-
bassy. The ambassador demands the
prompt evacuation of the cities taken
from the Holy See. Desiderius refuses
to communicate his intentions to stran-
gers; and the ambassador declares war
against the two kings, whom he in-
vites the Lombards to abandon. De-
siderius then calls upon his Dukes
and Counts to answer; and, "War!
War!" is very generally, though not
unanimously, vociferated by the as-
sembly. With this answer, and a
sort of defiance from Adelchis, the
ambassador is dismissed. The kings
appoint the nobles to meet them in
arms, with their followers, at the
Chiuse of the Alps, a pass—apparent-
ly the only one then known—into
France, strongly fortified by the Lom-

bards; and withdraw, accompanied by most of the nobles present. The few who remain behind, just discover themselves to be rebelliously disposed, and adjourn to the house of Swart, where they can hold their treasonable consultations more safely.

The scene then changes to Swart's abode; and the worthy owner explains, in a well-managed soliloquy, that, whilst the haughty nobles consider him as merely their creature, his purpose in joining them is to become their equal. The Magnates of the conspiracy speedily arrive, and resolve upon sending their homage to Charlemagne—Swart offers to convey it, observing, that his absence will excite no suspicion; and even should he be missed, they have only to say that a run-away horse drowned him in the river.—Thus ends the first act.

The second act passes in the Frank camp, at the foot of the Alps, and in front of the impregnable *Chiuse*. Charlemagne appears in discourse with the Papal Legate, who bitterly reproaches the Frank monarch with his reported intention of retreating, and urges him not to abandon the Holy Father to the enmity of the Lombards. Charlemagne acknowledges his purpose of retreating; justifies it upon the score of the impossibility of forcing the fortified pass; represents all that he has already done and attempted for the Pope's service, and goes on to say,—

Oh, were there interposed betwixt Frank
courage

And conquest, only men, never such word
As, 'tis impossible, should be pronounced
By sovereign of Franks. Nature herself
Has for mine enemy prepared the field,
Wrought for his ditch the precipices
round!

Those mountains, by th' Omnipotent
piled high,

Serve him as tow'rs and battlements;
and each,

The narrowest pathway, is with walls se-
cured,

Whence thousands may by handfulls be
defied,

By women-warriors. In this fruitless
task,

Where valour nought avails, have I al-
ready

Too many valiant spirits lost. Too deeply
The fierce Adelchis, on his vantage-
ground

Relying, in our blood has dyed his sword.

Bold as the lion near his young ones' den,
He bursts upon us, strikes, and disap-
pears.

Oh, God! At midnight visiting the camp,
Too often, I myself amidst the tents
Have heard that name in terror utter'd!

No!

In such a school of terror, my brave
Franks

No longer will I keep!

After some further argument to the same effect on both sides, a Latin stranger is announced as having just reached the camp. With much wonder as to how he can have come, Charlemagne orders him to be introduced. He proves to be a clerical envoy, who has discovered and traversed a previously unknown passage over the Alps, which he conceives the Almighty himself to have revealed to him, for the express purpose of facilitating the Frank invasion. The description of his journey, besides its poetical beauty, happily displays the fanaticism of the speaker. But we must reserve our space for extracts of more importance. Charlemagne gives orders for a body of troops to march at daybreak, under the guidance of the priest; appoints the third day for the meeting of the whole army within the Lombard fortifications; and, firing their spirits by a description of the delights of Italy, dismisses his warriors. Left alone, he breaks out into a strain of fanaticism, of the same kind as that of the reverend road-explorer, although loftier in character. After a few exclamations, upon a stranger's having moved him from his fixed resolve, he says,—

No! He who to the breast of Charles
restores

His wonted spirit, thou art not! The star
On my departure favouringly that shone,
Then for a while conceal'd its rays, again
Do I behold. A fantasm, error-formed,
It was, that from the fields of Italy
Repell'd me; false the voice that in my
heart,

Murmured, No, never, never o'er the land
Whence Ermengardis drew her birth,
may'st thou

Be Monarch!—From thy blood I'm pure
—thou livest!

Why then so obstinately stood'st thou
ever

Before me, silent, with upbraiding ges-
ture,

Dejected, pale, as risen from the tomb?

Thy race has God rejected;—was't for
me

In such unholy union to persist?

If Hildegert's rare beauty in mine eyes

Found favour, did not interests of state

Require her as the partner of my bed?

If all too weak for these eventful times

Thy woman's heart be found, am I to
blame?

His lofty course a monarch cannot tread,

But what some victims underneath his
feet

Must trampled fall.

This, be it observed, is the only symptom of remorse for his treatment of his lawful wife, betrayed by Charlemagne throughout the Tragedy. And ere dismissing the second act, we cannot but remark, that if Manzoni had not so distinctly established his system of drawing his characters as exactly as possible, according to the materials derived from history, and had not besides expressly condemned the practice of holding up Charlemagne as a prototype of Buonaparte, we should have suspected such to have been his design, both here and subsequently. The Frank Conqueror's perfect disregard of all moral obstacles that might impede his purposes, combined with his respect for religion and virtue when not thus inconvenient, and his ready magnanimity, when magnanimity is become innoxious, are to our minds features of strong resemblance with the worst characteristics of his Corsican successor.

The third act, the only really busy one, returns to the Lombards, whom we find encamped within the *Chiuse*. Adelchi meets his esquire Anfrid in front of his tent, and questions him respecting appearances amongst the Franks. Anfrid describes the enemy as still immovable, precisely as they have remained for the last three days, ever since that one *corps* began their retreat. Adelchi exclaims,

In safety he retreats, who basely dared
Injure mine Ermengardis, to my house
Who swore extinction! And I cannot
spur

My steed against him, clutch him, struggle
with him,

And on his conquer'd arms repose! I
cannot!

In open field I cannot stand against him.
Behind these walls, the proved fidelity
Of those for their defence whom I select-
ed,

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Their valour, whom amongst those few
I chose

The comrades of mine outbreaks, might
suffice

A kingdom's safety to assure. The
traitors

Lay from the conflict far remote, inactive,
Controlled. But in the open field
should I,

With the brave chosen few, be to the
Franks

By them, at least, abandon'd—Fruitless
rage!

He who shall tell me, safely Charles de-
parts,

The herald of glad tidings must be deem'd,
I must rejoice when he escapes my
sword!

Anfrid endeavours to comfort his beloved Prince with the glory he has acquired in the defence of the *Chiuse*. Adelchi replies,

Glory? My lot it is to pant for glory,
And die ne'er having tasted it. Oh no!

This is not glory. Hence mine enemy
Goes unchastised; to other enterprize

He hastens; here if conquer'd, he else-
where

May victory seek, he, who a people rules
Of single will, firm, to one temper
wrought,

Ev'n as his weapon's steel. And like
his weapon,

He wields them in his grasp. And, An-
frid, I

On him, the impious wounder of my
heart,

My kingdom in atonement who assails,
Cannot achieve revenge! An enterprize

Far different, ever odious to my thoughts,
Nor just, nor glorious, offers.—Ay, and
this

Too surely will prove easy.

Anfr. Does the king
Resume his old designs?

Adel. Question'st thou that?

Once from the threatenings of the Franks
secure,

Against the Apostolic Lord, his camp
Eagerly will he move. To Tyber's banks,

All Lombardy shall we conduct. United,
Prompt against helplessness; and faith-
ful, led

To safe and easy booty. What a war,
Anfrid, and what an enemy! On ruins,
Fresh ruins we shall heap—our ancient
art—

Palace and cottage given to the flames,
Destroyed the great, the sovereigns of the
soil,

And all who haply light upon our spears,
We shall enslave the rest, distributed

Y

As prey amongst ourselves, the best allotting
 To him, the most disloyal, most suspected.
 —Oh! I had dream'd that for a different course
 Than this of Robber-Captain, I was born:
 That Heaven had destined me to other deeds
 Upon this earth, than thus, without or risk
 Or honour, her fair face to desolate.
 —Anfrid, my friend beloved, of infancy,
 Of boyish sports, of arms and perils next,
 As of my joys, sole partner, chosen brother,
 With thee alone my thought springs to my lips.
 My heart corrodes my bosom, noble deeds
 And high, inspiring, to iniquitous
 Whilst fortune dooms me, and constrain'd, reluctant,
 I tread the path, obscure and purposeless,
 By me unchosen, and my spirit withers,
 Ev'n as the germ that, tossing on the wind,
 Falls on ungenial soil.
Anfr. My kingly friend!
 Unhappy in thy greatness! Thy true comrade
 Admires thee, and laments thy splendid griefs:
 Relieve I cannot, but with thee may feel them.
 Can I exhort Adelchis' noble heart,
 To find content in homage, power, and gold?
 Can I the peace of meaner spirits give him?
 And would I, were it possible? Endure,
 And be thy mighty self. Thy destiny,
 As yet, is this;—but hope! Thy lofty course
 Is but beginning; who shall say what times,
 What high achievements, Heaven for thee prepares?
 Heav'n, that thy crown and such a mind bestow'd.

Enter DESIDERIUS, Exit ANFRID.
Desid. Son, on a king mine equal, 'tis denied me
 To lavish honours; greater, mortal power
 Can never make thee: but a recompense,
 Dear to thy piety, 'tis mine to give,
 The joy, the grateful praises of thy father.
 Thou saviour of a realm, thy glory now

Begins: a wider and an easier field
 Is opening to augment it. All the doubts,
 The fears, by thee to my designs of old
 Opposed, lo! by thyself are they destroy'd.
 Thy valour has extinguish'd each excuse.
 Disperser of the Franks! Rome's conqueror
 I now salute thee! To the diadem
 That, never perfected, from brow to brow
 Of twenty kings has pass'd, thy hand
 shall give
 The last and fairest of its leaves.
Adel. What'er,
 Father, the enterprize, obediently
 Thy warrior follows.
Desid. To such splendid conquest,
 Son, shall obedience be thine only spur?
Adel. I can command obedience, and 'tis thine
 Long as my life endures.
Desid. Would'st thou obey,
 Blaming?—
Adel. I should obey.
Desid. Of my grey hairs
 Torment and pride, in battle my right arm,
 Mine obstacle in council, still the same?
 To vict'ry must thou ever be compell'd?

*Enter successively and in disorder
 Esquires and Franks.*

First Esquire. The Franks! The Franks!

Desid. What rav'st thou?

Second Esquire (entering.) King, the Franks!

Desid. What of the Franks?

*Enter BALDWIN.**

Adel. Say, Baldwin, what has chanced?

Bald. Death and disaster! Upon every side

The camp is penetrated—on our rear
 The Franks assail.

Desid. The Franks? From whence?

Bald. Who knows?

Adel. Quick to the rescue! 'Tis some straggling band.

Bald. They are an army, ours the straggling bands—

All's lost!

Desid. All lost?

Adel. Well, comrades, be't the Franks!
 'Tis to encounter Franks we're here;
 what matters

The side from which they come? Our weapons we

For their reception have. Haste! Sword in hand!

* This gentleman in the original is called Baudo, which Manzoni says is an allowable inflexion of Poto, his name in the Latin Chronicles. Neither of these sounding either very Gothic, or very tragical, we have taken the liberty of substituting Baldwin.

They've tasted them! Another battle
now!
A warrior cannot be surprised. Back!
Back!
Lombards, where run ye? By the living
God,
Ye take the path of infamy! The foe
is there. Follow Adelchis!—Anfrid!

Enter ANFRID.

Anf. I,
My king, am near thee.
Adel. Father, guard the *Chiuse*.
*(Exit, followed by BALDWIN, ANFRID,
and other Lombards.*

Des. (To the fugitives, who cross the stage.)
Cowards, at least ye'll follow to the
Chiuse;

If life ye hold so precious, tow'rs are there,
And walls to guard it.

*Enter Soldiers in disorder from the opposite
side.*

A Soldier. King, thou here? Oh, fly!
Desid. Dastard, thus counsell'st thou
a king? And you,
Whom fly ye from, abandoning the *Chiuse*?
Has cowardice bewildered you?

*(Presenting his sword to the breast of
a fugitive.*

From steel,
If heartless thus ye fly, this too is steel,
And slays like sword of Frank. Answer
your king—

Why fly ye from the *Chiuse*?

Sold. From the towers
We saw the Franks upon the other side
Surprise the camp. Our warriors are
dispersed.

Desid. Thou liest! My son has rallied
them. Against
Those scatter'd enemies he leads them.
Back!

Sold. Oh, king! it is too late; nor are
they scatter'd.

Escape there is not.—Well array'd they
come;

Our men dispersed, unarmed, are fled.
Adelchis

Rallies them not—We are betray'd—
All's lost.

The scene ends in the old king's
being hurried away, despite his resist-
ance, by the fugitives, whom he cannot
rally.

The scene then changes to that por-
tion of the Lombard camp, which was
more immediately within the *Chiuse*.
Charlemagne, attended by some of his
warlike courtiers, enters, having just
passed without opposition the deserted
walls. Triumphant in his success, he

is engaged in receiving reports, and
issuing orders. A certain count, * Rut-
lando—evidently the Italian form of
Rutland, a title we little expected to
meet with amongst the peers or pala-
dins of France—presents himself. The
king expresses astonishment at his
having quitted the field of battle; and
he answers, that he never would have
left his home had he imagined the war
was to be only against fugitives; add-
ing, that none faced them save traitors
desirous of being received into their
ranks. The traitors thus announced—
the conspirators of the first act—next
appear, and are presented to Charle-
magne by Swart, who, even in the last
act, formed part of his train. The
monarch salutes Swart as Count of
Susa; loads the newly-arrived traitors
with praises and promises, and then
dismisses them to gain him more pro-
selytes. As they retire, he turns to
Rutland, asking,

My Rutland, did I call them gallant men?

Rut. Too surely.

Char. 'Twas of royal lips an error.

That title, as the gerdon of my Franks,
Should be reserved. That I profaned it
thus,

May all forget.

He is departing, when Anfrid is
borne in, dying, with the remark that
this was the only Lombard who fought.
Charlemagne pauses to inquire fur-
ther, and is informed, that the wound-
ed man was retiring slowly and singly,
but had turned back to oppose four
Franks who attacked him, and killed
two of them ere he was himself wound-
ed, and fell; when he had requested
to be removed where he might die in
tranquillity. The conqueror applauds
the humanity of his Franks in com-
plying with this request, learns from
Swart who the prisoner is, and thus
addresses him:—

Anfrid, Wouldst thou, alone, 'gainst four
advance?

Anfr. To die, what need of comrades?

Charl. Rutland, lo!

One gallant man is here! Oh, warrior,
why

A life of such high value cast away?
Knew'st thou not thou wert ours? That
yielding thee,

Thou wert of Charles the warrior, not
the captive?

* This is modern Gothico-Italian for the old Gothico-Latin, Rotolandus—the name given in the veracious histories of Archbishop Turpin and Co. to our old acquaintance Orlando.—C. N.

Anfr. What, when Adelchis' warrior
I might die,
Should I live thine? Adelchis, king, to
Heaven
Is precious. From this ignominious day,
Heaven will, I trust, deliver him, preserv-
ing
For better times. But, should perchance
—remember,
Or sovereign, or fall'n, such is Adelchis,
That whose wrongs him, wrongs the
Deity,
In his best, purest image. Thou, in power,
Excell'st him, and in fortune; but in soul,
No mortal ever.—'Tis a dying man
Who warns thee.

Charl. Thus the faithful love!

The king proceeds to compliment
the expiring Lombard with the high
opinion and favour he shall ever en-
joy from himself and the Frank ladies.
He then desires that Anfrid may be
honourably buried, and goes off with
his train.

The next scene passes in a wood,
where Desiderius, weary, ashamed of
his constrained flight, and anxious
about his son, pauses to rest, and to col-
lect what he can of the fugitive Lom-
bards. He is speedily joined by Adel-
chis, who, promptly silencing all re-
grets for past errors, for disregard of
his own opinions, and consequent dis-
asters, proceeds to make arrangements
for future defence. He requests his
father to throw himself into Pavia
with their best troops; commits Brea-
scia, where is situated the convent
containing Ermengardis, to Baldwin;
takes the charge of Verona upon him-
self, and desires some faithful leaders
to mix with the traitors in the Frank
camp, and see if any can be recalled
to their duty. All prepare for their
respective tasks; but Adelchis is wait-
ing for Anfrid, who had, he says, fol-
lowed more slowly to protect his,
Adelchis's, retreat, which filial anxie-
ty prevented his delaying. He is told
of Anfrid's death, and exclaims,
Oh, day of infamy and rage, complete
Art thou!—My brother, thou for me hast
died!
Thou fought'st—and I—Cruel, without
me, why
Affront a danger? Such were not our
vows—
Oh, God!—Great God, who yet up-
hold'st my life,
Assigning mighty duties,—Oh, bestow
The strength to execute them!—Hence,
away!
Thus concludes the third act; be-

tween which and the fourth, Manzoni
has introduced an invention of his own,
which he calls a chorus, but which,
except inasmuch as it is lyrical, bears
so little resemblance to the ancient
chorus, that we hardly know how it
comes by the same name. It is *tout
bonnement*, a short poem, upon some
topic connected with the tragedy, writ-
ten in the author's own proper person,
and not intended to be said or sung by
any member of the *dramatis personæ*.
This one paints the feelings of the en-
slaved Italians, or Latins, as they were
then usually denominated, upon the
defeat of their Lombard tyrants; and
ends with warning them not to hope
that the Franks have taken so much
trouble for their benefit, but to pre-
pare for double oppression from the
doubling of the oppressors,

Of a rabble dispersed without even a
name!

The ode has poetical beauty, but we
shall make no extracts from it, as it
appears to us to have no business where
it is, unless it be either to spare the
author the labour of devising a drama-
tic mode of exhibiting the conditions
and feelings of the Italians—which,
assuredly, a play of this nature ought
to do—or to indulge his fancy with a
burst of lofty poetry after its long
subjection to the simpler language of
the drama.

The fourth act transports us to the
convent, in which the unhappy Ermen-
gardis has taken shelter. She is sup-
ported into its garden by two of her
damsels, whom she courteously thanks
for their services; they leave her with
the Abbess Ansberga. The ex-empress
thus addresses the recluse:—
Sweet sister, heaven-consecrated mother,
Compassionate Ansberga, of thy cares,
And of my sufferings, the close draws nigh.
Oh, justly does the Lord apportion ill!
I feel a weary quiet, of the tomb
The harbinger. Against the hour of God
No longer struggles my, now vanquish'd,
youth,
And easily, far more than I had hoped,
My soul, in sorrow old, from life's strong
grasp
Seems to release itself. From thee I
now
Request the latest kindness; in thy heart
Receive, preserve my solemn words, the
wishes
I, dying, form, and incorrupt transmit
them,
Some future day, to those I love on earth.

—Be not disturb'd, my dearest; do
not gaze

With such heart-troubled look upon me!
God,

(See'st thou not?) pitying, takes me.
Would'st thou wish

He here should leave me to await the
day

Of Brescia's siege? The day, when such
a foe

Shall burst upon us? For such agony
Unspeaking, should the Most High here
keep me?

Ans. Fear not, thou dear unfortunate;
from us,

Yet distant are alarms of war. Ve-
rona,

Pavia, asylums of the kings, the faithful,
Those are the objects 'gainst which every
effort

Yon impious man exerts, and, with God's
aid,

I trust in vain. Our noble kinsmen here,
The daring Baldwin and the holy bishop,
Answald, assemble round our walls their
troops;

For desperate resistance all prepared,
Immovable they stand. And should Ve-
rona,

Should Pavia fall—Avert it God!—a new
And lengthen'd conflict—

Erm. I shall never see't.

Released from every fear, from earthly
love,

And bitter wishes, I shall be far distant,
Where for my father's welfare I shall pray,
For that beloved Adelchis, and for thee;
For those who suffer—those to suffering
Who others doom, even for all—But now,
Observe my latest wishes—To my fa-
ther,

Ansberga, and my brother, when thou
see'st them—

Such joy, oh, be it not denied you!—
say,

In life's extremest moment, on the point,
When all things are forgotten, gratefully
And sweetly, still I in remembrance hold
That day, that gentle deed, when towards
me

Trembling, uncertain, they their resolute
And pious arms stretch'd forth, nor put
to shame

A wretch rejected; to the throne of
Mercy,

Thou'lt say, that for their victory my
prayer

Fervent, incessant rose; if 'tis unheard,
Assuredly His seeming cruelty
Flows from profounder pity; say, in
death

I bless'd them.—Sister, next—Oh, do
not this

Deny me!—Find some faithful friend,
who shall,

Be't when, be't where it may, present
himself

To that fierce enemy of all my race—

Ans. How! Charles?

Erm. Thou hast pronounced the
name—and say

That free from rancour Ermengardis dies,
Nor object of her hatred leaves on earth;
And that, for all her heavy sufferings,
She earnestly implores her God, and
hopes,

Not vainly, none to hold accountable,
Since all, as his appointment, she re-
ceived.

This let him say; and, to that haughty
ear,

If not too irritating sound such word,
Add, that I pardou him.—Thou'lt do
it?

Ans. Heaven

So listen to my dying prayers, as thine
I sacredly fulfil.

Erm. Dearest! I've yet

One more request. On this poor form,
to which,

While lingers yet a breath, of cares
thou'rt lavish,

Let it not irk thee to bestow the last;
But decently in death lay it thyself.

This ring upon my left, even in the grave
Let it remain there: it was given me
Beside the altar, in the sight of God.

Be my tomb modest. All are dust, and I—
Oh, what have I to boast?—Yet let it
bear

The ensigns of a queen; a holy tie
Made me a queen; God's gift nought
rends away;

This know'st thou—even as life, must
death attest it.

Ans. Oh, cast aside these painful re-
collections!

Complete thy sacrifice: of this asylum,
Whither, a pilgrim, God conducted thee,
Become a citizen! Hear me; be this
Thy mansion of repose! The sacred garb
Assume; and, with its spirit, soft oblivion
Of human cares.

Erm. Ansberga, can'st thou think it?
Shall I swear falsehoods to the Lord! Re-
flect,

A wife I go to him, a spotless wife,
But of a mortal man. Happy are you,
Are all, who to the King of Kings a
heart

By memory uncumber'd offer'd up,
Placing the sacred veil on eyes that never
Dwelt on man's face! But—I another's
am.

Ans. Oh, had'st thou never been so!

Erm. Never! still

The path by Heav'n assign'd us, to its
end

Whate'er it be, 'tis fitting to pursue.

—And, should the tidings of my death
awake

A thought of pity, of repentance, haply
In compensation late, but yet most sweet,
Should he demand my cold remains as
his,

As to the royal sepulchre pertaining:—
The dead, Ansberga, sometimes have
been known

More powerful than the living.

Ans. Oh, he will not!

Ermen. Thou, with thy piety, wilt
thou affix

Injurious limits to the clemency
Of HIM, who touches guilty hearts, who
joys

To see each wrong atoningly redress'd
By whoso first inflicted it?

Ans. Poor mourner!

No, he will not atone—he cannot.

Ermen. How?

He cannot! wherefore?

Ans. Sister best beloved,

Question no farther, but forget.

Ermen. Speak, speak!

Harassed with doubts send me not to the
tomb.

Ans. The impious has consummated
his crime.

Ermen. Proceed!

Ans. Expel him wholly from thy
heart.

Of new and guilty nuptials he has drawn
The sin upon his head:—before the eyes
Of men; of God, shamelessly criminal,
He brings, as if in triumph, to his camp
That Hildegert— [*Ermengardis faints.*]
Thou'rt pale, mine Ermengardis!

Dost thou not hear?—Heavens! Sisters!
Hasten hither!—

What have I done? oh, who shall suc-
cour her?

Behold, her sorrow kills her.

But the anxieties of the pious sister-
hood are hardly worth extracting.
Ermengardis revives to delirium, and
although her ravings, which of course
refer to her original jealousy of Hil-
degert prior to her own divorce, are
very pathetic, we incline to pass them
also by. Madness, we must confess, not-
withstanding that its use in fiction be
sanctioned by the authorities we most
revere, and that it has often commanded
our tears, is not the mode of touching the
heart which we esteem most pleasing,
or, except in particular situations, most
beneficial. We shall not, however,
here enter into the question of its dra-
matic fitness, but will, by way of com-

promise, insert the repudiated Queen's
last mad speech, which, indeed, we
think might almost pass as sane.

If all should be a dream, which morn-
ing's dawn

Should melt away in mist! and I should
wake

Bedew'd with tears, and terrified, and
Charles

Should question of the cause, then
smilingly

Should chide my want of confidence!

(*Sinks into lethargy.*)

Ans. Oh, thou,

Lady of Heav'n, aid this afflicted one!

Nun. Observe, upon her face tran-
quillity

Again appears; her heart no longer
bounds

Convulsively beneath my hand.

Ans. My sister!

Mine Ermengardis!

Ermengardis (recovering.) Oh! who calls
me thus?

Ans. Look on me; 'tis Ansberga
calls: around

Thy damsels tend thee, and the pious
sisters

Are offering orisons in thy behalf.

Ermen. Heaven's blessing be upon
you—Yes, ah, yes!

Friendship and peace are in these coun-
tenances—

I, from a melancholy dream, awake.

Ans. Poor sufferer! such troubled
slumbers yield

Rather fatigue than quiet.

Ermen. Thou say'st true.

My breath is quite exhausted—Oh, my
dearest,

Support me; and I pray you, courteous
maidens,

Convey me to my lowly, trusty couch.

'Tis the last trouble I shall give—and all
Are registered in Heaven—Now, in

peace

May I expire—Oh, speak to me of God;
I feel his present coming.

This affecting scene is followed by
a second chorus, dissimilar to the for-
mer in subject, as might be expected
from its position, but similar to it in
character and relation to the tragedy.
The present chorus offers a poetical
and touching picture of the death-bed
of Ermengardis, enlivened by a slight
sketch of the military and chase-loving
Court of the Franks; introduced by a
reference to her brief period of joy
and splendour as Charlemagne's queen.
The author then, returning to her
sorrows and death, and adverting to
the misery of the Italians under Lom-

bard oppression, rejoices that Ermen-
gardis, although of the tyrant race,
being placed by misfortune amongst
the oppressed, descends to the grave
pitied, and will rest in it undisturbed.

To the chorus succeeds a scene upon
the walls of Pavia, in which city, it
will be remembered, Desiderius had
sought security. The interlocutors are
Swart, the first Lombard deserter to
Charlemagne, and the Duke of Ivrea,
a noble hitherto faithful, who had ac-
companied the old king in his flight
from the fatal surprise at the *Chiuse*,
and had been selected by him to assist
in the defence of Pavia. The siege of
this city has lasted so long as to ex-
haust the patience of both armies ; and
Swart is sent by his new master to
seduce some of his old comrades. His
lavish offers are aided by the duke's
weariness of the inconveniences of a
siege, and, notwithstanding some qualms
of conscience, allayed by sophistry,
evidently felt as such by the speaker,
the result is a plot for the betrayal of
the place. The brother traitors then
express considerable apprehension as
to their own future safety, under the
Frank conqueror, and pledge them-
selves to assist each other in keeping
Charlemagne in such hot water, as
shall insure their continuing to be
necessary to him. With these com-
fortable prospects for all parties, they
separate, making an end of the fourth
act.

The fifth opens in Verona, where Gi-
selbert, another of the hitherto faithful
nobles, announces to Adelchis, that,
since Pavia has fallen, Desiderius is be-
come Charlemagne's prisoner, and Ger-
berga, dreading to fall otherwise into his
hands, has freely surrendered her sons
and herself to her brother-in-law's cle-
mency, the garrison of Verona has re-
solved not to prolong a useless resis-
tance, and demands its termination of
their king. Adelchis dismisses the
orator, with the promise of a speedy
answer ; and, when alone, thus solilo-
quizes :

Go, live, grow old in quiet ; and remain
One of thy people's chiefs ! 'Tis thy de-
sert.

Fear not, thou still shalt be a vassal ;
such

The times, as suit thy fellows.—Must
I hear

Commands from cowards ; and from those
who tremble

Receive the law ? Intolerable ! Resolved !
Have they ? Because they're dastards,
shall they *will* ?

They're menacing through terror, nor
endure

Resistance to this rage of cowardice.

Manhood they suffer not amongst them.
—Heavens !

In Charles's talons clutch'd, his latter
days

My father shall in slavery live, subjected
To that proud hand, which he in friend-
ship scorn'd

To grasp ; shall eat *his* bread who out-
raged him !

And from the pit, in which alone, betray'd,
Indignantly he roars, calling in vain

The son who cannot save, is there no
way

To snatch him ? None !—Fall'n Brescia,
and my Baldwin,

The generous warrior, he too thus com-
pell'd

By such as will not die, to unclose his
gates—

—Amongst us happiest thou, dear Er-
mengardis !—

—Oh days ! oh house of Desiderius !
where

Is enviable who of sorrow died !

—Without, the conqueror arrogant ad-
vancing,

Who even now will intimate commands
That I should fill the measure of his tri-
umph :—

Within, the answer'ring baseness, that pre-
sumes

To urge. — Together, 'tis too much !
Thus far,

If hope was lost, for action there was
room ;

Each day had its to-morrow, every strait
Its remedy.—But now—And now, if I

Cannot inspire the base with fortitude,
From the resolved can cowards force the
means

Of dying worthily ? Not all are base ;
Some yet will hear ; some comrades I
shall find,

If I exclaim, ' Forth, to encounter them !
Let's prove that Lombards do not worth-
less lives

Prefer to all—if nought else, let us
die !'

—And in my ruin why involve the brave ?
If there remains no duty here below,

Cannot I die alone ? Alone ? My soul
Finds solace in the thought ; like to a
friend

Bearing glad tidings in his looks, it smiles
Cheerfully on me. From th' ignoble
crowd,

Oppressing me, to 'scape ; not to behold
The foe's derision ; and this load of wrath,

Of doubt and pity, to fling off!—Thou sword,
 That others' destinies hast often ruled,
 And thou, strong hand, familiar with its weight—
 One instant's service—all is over! All? Unworthy, wherefore with thyself thus false?
 The murmuring of these worms stuns thee; the thought
 Of standing in the presence of a conqueror
 Subdues thy feeble virtue; overwhelmed
 By the hour's misery, thou criest—Too much!
 And canst thou front thy God? To him canst say,
 Unwaiting for thy summons I am come; The post thou hadst allotted me, I found Too arduous, and I deserted it!
 Impious! Would'st fly, and to thy father leave
 Such recollections, to his grave companions?
 Thy last despairing sigh would'st thou bequeath him?
 Disperse the impious thought, ye winds! Adelchis,
 Recall thy soul, be man! What seekest thou?
 Thy labour's instant close? Beyond thy power
 Dost thou not know it? By the Grecian Emp'ror,
 A refuge thou art offer'd—Rather, God Offers it through his lips. Grateful accept!
 The only wise, the only worthy course Is this. So shall thy father yet taste hope; Shall see thee in his dreams, a conqueror
 Returning, break his fetters, not deep dyed
 In blood, despairing shed. Nor all a dream
 Perchance shall't prove. Others from an abyss,
 Yet deeper, have arisen. All things change;
 Eternal compacts none conclude with Fortune.

After this fine, but tremendously long soliloquy, Adelchis commissions an esquire to assemble the faithful, for the purpose of accompanying his flight to Byzantium; but himself to await the conqueror's entrance into Verona, in order to inform the captive monarch of his son's intention of seeking, in the succours of the Greeks, the means of effecting his liberation.

The scene then changes to the Frank camp, where Charlemagne ap-

pears, giving directions for the summons of Verona. A petition for an interview is presented in the name of Desiderius, and immediately granted. There is much pathos in the fierce old Lombard sovereign's self-subjugation, and submissive entreaties for his son's life and liberty. But we shall not extract the scene. Charlemagne is indubitably well drawn; but there is something so revolting to our feelings in the cold-bloodedness with which he rejects the unhappy father's supplications, betraying a bitter and triumphant enmity, even while he professes to repress all exultation, lest he should offend God, who so evidently favours him, that nothing short of an immediately impending punishment could reconcile us to the task of translation. And we must acknowledge a yet greater distaste for the cheap magnanimity he displays, when the intelligence that Adelchis has been mortally wounded in an attempt to break through the besieging army, removes all those apprehensions for the future, which the conqueror thus owns he had entertained.

He was mine enemy; and such a one,
 That on this new-gain'd throne repose
 for me
 There was not whilst he lived, and lived
 at large.

Adelchis is brought wounded into the tent; and we shall give the parting of the father and son, which ends the tragedy.

Desiderius. Alas! my son!

Adelchis. My father, once again

We meet! Pray thee, approach and clasp
 my hand.

Desid. Most horrible to see thee thus!

Adel. How many

Thus, by my hand, have fallen upon the
 field!

Desid. Oh God! Is then this wound,
 thou best beloved,

Incurable?

Adel. Incurable.

Desid. Woe's me!

Atrocious war! And I inhuman, I,
 Who wish'd it, I, who murder thee!

Adel. Nor thou,

Nor these; but HE, of both th' Almighty
 Lord.

Desid. Thou, whom mine eyes desired,
 distant from thee

What pangs I suffered! 'Midst mine agonies,

Supported by one single thought, the hope

To tell thee all their history hereafter,
In some fond confidential hour of peace.

Adel. Oh, trust me, father, 'tis for me
arrived,

The hour of peace, so that, subdued by
grief,
I leave thee not on earth.

Desid. Alas! That brow,
Serene, as dauntless! That resistless
arm!

That dread-instilling eye!

Adel. Cease thy laments,
Oh father! Is't not fitting time to die?
But thou, who, wont to live in palaces,
Must live a prisoner, attend. A secret
Obscure is life; and in our dying hour
Only we comprehend it. Of a kingdom
Thou art deprived. Regret it not; believe
me,

When thou thyself shalt reach this so-
lemn hour,

Jocundly in thy thoughts shall all those
years

In which thou wast not king, array them-
selves;

In which no tear against thee in Heav'n's
book

Recorded stands, in which thy name ne'er
thither

Rose loaded with the curses of th' op-
press'd.

Rejoice that thou'rt no longer king; re-
joice

That closed against thee are all roads to
action;

For noble deeds, or innocent, no field
Exists, and nought remains, save to com-
mit

Or suffer wrong. Ferocious violence
Holds empire o'er the world, the name
of Right

Usurping! 'Twas of our progenitors
The sanguinary hands that sowed injus-
tice;

With blood our fathers nourish'd it;
henceforth

Earth yields none other harvest. No de-
light

Is found in ruling the iniquitous.
Thou hast proved it; and ev'n were there,
all thus ends.

This happy one, whom on his throne my
death

Secures, for whom all smiles, applauds,
and serves,—

He too is man, foredoom'd to die.

Desid. But who,
My son, shall for thy loss console me?

Adel. God,
Who for all ills consoles.—And thou,
proud foe—

mity beyond the grave, and receives,
with promises of compliance, the dying
son's entreaties, that the captivity of
his grey-headed, broken-hearted fa-
ther may be as little harsh as is com-
patible with his safe custody. A Frank
Count then announces that the trium-
phant warriors are impatient for ad-
mittance. Charlemagne, nobly decla-
ring that they shall not intrude upon
the dying son and wretched father,
goes forth to receive their joyous ac-
clamations, when Desiderius, who has
appeared insensible to these last pas-
sages, exclaims—

Oh, my beloved!

Adel. Oh, father! from mine eyes
The light is fading.

Desid. No, Adelchis, no!
Forsake me not!

Adel. Oh, King of Kings! betray'd
By thine own follower, by the rest aban-
don'd!

To thy repose I come! My weary soul
Receive!

Desid. Thou'rt heard! Oh Heavens!
Thou diest! And I—

In slavery to weep for thee remain!

The curtain falls upon this despair-
ing exclamation of the bereaved mo-
narch. But ere we take our leave of
Manzoni and his ADELCHI, we must
offer a few observations, which, prior
to entering upon our analysis of the
piece, we referred to its conclusion.

We feel so much satisfaction in see-
ing an Italian sufficiently romantic, if
in Italy that be what is called roman-
tic, to resort rather to the history of
his own country than to the worn-
out subjects of antiquity, for the fable
of his tragedy, that we will not allow
ourselves to express a doubt, still less
to investigate the question, whether
the historic play be the style of drama
which it is most advisable to borrow
from our own mighty bard. But we
must wish we had the power of point-
ing out to a poet of such undeniable
abilities, that it is a style absolutely
irreconcilable both with the estab-
lished brevity of the classical Italian
tragedy, and with its dignified, inac-
tive, narrative form. To the attempt
to combine these incompatibilities, are
attributable the principal faults of his
ADELCHI. Manzoni has justly obser-
ved, that the chief pleasure derived
from dramatic compositions of this
kind, which are necessarily destitute
of the intense interest excited by such
tragedies as OTHELLO, or ROMEO and

JULIET, lies in the development of the character of historical personages. But it is not a slight, sketchy development that can afford this pleasure. The individuality of those who are to yield it must be so thoroughly, so vividly impressed upon our minds, as to awaken in us the kindly sympathy we feel for living breathing men. This is what Shakspeare does; we are almost as well and familiarly acquainted with Hotspur, Falstaff, and Hal, with Crookback Richard and his victims, as with our brothers and sisters. But this species of intimacy can, we apprehend, be created, only by exhibiting the persons introduced to us, at full length, in every various situation. We do not intend, after the fashion of some French and Italian critics, to show how the tragedy under consideration might have been better conducted; still less how Shakspeare would have managed the subject: we will, however, take the liberty of suggesting an addition, which we certainly think would have been an improvement, and which will at least exemplify our ideas. We are told that Adelchis is a hero, a successful warrior; but we see him only defeated; and consequently, in his military capacity, feel for him rather pity than admiration. Had Manzoni given us a scene of his exploits in the French camp; presented to us the redoubted Franks flying in terror at his name; Charlemagne striving, ineffectually, to encourage and rally them to resistance, with difficulty himself escaping from death or seizure, and internally confessing that such disgraceful discomfiture was the just punishment of his repudiation of the innocent Ermengardis—would not such a scene have prodigiously enhanced our sense of the heroism of Adelchis, and thus have deepened our feeling of his subsequent disasters? But as there is little chance, we fear, of the Italian author's benefiting by our *critique*, and the English reader needs it not, we shall say no more upon this subject, and with a word or two upon poetical justice, shall conclude this article.

When we require the observance of poetical justice, we do not mean to offer the slightest objection to the misfortunes and the murder of our friends and favourites. Hamlet, Othello, Desdemona, are all killed; the tears we weep for them are pleasing, and we quit the theatre, or close the volume,

perfectly satisfied. But then, be it remembered, the wrong-doers are punished. If Hamlet's uncle were not stabbed with the poisoned rapier; if Iago were not to be hanged, or drowned, or baked, or otherwise dealt with according to the accustomed tender mercies of the Venetian government, we could not endure the end of either play. Thus, in the tragedy before us, Adelchis may be slain in battle, Ermengardis may break her heart, and welcome; it is the complete and undisturbed triumph of Charlemagne that leaves an irksome feeling of dissatisfaction in the mind. Such, we may be told, were the facts as recorded by history, any arbitrary alteration of which would have been a deviation from the principles laid down by the author for his guidance. But this would not be an accurate statement of the case. History, especially history as it was then written, professes only to relate great public events, concerning itself very little with domestic occurrences, and not at all with merely moral effects. Hence, in reading history, should a strong interest be awakened, we are left at full liberty to imagine the mental affections which certain situations are calculated to produce, or even the private results which might follow from certain actions, and we satisfy ourselves that the criminal is internally, if not externally, punished. The drama, on the contrary, professes to show us the individual condition, the inmost heart of its personages; as we have therefore no liberty to add fancies of our own to its representations, if it exhibits the unfeeling oppressor successful and happy, our moral sense is painfully wounded. Now this is our quarrel with Manzoni. We desire no such violation of historic truth as the defeat or death of the conqueror in what we know to be his mid career of prosperity, but we would see him disturbed and unhappy:—unhappy in consequence of having wrongfully divorced Ermengardis and made war upon her father; disturbed by the very issue of his conquest. The death of a favourite son in battle, a passion of his beloved Hildeger's for the virtuous Adelchis, many things not to be called violations of historical truth, things which may indeed very well have happened without having been mentioned by the monkish chroniclers of those days, would have sufficiently

gratified our wishes as to the first point. With respect to the second, the Italian *Romanticisto* has deviated from history expressly to rob us of such satisfaction as we might have enjoyed in the image of Charlemagne insecure upon his new throne, suspecting, and suspected by, the Lombard traitors, and incessantly dreading the talents, the valour, and the popularity of the lawful sovereign. For, in fact, Adelchis, whom this *soi-disant* slave of historic truth kills for the conqueror's comfort, did effect his escape to Constantinople, did obtain succours from the Greeks, and was not slain until long afterwards, in a subsequent war against the Franks. We put it to every reader to say, whether, despite Adelchis's philosophy and *euthanasia*, he would not have laid aside the tragedy better pleased, had he left the hero safely embarked, Charlemagne disappointed and uneasy, and old Desiderius taunting him with the certainty of the fugitive's future triumphant return? And to this much we were historically entitled. Nay, Manzoni seems to grudge us even the purely moral consolation we find in the troubled slumbers of Richard the Third and Lady Macbeth, in the ghost that 'pushes' Macbeth 'from his stool' amidst the revelry of a banquet; for he exhibits to us the remorse of the faithless and cruel husband only at the instant in which it is finally subdued and cast off.

We could almost suspect that those who have grown up in a sort of imaginary participation in Buonaparte's triumphs, have thereby so inseparably associated every species of admiration, every notion of greatness and excellence, with military prowess and success, that they cannot connect the idea of guilt with any action of a conqueror's. If this be not the explanation of the want of poetical justice which annoys us in *ADELCHI*, we can devise only two other hypotheses. One, that Manzoni writes as an Italian, regarding the Lombards as original aggressors, tyrannic and barbarous usurpers, whose overthrow was an act of retribution, not to be averted because the tender Ermengardis, the generous and heroic Adelchis, are involved in their ruin; and thus viewing Charlemagne merely under the Attila-character of the Scourge of God, looks upon his virtues or vices, his happiness or misery, as matters

wholly irrelevant and unimportant. Something of this feeling we gather from two speeches of Adelchis, both inserted, and still more from the Choruses. Yet we can hardly suppose that the ruling sentiment of the Tragedy would be so obscurely intimated, and principally confined to two appended poems, not intended, as we are told in a preface, to be introduced in representation. If this were indeed the Dramatist's idea, it ought, as we before observed in speaking of the first Chorus, to have been embodied and impressed upon us in vivid scenes of Lombard oppression, of timid and servile exasperation on the part of the vanquished and enslaved Italian population, of whispered curses, and of exultation in the disgrace brought upon her father by the divorce of Ermengardis, scarcely tempered by pity for the unoffending sufferer. But if such feelings did not govern Manzoni in this, to us objectionable part of this composition—and his other Tragedy, *IL CONTE DI CARMAGNOLA*, in which there can be no such patriotic apology for displaying the triumph of craft over honesty, induces a suspicion that at least such might be the case,—we have really nothing left but to suppose his *cranium* most peculiarly deficient in the organ of justice-lovingness. We may be wrong in its denomination, but such an organ there indisputably is, and, moreover, of very respectable dimensions, in all that large portion of our species, which, not being gifted with superlative powers of inflicting injustice upon others, feels a common interest in its repression; whilst even in those whose heads, either by nature or by fortune, present the most ominous flatness in this particular region, we habitually see an extraordinary development ensue, upon the unexpected transfer of themselves, or the objects of their affection, from the active to the passive voice relative to oppression. It follows, as the parental tenderness of authors for the offspring of their fancy is matter of public notoriety, that unless—we also suppose Manzoni deficient in the organ of Philoprogenitiveness—we are pretty sure that name is right—an accusation we are loath to make rashly, our last hypothesis is incompetent to the solution of the problem, and we really must abandon its investigation in despair.

THE TRIPOS DAY.

MEN may talk of horrors as they like. Virgil has painted strongly the horrors of a great city taken by storm; and De Segur has described, as he beheld them, (and what colouring could add to their intensity?) the horrors of the most disastrous retreat in the annals of mankind. But of all the horrors I have experienced in a tolerably eventful life, the most terrific were those of that eventful morning in the January when I took my degree at Cambridge, when I beheld the awful Tripos papers affixed to the pillars of the Senate-house. I have known something of the horrors of a storm, as well as of those of a harassed march; but what are these to the horrors of that eventful moment, which, in the eyes of the first seat of learning in the known world, (as my worthy ancient tutor used to call it,) is to stamp you a man of talent or a blockhead for ever? The soldier can but lose his life, for it is impossible for any man who is fit to be called a soldier to lose his honour. His life is the stake which he daily plays for; and as he is hourly seeing others lose that stake, his mind accustoms itself to the idea that his turn may be next. When his turn comes, he dies honoured and lamented, at least by his relatives, if he has any, and his name having been creditably mentioned in the Gazette, soon sinks into respectable oblivion. But far otherwise it is with the unhappy Cantab who has the misfortune, on the morning of the awful Friday, to see his name near the bottom, or even in the last half of the long list of Granta's honours. The blighted hopes and the baffled exertions of years—the early promise of better things—and the damning fame of the University Calendar, rise in terrible array before his saddened memory. Woe be unto you, O Junior Optimes! who shall comfort you? Bright visions of military glory may dance before the glazing eye of the expiring soldier, but no visions of future fame come to console the last moments of the university life of the hapless wight who is dubbed "Optime," where he once hoped to be able to write "Wrangler" after his name. He is damned to everlasting fame in that imperishable record, in which he once fondly hoped to see his name

transmitted with honour to latest posterity.

It is, indeed, an awful morning. The doors of the Senate-house, as every Cantab knows, and as those who are not Cantabs may know now if they choose, are not thrown open till the moment when St Mary's clock begins to strike the hour of eight. But long before that the street before the Senate-house is covered with a capped and "toga'd" crowd of eager aspirants after fame, and of, if possible, fully more eager strugglers for life. For, with perhaps the greater number, the question is not one of honour but of life. Among these candidates for the goodly degree of Bachelor of Arts, there generally reigns a most profound silence. All eyes are fixed with painful earnestness upon the valves of that portal which is to be to them, on this occasion, the gate of life or death. It may be, perhaps; that some of the more hardy or reckless may attempt a smile or a laugh; but it is such a smile as I have seen a poor devil put on when he felt the horrors of sea-sickness enveloping his soul. Far more usual is it to see haggard faces, and sunken and blood-shot eyes—for the preceding night is often one of strange but acute suffering.

I have known men attempt in vain to drown in inebriety the thought of to-morrow; it returned upon their stupified minds with renewed and overpowering force, and wrung from the eyes which had not wept for years bitter and piteous, yet ludicrous, tears in their maudlin sorrow. I remember a friend of mine, who was not much given to the melting mood, when sober, saying to me, "I never passed such a night of misery as the last; I got drunk to get over it the better, but, by G—d, I cried like a child."

When the clock strikes, and the doors are thrown open, then comes the tug of strife. A tremendous rush is made to the door, which carries everything along with it, moderators, proctors, and bull-dogs. Within, what a scene of uproar and confusion!

"Continuo audita voces vagitus et ingens,
 Τὸν ἀπὸ λαιψαὶ ἀνιμᾶ σλεντες ἰν ἰμινε
 primo."

In the year in which I took my de-

gree, being fatigued with the labours of the week, I did not awake on the Friday morning till a few minutes before eight. I made all possible haste to the scene of action; and although quite cool when I left my rooms, I began to feel no small perturbation as I approached the Senate-house. There were several stragglers about the door; and in the very threshold, I encountered one of the moderators. A man was putting a question to him at the moment. I thought I might as well ask him about my place also, particularly as I observed that the pillars, on which were suspended the fateful tablets, were at present utterly inaccessible.

"Can you tell me where I am, sir?" said I.

"Your name, sir, if you please?"

"———"

"I can't tell your place exactly, sir, but I'm afraid you are rather low," said the moderator, and I walked forward.

Then I beheld a scene of confusion and misery, a region of rewards and punishment, compared to which the hell of the ancient poets is a trifle. On the present occasion, there seemed to be a general dissatisfaction in regard to the rewards; indeed, the greater number seemed to consider their rewards as punishments. There generally is a considerable number of disappointed men; but on this occasion, far, far the greater part belonged to that class. Here and there, indeed, you might perceive a smiling and joyous countenance. But in general those about me presented such a rueful character and unusual length of visage, that even in the midst of my own individual misery I could not restrain my laughter. I have often wondered since at the coolness with which I received the tidings that I had fallen so far below the place assigned to me by my friends and instructors. I know not whether it arose from actual indifference, which is hardly possible, or from a perversity of disposition, which has often inclined me to laugh when others were merry.

"My prospects in life are ruined," said one man.

"Who would have thought it?" said another.

"It's a damn'd bore," cried a third.

But what was the misery of the generality when compared to the voice-

less woe—the unspeakable anguish, of that devoted band—that forlorn hope, in the University language yclept "The Spoon bracket?"

"———
Quis talia fando
Temperet lacrymis?"

I had myself the distinguished honour to belong to this gallant and far-famed band. Nay, more, I was the most distinguished man in it.

"I twined with *oat*, my laurel leaves." I carried off the single diadem of the "Wooden Spoon." Single as yet, though there have been rumours of late of their making a 2d, 3d, &c. spoon. And truly, the honour is so great a one that it is almost too much for one man to bear. It was indeed, as Cromwell said of the victory at Worcester, a crowning mercy.

And here let no Wrangler or lofty Optime turn up his nose at the mention of that respectable and devoted body of men, the "Spoon bracket"—a body of men who nobly throw themselves into the breach between their comrades and danger, for here, as in a retreat, the rear is the post of honour. Moreover, report whispers, that of late years, there have been men in the spoon bracket, ay, and even below it, who are likely to make both a greater and more respectable noise in the world than any scholastic wrangler who ever wrangled or wrote. For my own part, wooden spoon as I was, *non collegisse pœnitet*, although, after the lapse of years, I rejoice that fortune drove me from the University, instead of tempting me to trifle away my life there, on the goodly emoluments of a fellowship of thirty, or even of sixty pounds a-year. I have led on a forlorn hope of a different kind since I obtained my wooden badge of honour, and have entwined it with a laurel that will endure as long, perhaps, as my name shall be recorded as the last of the Optimes.

But to return to my narrative. When I returned to the solitude of my own chamber—when the bustle and the sense of the ludicrous, which had directed my mind, vanished—when the pride that had supported me in the hour of trial, in some measure, deserted me, I was compelled to own that my situation was truly horrible; and that *that* was indeed an hour of deep humiliation and bitter disappointment. To have to send the news to your friends—to be pestered

with condolences and dunned for explanations—worst of all, to be looked down upon by those whom you despise from your very soul—these are ills which at least some of those who have gone before, as well as of those who succeeded me in that distinguished place, must have deeply felt.

It is a trite remark, that evils never come singly.

“Hic aliud majus miseris multoque tremendum

Objicitur——”

in the shape of a dun's knock at the door, which was immediately succeeded by the apparition of the dun himself. These worthy gentlemen keep a sharp eye on the University rolls of fame, and, like the good Samaritan, they bestow their kind attentions upon those whom the rest of the world are apt to desert in their afflictions. From my own experience, I can assure the future heroes of the spoon, that however they may be deserted by their other friends in the time of need, they are sure of being visited by the duns.

And now let me not be thought to write either in sorrow or in anger, but in entire good-humour. Whatever feelings of vexation I may have had at the time, have long since been dissipated into empty air. I always looked upon University honours with the most profound indifference; not, Heaven knows, that my fortune was independent of them, but because I had always other aims in my reading than to cram either mathematics or classics into the striplings of other generations. I set to work and read mathematics with some vigour for the last year I was at Cambridge. I read on and *understood*, and remembered each preceding part as long as it was necessary for what succeeded. “But to *“keep up”* constantly every clumsy and every paltry artifice which mathematicians frequently make use of to obtain the desired conclusion, was a task which my soul abhorred. After the preliminary steps, I went over in this way with delight and admiration, the first book, or volume as it is called at Cambridge, of the *Sublime Principia* of Newton: and this was almost

the only subject I knew pretty well at the degree examination. I also read with pleasure a good deal of French mathematics, but by the time the examination came on, they had almost entirely escaped my memory. My idea was, that the mind was more benefited by a long train of reasoning passing through it, without having it always before it, and retaining only the grand results to which it led, than by being contented with keeping before it a more circumscribed course of reasoning, and less important results. The excellent scholar and sound mathematician who was my private tutor in the long vacation before I took my degree, not being fully aware of my habit of reading, was so far deceived by the satisfactory manner in which I read with him, as to say that I should be a good wrangler. As I was, as far as regarded University honour or emolument, a martyr to my opinion, I may perhaps be excused the egotism of introducing it here.

But though in my reading I thus far followed my own devices, I am far from thinking that I derived no benefit from my University career. On the contrary, I consider myself as having derived from it benefits that I have felt hitherto, and will feel to the last day of my existence—habits of study and attention, and a liberal and independent style of thought. I shall always look back to the year of my residence there as among the happiest of my life, and with a mixture of regret and pleasure to the college friends among whom these years were spent, and many, many of whom I shall behold no more. With all thy faults, sweet Granta, I love thee still. And, indeed, with all her many imperfections and abuses, she approaches, perhaps, as near to perfection as it is possible for any human institution of the kind to do, and nearer than any has yet done. She is worthy of the men who founded her, and almost worthy of the great and free people in the midst of whom she now flourishes—the great, and noble, and liberal, and enlightened sanctuary of the wise and free.

SKETCH OF PARIS IN 1826.

PARIS is materially changed from what it was eight or ten years since. The efforts incessantly made either covert or open by the reigning family to force the *ancienne* religion on the people, have had their effect. Those who wish to make their way at court, to obtain promotion in the army, or in the civil offices, are to be seen diligently going to mass. The French ridicule this superstition, as they call it, and will repeat the *noms distingués* from Marshal Soult, with his valet at his heels, with a Morocco gilt prayer-book under his arm, daily pacing to the church, to the names of lesser rank who have all some object to gain by their prayers and mass-goings. In fact, whoever wishes to thrive by the patronage of the court, must be diligent at confessional, rigid in his fasts, a warm advocate of the missionaries, &c. &c. But the mass of the people will not endure this—the farce is too broad, and the tide of opinion and feeling is every day flowing more adverse and darkly.

One of the most zealous nobles for the religion of the day lately fell a sacrifice to his enthusiasm. It is not more than two months ago that the Duke Matthieu de Montmorency, tutor of the Duke de Bordeaux, was admitted a member of the Academy. The propriety of his election had previously given rise to much and angry discussion in the newspapers; ridicule was poured on the peer in a most unsparing way; his talents, his principles, his integrity, all were called in question. But his election took place with much splendour, and it was a spectacle of the highest interest. The hall of the Academy was filled with the most literary, as well as the most beautiful women among the noblesse. About three weeks since, as the Duke was passing the Pont Royal, he was seized with a sudden fit of illness, that compelled him to return home instantly. Ten days afterwards, being much recovered, he expressed an ardent desire to go to the church of St Thomas d'Acquin, in order to pay his devotions there. His medical attendant strongly dissuaded him from such a step, as dangerous in his delicate state of health; but the piety and enthusiasm of the "Chief Baron of the

Empire," as he is called, rose triumphant over every entreaty and remonstrance, and, accompanied by his wife and daughter, he went to the church. The object of his passionate desire was to worship at the tomb of the Redeemer, for beneath the altar in this edifice the priests had prepared an imitation of this sacred object. Beneath the altar was a small recess cut to represent the lower part of the tomb, where the body was once laid; and a figure of alabaster, well executed, was extended, with the attitude and aspect of one who had suffered with resignation and hope; and over the pallid scene was drawn a thin gauze, through whose transparency the lamp-light was vividly thrown. The Duke approached the spot, and knelt beside it, and appeared to be absorbed in devotion, when suddenly his countenance became pale as ashes; his family spoke to him, but he did not answer a word, and fainted in their arms. Every effort to revive him was useless; and in the attempt to convey him to his palace, he expired.

This untimely fit of enthusiasm has robbed the future monarch of the grand nation of his tutor, and the Academy of their newly elected member; illustrious for rank at least, though ungifted with much talent. His funeral was a very splendid one; and among the numerous equipages might be distinguished more than one with the royal devices. As the long and slow procession passed opposite the entrance of the Academy, it afforded an impressive lesson of earthly vicissitude. A few days before, the object of his extreme ambition was there conferred on him in the grand hall, past which he now went to his quiet resting-place. Two or three days after his death, we visited the church where he had expired. The scene of the tomb was still kept up, and was a very impressive one, and had considerable effect on the crowds of people who were intently and devoutly gazing on it.

Two more instances of superstition, of a less refined cast, have lately attracted much notice. A week or two ago, a woman, sent out, it was said, expressly by the Jesuits, paraded through several of the streets, bare-foot, and in the garb of a penitent;

and not far behind she was followed by two attendants. The novelty of the thing attracted the gaze and merriment of the Parisians, who ridiculed her devout looks; but as soon as it was whispered that it was the work of the Jesuits, an odium was instantly cast on the whole transaction.

A few days afterwards, another penitent took the field; but she was a voluntary one, and walked barefoot through several streets with a look and attitude of deep penitence and devotion. She was a good-looking woman, and becomingly dressed. The people at first gazed on her silently, but soon began to suspect it was another trick of the Jesuits, similar to the former one; and the poor devotée, or rather the fair penitent, was followed with hisses and hootings; and the mob increased so much, that she was compelled to abandon the pilgrimage; and the Archbishop of Paris has since forbid it to be renewed.

The universal contempt and ridicule with which the missionaries are regarded and treated, proves the aversion of the nation to the religion of the court, or rather its weak efforts for the conversion of the people. Every opportunity is gladly embraced to testify the feeling entertained towards those wandering pastors.

In the chocolate shops, amidst the variety of forms and fantasies into which this material is moulded, you see a number of priests, sitting in a row, with the most sanctified faces and postures, and clothed in their reverend garb; and beneath each is this label — “*Dix sous pour un missionnaire*,” and a lady asked me at the dinner-table the other day, if we had any of those black beasts in England; for it is not as in Italy, where many of the priests still manage to hold an empire over the fair sex. Here they are regarded by the latter with perfect detestation. It was rather a ludicrous sight when the King and all the royal family walked to the church of St Genevieve a fortnight ago, by way of penitence. It was called the Jubilee, and takes place only once in fifty years. The streets were strewed with soft sand, and the fine and gentlemanly looking soldiers of the *garde de corps* hemmed in majesty so closely and carefully, that it was scarcely possible to get a sight of a single member of the Bourbons.

The Duchess de Berri, with many ladies, walked also in the procession, with a slow pace; but the total absence of all sanctity was amusing. The people showed not the slightest appearance of it; the crowds that filled the splendid church looked on with utter indifference, and numbers had a sneer of contempt on their faces. The French ladies seemed to enjoy the thing highly, and the two thousand priests who marched up the long aisles in front, (for all Paris had poured forth its priestly population,) afforded the fair gazers much amusement. I ought not to call them fair, for such a dearth of beauty, in so large an assemblage of women, I never before beheld; the bright and wandering eye was there, and the white and well-set row of teeth, two perfections on which they pride themselves; but as to the general charms of face and figure, what a falling-off from the beings a wanderer is accustomed to behold in the streets and assemblies of his own capital! When the long procession had reached the altar, and the host was elevated at the performance of the mass, the command was given, and the long files of the *garde de corps* sunk on their knees; a posture to which, judging from their looks, they had been little accustomed. The spectacle at this moment was very splendid, the helmets and rich plumes of the troops mingling with those of gazing beauty, and spreading, like a moveless ridge, round the array of royalty, that knelt solemnly before the altar.

It has been said that Paris is more free from atrocious crimes than our own capital, and that its police is infinitely better directed. This idea has partly originated from the habit of not publishing the details of offences in the French papers; but a visitor who has the curiosity to perambulate much and frequently the various dark and doubtful, as well as the fascinating parts of this gay and abandoned city, will soon be convinced that the prevalence of crime, though more hidden, is as great as in any part of the world. No spectacle is more convincing of this fact, than the harrowing one so often presented at the Morgue; did one, or even several bodies appear there to be owned by their friends, occasionally only, the circumstance might be attributed to the accident of their having fallen into the river, or

plunged in there to be rid of the burden of life. But not a day passes, but the sight of untimely and violent death draws numbers of gazers to the Morgue.

Formerly this place was entered by a long and dark passage, that conducted down to the edge of the water; but it is since removed to a higher and more improper situation, and stands by the side of, and on a level with, the public streets on the banks of the Seine. The door is always open, and in passing by, a stranger is induced to follow the people he sees constantly entering; a few steps place him before a large window, in front of which the bodies that have been discovered are always laid. It is a sad and disgusting scene, and most improperly placed close under the eye of an immense population. A few days since I was induced by curiosity to go there; it was about ten in the morning, and the unusual number of spectators present denoted that something extraordinary had attracted them. I shall not soon be able to chase from my memory the horrid spectacle that presented itself. Two men were extended on their backs, as is the custom, with a coarse covering round the waist—in other respects the bodies are always naked, for the clothes are suspended on hooks beside them. They had both met a cruel and violent death, from the number of wounds with which they were covered. One of them, the tallest, had apparently received two mortal strokes in the head and breast. On inquiring into the circumstances of their death, two or three of the spectators said they had been killed, one of them at least, in a sanguinary duel the preceding night; and that the smaller man, after having slain his antagonist, had blown his own brains out. The duellist who had fallen first had evidently died in great agony either of body or mind; for his mouth was drawn up, his head drooped on one side, and his left arm was bent beneath it as in an attitude of utter despair. His less powerful murderer who had given the fatal blows—for the conflict had been fought with knives or swords—defied all investigation of his features, from the nature of the death he had inflicted on himself.—Why was such a scene thus exposed? It could not be to teach the

Parisians the horror of crimes, or the uncertainty of earthly hopes and fortunes; for the demeanour of many who came was marked by levity, and their observations were of the most cool and heartless description. "What very fine-made men they are!" said a young woman beside me to her companion; and "Quelle horreur!" was frequently exclaimed in the same tone that would have been used at a "spectacle." Here the unfortunate victims of their own or other's vices are left and publicly displayed, till some of their relatives come to own and take them away. If this is not the case, they are interred at the expense of the parish.

The mistress of the hotel where I lodge had an excellent servant, of very steady and industrious habits. On a holiday, about a year ago, he obtained leave to pass the Sunday abroad with some of his acquaintances. Night came, and the next day also, and he did not return; and his mistress began to entertain suspicions of his having met with some foul play, and sent to the Morgue, where her servant was beheld, freshly taken out of the river, into which he had no doubt been thrown by his companions, for the sake of the money he was known to have had in his pocket. But the frequency and enormity of these crimes are known only to those whose feelings can endure the ordeal of repeated visits to this universal receptacle the Morgue. The inhabitants of the thickly-peopled streets where it stands, are so much accustomed to the scenes it presents, that they visit it every day, and several times in the day, with as much goût and interest as if it had been a comedie or a Franconis. But no knowledge is ever obtained concerning the ill-fated individuals who are brought there; their families and relatives, sometimes alarmed at their long absence, come here to gaze through the window, and strive to trace those they have lost. When this is the case, they are conveyed away instantly, and with the greatest secrecy. But ranks and conditions are also confounded here: in this respect, it may sometimes be compared to the general sepulchre of all: you will sometimes see the garments suspended over the body denote, by their fashion and excellence, that the wearer was a gentleman. The

greater part of those who have untime-lyly perished, are taken out of the river; and when, in a single night, four or five bodies, of both sexes, are drawn up by the boats employed for this purpose, and brought here, is it probable that they have all come to their death by their own hand? The wounds so often discovered prove that assassination is much more common in Paris than in the English capital, that fruitful theatre of crimes. Yet the number of suicides who adopt this easy and quick mode of death, is astonishingly great. Want, extreme want, frequently drives many of the poorest class to throw themselves into the Seine; for within the last week, the bodies of several elderly and miserable-looking people have been observed at the Morgue, who could present no possible temptation to plunder or destroy. And the universal facility of gambling in this city, and the desperation that often follows it, causes the sight of the Seine, flowing tranquilly through the streets, to infuse thoughts of many a fatal deed.

An action marked by peculiar atrocity took place in the Palais Royal about two months ago, that astonished the French, who observed with pleasure that the perpetrators were Italians, and not of their country. It was yet daylight, and scarcely six in the evening, when two Italians passing by the shop of one of the money-changers, observed, as is usual, a quantity of silver and gold on the counter. They formed their plan for getting possession of it, and entering the shop, requested to have some money changed. One of them stood near the door on the look-out, and the other in changing the money, purposely dropt a Napoleon within side the counter, and while the master of the shop stooped to pick it up, he drew his stiletto, and gave him several wounds in the head and neck, while his companion snatched up the piles of dollars as fast as he was able, and hastily quitted the shop. He was quickly followed by the assassin, and they both made their escape without being observed by the numerous crowds who continued to pass on every side. But the unfortunate Frenchman, though severely wounded, was soon after found alive, and able to give an account of the transaction. In consequence, the police were on the alert,

and twenty days afterwards the two Italians were arrested near the barrier, for they were never able to escape without the city from the want of a passport. They have been tried and condemned, and are to be guillotined in a few weeks. It has a strange effect to pass from scenes of horror and suspected crimes, such as the receptacle of death on the river so often presents, to those of outrageous and heartfelt gaiety, not more than a hundred yards distant. In fact, this people offers here, as on other occasions, a startling contrast. Look at the five or six puppet-shows ranged on a Sunday morning on the bridge close by—the dancing groups, the laughter, and the refreshments eat and drank in the open air on every side.

The burning of Franconi's equestrian theatre was one of the greatest misfortunes Paris has sustained for many years; an enemy in full march for the capital would not have excited more consternation and regret. "Quelle malheur pour Paris!" was the frequent observation on the ensuing morning. The passion for public exhibitions is never satiated in this place; but the private parties, or soirées, are almost universally dull, and destitute of interest or amusement. Foreigners sometimes talk of the exclusiveness of English clubs, but nothing can be more exclusive than the French soirées. A stranger, it is true, finds the apartments perfectly open to his reception, but he sees, in the haute société, the ladies ranged in solemn guise on one side of the saloon, and the gentlemen on the other, and he must converse with his next neighbour, for the remainder of the company are in general neither comeatable nor conversible.

In the sociétés of a rather lower grade, the greater part of them break up into innumerable small parties, and seat themselves at a variety of small tables at cards; every half hour they rise and give place to their neighbours; but there is nothing like conversation. Two or three evenings since I was sadly ennuied at a soirée of this kind; and it being very warm, had begun to long for a cup of strong coffee or tea, when a servant entered with a number of cups of sugared water, the nauseous but universal refreshment given at Parisian soirées. In about a couple of hours more, hearing a clatter of plates and dishes, in

an adjoining salon, I anticipated a light elegant supper, with some jellies, ices, &c.; for the *soirée* was given expressly on our account, by a French gentleman with whom we had travelled in the Netherlands the year before, and who lived in a very handsome style. The whole party moved in due order and expectation into the adjoining apartment, where the mistress of the house stood at a table and presided over two teapots filled with a beverage they denominated tea. It was impossible to distinguish any of the flavour of that excellent herb; in fact, it was mere milk and water; I was warned by an English lady not to try its virtues, but the French crowded round the table like children, and swallowed it with avidity. One lady, the handsomest woman in the room, drank six cups. A pale gentleman with a pair of spectacles, said that tea had a wonderful effect on his head, and he set himself in an arm-chair, to be less disturbed in his potations. We had great difficulty in refraining from laughter at the scene, for one pot of boiling water succeeded another, and they chattered as fast over it as if it had been Lafitte or St Perray.

But a still more amusing scene was presented by the family of Madame, the mistress of the hotel where we lodge, preparing for a ball given by a number of negotiants. Felicie, the daughter, who had come from the country-house on purpose, was a slim young lady, with an abundant stock of animal spirits, and had learnt English for six years. She had been, as all young unmarried French ladies are, sequestered a great deal from society, and she was wild for this ball—it was the first time she had been ushered into life. But in this, as in other earthly delights, anticipation went long before enjoyment. More than an hour had elapsed, ere the head of Felicie looked in any way so as to please her; effort after effort was tried, and an officer of the garde de

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corps held the candle in every possible attitude, and directed the friseur in his operations; and after all, it rose like a lofty pyramid, unnecessarily giving additional altitude to the tall figure of Mademoiselle.

Madame la Mere's bulky form was arrayed in pure and spotless white, with a white hat, à la Suisse, covered with white roses; and Madame M. the *ami de la maison*, a good-looking woman, who had been washing her fair features, and showering odours on her hair before a large mirror, in the midst of several gentlemen, resolved to go à l'Anglaise, in a low dress, that so very rarely becomes the straight figures of the French women, to whom Nature has dealt sparingly some of the chief beauties of the sex.

In fact, the so-often-boasted attractions of the French ladies extend only to the unfailing vivacity of their spirits, and their lively powers of conversation; in these, they have no rivals. But as to personal loveliness—that which adorns the English, the Grecian, and frequently the Italian women—the French, with some exceptions, have very little pretension to. The contrast on crossing the channel is, in this respect, irresistibly striking. No women in the world know so well how to hide the defects of their figure as the French; every exquisite art and device of the inventive milliner, and they are perfect in their kind, are resorted to, to give elegance and grace to the figures that are so often gazed at in the promenades. This is admirable in the open air, but seldom can a fair Parisienne be induced, however oppressive the heat of the salons, to unveil the well-shrouded neck and arm, covered to the very skin and wrist; for she is well aware that grace will not supply the total want of fulness and *embonpoint*, and that the beautiful fairness of complexion that an Englishwoman takes a pleasure in displaying, is seldom found on the banks of the Seine.

MEMORABILIA OF JERRY, MY TAILOR,
 PROFESSOR OF UTILITY IN THE LONDON UNIVERSITY, AND DEPUTY-JOURNEY-
 MAN-UNDER-SUBSCRIBE TO THE TOMBUCTOO REVIEW.

JERRY, my tailor, was the only son of Jerry Button, a distinguished professor of broad-cloth anatomy in the town of Carrick-fergus. As soon as young Jerry's genius began to develop or unfold itself, it was manifestly of a so-so kind, and so he was set to sewing. He soon made prodigious progress in his profession, and in due time set up for himself; and as he seemed to be cut out for cutting out, he was singled out to be sent to Dublin. For a length of time, business went on smoothly and fairly, and nothing went cross but his legs, which formerly had been very handsome of their kind, but, by sitting cross-legged so long, Jerry bent them. In Dublin it was that Jerry's literary propensities first began to be displayed, and it was there that he first directed his attention to those profound speculations on politics, poetry, witchcraft, liberality, persecution, Athanasianism, astronomy, classics, and the game-laws, which would long ago have reformed and enlightened the world, through the medium of the Tom-buctoo Review, if the world had not been such a blockhead as to laugh at them all. But Dublin was not a scene for the full development of such a genius; London was the only place, and to London he came. Here did I first become acquainted with this prodigious genius; and as the circumstances of the introduction were characteristic, they shall be related.

In a court in Fleet Street, there was at the time a debating society, of which I had heard a very high character. The subjects for debate were always selected with profound judgment and tact; they were discussed with inconceivable eloquence, and decided with the greatest wisdom. The subject by which I was attracted was one that had long puzzled me, and many much wiser than me. I will state it in the words of the handbill for the day, "Important discussion at the Forum. Who is to be considered the greatest benefactor to mankind—the author of Homer's Iliad or the inventor of Day and Martin's Japan blacking? Chair to be taken at seven o'clock." Thinks I to myself, that's a poser. Never were two objects so appositely brought into

comparison and contrast. The one referring to the inside of the head, and the other to the outside of the feet; the one the glory of the ancients, the other the boast of the moderns; the one produced by him who could not see, and the other for those who can see. No more!—as the man says in the play. To the Forum I went, full of expectation; nor were my expectations disappointed. Jerry was on his legs, the eyes of all present were on Jerry; and for a full half hour or more did the orator descant on the topic of the evening, eloquence adorning, judgment arranging, and conviction closing all his periods. When he spoke of the Iliad, he touched most pathetically and appropriately on the sufferings which it had inflicted on the youth in our public institutions, and the audience sympathised with him; but I thought this unfair, for Jerry had nothing to reproach the poet with for his own part. The most interesting and strikingly beautiful part of the oration was its close and termination; for when he had spoken for a length of time on the various beauties and excellencies of the Iliad, and had led the audience to imagine that they should be won over, against their better judgment, to give their suffrage to the Grecian bard, he made a solemn pause, and looking most knowingly round the room, and smirking with prodigious self-satisfaction, added, "But, after all, what is the use of the poem?" That was a closer. For several minutes a general clapping of hands followed his speech; and when the president put the question from the chair, it was decided by acclamation, that the author of the Iliad, having produced a poem of which we cannot see the use, is not so great a benefactor to mankind as the inventor of Day and Martin's Japan blacking.

After being regularly introduced to this sublime genius, and having enjoyed for some time the benefit of his profound discoveries in metaphysics and millstones, I one day asked his opinion on the subject of poetry in general. His ideas on this matter were not for the most part very clear, and I could easily observe that there

was a little tinge of political prejudice on his mind, even when discussing the *Belles Lettres*. As far as I could collect from his remarks, he seemed to think that poetry was first invented for the purpose of composing birth-day odes; and had it not been for his thorough contempt for the Greek language, which he imagines to have been invented in the dark ages by the priests, he would have sent an article to the *Evangelical Magazine*, proving that Homer was poet laureat to King Agamemnon, and that the *Iliad* was a *Carmen triumphale*. I asked him if he had ever read Campbell's *Lectures on Poetry*, to which he replied in the affirmative; but on being farther interrogated on the subject, he expressed a doubt whether the *Lectures* were written in rhyme or blank verse; and after a little hesitation, he added, "I think they must have been in blank verse, for if they had been in rhyme, I must have remembered a line or two."

Being on the subject of poetry, I ventured to mention the name of Wordsworth, not expecting that Jerry could say anything very flattering of the said poet.

"Wordsworth, Wordsworth," says he, "I think there is a man of that name in Westmoreland, a distributor of stamps—I know him by name, but I never read his writings, because he is a Tory; we shall soon have him in the *Tombuctoo*—for I intend to write an article on the inutility of stamps and taxation, and this I shall publish by way of review of his next poem."

"But," said I, "what have stamps and taxation to do with poetry?"

"Nothing at all," he replied; "but you don't seem to understand the plan of our *Review*. Now, if you will have patience, I will unfold to you our whole system—I will give you a sort of key to every apparent difficulty, and then you will see our wisdom and sagacity, our public spirit and patriotism. You must then, in the first place, take it for granted, that all the world has been, from the earliest records, duped, humbugged, and deceived, by kings, priests, witches, landlords, tax-gatherers, and poets; and that of all countries in the world England has suffered most from bad government, false religion, vile poetry, and barbarous schoolmasters; but that all this while the sufferers have not

been duly sensible of their sufferings, but have been stupid enough to think it possible that religion might be a good, and that government might be a kind of necessary evil, and that poetry might be entertaining, and a little Greek worth a little birch. We, however, have found out that the whole system of civilized society is altogether wrong."

"What then," said I, "are you going to uncivilize the world, that you may civilize it again after your own improved plan?"

"Not exactly so," replied Jerry, "we shall gradually, though surely, explode all existing errors, rectify all existing institutions, introduce a system of perfect equality in government, and perfect liberality in religion."

"Then," said I, "you will not abolish religion, as some of your enemies have said?"

"Why, no," said Jerry, "I am afraid we cannot at present; but we will let the world see that we care little about it. We have an article in our last Number which we call *Arabs and Persians*, and in this we show that the Mahommedan religion is very far superior to the Christian; and as everybody here considers the Mahommedan as an imposture, it follows of course, that if our own religion is inferior to an imposture, it cannot be worth much. I would have you read that article—it is prodigiously ingenious, for it shows that the bad moral and political condition of Mahommedan countries does not arise from their religion, but from their government, which is kingly and arbitrary, and so we have, you see, a double hit; we attack religion and kingly government at once; we think this very clever. But to proceed," continued he, "we have discovered that all ignorance arises from a want of knowledge, and that men will know little if boys learn nothing, so we are directing our great strength against the present system of education. Classical literature forsooth! Why, I never learned Greek and Latin, yet have not I discovered what your classical gentry would never have found out? Have not I written articles which your classical scholars cannot even understand or read? Why, sir, of what utility is Greek literature—what has it done or can it do? Can it invent steam-engines, fill balloons, dig mines, fatten pigs, level mountains,

make puddings, cut out small-clothes, or cure the small-pox? Not it. We have discovered that Greek and Latin were only fit subjects of study for the barbarous ages in which they were invented. Our system of education must approve itself to every unbiassed understanding."

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, sir; but how and where can you find unbiassed understanding, since all the persons to whom you address your learned selves, have been brought up under that pernicious system by which the mind is so biassed?"

"Oh, sir, I mean by unbiassed understandings, people who think as we do. Now, our education system is simply this, to instruct boys in those things which will be useful to them when they are men."

"Good—very rational."

"Now, sir," continued Jerry, "if that employment, or those pursuits by which men gain a living, be useful, of course it is necessary, and only necessary, to instruct boys in such objects; so, for instance, is it not very absurd to give the same education for directly opposite employments, Greek for the bar, Greek for the army, Greek for the navy, Greek for the church, Greek for the counting-house?—stuff!—you might as well train a boy for a miner, by sending him up in a balloon. Our plan is to teach what is useful. To bring up a surgeon, let the young gentleman as soon as he is breeched be taught to anatomize mice, cats, dogs, &c., let him acquire a dexterity in handling the knife; if he is destined to be a butcher, let him cut up said animals into seemly and suitable joints, and let him previously learn to knock them down and cut their throats; and if he is to be brought up to my profession, let him in his learning take measures accordingly. You have not the slightest conception of the ignorance of those fellows who call themselves scholars. Take a thousand of the best Greek scholars which all the public schools and universities have produced; let them be full of accents and prosody, and all that nonsense, and the whole thousand shall not be able to make a pair of breeches fit to be worn. Talking of universities, look at the ridiculous trencher-caps, square coverings for round heads; absurd!—and the same absurdity pervades the whole system. Now, sir, in that new university in which I

have the honour to be Professor of Utility, we shall have none of that nonsense which has rendered Cambridge and Oxford so miserably inefficient. We lay it down as a rule that we will have no absurdities, no trencher-caps and prosody; and the only test shall be a belief in the usefulness and supremacy of Utility. Have you ever made a calculation of the number of steam-engines, rail-roads, navigable canals, and tread-wheels we might have had, if Cambridge and Oxford had but given her sons a rational education?"

"But, Mr Button, you seem altogether to overlook the imagination in your system."

"Imagination, what is that? I never saw such a thing. Ay, ay, I know what you mean; fancy, moonshine, waking dreams. No, sir, no, we have no imagination in our system. I cannot imagine how any one could imagine we had. There is no utility in imagination, it is a large painted lie drawn upon nothing. Take your imagination to Smithfield, what will it fetch there? Take it to plough, what will it do there? In our new university we shall teach nothing but what is useful; and everything useful will be so taught that we have good hopes that our pupils will be living Lexicons and walking Encyclopedias. We are not going to cram them with a little useless Greek and Latin, and leave them ignorant of everything else; no, sir, we shall instruct them all in astronomy, algebra, botany, chemistry, midwifery, surgery, cookery, ornithology, and panthology." Jerry's countenance glowed as he spoke, and he crowed in anticipated triumph of utility.

"Bravo, you are quite a knight-errant of utility."

"Knight-errant!" echoed Jerry, "I hate the very name of knighthood. Chivalry is foolery. I am heartily rejoiced that the age of chivalry is past. Yet, upon second thoughts, I am rather sorry too that it is quite over; for I think I could write a capital article against it in the Tombuctoo. However, we will and do most heartily express our contempt for everything that resembles the spirit of chivalry, and we will endeavour to cut it up and to tear up its very roots and fibres. Upon my word," added Jerry, "we have been grossly negligent of our duty in not duly animadvert-

ing upon the abomination practised on last Lord Mayor's day, when so unusual a display of armour was made; but the next time we have an article on the poor-laws, we will certainly introduce the subject. Now, I think you understand the scope and drift of the Tombuctoo Review, and you understand the principle by which we are united, and you see the talent with which our object is pursued, and the success that has already attended our exertions. We are all directing our talents to the one object of Utility, and whenever we observe anything of which we do not know the use, we write against it in the Tombuctoo, and we will lecture against it in the New University. You look now as if

you did not exactly know what I mean by Utility; why, I will tell you;—I mean Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments for one part, and several other little items which I will not now name. The next time we meet I will give you an insight into the true principle of legislation and parliamentary reform. In a word, then, if you read the Tombuctoo Review with any other idea than as considering it the organ of reformation of all abuses, past, present, and to come, you will not understand it. Prose or poetry, mathematics or Greek, poor-laws or game-laws, parish or national politics, may be our subjects, but whatever our subject—Reform is our object.”

R. S. T.

THE RETURN.

Dulce Domum.

FROM the far West, where Dee—the princely halls
 Of Eaton leaving, and its fair domains—
 Close at my garden's foot by Cestria's walls,
 Rolls his full tide, I turn to other plains—
 Where, throned in rural quiet, Nature reigns;
 And as I rove her happy scenes among,
 Not one light sigh my gladdened spirit deigns
 (Though some were valued) to the city-throng;
 Here purer sweeps the breeze, here flows a softer song.
 Mark'd from my window, at the call of Spring,
 The bursting orchard spreads its gaudiest bloom;
 The lambkin bleats, the rook is on the wing,
 And every twittering hedge-row breathes perfume;
 And from each nectar'd flower ascends the hum,
 Where clustering thick, the busy hive is met;
 In yellow lustre glows the golden broom,
 'Mid the dark grass the primrose-star is set,
 And on its dewy bank sleeps the sweet violet.
 But chiefly thee, thou blue resounding main,
 I see, I hear, as with yon rocky bar,*
 Which flings its arms athwart thy mighty reign,
 Vainly thou wagest an eternal war;
 Thy foamy crest is visible afar,
 The fisher's skiff is tossing on the surge:
 Here giant crags† oppose thy billows' jar,
 Whence their scar'd flight the screaming sea-mews urge;
 There Scarbro's castled cliff indents the horizon's verge.
 Yet lovelier far, and welcomer to me,
 Whom late I left in autumn's sere decay,
 Mourning my loss—Mine own Acacia tree,
 Thou hail'st me back in all thy green array!
 O still thy tall and graceful stem display,
 When He who rear'd to other worlds is gone—
 Memorial of a master pass'd away,
 Wave still thy boughs; in lieu of funeral stone,
 O be his name by thee to coming days made known!

X.

* Filey Bridge.

† Flambro' Head.

THE GHOST.

A CANTERBURY TALE.

There stands a City, neither large nor small,
 Its air and situation sweet and pretty ;
 It matters very little—if at all—
 Whether its denizens be dull or witty,
 Whether the ladies there are short or tall,
 Brunettes or blondes, only, there stands a city,
 Perhaps 'tis also requisite to minute
 That there's a Castle and a Cobbler in it.

A fair Cathedral, too, the story goes,
 And kings and heroes lie entomb'd within her ;
 There, pious saints, in marble pomp repose,
 Whose shrines are worn by knees of many a sinner ;
 There, too, full many an aldermanic nose
 Rolls its loud diapason after dinner ;
 And there stood high the holy sconce of Becket,
 Till four assassins came from France to crack it.

The Castle was a huge and antique mound,
 Proof against all th' artillery of the quiver,
 Ere those abominable guns were found
 To send cold lead through gallant warriors' liver.
 It stands upon a gentle rising ground,
 Sloping down gradually to the river,
 Resembling (to compare great things with smaller)
 A well-scooped, mouldy Stilton cheese, but taller.

The Keep, I hear, 's been sadly alter'd lately,
 And, 'stead of mail-clad knights, of honour jealous,
 In martial panoply so grand and stately,
 Its walls are filled with money-making fellows,
 And stuffed, unless I'm misinformed greatly,
 With leaden pipes, and coke, and coals, and bellows ;
 In short, so great a change has come to pass,
 'Tis now a manufactory of Gas.

But to my tale.—Before this profanation,
 And ere its ancient glories were cut short all,
 A poor hard-working cobbler took his station
 In a small house, just opposite the portal :
 His birth, his parentage, and education,
 I know but little of—a strange, odd mortal ;
 His aspect, air, and gait, were all ridiculous ;
 His name was Mason—he'd been christened Nicholas.

Nick had a wife possessed of many a charm,
 And of the Lady Huntingdon persuasion ;
 But, spite of all her piety, her arm
 She'd sometimes exercise when in a passion ;
 And, being of a temper somewhat warm,
 Would now and then seize, upon small occasion,
 A stick, or stool, or anything that round did lie,
 And baste her lord and master most confoundedly.

No matter!—'tis a thing that's not uncommon,
 'Tis what we all have heard, and most have read of,—
 I mean, a bruizing, pugilistic woman,
 Such as I own I entertain a dread of,
 And so did Nick, whom sometimes there would come on
 A sort of fear his spouse might knock his head off,
 Demolish half his teeth, or drive a rib in,
 She shone so much in facers and in fibbing.

“There's time and place for all things,” said a sage,
 (King Solomon, I think,) and this I can say,
 Within a well-roped ring, or on a stage,
 Boxing may be a very pretty *Fancy*,
 When Randall or Tom Oliver engage;
 —'Tis not so well in Susan, Jane, or Nancy:
 To get well mill'd by any one's an evil,
 But by a lady—'tis the very Devil.

And so thought Nicholas, whose only trouble
 (At least his worst) was this his ribs propensity,
 For sometimes from the alehouse he would hobble,
 His senses lost in a sublime impensity
 Of cogitation—then he couldn't cobble—
 And then his wife would try the density
 Of his poor scull, and strike with all her might,
 As fast as kitchen wenches strike a light.

Mason, meek soul, who ever hated strife,
 Of this same striking had the utmost dread,
 He hated it like poison—or his wife—
 A vast antipathy!—but so he said—
 And very often for a quiet life
 On these occasions he'd sneak up to bed,
 Grope darkling in, and, soon as at the door
 He heard his lady—he'd pretend to snore.

One night, then, ever partial to society,
 Nick, with a friend (another jovial fellow),
 Went to a Club—I should have said Society—
 Hebdomadally held at Porto-Bello;
 A Spouting party, which, though some decry it, I
 Consider no bad lounge when one is mellow;
 There they discuss the tax on salt and leather,
 And change of ministers, and change of weather.

In short, it was a kind of British Forum,
 Like John Gale Jones's, erst in Piccadilly,
 Only they managed things with more decorum,
 And the Orations were not *quite* so silly;
 Far different questions, too, would come before 'em,
 Not always Politics, which, will ye nill ye,
 Their London prototypes were always willing
 To give one *quantum suff.* of—for a shilling.

Here they would oft forget their Rulers' faults,
 And waste in ancient lore the midnight taper,
 Inquire if Orpheus first produced the Waltz,
 How Gas-lights differ from the Delphic Vapour,
 Whether Hippocrates gave Glauber's Salts,
 And what the Romans wrote on ere they'd paper;
 This night the subject of their disquisitions
 Was Ghosts, Hobgoblins, Sprites, and Apparitions.

One learned gentleman, "a sage grave man,"
 Talked of the Ghost in Hamlet, "sheath'd in steel ;"
 His well-read friend, who next to speak began,
 Said, "That was Poetry, and nothing real ;"
 A third, of more extensive learning, ran
 To Sir George Villiers' Ghost, and Mrs Veal ;
 Of sheeted Spectres spoke with shorten'd breath,
 And once he quoted Drelincourt on Death.

Nick smoked, and smoked, and trembled as he heard
 The point discuss'd, and all they said upon it,
 How frequently some murder'd man appear'd,
 To tell his wife and children who had done it ;
 Or how a miser's ghost, with griesly beard,
 And pale lean visage, in an old Scotch bonnet,
 Wander'd about to watch his buried money !
 When all at once Nick heard the clock strike one, he

Sprang from his seat, not doubting but a lecture
 Impended from his fond and faithful She,
 Nor could he well to pardon him expect her,
 For he had promised to come in to tea ;
 But having luckily the key o' the back door,
 He fondly hoped that, unperceived, he
 Might creep up stairs again, pretend to doze,
 And hoax his spouse with music from his nose.

Vain fruitless hope ! The weary sentinel
 At eve may overlook the crouching foe,
 Till, ere his hand can sound the alarum-bell,
 He sinks beneath the unexpected blow ;
 Before the whiskers of Grimalkin fell,
 When slumb'ring on her post the mouse may go ;
 But woman, wakeful woman, 's never weary,
 —Above all, when she waits to thump her deary.

Soon Mrs Mason heard the well-known tread,
 She heard the key slow creaking in the door,
 Spied through the gloom obscure towards the bed,
 Nick creeping soft, as oft he had crept before ;
 When bang she threw a something at his head,
 And Nick at once lay prostrate on the floor ;
 While she exclaim'd, with her indignant face on,—
 "How dare you use your wife so, Mister Mason ?"

Spare we to tell how long her anger lasted,
 Especially the length of her oration—
 Spare we to tell how Mason d—d and bl—d,
 Roused by the bump into a good set passion ;
 Nor need we mention anything that pass did,
 Till Nick crawl'd into bed in his usual fashion ;
 The Muse hates brawls ; suffice it then to say,
 He duck'd below the clothes—and there he lay.

'Twas now the very witching time of night,
 When churchyards groan, and graves give up their dead,
 And many a mischievous enfranchised sprite
 Had long since burst his bands of stone or lead,
 And hurried off, with schoolboy-like delight,
 To play his pranks near some poor devil's bed,
 Sleeping perhaps serenely as a porpoise,
 Nor dreaming of this fiendish Habeas Corpus.

Not so our Nicholas, his meditations
 Still to the same tremendous theme recurred,
 The same dread subject of the dark narrations,
 Which back'd with such authority he'd heard ;
 Lost in his own horrific contemplations,
 He ponder'd o'er each well-remember'd word,
 When at the bed's foot, close beside the post,
 He verily believed he saw a Ghost !

Plain and more plain the unsubstantial sprite
 To his astonish'd gaze each moment grew,
 Ghastly and gaunt, it rear'd its shadowy height,
 Of more than mortal seeming to the view,
 And round its long, thin, boney fingers, drew
 A tatter'd winding-sheet, of course *all white* ;
 The moon that moment peeping through a cloud,
 Nick very plainly saw it through the shroud.

And now those matted locks, which never yet
 Had yielded to the comb's unkind divorce,
 Their long-contracted amity forget,
 And spring asunder with elastic force ;
 Nay, e'en the very cap of texture coarse,
 Whose ruby cincture crown'd that brow of jet,
 Uprose in agony—the Gorgon's head
 Was but a type of Nick's upsquatting in the bed.

From ev'ry pore distill'd a clammy dew,
 Quaked every limb, the candle too no doubt,
En regle would have burnt extremely blue,
 But Nick unluckily had put it out ;
 And he, though naturally bold and stout,
 In short, was in a devil of a stew ;
 The room was fill'd with a sulphureous smell,
 But where that came from Mason could not tell.

All motionless the Spectre stood, and now
 Its rev'rend form more clearly shone confest,
 From the pale cheek a beard of purest snow
 Descended o'er its venerable breast ;
 The thin grey hairs that crown'd its furrow'd brow,
 Told of years long gone by. An awful guest
 It stood, and with an action of command,
 Beckon'd the Cobbler with its wan right hand.

“ Whence, and what art thou, Execrable Shape ? ”
 Nick might have cried, could he have found a tongue,
 But his distended jaws could only gape,
 And not a sound upon the welkin rung ;
 His gooseberry orbs seem'd as they would have sprung
 Forth from their sockets, like a frighten'd Ape
 He sat upon his haunches, bolt upright,
 And shook, and grinn'd, and chatter'd with affright.

And still the shadowy finger, long and lean,
 Now beckon'd Nick, now pointed to the door ;
 And many an ireful glance and frown between,
 The angry visage of the Phantom wore,
 As if quite vex'd that Nick would do no more
 Than stare, without e'en asking, “ What d'ye mean ? ”
 Because, as we are told,—a sad old joke too,
 Ghosts, like the ladies, never speak till spoke to.

Cowards, 'tis said, in certain situations,
 Derive a sort of courage from despair,
 And then perform, from downright desperation,
 Much more than many a bolder man would dare.
 Nick saw the Ghost was getting in a passion,
 And therefore, groping till he found the chair,
 Seized on his awl, crept softly out of bed,
 And follow'd quaking where the Spectre led.

And down the winding-stair, with noiseless tread,
 The tenant of the tomb pass'd slowly on,
 Each mazy turning of the humble shed
 Seem'd to his step at once familiar grown,
 So safe and sure the labyrinth did he tread
 As though the domicile had been his own,
 Though Nick himself, in passing through the shop,
 Had almost broke his nose against the mop.

Despite its wooden bolt, with jarring sound,
 The door upon its hinges open flew ;
 And forth the Spirit issued, yet around
 It turn'd as if its follower's fears it knew,
 And, once more becoming, pointed to the mound,
 The antique keep, on which the bright moon threw
 With such effulgence her mild silvery gleam,
 The visionary form seem'd melting in her beam.

Beneath a pond'rous archway's sombre shade,
 Where once the huge portcullis swung sublime,
 Mid ivied battlements in ruin laid,
 Sole sad memorials of the olden time,
 The Phantom held its way,—and though afraid
 Even of the owls that sung their vesper chime,
 Pale Nicholas pursued, its steps attending,
 And wondering what the devil it all would end in.

Within the mouldering fabric's deep recess
 At length they reach a court obscure and lone,
 It seem'd a drear and desolate wilderness,
 The blacken'd walls with ivy all o'ergrown ;
 The night-bird shriek'd her note of wild distress,
 Disturb'd upon her solitary throne,
 As though indignant mortal step should dare,
 So led, at such an hour, to venture there !

The Apparition paused, and would have spoke,
 Pointing to what Nick thought an iron ring,
 But then a neighbouring chaunticlere awoke,
 And loudly 'gan his early matins sing ;
 And then " it started like a guilty thing,"
 As his shrill clarion the silence broke.
 'Tis known how much dead gentlefolks eschew
 The appalling sound of " Cock-a-doodle-do !"

The Vision was no more—and Nick alone—
 " His streamers waving " in the midnight wind,
 Which through the ruins ceased not to groan ;
 His garment, too, was somewhat short behind,
 And, worst of all, he knew not where to find
 The ring, which made him most his fate bemoan.
 The iron ring, no doubt of some trap-door,
 Neath which the old dead miser kept his store.

"What's to be done?" he cried. " 'Twere vain to stay
 Here in the dark without a single clue.
 Oh for a candle now, or moonlight ray!
 'Fore George, I'm vastly puzzled what to do."
 (Then clapp'd his hand behind)—"'Tis chilly too—
 I'll mark the spot, and come again by day.
 What can I mark it by?—Oh, here's the wall—
 The mortar's yielding—Here I'll stick my awl!"

Then rose from earth to sky a withering shriek,
 A loud, a long-protracted note of woe,
 Such as when tempests roar, and timbers creak,
 And o'er the side the masts in thunder go;
 While on the deck resistless billows break,
 And drag their victims to the gulphs below;
 Such was the scream when, for the want of candle,
 Nick Mason drove his awl in up to the handle.

Scared by his Lady's heart-appalling cry,
 Vanish'd at once poor Mason's golden dream—
 For dream it was; and all his visions high,
 Of wealth and grandeur, fled before that scream—
 And still he listens with averted eye,
 When gibing neighbours make "the Ghost" their theme;
 While ever from that hour they all declare
 That Mrs Mason used a cushion in her chair.

THE LADDER DANCER.

————— Men should know why
 They write, and for what end; but note or text,
 I never know the word which will come next;
 So on I ramble, now and then narrating,
 Now pondering.

Don Juan.

It was a lovely evening in summer, when a crowd hallooing and shouting in the street of L., a village of the north of Scotland, at once disturbed my reveries, and left me little leisure again to yield myself to their wayward dominion. In sooth, I had no pretence for indifference to a very singular spectacle of a something like human being moving in mid air; and although its saltatory gambols in this unusual situation could scarcely be called dancing, it was certainly intended to be like it, however little the resemblance might be approved. A something between a male and female in point of dress—a perfect Herma-phrodite in regard to costume, had mounted herself on gigantic stilts, on which she hopped about, defying the secrecy even of the middle floors of the surrounding houses, and in some cases giving her a peep into the attic

regions of less lofty domiciles. In this manner stalking about from side to side, like a crane among the reeds, the very Diable Boiteux himself was never more inquisitive after the domestic concerns of his neighbours, or better fitted to explore them by his invisibility, than she was by her altitude. Her presence in mid air, in more than one instance, was the subject of alarm to the sober inmates of the street, who, little suspicious of such intrusion, might perhaps be engaged in household cares which did not court observation, or had sunk into the relaxations of an undress, after the fatigues and heat of the day. Everywhere the windows might be heard thrown up with impatient haste—the sash skirling and creaking in its ascent with the violence of the effort, and immediately after, a head might be seen poked forward to explore the *whence* and *wherefore*—in

short, to ask in one word, if it could be so condensed, the meaning and purpose of this aerial visitor.

The more desultory occupations of a little village hold but loosely together the different classes of it. Master and servant approach more nearly, the one is less elevated, and the other less depressed than in great towns—a show is at least as great a treat to the one as to the other, and there is nothing in their respective notions of decorum to repress their joyous feelings, while under the irresistible impulse of the inimitable Mr Punch, or of the demure and clumsy bear, treading a measure with the graces of a *Mercandotti*. In short, the more simple elements of a villager's mind are like their own more robust frame, more easily inflamed, more excitable stuff about them, because less frequently subjected to the tear and wear of novelty, which towns constantly afford. The schoolmaster and the schoolboy alike pour out from the lowly straw-roofed *academy* with the same eager and breathless haste, to catch a first glance, or secure a favourable post. Syntax and arithmetic—blessed oblivion—are for the moment forgotten. Think of the ecstasies of the little culprit, who was perhaps under the rod, if at that awful moment a troop of dancing dogs, with their full accompaniment of pipe and tabor, came under the school window, and was at once gladdened with a respite and a show. One moment watching the grim smile of the pedagogue; next lost in wonder of the accomplished puppets—nothing to disturb his bliss but the trammels of Concordance, or the intricacies of the Rule of Three.

But if mere novelty has such de-

lights for the younger portion, to escape from the monotony of village life has not less charms for the graver class of its inhabitants. An old gentleman, evidently unmindful of his dishabille, popped his head forth of his casement, heedless of the red Kil-marnock in which it was bedight, and gazed with eager curiosity on the ambitious female, who had now passed his lattice. He seemed to have caught a hint of the *dereglement* of his own costume, by remarking that of his female neighbour at the adjoining window, who exposed courageously the snowy ringlets which begirt the region of bumps and qualities, in place of the brown and glossy curls, which, till that ill-fated moment, were supposed to have belonged to it.* He withdrew from sight with some precipitation, but whether in horror of his own recklessness, or in deference to the heedlessness of his neighbour, must for ever remain in doubt. Is it then strange, if it was quite a revelation in the streets of the little village, when old and young alike responded to the wonder of the scene? To whatever quarter she passed not a window was down—labour was suspended to witness feats which no labour of theirs could accomplish—women bearing with them the marks of the household toils in which they had been last engaged, stood at their door, some with sarcastic, but all with curious gaze; while the sun-burnt Piedmontoise at times danced on her stilts a kind of mock waltz, or hobbled from side to side, in ridicule, as it would seem, of the livelier measure and footing of the quadrille. When mounted on the highest point of her stilts, she strided across the way, to collect or to solicit

* I love to luxuriate in a note, it is like hunting in an uninclosed country. One word about the affectations of Grey-beards. Among all the ten thousand reasons for their grey hairs, no one ever thought of years, as being at least a probable cause. It is one of the very few hereditary peculiarities of physical constitution, which are loudly proclaimed and gladly seized, to apologize for the sin of hoary locks. Acute sorrow, or sudden surprise—indigestion—that talismanic thing, the nerves—love—speculation—or anything in short,—are all approved theories, to explain their first intrusion among the legitimate ringlets of male and female persons of *no particular age*. Even it is said, that people have awaked grey, who lay down under very different colours; of course, they had had a bad dream, or lain on the wrong side, but no conscientious perruquier could have sworn to their identity under such a metamorphosis. In short, grey hairs are purely accidental—they have nothing to do with years—and being deemed a misfortune, have from time immemorial been always spoken of with reverence, but nowhere that I recollect are they spoken of with affection, save in the beautiful song of "John Anderson my Joe," where the kind-hearted wife invokes blessings on the "frosty pow" of her aged partner.

pence, the little urchins hanging about their mothers, clung more closely to them as she approached, and looked up to her, doubting and fearful, as the fish are said to be scared by a passing cloud. She was most successful among the male spectators of the village. Her feats with them excited no feelings of rivalry, and their notions of decorum were not so easily disturbed as that of their helpmates, who, in refusing their contribution, never withhold their reprobation of such anti-christian gambols.

"Gae way wi' you, ye idle randie; weel sets the likes o' sic misleart queans to gang about the country, playing antics like a fule, to fules like yoursell," was the answer given by a middle-aged woman, who stood near me, to the boy who carried round a wooden platter for the halfpence, and who instantly retired, to save herself from the latter part of her own reproach, dragging with her a ragged little rogue, who begged hard to remain during the remainder of the exhibition. By this time the procession had reached the farther end of the street, where some of the better class of the inhabitants resided, and some preparations were made for a more elaborate spectacle. The swarthy Savoyard, who accompanied the ladder-dancer, after surveying the field, seemed to fix his station opposite to a respectable looking house, whose liberality he evidently measured by its outward pretensions.

There is no state of helplessness equal to that of ignorance of the language in which a favour is to be craved, and you may estimate the proficiency of the foreigner in the intricacies of our own dialect, by the obsequiousness of his smile, which he at once adapts to the purposes of solicitation, and of defence against insult and ridicule. While with a look of preparation he bustled about, to gain attention, he grinned and nodded to the windows which were occupied, while he held a ladder upright, and placing his hat at the bottom of it, to receive the niggard bounty of the spectators, he stood at the back of it supporting it with both hands. The lady of the stilts now advanced, and resting on one of them with considerable address, lifted up the other and pushed it forward, with an action that

seemed to denote something like a salutation, or an obeisance; a kind of aerial salaam. At this moment the hall door was opened, and a portly-looking woman of middle age, evidently the mistress of the household, came forward, and planted herself on the broad landing place of the stair. There was about this personage the round full look which betokens ease and affluence; and the firm, steady step, which argues satisfaction with our condition; she fixed herself on the door step, with the solid perpendicularity of Pompey's Pillar, and now and then turned round to some young girls who attended her, as if to chide them for mixing her up with so silly an exhibition. I had supposed that the Piedmontoise would have laid aside her stilts when she ascended the ladder, but far from it, for in this consisted the singularity of the exhibition. She climbed the ladder, still mounted on them, then descended like a cat, on the other side of it; she hopped down as she had hopped up, with equal steadiness and agility, and thought to crown her efforts by a notable feat, which was no less than standing on her head on the top of the ladder, and brandishing the two stilts from which she had disengaged herself, round about her like the arms of a windmill. It required no great skill to see that the old lady was very much offended with this last performance, for when the little dish was carried to her, and the Ladder Dancer directed a beseeching look, accompanied by an attitude which seemed to imply that there were other feats yet in reserve; if encouragement was held out, the patroness of the stair-head could hold out no longer, but poured out a torrent, partaking both of oburgation and admonition. "Ne'er-do-weel hussie," and "vagrant gipsy," were some of the sharp missiles shot at the unsuspecting figurante, who, as little aware of the meaning of all "this sharp-tooth'd violence," as the bird is of the mischief aimed at him by the fowler, sadly misapprehended its import, and thinking it conveyed encouragement and approbation, ducked her head in acknowledgment, while the thunder of the old lady's reprobation rolled about her in the most ceaseless rapidity of vituperation. "Ye're a pretty ane indeed, to play sic antics

afore onybody's house; hae ye nae-body to learn ye better manners than to rin up and down a ladder like a squirrel, twisting and turning yoursel till my banes are sair to look at you! Muckle fitter 'gin ye would read your Bible, if as muckle grace be left to ye, or maybe a 'religious tract' to begin wi', for I doubt ye wad need preparation afore ye could drink at the spring head wi' ony special profit."

The last part was conveyed with a kind of smile of self-approbation; for of all tasks, to reclaim a sinner is the most pleasing and soothing to religious vanity; so comfortable it is to be allowed to scold on any terms; but doubly delightful, because it always implies superiority. But the Ladder Dancer and her attendant were aware of no part of what was passing in the mind of the female lecturer, and fully as ignorant of the eloquent address I have just repeated; she only saw, in the gracious looks with which her feats were condemned, an approval of her labours, for it passed her philosophy to comprehend the ungodly qualities of standing on the head, or whirling like a top. Again the Ladder Dancer cringed and bowed to "she of the stair-head;" and her male supporter, who acted as a kind of pedestal to her elevation, bowed and grinned a little more grimly, while the boy held out his plate to receive the results of all this assiduity. But they could not command a single word of broad English among them. Theirs only was the eloquence of nods and grimaces; a monkey could have done as much, and in the present humour of the old lady, would have been as much approved. The Ladder Dan-

cer grew impatient, and seemed determined on an effort to close her labours. "Ah, madame!" she exclaimed. Madame was repeated by the man, and Madame was re-echoed by the boy. "Nane o' your nonsense wi' me," was the response from the stair-head; "your madam'ing, and I dinna ken what mair havers — ye needna fash your head to stan' there a' day girning at me, and making sic outlandish sport; I'm mair fule than you, that bides to look at you; a fine tale they'd hae to tell that could say they saw me here, idling my precious time on the likes o' you."

She now whispered one of the girls, who retired, and soon after returned, giving her a small parcel, which she examined, and seemed to say all was right. She beckoned the Ladder Dancer, who slid down with cat-like agility, and was instantly with her, standing a step lower, in deference to the doughty dame. "Here," said she, with a gruff air, which was rather affected than real, "tak these precious gifts," handing her a bunch of *Religious Tracts*; "see if ye canna find out your spiritual wants, and learn to seek for the 'Pearl of price.' My certie, but ye're a weel-fau'rt huzzie, (examining her more narrowly,) but your gaits are no that commendable; but for a' that, a mair broken ship has reached the land." I could observe that she slipped a half-crown into the hand of the Piedmontoise, and as she turned away to avoid thanks, an elderly gentleman (perhaps her husband) who stood by, said in a low voice, "That's like yoursell, Darsie, your bark was aye waur than your bite ony day."

REMINISCENCES.—No. IV.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, &c.

(Concluded from last Number.)

THE biographer having informed us, in the 6th chapter of his first volume, that Sheridan's literary account was closed, and having entered upon the commencement of his hero's political career, returns somewhat unexpectedly in the seventh, to the scraps and sketches, poetical and dramatic, found among the lumber of his literary workshop. It is not, however, a disagreeable surprise, for in the heterogeneous mixture, we may discern many flashes of that lively genius which a due degree of patience and labour would have enabled to mould those crude materials into shape, and *ex fumo dare lucem*. Some of them are strange enough, and must have undergone great alteration before coming to a producible form. One subject for the comic muse was well chosen, and it is greatly to be regretted that he did not follow it up. He that made so much of so apparently trite a subject as scandal, could not have failed to succeed in so large and edifying a field as affectation. More than one good play might have grown out of such fertile materials. An epilogue never spoken, and without intimation of the play for which it was written, is the only finished article in the farago. It is well imagined, and neatly expressed, and affords, in my opinion, another strong instance of the readiness with which he undertook a work, and the ease with which he relinquished it. It seems to me to have been written in winter, and designed for a play of his own, which he *intended* to bring out in the Spring. What prevented the completion of his task, it is now useless to inquire.

From scraps and fragments such as Sheridan's carelessness left behind him, it is difficult, if not impossible, to draw just conclusions. Professed authors, and particularly poets, are very much in the habit of committing to paper the ideas occasionally occurring to their minds, and that by fits and snatches, and also to try various modes of expressing the same thought, particularly when looking for a rhyme. This is often done as an aid to the

memory, persons being more apt to remember what they have written down, than what has only a transitory passage through the mind. Sometimes, too, the same thing will be written more than once, the composer probably forgetting that he had noted it before. It is, I think, very obvious that a finder of these fragments, when they happen to escape their usual fate—the fire—will be apt to form an erroneous judgment, who makes their number, or their irregularity, a test of the real difficulty or real facility of composition. Some writers are less in the habit of previous noting down than others, their memories enabling them to retain much without such aid; yet it will not thence necessarily follow that they have less of actual mental labour in composing. I cannot, therefore, altogether agree with the following observations of his biographer. "The birth of his prose being, as we have already seen, so difficult, it may be imagined how painful was the travail of his verse. Indeed, the number of tasks which he left unfinished, are all so many proofs of that despair of perfection, which those best qualified to obtain it, are always the most likely to feel."

What I have said above, will, I think, account for the error into which the biographer seems to me to have fallen, but if from scraps and fragments we have recourse to facts, surely they will not bear us out in pronouncing "the birth of his prose to have been very difficult." The witty, pointed, and eloquent speeches, which, after a little parliamentary practice, he was never at a loss to produce, and his singular, and almost unrivalled display of oratory on the impeachment of Hastings, are abundant proofs of his ready power of words, and, consequently, facility of composition. If we take from him those conceits and witticisms which he appeared so fond of collecting, and so industrious in committing to paper, what will he lose in point of composition? Nothing—on the contrary, the composition will be better without them—at least without

some of them. As to his poetry, I cannot see how either its difficulty or its facility can be measured by that of his prose—there is no necessary connexion between them. Cicero is known to have been a bad writer of verse, and Virgil or Horace might have been indifferent writers of prose. The true cause of Sheridan's projecting so much and accomplishing so little, must be sought, partly in his idle and desultory habits, and partly in the diversion of his talents from the drama to the senate. Of what he could do, when, as Johnson says, he set himself doggedly to work, we have demonstrative evidence—he that could do so much could certainly have done more, had he not been deterred, not by want of power, but of perseverance; not by the absolute difficulties of the task, but by repugnance to the tediousness of the execution, and this repugnance became inevitable when he formed one of the anti-ministerial phalanx, whose patriotic efforts, according to this biographer, though failing unfortunately to enrich themselves, did, nevertheless, happily maintain and preserve the rights, liberties, and constitution of Great Britain, in spite of Billy Pitt's endeavours to destroy them all!

When I had written thus far, the Quarterly Review, in which are some articles of great interest, and among the rest, a review of Watkins' and Moore's Life of Sheridan, came into my hands. It is, as usual, a masterly performance, and contains some things respecting the early part of Sheridan's connexion with the Linleys with which I was unacquainted. It also clears up, in a very satisfactory manner, several circumstances accompanying his decline and dissolution, of which my knowledge, from residence in another country, was more limited. I am glad, however, to find, that neither your correspondent, nor the Quarterly, interferes much with the view I have hitherto taken of the subject, otherwise I should regret having occupied so many of your columns. In what remains of my task, I shall necessarily be more brief, avoiding the ground that has been trodden, and confining myself to matters which, in some degree, fell under my own observation, and in which I could not probably have been forestalled by either of the other writers—for I speak of times, *quæ ipse vidi*.

It is amusing enough to one who happened to live in London and its vicinity, for a very considerable portion of the time intervening between 1775 and 1780, to hear the events of that stormy period discussed and disposed of, with all the confidence of certain knowledge, by a writer whose youth (if he was then born) precluded him from any personal acquaintance with the acts or the actors. To him, indeed, this might be no disadvantage, considering, as the Quarterly has proved, how little he is to be depended on in relating matters which he claims credit for having known. In the beginning of the 8th chapter, vol. I. having briefly mentioned the "folly and guilt of the American war, chargeable alike on the court and the people," (an unusual combination,) he observes, that "it was perhaps as difficult for England to escape being corrupted by a long and virulent opposition to such principles as America asserted, as it was for France to fight for the oppressed, without catching some of their enthusiasm for liberty." Now this is not quite a fair statement. The British supporters of the contest with the colonies, had no more idea of fighting against the principles of constitutional liberty, than of restoring Popery and the Pretender; nor, had the British arms been successful, would any calculable difference of general sentiment have taken place at home. The very circumstance of its being a popular war is sufficient evidence of this, for John Bull would hardly have consented to put on others a yoke of which his own neck was subsequently to feel the weight. He looked upon himself as doing no more than what was right in compelling a very remote colony to repay the mother country some part of the expense she had been at in supporting and defending it. There were, to my knowledge, as ardent and sincere friends to the British constitution, (and perhaps a greater number,) among the supporters of the war, as among the opposers of it. The mode in which this reimbursement should be effected was the grand question, and here I am very willing to admit, that the measures pursued were not such as good policy or sound wisdom would have dictated. That America would one day become independent, as we may even now say of New South Wales, was easily fore-

seen, but no person, in the commencement of the dispute, entertained the remotest idea that it was so rapidly approaching. I look upon myself also as justified in saying, that its unfavourable termination is much less to be ascribed to the vigour, skill, and generalship of the Americans, than to the want of all three in the early conductors of the anti-American campaign. It is well known, at least it was confidently reported at that time, and I had it from some of the officers, that General Howe's camp was a scene of idleness, gaming, and dissipation of every kind, injurious to military discipline, and fatal to the cause it was his duty to support. A fallacious idea of being able to crush such unwarlike enemies whenever he should be disposed to seek them in the field, is supposed to have encouraged that procrastination which eventually brought defeat and disgrace upon the British arms. The error of subsequent commanders divided that force which should have been concentrated, and sent detachments on different and distant expeditions. Fortunately for the Americans, they possessed in Washington a leader who well knew how to avail himself of every mistake committed by those to whom he was opposed. Had such generals as Great Britain now boasts of been at the head of her armies in America, the campaign could not have lasted a single year, for even as it was, her great defender sometimes despaired of success, and was candid enough to acknowledge how much of his good fortune was due to the ill conduct of his opponents. I was acquainted with some intelligent American loyalists at that time, from whom I obtained much information on the general state of their country. So late as 1777, they thought the British arms would ultimately prevail, and had no doubt that nothing but ill management had protracted the contest so long. What I state respecting general opinion will be more readily received, when I confess myself to have been upon that occasion an anti-ministerialist; not that I thought Lord North more inimical to the liberties of his country than Fox or Barré, but that I could not reconcile his conduct towards America with justice or wisdom. The biographer is perfectly welcome to think differently of his lordship, and to cullist him

among the systematic conspirers against British freedom. I am comforted by having his great oracle at my side of the question, for surely Mr Fox would never have consented to a ministerial union with a man whose constitutional principles he did not think as sound as his own. Possibly, however, he might have done so with a pious view of converting a great political sinner from the damning errors of Toryism to the saving doctrines of Whiggish orthodoxy. The offer of a good place was certainly no bad aid to the argument. Does the famous coalition remind the biographer of old Hudibras? The passage, with a little change, will suit some political ministers—

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About three thousand pounds a-year.
And that which was proved *false* before,
Proved *true* again?—three thousand more!

The biographer, in a sort of Hibernian preface, prefixed to works which he neither corrected, selected, nor edited, offers some reasons for delaying the publication of—what ought to have accompanied a proper edition of them—the life of the author. It is obvious enough that delay might have been productive of advantage, by affording time to collect authentic information, to repress the first hasty movements of partial friendship, and to cool that warmth which might be tempted to treat the characters of the living, and the memories of the dead, with indelicacy, or disrespect. Conduct like this would not only have plucked danger from delay, but made it highly conducive to the credit of the procrastinator. But what has it really done? All that I can collect is, that it may have favoured us with a more copious list of closet sweepings; but as to the other desiderata, the book might just as well (perhaps better) have been written in France or America as in London. It is dated, I perceive, from the Champs Elysées, and perhaps with more propriety than most men are aware, as a sly intimation that fiction has no unimportant share in the contents. When Virgil brought his hero to light after a short sojourn in the Elysian fields, he took care to prepare his readers for the nature of the visit, by informing them that he returned by the gate through which Jupiter sends delusive dreams.

To the flame of freedom kindled by the American torch, the biographer, with many others, seems inclined to ascribe the Revolution in France. I am strongly disposed to doubt its having contributed, in any degree worth mentioning, towards that intestine conflagration. The seeds of discontent were sowed long before, and the sagacity of your countryman, Dr Smollett, pointed out, many years before, the consequences which must necessarily result from the state of things in France. (See *Smollett's Travels*.)—The French had a better model for establishing a free government, close to their own shores; and the frequent reference of the early revolutionists to that model, shows that England, not America, afforded the example they proposed to follow. The army, worked upon by democrats, were the last who deserted their king; and had Louis XVI. been a king of vigorous mind, and warlike character, though he might not have been able, as he ought not to have been willing, to prevent the reform of abuses, and the establishment of a better constitution, there is no doubt that he might have saved the country from the miseries and atrocities of that inhuman revolution. Such they may well be permitted to call it, who, like me, felt the alarm, the astonishment, the horror which pervaded every mind not lost to the sentiments of common humanity, on the daily arrival of accounts from France during the rage of the revolutionary storm. Often, when the measure of relentless and undistinguishing cruelty seemed to be full, even to overflowing, next day's packet brought an accumulation of iniquity, from which the understanding revolted, as from crimes which could not be committed by human creatures, though the variety of the accounts did not admit of the smallest question. It is to this splendid period the biographer alludes in the following happy passage, immediately subsequent to his observation of American influence upon French feelings. "Accordingly, while the voice of philosophy was heard along the neighbouring shores, speaking aloud those oracular warnings which preceded the death of the great PAN OF DESPOTISM," (Louis XVI. to wit,) "the courtiers and lawyers of England were, with an emulous spirit of servility, advising

and sanctioning such strides of power as would not have been unworthy of the most dark and slavish times!!!"

I am, sir, perfectly disposed not only to forgive, but to applaud that zeal for liberty, which rejoiced in the first efforts of the French to new-model and reform their government. It was a very just and a very general feeling throughout these Islands. The scene, too, opened with pretty fair auspices; but they must have been blind indeed, whose visionary sense could long be shut to the enormity of that tragic woe with which it was to close. Now, however, after all has passed—after the curtain has fallen upon the dreadful massacres, the horrible impieties, and the savage tyranny of the Democratic reign—after the termination of the splendid, but scarce less violent and sanguinary, career of the extraordinary Despot engendered by the vices of Democracy,—Now, I say, to read such a paragraph as I have just quoted, is to me more than a matter of surprise—it is one of the deepest regret. I did not think there was within his Majesty's dominions a man of liberal education and cultivated mind capable of producing it. For the jealousy of political rivalship, and the little enmities of opponent parties, we should never refuse to make allowance; but gross violations of truth, sense, and decency, are unpardonable.

In despite, however, of that "emulous spirit of servility," which rendered English courts and English lawyers deaf to the "ORACULAR VOICE" of French charmers, announcing the fall of the great PAN OF DESPOTISM, English Liberty still survives; and thanks to a few patriotic spirits, "has a high station of freedom still left her." We are thankful for the concession, and admit that the fact is so, notwithstanding the sometime dangerous proximity, not of a French PAN, but of a French Pandemonium. But, sir, though your readers pretty well know and enjoy the effects of British liberty, perhaps they may not be aware of the cause. If the biographer is to be believed, we owe it entirely to three men, whose talents no person more highly estimates than I do, though I cannot perfectly ascribe to them this Imperial Realm's escape, from the late danger of Gallic principles and Gallic power, and the present high state of her freedom. Lord Chatham, the head of the Triumvi-

rate, is out of the question, having died before the aforesaid Oracular Voice pronounced its warnings; and, moreover, having, with his last breath, approved the judgment of these servile lawyers who resisted the independence of the American colonies. The remaining two are Charles James Fox and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who, though through court influence, they did, all three of them, "sometimes librate in their orbits," were yet the saving lights of liberty in those times, and ALONE preserved the Ark of the Constitution from foundering in the foul and troubled waters that surrounded it!!

Truly, sir, the man that can write such stuff as this with the least hope of being believed, must have a most despicable opinion of his readers' understanding. He must conceive them to be utterly unacquainted with the public events of the last 35 years, and, moreover, incapable of drawing conclusions from his own premises; for the very statements made by himself are abundantly sufficient to prove the falsehood and futility of the foregoing quotation. Chatham was then no more. Fox unquestionably was a great man; he understood the constitution of England, and he loved liberty, but he loved power more, and even, by Moore's account, was not very scrupulous about the mode of obtaining it. One of his plans might have ruined the nation. He is admitted to have aimed at a perpetual Dictatorship through his India bill. Was this a measure worthy of the man whose object was to preserve inviolate the Ark of the Constitution? Yes, says Tom Moore; for it would have perpetuated ministerial power in Whiggish hands; he and his colleagues would have ruled by means of their patronage, in defiance of all opponents, even with the Sovereign at their head. Absolute power, therefore, is perfectly constitutional when it is possessed by Whigs! Excellent doctrine, no doubt. But supposing Fox and his colleagues not to abuse it, (if such a thing may be supposed,) are consequences to be disregarded? Is it safe to attach such power to ministerial office? May it not ere long fall into the hands of a king's favourite; and in that case, what is there to prevent the king and his minister from carrying any measure, however unconstitutional, which ambition, avarice, caprice, or pleasure,

may suggest? An artful king, in the place of honest George the Third, would perhaps have yielded to the measure, well knowing how easily it would be in his power at some future period to turn it to his own advantage. As to Richard Sheridan, I am willing to give him all the credit his extraordinary talents deserve; and to lament rather than reprobate the counteracting propensities of his unfortunate temper; but to rank him among the highest luminaries in the constellation of British Liberty, is a classification too preposterous for any Catalogue but Tom Moore's.

The biographer of Brinsley, among other peculiarities, is mighty fond of acting contrary to what he professes, and of copying himself the faults he reprehends in others. In trope and figure, he does, as we have seen, outdo Sheridan himself; and while he censures the Bishop of Lincoln for introducing so much parliamentary history into his life of Mr Pitt, more than one half of his own two bulky volumes is employed on subjects of a similar nature. In their mode, however, there is a difference, which, with readers of a certain description, will no doubt be in favour of the lay biographer. The Bishop, exclusive of what fell within his own knowledge—which, though by no means inconsiderable, this angry critic seems to have overlooked—has drawn largely from authentic records of those times; whereas the other, as a biographical poet ought to do, has been principally indebted to his own imagination. Hence, as he tells us, though the Bishop's book may be bought, out of respect, I suppose, for the bench, yet nobody will read it; whereas, every lover of romance will like to read, though he may not always be willing to purchase, Moore's Life of Sheridan. For my own part, I am tasteless enough to admire the condemned work, to think it, which is the highest praise I can bestow, worthy of the subject, and worthy of the author, and to long most earnestly for an opportunity of purchasing the fourth volume. Were all such works written with the same classical chastity of style, the same moderation, and the same regard to truth, biography would hold a high place indeed, among the entertaining and edifying productions of literary labour. It is easy enough to see what has pro-

voked the waspish indignation of the little biographer. A plain narrative of William Pitt's early attainments, quick apprehension, profound knowledge, political sagacity, dignified demeanour, commanding eloquence, and inflexible integrity, had thrown his favourite Heroes too much into the shade. Of the first three, the Bishop, who had been his tutor, was a most competent judge, and his testimony may be implicitly relied on. It is a most interesting part of the work, confirmed, too, for a short time, by the letters of the Earl of Chatham, of which every reader must regret that he did not live to write more. Of the other qualities no person can be ignorant who lived in those times, and had even a moderate acquaintance with public affairs. *His* biographer had no occasion to ransack his ingenuity for explanations, excuses, false colourings, and palliations of this or that neglect of duty, inconsistency of conduct, or deviation from rectitude. All was fair and open, matter of fact, and matter of record. Mr Pitt was not exempt from fallibility, and therefore might have committed errors of judgment; but he pursued, steadily and systematically, that which his understanding led him to think right, and we may, at least, venture now to say, that he was not often mistaken. For the success of distant expeditions, and foreign armaments, he could not be responsible; but it is perfectly evident that there was but one way to put down him whose object was to enslave Europe, and that was to arm Europe against him. One defect he had, but it was not of the mind: his constitution was delicate, and premature death deprived him of the satisfaction he would have felt in the downfall of the Imperial Despot. Mr Moore tells us, that death came opportunely to save him from the mortification of losing that high situation which he had long so triumphantly enjoyed. This intimation is, I confess, new to me, who conceived his abilities as a statesman, and his integrity as a minister, to stand so high, as to render his removal, without his own consent, a matter of almost insuperable difficulty. That consent might, indeed, have been obtained by deficiency of health; it was, I believe, the sole deficiency which would have done so—but this piece of intelligence comes through the *ivory gates*, and in

the *Elysian post-bag*. So much, indeed, of his political information has travelled in the same channel, that, but for identity of names, I should frequently think myself reading of other persons and of other times.

In fact, this elaborate and long-delayed work is misnamed—it ought to be called “An Apology for the Rashness, Inconsistency, and consequent Disappointments of the Whig Party, from the Death of the Earl of Chatham to that of his son William Pitt, and continued to the Death of Richard B. Sheridan, of whose Life and Writings a detailed History is also given, by the Author of the Fudge Family, the Twopenny Post-bag, and the Memoirs of Captain Rock.” This would have prepared the public for what they were to get; and the admirers of these three *candid, temperate, and veracious* compositions, specified in the title, certainly would not have been disappointed. The mischief of it is, that the Apology, which is obliged to have recourse to exaggeration, false colouring, and extravagant praise for the friend, and for calumny, misrepresentation, and the supposition of evil motives for the enemy, must, in the judgment of every sound understanding, leave the matter much worse than it found it. I shall close my observations on the political part of the Whig Apology, with a passage from the Apologist's second volume, 3d page. After thundering out an anathema on these slanderous biographers, whoever they were, who said that old Sheridan died unattended by any of his nearest relatives—an error likely enough to be committed without much criminality of intention—as he died at Margate on his way to Lisbon, and with an unexpected rapidity of dissolution, (would that no biographer had greater sins to answer for)—he closes it with this fine passage, applicable indeed, but very ill applied:—“Such are ever the marks that dullness (we may more frequently say malice) leaves behind in its Gothic irruptions into the sanctuary of departed genius—defacing what it cannot (rather will not) understand—polluting what it has not the soul to reverence, and taking revenge for its own darkness by the wanton profanation of all that is sacred in the eyes of others!” Should the reader disapprove the biographer's application, he has not far to go for another.

The most interesting and agreeable parts of these volumes, because the least likely to be discoloured by party rancour, are those which relate to private anecdotes of the Sheridan and Linley families, and the various prose and poetical effusions of Brinsley and his friends. Some specimens of Mrs Sheridan's muse give a favourable idea of that bewitching woman's poetical talents. Their introduction needed no apology, as the only regret in the mind of the reader is, that he did not give more, or that he had not more to give. Much as they may seem to have been formed for each other, it was probably unfortunate for both, that Sheridan and Miss Linley ever met. Such brilliant and fascinating attractions would have been better divided. United as they happened to be, the necessary consequence was an endless course of extravagant and fashionable dissipation, the ruinous tendency of which, wanting the support of hereditary rank and revenue, was ill repaid by the flattery and applause of those whom it was their ambition to please. Married to a steady, sensible man in her own sphere, Miss Linley possessed talents capable of commanding both fortune and fame. Possibly she might have experienced that fortunate elevation which some accomplished females, with perhaps inferior recommendations, have been lucky enough to obtain. Sheridan's precipitate career might have been checked by the prudence of a wife, who, with merit enough to please at home, wanted those shining qualities which excite admiration abroad. As it was, their domestic felicity seems to have been imperfect, and a wealthy independence was unattainable.

The circle in which Sheridan first moved in London certainly contained many congenial spirits, who, though possessing talents of inferior lustre, yet were highly distinguished for wit and pleasantry, literary as well as convivial. Of their merits, as exhibited in the little records which remain, so successful a poet as the biographer must be considered a very competent judge. It is only where political prejudice wrongs or blinds him, that we demur to the competency of that judgment. A remarkable instance of this hallucination occurs in his character of Lord Thurlow, whom, at the distance of about 45 years, he thus takes

upon him to describe.—“ Lord Thurlow was one of those persons, who, being taken by the world at their own estimate of themselves, contrive to pass upon the times in which they live for much more than they are worth. His bluntness gave him credit for superior honesty, and the same *peculiarity of exterior*” (a blunt coat, I suppose) “ gave a weight not their own to his talents; the roughness of the diamond being, by a very common mistake,” (Hibernicé, a mistake never committed,) “ made the measure of its value.” Now, passing over the compositional defects of this presumptuous estimate, what was the fact?—that no man owed less to exterior department for his elevation in the world than Lord Thurlow. If there was a man in England who raised himself to the highest professional eminence by sheer talent, it was Lord Thurlow—if there was a man in England, whose strength of mind and depth of legal knowledge advanced and exalted, not by means of blunt and uncourteous manners, but in despite of them, it was Lord Thurlow! Fox possessed the advantages of birth, fortune, great connexions, fascinating conversation, and attractive manners. Thurlow wanted them all. If he *did* impose, it certainly was not on the people, for instead of courting popularity, he despised it. On whom then did he impose? On that body of ignorant simpletons known by the name of the English Bar, incapable of distinguishing between the real and the false pretender to legal knowledge; on Kings, Courts, Ministers of State, and Houses of Parliament—*i. e.* the persons in the world least likely to be won by the rude and repulsive qualities of Thurlow. I knew several that were acquainted with Lord Thurlow, and I never heard them speak of him but as a man of most extensive knowledge and most extraordinary intellect. Of both these Samuel Johnson will be allowed a pretty competent judge. “ I never meet Thurlow,” said Johnson, “ without—I was going to say being afraid; but that would not be true, for I am *afraid* of no man—but I never do meet Thurlow without feeling that I have something great to encounter.” This, gentle reader, you will perceive, was said by that man, whom, perhaps, every literary man in England *was* afraid to encounter, save Thurlow!

It is to be lamented, that the playfulness, often indeed friendly, and not the less so for being sometimes a little mischievous, which produced so much mirth and laughter in Sheridan's familiar circle of lively friends, should have been recompensed with such an utter disregard of prudential considerations. It mars the pleasure of the reader to be perpetually reminded of the difficulties, distress, and annoyance, encountered and endured by persons endowed with faculties capable of rendering them useful as well as pleasant, respectable as well as gay. Without adverting to that more sacred responsibility under which the favoured *created* stands to the *Great Creator*, what is so familiar in practice seems impossible in theory, viz. that a man of talents, conscious as he must be that he has duties to perform both to his neighbour and to himself, should, notwithstanding, on the winding-up of his account, have to reproach himself with a wilful and wanton waste of all those talents, with a total neglect of all those duties, and with the miserable reflection, that all those talents produced for him was the composition of a merry song, a lively jest, a lucky pasquinade, the credit of a few bon-mots, or the transitory applause of a convivial meeting. A degree of idle playfulness is indeed often found curiously connected with wit, even in minds of vigorous genius and austere character. Of this Swift affords a very singular instance, several of whose frolics, and that too at an advanced period of life, were as whimsical and boyish as those of Sheridan himself. But he had the felicitous art of descending to trifles without compromising dignity. Copious as were the effusions of his wit, both oral and literary, he never suffered them to interfere with more serious pursuits, whether professional or political. And here, too, it may not be amiss to remark the great superiority of that truly original genius, which has given to what were deemed mere ephemeral sallies, sometimes of playful, sometimes of satirical humour, a vividness of colouring, a vigour of composition, and a richness of wit, which the envious and corroding hand of time has vainly laboured to efface. Though the interest they derived from the times in which they were written, and the persons who afforded the subject, has long departed,

yet are they for the most part read with a degree of pleasure and admiration, hardly inferior to what they at first excited. This is the test of true genius, of wit, originally impressive, and independent of local recommendation and temporary support.

The dramatic works of Sheridan will indeed make his fame coeval with the language in which they were written; but these are finished productions of general, not particular interest. His Parliamentary Speeches will always rank high, if not among those of senatorial wisdom, at least among those of senatorial eloquence. Such an occasion as the impeachment of Hastings afforded, was perhaps the only one by which he could have attained such eminent celebrity, conversant as it was with subjects, on which, from their complication and remoteness, few were able to form any judgment, and affording an interminable scope to every kind of weapon, rhetorical artifice, or rhetorical ability, might be able to wield. Several of those speeches, particularly that most highly commended, by which the question of impeachment was carried in the House of Commons, were thought, if I remember right, to have been pretty well reported, though his biographer has been able to find so little worth preserving. In this I believe he has showed his judgment. Many passages no doubt were highly wrought, adorned with all the graces of polished diction, enlivened by the sportiveness of fancy, captivating by the charms of wit, or affecting by appeals to the passions. But there was too much show, and too little substance—it was a meteor blaze, not a consuming fire—threatening to destroy all, it only scorched a little. Never were such great expectations held out, such magnificent promises made, such an artillery of eloquence discharged, to so little purpose. It was, however, just what Sheridan wanted, a field wherein he might expatiate to the utmost extent of his wit, his imagination, his ingenuity, and his invention, without contradiction, without having recourse to the deep sources of legal knowledge, or legislative wisdom, or restraint. Burke, whose intemperate warmth brought it on, as he was the only person of the party, except perhaps Fox, who knew much of East Indian affairs, so he was, I very much suspect, the only one who

felt serious interest in the event. Sheridan's point was sufficiently gained by the acquisition of renown.

Of the various political and party poems and essays issuing from the pens of Sheridan and his witty companions, though many of them were very successful in those days, how different is their fate from those of Swift! Though by no means destitute of humour, it is so dependent upon times and persons, that even the short lapse of forty years has almost robbed them of the interest they once possessed. Yet some of them might still be worth preserving in a complete and correct edition of Sheridan's works—a publication still wanting. One of the luckiest hits was made by Tickel, in his pamphlet entitled *Anticipation*, the laughable effects of which I well remember. It professed to be a report of the speeches that were to be delivered in Parliament, and came out only a day or two before the meeting. The style of the speeches was so well imitated, and the matter in many cases so happily forestalled, that, like Vulcan among Homer's gods, it caused inextinguishable laughter. What gave much zest to the joke was the ignorance of most of the usual speaking members that any such pamphlet existed. Their great surprise at the loud mirth excited by speeches intended to make a very different impression, and the frequent cries of "Spoke, spoke!" the meaning of which they could not possibly comprehend, may be easily conceived. One of its effects was to shorten the debate, for, as the joke soon spread, many were afraid to address the House for fear of involving themselves in the predicament of those who had been so humorously anticipated. Of such a work, of course, though the effect was great, the reputation was short-lived.

I cannot help adverting for a moment to page 94, volume II., in which the biographer undertakes to account for the violent anti-democraticism of Edmund Burke. Not certainly judging from the "imaginative department of *his own* intellect," which never alters its political course; he supposes that of Burke to have been actuated by the "accidental mood" of his mind. By this mood, whatever it might happen to be, his political conduct was, it seems, always determined,

and consequently his being Whig, Tory, Reformist, Anti-reformist—man of the court, or man of the people, was mere matter of chance. The determination being once made, he entered into the service with all the energy of talent, and all the blindness of zeal. Had there been no previous impression on the "imaginative department" when the *astounding* event of the French Revolution first burst upon him, "it would most probably have acted," says this biographer, "in a sort of mental catalepsy, and fixed his reason in the very attitude in which it found it!" This, gentle reader, is illustration! An astounding event bursting upon the mind (or, if you please, the imaginary department) of Edmund Burke would affect it—how? like a catalepsy, *i. e.* like a complaint producing an insensibility that remains until the complaint is removed! There were, it is true, multitudes rendered insensible by this said "astounding event," but it was not by temporary but by everlasting deprivation of their senses. Among the living, I doubt if there was a single person of the time, and I include Edmund Burke, whose "reason it left in the attitude in which it found it!" The meaning of the illustration, if it can be said to have any, is this, that if Burke had not been previously influenced by some jealousy of his once dear friends Fox and Sheridan, he would have hailed the "astounding event" with even greater warmth and louder acclamations than they did. Had they been against it, he would have been for it—but they were for it—ergo, the constitution of his mental catalepsy necessarily produced his opposition. He wished to break with them, and this was the first opportunity which presented itself. But I, who happened to know something of Edmund Burke, (with numberless others of superior knowledge and judgment,) find it perfectly easy to account for his antipathy to the French Revolution on principles very different indeed from a little pique to Richard Brinsley Sheridan or Charles James Fox. He was a man, who to an ardent mind joined an extent of knowledge, a copiousness of ideas, a range of intellect, and a power of expression, almost unrivalled. He saw the future Upas in the growing plant—his penetration was not to

be imposed on by the cant of liberty, by the insincerity of profession, or by the deceptive plausibilities of theory. His object was to improve, not to destroy existing establishments, and seeing what destruction was meditated, he sounded the trumpet of alarm. He was, moreover, a sincere Christian, and perceiving that the extinction of Christianity was among the ultimate objects of the new fanaticism, he employed those abilities which God had bestowed on him, in defence of that religion which God had bestowed on man. It is puerile, it is ridiculous, to ascribe Burke's opposition to that civic pestilence which would have desolated all Europe, to a coldness or jealousy between him and his pair of Whig friends. Burke would unquestionably have done what he did, had Sheridan and Fox never existed. It is much more rational to say, that their perverseness in not being willing, or their blindness in not being able to discern consequences so obvious to his understanding, exasperated him to the extremity of renouncing their friendship, than to impute the breach of it to a cause so trivial and inadequate. These consequences were indeed obvious to so many understandings, and so much within the reach of ordinary comprehension, that it seems no easy matter to account satisfactorily for the conduct of those two remarkable men. Their cool indifference, when the fire was at their very doors; their sworn attestation to the innocence of a rebel afterwards self-convicted, and then actually on his way to France to raise forces for invading Ireland, are, I hope, *only* proofs of the little they knew, and the little pains they took to know anything in one of the most critical times and situations in which England ever was placed. Their eyes indeed were afterwards opened, the wonder being that they could have been so long shut, and one of them at last embraced some subsequent occasions of atoning for past error and apathy, by lending his vigorous support in more ways than one, to the established government of the empire. The biographer's observations and reasonings on the subject of the French Revolution in this part of his book, are such only as would suit an event the very reverse of what has taken place. The conclusion they would naturally suggest to a person unacquainted with

all that has passed, is, that it terminated most successfully in the establishment of a free constitution, supported by the wisest laws, effectually providing for the happiness and welfare of the people; a constitution founded in peace, maintained by industry, fortified by justice, and unstained by crime—such a reader could not possibly suppose that a revolution so described, justified, honoured, and applauded, as it was by the enlightened reason of Fox and Sheridan, and Tom Moore, and reprobated only by the intemperance of an aristocratic rhapsodist like Burke, should be found to falsify the judgment of the reasoners, and to fulfil the predictions of the rhapsodist—should, in short, terminate in misery, murder, rapine, cruelty, and disappointment! Yet such was the case—It was not the animated and just observations of Fox and Sheridan on civil liberty, in general, or the inestimable value of a free constitution, as opposed to the debasing influence of a despotic system, that gave or could give offence to such a mind as Burke's, for they were the principles he always supported; but it was the preposterous application of them to the wild theories, the indiscriminating ferocities, and the ephemeral changes of a giddy, savage, and self-created democracy.

Mr Moore concludes the strangely inconsistent and contradictory observations, which he, employing a very proper term, says he has *hazarded* on the transactions of this time, thus:—“Englishmen, however, will long look back to that crisis with interest,” (this is most assuredly true,) “and the names of Fox, Sheridan, and Grey will be affectionately remembered, when that sort of false elevation which poetic feeling now gives to the reputation of some who were opposed to them,” (Pitt and Burke for instance,) “shall have subsided to its due level, or been succeeded by oblivion.” (I should like to know what sort of books will preserve the memory of the triumvirate when Pitt and Burke are forgotten. The only chance I see of it is but a bad one, viz. Tom Moore's Biography outliving the History of England!) “They who are against the general sympathies of mankind,” (to wit, those of French Jacobins and modern Radicals,) “however they may be artificially buoyed up for the moment, have the current against

them in the long run of time, while the reputation of those whose talents have been employed on the *popular* and *generous* side of human feelings," (what happy epithets!—how beautifully appropriate to the Robespierres, Marats, Paines, &c. &c. of the Revolutionary period!) "receives from all time an accelerating impulse from the countless hearts that go with it in its course!!" (I wish Burke were living, that he might take a new lesson on the Sublime and Beautiful. The happy inference is, that the longer the French Revolution is remembered, the more will its laudators, and consequently its actors, be entitled to the veneration of mankind—to what prodigious fame will it be entitled in another century?) "Lord Chatham even now supersedes his son in fame, and will leave him at an immeasurable distance with posterity!!" How they should ever be farther asunder than they are now, either in years or time, is not very conceivable—but to comment on nonsense, is lost labour.

The following passage may afford the reader more entertainment. Speaking of Mr Canning, whom, by the by, we should hardly have expected to meet in this work, except perhaps to reprobate his apostacy from the righteousness of the new Whig doctrines, the author having, by dint of intuitive penetration, rendered himself perfectly acquainted with all the motives of Mr Canning's conduct, thus proceeds:—"Some infusion of the spirit of the times into this body," (viz. the Ministerial, none of which knew anything of the spirit of the times in which they themselves lived,) "had become necessary even for its own preservation—in the same manner as the inhalement of youthful breath has been recommended by some physicians to the infirm and superannuated." (Query—would it not be advisable that Mr Canning should sleep between the Chancellor and Lord Liverpool?) "This renovating inspiration the genius of Mr Canning has supplied. His first political lessons were derived from sources too sacred to his young admiration to be forgotten." (To find anything sacred in the sources alluded to, would afford ground for admiration indeed!) "He has carried the spirit of these lessons with him into the councils which he joined," (ha-

ving, of course, first tried his inoculating hand on Mr Pitt,) "and by the vigour of the graft, which already shows itself in the fruits, bids fair to change altogether the nature of Toryism!"

On this singular and superfine passage, I am tempted to offer a few words. To the biographer's credit for political consistency some little objection might here be made. Were the *departed* Tories of the last and present century to rise in judgment against him, they could not at least complain of any undue and partial leaning. All labour under the same indiscriminating charge of rooted antipathy to the rights of the people, and slavish advocacy of the prerogatives of the Crown. All are equally destitute of true political worth, and sound political wisdom. Had he done the same by the *living*, it were impossible to find the smallest flaw in his title to political consistency. A living Tory minister has, however, somehow or other found favour in the sight of him, who could hardly forgive poor Sheridan's deviation from the ranks of Whiggery, even for a day—even for the defence of the country itself—even without emolument, or the hope of emolument.

"O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!"

This Whig minister, educated, as I conceive, not in the school of Fox, the sacred source of the biographer's political creed, but in that of Fox's great opponent and rival, is here presented with a flowery wreath of flattery, which, if the gift be estimated by its rarity, must in his estimation exceed the value of the famous Pitt diamond. Aware, however, of the awkward surmises which might be suggested by a compliment so unexpected from his pen, so repugnant to his principles, and so alien from his habits, he has contrived to qualify it with no common portion of dexterous ingenuity. Mr Canning, it seems, is a Whig in disguise, and a Tory only in show. He became, it is true, a pupil of the Pitt school, but it was to teach, not to learn. He had graduated in a different and holier college, and having privately taken out a doctor's diploma, we shall soon see him surpassing the celebrity of Dr Jenner himself. He is, according to this biographer, now employed in the patriotic scheme of vaccinating

the whole body of Toryism, by the wholesome infusion of invigorating matter from the healthy pustules of modern Whiggery. Whether the desirable renovation is to take place at once, or reserved to bless future generations, we are not distinctly informed. Experienced adults are not fond of trying new quack medicines, and there may happen to be some who think the remedy worse than the disease. Changing the name, Mr Canning might apply to his panegyrist a passage from Virgil:—

“Tommy, quod optanti Divum promittere nemo
Auderet,volvendo dies en attulit ultro.”

“Let it never be forgotten,” says this biographer, as if utterly forgetting the character he himself had been previously describing—“Let it never be forgotten in estimating this part of his character,” (*viz.* his character as a negligent payer of his debts, the very part of his character here least estimated,) “that, had he been less consistent and disinterested in his public conduct, he might have commanded the means of being independent and respectable in his private. He might have died a rich apostate, instead of closing a life of patriotism in beggary. He might, to use a *fine expression* of his own, have hid his head in a coronet, instead of earning for it the *barren* wreath of public gratitude! While, therefore, we admire the *great sacrifice* he made, let us be tolerant to the errors and imprudences *it entailed on him*; and, recollecting how vain it is to expect anything unalloyed in this world, rest satisfied with the *martyr*, without requiring also the *saint*!”

This pretty morceau has very much the appearance of being furnished by another literary cook. The writer of the *Life*, tired of composition, and wishing for a nice bit to conclude the feast, might have requested a friend to supply it—just giving a hint to throw in something about patriotism, consistency, saints, martyrs, or sacrifices. It seems hardly possible that the man who wrote the *Life* should have written the conclusion, it being precisely the reverse of what should be drawn from his own premises. After enumerating poor Sheridan's incorrigible habits of dissipation, his perpetual puerilities, his giddy and careless extravagance,

his utter neglect of domestic management and economy, together with his wanton abuse of those advantages, which his situation as manager of the first theatre in London, and possessor of talents unrivalled in the dramatic department, afforded him—after, I say, enumerating and acknowledging all these, comes a pert little conclusion, to tell us that his errors and imprudences arose from the great sacrifice he made on the altar of public virtue, and that he died a patriotic beggar, instead of a rich and respectable apostate! That apostacy might have made him rich, independent, and respectable, I do most freely admit; but it was not apostacy from the virtues of Charles James Fox, but from the faults—I am unwilling to call them vices—of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. That such a man, as this biographer describes him to have been, should have died *rich* under any circumstances, was utterly impossible—to pour riches into his lap, was like pouring water into a vessel without a bottom. Of Brinsley Sheridan it may have been said with as much truth as of any man I ever knew, that he had it in his power to be *sue. fortunæ faber*. If he neglected to avail himself of that power, it was entirely and exclusively his own fault. The emoluments derivable from the playhouse and the pen, he did, *perhaps*—for it is impossible to speak with certainty of so uncertain a man—sacrifice, not indeed on the altar of public good, but to the ambition of parliamentary distinction, and the prospect of profitable state employment. The distinction he obtained, and it was all of which he could be sure, for he followed the fortunes of a leader more famous for grasping at power than successful in holding it when possessed, and under whom, be it remembered, he never could have occupied more than a subordinate situation. In this he only shared the lot of other associates; and had prudence prepared him for what he knew to be a risk, mortification would have been the worst consequence of disappointment. His resources were great, though his patrimony was nothing; but multiplied misconduct rendered them all unavailing.

What a pity that he had no friend, enlightened as this biographer now is, to whisper in his ear that happy doctrine, by which what was then called

Apostacy has been since rendered the means of political renovation! There surely seems no reason why so able an officer as Sheridan might not slyly have entered the ranks and received the pay of Toryism, for the purpose of new-drilling the troops, and bringing them over by degrees to the standard of Whiggery. He might then have had the credit of originating that art of political vaccination which his biographer assures us is now so successfully practised by Doctor Canning.

In estimating justly the character of this extraordinary man, we must steer a middle course, between blind admiration of his talents, and unqualified reprobation of his faults. By the former he seems to have been led into those dissipated habits which ultimately proved so disastrous, not because genius is naturally improvident, or abilities necessarily destitute of prudence, but because the possessor of them is usually exposed to temptations from which the less highly gifted are happily exempt. That Sheridan was constitutionally an idler, is I believe true; but there seems to me no doubt that his idleness has been much overrated, and that erroneous conclusions have been drawn from his boyish character as a neglecter of school lessons. We find him at an early age exercising literary talent, anxious to turn it to profit, and conscious that on its successful exertion his future fortunes were to depend. The labour and diligence employed on his dramatic works are fully apparent; and it is not surely unreasonable to believe, that the praise and profit accruing therefrom would have maintained that labour and stimulated that diligence, had they not been counteracted by motives of stronger and more predominating influence. We are the more induced to think so, when we consider the pleasure he seemed to take in compositions of this kind, and the number of sketches and skeletons of plays found among his loose papers. What that counteracting influence was, it is not very difficult to discover, and may, I think, be traced to the common parent of human vexation—Vanity. There are but too many natures in which the sober voice of truth is drowned by the syren strains of flat-

tery, and he was one upon whose ear, from particular circumstances, those strains fell with an impression almost irresistible. Raised suddenly into fashionable notice by the fame of his comedies, the brilliancy of his conversational powers, and the singular attractions of his wife, he found himself placed on a footing of freedom and equality with persons far above his proper sphere—with associates whose gaiety and dissipation rested upon supports of which he was utterly destitute—high birth, great connexions, and hereditary revenue. Heedless of this disparity, he yielded to the seductive fascinations of high life, and forgot that his pecuniary resources depended, not upon his company, but on himself; and that, to maintain his new rank, he must support his old industry. From this infatuation he might have been awakened by imperious necessity, had not the delusive meteor of ambition pointed out another path to higher fame, and less laborious emolument. *Hac fonte derivatur cludes.*

High as he might have stood among contemporaries through the splendour of his eloquence, his fame with posterity will be measured by what he comparatively affected to despise, his reputation as a Dramatist. On the mortifications and disappointments of his political life it is needless to enlarge. All that we need observe is, that his greatest enemies, in fact though not in *intention*, were those by whom his ambitious propensities were fed, his parliamentary aid solicited, and his hopes of political advancement encouraged. Of all with whom his senatorial situation brought him into contact, the most sincere, the most constant, and the most beneficent of friends, was that exalted Personage to whom the perverseness of his biographer chooses to consider him least indebted.

He who coolly and carefully contemplates the circumstances of this extraordinary man's life, will be at no loss for an explanation of his conduct, and a clew to his character. He will see a disposition naturally volatile, and a mind originally eccentric, urged to unfortunate excesses by the intoxication of early praises, the contagion of fashionable vanity, and the pursuit of political phantoms. With just ad-

miration of his talents, and no infrequent ground for approbation of his conduct, he will see much, too much, to censure and condemn. But while he laments the distress and calamity resulting from misconduct, he will not refuse to make charitable allowance for human frailty; for a man unpreparedly assailed by a succession of seductive blandishments, delusive hopes,

and potent temptations, resistible only by the soundest principles, the coolest judgment, and the firmest resolution. I am quite of the Quarterly Reviewer's opinion, that a good Life of Sheridan, and a correct edition of his works, are still among the desiderata of modern literature. I am, &c.

SENEX.

CORK, May 4, 1826.

THE MILITARY POLICY AND INSTITUTIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

No. I.

It is extremely probable that many of our readers will look upon a paper thus headed as a work of absolute supererogation. At a period when our country enjoys a profound peace, and the whole of Europe, worn out with the exertions of the last thirty years, is supposed to possess neither the ability nor inclination to interrupt that peace, it may, and doubtless will, be esteemed a very needless waste of time to enter into an elaborate inquiry into the Military Policy and Institutions of Great Britain. We, however, are of a widely different opinion. We consider the subject as one of vast importance at all times, and we think there are many circumstances in the aspect of things, as they now exhibit themselves, which render the present the most fitting of all seasons for dispassionately discussing it. Why we are of this opinion, it may be but fair to state; and we shall do so, in few words, before we enter upon the proposed inquiry.

In the first place, then, we would remind the public that he is but a bad pilot, who only begins to think of providing against danger when his ship is overtaken by a storm. He, too, is but a sorry physician, who pays no attention to the constitution of his patient, except during the moments that he may be labouring under the paroxysms of disease. He, in like manner, is a statesman or politician wholly unworthy of the name, who dreams not of inquiring into the state of his country's defences, unless these defences be immediately threatened. On this account, were there no other reason to be assigned, we are not disposed to consider an examination into the military resources of Old England as ill-timed or unnecessary, at whatever season, or

under whatever circumstances, it may be undertaken.

In the next place, we are quite satisfied, that the most fitting of all seasons for instituting such inquiry, is one when, the excitation of the war being in some degree forgotten, and no immediate prospect of a renewal of hostilities before us, we are able to take a calm and dispassionate survey of our own past proceedings, and to compare them with the results which have actually ensued upon them, with what they might have been, both in operation and effect. Such a season is the present. We may now canvass at will the conduct of ministers, generals, and admirals, without running the smallest risk of having the soundness of our arguments, if there be soundness in them, borne down by party feeling and party prejudice; whilst of the justice or injustice of the conclusions, which depend for support upon matters of fact, all men, in all stations, are competent to judge. If, however, it be true, as past-experience seems to teach, that similar causes, operating under similar circumstances, invariably produce similar effects, then may we learn, from what this country has done during the progress of the war which is ended, what it may, and, indeed, ought to do, whenever another war shall break out.

And lastly, though by no means desirous nor accustomed to be the prophets of evil, we would humbly suggest, that he who calculates upon any very long continuance of the present peace, calculates on no sure grounds. It is indeed true, that for ten years we have managed to avoid embroiling ourselves with any of the continental nations, and that there are no causes of

complaint immediately before us which would justify us in pursuing a different line of conduct. It is likewise true, that the governments of Europe are generally tired of war; that the exchequers of few states are in a fit condition to render the renewal of hostilities at all a safe measure; and hence, that no war will be undertaken by any power merely to gratify the ambition of its rulers. But how are the inhabitants of different countries affected? Is it not manifest that the most absolute of all the continental sovereigns totters at this moment upon his throne, and that simply because his numerous armies, grown discontented through want of employment, find leisure to discuss subjects of which their fathers never thought? Is there nothing in the relative situations of the Turks and Greeks capable of endangering the tranquillity of Europe? Is it not in the highest degree probable, that the part taken in that struggle by the subjects of France, Germany, and England, may lead to consequences not at present calculated upon? And when we cast our eyes elsewhere, is there not much in the internal condition of the kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, in the divided and dismembered state of Italy, in the agitated feelings of many of the German States, and in the ill-concealed discontent which prevails even in France;—are there not, in all this, many and striking indications that the peace which *we* are so anxious to preserve cannot be preserved much longer? We are quite satisfied that the governors of Europe will not quarrel among themselves, if they can avoid it; but where a crowned head has no choice submitted, except to plunge into a foreign war, or to repress frequent domestic seditions, he will act very weakly towards himself, and in a manner such as his neighbours have no right to expect, if he hesitate for one moment which course to adopt. In the North of Europe, then, we fancy that we can observe manifold symptoms of a speedy interruption to the present general tranquillity; and we care not to conceal that we cast our eyes upon the overgrown empire of Russia in looking for them. In like manner, let a revolution again take place, as before long it certainly will take place, either in the Peninsula or in Italy, and how long will it be

ere we find ourselves under the necessity of drawing the sword? We permitted the late occupation of Spain by the French army, and the re-establishment of Ferdinand in absolute power by French bayonets; and we did wisely—because, as the event proved, the Spanish nation took no part in the revolution which had deprived him of absolute power. But let a similar event occur again, and we may not find it so easy a matter to preserve a neutrality which shall not involve the loss of our own national honour, or considerably injure our national influence. Were the mere love of peace capable of ensuring its continuance, in common, we suspect, with all good men, we are ready to exclaim, God forbid that another war shall arise in our days, or the days of our children; but as we see small ground of hope that the case shall be so, we conceive that we shall not mis-spend either our own or the reader's time in taking a concise survey of what appears to us to be the most useful line of policy to be adopted, whenever we are again called upon to buckle on our armour.

There is not on record one instance of a great nation, which has so thoroughly underrated her own strength, as England, during the entire progress of the late war, underrated hers. Possessed of a population even at the commencement of that war, of upwards of fourteen millions of souls; and having, at one period, a regular army at our disposal of more than three hundred thousand men; when our militia, our local militia, our volunteers and yeomanry, fell little short of four hundred thousand; and when that mighty multitude could, on the appearance of danger, have been increased to twice the amount, we were so weak as to confess to the world, and affirm among ourselves, that England neither was, nor ever could be, a great military nation. The language thus employed has not yet fallen totally into disuse. We are still held up, by a certain class of reasoners, as a power which has no business to interfere at all in the politics of Continental Europe, because, forsooth, we have not the means to interfere with effect, being, as they are pleased to represent us, no military nation. Now, before we offer an opinion on this head, it may be necessary to define with precision what the term—a military nation—means.

We consider that to be a military nation, which is engaged in frequent wars; and we look upon that as a great military nation, which brings its wars, for the most part, to a glorious issue. We consider that nation to contain at least the elements of military influence, which possesses a population not insignificant in point of numbers; brave, hardy, lovers of their country, because its civil institutions secure to them the blessings of rational liberty; whose pecuniary resources are competent to the maintenance of a standing army, and whose governors are wise enough to keep a standing army at all times on foot. Now, if this definition be correct, what is England, and what has she always been? No nation in the world has been involved in more frequent wars than our own; no nation in the world has brought her wars to a close so uniformly successful. England is therefore both a military nation, and a great military nation; but were her character not thus determined, it is, at all events, quite clear, that she possesses every requisite for speedily becoming one.

It must, however, be confessed, that England has never, at least in modern times, made the most of her own resources. When the Revolutionary War began, we had resigned ourselves so exclusively to the prosecution of commercial pursuits, that the necessity of supporting our commerce by force of arms seems almost to have been forgotten. We had fleets on the ocean, it is true, and we had armies, or rather regiments, embodied; but the former were not, either in point of equipment or construction, at all superior to those of the enemy; whilst the latter were esteemed wonderfully inferior. By dint of determined gallantry, our fleets succeeded in destroying those of the powers opposed to us; and, as was but natural, our sailors obtained, as they deserved to obtain, the respect and confidence of their countrymen. The defects under which they had at first laboured were carefully remedied; the vessels were provided with stores in abundance; fresh ships were built and manned, with a degree of energy unequalled in other countries; and squadrons were sent to sea, more than equal, both in point of numbers and equipment, to overpower all opposition. This was wise policy, and it produced the best results. But a naval superiority

alone will never secure for one of two belligerent states any lasting triumph over her rival; and hence, though our flag waved in triumph wherever our ships could swim, we found, at the close of twenty years of expensive warfare, that we were just as far from reducing our adversary to terms as we were when the war began.

We are not going to cast blame upon the then rulers of the nation, because of the vast importance which they attached to a naval superiority. There cannot be a doubt that the safety of this country depended then, depends now, and probably ever will depend, in a principal degree, upon her maintaining the superiority of the ocean; but we do blame them for attempting nothing besides; and for the very impolitic and expensive manner in which they saw fit to prosecute the war by land.

No great while elapsed ere it became manifest to the whole world, that England and France must and would continue hostilities, till one or other of them should be totally ruined. There was, indeed, a period during the late war, when not their respective existences only were contended for, but when the question appeared to be, which of these two powers was to sway the sceptre of the world; at least, such was undeniably the ultimate end of Buonaparte's exertions; and the only means left to us of preventing his success, was, on our parts, to make a similar effort. Things ought never, it is true, to have come to this; and had our measures been as prompt and as daring as they might have been, things never would have come to this. But to this they did come; and in this view we ought to have regarded them. Whence came it about that Buonaparte's schemes approached so very near to their fulfilment? We reply, because Great Britain distrusted, or underrated, her own resources; and never ventured to oppose, as she might have opposed, her individual strength to the strength of her adversary.

Our mode of prosecuting the late war was, till within a very few years of its close, a great deal too timid; and even at the last, we made not the exertions which we might have made. We were too fond of considering ourselves exclusively in the light of a naval power, and too ready to over-rate the military power of the enemy. Who

ever dreamed that British soldiers could stand before French soldiers, or British generals make head against the generals of France, till of late? yet the soldiers of Great Britain were always composed of the same materials as her seamen, and the spirit which produced so many distinguished admirals was never wanting among our generals. The consequence was, as our readers must perfectly recollect, that there was not an army in Europe which we were not more ready to take into our pay, and to employ against the enemy, than our own. At the very moment when we had under arms three hundred thousand British troops, were we subsidising every contemptible continental power; and whilst our own brave fellows were cooped up idly in garrison, Germans, Prussians, and Russians, were paid by us for fighting not our battles but their own. There never was a more ruinous or mistaken policy, than that which led to the subsidising system, notwithstanding that Lord Chatham began, and Mr Pitt continued it. It served at once to drain our own coffers, to fill those of the enemy, and to bring us into contempt among all other nations of the world.

But, it may be said, our troops were not altogether idle. Whilst we employed the armies of the allies to fight our enemy on the Continent of Europe, we employed our own in crippling his means, by depriving him of his possessions beyond seas. Let us see by how much he was the loser, and we the gainer, in this respect.

We took possession, at a vast expense, of the French West India islands. By this means the French nation were cut off from their supplies of sugar, coffee, and rum, and we obtained so many additional settlements from which to derive these commodities. All this is very true; but, in the first place, we stood in no need of such addition, our own islands being more than sufficient to supply our own wants; and, in the next place, it was not we who hindered the importation of colonial produce into France, but the French ruler himself. Had not he prohibited the measure, we should have gladly furnished the French people with as much coffee, sugar, and rum, as they could require. The French, however, did

very well without these things; and, in a military point of view, they were strengthened, as we were weakened, by the garrisons which it behoved us to keep in these our newly-acquired possessions.

In the East, too, our arms were successful. The Isles of France, of Batavia, with the other settlements belonging either to France proper, or to the states reduced under her vassalage, were wrested from the enemy; and the authority of Great Britain alone, of European nations, established throughout the Indian seas. This, likewise, is true; and perhaps of all the conquests which we effected, these were the least injurious to our military strength, because they were rich enough to defray their own expenses, and were retained in subjection by native troops. But when we look to the other points of our victories, and to the method adopted of securing them; to Malta, for example, a barren rock, in which five or six battalions were usually wanted; to Heligoland, Lampedosa, Ceuta, and Madeira;—of what importance to us was the acquisition, or of what injury to the enemy was the loss, of such places? As soon as we found our adversary marshalling the whole of Europe against us, had we seriously undertaken the conquest of such places as Sardinia, Zealand, and Sicily, then indeed we should have added to our own strength in the exact proportion by which we weakened his, because each of these countries is populous and fertile; would have more than defrayed the expenses attendant upon its preservation, and would have supplied our armies with able recruits. But to pass these by, seizing on every little rock or island which chanced to take our fancy, was merely to fritter away our own resources, without in the slightest degree affecting those of the enemy.

Again, in every expedition in which their land forces were employed, it seemed, during many years of the late war, to be the policy of government to send out just as many soldiers, and no more, as they deemed capable of performing the service proposed. When the Duke of York embarked for Holland, he carried with him a corps of some twenty thousand men; and what was the result? His Royal

Highness could effect nothing; and a brave general, with as fine a little army as ever took the field, retired, almost disgraced, to our own shores. Was this owing to any want of means on our part? Very far from it. We had then more than one hundred thousand regular troops in the different towns of Great Britain and Ireland. Why were not at least fifty thousand of these permitted to take part in the labours of their comrades?

The expedition into Egypt, too, under Sir Ralph Abercromby, of what force did it consist? And to what uses were its successful results turned? A handful of troops succeeded, by dint of great gallantry, in crushing the power of France in that quarter. Doubtless this was one great object gained; but why not endeavour to derive greater advantages from success than even this? Egypt, of all the countries in the world, might, perhaps, have been the most easily, and most advantageously, annexed to the British dominions. It was the design of the French to annex it to theirs; and but for the destruction of their fleet and army, they would have succeeded. Yet the French were by no means popular among the natives, while we were. But with our usual timidity, we had hardly gained firm footing in that country when we withdrew; and, with our usual vacillation, we had hardly withdrawn, when we repented that we had done so. A second expedition was accordingly sent out, composed of five thousand men, which, as might have been expected, failed in doing anything.

Of the expeditions fitted out against the Spanish settlements in South America, it is not possible to speak in terms of even moderate condemnation. Not only were they quite inadequate in point of numbers for the purposes designed; but, in the case of General Whitelock at least, family influence or personal favour were permitted to determine a point, which ought to have been decided by the talents of the individual alone. A command was intrusted to him, of which he soon showed that he knew not how to make use. Yet the disaster at Buenos Ayres was not of so decisive a nature as that it might not have been ultimately remedied, had the army employed there consisted of adequate numbers; indeed, neither that, nor the loss of a divi-

sion at Monte Video, could have occurred, but for the timid policy of our government. We made ourselves, by our efforts in that quarter, the laughing-stock of the people whom we invaded.

Look we now to our military dealings with Corsica and Zealand. Of the former island, we took possession at the request of the inhabitants. It was then, as it is now, a strong and rich district; and so far from weakening us by demanding a large garrison for its defence, it might have furnished us at any moment with five or six thousand excellent troops. How did we act there? We quarrelled with the people, because they would not be persuaded to adopt all our views respecting civil government; and having done this, on the first threat of an attack by France, we abandoned the island. So it was with respect to the populous and fertile island of Zealand. Though we had actually subdued it, and had every reason to believe that the people would have submitted willingly to our authority, we dreaded to keep possession, because, forsooth, it might be possible for the French armies to invade it across the ice, on an average in one winter out of nine or ten. Yet we were so much in want of a safe harbour in these seas, that we occupied and retained possession of Heligoland.

We have ventured to suggest, that as soon as the designs of France to march against England the whole of Europe became apparent, England, in self-defence, and upon every principle of sound and fair policy, was called upon to make conquest of as many valuable districts as circumstances might enable her to subdue. The two islands of Sicily and Sardinia, for example, instead of being the one tamely resigned to the will of the enemy,—and the other, under the specious title of an ally, hung like a millstone round our necks, ought *bona fide* to have been subjected to British authority, and incorporated into the British empire, after the same fashion by which Holland and Italy became parts of the empire of France. In the days of the Romans, Sicily was found to be capable, not only of supporting herself, but of materially increasing the wealth of the Eternal City. During the late war, its King and Court were pensionaries upon British bounty, and

its fortresses governed by troops paid out of the British treasury; and all this because, forsooth, we could not act so unjustly towards an allied sovereign, as to deprive him of his hereditary dominions. This extreme delicacy towards the feelings of strangers, no matter at what amount of domestic burthens it may be indulged, did even greater injury to the military power of England, than would have been effected by half-a-dozen defeats.

Notwithstanding all this, however, notwithstanding the parcelling out and separation of many thousand men, scattered here and there over almost the whole surface of the ocean, it appears from the returns at the Adjutant-General's office, that at no period of the war were there fewer than one hundred thousand regular soldiers absolutely at the disposal of government. Now were these employed? At the moment when Austria and Prussia were in arms against the common enemy, we fitted out an expedition to assist their efforts. It was, perhaps, the finest and most powerful which we had ever sent from our shores; it consisted of no fewer than forty thousand men. What did it effect? Instead of being landed somewhere within reach of the allied armies, or which would perhaps have been equally effectual, instead of making a descent upon the coast of France, and marching to Paris, at a time when the whole force of France was mustered upon the banks of the Rhine, the expedition was turned in the direction of the Scheldt, Flushing was bombarded, the little unhealthy isle of Walcheren occupied for a few weeks, some half-dozen ships of war seized, and there the thing ended. Even the paltry advantages gained, the command, for instance, of the navigation of the Scheldt, which, in spite of a not very salubrious climate, might unquestionably have been retained, were relinquished; and a force, sufficient, as matters then stood, to determine the issues of the war, returned, to waste its time in the garrisons of England.

In the meanwhile the fate of Austria and Prussia was sealed; and the subsidies with which we had undertaken to supply them, arrived in good time for the discharge of the tribute imposed upon them by their conqueror. But Europe was now beginning to grow restive under the iron yoke of

Napoleon; and his outrageous conduct in the Peninsula had stirred up against him a spirit, which all his efforts never succeeded in crushing. Spain and Portugal were in arms. Not at any former period had such an opportunity been presented to us, of acting like a great military nation, as we were. The moment discontents began to exhibit themselves, we ought to have landed an army in Spain, not like that of Sir John Moore, consisting of five-and-twenty thousand men, but of three times that number—an army capable of seeking the enemy, and of beating him wherever he could be found—not a corps so weak as to compel its leader to consider continually, how he would best avoid bringing matters to the issue of a battle. But we did not thus act, and for this reason, that as yet we had not learned to believe, either that our troops were sufficiently brave, or our generals sufficiently experienced, to cope with those of France. Under this idea our principal care seems to have been, not to endanger the safety of more British soldiers than was necessary, as if an army were not for the most part safe, in exact proportion to its physical or numerical strength. We were then, too, full of the most mistaken notions concerning the valour and hardihood of our allies. The Spanish patriots were considered equal of themselves to drive their invaders beyond the Pyrenees; and the presence of a British army was deemed useful amongst them, only as a sort of nucleus, about which their gallant bands might collect. What absurdity there was in all this!—as if undisciplined hordes, however personally brave, could contend, with any prospect of success, against the most veteran troops in Europe; and as if it were even possible to bring against an enemy a force too overwhelming. The consequences were exactly such as might have been looked for; the Spanish levies were dispersed; and our army, after beating an enemy before whom it had reluctantly retreated, was withdrawn from the country.

Of the expedition which sailed for Portugal under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, it is almost needless to speak; never was anything so grievously mismanaged. In the first place, the force employed (somewhere about 13 or 14,000 men) rendered it

utterly impracticable to effect anything very great; and, in the next place, the extraordinary policy which dispatched first one general officer to supersede Sir Arthur, and then a third to supersede Sir Arthur's successor, during the very progress of operations, of all methods, was the most effectual to ensure an absolute failure. But enough of these details; it is now high time to explain for what purpose they have been given.

It appears to us, then, that glorious as the issue of the late war has been, that issue might have been brought about at a much earlier period, and at a far less expense to the nation, had we been but conscious of our own native strength. We struggled for the command of the sea, and we obtained it; but we made not the use of our success which we ought to have made; we were contented to rest there, whereas we ought to have regarded it as a step to a similar superiority by land. If it be said that England was at no period competent to meet France single-handed in the field, we need only refer the objector to the days of Agincourt and Cressy for proof to the contrary. England was, and is, capable of waging by land, as well as by sea, a successful war against France, if she choose. England, during the late war, might have brought one hundred thousand men to bear on any given point; why did she not thus employ them? Was it because the expense of transporting so large an army beyond seas, and of maintaining them there, was greater than she could defray? Surely not; since these troops must be, and actually were supported somewhere; and the mere cost of landing them on the continent could not have been enormous. It is very true, that we carry on war in a manner widely different from that pursued by other nations; that when in the country of allies, we not only spare their property, but add to it; and that even of our enemies we are more tender than of ourselves; yet under all these disadvantages, the expense of keeping on the continent such an army as has been stated above, would have proved vastly inferior to the expenses actually incurred in subsidising the armies of our allies. Now, one hundred thousand British troops, under the command of a Wellington, would, we are satisfied, play the same

game to-morrow, and would have played the same game then, which was played many generations ago by the armies of Edward and Henry.

We must again repeat, what has been distinctly asserted already, that we blame no party for attaching a greater degree of importance to the naval than to the military superiority of Great Britain. Long may that superiority be maintained; for when it ceases, we need hardly expect to hold the rank which we now hold among the nations of the earth. But even that must not be regarded as a thing impossible. No doubt, we possess better harbours, a greater extent of sea-coast, and better means of making skilful seamen than any other single European state; but our harbours are not superior, our line of coast is far less extensive, and our national vanity, great as it undeniably is, will hardly tempt us to put ourselves in competition, in all or any of these heads, with the whole of Europe united. Should it therefore happen, that the whole of Europe shall at any time combine against us, may not our naval superiority come to an end? Nay, more; by the repeal of our Navigation Laws, and the consequences thence arising, is it not self-evident, that we have actually laboured to decrease our own opportunities, and to increase the opportunities of other nations, to rear up a race of skilful seamen? At this moment we may have a fleet capable of asserting the honour of the British flag, as it was asserted before; but let a few years pass, as they are passing now, and will the case be so? The matter is, to say the best of it, doubtful. But were it not doubtful; were it a thing fixed and unalterable as fate can make it, that the British fleet shall always continue superior to other fleets, it does not therefore follow, that Britain ought to rely wholly upon her ships. If she desire to hold her rank as a great nation, she must acquire a more decided military spirit than ever; for the time is not, in our opinion, very distant, when she will be called upon to exert it.

It is sincerely to be hoped, that the government of England will never be induced by popular clamour, or by an injudicious anxiety of lowering to its utmost point the weight of public burthens, to reduce our military establishments, so far as that, when the

hour of peril arrives, we shall not be prepared to meet it. In giving utterance to this sentiment, we by no means wish to be understood as desiring to witness any great increase of the regular army. The army, as now constituted, is, in point of numbers at least, fully competent to all the cases to which it can be applied. It is sufficiently numerous to render the formation and proper discipline of one of thrice the amount a work of ease, and comparative celerity, whenever that measure shall become necessary; and that, in a time of profound peace, is the great object for which a standing army should be kept on foot. But when we consider how much may depend upon the condition of these new armies after they shall have been raised, it is not going too far to assert, that we cannot be too anxious respecting the efficiency of the corps which are to instruct them. When we go to war again, we must make up our minds to prosecute hostilities with vigour, not only by sea, but by land. If the improvements which are daily making in the application of steam to the purposes of navigation, lay us not under the necessity of fighting on our own shores (a prospect which, however unpleasant, ought not by any means

to be overlooked), we shall find that by far the readiest, and, as a necessary consequence, the least expensive mode of bringing our wars to a conclusion, will be to carry them into the heart of our enemy's country. To effect this end our naval superiority furnishes us with the most ample means. We may select our point of disembarkation along the whole sea-coast of Europe; and secure at home, in the protection afforded by the fleet and our domestic force, we may send all, or almost all, our armies abroad. This is our true military policy; not to fritter away our resources in trifling captures, nor to make our campaigns in small detachments, quite incapable of producing any serious impression; but either to keep at peace, under all manner of insults, or to make ourselves formidable to the nations around us. Henceforward we must act as principals, not as allies, in any war in which we may happen to be involved; and we must fight with men, not with money. But this we shall not be able to do unless our armies shall be preserved in a proper state, both as to numbers and discipline; and how that is most likely to be brought about, it shall be the object of a future paper to show.

FREE STRICTURES ON THE PARLIAMENTARY LOGIC OF "PHILOSOPHICAL STATESMEN."

MR NORTH.—It is about four years since your potent pen terminated an eloquent eulogium on the distinguished nobleman at the head of his Majesty's government, in the following words:—"We are of the people; and we believe that we speak with the popular voice, when we say of the minister as the Greek said of Fabricius—'It would be easier to turn the sun from his course, than this man from the paths of integrity,'—we know nothing nobler in human praise."—You applauded his public speaking for its "impressive sincerity,"—you ascribed its influence upon the senate, not only to the vigour of his understanding, but to its palpable origination in his own conviction, and to his habitually addressing himself to the question, "not as the advocate of a side, but as a powerful yet amicable inquirer into the truth,"—you cele-

brated the "wisdom and manliness" of his administration as its legitimate title to public esteem,—you regarded that administration as incapable of stooping "to drink the muddy stream of street-popularity,"—you reproached the nobleman, of whom he was once the "peculiar antagonist," with the self-inflicted degradation of "a connexion with the rabble of Whiggism."

You now characterize this same administration as the patrons of quacks, and projectors, and innovators,—you now accuse them of subjecting themselves to the dictation of that very "rabble of Whiggism,"—you now represent them as men who are busy in ensnaring the public understanding and maddening the public feeling, as men affecting, nevertheless, to be the instruments of public opinion merely, as men who court spurious popularity, as men who prevail by trick and hypocrisy!

Are you inconsistent? Are you self-contradictory? No, sir. His Lordship has changed—not honest Christopher North. His change had, it is true, commenced at the period to which I have referred; but of the progress which the New Opinions had made in dispossessing his Lordship's former political tenets, no man in the country had any adequate conception. This is an assertion which I advance with confidence, seeing that it was not *then* detected even by your sagacity. Nevertheless, indications of it did exist—symptoms of the philosophical epidemic had made their appearance even in the mind of his Lordship. They were not noted. The oversight was natural; for who would have been prompt to suspect such a man of having transmuted himself from a sober-minded statesman into a modern philosopher? Had you been led by such a suspicion to a narrow and scrutinizing investigation, I believe that your praise of his Lordship would have been considerably modified. The transmutation is now pretty fully ascertained; and both remarkable and lamentable it is in a very extraordinary degree.

It is remarkable, inasmuch as the long political life of his Lordship has been marked by a temper, a sobriety, a steadiness and good sense, the attribution of which to *him* has heretofore been unanimous. In reading his more recent appeals to Parliament—wherein I have encountered so much confusion of ideas, so much inconsequence of argument, so much startling paradox, so much sophistical straining, and occasionally a tone which I know not how to distinguish from that of petulance—I have asked myself, is this the Earl of Liverpool?

It is lamentable almost beyond precedent, inasmuch as those portentous changes which amount to the total eversion of our established system of commercial policy—of that system which has been reared with so much wisdom—which has been cherished with so much vigilance—which has been defended with so much courage

—under which we have acquired so much honourable influence—under which, I might rather say, this country has become the arbitress of nations—those uncalled-for innovations, had they been resisted by this one man alone, instead of being, as they partially are, in active operation, could not have been carried; and I believe, would not have been propounded to Parliament.

Eheu, quam brevibus pereunt ingentia fatis!

I regard his Lordship as one who has given a casting vote—I consider his Lordship's hand to have been upon the rudder. A responsibility like this is one which, I think, few men would feel inclined to covet.

Apostacy is, conventionally, a harsh term; and it cannot but be peculiarly ungrateful to one who has been hitherto accustomed to follow his political career, with feelings of respectful and affectionate admiration, so to denominate his Lordship's abrupt dereliction of his former opinions. His colleagues and followers tell us that their change of sentiment is an adaptation of their course "to the varying circumstances of the world." What these variations are, we are not informed; but I think that we have, on the contrary, the authority of ministers themselves against the proposition. Men who merit the name of statesmen should, I think, adapt their policy to changes which either have taken place, or which are likely to take place, in the world. But that of ministers is confessedly and ostensibly founded, not upon the *existence* of such changes—nor yet upon the probability of such chances—but upon the hope that the world will adapt itself to their flimsy and untried theories! Are not the creatures (correspondents I mean) of their newspaper, at this very moment, abusing independent governments in the grossest language, because they do not model themselves after the new fashion prescribed to them? Between this time and the

* Vide Mr Huskisson's speech on the 24th of February last, pp. 50, 51, and 52. *Hutchard*. The reader will there find that what, in the pompous phraseology of diplomatists, is called the basis of the new commercial relations, is nothing but a recommendation of them to the French Government. "France," says the Right Hon. Gentleman, "has received our invitation, and has thus taken a first step." This he calls "a practical approximation!"

meeting of Parliament, you will see a regular confluence of these preparatory communications from all quarters, all condemning the obstinacy of the world, and lauding the wisdom of ministers. It is painful to denominate this change an apostacy; but, sir, neither is this a land of freedom, if such a truth may not be spoken; nor is language of any use, if it may not serve to express appropriately that which has been conceived justly. The permanent interests, moreover, of a great empire, are too immensely important to permit the intervention, as an obstacle to their defence, of an over-scrupulous delicacy. The example of such a man as Lord Liverpool must be powerful whether for good or for evil. *His* apostacy was a subject which might have shaken the sturdiest and most stoical resolution *nil admirari*; but it has annihilated, by its mischievous sanction, all surprise, if surprise were ever felt, at the tergiversation of men neither gifted with his once (alas! Mr North, his once) solid understanding, nor with his lofty spirit. One thing, however—our disgust at that tergiversation—it cannot annihilate.

To a certain portion of the public press that disgust is largely due. It has applaudingly attended upon all the vacillations and tortuosities of a fickle-minded administration. Every rash asseveration and every hasty retractation, —all that has been said, and all that has been unsaid,—all the revolutionary cant and jargon of their new-fledged Liberalism—their flippant dogmatism—their affectation of a conciliatory tone, combined with their real intolerance of spirit in discussion—the very turn, the very cast, the very hue of their thinking—all these have been copied with most sycophantic suppleness and servility!

Is there aught upon earth so contemptible as a human echo? Principles, which yesterday were proclaimed with beat of drum, and blast of trumpet, as the dictates of consummate wisdom, are vilipended to-day, and proscribed, and discarded, to make room for their very opposites. The Minister's mandate goes forth; and the commendations, with which the former were literally bedaubed, are promptly and alertly transferred to the latter by these flexible persons. The business of the echo, to be sure, is to repeat the dictamina of his master,

not to judge, to weigh, to consider,—what has the echo to do with judgment, and reflection, and deliberation? The use of these would destroy his very essence—*expectare sonos, ad quos sua verba remittat*.

For specimens of this kind of echoism, let us turn over the file of any journal employed in the honourable service of puffing every act of ministers. The chances are infinite that the first article of any length, which presents itself, proves to be an essay on the infallibility of ministers; *e. g.* what have we here? neither more nor less than a piece of dehortation, recommending the people of great Britain to abstain from the unpatriotic act of commenting on the proceedings of government! Thus inditeth one of these thick-and-thin gentlemen of the press:—"In a season of great public calamity and distress, the first and most imperative duty of statesmen of all parties, is to bend the whole force of their understanding to discover and promote the application of suitable remedies to the disorders of the state. We cannot, therefore, estimate very highly either the wisdom or the patriotism of those, who, at such a season, employ their faculties in the discovery of captious objections to the plans proposed by government." The necessity of inquiry is here urged in the first sentence; nevertheless, in the second, the iniquity of discussion is proscribed by the assumption, that every objection started against the politics now in vogue *must* be captious, and can proceed *only* from men destitute of "wisdom and patriotism!" Oh! indubitably—the ministry being a perfect concentration of "wisdom and patriotism" themselves, how *can* their opponents be other than fools and caballers? But suffer the "gentleman" to explain himself farther. He speaks, you are to understand, not of objections in the abstract, but of "captious" objections. Against these it is that he directs his deprecation. "It is the part of wisdom and patriotism, in such a state of things, to consider gravely the tendency of any proposed measure, with reference to existing circumstances, rather than to snatch at a momentary triumph, by contrasting it with the former language or intention of the proposers.

The *argumentum ad hominem* has *nothing whatever* to do with the in-

trinsic merits of any question. Oh! certainly nothing can be more unwise and unpatriotic, in a discussion upon the expediency of granting extraordinary powers, than to enter upon the question which that discussion necessarily involves—namely, whether the confidence claimed be, or be not, merited; and whether the previous conduct of the claimants do, or do not, evince that steadiness and consistency which (were not these extraordinary times) would be regarded as conditions indispensable in the establishment of such a claim. Certain official persons—whom the utter worthlessness of the low Whigs, and the supineness of more reputable men, have invested already with a power which, under constitutional forms and semblance, is almost despotic—come to Parliament, and demand the liberty of infringing, without any inquiry, an established law. To contend that the concession of such a power would be a measure fraught with present evil, and most pernicious as a precedent for the future, was very "captious," no doubt. But when honourable members proceeded to the enormity of plainly declaring that ministers, who had given proof after proof of so much volatility, did not appear to know very well what they were about, and consequently ought not to be trusted so blindly and implicitly,—when a gentleman of unquestionable talents rose in his place, and pronounced them to be "the weakest administration this kingdom had ever beheld,"—when the walls of Parliament resounded with the accents of reprobation and mistrust, this was not to be borne. The factors of administration became furious, and their zeal ran them, of course, into absurdity; for monstrously absurd it was, and impudent too, to stop the mouth of a senator with the exclamation, that he who employed the *argumentum ad hominem*, cannot be an honest man!

I transcribe the following notable piece of profundity, because many good people will be ready to accuse me of caricaturing the sentiments of this writer. The *argumentum ad hominem* "cannot," says he, "be employed upon a practical question of serious and urgent importance, without indicating, on the part of those who resort to it, a lamentable poverty of idea, an

inexcusable acrimony of feeling, towards their political opponents, and an utter insensibility or disregard to the national welfare!" Why, the *argumentum ad hominem* was in this case actually an *argumentum ad rem*!—Ministers, in demanding a trust, do, by a necessary implication, affirm their trust-worthiness. A gentleman, finding their present conduct to be grossly inconsistent with their former professions, declares they are not trust-worthy, and is told that such a comparison is not lawful argument! What next?

Can anything be more ludicrous than a writer of this stamp in the act of sermonizing upon "wisdom and patriotism"? Perhaps his political economy may be thought equally so. He tells us that the foreign corn to be thrown into consumption will be replaced by an equal or larger quantity from abroad; "and thus an extraordinary demand for our manufactures, equal to the amount of corn imported, will be created from the continent." These are the persons, sir, whose support is so invidiously contrasted with our factious opposition!

But this, says our lecturer, is "a season of great public calamity," and therefore not a fit one for animadversions upon the course which ministers are pursuing. Thus it is with him! Is the political sky unclouded?—Is there not a breath of discontent stirring?—Why, this scribe will then exclaim, do you seek to disturb the unanimity which so happily prevails?—Do symptoms of insubordination manifest themselves?—Would you, he will then exclaim, in such a crisis, impede the machinery and diminish the moral force of government?—What the learned Bœotian, in literality, means to say, is, that there is no proper time for anything but fulsome panegyric. I cannot adopt this slavish doctrine. I think, on the contrary, that the season best adapted for admonition must depend much upon the character of the person to be admonished; and that of ministers has developed some striking proofs that they (I mean the liberalized portion of them) are no exceptions to the almost universal effect of the *res secunda* upon the human mind. They have had "a fair breeze in the poop of them" so long, that a head-wind of a minute's

duration fills them with qualms and irritation. Their ears, so long attuned to flattery, cannot bear the discordance of rebuke—it "grates harsh thunder" upon that delicate organ. The incense, proffered by men odious for their reckless, and profligate, and selfish politics, is inhaled with distended nostril; while the more honourable remonstrant is repelled with a supercilious contumely. His representations, whether erroneous or not, were arguments addressed to the reason, not stimulants applied to prejudice and passion. But cant—sycophantic cant—has been, and still is, too powerful for common sense; there is no coping with it upon equal terms.

Those representations, sir, have been characterized as "a doctrine and a spirit actuating little minds; who, (which) *incapable* of reaching those heights from which *alone* extended views of human nature can be taken, console and revenge themselves, by calumniating and misrepresenting those who have toiled to those heights, for the advantage of mankind!" Now, I think it may be questioned, whether the Right Honourable Gentleman who uttered this bit of raving (for it is nothing better) is in a frame of mind *perfectly* reasonable? Whether the intoxicating atmosphere of adulation have not *somewhat* turned his head with very false and erroneous estimates of his own powers of mind, relatively to those of the persons whom he was so presumptuously contemning in that harangue? It is useless to appeal, by argument, except to reason; and which of the twain was it that dictated or suggested the greater part of that speech—cool reason, or stimulated vanity?—Nothing but a formidable secession from the ministerial phalanx will reduce the pulse of the latter—nothing else will awaken our philosophical lords of the ascendant from their dream of superlative greatness. They will be roused from it by and by. Let us have patience.

That they who dare to set up a theory, or advance a proposition, not perfectly pleasing to the taste of the Right Hon. Gentleman, are, quoad that difference of sentiment, men of little minds, incapables, a faction!—is a kind of overbearing and despotical language, which the free people of this country—those I mean whose conduct

and demeanour have been as unexceptionable as that of their villifiers—have not been accustomed to hear from men in power. It is the language of intolerance—it is the language of bigotry—it is the language of insult—it is employed against those who are perhaps the equals of the Right Honourable Orator in almost everything that is not adventitious—as gentlemen—as men of honour—as men of cultivated understandings. If it is not becoming in a minister of the crown, infinitely incongruous is it with his superadded character of a professor of Liberty.

Is the Right Honourable Gentleman aware that the nonsense of that vituperative sally has relieved, with not a little merriment, the bitter feelings which have been created by its injustice? Not to repeat what is said upon a sect so contemptible having drawn such an ebullition of anger from such a person, it is asked, whether the apprehension of Jacobinism be, or be not, a political sentiment? And if it be, what is meant by saying, that they who oppose the march of intellect, from a belief that they are withstanding the inroad of Jacobinism, are a sect, but not a political one? People smile at the notion of the right honourable gentleman and his colleagues "toiling for the advantage of mankind." They *do* say, it were much to be wished that our *great men* would lay aside this cosmopolitan humanity; and, leaving mankind to take care of itself, enter into a serious review of what they are doing for the *disadvantage* of their own country. Adverting to "those heights" which they tell us they have reached, people ask, whether the Treasury Bench is the position "from which *alone* extended views of human nature can be taken"? Again, sir, they are ready to acknowledge that the party opposed to ministers is "small in numbers, and *powerless* in *might*," and *weak* in *strength*, if he pleases; but they ask, what has made the ministry so strong? My barber, sir, who is a great politician, asked me, a week ago, whether I did not think it ridiculous to talk any longer about the Fox-and-North coalition? for, said he, I think it has been far out-Heroded by that of the Tories and Whigs and Radicals of our day. I have been puzzled since to imagine whence he stole the remark.

Had it been from Maga, I must have recollected it; and I know no other journal that would have spoken a little plain truth so boldly.

Has the Right Honourable Gentleman reflected upon the multitude of virtues which this invective against us (for I am very willing to declare myself a member of the "faction,") accumulates, by implication, and with the coolest assumption possible, upon those who lend ministers their support? It cannot be affirmed, as it has been, that merely by impugning the doctrines which they have propounded, a man evinces littleness of mind, and exhibits himself as an envious calumniator, and as an enemy of his species; without being affirmed, at the same time, that all who assent and clap their hands, do *thereby* prove themselves to be men of enlarged and comprehensive minds, whose truth and purity are not to be questioned, who have nothing of the partizan about them, who are the friends of humanity, and the promoters of universal improvement and happiness! Does he believe that the portion of the political world which happens to co-operate with ministers, is composed of the only persons whose motives will stand the test of examination? How many of these, his zealous supporters, are acquainted with all their motives? How many have ever instituted this self-examination at all? How many, were that inquisition rigidly prosecuted, would find their principles of action to be perfectly taintless, perfectly disinterested, perfectly unimpeachable on the ground of inexcusable ignorance or neglect? That which a French writer of some eminence says of bad books is equally true of bad measures and systems:—"Souvent on loue par *flatterie* un ouvrage, à cause de celui qui l'a fait, qui tient un poste considérable, qui a de grands revenus, qui est un homme de credit, et qui a d'autres qualités qui n'ont aucun rapport avec son livre. On voit bien, qui ces louanges cesseroient si cet homme perdoit ses emplois, ce credit, ces revenus, ou ces qualités, quand même il feroit des livres infiniment meilleurs. Quelquefois on loue par *sottise*, parcequ'on n'entend point les matieres dont il s'agit, et que l'on trouve beau ce que l'on ne comprend pas. D'autrefois on loue par *imitation*, ou par *complaisance*; sans en avoir aucune raison, si

ce n'est qu'on le voit faire à d'autres, quoique l'on ne sache point s'ils ont raison. Apres cela qu'on parle d'approbation de livres ou d'autres semblables louanges; et que l'on aille vanter la reputation qui n'est fondée que sur les louanges trompeuses!" Now, seeing that, lofty as are the heights from which the Right Hon. Gentleman takes his views of humanity, he can nevertheless scan its minute foibles, these truths could not have been concealed from his intuition; upon what plea of right, or justice, or propriety, fit to be produced, does he accuse honourable opponents of being exclusively actuated by feelings and principles more than base—more than simply wicked—while his own adherents are complimented with the contrast which their conduct exhibits? I say more than simply wicked; for the spirit of revenge ascribed to us is that which springs from a gratuitous hatred of greatness, to which we cannot attain: and is not that the very kind of hatred which poets—who do not diminish the features or dimensions of anything—attribute to the inhabitants of hell?

—"We feel

Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,

And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."

I have interrogated myself—it may be perhaps with my full portion of that self-love, which is inseparable from anything human—and I do not find that my mind is possessed with these diabolical sentiments: I do not discover in myself that enmity to all improvement so confidently imputed by the Right Honourable Gentleman. And thousands of gentlemen of the highest character, intellectual and moral, who *cannot* regard certain dangerous novelties as improvements, are, I am sure, ready to make the same disclaimer. The Right Honourable Gentleman could not *know* that we are actuated by such sentiments—he does not *know* that measures, whose issue is most problematical, are improvements—he does not *know* whether these measures will fulfil his theoretical anticipations, or whether they will involve the country in the horrors of civil confusion, and, consequently, he has nothing better than bald conjecture on which to build the asser-

tion, that his opponents desire "to roll back the tide of civilization." We do not see with his eyes; therefore, we are an envious, little-minded faction! Admirable logic! Magnanimous Liberality!

As our motives have been so roughly and unceremoniously assailed—*et puis-que je suis en train de sincerité*—I take leave to ask, Is the Right Honourable Gentleman himself much in the habit of analyzing his own? Was he never led to that scrutiny—did he never feel a momentary shudder in contemplating the real character of men, who, but the other day, as it were, poured out against him the most envenomed and rascally invectives—of men who recently grinned the savage grin of applause upon the dark threats of an obscure cut-throat? Does he never start with self-mistrust, like the orator of antiquity, when he reflects that these literary ruffians, who were not long ago hoarse in croaking their denunciations, are now straining their throats in his praise? A single morning's collation would produce some curious juxtapositions of ribald execration and canting panegyric, from the same pen or lips, and applied to the same object; and the motley exhibition would make a figure in an *Essay on Conciliation*, should any gentleman, upon whom the mantle of Rabelais has descended, feel disposed to favour the public with such a "nice little book."

The following is not designed as an exemplification of that deep atrocity—it is rather calculated to relax the features into a broad grin, than to contract them with horror—it is only a specimen of the new Liberality now in fashion; and its drollery is not a little heightened by its having shone forth in the "*Concentrical dignity of the city of London*." It was on March 4, 1824, that Lord Liverpool dined with some city gentlemen, one of whom was "the concentrical dignity;" and that dignity, in a speech which it made, thus delivered itself:—"Although he (Lord Waithman) might often have expressed opinions at variance with those which were known to be entertained by the Noble Lord (Liverpool), he was not the less disposed to give his lordship credit for *just and honourable motives*,—they might be taking different roads, but both were striving to reach the same

point—the honour and prosperity of the country!" And the Earl of Liverpool told my Lord Waithman, that he felt *no disesteem* for him—in return!! It was on the 11th of that very month—one week after the Premier was lauded for his exertions to promote the honour of the country—that the same Lord Waithman thus spoke, at a meeting of Farringdon Ward:—"It would actually appear as if the citizens had gone upon a regular look-out for fools—*Ministers liked this mode of representation. They would rather see the city represented by a block or a stone than by active and efficient men. They had only to point to the city of London whenever a rotten borough was mentioned, and a full answer was given.*" Thus spoke his lordship, as sourly as though his face had been washed with crab-vertjuice—all the "becks, and nods, and wreathed smiles," in which that same face had been dressed a week before, having entirely vanished! One month after this meeting, another dinner took place—Mr Canning going to pay his respects to "the concentrical dignity." His lordship's face once more beamed with pleasure and satisfaction, and he told the company that "he thought his Majesty's Ministers" (the patrons of city fools, and the abettors of city bribery, of the month before) "were entitled to the respect of the city of London"!!!—Such is Conciliation in the concrete! Where is the nose which does not corugate—where are the lips which do not curl—at such scenes as these?

But these are "irritating topics;" this is a rekindling of the embers of angry feeling! All very true, but not much to the purpose. This kind of dissuasive is one of the many specious artifices of cant, by which easy John Bull suffers himself to be humbugged into acquiescence. It is neither more nor less than a cry raised by those who are employed in deluding, and sophisticating, and emasculating the public mind—by the delinquents themselves—against the incommodious penalty of subsequent exposure. But if men of honour must be vindicated from aspersion, what imports it that the complexion of the hypocrite blanch with rage? Is the chief use of newspapers to while away a vacant half hour? Are they to be sent away with the coffee-pot, or tea-urn, and no more thought of? Are the documents

which they contain to serve only for present delusion, and not for future detection? Every speech, of a man who makes himself pragmatistical and public, is a document, and those which I have cited are as instructive as they are amusing. It is useful—it is wholesome—to reproduce them, now and then, to a people who are said to be born with every physical perfection but that of memory. When the voice of obloquy is declaiming against us, shall our lips be closed in humility and silence? Shall we not show what manner of men are the objects of ministerial Conciliation? Shall we fear to tell those Conciliationists that we can do very well without their good opinion? And that we scorn to share it with the new objects of their *comprehensive* civility? It may *enrich* a low Whig, but honest men will prefer the *paupertas opulentior* of their own self-respect. They who would have it, must stoop for it, and it is not worth picking up. When it pleases the Right Hon. Rhetorician again to revile us, we will think of the quality of that popularity which he is pursuing so eagerly—and we shall want no better consolation.

It really is a capital joke, to hear the Right Honourable Secretary represent his valuable friend the President as a persecuted man! A persecuted man! Poor Mr Huskisson! A pitiable case it is, no doubt, that he cannot convert his boasted majorities, of three and four to one, into an unanimous vote! It is, I confess, a hard and mortifying discouragement to that philanthropic person, to find his estimable labours, diurnal and nocturnal,* requited by so much "wanton" censure. But suppose this censure be somewhat perverse and wrong-minded, (and what if a little ill-natured railing have accompanied it?) is not this human nature, especially when great interests are at stake? And would the Right Hon. Orator "banish human nature from his *liberalized* House of Commons?" Such, sir, with the alteration of one word, is the very question which himself put, some years ago, to the rabid reformers, then in full cry against government. He then thought it very hard, that "all with whom they (the reformers) were

not pleased, should have sinister motives imputed to them." Will he now allow *us* to urge the same plea? Will he give *us* leave to claim a little indulgence for the infirmity of our nature? Will he permit *us* to deny the inference, that all with whom *he* is not pleased have some sinister motive? You see, sir, how impossible it is "to keep bad company" uncontaminated: how impossible it is for a gentleman to take up the profession of Liberalism, without laying aside the practice of liberality. Mr Huskisson a persecuted man! and we as bad as the destroyers of Galileo!! What! could not "enthusiastic cheers," and countless blandishments, operate as a sedative to the irritation arising from a rough phrase or two? Surely never was public man so flattered! somewhat coarsely, to be sure, but abundantly beyond all precedent, and beyond all propriety. The brush would not lay it on thick enough, and his friends have taken the trowel. He cannot expect his "enemies" to do this, and what *great man* is without enemies?

The much-lauded speech of the much-lauded President lies before me, and by its side the newspaper essay already cited. The latter rails—oddly enough—against the *argumentum ad hominem*, as the resource of a man poor in ideas, and yet about one half of that speech consists of that very kind of argument. To the argument itself—to the mere retaliation upon Mr Baring—I see no objection at all. Nothing in the world can be more fair than to oppose, to an antagonist who brings into debate the weight of his authority, proofs of the variation and inconsistency of that authority with itself, and thus to counteract its undue preponderance. I see no reason why the Hon. Member for Taunton should not, if guilty of very gross inconsistency, be compared to the changeable grasshopper upon the Royal Exchange. This inference respects that honourable gentleman merely. But there is another, touching the character of commercial men generally, which runs as follows:—"I own I am more and more distrustful of the predictions of these practical authorities," (Speech, p. 38.) Why so? Because experience has shown

* "His daily labour and his nightly toil."—*Speech of Mr Canning*, Feb. 24.

them to result from the selfish solicitude of those authorities, for their own particular interests. (Ib. p. 60.) Yet, notwithstanding this depreciatory opinion upon practical authorities, the former sanction of Mr Baring is produced, to show that Ministers are not theorists! When this sanction is adduced in defence of their measures, he is "the greatest practical authority, perhaps, this country affords;" but, when his later opinions are to be discredited, he is a weather-cock! So fare the merchants: "a prediction," in favour of the new system, is read at length and with great emphasis, and yet the House is induced to refuse the prayers of the mercantile petitioners against the system, partly by representations of their selfishness and incompetency to judge!

It is no part of my intention to follow the Right Hon. President in all his criminations of Mr Baring. One is, however, too delectable to be passed. "It was in 1825," says he, "that so many new factories were erected; so many new mills set at work; so many new looms occupied. Thus *at the very time* when, to satisfy the prediction of the Hon. Member for Taunton, this trade should have been in a state of rapid decline, the manufacturers were building to an excess that had never been equalled in the periods of their greatest prosperity." The "very time" here spoken of was February 1825; the silk trade, argues he, was then rapidly advancing instead of declining; and *thus* its predicted destruction before the arrival of July 5, 1826, is falsified!! Now, this "very time," to be worth a pin's-head as an argument against Mr Baring's prediction, should have been shown to be, not apparently only, but *really* a time of prosperity; that is, of prosperity with a prospect of continuance: yet is it actually described by the Right Hon. Gentleman, as a period of insane speculation, that speculation to which himself attributes almost exclusively the present distress of the trading community! I venture to say, in spite of the edict against all gainsayers of Ministers, that this is stark-staring nonsense—that the speech of the Right Hon. Gentleman is full of such nonsense—and that it is by such arguments as these that the country is lulled into its present somnolency! Such arguments as these are taken as

proofs that a rash and wavering ministry are cautious and surefooted!

This same *annus mirabilis* of 1825, whatever mischiefs it may have inflicted upon the country, has done the Right Honourable President no little service. This year of madness and "extravagance of speculation," enabled him to prove that our prosperity was on the increase—that the silk and wool trades were flourishing—and, *at the very time when the shipowners were petitioning Parliament against his ruinous projects, and stating the decay of British Shipping, to prove its augmentation!!* Such is the burthen of the Right Honourable Gentleman's shallow and disingenuous speech on the Navigation of the country! This, sir, which in these days of "enlightenment" is received as argument, would have been derided as nonsense a century ago. I presume that it is nonsense undeniable for any man to put forth, as indications of prosperity, those circumstances which himself has stated as palpable causes of the distress in trade. Glorious is "the march of the Intellect" in these days!

The petition of the London merchants in 1820 was re-introduced, by the Right Honourable President, as an infallible vindication of Ministers from the imputation of being theorists. "Why," says he, "do I lay *so much stress* upon this petition? For the purpose of showing that, if the government have pursued this course, we have done so, not on the recommendation of visionaries and theorists, but of practical men of business." (Speech, p. 26.) He and his colleagues are not visionaries; their advisers are not visionaries; and these are not visionaries, *because* they are merchants and traders! Good—very good! Now, how does he *know* that merchants cannot be visionary? How does he *know* that they cannot be the dupes of visionaries? Look at the petition; says he, it will prove at any rate, that *these* traders are not visionaries; for, "as I have already said, *it is not the exposition of any speculative doctrine!*" I also say, look at the petition; which, if it be not replete with doctrines conceived in the wildest spirit of speculation—is not composed of words, neither are those words composed of letters.

The petition begins properly, not at the beginning, but at resolution

sixth; the five former being a laudation, in general terms, of Free Trade, and nothing worth—the subject they were petitioning upon being the expediency, and feasibility, and humanity, of suddenly introducing such a system, under those circumstances, and relatively to those interests of the country, which have grown out of a policy the very reverse. This resolution declares, that “although the particular production which could not stand against unrestrained foreign competition would be *discouraged*; yet, as no importation could be continued, for any length of time, without a corresponding exportation, direct or indirect, there would be an encouragement, for the purpose of that exportation, of some other production, to which our situation might be better suited; thus affording at least an equal, probably a greater, and *certainly* a more beneficial employment of our capital and labour.” Foreign importations cannot diminish domestic produce!!! Now, sir, if all the Presidents the world can produce were to affirm the contrary, I would take leave to say that these petitioners have advanced a proposition most impudently opposed to known and recorded facts. Why were the laws prohibitive of India silks enacted? A century ago, the literal desertion of entire streets—the reduction of the number of looms from thousands to hundreds—the dispersion over the face of the country of an industrious population, converted, by an inundation of foreign-wrought silks, into ragged mendicants—these calamities were then thought to be a sufficient ground for legislative interference. The silks were prohibited: the streets consequently re-inhabited; the looms re-occupied; the beggars doffed their rags, and the jug and the loaf once more stood before them. But *tempora mutantur, et nos*—the political philosophers of our day tell you, that you are a fool, if you cannot contemplate with coolness a state of things the most wretched, which *may possibly* terminate, “after a length of time,” in the attainment of some prospective good! In the manufacture, whose destruction is so calmly anticipated, an immense capital is embarked, and, what is of deeper import, a large population is employed. The master is

told that he may transfer his capital, and the workman that he may turn his hand, to some other branch of trade or manufacture. But, good Mr Philosopher, it will be *painful* to us to begin the world again, and to commence a new life of self-instruction in manual dexterity—it will be *useless* to carry our labour and industry to an overstocked market, where it is not wanted. Is this fitting? Is this right? Why not? replies the Philosopher. Are we, who consume your produce, to pay you an *enormous* tax, because you cannot compete with other nations? But, sir, is that the only aspect under which the subject is to be viewed? Has not this trade been long fostered by the legislature? Have our governors a *moral* right to overthrow it so abruptly? My good friends, our governors have a right to resist every claim which is incompatible with “the advantage of mankind.” But, Mr Philosopher, is not the happiness of mankind made up of national, and national of individual happiness? Consider our families—do you *know* how long they may be without bread? Not exactly; but it is *demonstrable*, that the very importation, which brings ruin to your trade, *cannot* be continued “for any length of time,” (for any length of time!) without a corresponding exportation; and this will encourage *some* other production! and then, my friends, cannot you console yourselves with the philanthropic reflection, that you are ruined “for the advantage of mankind”?

What do you, Mr North—what can any man whose eyes, like yours, are open—think of the assertion, that this petition contains “no exposition of speculative doctrine”?

The next resolution declares, that very few of the prohibitory duties are of *any* ultimate benefit to the classes in whose favour they were instituted! I will venture to assert with confidence, that the man who penned this petition has maintained a hundred times, that *monopolists* have no right to *enrich* themselves at the public expense! 2dly, The Right Hon. admirer of this petition tells us, that “the premium of monopoly” enjoyed by the silk trade, amounts to four millions annually!* What the devil then do the petitioners mean, by saying

* This is to be “simply” transferred to the Exchequer, should the manufacture.

that it benefits not those who receive it? This proposition, involving a number of theoretical abstractions, is not "speculative doctrine!"

The next resolution *informs* the Legislature, that the reasoning upon which the prohibitory regulations are founded, *if followed consistently*, would exclude us from all foreign commerce, and even from all trading between the different counties of the kingdom—a proposition so infinitely beneath contempt, that it would be insulting the intelligence of any man, out of the ranks of modern philosophy, to add to the bare statement of it: and I defy any man to produce two pages of more glaring absurdity than those of the Right Hon. Gentleman's "luminous" speech, in which that proposition is iterated.

The next resolution expresses a wish, that the restrictive system may be investigated, because the inquiry "may lead to a *presumption*, that the prevailing distress is considerably aggravated by that system." There is nothing remarkable here, excepting its contrast with resolution 6th; in which the petitioners affirm, *with certainty*, that the present system prevents a beneficial employment of labour.

All that is advanced on the subject of retaliation may be met by the obvious suggestion—that foreign governments have their own interests, and the welfare of their compatriots to provide for; and that no state will pursue a system of retaliation, "for any length of time," to its own detriment. Are such retaliations new to us? Why should we fear the dictation of foreigners?

Resolution 13th is admirable! Though we *may endeavour* to prevail upon foreign states to meet our own, with reciprocal concessions; yet their refusal to concur should not induce us to maintain our restrictions; for these "would not be the *less* prejudicial to our own capital and industry, because other governments persisted in pursuing impolitic regulations!"

The Right Hon. President insists upon it that this petition contains "no speculative doctrine!" Do you think, sir, that doctrines more extravagant ever proceeded from the pericranium

of crack-brained enthusiast? He asserts, that the subscribers of the petition "were practical men of business." Is it not absolutely ridiculous to put forth such a document as the production of sober men of business? He says they are not visionaries. I affirm, without hesitation, that if they comprehended the propositions (and the extent thereof) which they were signing, they *are* visionaries: but if, on the contrary, not two-thirds of them, as I suspect, perceived the collateral relations and legitimate consequences of those propositions, they must be regarded as the dupes of visionaries. He adduces this petition as a proof, that his measures "are the result of public opinion!" Now, I entreat you, Mr North, to revert to the public journals, even at the date of yours, to which I have made reference; and to say whether, *two years* previously to that date, there was anything in existence like "public opinion" upon this subject? And consequently, whether the report of a committee, granted upon the prayer of a petition presented six years ago, is a sufficient ground for the denial of all future inquiry? He says, that the petitioners are men "the most competent to form a sound judgment." Why so? Because their sentiments chance to concur with those of the Right Hon. Gentleman. But since that time, the table of the House has been covered with petitions of merchants against those sentiments and views: and Ministers have accordingly and conveniently discovered, that such people are very incompetent judges upon matters concerning their own interests. He calls it a "valuable document." I confess that to me it appears that a petition can be valuable only for its proofs, or for its facts. This petition is destitute of both. As to the theoretical system which it propounds, I will be bold to say, that a dirt-pie, raised by children before a cottage-door, is not a whit more flimsy and ill-compacted. But, though I do not think it a valuable document, I allow it to be "one of no ordinary interest;" for it affords most lamentable evidence of the facility (to speak mildly) with which, in this age of progre-

fall, for the *benefit* of the revenue! It was stated in the evidence before the Lords' Committee, that the present revenue derived from this manufacture is about *seven* millions!

dient knowledge and marching intellect, the most impudent assertions are received as the most important truths. I think that petition *alone* proves that it is now a more imperative duty than ever, in grave matters of legislation, (although the Right Hon. Gentleman is pleased to think differently,) to be slow to conviction, as well as to action. For, when a determination has been once taken, there is, for the future, the precedent set up by Ministers—that is the question with which they have met the prayer for inquiry, "Has not the House inquired once?" *Experientia doceat!*

The Right Hon. Gentleman has put the question "Was the inquiry, entered into by the House of Lords, loosely conducted?" and exclaims in answer, "Certainly not." Now Mr Baring told the House—and if you will look at the report, you will find that he is literally correct—that the committee never examined the question, how far the English workman was capable of sustaining a competition with foreigners. There is a set of half-thinking people in this country, who take everything Ministers say for Scripture; but who will, by and by, find that they have been believing, when they should have investigated.

There are several other topics in the speech which I cannot follow; nor is it necessary, for you have already remarked upon them with your accustomed penetration and vigour. Its general characteristic seems to me to be that of irrelevancy. It does not address itself directly and fairly to the question; upon which, indeed, the details, not always very ingeniously selected, have very little logical bearing. The design of picturing in the most repulsive colours, and placing in the most disadvantageous light, our established commercial system, is much more apparent throughout than a studious anxiety to convince the understanding, by sound argument, of the expediency, and justice, and humanity, of the sudden destruction with which it is to be visited. We have a miserably long recapitulation of Mr Baring's former opinions—we have the Navigation Laws—the revenue laws—the laws of customs—the shipping interest—the basis of the French treaty—Dr Ainslie the iron-master—the two American gentlemen—the prevalence of smuggling—the extravagant specu-

lation and inhumanity of the Macclesfield people—the East India trade—German linens, &c. &c. ! but neither in that speech, nor anywhere else, have we anything resembling an answer to the numerous petitions presented; upon whose numerous and striking allegations was founded the prayer for delay and inquiry. The subject which the House met to discuss was, whether those representations did or did not furnish reasonable grounds for pausing to reconsider the defective evidence upon which rested a decision menacing them with ruin; and not, as it was misrepresented to be, whether the House would re-argue the comparative merits of the old and new systems. "The greatest practical authority this country affords" had declared that ministers were proceeding without inquiry and without evidence. The evidence which the petitioners offered was most striking. It has not been answered. The subject has been evaded—got rid of—argued it has not been. The evidence examined before the Lords' committee was notoriously defective; and the question had never been regularly before the Lower House.

Why, then, would it have been a delusion to grant the prayer of the petitioners? To have inquired, and to have decided conscientiously upon the evidence produced, would not, and could not, have been to practise deception. The petitioners would have been disappointed; *therefore* they should not be allowed to hope! The solicitude of ministers; be it observed, was for the petitioners. Now, every admissible ground of this kind their own instability had deprived them of. I will explain what I mean. It is one of the axioms of Lord Liverpool, that, when the legislature has once decided with deliberation, it is wisdom to act immediately upon that decision, and not to prolong a state of suspense which unsettles and confuses every transaction in trade and commerce. It seems to be also the principle of the Right Hon. President; for he has lamented the delay, which ministers have conceded to the silk-manufacturers, as a very deplorable error in judgment. That error, however, having been committed—and these manufacturers having long conflicted with the inconveniences which have sprung from that error—a little protraction of that

state of doubt and fluctuation, for the purpose of instituting an inquiry so interesting, could have been attended with no serious detriment either to them or to the public. A solicitude for their well-being was, therefore, in that stage of the proceedings, something like a pretext; and so considerable do I believe to be the change which public opinion has undergone upon this subject, that I think it possible that an investigation *might* have terminated in the discomfiture of Ministers. I verily believe, that investigation would have produced a further pause; and what that pause might have given rise to, he must be a bold prophet who would have predicted with much confidence.

If it be, as I conceive, perfectly true, that the hope which the silk-manufacturers conceived, of procuring the compliance of the legislature with their *claims*, was as reasonable as those of the Papists, do not the ministerial patrons of the latter act with gross inconsistency, when they exhibit so much delicate anxiety, in the one case, to discountenance the fallacy of that hope; and yet, in the other, concur with those who are year after year resuscitating and exciting it to inflammation? It was only two years previously to this very deprecation of inquiry, that the Right Hon. Secretary, speaking of the trite and threadbare subject of the Catholic claims—a subject which is repeated, to the nausea of the country, session after session—a subject, upon which a man might as well search for the philosopher's stone as for any novelty of argument or illustration—thus expressed himself:—"In all cases founded on truth and justice, frequent inquiry is of itself an advancement; and those who find fault with me on that principle, *tacitly admit, that their view of the subject will not bear the test of discussion.*" Were we to infer thus of those who have recently resisted the motion for inquiry, the inference would be a calumny and "senseless clamour!"—"Wonderful," as good Clement Walker said of the saints—"Wonderful is the privilege" of modern philosophers!

Surely, sir,—surely "the real jet" of the Silk question was *not*, whether

the encouragement which the prohibiting system gives to the smuggler calls for its abolition; but whether the perfection to which (according to the testimony of Mr Huskisson himself) that manufacture has attained, and the considerable population employed, and the immense capital embarked therein, did not demand greater caution and deliberation, before that system were utterly swept away. Yet this is actually represented by the Right Hon. Philosopher as a subordinate consideration! He may declare himself shocked at the appeals to his "compunction and remorse"—he may profess "the deepest sorrow" for the sufferings of that population—he may disclaim the character of an unfeeling projector, *et alia hujus notæ*; but factious men, *i. e.* men who will not swallow the dogmata of insanity with anaws of greediness—in spite of a thousand intolerant comminations fulminated by his liberal and *conciliating* colleague—will only the more obstinately and openly compare his professions with his proceedings, and the language of one page with that of another. I know not with what feelings others may have read the following passage; to me, its tone and manner, and (if I may so speak) its physiognomy, appear to be very much at variance with those professions. I am aware the case is put hypothetically; and that a belief is expressed that it will not occur; and I wish that, instead of the Encyclopedia of Politics, we had been favoured with some better reasons for that belief, than the hearsay testimony (contradicted by the evidence of the Report) respecting the wages of children; and that of the two American gentlemen. What, says the Right Honourable Gentleman, if the silk manufacture "*should* be annihilated after next July? We should not, I take it for granted, *consume* a less quantity of silk goods: *the only change* would be, that we should have them of a better quality and at a less price. But *all* the goods so consumed would, in this supposition, have paid a duty of thirty per cent on their importation; and the produce of that duty, consequently, would exceed four millions sterling. This large sum* would be levied,

* This gentleman can only see one thing at a time: he speaks of this sum as though no deduction were to be made for the loss to the revenue *inevitably* consequent upon the destruction of the manufacture.

without, in the smallest degree, abridging the comfort or enjoyment of any other class of the community. It would bring with it no increase of burthen to the consumer of silk goods, and consequently no diminution of his means of consuming other articles. It will be simply ('simply!') the premium of monopoly transferred to the Exchequer; and the capital for which this monopoly was created would be set free to give employment to other branches of industry!"—(Speech, p. 81).*

The recent proceedings, upon the important subject of Corn, are not less instructive than those upon the Silk trade.

Concluding, inductively, from the general tenor of the speeches delivered on this occasion, I think it is evident, that the main inducement of the two Houses of Parliament to concur in these extraordinary and anomalous measures, was the *pledge* (as it was called) given by Ministers, that these enactments would not prejudice the general question of the Corn-laws, when it came regularly before the Legislature! Of those measures, as they have been so sanctioned, I must not say that they are evidently insidious in their design, and insulting to the understanding—it is not allowable to say of them, that there is something paltry and shuffling upon the very face of them. I will not be abusive; but I will venture to inquire (and I believe even the *Whig* advisers of ministers will allow us *this* privilege) what that pledge means, and what it is worth? The explanation of it to be collected from the speeches of Ministers is, that they were assuring the House that the votes of members would be free on the general question. Who did not know this? Where was the necessity for any Ministerial assurance, that he who should vote for the temporary, would not be voting for the permanent, measure? It was astonishing, sir, to hear honourable gentlemen extorting *pledges* from Ministers, instead of judging for themselves of the tendency of their acts to create a prejudice against the established system throughout the country; and whether

they did not furnish intrinsic evidence of a premeditated design to introduce them, as a preparative of the public mind for the discussion to which that system is to be subjected; and for the attempt which is to be made to conform them to the new-fangled system of commerce. A *pledge* from Ministers could have no meaning, that was not absurd or irrelevant. It was nothing to the purpose to tell the House that the votes should be free and the subject *unprejudged*; and it would have been absurd to pledge themselves that it would not be *prejudiced*, for of this members should have formed their own opinions. Yet this indefinite, unmeaning phrase seems to have been productive of a feeling of confidence in Ministers, and to have determined the votes of many honourable members!

But the affirmations of Ministers, sir, should be *examined*. We should attend rather to what they prove, than to what they say. They not only assure us that it was no part of their intention that the general question should be prejudged or prejudiced; but that it *cannot* be prejudiced directly or indirectly, or in any degree, by what they have done!! *Prendrons nous tout ceci pour de l'argent comptant?* Shall we, like children, "open our mouths and shut our eyes, and see what the Minister will send us?" Or, like men of understanding, considering grave and serious matters, reflect, and weigh, and investigate? A man, the lachet of whose shoe certain inflated persons now figuring with eclat upon the stage of politics would not, were he living, be worthy to unloose, has given us excellent advice for all such cases. The man to whom I allude, is Edmund Burke; and the advice is, that they who would spare themselves the future pain of self-reproach, for having suffered themselves to be deceived, should not trust professions, but attend to conduct.

Factionous men, *i. e.* dissidents from the dicta of Ministers, will ask—Has this been done? They will prefer the advice of Edmund Burke to the wisdom of the Courier.* They will in-

* "I know, full well, that there is a glut of commodities in the country."—*Mr Huskisson's Speech, May 2, 1826.*

† "It must be highly satisfactory to the country at large, to see the large majorities, &c. We trust, that after the question has been thus met in both Houses of Parliament, there will be an end to discussions which can serve no other end than to irritate and alarm the agricultural and manufacturing interests!"—*Courier, May 12.*

quire how it cometh to pass, that the very moment which Ministers have declared to be unfit for a discussion of the Corn-laws, is not deemed equally unfit for an *infringement* of those laws, which is, upon their own confession, unnecessary?—(this is an inference, at any rate, which their own concessions will justify)—and which infringement must, of necessity, induce the very discussion deprecated?—why a time not proper for a consideration of the Corn-laws, is proper for the diffusion of insinuations and the excitement of prejudice against them? But Ministers say, that no prejudice has been or can have been excited? Ministers say! Now, have they, or have they not, at a time of distress and turbulence, *initiated* the cry of famine? Was not the price of bread low at that very time? Were not the purses of individuals freely emptied for the relief of the distressed at that very time? Have they, or have they not, taken advantage of their own irregular agitation of the subject, to stamp with their authority, and give the widest currency to the opinion, that the importation price (of their own fixing!) is a famine price? Have they not put it forth, that the object in view, in suspending the Corn-laws, was to “arrest the *progress* of famine?” Is this to create no prejudice? Ministers say not! “What!” exclaims Lord Liverpool, “are we to be told, that to lower the price of corn will afford no relief to the *half-employed* manufacturer? The population of the manufacturing districts are destitute of employment. *Bread is the means of existence*: and, in sober seriousness, we are told, that *to make bread cheap* will afford no relief!” Here we have a relief held out; from what *burthen*? The object of Ministers was “to make bread cheap:” what *obstacle*, what *impediment*, stood in the way, but that of the Corn-laws?

Will the Country Gentlemen do themselves the justice to compare these avowals with the *saying* of Ministers, that no prejudice has been excited upon the general question? Was no prejudice created when Ministers told the Agriculturist, that he could not oppose their measures, without exhibiting himself in the character of an interested monopolist? Again—when the Chancellor of the Exchequer assured himself that “*the stoutest advocate for the Corn-laws*” could not be indifferent to the distress of the manufacturers; was no prejudice created, I ask, by this censorious phraseology? Has not my Lord King declared himself to be delighted with the measures, “because they made an inroad upon the Corn-laws?” Has not the very language—the *verba ipsissima*, of Ministers been repeated upon the hustings, all over the country, during the general election? Has that language, or has it not, an immediate and palpable tendency to impress the notion, that those laws can subsist untouched and uninvaded, only in a season of perfect tranquillity! Ministers say not! How comes it to pass, that the Report* of their travelling economist, Mr Jacob, a Report (it appears) quadrating strangely with their preconceived theories—is put forth, just at a time so improper for discussion? Is this not calculated to create prejudices? No, say the Ministers! Do the Agriculturists think so? I entreat the Agriculturists to put on their spectacles, and to read the following passage, from a speech of Mr Huskisson’s, on the 2d of May last:—“He knew that the importation of foreign corn must be beneficial to the public. The importation of foreign corn would increase credit, *promote the sale of goods*, and relieve many classes of the manufacturers from difficulties. The cotton manufacturers produced two-thirds of their goods, not

* I have not read that production, but I have seen an extract, from which I gather *ex pede*, that the argument of Mr Jacob is, that agriculture is in a state of depression on the Continent; and, therefore, is not likely to injure us by competition. If this *be* his argument, it may be overturned by the question, will not our encouragement quickly revive it? And by the fact, that it is not very long since immense quantities of the finest corn that ever grew, was left in the continental fields to rot, because it would not have paid the expenses of reaping and housing! What would be the consequences of one such season or two, should the circumstance recur? We have the authority of Lord Liverpool for saying, that a long course of years would not repair the injury inflicted on the country. Ministers seem to have taken a jaunt together to the waters of Lethe!

for home consumption but the foreign market; and if they could *increase foreign demand* by allowing the importation of foreign corn, they would do much for that class of manufacturers. The evil so much complained of having arisen from over-trading, they could only afford aid by reviving demand. *The measures proposed would have a tendency to that object.*"* Here we have "in little" what *will* be the speech of the President when the subject comes before Parliament; yet nothing, Ministers *say*, has been done to excite prejudice! The fallacious sophistry of the paragraph I must pass. I ask once more, are the dictatorial assertions of such "swivel-headed" men as these philosophical neophytes to be received with implicit reverence?

It will not be disputed, I presume, by the most adhesive of ministerial sticklers, that a power of dispensing with an established law not preceded by due inquiry—a power whose concession involves, as that of this does, a most pernicious precedent; unsettling, as this irregular power granted to Ministers has done, every transaction in that branch of trade; and prejudicing the unthinking against a beneficial law, as one which impedes the advance of public prosperity—it will not be denied that a power of this kind should never be yielded up into the hands of any Ministry, far less into those of an administration so fickle and vacillating, without the justification of a necessity both evident and *imminent*. Now, 1. There was no one circumstance which could be tortured into an indication of approaching scarcity; on the contrary, the low price of corn rendered its improbability extreme. Yet this is called "an emergency."† 2. Had such indications appeared, Parliament might have been summoned in a few days,

if the exercise of the royal prerogative were deemed objectionable; and it cannot be pretended that so short a delay could, by possibility, have operated as an obstacle to measures anticipative of scarcity, a calamity which, if "coming," would certainly have "sent its shadow before." 3. Mr. Huskisson is reported to have expressed his Opinion, in the debate of April 18, "that the distress then prevailing would only be aggravated by a reduction of the price of corn."‡ 4. Some of the greatest landholders in England had declared that they had never seen so large a quantity of corn in the stack-yards. 5. It was shown that the stock in Ireland is, and is likely to continue, very abundant. 6. The quantity of corn to be thrown into consumption, was only a few days supply, (I believe seven or eight.) 7. It was declared by Mr Peel, on the 11th May, that the improbability of the contemplated "emergency" amounted almost to certainty! Now, it appears to me, sir, however calumnious that opinion may be, that a necessity compatible with such facts as these, is a necessity which may be adduced at any time, and for any purpose, by a Minister with an almost unanimous Parliament at his command. Would any Minister not possessing that advantage bring forward such propositions?

I believe that the arguments offered in defence of these measures, were such as the walls of Parliament never reverberated, until these extraordinary days of bloated pretension and real superficiality. One part of the Ministry denying that they were propounded as a relief—another indignantly rebutting, as laughable, the notion that they would *not* produce relief! One Minister denying that the Corn-laws had anything to do with the distress; and yet, in the very next sentence,

* The reader is requested to compare these with his opinions subsequently cited.

† Is it not of the essence of an "emergency," that it shall *appear*?

‡ "If they were to effect an instantaneous reduction in the price of wheat, and other articles of consumption; instead of relieving the distress, it would only tend to aggravate it, and so destroy the *best hope* of its speedy termination. It would lessen the hope of its termination; because, in the *present state of foreign commerce*, the best hope of relief was in the *internal power of consumption*." Yet we have this very same man recommending, one fortnight afterwards, amidst "enthusiastic cheers," the project of an importation of foreign corn, for the *express purpose* of creating a *foreign demand*!!! I quote his speech from the Morning Post.

asking, whether the price of corn had no influence in producing that distress! Another arguing, that the change which the Currency has undergone, was a reason for an alteration in the Corn-laws — this same Minister having, some time ago, admitted that change to be detrimental to the property of the Agriculturist! Another Minister justified the course pursued, by adverting to the censures passed upon the Ministry of 1766, for advising the exercise of the royal prerogative, instead of applying to Parliament; the ground of the censure being this, that "the indications of distress" (that is, of *scarcity*, be it remarked) "were plain enough long before the dissolution of Parliament;" yet this is declared to be a case perfectly similar to the present; in which, upon the acknowledgment of Ministers themselves, no such indications had appeared, or were at all likely to appear! These enactments were not to be drawn into precedent. Indeed! What, then, is the meaning of the following words of Mr Huskisson's:—"It was *only* adopting, in 1826, the measure resorted to in 1825!" Ministers said

that had they advised the exercise of the royal prerogative, they *must*, when they came to ask for an indemnity, have gone into the general question of the Corn-laws—in the teeth of the fact, that they *had* persuaded Parliament to sanction an infringement of those laws; and, at the same time, to abstain from that discussion!! They were defended on the ground, too, that they would benefit the Agriculturist!!!

I confess, sir, that I cannot see propositions so monstrous assented to as implicitly as though they were the clearest truths. I cannot hear those who advance them tell the landholder—"striving to make an ugly deed look fair"—that agriculture will be benefited by the *ulterior changes* to which their proceedings evidently point—changes which they who are introducing them, recently deprecated in the strongest terms of condemnation—I cannot behold and hear these things—I cannot view the progress of this unhallowed conspiracy of quacks and projectors—and imitate the serenity of the Country Gentlemen of England!

The line of demarcation between sincerity and tergiversation is, for the most part, a pretty broad one. The *discrimen* is not often very obscure. Which of the two is most conspicuous in the following examples, is an inquiry totally foreign to the object of these strictures; which are merely designed to bear upon the pretensions of our modern philosophers to the character of enlightened statesmen. Those examples may assist the judgment, materially, in determining how far the appeals to their past conduct are an admissible ground of present confidence; and may also, perhaps, have the effect of directing the public attention—which has been too much occupied with the "blarney" which glides so easily from the tongue, about patriotic views and benevolent intentions—to the dangerous infatuation of men suddenly enamoured of a new system, and blinded, by the poor ambition of being its founders, to consequences from which our scared imagination is glad to take refuge in the present aspect of things. In one column will be found the discarded opinions of Ministers; in the other, those which they have taken up.

"Although, as a matter of mere diplomacy, it may sometimes answer to hold out the removal of particular prohibitions on (or) high duties, as depending upon corresponding concessions by other states in our favour, it does not follow that we should maintain our restrictions, in cases where the desired concessions on their part cannot be obtained; our restrictions would not be the less prejudicial to our own capital and industry, because other governments persisted in pursuing impolitic regulations." — *Mr Huskisson's Speech, Feb. 24, 1826.*

"In many respects I agree with the noble marquis, that it would be better if we could remove the duties, *provided we could obtain correspondent advantages*. But, when I perceive that, on the subject of our manufactures, the greatest possible jealousy exists at this moment in the various countries of Europe, and particularly in France, I feel all the difficulties of the case, and the influence which that jealousy *must necessarily* have on our policy." — *Earl of Liverpool's Speech, May 26, 1820.* — Mr Huskisson said, in his speech, Feb. 23, 1815, that other countries could not be put in the same rela-

Feb. 24, 1824.—The demand of Mr Ellice, that the silk manufacturer should be put in a condition to rival the foreigner before the trade were thrown open, was combated by Mr Peel, who asserted the silk manufacture to be no more exotic than the cotton or linen.

Ministers have come to the resolution of adopting the system of Free Trade, trusting to the *possible* influence of our example in leading other countries to do the same.

Lord Liverpool (May 11, 1826) "did not look upon the Corn-laws as a great constitutional question, settled upon a fixed and permanent system, and secured by fixed and permanent enactments, but as a subject variable in its nature, and which must necessarily conform to time and the circumstances of the country. Are we to continue unchanged a system of Corn-laws, because it worked well before our manufactures arose, or our population became dense?"*—Lord Liverpool, May 23, 1826. His Lordship declares himself to be "anxious for an alteration in the Corn-laws," which, said he, cannot be considered a permanent enactment. May 11, 1826.—He would have the protection afforded to the Agriculturist made relative to the condition of the manufacturer. We are now told that the people are to have cheap bread, and the means by which that is to be effected are importations from abroad. We are now told that wages are lowered; and are asked, whether it is of no consequence at what price the poor man eats his loaf.

The amount of the foregoing sentiments, *pugnancia inter secum*, is this—The Corn-laws, and the mighty and paramount interests which they protect, were, a few years ago, produced in argument, to show the *impossibility* of Free Trade. For the sake of this *impossible* Free Trade—of this comparatively trifling interest—that *necessary*, that *vitally important*, system of Corn-laws is to be abolished!

tive position, with respect to ourselves as Ireland—"Ireland received our manufactures, but were we sure that other countries would do so?"

The Earl of Liverpool observed (May 26, 1820), that the cotton, and, he believed, the wool trade, need not fear abolition; "but with respect to silk, that manufacture was *so completely artificial*, that any attempt to introduce the principles of Free Trade with reference to it, might put an end to it altogether—I allow that the silk manufacture is *not natural* in this country—I wish we never had had a silk manufacture—but I must look at things as they are."

"In commerce, as in the ordinary relations of life, knowledge and confidence derived from previous certainty, are the most advantageous guides."—Lord Liverpool's Speech, May 26, 1820.

In May 26, 1820, Lord Liverpool declared his conviction, that there are no such certain means of aggravating agricultural distress as *the perpetual tampering with it, by the adoption of new measures and new laws*. He said (*ib.*) that, under the operation of the Corn-laws, we cannot go to foreign countries on the principle of reciprocal advantage—"With what propriety may not those countries say to us, 'If you talk so big of the advantages of commerce—if you value so highly the doctrines of Adam Smith—show your sincerity and your justice, by the establishment of a reciprocal intercourse? Admit our agricultural produce, and we will admit your manufactures. Your Lordships know that it would be impossible to accede to such a proposition.' He (Lord Liverpool) did not mean to undervalue our commerce or manufactures; but, when put in competition with the immense resources to be derived from the certainty of a *domestic supply* of the first necessity of life, they were *completely trifling*."—Speech, March 13, 1815.—"The success of our manufactures does not depend upon cheapness of labour."—*Ib.*

* Did not manufactures arise before 1822? and was not our population dense before that year?

Now that the Ministers are averse to the Corn-laws, they are endeavouring to propagate a belief, that the sentiments of the Agriculturists favour the change which is contemplated!—See *Lord Liverpool's Speech, May 24, 1826.*

"If it were true (and he put it to every agricultural gentleman in the House, that 60s. would now buy as much as 80s. in 1815), he (Lord Liverpool) would ask, with whom did the absurdity rest of making the rule of 1815 applicable to that of 1826?"—*Speech, May 11, 1826.*

In 1822, Lord Liverpool declared, that in peace every effort ought to be made to reduce the public debt, and so indispensable was an efficient sinking fund, that he was willing to stand or fall by it. Have ministers maintained such a sinking fund? No. Has every effort been made to reduce the debt? No. For, if I mistake not, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is now applying the saving of several years to the introduction of his Free Trade system. Yet, these men are indignant if you tell them they have departed from the principles of Mr Pitt!

"As all the bearings and consequences of an alteration so extensive in its operations cannot be calculated with certainty, the measure," (*i. e.* a most important change in the Navigation Laws, &c.) "may be modified, or, if necessary, absolutely revoked!"—*Report of the House of Commons on Foreign Trade, 1821.*

In May 1820, Lord Liverpool thought that, though the abolition of the restrictive system might contract the profits of the smuggler, it would be of no material advantage as it restricted our trade and manufactures.

The Agriculturists will perhaps appreciate that assertion correctly, when they have heard the following passage:—"It was not now supposed, that the object sought to be accomplished by the alteration in the Corn-laws, (*i. e.* by the establishment of 80s. as the importing price,) was the mean, base, and paltry one, of getting for a particular class a certain profit at the expense of the rest."—*Mr Robinson's Speech, Feb. 17, 1815.*

Admitting all this (for argument's sake) to be true in 1815, it was not true in 1820; and then his Lordship said, "There ought to be no more change in the present policy of the Corn-laws than in the present system of Currency."

"It is utterly impossible, with our debt and taxation—even if they were but half their present amount"—that we can suddenly adopt the system of Free Trade. To do so, would be to unbinge the whole property of the country—to make a change in the value of every man's possessions," &c.—*Lord Liverpool's Speech, May 1820.*

"It seems to me to be of the utmost importance that the public, and the world, should understand—that we are acting on a fixed system, and that they may not entertain any apprehension that we may be induced to tamper with the existing arrangements."—*Lord Liverpool's Speech, May 1820.* "If every year there is to be a change in our commercial laws, no man, or body of men, can know on what they are to rely under such a course (*query, curse?*) of policy. Neither the merchants of this country, nor those of foreign nations, will be able to confide in us, and our distress, instead of being relieved, will be multiplied tenfold."—*Lord Liverpool's Speech, ib.*

The Right Honourable Secretary anticipates, from that abolition, "increasing prosperity and growing strength to the country."—*Speech, Feb. 24, 1826.*

* Was not the debt then 821 millions? Is it not now 843 millions?

Very few of the prohibitory duties "are of any ultimate benefit to the classes in whose favour they were originally made."—*Mr Huskisson's Speech, Feb. 21, 1824.*

An argument!—"If," says Mr Huskisson, as I am told, children can earn only 1s. 6d. a-week, (the *Lords' Report* has it 2s. 6d.) let us not talk of the difference in labour between this country and France!"—A pretty bit of logic that!

They who objected to the restrictive system with reference to corn, "did not reflect on this circumstance, that they were flourishing, and realizing immense wealth, by the adoption of a similar principle."—*Mr Robinson's Speech, March 17, 1815.*

In May 1820, Lord Liverpool told the House of Lords that the price of labour "was heavy in England—in France a mere trifle."

Further Sentiments of Mr Huskisson.

He deprecated the dependance of this country upon foreigners for a supply of corn. Should they withhold it from us, the evil which they (foreigners) would suffer, would be merely a loss of revenue; but those inflicted upon us might be revolution and the subversion of the state.—*Speech, May 20, 1820.* He denied that the importation price would necessarily be the market price. "This proposition was completely contradicted by facts."—*Speech, Feb. 28, 1815.* "The object of the Corn Bill, was to give the consumer a lower price in a given number of years.—*Speech, March 3, 1815.* "It kept the ports open, and no more could be done for times of scarcity."—*Ibid.* "Ireland had, from being within the memory of man an importing country, by our encouragement alone, been made an exporting country. *Would not other countries, so encouraged, do what Ireland had done?*"—*Feb. 23, 1815.* He contended that the capital of the agriculturist was so amalgamated with the general improvements of the land, in draining, embanking, &c. that it was impossible to withdraw it, as might be done in commercial speculations. *The capital, therefore, so invested, would be so much national wealth thrown away.*—*Ib.* *Nothing could be more delusive than the opinion that cheap provisions were always a benefit; on the contrary, cheapness, without a demand for labour, was a symptom of distress.*—*Ib.* He maintained that, "unless the Corn Bill were adopted, the people of this country would, ere long, be compelled to eat foreign bread, and to eat it at a dear price."—*March 10, 1815.*

Further Sentiments of the Earl of Liverpool.

The circumstances of those petty republics, whose policy it was to admit foreign corn, were totally different from ours—a nation of ten, fifteen, or twenty millions, could not suffer itself to be dependant upon foreign supplies for the necessities of life, without the most palpable impolicy, and the greatest danger.—*Speech, March 15, 1815.* Alluding to the protection afforded to silks, woollens, cottons, &c. he begged their lordships to consider what would be the condition of the agricultural interest, if it were to be left without similar encouragement. So totally did he differ from the opinion that commerce ought to be free and unrestrained, that even were an entirely new system to be adopted, he would say that, as far as respected the interest of the corn-grower, and of the navigation of the country, some protection ought to be given. *Though every other species of industry were left free and unrestrained, these, in his opinion, ought to receive PARTICULAR encouragement, if other countries acted upon the same system.*—*Ib.* Having remarked that, during the war, hemp had been raised to nearly three times its price by our dependance upon foreign powers, he asked, "what would be the consequences if we were dependent in the same way for the necessary articles of subsistence upon foreign nations, who might raise their price, or withhold them at pleasure?" "It was a reliance upon our own resources, which had falsified the predictions of those who, at the close of the American war, had said that the sun of this country had set never to rise again." "If the bill were rejected, and capital in consequence withdrawn from agriculture, fifty years might be necessary to replace us in our present situation." Speaking of the vast number of inclosure bills which had been passed since the year 1792, he said, "Indeed every man's observation, in passing from one part of the country to another, must be sufficient to convince him of the great and favourable change which had taken place in that respect. Whole districts, and immense tracts of hitherto unproductive land, had been broken up and filled." He admitted that, in many instances, this had been a forced operation; but what an augmentation had it occasioned of public and individual wealth!"—*Ib.*

Farther Sentiments of Mr Robinson.

"He did not think there was *anything* so radically wrong in the present system of Corn Laws, as to induce an alteration."—*Speech, May 8, 1820.* The Corn Bill was intended, and he thought calculated, to lower the price of corn in the long run, and so reduce the high rents. (Those, he meant, which had been raised by the speculations of landholders, on a very high price of grain.)—*March 3, 1815.* He reminded the House, that this country had proceeded from time immemorial on a system of restriction; and that "*we could not depart from it without encountering a frightful revolution, which it would be dreadful to combat.*"—*Speech, Feb. 17, 1815.* "The measure he was proposing was founded upon the impossibility that we could ever have an unlimited supply to make up for those deficiencies, which, if the poorer lands were thrown out of cultivation, must certainly be created. In such a state of things, he was convinced that the country would be always afflicted with want and scarcity. For a time there might be abundance; but, in the long run, we should be reduced to a state of very great want and distress. In the first place, suppose that, relying upon the importation of foreign corn, and paying for it at a lower rate, as we might do—suppose the consequence of this to be, that our own produce were diminished—suppose, in this situation of things, a scarcity should occur both abroad and at home—in that case, we could not get foreign corn; and we should have to contend with a double deficiency. Therefore he was of opinion, on the whole, that, not only our security would be greater, but that the price of corn would be even cheaper by home cultivation, than by depending on foreign countries."—*Ib.* He then goes on to say, that a thousand circumstances might affect the price of corn; for example, a war. He adverted to the duty, under the payment of which the French had prohibited the export of grain; and observed, that in the case of this duty being raised indefinitely, "*the adherence to a foreign supply would be fatal to the agricultural interest; and with that the manufacturing interest must fall.*"—*Ib.* The general result of his reasoning was, that it was quite impossible for us to rely on a foreign importation. "If we did, the necessary effect would be, a diminution of our own produce, which (*i. e.* which diminution) would become more and more extensive every year, and consequently call for a greater annual supply from foreign countries. The effect would be exactly as he had before stated—*extraordinary misery and confusion.*"—*Ib.* "The effect of the Corn Bill would be, by exciting competition between the different parts of the empire, to promote a growth of corn; which, if Providence blessed us with favourable seasons, would amply supply the people of this country, and enable them to be fed at a much cheaper rate, in the long run, than could be effected by the adoption of any other system!!!"

Such, sir, are the political tenets recently maintained by Ministers! Such are the self-same opinions, for the retention of which gentlemen of honour are now proscribed, by these self-same Ministers, as men of little minds—as calumniators—as men impelled by envy—as men struggling against all improvement, and exerting themselves "to roll back the tide of civilization"—as enemies to their country and to their kind!! It would have been, instead of abusing us, more reasonable, I think, in these men of Marching Intellect—having actually faced to the right about—to have paused a little in their new position; or, at any rate, if the altered circumstances of the world—that is, being interpreted, the crotchets they have got into their heads—must perforce impel them in the opposite direction, to have "marched" in ordinary time. But because we cannot and will not follow them

at the charging trot, to bear down those institutions, which themselves have taught us to esteem as our safeguards—as barriers protecting us from want, perhaps from revolution and anarchy—no phrase in the vituperative dictionary is too harsh for us! Be it so! Let our consolation be, that the voices which are loudest in the glorification of these men of levity, are those of traders in politics, who are getting hoary, and of newly-hatched politicians, who are just waddling forth "with the shell upon their heads."

The Corn-laws, yesterday a bulwark of safety; to-day a dead weight upon national prosperity—yesterday their tendency was to lower prices in a series of years; to-day to diminish the poor man's loaf (Out upon such disgusting cant!)—The fair protecting price of yesterday is to-day a "famine price"—the man who yes-

terday was horror-struck at the prospective consequences of their abolition, will to-day have the face to tell him, who expresses any apprehension at the same results, that he is a ninny or a knave—yesterday impossible to rely upon foreign importation; to-day impossible to do without it—cheap prices yesterday a relative, to-day a positive good—yesterday perfectly clear that our encouragement of continental agriculture must diminish our own, to the serious detriment of the state; to-day a "travelling Economist" is dispatched in quest of information, abroad, and, of course, brings home the politico-economical opinion, that this country ought to become an importing one—to decide against that encouragement, was yesterday prudence and wisdom; to-day it is pusillanimous jealousy—the habitual importation of corn, a policy yesterday fit only for a petty republic; to-day the most proper for a great empire—were we sure that foreigners would take our manufactures? the question of yesterday; whether they do or not, a matter of no import to-day—the two great interests of yesterday were Navigation and Agriculture; to-day the Agriculturist is told, that his condition must fluctuate with that of the manufacturer—it was reliance upon our own resources which averted the predicted ruin of this country—so yesterday; to-day such policy as this is exemplified by telling us, that "the best sample of it is to be found in Spain!!" *Taceat superata vetustas!*

This is "the March of Intellect"—this is "to apply the refinements of Philosophy to the affairs of common life"—is it? Well may that fervid disciple of the new school, who tells us so, apologize for the introduction of the word "Philosophy." "Odious!" The word, sir, is sickening—it vellecates the frame like a dose of ipecacuanha. It may be philosophy, in its modern acceptation, to shut our eyes to the day-beam of experience and

probability, those "Guides of Life," and to grope after "such stuff as dreams are made of," with the farthing-candle of possible contingency; but wisdom I am sure it is not. An empirical philosophy should be restricted to retorts, and gallipots, and crucibles: it is not fitting that its baleful and accursed interference should extend "to the affairs of common life"—to the feelings and interests of living men. This, sir, is neither wisdom nor honesty. *Ce n'est pas un jeu, que d'être au timon d'état.*

If—as the Right Honourable Secretary for the Home Department says—every Jew-broker in Europe is as well acquainted with our affairs as we are ourselves, every foreigner will naturally ask—as one of the ablest men in Europe has asked—"What confidence can be felt that, in a few years, our Ministers may not be again visited by a fresh illumination?" And what security is there? Do not they tell us—as a merchant would, speaking of a load of Cheshire cheese—that if the system does not "answer," we can change back again?—as though they could reinstate those, whom their quackery may ruin, in the places which they have occupied in society!! That interrogatory—if it have now a hundred times more force than when it was put by Mr Tierney five years ago—should now, I think, induce another, namely, whether men, whose conduct has discovered to view an almost feminine caprice and fickleness—men who turn their principles inside out, as a frippier does a garment—whether THESE are the men in whose hands the destinies of this great country, at this astounding crisis, should be suffered to remain? and whether that reputation and respect abroad, which has hitherto been our chief strength, is not in danger—from their despicable instability of counsels—of being supplanted by a feeling of contempt?

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

R. R. R.

WILSON'S AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

No. II.

ALMOST the whole world of natural history lies open, at this moment, for the use of a popular and philosophical Magazine. We do not mean that any judicious editor would meddle with its vocabularies and nomenclatures; but his great object ought to be to describe the minds and manners of the animals of the inferior creation, their characters and pursuits. With the general history of the kinds should be intermingled biographical sketches of distinguished individuals—a lion, for example, as celebrated for his humanity as Dick Martin—a tiger who has made as much noise in the world as Cobbett or Hunt—an elephant of extraordinary parts—a dog of genius—a queer fish—a parrot of great conversational powers—a Joe Miller of a starling—or a precocious sparrow, that has shown an ear for music, and been taught to play on the fiddle.

Know all men, then, by these presents, that this is not only No. II. of Wilson's American Ornithology, (for the two first volumes of which we beg leave to return our thanks to our worthy and prosperous friends Messrs MacLachlan and Stewart, booksellers, opposite the College, and well known to the students thereof,) but No. II. of a series of articles on natural history in general. We need not any assistance on this subject, any more than on any other, as we are complete masters of it in all its principles and details, theory and practice; yet should any first-rate scientific zoologist, or any curious observer of the ways of animals, choose to send us communications thereon, they may lay their account with meeting that brotherly reception which naturalists give one another all over the world, and with being treated with that urbanity and politeness which marked the character of a Barrington, a Banks, and a Montague, and still distinguishes that of a Bewick, a Kirby, a Spence, and the anonymous originator of the present series.

We willingly return to Wilson's American Ornithology—a work which, from its splendour and expensiveness, can be in very few hands; and which treats delightfully of the most charm-

ing creatures, next to ourselves, in the creation.

In an age like this, so boastful of originality, the very name of the MOCKING-BIRD seems to reproach its possessor with a want of genius. Yet the truth is, that this celebrated and extraordinary bird, in extent of vocal powers, stands unrivalled by the whole feathered songsters of the world. America has reason to be proud of him; he is their greatest dramatic author—their Shakespeare. He inhabits a very considerable extent of both North and South America—has been traced from the States of New England to Brazil, and also among the adjacent islands. They are, however, much more numerous in those States south, than in those north of the river Delaware. A warm climate, and low country, not far from the sea, seem most congenial to their nature; and accordingly the species is less numerous to the west than east of the great range of the Alleghany, in the same parallels of latitude.

The precise time at which the Mocking-Bird begins to build his nest varies according to the latitude in which he resides. In the lower parts of Georgia, he commences building early in April; but in Pennsylvania, rarely before the tenth of May; and in New York, and the States of New England, still later. A solitary thorn-bush—an almost impenetrable thicket—an orange-tree, cedar, or holly-bush, are favourite spots, and frequently selected. It is no great objection with him, that these happen, sometimes, to be near the town or mansion-house; always ready to defend, but never over anxious to conceal his nest, he very often builds within a small distance of the house, and not unfrequently in a pear or apple-tree, rarely at a greater height than six or seven feet from the ground. During the period of incubation, neither cat, dog, animal nor man, can approach the nest without being attacked. The cats, in particular, are persecuted whenever they make their appearance, till obliged to retreat.

“But his whole vengeance is most par-

ticularly directed against that mortal enemy of his eggs and young, the black snake. Whenever the insidious approaches of that reptile are discovered, the male darts upon it with the rapidity of an arrow, dexterously eluding its bite, and striking it violently and incessantly about the head, where it is very vulnerable. The snake soon becomes sensible of its danger, and seeks to escape; but the intrepid defender of his young redoubles his exertions, and unless his antagonist be of great magnitude, often succeeds in destroying him. All its pretended powers of fascination avail it nothing against the vengeance of this noble bird. As the snake's strength begins to flag, the Mocking-Bird seizes and lifts it up, partly from the ground, beating it with his wings, and when the business is completed, he returns to the repository of his young, mounts the summit of his bush, and pours out a torrent of song in token of victory."

Mr Wilson thus beautifully and enthusiastically describes his singing:—

"The plumage of the Mocking-Bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it; and had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice, but his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and in laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the Wood-thrush, to the savage scream of the bald Eagle. In measure and accent, he faithfully follows his original. In force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is the strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at the most five or six syllables; generally in-

terspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued, with undiminished ardour, for half an hour, or an hour at a time. His expanded wings and tail glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy—he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; and, as my friend Mr Bartram has beautifully expressed it—'He bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain.' While thus exerting himself, a by-stander destitute of sight, would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates; even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic; and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates, or dive, with precipitation, into the depth of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the Sparrow-hawk.

"The Mocking-Bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect its injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great rapidity and truth. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quavering of the Canary, and the clear whistling of the Virginia Nightingale, or Red Bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

"This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the Brown Thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of Cocks: and the warblings of the Blue-bird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens; amidst the simple melody of the

Robin, we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the Whippoorwill; while the notes of Kildeer, Blue Jay, Martin, Baltimore, and twenty others, succeed, with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover with astonishment, that the sole performer in this singular concert is the admirable bird now before us.

"During this exhibition of his powers, he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstacy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the live-long night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighbourhood ring with his inimitable medley."

Mr Wilson is excessively irate with the Hon. Daines Barrington for a communication of his in the Philosophical Transactions respecting the Mocking-Bird. He thinks that distinguished naturalist shows a prejudiced mind against the Mocking-Bird, probably on the score of his being an American citizen. "The Nightingale, if he should sing by day, when every goose is cackling, would," in Shakespeare's opinion, "be thought no better a musician than a Hen." What, then, must we think of that bird, who, in the glare of day, when a multitude of songers are straining their throats in melody, overpowers all competition; and, by the superiority of his voice, expression, and action, not only attracts every ear, but frequently strikes dumb his mortified rivals? when the silence of night, as well as the bustle of day, bears witness to his melody; and when even in captivity, in a foreign country, he is declared by the best judges in that country to be fully equal to the song of the sweetest bird, (the Nightingale,) *in its whole compass?* The supposed degradation of his song, by the introduction of extraneous sounds and unexpected imitations, is, Mr Wilson argues, one of the chief excellencies of this bird; as these changes give a perpetual novelty to his strain, keep attention constantly awake, and impress every hearer with a deep interest in what is to follow. In short, he concludes, if we believe in the truth of that mathematical

axiom, that the whole is greater than a part, that all that is excellent and delightful, amusing or striking, in the music of birds, must belong to *that* admirable songster, whose vocal powers are equal to the whole compass of their ablest strains.

Nature in every department of her work seems to delight in variety, and the HUMMING-BIRD is almost as singular for its minuteness, beauty, want of song, and manner of feeding, as the MOCKING-BIRD is for unrivalled excellence of notes, and plainness of plumage. Though this interesting and beautiful genus of birds, comprehends upwards of seventy species, all of which, with a very few exceptions, are natives of America and its adjacent islands, it is yet singular that only one species (the *Trochilus Colubris*) ever visits the territory of the United States. It makes its first appearance in Georgia about the twenty-third of March; and as it passes on to the northward as far as the interior of Canada, (M'Kenzie speaks of seeing "a beautiful Humming-bird" near the head of the Ungwah or Peace River, in lat. 54°) the wonder is excited how so feebly-constructed and delicate a little creature can make its way over such extensive regions of lakes and forests, among so many enemies, all its superiors in strength and magnitude. But its very minuteness, the rapidity of its flight, which almost eludes the eye, and that admirable instinct, reason, or whatever else it may be called, and daring courage which Heaven has implanted in its bosom, are its guides and protectors. In them we may also see the reason why an all-wise Providence has made this little hero an exception to a rule which prevails almost universally through nature, viz. that the smallest species of a tribe are the most prolific. The Eagle lays one, sometimes two eggs; the Crow five; the Titmouse seven or eight; the small European Wren fifteen; the Humming-bird *two*; and yet this latter is evidently more numerous in America than the Wren is in Europe.

About the twenty-fifth of April the Humming-bird usually arrives in Pennsylvania, and about the tenth of May begins to build its nest. This is generally fixed on the upper side of a horizontal branch, not among the twigs, but on the body of the branch itself.

Sometimes it is fastened on a strong rank stalk, or weed in the garden. The nest is about an inch in diameter, and as much in depth. The outward coat is formed of small pieces of a species of blueish grey lichen, that vegetates in old trees and fences, thickly glued with the saliva of the bird, giving firmness and consistency to the whole, as well as keeping out moisture. Within there are thick-matted layers of the fine wings of certain flying seeds, closely laid together; and lastly the downy substance from the great mul-lion, and from the stalks of the common pear, lines the whole. The base of the nest is combined round the stem of the branch, to which it closely adheres; and when viewed from below, appears a mossy knot, or accidental protuberance. On a person approaching the nest, the little proprietors dart round with a hurrying noise, passing frequently within a few inches of one's head, and should the young be new hatched, the female will re-sume her place on the nest even while you stand within a yard or two of the spot.

"The Humming-bird is extremely fond of tabular flowers, and I have often stopt with pleasure to observe his manœuvres among the blossoms of the trumpet flower. When arrived before a thicket of them that are full-blown, he poises, or suspends himself on wing for the space of two or three seconds, so steadily, that his wings become invisible, or only like a mist; and you can plainly distinguish the pupil of his eye looking round with great quickness and circumspection; the glossy golden green of his back, and the fire of his throat, dazzling in the sun, form altogether a most interesting appearance.

"The position into which his body is usually thrown while in the act of thrusting his slender tabular tongue into the flower, to extract its sweets, is exhibited in the figure on the plate. When he alights, which is frequently, he always prefers the small dead twigs of a tree or bush, where he dresses and arranges his plumage with great dexterity. His only note is a single chirp, not louder than that of a small cricket or grasshopper, generally uttered when passing from flower to flower, or when engaged in fight with his fellows; for when two males meet at the same bush or flower, a battle instantly takes place, and the combatants ascend in the air, chirping, darting, and circling around each other, till

the eye is no longer able to follow them. The conqueror, however, generally returns to the place, to reap the fruits of his victory. I have seen him attack, and for a few moments tease the King-bird; and have also seen him in his turn assailed by a humble Bee, which he soon puts to flight. He is one of those few birds that are universally beloved; and amidst the sweet dewy serenity of a summer's morning, his appearance among the arbours of honeysuckles and beds of flowers, is truly interesting—

When morning dawns, and the blest sun again
Lifts his red glories from the eastern main,
Then through the woodbines, wet with glittering
dews,

The flower-fed Humming-Bird his round pursues;
Sips with inserted tube the honeyed blooms,
And chirps his gratitude as round he roams;
While richest roses, though in crimson drest,
Shrink from the splendour of his gorgeous breast.
What heavenly tints in mingling radiance fly—
Each rapid movement gives a different dye;
Like scales of burnish'd gold they dazzling show,
Now sink to shade—now like a furnace glow!

"The singularity of this little bird has induced many persons to attempt to raise them from their nest, and accustom them to the cage. Mr Coffer of Fairfax County, Virginia, a gentleman who has paid great attention to the manners and peculiarities of our native birds, told me, that he raised and kept two for some months in a cage; supplying them with honey dissolved in water, on which they readily fed. As the sweetness of the liquid frequently brought small flies and gnats about the cage and cup, the birds amused themselves by snapping at them on wing, and swallowing them with eagerness, so that these insects formed no inconsiderable part of their food. Mr Charles Wilson Peale, proprietor of the Museum, tells me that he had two young Humming-birds which he raised from the nest. They used to fly about the room, and would frequently perch on Mr Peale's shoulder to be fed. When the sun shone strongly in the chamber, he has observed them darting after the motes that floated in the light, as Flycatchers would after flies. In the summer of 1803, a nest of young Humming-birds was brought me, that were nearly fit to fly. One of them actually flew out by the window the same evening, and falling against a wall, was killed. The other refused food, and the next morning I could but just perceive that it had life. A lady in the house undertook to be its nurse, placed it in her bosom, and as it began to revive, dissolved a little sugar in her mouth, into which she thrust its bill, and it sucked with great avidity. In this manner it was brought up until fit for the cage. I kept it upwards of three months, supplied it

with loaf-sugar dissolved in water, which it preferred to honey and water, gave it fresh flowers every morning sprinkled with the liquid, and surrounded the space in which I kept it with gauze, that it might not injure itself. It appeared gay, active, and full of spirits, hovering from flower to flower, as upon its native wilds, and always expressed by its motions and chirping, great pleasure at seeing fresh flowers introduced into its cage. Numbers of people visited it from motives of curiosity, and I took every precaution to preserve it, if possible, through the winter. Unfortunately, however, by some means it got at large, and flying about the room, so injured itself, that it soon after died.

"This little bird is extremely susceptible of cold, and if long deprived of the animating influence of the sun-beams, droops and soon dies. A very beautiful male was brought me this season, which I put into a wire cage, and placed it in a retired shaded part of the room. After fluttering about for some time, the weather being uncommonly cool, it clung by the wires, and hung in a seemingly torpid state for a whole forenoon. No motion whatever of the lungs could be perceived, on the closest inspection; though at other times this is remarkably observable; the eyes were shut, and when touched by the finger it gave no signs of life or motion. I carried it out to the open air, and placed it directly in the rays of the sun in a sheltered situation. In a few seconds respiration became very apparent, the bird breathed faster and faster, opened its eyes, and began to look about with as much seeming vivacity as ever. After it had completely recovered, I restored it to liberty, and it flew off to the withered top of a pear-tree, where it sat for some time dressing its disordered plumage, and then shot off like a meteor.

"The flight of the Humming-bird from flower to flower, greatly resembles that of a Bee; but it is so much more rapid, that the latter appears a mere loiterer to him. He poises himself on wing, while he thrusts his long slender tabular tongue into the flowers in search of food. He sometimes enters a room by the window, examines the bouquets of flowers, and passes out by the opposite door or window. He has been known to take refuge in a hot-house during the cool nights of autumn; to go regularly out in the morning and to return as regularly in the evening, for several days together."

The SCARLET Tanager is one of the gaudy foreigners (and perhaps the most showy) that regularly visit

the United States from the torrid regions of the south. He is dressed in the richest scarlet, set off with the most jetty black, and while he is considered as entitled to all the rights of hospitality, Mr Wilson inquires, "whether he has anything else to recommend him besides that of having a fine coat, and being a great traveller?"

On or about the first of May the bird makes his appearance in Pennsylvania. He spreads over the United States, and is found even in Canada. He rarely approaches the habitations of man, and the depths of the woods are his favourite abode. There among the rich foliage of the tallest trees, his simple and almost sonorous notes, *chip, clurr*, repeated at short intervals, in a pensive tone, may be occasionally heard; which appear to proceed from a considerable distance, although the bird be immediately above you, a faculty bestowed on him by the benevolent Author of nature, no doubt for his protection, to compensate in a degree for the danger to which his glaring colour would often expose him. Amongst the birds that inhabit the American woods, there is none that strikes the eye of a stranger, or even a native, with so much brilliancy as this. Seen among the green leaves, with the light falling strongly on his plumage, he really appears beautiful. If he has little of melody in his notes to charm, he has nothing in them to disgust. His manners are modest, easy, and inoffensive. He commits no depredations on property, but daily destroys a great many noxious insects, and when winter approaches, he is no plundering dependant, but seeks in a distant country that sustenance which the vicinity of the ocean denies to his industry in this. "Such being the true traits of his character, we shall always," says Mr Wilson, "with pleasure welcome this beautiful inoffensive stranger to our orchards, groves, and forests."

"Passing through an orchard one morning, I caught one of these young birds, that had but lately left the nest. I carried it with me about half a mile, to show it to my friend, Mr William Bartram; and having procured a cage, hung it up on one of the large pine-trees in the botanic garden, within a few feet of the nest of an orchard Oriole, which also contained young—hopeful that the charity or tenderness of the Orioles would induce them to supply the cravings of

the stranger. But charity with them, as with too many of the human race, began and ended at home. The poor orphan was altogether neglected, notwithstanding its plaintive cries; and as it refused to be fed by me, I was about to return it back to the place where I found it, when, towards the afternoon, a scarlet Tanager, no doubt its own parent, was seen fluttering round the cage, endeavouring to get in. Finding this impracticable, he flew off, and soon returned with food in his bill, and continued to feed it till after sunset, taking up his lodging on the higher branches of the same tree. In the morning, almost as soon as day broke, he was again seen most actively engaged in the same affectionate manner; and notwithstanding the insolence of the Orioles, continued his benevolent offices the whole day, roosting at night as before. On the third or fourth day, he appeared extremely solicitous for the liberation of his charge, using every expression of distressful anxiety, and every call and invitation that nature had put in his power for him to come out. This was too much for the feelings of my venerable friend; he procured a ladder, and mounting to the spot where the bird was suspended, opened the cage, took out the prisoner, and restored him to liberty and to his parent, who, with notes of great exultation, accompanied his flight into the woods. The happiness of my good friend was scarcely less complete, and showed itself in his benevolent countenance; and I could not refrain saying to myself—If such sweet sensations can be derived from a simple circumstance of this kind, how exquisite, how unspeakably rapturous, must the delight of those individuals have been, who have rescued their fellow-beings from death, chains, and imprisonment, and restored them to the arms of their friends and relations! Surely, in such godlike actions virtue is its own most abundant reward."

THE TYRANT FLY-CATCHER, OR KING BIRD, is a noble personage. The name King, as well as Tyrant, has been bestowed on him for his extraordinary behaviour, and the authority he assumes over all others during the time of breeding. At this season his extreme affection for his mate, and for his nest and young, makes him suspicious of every bird that happens to pass near his residence, so that he attacks without hesitation every intruder. In the months of May, June, and part of July, his life is one continued scene of broils and battles, in

which, however, he generally comes off conqueror. Hawks and crows, the Bald Eagle, and the Great Black Eagle, all equally dread a rencontre with this dauntless little champion, who, as soon as he perceives one of these last approaching, launches into the air to meet him, mounts to a considerable height above him, and darts down on his back, sometimes fixing there to the great annoyance of his sovereign, who, if no convenient retreat or resting-place be near, endeavours by various evolutions to rid himself of his merciless adversary. But the King-Bird is not so easily dismounted. He teazes the Eagle incessantly, sweeps round him from right to left, and remounts, that he may descend on his back with greater violence; all the while keeping up a shrill and rapid twittering, and continuing the attack sometimes for more than a mile, till he is relieved by some other of his tribe, equally eager for the contest.

"The King-bird is altogether destitute of song, having only the shrill twitter above mentioned. His usual mode of flight is singular. The vibrations of his broad wings, as he moves slowly over the fields, resembles those of a Hawk, hovering and settling in the air to reconnoitre the ground below; and the object of the King-bird is no doubt something similar, viz. to look out for passing insects, either in the air or among the flowers and blossoms below him. In fields of pasture he often takes his stand on the tops of the mullein and other rank weeds, near the cattle, and makes occasional sweeps after passing insects, particularly the large black gad-fly, so terrifying to horses and cattle. His eye moves restlessly around him, traces the flight of an insect for a moment or two, then that of a second, and even a third, until he perceives one to his liking, when, with a shrill sweep, he pursues, seizes it, and returns to the same spot again, to look out for more. This habit is so conspicuous when he is watching the bee-hive, that several intelligent farmers of my acquaintance are of opinion that he picks out only the drones, and never injures the working bees: be this as it may, he certainly gives a preference to one bee and one species of insect over another. He hovers over the river sometimes for a considerable time, darting after insects that frequent such places, snatching them from the surface of the water, and diving about in the air like a Swallow; for he possesses at will great

powers of wing. Numbers of them are frequently seen thus engaged, for hours together, over the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, in a calm day, particularly towards evening. He bathes himself, by diving repeatedly into the water from the overhanging branches of some tree, where he sits to dry and dress his plumage.

“ Whatever antipathy may prevail against him for depredations on the drones, or, if you will, on the bees, I can assure the cultivator, that this bird is greatly his friend, in destroying multitudes of insects, whose larvæ prey on the harvests of his fields, particularly his corn, fruit-trees, cucumbers, and pumpkins. These noxious insects are the daily food of this bird; and he destroys, upon a very moderate average, some hundreds of them daily. The death of every King-bird is therefore an actual loss to the farmer, by multiplying the numbers of destructive insects, and encouraging the depredations of Crows, Hawks, and Eagles, who avoid as much as possible his immediate vicinity. For myself, I

must say, that the King-bird possesses no common share of my regard. I honour this little bird for his extreme affection for his young, for his contempt of danger and unexampled intrepidity, for his meekness of behaviour when there are no calls for his courage, a quality which, even in the human race, is justly considered so noble.

‘ In peace there’s nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war, &c. &c.

But, above all, I honour and esteem this bird for the millions of ruinous vermin which he rids us of, whose depredations in *one* season, but for the services of this and other friendly birds, would far over-balance all the produce of the bee-hives in fifty.”

As a friend to this persecuted bird, and an enemy of prejudices of every description, Mr Wilson begs to be permitted to set this matter in a somewhat clearer light, by presenting the reader with a short poetical epitome of the King-bird’s history.

Far in the south, where vast Maragnon flows,
And boundless forests unknown wilds enclose;
Vine-tangled shores, and suffocating woods,
Parch’d up with heat, or drown’d with pouring floods;
Where each extreme alternately prevails,
And nature sad their ravages bewails;
Lo! high in air, above these trackless wastes,
With spring’s return the King-bird hither hastes;
Coasts the famed gulf, and from his height explores
Its thousand streams, its long indented shores,
Its plains immense, wide opening on the day,
Its lakes and isles, where feather’d millions play;
All tempt not him—till, gazing from on high,
COLUMBIA’S regions wide below him lie;
There end his wand’rings and his wish to roam,
There lie his native woods, his fields, his *home*.
Down, circling, he descends from azure heights,
And on a full-blown sassafras alights.

Fatigued and silent, for a while he views
His old frequented haunts, and shades recluse—
Sees brothers, comrades, every hour arrive,
Hears, humming round, the tenants of the hive;
Love fires his breast, he woos, and soon is blest,
And in the blooming orchard builds his nest!

Come now, ye cowards! ye whom heaven disdains,
Who boast the happiest home—the richest plains;
On whom, perchance, a wife, an infant’s eye
Hang as their hope, and on your arm rely;
Yet, when the hour of danger and dismay
Comes in that country, sneak in holes away,
Shrink from the perils ye were bound to face,
And leave those babes and country to disgrace;
Come here (if such we have), ye dastard herd!
And kneel in dust before this noble bird.

When the speck'd eggs within his nest appear,
 Then glows affection ardent and sincere ;
 No discord sours him when his mate he meets,
 But each warm heart with mutual kindness beats.
 For her repast he bears along the lea
 The bloated gad-fly and the balmy bee ;
 For her repose scours o'er the adjacent farm,
 Whence Hawks might dart, or lurking foes alarm ;
 For now abroad a band of ruffians prey,
 The Crow, the Cuckoo, and the insidious Jay ;
 These, in the owner's absence, all destroy,
 And murder every hope and every joy.

Soft sits his brooding mate ; her guardian he,
 Perch'd on the top of some tall neighbouring tree ;
 Thence, from the thicket to the concave skies,
 His watchful eye around unceasing flies.
 Wrens, Thrushes, Warblers, startled at his note,
 Fly in affright the consecrated spot.
 He drives the plund'ring Jay, with honest scorn,
 Back to his woods, the Mockler to his thorn ;
 Sweeps round the Cuckoo, as the thief retreats,
 Attacks the Crow, the diving Hawk defeats,
 Darts on the Eagle downwards from afar,
 And midst the clouds prolongs the whirling war.
 All danger o'er, he hastens back elate,
 To guard his post and feed his faithful mate.

Behold him now, his little family flown,
 Meek, unassuming, silent, and alone ;
 Lured by the well-known hum of fav'rite bees,
 As slow he hovers o'er the garden trees ;
 (For all have failings, passions, whims that lead,
 Some favourite wish, some appetite to feed ;)
 Straight he alights, and from the pear-tree spies
 The circling stream of humming insects rise ;
 Selects his prey ; darts on the busy brood,
 And shrilly twitters o'er his savoury food.

Ah ! ill-timed triumph ! direful note to thee,
 That guides thy murderer to the fatal tree ;
 See where he skulks ! and takes his gloomy stand !
 The deep-charged musket hanging in his hand ;
 And gaunt for blood, he leans it on the rest,
 Prepared, and pointed at thy snow-white breast.
 Ah friend ! good friend ! forbear that barbarous deed,
 Against it valour, goodness, pity plead ;
 If e'er a family's griefs, a widow's woe,
 Have reach'd thy soul, in mercy let him go !
 Yet, should the tear of pity nought avail,
 Let *interest* speak, let *gratitude* prevail !
 Kill not thy friend, who thy whole harvest shields,
 And sweeps ten thousand vermin from thy fields ;
 Think how this dauntless bird, thy poultry's guard,
 Drove every Hawk and Eagle from thy yard ;
 Watch'd round thy cattle as they fed, and slew
 The hungry blackening swarms that round them flew ;
 Some small return, some little right resign,
 And spare his life whose services are thine !
 I plead in vain ! Amid the bursting roar
 The poor, lost KING-BIRD welters in his gore.

THE CAT-BIRD is a curious creature. In spring or summer, on approaching thickets of brambles, the first salutation you receive is from the Cat-bird; and a stranger unacquainted with its note, would instantly conclude that some vagrant kitten had got bewildered among the briars, and wanted assistance, so exactly does the call of the bird resemble the voice of that animal. Unsuspicious and extremely familiar, he seems less apprehensive of man than almost any other summer-visitant; for whether in the woods or in the garden, where he frequently builds his nest, he seldom allows you to pass without approaching to pay his respects in his usual way. "This humble familiarity and deference, in a stranger too, who comes to rear his young, and spend his summer among us, seems," says Mr Wilson, "to entitle him to a full share of our hospitality. Sorry am I, however, to say, that this, in too many instances, is cruelly the reverse." With many amiable qualities to recommend him, the truth is, that few people in the country respect the Cat-bird. On the contrary, it is generally the object of dislike; and the boys of the United States entertain the same prejudice and contempt for this bird, as those of Britain do for the Yellow-Hammer, and its nest, eggs, and young. "I am at a loss," says our excellent author, "to account for this cruel prejudice. Even those by whom it is entertained can scarcely tell you *why*; only they hate Cat-birds, as some persons tell you they hate Frenchmen, they hate Dutchmen, &c., expressions that bespeak their own narrowness of understanding and want of liberality. Yet, after ruminating over in my mind all the probable causes, I think I have at last hit on some of them, the principal of which seems to me to be a certain similarity of taste, and clashing of interests between the Cat-bird and the farmer.

"The Cat-bird is fond of large ripe garden strawberries; so is the farmer, for the good prices they bring in the markets. The Cat-bird loves the best and richest early cherries; so does the farmer, for they are sometimes the most profitable of his early fruit. The Cat-bird has a particular partiality for the finest ripe mellow pears; and these are also particular favourites with the farmer. But the Cat-bird has frequently the ad-

vantage of the farmer, by snatching off the first fruits of these delicious productions; and the farmer takes revenge by shooting him down with his gun, as he finds old hats, windmills, and scarecrows are no impediment in his way to these forbidden fruits, and nothing but this resource, the *ultimatum* of farmers as well as kings, can restrain his visits. The boys are now set to watch the cherry-trees with their gun, and thus commences a train of prejudices and antipathies that commonly continue through life. Perhaps, too, the common note of the Cat-bird, so like the mewling of the animal whose name he bears, and who itself sustains no small share of prejudice, the homeliness of his plumage, and even his familiarity, so proverbially known to beget contempt, may also contribute to this mean, illiberal, and persecuting prejudice; but with the generous and the good, the lovers of nature and of rural charms, the confidence which this familiar bird places in man, by building in his garden, under his eye, the music of his song, and the interesting playfulness of his manners, will always be more than a recompense for all the little stolen morsels he snatches."

The Cat-bird is also one of those unfortunate victims, and indeed the principal, against which credulity and ignorance have so often directed the fascinating quality of the black snake. A multitude of marvellous stories have been told by people who have themselves *seen* the poor Cat-birds drawn or sucked, as they sometimes express it, from the tops of trees (which, by the by, the Cat-birds rarely visit), one by one into the yawning mouth of the immovable snake. In all adventures of this kind that Mr Wilson has witnessed, the Cat-bird was actually the assailant, and always the successful one. These rencontres never take place but during the breeding time of birds, for whose eggs and young the snake has a particular partiality. It is no wonder that those species whose nests are usually built near the ground, should be the greatest sufferers, and the most solicitous for their safety; hence the cause why the Cat-bird makes such a distinguished figure in most of those marvellous narrations. That a poisonous snake will strike a bird or mouse, and allow it to remain till nearly expiring before he begins to devour it, is a fact; "but that the same snake, with eyes, breath, or any other known quality which he pos-

esses, should be capable of drawing a bird reluctantly from the tree-tops to its mouth, is," quoth our author, "an absurdity too great for me to swallow."

The Cat-bird is one of the earliest morning songsters, beginning generally before break of day, and hovering from bush to bush with great sprightliness, when there is scarce light sufficient to distinguish him. His notes are more remarkable for singularity than for melody. They consist of short imitations of other birds and other sounds; but his pipe being rather deficient in clearness and strength of tone, his imitations fail where these are requisite. Yet he is not easily discouraged, but seems to study certain passages with great perseverance; uttering them at first low, and as he succeeds, higher and more free; no ways embarrassed by the presence of a spectator even within a few yards of him. On attentively listening to him for some time, you can perceive considerable variety in his performance, in which he seems to introduce all the odd sounds and quaint passages he has been able to collect. Upon the whole, Mr Wilson thinks, "though we cannot arrange him with the grand leaders of our vernal choristers, he well merits a place among the most agreeable *general* performers."

The Cat-bird will not easily desert its nest. Mr Wilson once took two eggs from one which was sitting, and in their place put two of the Brown Thrush, or Thrasher; and then took his stand at a convenient distance, to see how she would behave. In a minute or two the male made his approaches, stooped down, and looked earnestly at the strange eggs, then flew off to his mate, who was at no great distance, with whom he seemed to have some conversation, and instantly returning, with the greatest gentleness took out both of the Thrasher's eggs, first one and then the other, carried them singly about thirty yards, and dropt them among the bushes. Mr Wilson then returned the two eggs he had taken, and soon after the female resumed her seat on the nest as before. From the nest of another Cat-bird he took two half-fledged young, and placed them in that of another which was sitting on five eggs. She soon turned them both out. The place where the nest was not being far from

the ground, they were little injured, and the male observing their helpless situation, began to feed them with great assiduity and tenderness. He also removed the nest of a Cat-bird, which contained four eggs, scarcely hatched, from a fox-grape vine, and fixed it firmly and carefully in a thicket of briars close by, without injuring it. In less than half an hour he found it again occupied by the female. The following passage is highly amusing.

"In passing through the woods in summer, I have sometimes amused myself with imitating the violent chirping or squeaking of young birds, in order to observe what different species were around me; for such sounds, at such a season, in the woods, are no less alarming to the feathered tenants of the bushes, than a cry of fire or murder in the street is to the inhabitants of a large and populous city. On such occasions of alarm and consternation, the Cat-bird is the first to make his appearance, not singly, but sometimes half a dozen at a time, flying from different quarters to the spot. At this time, those who are disposed to play with his feelings may almost throw him into fits, his emotion and agitation are so great at the distressful cries of what he supposes to be his suffering young. Other birds are variously affected, but none show symptoms of such extreme suffering. He hurries backwards and forwards, with hanging wings and open mouth, calling out louder and faster, and actually screaming with distress, till he appears hoarse with his exertion. He attempts no offensive means, but he bewails, he implores, in the most pathetic terms with which nature has supplied him, and with an agony of feeling which is truly affecting. Every feathered neighbour within hearing hastens to the place to learn the cause of the alarm, peeping about with looks of consternation and sympathy. But their own powerful parental duties and domestic concerns soon oblige each to withdraw. At any other season, the most perfect imitations have no effect whatever on him."

The YELLOW-BREADED CHAT is a very singular bird. "In its voice and manners, and the habit it has of keeping concealed while shifting and vociferating around you, it differs," says Mr Wilson, "from most other birds with which I am acquainted, and has considerable claims to originality of character." When he has once taken up his residence in a favourite

situation, which is almost always in close thickets of hazel, brambles, vines, and thick underwood, he becomes very jealous of his possession, and seems offended at the least intrusion, scolding every passenger as soon as they come within view, in a great variety of odd and uncouth monosyllables, which it is difficult to describe, but which may be readily imitated so as to deceive the bird himself, and draw him after you for half a quarter of a mile at a time, as Mr Wilson has sometimes amused himself with doing, and frequently without once seeing the Chat, who kept to his thicket. On these occasions, his responses are constant and rapid, strongly expressive of anger and anxiety; and, while the bird itself remains unseen, the voice shifts from place to place among the bushes, as if it proceeded from a spirit.

"First we heard a repetition of short notes, resembling the whistling of the wings of a duck or teal, beginning loud and rapid, and falling lower and slower, till they end in detached notes; then a succession of others, something like the barking of young puppies, is followed by a variety of hollow guttural sounds, each eight or ten times repeated, more like those proceeding from the throat of a quadruped than that of a bird, which are succeeded by others not unlike the mewing of a cat, but considerably hoarser. All these are uttered with great vehemence in such different keys, and with such peculiar modulations of voice, as sometimes to seem at a considerable distance, and instantly as if just beside

you—now on this hand, now on that—so that, from these manœuvres of ventriloquism, you are utterly at a loss to ascertain from what particular spot or quarter they proceed. If the weather be mild and serene, with clear moonlight, he continues gabbling in the same strange dialect, with very little intermission, during the whole night, as if disputing with his own echoes, but probably with a design of inviting the passing females to his retreat; for when the season is farther advanced, they are seldom heard during the night."

While the female of the Chat is sitting, the cries of the male are still more loud and incessant. When once aware that you have seen him, he is less solicitous to conceal himself; and will sometimes mount up into the air, almost perpendicularly, to the height of thirty or forty feet, with his legs hanging; descending, as he rose, by repeated jerks, as if highly irritated, or, as is vulgarly said, "dancing mad." As this vein of gesticulation must be attributed to extreme affection for his mate and young, and when we consider the great distance which, in all probability, he comes, the few young produced at a time, and that seldom more than once in a season, we can see the wisdom of Providence very manifestly in the ardency of his passions. It is almost impossible to shoot a Chat; Mr Catesby, a naturalist, after many attempts, found himself completely baffled, and had at last to employ an Indian, who did not succeed without employing all his ingenuity.

—We suddenly put a stop to this article, and ask our readers to have the goodness to take up Part II. of this month's *Maga*, and delight themselves with "HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS."

This day is Published,

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

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AUGUST, 1826.

PART II.

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PART II.

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

No. II.

GENTLE reader! hast thou been a loving observer of the beautiful uncertain weather of our island-clime? We do not mean to ask if you have from youth been in the daily practice of rising from your study-chair at regular intervals, and ascertaining the precise point of Mercury's elevation on the barometrical scale. The idea of trusting, throughout all the fluctuations of the changeful and capricious atmosphere in which we live, to a tube partly filled with quicksilver, is indeed most preposterous; and we have long noticed that meteorologists make an early figure in our obituaries. Seeing the head of the god above the mark "fair," or "settled," out they march in nankeens, without greatcoat or umbrella, when such a thunder-plump falls down in a deluge, that, returning home by water and steam, they take to bed, and on the ninth day, fever hurries them off, victims to their zeal in the cause of natural philosophy. But we mean to ask, have you an eye, and an ear, and a sixth sense, anonymous and instinctive, for all the prognosticating sights, and sounds, and motions, and shapes, of nature? Have you studied, in silence and solitude, the low, strange, and spirit-like whisperings, that often, when bird and bee are mute, come and go, here and there, now from crag, now from coppice, and now from moor, all over the sultry stillness of the clouded

desert? Have you listened among mountains to the voice of streams, till you heard them prophesying change in heaven? Have you so mastered the occult science of mists, as that you can foretell each proud or fair Emergency, and the hour when grove, precipice, or plain, shall in sudden revelation be clothed with the pomp of sunshine? Are all Bewick's birds, and beasts, and fishes visible to your eyes in the woods, wastes, and waves of the clouds? And know ye what aerial condor, dragon, and whale, respectively portend? Are the Fata Morgana as familiar to you as the Aberdeen Almanack? When a league-square hover of crows darkens air and earth, or settling loads every tree with sable fruitage, are you your own augur, equally as when one single, solitary raven lifts up his hoary blackness from a stone, and sails sullenly off with a croak, croak, croak! that gets fiercer and more savage in the lofty distance? Does the leaf of the forest twinkle futurity? The lonely lichen brighten or pale its lustre with change? Does not the gift of prophecy dwell with the family of the violets and the lilies? And the stately harebells, do they not let droop their closing blossoms when the heavens are niggard of their dews, or uphold them like cups thirsty for wine, when the blessing yet unfelt by duller animal life, is beginning to drop balmily down from the

rainy cloud embosomed in the beautiful blue of a midsummer's meridian day?

Gentle reader! forgive these friendly interrogatories. Perhaps you are weather-wiser than ourselves; yet for not a few years we bore the name of "The Man of the Mountains;" and, though no great linguists, we hope that we know somewhat more than the vocabulary of the language both of calm and storm. Remember that we are now at Ambleside—a village familiar with the sky—and one week's residence there may let you into some of the secrets of the unsteady cabinet of St Cloud.

One advice we give you, and by following it you cannot fail to be happy at Ambleside, and everywhere else. Whatever the weather be, love, admire, and delight in it, and vow that you would not change it for the atmosphere of a dream. If it be close, hot, and oppressive, be thankful for the air, faint but steady, that comes down from cliff and chasm, or the breeze that gushes fitfully from stream and lake. If the heavens are filled with sunshine, and you feel the vanity of parasols, how cool the sylvan shade, for ever moistened by the murmurs of that fairy waterfall! Should it blow great guns, cannot you take shelter in yonder magnificent fort, whose hanging battlements are warded even from the thunder-bolt, by the dense umbrage of unviolated woods? Rain—rain—rain—an even-down pour of perpetual rain, that forces upon you visions of Noah and his ark, and the top of Mount Ararat—still, we beseech you, be happy. It cannot last long at that rate; the thing is impossible. Even this very afternoon will the rainbow span the blue entrance into Rydal's woody vale, as if to hail the westering sun on his approach to the mountains—and a hundred hill-born torrents will be seen flashing out of the up-folding mists. What a delightful dazzle on the light-stricken river! Each meadow shames the lustre of the emerald; and the soul wishes not for language to speak the pomp and prodigality of colours that Heaven now rejoices to lavish on the grove-girdled Fairfield, that has just tossed off the clouds from his rocky crest.

We hope that we have said enough to show you the gross folly of ever being dissatisfied with Heaven's gracious weather, whatever character it

assume. May we now say a very few words on another topic slightly touched on in our Hints No. I.—Early Rising? It is manifestly impossible to "rise early in the morning, and lie down late at e'en;" therefore, whenever we hear a lady or a gentleman boasting of having seen the sun rise, we ask them when they went to bed, and bring from them a reluctant answer, "between nine and ten." Now, only think of a single lady, or a gentleman, lying "between nine and ten," nightcapped and asnore within dimity curtains in a bed-room in an inn, up many stairs to the back of the house, and with one window commanding a pig-sty, a hen-house, a coal-shed, and a place for a gig, while the rest of the pleasure-party, rightly so named, are floating and boating on the bosom of Windermere, while

The star of Jove so beautiful and large—does of his own lustrous self supply the place and power of the moon, when for a little while her Effulgence chooseth to disappear within her shady tabernacle! What merit is there in disturbing the whole house by the long-disregarded ringing of drowsy bells, whose clappers wax angrier at every effort, till the sulky chambermaid, with close-glued eyes, gropes her way along glimmering lanes, and alleys, and lobbies, to female No. 5, whom she wishes in the Red Sea or the bottomless pit? Then the creak of "my walking shoes" goes past every bedroom-door, wakening from sweet sleep—or inspiring dreams of unaccountable hideousness, haunted by the smell of Bamf leather, and fan-pits afloat with the red swollen bodies of cur-dogs, now cured of hydrophobia. Next, the Virgin of the Sun must have a cup of coffee to sip, and a hard-boiled egg to pocket, before she sets out on her orisons; and, finally, she bangs too the great nail-studded oak front-door of the caravansera with such a clap of thunder, that the tongs, poker, and shovel of twenty rooms, dislodged from their upright repose against the polished bar of the grates they adorn, fall down with one clash of ironmongery, and cry "Sleep no more" to all the house!

And this leads us to speak of Manners in Inns. A little more latitude, unquestionably, is to be allowed there than in private houses; but still, readers, be ladies—be gentlemen. This is

the Land of Freedom, and neither landlords nor landladies are slaves. Even waiters, chambermaids, and boots themselves enjoy the blessings of Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights. Swear not at all—it is a brutal habit. Do not, at dinner, ask for a knife, as if you meditated murder; or a spoon, with a face indicative of ipecacuanha. Bawl not for bread, like a famished Stentor, nor, lest you turn it sour, in a voice of thunder for small beer. If he do forget the cheese, be merciful to the waiter for the sake of his wife and a small family; and remember, that although he may upset the mustard-pot, or the vinegar-cruet, still he has a soul to be saved, and that forgiveness should not lag far in the rear of repentance. Roar not like a Cerberus at the charge of threepence a-mile for him or her on the dickey, over and above the five inside; and fall not down in a fit of rage or apoplexy at the Sum-total of the Whole of any Bill under Heaven.

Then, do not, we implore you, run to the window at every arrival, and stare, squint, goggle, giggle, and glower on each individual descending the steps of various vehicles. Such curiosity is vulgar, and the girdle of Venus would fail to invest with fascination the waist of a virgin in such an attitude. Be what you always are at home—modest, cheerful, glad, and gay as a May morning; and even in lonesome places there will be eyes, although you know it not, looking on you with pleasure,—and praises of your beauty, and prayers for your happiness, may be breathed as you glide along by some poet of the woods, hidden in his haunted lair of the Lady-fern—Yes, “your eyes’ blue lustre, and your golden hair” may shine and wave in a lyrical ballad, ode, or hymn, “one of those strains that shall not die;” for this is the true Arcadia—the land of Pan and Apollo, and the Heavenly Nine.

You will not imagine, from anything we have said, that we are enemies to early rising. Now and then, what purer bliss than to embrace the new-wakened morn, just as she is rising from her dewy bed! At such hour, we feel as if there were neither physical nor moral evil in the world. The united power of peace, innocence, and beauty subdues everything to itself, and life is love.

Yet we cannot help thinking it somewhat remarkable, that, to the best of our memory, never were we once the very first out into the dewy paradise of the dawn. We say nothing of birds, for they, with their sweet jargon, anticipate the day, and from their bed on the bough feel the fore-running warmth of the sun-rise; neither do we allude to hares, for they are “hirplin hame,” to sleep away the light hours, open eyed, in the briary quarry in the centre of the now trackless wood. Even cows and horses we can excuse being up before us, for they have bivouacked; and the latter, as they often sleep standing, are naturally somnambulists. Weasels, too, we can pardon for running across the road before us, and as they reach the hole-in-the-wall, showing, by their clear eyes, that they have been awake for hours, and have probably breakfasted on leveret. We have no spite at chanticleer, nor the hooting owls against whom he is so lustily crowing hours before the orient; nor do we care although we know that is not the first sudden plunge of the tyrant trout into the insect cloud already hovering over the tarn. But we confess that it is a little mortifying to our pride of time and place, to meet an old beggar woman, who, from the dust on her tattered brogues, has evidently marched miles from her last night’s way-side howf, and who holds out her withered palm for charity, at an hour when a cripple of fourscore might have been supposed sleeping on her pallet of straw. A pedlar, too, who has got through a portion of the Excursion before the sun has illumed the mountain tops, is mortifying, with his piled pack and ellwand. There, as we are a Christian, is Ned Hurd, landing a pike on the margin of the Reed-pool, on his way from Hayswater, where he has been all night angling, till his creel is as heavy as a sermon; and a little farther on, lo! comes issuing, like a Dryad’s daughter, from the gate in the lane, sweet, little Alice Elleray, with a basket dangling beneath her arm, going, in her orphan beauty, to gather wild strawberries in the woods!

Sweet orphan of Wood-edge! what would many a childless pair give for a creature one half so beautiful as thou, to break the stillness of a home that wants but one blessing to make it perfectly happy! Yet there are few or

none to lay a hand on that golden head, or leave a kiss upon its ringlets. The father of Alice Elleray was a wild and reckless youth, and, going to the wars, died in a foreign land. Her mother faded away of a broken heart before she was 18;—and who was to care for the orphan child of the forgotten friendless? An old pauper, who lives in that hut, scarcely distinguishable from the sheilings of the charcoal-burners, was glad to take her from the parish for a weekly mite that helps to eke out her own subsistence. For two or three years the child was felt a burden by the solitary widow; but ere she had reached her fifth summer, Alice Elleray never left the hut without darkness seeming to overshadow it,—never entered the door without bringing the sunshine. Where can the small, lonely creature have heard so many tunes, and airs, and snatches of old songs, as if some fairy bird had taught her melodies of fairy-land? She is now in her tenth year, nor an idler in her solitude. Do you wish for a flowery bracelet for the neck of a chosen one, whose perfumes may mingle with the bosom-balm of her virgin beauty? The orphan of Wood-edge will wreath it of blossoms crompt before the sun hath melted the dew on leaf or petal. Will you be for carrying away with you to the far-off city some pretty little sylvan toy, to remind you of Ambleside and Rydal, and other beautiful names of beautiful localities near the lucid waters of Windermere? Then, Lady! purchase, at little cost, from the fair basket-maker, an ornament for your parlour, that will not disgrace its fanciful furniture; and, as you sit at your dreamy needle-work, will recall the green forest-glades of Brathay or Calgarth. Industrious creature! each day is to thee, in thy simplicity, an entire life! All thoughts, all feelings, arise and die in peace between sun-rise and sun-set. What carest thou for being an orphan; knowing, as thou well dost, that God is thy father and thy mother, and that a prayer to Him brings health, food, and sleep to the innocent!

Letting drop a curtsey, taught by Nature the mother of the Graces, Alice Elleray, the orphan of Wood-edge, without waiting to be twice bidden, trills, as if from a silver pipe, a wild, bird-like warble, that in its cheerfulness has now and then a melancholy

fall, and, at the close of the song, hers are the only eyes that are not dimmed with the haze of a tear! Then away she glides with a thankful smile, and dancing over the greensward, like an uncertain sunbeam, lays the treasure, won by her beauty, her skill, and her industry, on the lap of her old guardian, who blesses her with the uplifting of withered hands!

You are now all standing together in a group beside Ivy-cottage, the river gliding below its wooden bridge from Rydalmere. It is a perfect model of such architecture,—breathing the very spirit of Westmoreland and Wordsworth. The public road, skirted by its front paling, does not in the least degree injure its character of privacy and retirement. So we think at this dewy hour of prime, when the gossamer meets our faces, extended from the honeysucked slate-porch to the trees on the other side of the turnpike. And see, how the multitude of low-hanging roofs, and gable ends, and dove-cot looking windows, steal away up a green and shrubberied acclivity, and terminating in wooded rocks that seem part of the building, in the uniting richness of ivy, lichens, moss-roses, broom, and sweet-briar, murmuring with birds and bees, busy near hive and nest!—It would be extremely pleasant to breakfast in that wide-windowed room on the ground-floor, on cream and barley-cakes, eggs, coffee, and dry-toast, with a little mutton-ham not too severely salted, and, at the conclusion, a nutshell of Glenlivet or Cogniac. But, Lord preserve ye! it is not yet four o'clock in the morning; and what Christian kettle simmereth before seven?—Yes, my sweet Harriet, that sketch does you credit, and is far from being very unlike the original. Rather too many chimneys by about half-a-dozen; and where did you find that steeple immediately over the window marked “Dairy?” The pigs are somewhat too sumptuously lodged in that elegant sty, and the hen-roost might accommodate a phoenix. But the features of the chief porch are very happily hit off,—you have caught the very attic spirit of the roof,—and some of the windows may be justly said to be staring likenesses.—Ivy-cottage is slipped into our portfolio, and we shall compare it, on our return to Scotland, with Buchanan Lodge.

We cannot patronize the practice of walking in large parties of ten or a score, ram-stam and helter-skelter on to the front-green or gravel-walk of any private nobleman or gentleman's house, to enjoy, from a commanding station, an extensive or picturesque view of the circumjacent country. It is too much in the style of the Free and Easy. The family within, sitting perhaps at dinner with the windows open, or sewing in a cool dishabille, cannot like to be stared in upon by the corners of so many curious and inquisitive eyes all a-hunt for prospects; nor were these rose-bushes planted there for public use, nor that cherry-tree in vain netted against the blackbirds. Not but that a party may now and then excusably enough pretend to lose their way in a strange country; and looking around them, in well-assumed bewilderment, bow hesitatingly and respectfully to maid or matron at door or window, and, with a thousand apologies, lingeringly offer to retire by the avenue gate, on the other side of the spacious lawn, that terrace-like hangs over vale, lake, and river. But to avoid all possible imputation of impertinence, follow you our example, and make all such incursions by break of day. We hold, that, for a couple of hours after sun-rise, all the earth is common property. Nobody surely would think for a moment of looking black on any number of freebooting lakers coming full sail up the avenue, right against the front, at four o'clock in the morning? At that hour, even the poet would grant them the privilege of the arbour where he sits when inspired, and writing for immortality. He feels conscious that he ought to have been in bed; and hastens, on such occasions, to apologize for his intrusion on strangers availing themselves of the rights and privileges of the Dawn.

Leaving Ivy-cottage, then, and its yet unbreathing chimneys, turn in at the first gate to your right, (if it be not built up, in which case leap the wall,) and find your way the best you can through among old pollarded and ivied ash-trees, intermingled with yews, and over knolly ground, briar-woven, and here and there whitened with the jagged thorn, till you reach, through a slate-stile a wide gravel walk, shaded by pine-trees, and open on the one side to an orchard. Proceed—and little more than a hundred steps will land

you on the front of Rydal-Hall, the house of the great Poet of the Lakes. Mr Wordsworth is not at home, but away to cloud-land in his little boat so like the crescent moon. But do not by too much eloquence, awaken the family, or scare the silence, or frighten “the innocent brightness of the newborn day.” We hate all sentimentalism; but we bid you, in his own beautiful language,

“With gentle hand
Touch, for there is a spirit in the leaves!”

From a platform of singular beauty you see a blue gleam of Windermere over the grove-tops—close at hand are Rydal-Hall and its ancient woods—right opposite the Loughrigg Fells, ferney, rocky and sylvan, but the chief breadth of breast pastoral—and to the right Rydalmere, seen and scarcely seen through embowering trees, and mountain-masses bathed in the morning-light, and the white-wreathed mists for a little while longer shrouding their summits. A lately erected private chapel lifts its little tower from below, surrounded by a green, on which there are yet no graves—nor do we know if it be intended for a place of burial. A few houses are sleeping beyond the chapel by the river side; and the people beginning to set them in order, here and there a pillar of smoke ascends into the air, giving cheerfulness and animation to the scene.

Finding your way back as you choose to Ivy-cottage, cross the wooden bridge, and walk along the western shore of Rydalmere. Hence you see the mountains in magnificent composition, and craggy coppices, with intervening green fields shelving down to the lake margin. It is a small lake, not much more than a mile round, and of a very peculiar character. One cottage only, as far as we remember, peeps on its shore from a grove of sycamores, a statesman's pleasant dwelling; and there are the ruins of another on a slope near the upper end, the circle of the garden still visible. Everything has a quiet but wildish pastoral and sylvan look, and the bleating of sheep fills the hollow of the hills. The lake has a reedy inlet and outlet, and the angler thinks of pike when he looks upon such harbours. There is a single boat-house, where the Lady of the Hall has a padlocked and

painted barge for pleasure parties; and the heronry on the high pine-trees of the only island connects the scene with the ancient park of Rydal, whose oak-woods, though thinned and decayed, still preserve the majestic and venerable character of antiquity and baronial state.

Having taken a lingering farewell of Rydalmere, and of the new Chapel-tower, that seems among the groves already to be an antique, you may either sink down to the stream that flows out of Grassmere and connects the two lakes, crossing a wooden bridge, and then joining the beautiful new road that sweeps along to the Village, or you may keep up on the face of the hill, and by a terrace-path reach the Loughrigg road, a few hundred yards above Tail-end, a pretty cottage ornée, which you will observe crowning a wooded eminence, and looking cheerfully abroad over all the vale. There is one Mount in particular, whence you see to advantage the delightful panorama—encircling mountains—Grassmere Lake far down below your feet, with its one green pastoral isle, sylvan shores, and emerald meadows,—huts and houses sprinkled up and down in all directions,—the village partly embowered in groves, and partly open below the shadow of large single trees—and the Church-tower—almost always a fine feature in the scenery of the north of England—standing in stately simplicity among the clustering tenements, nor dwindled even by the great height of the hills. The vale of Grassmere is thus exquisitely painted by the poet Gray; and although the picture is taken from a different station from that you now occupy, (from a point on yonder long, steep, winding road, that leads by Dunmilraise into the county of Cumberland,) yet you cannot fail instantly to recognize the features “of this little unsuspected paradise.” Time, too, has wrought some changes here, not altogether for the better; but overlook any “staring gentleman’s house” that may offend your eye, and build your own edifices in your own Arcadia.

“The bosom of the mountains, spreading here into a broad basin, discovers in the midst Grassmere water; its margin is hollowed into small bays, with eminences, some of rock, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they com-

mand: from the shore, a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with a parish church rising in the midst of it; hanging enclosures, corn fields, and meadows, green as an emerald, with their trees and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water; and just opposite to you is a large farm-house, at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn, embosomed in old woods, which climb half-way up the mountain-sides, and discover above a broken line of crags that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no staring gentleman’s house, breaks in upon the repose of this unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its sweetest, most becoming attire.”

It is pleasant to lose sight entirely of a beautiful scene, and to plod along, in almost objectless shadow, within a few hundred yards of Paradise. Our conceptions and feelings are bright and strong, from the nearness of their objects, yet the dream is somewhat different from the reality. All at once, at a turning of the road, the splendour reappears, like an unfurled banner, and the heart leaps in the joy of the senses. This sort of enjoyment comes upon you frequently before you reach the Village of Grassmere from the point of vision above described, and a stranger sometimes is apt to doubt if it be really the same Lake—that one island, and these few promontories, shifting into such varied combinations with the varying mountain-ridges and ranges, that show top over top in bewildering succession, and give hints of other valleys beyond, and of Tarns, rarely visited, among the moorland wastes. A single long dim shadow, falling across the water, alters the whole physiognomy of the scene—nor less a single bright streak of sunshine, brightening up some feature formerly hidden, and giving animation and expression to the whole face of the Lake.

About a short mile from the Village Inn, you will pass by, without seeing it—unless warned not to do so—one of the most singularly beautiful human habitations in the world. It belongs to a gentleman of the name of Barber, and, we believe, has been almost entirely built by him—the original hut, on which his taste has worked, having been a mere shell. The Spirit of the place seems to us to be that of Sha-

dowy Silence. Its bounds are small ; but it is an indivisible part of a hill-side so sweet and sylvan, that it ought to be the haunt of the roe. You hear the tinkle of a rill, invisible among the hazels—a bird sings or flutters—a bee hums his way through the bewildering wood—but no louder sound. Some fine old forest-trees extend widely their cool and glimmering shade, and a few stumps or armless trunks, whose bulk is increased by a load of ivy that hides the hollow wherein the owls have their domicile, give an air of antiquity to the spot, that, but for other accompaniments, would almost be melancholy. As it is, the scene has a pensive character. As yet you have seen no house, and wonder whether the gravel-walks are to conduct you, winding fancifully and fantastically (for altogether you might think yourself in Fairy Land) through the smooth-shaven lawn, bestrewn by a few large leaves of the horse-chestnut or sycamore. But lo ! clustered verandas, where the nightingale might woo the rose, and lattice-windows reaching from eaves to ground-sill, so sheltered that they might stand open in storm and rain, and tall circular chimneys, shaped almost like the stems of the trees that overshadow the roof irregular, and over all a gleam of blue sky and a few motionless clouds ! The noisy world ceases to be, and the tranquil heart, delighted with the sweet seclusion, breathes, “ Oh ! that this were my cell, and that I were a hermit ! ”

But you soon see that the proprietor of this paradise is not a hermit ; for everywhere you discern unostentatious traces of that elegance and refinement that belong to social and cultivated life ; nothing rude and rough-hewn, yet nothing prim and precise. Snails and spiders are taught to keep their own places ; and among the flowers of that hanging garden on a sunny slope, not a weed is to be seen, for weeds are beautiful only by the way-side, in the matting of hedge-roots, by the mossy stone, and the brink of the well in the brae—and are offensive only when they intrude into society above their own rank, and where they have the air and accent of aliens. By pretty pebbled steps of stairs you mount up from platform to platform of the sloping woodland banks—the prospect widening as you as-

cent, till from a bridge that spans a leaping rivulet, you behold in full beauty all Grassmere Vale, Village, Church-tower, and Lake, the whole of the mountains, and a noble arch of sky, the circumference of that little world of peace.

Circumscribed as are the boundaries of this place, yet the grounds are so artfully, while one thinks so artlessly, laid out, that, wandering through their labyrinthine recesses, you might believe yourself in an extensive wilderness. Here you come out upon a green open glade—you see by the sun-dial it is past six o'clock—there the arms of an immense tree overshadow what is in itself a scene—younder you have an alley that serpentinizes into gloom and obscurity—and from that cliff you doubtless would see over the tree-tops into the outer and airy world. With all its natural beauties is intermingled an agreeable quaintness, that shows the owner has occasionally been working in the spirit of fancy, almost caprice ; the tool-house in the garden is not without its ornaments—the barn seems habitable, and the byre has somewhat the appearance of a church. You see at once that the man who lives here, instead of being sick of the world, is attached to all elegant socialities and amities ; that he uses silver cups instead of maple bowls, shows his scallop-shell among other curiosities in his cabinet—and will treat the passing pilgrim with pure water from the spring, if he insists upon that beverage, but will first offer him a glass of the yellow cowslip-wine, the cooling claret, or the sparkling champagne.

Perhaps you are all beginning to get a little hungry, but it is too soon to breakfast, so leaving the village of Grassmere on the right, keep your eye on Helm-crag, and so find your way up Easdale. Easdale is an arm of the Lake of Grassmere, and in the words of Mr Green the artist, “ it is in places profusely wooded, and charmingly sequestered among the mountains.” Here you may hunt the waterfalls, in rainy weather easily run down, but difficult of detection in a drought. Many pretty rustic bridges cross and recross the main stream and its tributaries ; the cottages in nook, and on hillside, are among the most picturesque and engaging in the whole country ; the vale widens into spacious

and noble meadow-grounds, on which might suitably stand the mansion of any nobleman in England—as you near its head, everything gets wild and broken, with a slight touch of dreariness, and by no very difficult ascent along a narrow glen, you may reach Easdale Tarn in little more than an hour's close walking from Grassmere—a lonely and impressive scene, and the haunt of the angler almost as frequently as of the shepherd.

Gentle reader! how far can you enjoy the beauty of external nature under a sharp appetite for breakfast or dinner? On our imagination the effect of hunger is somewhat singular. We no longer regard sheep, for instance, as the fleecy or the bleating flock. Their wool or their baaing is nothing to us—we think of necks, and jigots, and saddles of mutton, and even the lamb frisking on the sunny bank, is eaten by us in the shape of steaks and fry. If it is in the morning, we see no part of the cow but her udder, distilling richest milkiness. Instead of ascending to heaven on the smoke of a cottage chimney, we put our arms round the column, and descend on the lid of the great pan that contains the family-breakfast. Every interesting object in the landscape seems edible—our mouth waters all over the vale—as the village clock tolls eight, we involuntarily say grace, and Price on the Picturesque gives way to Meg Dods's Cookery.

Mrs Bell, of the Red-Lion Inn, Grassmere, can give a breakfast with any woman in England. She bakes incomparable bread—firm, close, compact, and white, thin-cruled and admirably raised. Her yeast always works well. What butter! Before it a primrose must hide its unyellowed head. Then, jam of the finest quality, goose, rasp, and strawberry! and as the jam is, so are her jellies. Hens cackle that the eggs are fresh—and these shrimps were scraping the sand last night in the Whitehaven sea. What glorious bannocks of barley-meal! Wheat cakes, too, no thicker than a wafer, and crisp as a Cockney's dream! Do not, my good sir, appropriate that cut of pickled salmon; it is heavier than it looks, and will weigh about four pounds. One might live a thousand years, yet never weary of such mutton-ham! Virgin-honey indeed! Let us hope that the bees were

not smothered, but by some gracious disciple of Bonar or Huber decoyed from a full hive into an empty one, with the summer and autumn before them to build and saturate their new Comb-Palace. No bad thing is—a cold pigeon pie, especially of cushats. To hear them cooing in the centre of a wood is one thing, and to see them lying at the bottom of a pie is another—which is the better, depends entirely on time, place, and circumstance. Well, a beef-steak at breakfast is rather startling—but let us try a bit with these fine ingenious youthful potatoes, from a light sandy soil on a warm slope. Next to the country clergy, smugglers are the most spiritual of characters; and we verily believe that to be “sma' still.” Our dear sir—you are in orders, we believe—will you have the goodness to return thanks—yes, ring for the bill—moderate indeed. With a day's work before one, there is nothing on earth like the strong basis of a breakfast.

It is yet only ten o'clock—and what a multitude of thoughts and feelings, sights and sounds, lights and shadows, have been ours since sun-rise! Had we been in bed, all would have remained unfelt and unknown. But to be sure one dream might have been worth them all. Dreams, however, when they are over, are gone, be they of bliss or bale, heaven or the shades. No one weeps over a dream. With such tears no one would sympathize. Give us reality, “the sober certainty of waking bliss,” and to it memory shall cling. Let the object of our sorrow belong to the living world, and transient though it be, its power may be immortal, and with us even in our dying hour. Away then, as of little worth, all the unsubstantial and wavering world of dreams, and in their place give us the very humblest humanities, enjoyed—if it may be—in some beautiful scene of nature, where all is steadfast but the clouds, whose very being is change, and the flow of waters that have been in motion since the flood.

Ha! a splendid equipage with a coronet! and out steps, handed by her elated husband, a high-born beautiful and graceful bride. They are making a tour of the Lakes, and the honeymoon hath not yet filled her horns. If there be indeed such a thing as happiness on this earth, here it is—youth, elegance, health, rank, riches, and love

—all united in ties that death alone can sunder. How they hang towards each other, the blissful pair! blind in their passion to all the scenery they came to admire, or beholding it but by fits and snatches, with eyes that can see only one object of mutual adoration. She hath already learnt to forget father and mother, and sister and brother, and all the young creatures like herself—every one—that shared the pastimes and the confidence of her virgin youthhead. With her as with Genevieve—

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame!

And will this holy state of the spirit endure? No—it will fade, and fade, and fade away, sunset after sunset, so imperceptibly, so unconsciously, (so like the shortening of the long summer days that lose minute after minute of the light, till again we hear the yellow leaves are rustling in autumnal evening,) that the heart within that snow-drifted bosom will know not how great has been the change, till all of a sudden, it shall be told the truth, and with a shiver of despairing agony, feel that all mortal emotion, however paradisiacal, is nothing but the shadow of a dream!

Fain would we believe that forebodings like these are, on all such occasions, whispered by a blind and ignorant misanthropy, and that even of wedded life it may generally be said, “O, happy state, where souls together draw,

Where love is liberty, and nature law.”

What profound powers of affection, grief, pity, sympathy, delight, religion, and love, belong, by its constitution, to the frame of every human soul! And if the sources of life have not greatly thwarted the divine dispensations of nature, will they not all rise into genial play within bosoms consecrated to each other's happiness, till comes between them the cold hand of death? It would seem that everything fair and good must flourish under that holy necessity—everything foul and bad fade away; and that no quarrel or unkindness would ever be between pilgrims travelling together through time to eternity, whether their path lead through an Eden or a

waste. Habit itself comes with humble hearts to be gracious and benign; they who have once loved, will not, for that very reason, cease to love; memory shall brighten when hope decays; and if the present be not now so blissful, so thrilling, so steeped in rapture as it was in the golden prime, yet shall it without repining suffice to them whose thoughts borrow unconsciously sweet comforts from the past and future, and have been taught by mutual cares and sorrows to indulge tempered expectations of the best earthly felicity. And is it not so? How much tranquillity and contentment in human homes! Calm onflowings of life shaded in domestic privacy, and seen but at times coming out into the open light! What brave patience under poverty! What beautiful resignation in grief! Riches take wings to themselves and flee away—yet without and within the door there is the decency of a changed, not an unhappy lot—the clouds of adversity darken men's characters even as if they were the shadows of dishonour, but conscience quails not in the gloom—the well out of which humility hath her daily drink, is nearly dried up to the very spring, but she upbraideth not heaven—children, those flowers that make the hovel's earthen floor delightful as the glades of Paradise, wither in a day, but there is holy comfort in the mother's tears, nor are the groans of the father altogether without relief—for they have gone whither they came, and are blooming now in the bowers of Heaven!

Reverse the picture—and tremble for the fate of those whom God hath made one, and whom no man must put asunder. In common natures, what hot and sensual passions, whose gratification ends in indifference, disgust, loathing, or hatred!—what a power of misery, from fretting to madness, lies in that mean but mighty word—Temper! The face, to whose meek beauty smiles seemed native during the days of virgin love, shows now but a sneer, a scowl, a frown, or a glare of scorn. The shape of those features are still fine—the eye of the gazelle—the Grecian nose and forehead—the ivory teeth, so small and regular—and thin line of ruby lips breathing Circassian luxury—the snow-drifts of the bosom still heave

there—a lovelier waist Apollo never encircled stepping from the chariot of the sun—nor limbs more graceful did ever Dian veil beneath the shadows of Mount Latmos. But she is a fiend—a devil incarnate, and the sovereign beauty of ten counties has made your house a hell!

But suppose that you have had the sense and sagacity to marry a homely wife—or one comely, at the best—nay, even that you have sought to secure your peace by admitted ugliness—or wedded a woman whom all tongues call—plain; then may an insurance-ticket, indeed, flame like the sun in miniature on the front of your house—but what Joint-Stock Company can undertake to repay the loss incurred by the perpetual singeing of the smouldering flames of strife, that blaze up without warning at bed and board, and keep you in an everlasting alarm of fire? We defy you to utter the most glaring truth, that shall not be instantly contradicted. The most rational proposals for a day or hour of pleasure, at home or abroad, are on the nail negated as absurd. If you dine at home every day for a month, she wonders why nobody asks you out, and fears you take no trouble to make yourself agreeable. If you dine from home one day in a month, then are you charged with being addicted to tavern-clubs. Children are perpetual bones of contention—there is hatred and sorrow in house-bills—rent and taxes are productive of endless grievances—and although education be an excellent thing—indeed quite a fortune in itself—especially to a poor Scotchman going to England, where all the people are barbarous—yet is it irritatingly expensive, when a great Northern Nursery sends out its hordes, and gawky hoydens and hobblethoys are getting themselves accomplished in the foreign languages, music, drawing, geography, the use of the globes, and the dumb-bells.

“Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru”

(Two bad lines by the way, though written by Dr Johnson)—and observation will find the literature of all countries filled with sarcasms against the marriage-life. Our old Scottish songs and ballads especially, delight in representing it as a state of ludicrous misery and discomfort. There

is little or no talk of horns—the dilemma of English wit—but every individual moment of every individual minute, of every individual hour of every individual day, and so on, has its peculiar, appropriate, characteristic, and incurable wretchedness. Yet the delightful thing is, that in spite of all this jeering, and jibing, and grinning, and hissing, and pointing with the finger,—marrying and giving in marriage, births and christenings, continue their career of prosperity; and the legitimate population doubles itself somewhere about every thirty-five years. Single houses rise out of the earth—double houses become villages—villages towns—towns cities—and our Metropolis is itself a world!

While the lyrical poetry of Scotland is thus rife with reproach against wedlock, it is equally rife with panegyric on the tender passion that leads into its toils. In one page you shudder in a cold sweat over the mean miseries of the poor “gudeman;” in the next you see, unconscious of the same approaching destiny, the enamoured youth lying on his Mary’s bosom, beneath the milk-white thorn. The pastoral pipe is tuned under a fate that hurries on all living creatures to love; and not one lawful embrace is shunned from any other fears, than those which of themselves spring up in the poor man’s thoughtful heart. The wicked betray, and the weak fall—bitter tears are shed at midnight from eyes once bright as the day—fair faces never smile again, and many a hut has its broken heart—hope comes and goes, finally vanquishing, or yielding to despair—crowned passion dies the sated death, or, with increase of appetite, grows by what it feeds on—wide, but unseen, over all the regions of the land, are cheated hopes—vain desires—gnawing jealousy—dispirited fear, and swarthy-souled revenge—beseechings, seductions, suicides, and insanities—and all, all spring from the root of Love—yet all the nations of the earth call the Tree blest, and long as time endures will continue to flock thither, panting to devour the fruitage, of which every other golden globe is poison and death.

Smile away then with all thy most irresistible blandishments, thou young and happy Bride! What business have we to prophesy bedimming tears

to those resplendent eyes? Or that the talisman of that witching smile can ever lose its magic? Are not the high-born daughters of England also the high-souled? And hath not honour and virtue, and charity and religion, guarded for centuries the lofty line of thy pure and unpolluted blood? Joyful, therefore, mayest thou be, as the dove in the sunshine on the Tower-top—and, as the dove serene, when she sitteth on her nest within the yew-tree's gloom, far within the wood!

Passing from our episode, let us say that we are too well acquainted with your taste, feeling, and judgment, gentle readers, to tell you in these our humble Hints on what objects to gaze or glance, in such a scene as the vale and village of Grassmere. Of yourselves you will find out the nooks and corners from which the pretty white-washed and flowering cottages do most picturesquely combine with each other, and with the hills, and groves, and old church-tower. Without our guiding hand will you ascend knoll and eminence, be there pathway or no pathway, and discover for yourselves new Lake-Landscapes. Led by your own sweet and idle, chaste and noble fancies, you will disappear, single or in pairs and parties, into little woody wildernesses, where you will see nothing but ground-flowers and a glimmering contiguity of shade. Solitude sometimes, you know, is best society, and short separation urges sweet return. Various travels or voyages of discovery may be undertaken, and their grand object attained in little more than an hour. The sudden whirr of a cushat is an incident, or the leaping of a lamb among the broom. In the quiet of nature, matchless seems the music of the milkmaid's song—and of the hearty laugh of the hay-makers, crossing the meadow in rows, how sweet the cheerful echo from Helm-crag! Grassmere appears by far the most beautiful place in all the Lake-county. You buy a field—build a cottage—and in imagination lie (for they are too short to enable you to sit) beneath the shadow of your own trees!

In an English village—highland or lowland—seldom is there any spot so beautiful as the churchyard! That of Grassmere is especially so, with the pensive shadows of the old church-

tower settling over its cheerful graves. Ay, its cheerful graves! Startle not at the word as too strong—for the pigeons are cooing in the belfry, the stream is murmuring round the mossy churchyard wall, a few lambs are lying on the mounds, and flowers laughing in the sunshine over the cells of the dead. But hark the bell tolls—one—one—one—a funeral knell, speaking not of time, but of eternity! To-day there is to be a burial—and lo! close to the wall of the tower, the new-dug grave!

Hush! The sound of singing voices in yonder wood, deadened by the weight of umbrage! Now it issues forth into the clear air, a most dirge-like hymn! All is silence—but that pause speaks of death. Again the melancholy swell ascends the sky—and then comes slowly along the funeral procession, the coffin borne aloft, and the mourners all in white, for it is a virgin who is carried to her last home! Let every head be reverently uncovered, while the psalm enters the gate, and the bier is borne for holy rites along the chancel of the church, and laid down close to the altar. A smothered sobbing disturbeth not the service—'tis a human spirit, breathing in accordance with the divine! Mortals weeping for the immortal! Earth's passions cleaving to one who is now in heaven!

Was she one flower of many, and singled out by death's unsparing finger from a wreath of beauty, whose remaining blossoms seem now to have lost all their fragrance and all their brightness? Or was she the sole delight of her grey-haired parents' eyes, and is the voice of joy extinguished in their low-roofed home for ever? Had her loveliness been beloved, and had her innocent hopes anticipated the bridal day, nor her heart, whose beatings were numbered, ever feared that narrow bed? All that we know is her name and age—you see them glittering on her coffin—"Anabella Irvine, aged six years!"

The day seems something dim, now that we are all on our way back to Ambleside; and although the clouds are neither heavier nor more numerous than before, somehow or other the sun is a little obscured. We must not indulge too long in a mournful mood—for these are our Holidays and our Hints for Holidays—yet let us all

sit down under the shadow of this grove of sycamores, that overshadows a bay of Rydalmere, and listen to another Tale of Tears.

Many a tame tradition, embalmed in a few pathetic verses, lives for ages, while the memory of the most affecting incidents, to which genius has allied no general emotion, fades like the mist, and leaves heart-rending griefs undeplored. Elegies and dirges might indeed have well been sung amidst the green ruins of yonder Cottage, that looks now almost like a fallen wall—at best, the remnants of a cattle-shed shaken down by the storm. Twenty years ago—how short a time in national history—how long in that of private sorrows! all tongues were speaking of the death that there befel, and to have seen the weeping, you would have thought that the funeral could never have been forgotten. But stop now the shepherd on the hill, and ask him who lived of old in that nook, and chance is he knows not even their name, much less the story of their afflictions. That farm-house was inhabited by Allan Fleming, his wife, and an only child, known familiarly in her own small world, by the name of Lucy of the Fold. In almost every vale among the mountains, there is its peculiar pride—some, one creature to whom nature has been especially kind, and whose personal beauty, sweetness of disposition, and felt superiority of mind and manner, single her out, unconsciously, as an object of attraction and praise, making her the May-day Queen of the unending year. Such a darling was Lucy Fleming ere she had finished her thirteenth year; and strangers, who had heard tell of her loveliness, often dropt in as if by accident, to see the Beauty of Rydalmere. Her parents rejoiced in their child; nor was there any reason why they should dislike the expression of delight and wonder with which so many regarded her. Shy was she as a woodland bird, but as fond of her nest too; and when there was nothing near to disturb, her life was almost a perpetual hymn. From joy to sadness, and from sadness to joy; from silence to song, and from song to silence; from stillness like that of the butterfly on the flower, to motion like that of the same creature wavering in the sunshine over the wood-top, was to Lucy as welcome a change as the

change of lights and shadows, breezes and calms, in the mountain-country of her birth.

One summer day, a youthful stranger appeared at the door of the house, and after an hour's stay, during which Lucy was from home, asked if they would let him have lodging with them for a few months—a single room for bed and books, and that he would take his meals with the family. Enthusiastic boy! to him poetry had been the light of life, nor did ever hero of poetry belong more entirely than he to the world of imagination! He had come into the free mountain-region from the confinement of college-walls, and his spirit was expanded within him like a rainbow. No eyes had he for realities—all nature was seen in the light of fancy—not a single object at sunrise and sunset the same. All was beautiful within the circle of the green hill-tops, whether shrouded in the soft mists, or clearly outlined in a cloudless sky. Home, friends, colleges, cities,—all sunk away into oblivion, and Harry Howard felt as if wafted off on the wings of a spirit, and set down in a land beyond the sea, foreign to all he had before experienced, yet in its perfect and endless beauty appealing every hour more tenderly and strongly to a spirit awakened to new power, and revelling in new emotion. In that cottage he took up his abode. In a few weeks came a library of books in all languages; and there was much wondering talk over all the country-side about the mysterious young stranger who now lived at the Fold.

Every day, and, when he chose to absent himself from his haunts among the hills, every hour was Lucy before the young poet's eyes—and every hour did her beauty wax more beautiful in his imagination. Who Mr Howard was, or even if that were indeed his real name, no one knew; but none doubted that he was of gentle birth, and all with whom he had ever conversed in his elegant amenity, could have sworn that a youth so bland and free, and with such a voice, and such eyes, would not have injured the humblest of God's creatures, much less such a creature as Lucy of the Fold. It was indeed even so—for, before the long summer days were gone, he who had never had a sister, loved her even as if she had slept on the same mater-

nal bosom. Father or mother he now had none—indeed, scarcely one near relation—although he was rich in this world's riches, but in them poor in comparison with the noble endowments that nature had lavished upon his mind. His guardians took little heed of the splendid but wayward youth—and knew not now whither his fancies had carried him, were it even to some savage land. Thus, the Fold became to him the one dearest roof under the roof of heaven. All the simple on-goings of that humble home, love and imagination beautified into poetry; and all the rough or coarser edges of lowly life, were softened away in the light of genius that transmuted everything on which it fell; while all the silent intimations which nature gave there of her primal sympathies, in the hut as fine and forceful as in the hall, showed to his excited spirit pre-eminently beautiful, and chained it to the hearth around which was read the morning and the evening prayer.

What wild schemes does not love imagine, and in the face of very impossibility achieve! “I will take Lucy to myself, if it should be in place of all the world. I will myself breathe light over her being, till in a new spring it shall be adorned with living flowers that fade not away, perennial and self-renewed. In a few years the bright, docile creature shall have the soul of a very angel—and then, before God, and at his holy altar, mine shall she become for ever—here and hereafter—in this paradise of earth, and if more celestial be, in the paradise of heaven.”

Thus two summers and two winters wheeled away into the past; and in the change, imperceptible from day to day, but glorious at last, wrought on Lucy's nature by communication with one so prodigally endowed, scarcely could her parents believe it was their same child, except that she was dutiful as before, as affectionate, and as fond of all the familiar objects, dead or living, round and about her birth-place. She had now grown to woman's stature—tall, though she scarcely seemed so, except when among her playmates; and in her maturing loveliness, fulfilling, and far more than fulfilling, the fair promise of her childhood. Never once had the young stranger—stranger no more—spoken

to daughter, father, or mother, of his love. Indeed, for all that he felt towards Lucy, there must have been some other word than love. Tenderness, which was almost pity—an affection that was often sad—wonder at her surpassing beauty, nor less at her unconsciousness of its power—admiration of her spiritual qualities, that ever rose up to meet instruction as if already formed—and that heart-throbbing that stirs the blood of youth when the innocent eyes it loves are beaming in the twilight through smiles or through tears,—these, and a thousand other feelings, and above all, the creative faculty of a poet's soul, now constituted his very being when Lucy was in presence, nor forsook him when he was alone among the mountains.

At last it was known through the country that Mr Howard—the stranger, the scholar, the poet, the elegant gentleman, of whom nobody knew much, but whom everybody loved, and whose father must at the least have been a lord, was going—in a year or less—to marry the daughter of Allan Fleming—Lucy of the Fold. Oh grief and shame to the parents—if still living—of the noble Boy! O sorrow for himself when his passion dies—when the dream is dissolved—and when, in place of the angel of light who now moves before him, he sees only a child of earth, lowly-born, and long rudely bred, a being only fair as many others are fair, sister in her simplicity to maidens no less pleasing than she, and partaking of many weaknesses, frailties, and faults now unknown to herself in her happiness, and to him in his love! Was there no one to rescue them from such a fate—from a few months of imaginary bliss, and from many years of real bale! How could such a man as Allan Fleming be so infatuated as sell his child to fickle youth, who would soon desert her broken-hearted! Yet kind thoughts, wishes, hopes, and beliefs prevailed, nor were there wanting stories of the olden time, of low-born maidens married to youths of high estate, and raised from hut to hall, becoming mothers of a lordly line of sons, that were counsellors to Kings and Princes.

In Spring, Mr Howard went away for a few months—it was said to the great city of London—and on his re-

turn at midsummer, Lucy was to be his bride. They parted with a few peaceful tears, and though absent were still together. And now a letter came to the Fold, saying that before another Sabbath he would be at the Fold. A few beautiful fields in Easdale, long mortgaged beyond their fee-simple by the hard-working statesman from whom they reluctantly were passing away, had meanwhile been purchased by Mr Howard, and in that cottage they were to abide, till they had built for themselves a house a little farther up the side of the sylvan hill, below the shadow of Helm Crag. Lucy saw the Sabbath of his return and its golden sun, but it was in her mind's eye only, for ere it was to descend behind the hills, she was not to be among the number of living things.

Up Forest-Ullswater the youth had come by the light of the setting sun; and as he crossed the mountains to Grassmere by the majestic pass of the Solitary Hawse, still as every new star arose in heaven, with it arose as lustrous a new emotion from the bosom of his betrothed. The midnight hour had been fixed for his return to the Fold, and as he reached the cliffs above Whitemoss, lo! according to agreement, a light was burning in the low window, the very planet of love. It seemed to shed a bright serenity over all the vale, and the moon-glittering waters of Rydalmere were as an image of life, pure, lonely, undisturbed, and at the pensive hour how profound! "Blessing and praise be to the gracious God! who framed my spirit so to delight in his beautiful and glorious creation—blessing and praise to the Holy One for the boon of my Mary's innocent and religious love!" Prayers crowded fast into his soul, and tears of joy fell from his eyes, as he stood at the threshold, almost afraid in the trembling of life-deep affection to meet her first embrace!

In the silence, sobs and sighs, and one or two long deep groans! Then in another moment, he saw through the open door of the room where Mary used to sleep, several figures moving to and fro in the light, and one figure upon its knees—who else could it be but her father! Unnoticed he became one of the pale-faced company—and there he beheld her on her bed, mute and motionless, her face covered with a deplorable beauty—eyes closed, and

her hands clasped upon her breast! "Dead, dead, dead!" muttered in his ringing ears a voice from the tombs, and he fell down in the midst of them with great violence upon the floor.

Encircled with arms that lay round him softer and silkier far than flower-wreaths on the neck of a child who has laid him down from play, was he when he awoke from that fit—lying even on his own maiden's bed, and within her very bosom, that beat yet, although soon about to beat no more! At that blest awakening moment, he might have thought he saw the first glimpse of light of the morning after his marriage-day, for her face was turned towards his heart, and, with her faint breathings, he felt the touch of tears. Not tears alone now bedimmed those eyes, for tears he could have kissed away, but the blue lids were heavy with something that was not slumber—the orbs themselves were scarcely visible—and her voice—it was gone, to be heard never again, till in the choir of white-robed spirits, that sing at the right hand of God!

Yet, no one doubted that she knew him—him who had dropt down, like a superior being, from another sphere, on the innocence of her simple childhood—had taught her to know so much of her own soul—to love her parents with a profounder and more holy love—to see, in characters more divine, Heaven's promises of forgiveness to every contrite heart—and a life of perfect blessedness beyond death and the grave! A smile, that shone over her face the moment that she had been brought to know that he had come at last, and was nigh at hand—and that never left it—while her bosom moved—no—not for all the three days and nights that he continued to sit beside the beautiful corpse, when father and mother were forgetting their cares in sleep—that smile told all who stood around, watching her departure, neighbour, friend, priest, parent, and him the suddenly distracted and desolate, that, in the very moment of expiration, she knew him well, and was recommending him and his afflictions to the pity of one who died to save sinners!

Three days and three nights, we have said, did he sit beside her, who so soon was to have been his bride—and come or go who would into the room, he saw them not—his sight was fixed on the winding-sheet, eyeing it

without a single tear from feet to forehead, and sometimes looking up to Heaven. As men forgotten in dungeons have lived miserably long without food, so did he—and so he would have done, on and on to the most far-off funeral-day. From that one chair, close to the bed-side, he never rose. Night after night, when all the vale was hushed, he never slept. Through one of the midnights there had been a great thunder-storm, the lightning smiting a cliff close to the cottage,—but it seemed that he heard it not—and during the floods of next day, to him the roaring vale was silent. On the morning of the funeral, the old people—for now they seemed to be old—wept to see him sitting still unconscious beside their dead child—for each of the few remaining hours had now its own sad office, and a man had come to nail down the coffin. Three black specks suddenly alighted on the face of the corpse—and then off—and on—and away—and returning—was heard the buzzing of large hell-flies, attracted by beauty in its corruption. “Ha—ha!” starting up, he cried in horror,—“What birds of prey are these, whom Satan has sent to devour the corpse?” He became stricken with a sort of palsy—and, being led out to the open air, was laid down, seemingly as dead as her within, on the green-daisied turf, where, beneath the shadow of the sycamore they had so often sat, building up beautiful visions of a long blissful life!

The company assembled—but not before his eyes—the bier was lifted up and moved away down the sylvan slope, and away round the head of the Lake, and over the wooden bridge, accompanied, here and there, as it passed the way-side houses on the road to Grassmere, by the sound of Psalms—but he saw—he heard not,—when the last sound of the spade rebounded from the smooth arch of the grave, he was not by—but all the while he was lying where they left him, with one or two pitying dalesmen at his head and feet. When he awoke again and rose up, the cottage of the Fold was as if she had never been born—for she had vanished for ever and aye, and her sixteen years smiling life was all extinguished in the dust!

Weeks and months passed on, and still there was a vacant wildness in his

eyes, and a mortal ghastliness all over his face, inexpressive of a reasonable soul. It scarcely seemed that he knew where he was, or in what part of the earth, yet, when left by himself, he never sought to move beyond the boundaries of the Fold. During the first faint glimmerings of returning reason, he would utter her name, over and over many many times, with a mournful voice, but still he knew not that she was dead—then he began to caution them all to tread softly, for that sleep had fallen upon her, and her fever in its blessed balm might abate—then with groans too affecting to be borne by those who heard them, he would ask why, since she was dead, God had the cruelty to keep him, her husband, in life; and finally and last of all, he imagined himself in Grassmere Churchyard, and clasping a little mound on the green, which it was evident he thought was her grave, he wept over it for hours and hours, and kissed it, and placed a stone at its head, and sometimes all at once broke out into fits of laughter, till the hideous fainting-fits returned, and after long convulsions left him lying as if stone-dead! As for his bodily frame, when Lucy’s father lifted it up in his arms, little heavier was it than a bundle of withered fern. Nobody supposed that one so miserably attenuated and ghost-like could for many days be alive—yet not till the earth had revolved seven times round the sun, did that body die, and then it was buried far far away from the Fold, the banks of Rydal water, and the sweet mountains of Westmoreland; for after passing like a shadow through many foreign lands, he ceased his pilgrimage in Palestine, even beneath the shadow of Mount Sion, and was laid, with a lock of beautiful hair, which, from the place it held, strangers knew to have belonged to one dearly beloved—close to his heart, on which it had lain so long, and was to moulder away in darkness together, by a Christian hand and in a Christian sepulchre!

Sweet Ambleside! once more we bid thy blue roofs, and embowered chimneys, and hanging gardens, and high-walled orchards—Hail! We pedestrians have made a circle of some fourteen miles since sunrise, yet among us all there is not one weary foot—and Lucy, and Louisa, and Frances, and

Harriet, are yet as nimble as roes on the mountain. And now it is the unromantic hour of lunch—of cold fowl, and cranberry tart, and elder-flower wine. Mrs Ladyman is a jewel of a woman—and one of her pretty modest daughters will show you to your bedrooms, that you may arrange your love-locks, and let in the cool air among the untouched lilies of your panting bosoms—and then retrip back to the veranda, with delicate ankles twinkling over the dustless black-kids, scarcely too large for the Flower of Pekin, the Moon of the Celestial Empire.

But a few hours after we had taken our departure at sunrise, arrived the post—and lo! a packet of letters from the uttermost parts of the earth. What careful breaking off of seal-impressions, with “Forget me not,” “N’oubliez,” “Jamais,” “J’espere,” “L’amour,” “L’amitie,” and fond devices of grasping hands, stricken hearts, and billing doves! What a dear delight is a cross-written foolscap, without either head or tail! Who, writing to far-distant friend, remembers the day of the month or the year of our Lord? One silent, poring, rustling, epistolary hour is past, and a thousand pleasant interrogatories, about friends in distant cities losing the summer, have been playfully put and answered—and by one of the party (who shall be nameless) one dear, wire-wove, gilt-edged declaration or re-asseveration of eternal love is hidden in a bosom that might well inspire and secure it for ever and a day.

The half of the day—and the sweetest of the two twilights, are yet before us—so let us away to the Langdales—the greater and the lesser—by the lovely Lake of Loughrig. The side-saddled ponies are at the door—and, staff in hand, long Jonathan Inman—the Guide. But here let us—while the ladies are getting themselves provided with pins for the skirts of their riding-habits, and hazel-whips that will, we trow, be humanely applied—indulge in a pensive dream!

Bobby Partridge! methinks we see thee standing in thy wooden-clogs, which never impeded the speed of thy light and easy long-stepped walk—thy weather-stained and iron-pointed oak-towel in thy hand, with which actively couldst thou fling thyself across the cliff-chasms—thy rusted beaver a

little turned up all round, almost after the fashion of a learned clerk, and wreathed with gut-lines, armed with killing, but somewhat clumsy, flies, thine own handywork—a gnostic grin upon thy honest face, quizzingly wondering where the lakers were about to follow thee their huntsman and whipper-in in chase of gills, and forces, and tarns, and mighty stones of the desert! Yes, methinks we see thee standing as of yore, on the gravelly steep, before the old front of the old Salutation Inn, while our worthy friend Mr Wilcock, in his brown and quaker-like suit, suggested judicious directions, and calculated the leagues to be overgone before set of sun! Many, O Bobby! is the long summer-day’s travel we have had with thee over the mountain-tops! By the side of many a lonely tarn have we sat together, and mingled its gelid wave in the sorely-dinted tin-can, with the sinew-strengthening spirit from the Zuyder-Zee. We needed no guide then to our winged feet, for the precipice seemed to sink before us—like a wild deer we crashed our way through the woods—it must have been a broad hill-torrent that at one single bound we could not span, nor were we nice about our stepping-stones across the sea-seeking rivers. But, simple soul! we loved thy company in the wild! Not altogether classical were thy facetiæ, but then they smacked strongly of thy native hills, and often starting from some wayward mood of our own, with which thou couldst have had no sympathy, we yielded such loud laughter to thy half-heard joke, that echo in her cliff replied, and the raven wafted his slow shadow across the tarn. What cared we where we were found by the setting sun—under the awful battlements of Pavey-ark, or in the heart of the clouds on the summit of Scafell?

Among the hills a hundred homes had

I—

My table in the wilderness was spread;
In such lone spots one human smile can
buy

Kind smiles, warm welcome, and a
rushy bed!

Ay, at many an hospitable shepherd’s board have we broken bread—making payment with a tale or a song. With our flute have we hushed the kitchen-parlour, and when a fiddle was at hand, with it have we set astir the

earthen floor. What salmon-like trouts have we not brought up from the sullen depth, protected from the net by wreathed roots, or log green with the eddies of many years! Can we ever live to forget those Barnmoor-Tarn pikes, each of which would have swallowed a two-year-old child? And with what hurry and helter-skelter have we two pursued the yellow-flappers over fen and marsh, when the old duck and drake had escaped the erring mischief of our long goose-guns?

For fifty years wert thou an unwearyed summer-pedestrian, nor did thy feet mind the crunching of the snow on the mountain. Often have we seen thee, like a bear,—no, not like a bear, but a Christian man—all dangling with icicles, sweeter and more horrid as the storm increased. Thine iron bones bade defiance to rheumatism; and there, at eve, after a day among the drifts, wouldst thou sit by the kitchen fire of the Inn, till frozen feet dissolving sent a stream along the floor. There was no greediness in thy nature, but whatever was the character of the coin received, silver or gold, into thy fob it went with a smirk and a smile. Nor, pleasant to thine eyes as was the froth of the home-brewed, didst thou ever in Salutation, or White-Lion, or Black-Cock, or Cherry-Tree, or Eagle and Child, forget the old woman at home, and her whirring-wheel! Many prophesied that thou wouldst die rich—but it was not so. Thy widow—it was not our fault—was on the parish at last, but she never slept a night in a poors'-house, and was industrious to the end. Peace—my dear, poor, old Bobby Partridge, to thine ashes—this very night will I drop a tear upon thy grave!

But now all is ready, and away jog the fair equestrians, attended by their foot-esquires, with Long Jonathan in advance; and passing under the sylvan Loughrigg-Fells, cross Brathay's steep hanging bridge, and by a shady lane, yielding peeps of the blue distance, seem resolved to trace the river to its source. Sweeter stream-scenery, with richer fore, and loftier back-ground, is nowhere to be seen within the four seas. There are cottages so tinged with the hue of the hills, that you can hardly distinguish them from rocks without an eye-glass; others so glittering

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white, that you see them, whether you will or no, and nothing else upon the brae; some of that modest middle tone that neither shun notice nor court it; and some you know not of what colour, so enveloped in umbrage. Do you wisely admire them all—although, as you pass along, you will single out your favourites, and of these carry with you images distinct and permanent as in a picture. Here the Brathay glides sparkling along in shallows—there plunges into pools—here it is disturbed as a mountain torrent—there it sleeps in the meadow like a motionless mirror reflecting heaven—and ever and anon you lose its gleam, but not its murmur, in cop-pice-woods, showing ten to the acre, their stately standard trees.

A gazing group are gathered together on a rocky eminence at High Skelwith, a watch-tower, commanding indeed a noble prospect of meadows and fields, and all the gentler features of the vale, gradually blending with hill-scenery, as gradually losing itself in a mountain-landscape, crowned with castellated clouds. As you love us, descend to Skelwith Bridge—cross it—and wind your pleasant way up to Loughrigg-Tarn. “A tarn, in a vale,” says Mr Wordsworth, “implies, for the most part, that the bed of the vale is not happily formed; that the water of the brooks can neither wholly escape, nor diffuse itself over a very large area. Accordingly, in such situations, tarns are often surrounded by an unsightly waste of boggy ground; but this is not always the case; and in cultivated parts of this county, where the shores of the tarn are determined, it differs only from the lake in being smaller, and in belonging mostly to a smaller valley, or circular recess. Of this class of miniature lakes, Loughrigg-Tarn is the most beautiful example. It has a margin of green, firm meadows, of rock and rocky-woods—a few reeds there, a little company of water-lilies there, with beds of gravel or stone beyond; a tiny stream, issuing neither briskly nor sluggishly out of it; but its feeding rills, from the shortness of their course, so small as to be scarcely visible. Five or six cottages are reflected in its peaceful bosom; rocky and barren steeps rise up above the hanging enclosures; and the solemn pikes of Langdale overlook,

from a distance, the low cultivated ridge of land that forms the northern boundary of this small, quiet, and fertile domain." Never was any place more perfectly described. Here you have it by another writer attempted in verse.

LOUGHRIGG-TARN.

THOU guardian Naiad of this little Lake,
Whose banks in unprofaned Nature sleep,
(And that in waters lone and beautiful
Dwell spirits radiant as the homes they love,
Have poets still believed,) O surely blest
Beyond all genii or of wood or wave,
Or sylphs that in the shooting sunbeams dwell,
Art thou! yea, happier even than summer-cloud
Beloved by air and sky, and floating slow
O'er the still bosom of upholding heaven.

Beauteous as blest, O Naiad, thou must be!
For, since thy birth, have all delightful things,
Of form and hue, of silence and of sound,
Cirled thy spirit, as the crowding stars
Shine round the placid Moon. Lov'st thou to sink
Into thy cell of sleep? The water parts
With dimpling smiles around thee, and below,
The unsunn'd verdure, soft as cygnet's down,
Meets thy descending feet without a sound.
Lov'st thou to sport upon the watery gleam?
Lucid as air around thy head it lies
Bathing thy sable locks in pearly light,
While, all around, the water-lilies strive
To shower their blossoms o'er the virgin queen.
Or doth the shore allure thee?—well it may:
How soft these fields of pastoral beauty melt
In the clear water! neither sand nor stone
Bars herb or wild-flower from the dewy sound,
Like Spring's own voice now rippling round the Tarn.
There oft thou liest 'mid the echoing bleat
Of lambs, that race amid the sunny gleams;
Or bee's wide murmur as it fills the broom
That yellows round thy bed. O gentle glades,
Amid the tremulous verdure of the woods,
In stedfast smiles of more essential light,
Lying like azure streaks of placid sky
Amid the moving clouds, the Naiad loves
Your glimmering alleys, and your rustling bowers;
For there, in peace reclined, her half-closed eye
Through the long vista sees her darling Lake,
Even like herself, diffused in fair repose.

Not undelightful to the quiet breast
Such solitary dreams as now have fill'd
My busy fancy; dreams that rise in peace,
And thither lead, partaking in their flight
Of human interests and earthly joys.
Imagination fondly leans on truth,
And sober scenes of dim reality
To her seem lovely as the western sky,
To the wrapt Persian worshipping the sun.
Methinks this little lake, to whom my heart
Assign'd a guardian spirit, renders back
To me, in tenderest gleams of gratitude,
Profounder beauty to reward my hymn.

Long hast thou been a darling haunt of mine,
 And still warm blessings gush'd into my heart,
 Meeting or parting with thy smiles of peace.
 But now, thy mild and gentle character,
 More deeply felt than ever, seems to blend
 Its essence pure with mine, like some sweet tune
 Oft heard before with pleasure, but at last,
 In one high moment of inspired bliss,
 Borne through the spirit like an angel's song.

This is the solitude that reason loves !
 Even he who yearns for human sympathies,
 And hears a music in the breath of man,
 Dearer than voice of mountain or of flood,
 Might live a hermit here, and mark the sun
 Rising or setting 'mid the beauteous calm,
 Devoutly blending in his happy soul
 Thoughts both of earth and heaven !—Yon mountain-side,
 Rejoicing in its clustering cottages,
 Appears to me a paradise preserved
 From guilt by Nature's hand, and every wreath
 Of smoke, that from these hamlets mounts to heaven,
 In its straight silence holy as a spire
 Rear'd o'er the house of God.

Thy sanctity
 Time yet hath revered ; and I deeply feel
 That innocence her shrine shall here preserve
 For ever.—The wild vale that lies beyond,
 Circled by mountains trod but by the feet
 Of venturous shepherd, from all visitants,
 Save the free tempests and the fowls of heaven,
 Guards thee ;—and wooded knolls fantastical
 Seclude thy image from the gentler dale,
 That, by the Brathay's often-varied voice
 Cheer'd as it winds along, in beauty fades
 'Mid the green banks of joyful Windermere !

O gentlest Lake ! from all unhallow'd things
 By grandeur guarded in thy loveliness,
 Né'er may thy poet with unwelcome feet
 Press thy soft moss embathed in flowery dies,
 And shadow'd in thy stillness like the heavens !
 May innocence for ever lead me here,
 To form amid the silence high resolves
 For future life ; resolves, that, born in peace,
 Shall live 'mid tumult, and though haply mild
 As infants in their play, when brought to bear
 On the world's business, shall assert their power
 And majesty—and lead me boldly on
 Like giants conquering in a noble cause.

This is a holy faith, and full of cheer
 To all who worship Nature, that the hours,
 Pass'd tranquilly with her, fade not away
 For ever like the clouds, but in the soul
 Possess a secret silent dwelling-place,
 Where with a smiling visage memory sits,
 And startles oft the virtuous, with a show
 Of unsuspected treasures. Yea, sweet Lake !
 Oft hast thou borne into my grateful heart
 Thy lovely presence, with a thousand dreams

Dancing and brightening o'er thy sunny wave,
 Though many a dreary mile of mist and snow
 Between us interposed. And even now,
 When yon bright star hath risen to warn me home,
 I bid thee farewell in the certain hope,
 That thou, this night, wilt o'er my sleeping eyes
 Shed cheering visions, and with freshest joy
 Make me salute the dawn. Nor may the hymn
 Now sung by me unto thy listening woods,
 Be wholly vain,—but haply it may yield
 A gentle pleasure to some gentle heart,
 Who, blessing, at its close, the unknown bard,
 May, for his sake, upon thy quiet banks
 Frame visions of his own, and other songs
 More beautiful, to Nature and to Thee!

After half an hour's loitering in the birch-woods, and half an hour's reclining on the mossy bank, while a couple of hatless urchins tend the ponies, cropping a welcome meal by the road-side, you will not grudge to return to Skelwith Bridge, and so on for an up-and-down romantic mile to Colwith Force, one of the finest of the Westmoreland waterfalls. By a little scrambling, you may get through the underwood, not far above the level of the channel, to a point where the cataract is seen in all its height and breadth, with a noble background of mountains. Thence to Angle Tarn in Little Langdale, the road winds through pleasant thickets, with not much to be seen by heedless or uninstructed eyes; but to those who know

how to see and study the character of a country, full of unobtrusive and expressive features, that smile upon you for a moment, and disappear in varied succession. You must not, at present, think of ascending Hard-Knot and Wrynose, for that road (traversed of yore by hundreds of pack-horses every year) would lead you away over to Eskdale, and down to the shores of the sea; but keeping the ancient building of Fellfoot, embowered in trees, to your left, turn to the right, and, after a short bleak distance, you will behold Blea-Tarn, a lonely, and if in nature there be anything of that character, a melancholy depth of water! It is thus finely described in Mr Wordsworth's *Excursion*, as the abode of his *Solitary*:

Urn-like it is in shape—deep as an urn;
 With rocks encompassed, save that to the south
 Is one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge
 Supplies a boundary less abrupt and close,
 A quiet treeless nook, with two green fields,
 A liquid pool that glitters in the sun,
 And one bare dwelling; one abode—no more!
 It seems the house of poverty and toil,
 Though not of want. The little fields made green
 By husbandry of many thrifty years,
 Pay cheerful tribute to the moorland house.
 There crows the cock, single in his domain;
 The small birds find in spring no thicket there
 To shroud them; only from the neighbouring vales
 The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill-top,
 Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place.

Ah! what a sweet recess, thought I, is here!
 Instantly throwing down my limbs at ease
 Upon a bed of heath;—full many a spot
 Of hidden beauty have I chanced to espy
 Among the mountains—never one like this;
 So lonesome and so perfectly secure:
 Not melancholy—no, for it is green,
 And bright, and fertile; furnish'd in itself
 With the few needful things which life requires.

In rugged arms how soft it seems to lie,
 How tenderly protected ! Far and near
 We have an image of the pristine earth,
 The planet in its nakedness. Were this
 Man's only dwelling, sole appointed seat,
 First, last, and single, in this breathing world.
 It could not be more quiet : peace is here,
 Or nowhere ; days unruffled by the gale
 Of public news or private ; years that pass
 Forgetfully ; uncall'd upon to pay
 The common penalties of mortal life,
 Sickness or accident, or grief or pain !"

"What!" methinks we hear a voice exclaim—"Is that a description of bare, dull, dreary, moorland Blea-Pond, where a man and a Christian would die through mere blank vacancy, and weary want of world, of eye, and ear!" Hush, critic, hush! forget ye that there are sermons in stones, and good in everything? In what would the poet differ from the worthy man of prose, if his imagination possessed not a beautifying and transmuting power over the objects of the inanimate world? Nay, even the naked truth itself is seen clearly but by poetic eyes; and wert thou all at once to become a poet, thou wouldst absolutely shed tears over the guilt of that Vandalism—"Blea-Pond." Yonder ass licking his lips at a thistle, sees but water for him to drink in Windermere a-glow with the golden lights of setting suns. The ostler or the boots at Lowood-Inn takes a somewhat higher flight, and for a moment pauses with curry-comb or blacking-brush in his suspended hand. The waiter, who has cultivated his taste from conversation with Lakers, learns their phraseology, and declares the sunset to be exceedingly handsome. The Laker, who sometimes has a soul, feels it rise within him, as the rim of the orb disappears in the glow of softened fire. The artist compliments Nature, by likening her evening glories to a picture of Claud Lorraine—while the poet feels the sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting
 suns,

And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
 A motion and a spirit that impels—
 All thinking things, all objects of all
 thought,

And rolls through all things.

Do you know, we really form a very picturesque and gipsy-looking group,

half-hidden in brackens on the side of this rock-crowned knoll. Now, these parasols might be supposed to be the green Tents of the Fairies. Lady-loves! never looked ye more beautiful. And how appropriately these long-maned mountain-ponies are cropping the short herbage of the wild! Long Jonathan throws a noble shadow—and the croak of the Blea-Tarn raven is sublime. Let us recline here a few minutes longer—and you shall hear a Tale.

The house now in ruins, that we passed a few hundred yards ago, among some dark firs, just before we began to ascend the hill, was some years ago inhabited by Miles Mackareth, a man of some substance, and universally esteemed for his honest and pious character. His integrity, however, wanted the grace of courteousness, and his religion was somewhat gloomy and austere, while all the habits of his life were sad, secluded, and solitary. His fireside was always decent, but never cheerful—there the passing traveller partook of an ungrudging, but a grave hospitality—and although neighbours dropping in unasked were always treated as neighbours, yet seldom were they invited to pass an evening below his roof, except upon the stated festivals of the seasons, or some domestic event demanding sociality, according to the country custom. Year after year the gloom deepened on his strong-marked intellectual countenance; and his hair, once black as jet, became untimely grey. Indeed, although little more than fifty years old, when you saw his head uncovered, you would have taken him for a man approaching to three score and ten. His wife and only daughter, both naturally of a cheerful disposition, grew every year more retired, till at last they shunned society altogether, and were seldom seen but at church. And now a vague rumour ran through the hamlets of the neigh-

bouring valleys, that Miles Mackareth was scarcely in his right mind—that he had been heard by shepherds on the hills talking to himself wild words, and pacing up and down in a state of distraction. The family ceased to attend divine worship, and as for some time the Sabbath had been the only day they were visible, few or none now knew how they fared, and by many they were utterly forgotten. Meanwhile, during the whole summer, the miserable man haunted the loneliest places; and, to the terror of his wife and daughter, who had lost all power over him, and durst not speak, frequently passed whole days they knew not where, and came home, silent, haggard, and ghastly, about midnight. His widow afterwards told, that he seldom slept, and never without dreadful dreams—that often, often would he sit up all night in his bed, with eyes fixed and staring on nothing, and uttering ejaculations for mercy for all his sins.

What these sins were he never confessed—nor, as far as man may judge of man, had he ever committed any act that needed to lie heavy on his conscience. But his whole being, he said, was one black sin—and a spirit had been sent to tell him, that his doom was to be with the wicked through all the ages of eternity. That spirit, without form or shadow—only a voice—seldom left his side day or night, go where he would; but its most dreadful haunt was under a steep rock called Blake-rigg-scaur (you hear the raven now upon it); and thither, in whatever direction he turned his face on leaving his own door, he was led by an irresistible impulse, even as a child is led by the hand. Tenderly and truly had he once loved his wife and daughter, nor less because that love had been of few words, silent, solemn, and with a shade of sorrow. But now he looked on them almost as if they had been strangers—except at times, when he started up, kissed them, and wept. His whole soul was possessed by horrid fantasies, of which it was itself object and victim; and it is probable, that had he seen them both lying dead, he would have left their corpses in the house, and taken his way to the mountains. At last one night passed away and he came not. His wife and daughter, who had not gone to bed, went to the nearest house

and told their tale. In an hour a hundred feet were traversing all the loneliest places—till a hat was seen floating on Blea-Tarn, and then all knew that the search was near an end. Drags were soon got from the fishermen on Windermere, and a boat crossed and re-crossed the tarn on its miserable quest, till in an hour, during which wife and daughter sat without speaking on a stone by the water-edge, the body came floating to the surface, with its long silver hair. One single shriek only, it is said, was heard, and from that shriek till three years afterwards, his widow knew not that her husband was with the dead. On the brink of that small sandy bay the body was laid down and cleansed of the muddy weeds—his daughter's own hands assisting in the rueful work—and she walked among the mourners, the day before the Sabbath, when the funeral entered the little burial-ground of Langdale chapel, and the congregation sung a Christian Psalm over the grave of the forgiven suicide!

But whom have we here, perched upon a knoll, and each sitting upon a tripod, or three-legged stool?—A brace of artists; and doubtless they have been sketching the party all the time of this doleful story. Time was when the Lake-country swarmed with gentlemen of the profession. You could not stoop down to take a drink out of a well by the way-side, without being instantly clapped into the foreground of a landscape intended for the London Exhibition of Water-Colour Paintings. If your coat was not of the right colour, it was changed in a jiffy into red or purple, to harmonize with the setting sun. A boundless hat was put on your head, composed of most extraordinary materials; and a pretty tatterdemallion you were made of by the edge of the silver fountain. Many of these artists being Cockneys, had never seen a mountain in all their days; nor any other mist than one shrouding from view the City of London Tavern. In their hands the Langdale Pikes used to be singular fishes indeed; and their clouds seemed to be woven in a manufactory of power-looms. Every cottage in the three mountain counties was transmogrified into such lodges as the mail-coach passengers admire, on the roadside, while the guard drops the leather-bag, containing political infor-

mation for the Surrey squire, a man of Whig politics, and burdened estate!—The entire region was dislocated and turned up-side down. Treeless tarns became lakes valuable for their timber; chasmy streams, with hundreds of headlong cataracts, assumed the staid demeanour of canals under lock and key; Dungeon-gills lost their ancient horrors, and looked as smirk as prisons after a visit from Mr Fowel Buxton, and Mrs Fry; the great wide moors were enlivened by judiciously-planted houses of Entertainment for Man and Horse; and the Alpine road, cleaving to the breast of the precipice, and making a narrow escape over the pass, was widened into a respectable turnpike, and, had that great man begun to flourish, doubtless had been Macadamised.

Paintings, finished off from such sketches from nature, gave the Londoners impressions of the scenery of the north of England, which a future fortnight's tour might confuse, but could never correct. There they hung in gorgeous gilt frames, before the gaze of an admiring public, the name of each in the shilling catalogue, an enormous lie. Such a misbegotten domicile as you sometimes see in the scenery of a Perambulatory Theatre, the illegitimate offspring of a poor simple country cot, seduced by a tall, strapping, clerical character of a Gothic church—*that*, it is positively asserted, is to be seen in the neighbourhood of Ambleside! Then for AMBLESIDE herself! Trees transplanted full-grown from one of the most fertile provinces of Asia overshadow Mr Bensou's Smithy—and the Chapel Tower of the true Westmoreland breed, square, stout, and sturdy, like a man made for wrestling, and with an air of mountain independence, holding possession of its own church-yard, is juggled into an Oriental Pagoda! while, finally, all the roofs of the houses are flat, that on them the natives may drink tea, and study the stars. A patch of shadow for water,—something very rough indeed, personating an island,—mountains of green mud and an indigo heaven—that

in the said catalogue, was printed GRASSMERE; while a lying ticket on the right-hand low corner of the frame did not scruple to say "SOLD." A long perplexing stretch of light and shade, whether of liquid or solid matter, no man could without severe thought conjecture, but which ultimately looked rather like a lake—here apparently dotted with wild-ducks, there with pieces of timber, to which human heads adhered, designed for a flotilla, perhaps a regatta,—was audaciously christened—WINDERMERE! but not SOLD, the prize being understood to be four hundred guineas, and only within the range of Sir John Leicester, now my lord—

Leaving the three artists to finish us off at their leisure, dear ladies! remount, and promise not to lift your eyes from your ponies' ears till we cry "Eyes forward!" We wish you to enjoy the soul-uplifting emotion of instantaneous magnificence. There, honest Jonathan, hold the gate open till the cavalry get through; and now, ladies, lovely and beloved, behold the VALE OF GREAT LANGDALE!

There is no lake in that depth profound—the glittering sunshine hides a cloud of rich enclosures, scattered over with single trees; and immediately below your feet, a stately sycamore-grove, shrouding the ancient dwelling of Wall-end. Ay, your dazzled eyes begin now to discern the character of the vale, gradually forming itself into permanent order out of the wavering confusion. That thread of silver is a stream! Yonder seeming wreath of snow a waterfall! No castles are these built by hands, but the battlements of the eternal cliffs! There you behold the mountains, from their feet resting on the vale as on a footstool, up to their crests in the clear blue sky! And what a vast distance from field to cloud!

You have been in Italy, and Spain, and Switzerland—say, then, saw ye ever, any one of you, mountains more sublime than the Langdale Pikes?—Hear the great poet of Nature!

“ Many are the notes

Which in his tuneful course the wind draws forth
From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores:
And well those Lofty Brethren bear their part
In the wild concert, chiefly when the storm
Rides high; then all the upper air they fill

With roaring sound, that ceases not to flow,
 Like smoke, along the level of the blast
 In mighty current; theirs, too, is the song
 Of stream and headlong flood that seldom fails;
 And, in the grim and breathless hour of noon,
 Methinks that I have heard them echo back
 The thunder's greeting: nor have Nature's laws
 Left them ungifted with a power to yield
 Music of finer frame; a harmony,
 So do I call it, though it be the hand
 Of silence, though there be no voice;—the clouds,
 The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns,
 Motions of moonlight, all come thither—touch,
 And have an answer—thither come, and shape
 A language not unwelcome to sick hearts
 And idle spirits:—there the sun himself,
 At the calm close of summer's longest day,
 Rests his substantial orb;—between those heights,
 And on the top of either pinnacle,
 More keenly than elsewhere, in night's blue vault,
 Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud.
 Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man
 Than the mute agents stirring there:—alone
 Here do I sit and watch."

Ascending steep mountains is slavish work; but descending steep mountains is pastime for the lords and the ladies of the earth. So, leaving all quadrupeds behind, we glide spirally down to the meads of Langdale vale, half walking and half flying, and with slightly quickened respiration are all leaning over the rails of a wooden bridge floored with sods, over a pool in which we can count the white twinkling minnows. The huge heights fling their shadows quite across the glen, and the silence of earth and heaven is at once sweet and awful. We have reached the beautiful farm-houses of Mill-beck, quite forgetful of our cavalry in the rear; and we could never hold up our heads among tra-

vellers, were we to pass by Dungeon-Gill.

There is not on all the earth a rock-dungeon more incomprehensible to geologists. That torrent, fierce as it often is, never hollowed out that dark prison-cell, where incarceration needs neither chains nor jailor. Earthquake probably cleft the rocks into that Penitentiary, in which every whispered prayer would be answered by an echo. One huge stone has fallen across the chasm—a dizzy and ledgeless bridge, over which the very goat would almost fear to clamber. A mile farther up, and you would stand by the brink of Stickle-Tarn, and beneath Pavey Ark, the most magnificent range of rocks in Westmoreland.

"There is a cove—a huge recess,
 That keeps till June December's snow,
 A mighty precipice in front,
 A silent tarn below.
 There sometimes does a leaping fish
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
 The crags repeat the raven's croak
 In symphony austere.
 Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,
 And mists that spread the flying shower,
 And sunbeams, and the flying blast,
 That, if it could, would hurry past,
 But that enormous barrier finds it fast!"

But to see everything in one day is impossible; so let us away down the Vale on our return to Ambleside.

Yet since the ponies have been put into the stable, and Jonathan is manifestly munching cheese and bread on

the stone-seat within the porch of that Farm-house, that almost looks as if it were an Inn, suppose we step across the threshold, and pay a visit to the interior. Chairs are instantly swept of every slightest particle of dust by ready arm and apron, and a comely matron and her three tidy daughters request us with smiles to be seated. The husband is away at his work in the slate-quarries; but without him the honours are done to perfection. The house-clock points to six,—so setting aside two hours for breakfast and luncheon, we have absolutely been twelve astir. But then, to be sure, there was the loiter and the saunter, and the sitting, and the reclining, and the lying in sun or shade, on knoll and in dell, over gate and on rustic bridge, on mossy-stump soft as any cushion, and couch among the Lady-fern, canopied by the quivering birch-trees. Therefore, not a single soul of the party is fatigued in lith or limb; but across their imaginations comes the half-wish half-hope of dinner; a vision of crumpled oat-meal cakes round a delf-ware bowl of liquid, be it milk or cream.

As at the touch of magic wand, the wish of imagination becomes a reality—and we are all busy at our pastoral repast. We are not so voraciously hungry as not to notice the furniture of our banquet-room, the blue sky hardly visible through the small-paned lead-latticed window, for the green, fragrant, and flowery exotics, that, in their healthful beauty, show the unforgetful care of many superintending hands. A curious, richly-carved, antique oak-cabinet—with the date, apparently burned into the wood, 1666, shows, among a few household articles, about a dozen volumes; among others, two or three Prayer-books and a Bible. A huge beam divides the room into two—the smaller part being all chimney, suspended round with hams; and a half-open door in the lath-and-plaster, gives a glimpse of curtains in a bed-room, looking into the garden behind, under shadow of the hill. A long table, almost the whole length of the room, crosses the front-window—a high-backed settle is opposite, at one side of the grateless fire-place, and the oval board on which our feast is spread, and the chairs we occupy, constitute, with a stool or two, the whole

furniture of the parlour-kitchen-dining-room.

But what is all this bustle about—this going-out and coming-in first of one daughter and then of another, with faces not without anxiety, and hasty words addressed to each other and the matron, to us almost unintelligible in their pleasant provincialism? It is drying-day, and the sunny green at no great distance from the door, with its perpetual well of bleaching waters, is covered with all the linen about the house, as with snow. There is going to be a tremendous shower; and the frightened nymphs collecting shift, and cap, and sheet, and other wearing or sleeping apparel under their arms, bring the whole treasure of napery, under shelter, with curtsies and blushes of apology and confusion. We are indeed the most fortunate Lakers in the world—for we are about to be treated—with a THUNDER-STORM!

In two minutes it seems two hours nearer night. Go to the door, and say if you ever saw a sabler sky than that of the growling west. A big, warm rain-drop splashes on your face as you gaze upwards, and a sultry smell comes from the dusty road and fields, hard in a long drought. Nothing stirs. The hive is without a bee even on the front-board, and the swallow sits with her white-breast mute in her nest below the slate-eaves. The dog has gone whining into a dark corner—and chanticleer crows not. The growl, as of a lion prowling here and there through a forest, comes and goes, yet forsaking not the dark sky-bounds that now emit afar off forked fire. But a cloud right over-head, that has been slowly sailing thither apparently without wind, flashes, and in a moment, as if the cope of heaven were of metal, it rattles with sharp, fierce, and long-continued thunder bounding up and down, and giving way to a crash of echoes that with awful pauses roll circling along the tops of the mountains, and die away, one would almost think, into another world. A deluge drenches the only part of the vale now visible—that near you. Showers are seen falling in floods, each a broad broken streak in the grim atmosphere at the hidden head of the vale, and in a few minutes, hundreds of white torrents are leaping through the mist, and the

main vale-stream quickening its pace, and raising its voice, flows on covered with foam-bells, and ere night-fall will be in flood.

Nothing can be more absurd than to be angry with any man, woman, or child, who may be frightened out of his or her wits-end at thunder. The horrible closeness of the grim air oppresses the heart; and the soul sinks in the disturbance of the senses. In such cases it is cruel to scold. You might as well lose your temper with your wife for being drowned or suffocated. Neither is the danger by any means despicable. Out of a townfull of people, thirty thousand strong, as many are killed and wounded in a pitched thunder-storm, as of the same number of Spaniards during almost any one pitched battle—in position with our army—in the Peninsula—that is to say—four or five. Each individual, too, feels himself in the brunt of the action; and all kinds of accursed conductors are at his ear and elbow. Every person who has behaved himself gallantly in fifty great decisive pitched thunder-storms, ought to wear a medal—and belong to the Order of Electricity.

The rain is over and gone, and the white mists are wreathing themselves into a thousand forms all along the sides of the mountains, while all the vale is visible with its freshened verdure of Meadows, Trees, and Groves. More and more of the glittering rocky heights are gradually revealed. Now one hill-top and now another rears its known character aloft out of the departing shroud; and the Two Giants stretch themselves up, as it would seem, to enjoy the only blue region in heaven. A low, thick, awakening warble of joy is in the woods—the cattle again begin to feed—the lambs renew their gambols on the braes—and within the house smiles are returning to solemn, and somewhat pale faces; a more cheerful strain of conversation arises, and hark, one of the mountain-maidens without doors lilting, like a linnet, broken snatches of a song!

To the worthy family of Mill-Beck

we bid a cheerful farewell; and unconsciously elated by the purity of the air, inspiring as that gas of Paradise, which made Sir Humphrey Davy dance, such is the power of our imagination, that not an object in nature can help being beautiful. Poets and poetesses are we, one and all of us, that is certain, and perfectly willing to exclaim with Mr Wordsworth,—

“ Oh! many are the poets that are sown
By nature; men endowed with highest
gifts,

The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of
verse!”

The want of the accomplishment of verse imposes a necessity on us of writing in prose—but it does not prevent us from speaking in poetry—as will be admitted by all who have ever enjoyed the delight of our conversation. Down the glittering valley we straggle in ones and twos—and for a mile together walk mute in the crowd of our own bright or shadowy imaginings. Silence is a thing indeed truly divine, and often do we wish for a world without tongues. Wordless ideas are alone worthy of spiritual essences; and not even a single monosyllable drops in upon the stillness of living thought. So speechless are we all—as clouds or ghosts,—as we turn our eyes well pleased towards the small serene Langdale chapel, from which fancy hears the sound of the Sabbath-Psalm—the wild beauty of Elter-water is passed without encomium, its moorish meadows and wilderness of woods—the Brathay, without any accompaniment from our voices, is suffered to trill his jocund song, and in silence we bid the first far-off reappearing gleam of Windermere hail!—First a whisper, and then a word, and then an imperfect sentence, as single houses become more frequent, and the clustered hamlets enliven the cultivated hill-side—till collecting our scattered forces into one group on Rothay Bridge, we salute beautiful Ambleside almost with a cheer, and see from the dimness that shrouds her church-tower, that twilight is closing on

THE SICK CHAMBER.

In Six Sonnets.

I.

DISEASE.

ON Beauty's cheek the burning flush was seen,
 Red Fever's signal ; and her beaming eye
 All heavy look'd and drooping, as the sky
 When April's clouds surcharge the blue serene ;
 Sudden had it come, dread harbinger of woe,
 That wild disease : half shutter'd from the day,
 In twilight gloom the gentle matron lay,
 On a low couch with coverlid of snow.
 Her eldest girl, a blooming child of eight,
 Sate at her head, with eyes that told of tears ;
 And, ah ! too young to feel Affliction's weight,
 Two babes—her miniatures—devoid of fears,
 Play'd on the floor, unheeding what dire fate
 Darkly might destine for approaching years !

II.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

Serenely o'er her mother's couch she hung,
 Not yet—not yet the victim of despair ;
 One snowy hand across her brow was flung,
 Her fingers twined amid her auburn hair ;
 Her voice, as tender and as tremulous
 As distant music on the moonlight sea,
 Spake still of joys to come, and ever thus
 Pour'd on each wound a balsam gushing free ;
 Anon her bright blue eyes she lifted up,
 And took the low-flamed taper, as the chime
 Deep-toned of midnight hymn'd the march of Time,
 To bring with sleepless zeal the medicine-cup ;
 Her care was all her mother ; and her cheek
 Unrosed was pale, and, as a snow-drop, meek.

III.

DISSOLUTION.

Swift fled the reign of hope ; hour after hour
 Beheld her withering in uncheck'd decay,
 Silent she yielded to the demon's sway,
 As 'neath the whelming tempest bends the flower ;
 No vain repinings rose, no wild regret,
 No unavailing tears were madly shed,
 Grief for the babes that hung around her bed,
 Whose fostering sun was now about to set,
 Alone disturb'd her mind ; yet beautiful
 The outline of her features marbly show'd,
 And Death seem'd lingering, ere he dared annul
 Such excellence ; at times all crimson glow'd
 Her cheek, then paled. Time in her cup was full ;
 They watch'd, and lo ! her soul had flown to God !

IV.

DESPONDENCY.

Silent was that lone room in which she lay,
 And o'er the heart an awful feeling stole ;
 'Tis strange, when vanishes the deathless soul,
 That Fear should hover o'er its shell of clay ;
 Here Beauty had a home but yesterday,
 And now Decay is paramount—the goal
 Of Life attained, and all its windings o'er,
 Wrecks do we lie upon Oblivion's shore ;
 Suns set and rise—earth stirs—and seasons change—
 But not for us, of whom no trace survives,
 Save in the friends that years must soon estrange ;
 For thought must follow where occasion drives ;
 Bee-like, afar for pleasure do we range,
 While clouds and sunshine chequer o'er our lives.

V.

DEPRIVATION.

The husband hath returned to find her dead,
 His dear loved wife ; this earth is now for him
 But a huge sepulchre, all wildly grim,
 And in his woe he pats each orphan'd head,
 Looks on each face, that tells him of the past,
 And presses little hands that throng his knees,—
 “ These are thy pledges, and my hopes are these,
 Lost wife ;—Almighty Father ! on them cast
 A favourable eye ; oh ! shield their youth,
 Their helpless days, from Error's snares, and Sin,
 That, guided by thy light, which glows within,
 All steadfast may they cling to thee in truth ! ”—
 Thus ponders he, thus prays ; and hopes begin
 To cheer him, and Religion's balm to soothe.

VI.

REMINISCENCE.

The funeral day arrives : in mourning weeds
 The household are array'd, and tears are shed
 By those, who long have shared the family bread
 In thankful love, which kindness ever breeds.
 Yes ! these are real mourners. Pomp awaits
 For ever on the wealthy, good or bad ;
 But here an hundred hearts were justly sad
 When pass'd the solemn pageant from the gates.—
 Then did the husband feel his widowhood ;
 Children their mother dead bewail'd in vain :
 While white-hair'd paupers, rueful eyed the train,
 Missing the Christian hand that dealt them food.
 Oh Virtue ! surely thine is real gain,
 For Vice itself does reverence to the good !

TALES OF THE WEDDING.

No. IV.

A Wedding in Court.

WHEN the applause which succeeded the Geologist's subterranean adventure had a little subsided, the good Pastor, whose inevitable hour had at length arrived, began with no small appearance of sincerity to deplore his own mingled courtesy and shyness, which, by deferring his simple pastoral tale till so many livelier narrations had exhausted the attention of the audience, would but expose it to more painful and humiliating contrast. "Truly," said the worthy Vaudois, "unless emboldened by the somewhat *piquant* transition from the bowels of the earth which we have just been exploring, to the Alpine summit on which I was sitting, with half Switzerland at my feet, when I listened to the village story I am about very imperfectly to relate, I should hesitate to attempt it, without the powerful accompaniments of scenery which I have never seen equalled, and to which it is perhaps indebted for its hold on my memory.

"I was residing, during one of my summer rambles in the Grisons, at the house of a fellow-pastor, who, sprung, like most of his brethren in that primitive canton, from a virtuous and respectable peasantry, and little distinguished from them by superfluous learning, only carried to a still higher degree their characteristic traits of kindness and hospitality. We were both young and active, and I found in him an able and willing guide in many delightful excursions among the neighbouring mountains.

"We had ascended one day with comparative ease the fertile and sloping side of the Galanda, rich in pastures and *Châlets*; and it was with a sensation of horror, heightened by surprise, that on reaching its elevated summit, I found myself on the giddy brink of a precipice of almost unparalleled height and abruptness.

"I fathomed it with the eye of one not unaccustomed to mountain difficulties, and to whom the ascent of my own neighbouring *Diablents*, and the still more formidable naked peak of the *Dent de Morcle*, was a familiar exploit; and was rather rashly, perhaps, pronouncing it impracticable, when my host expressed his regret that my very limited stay in the country, and the two days at least requisite for the expedition, would deprive him of the pleasure of showing me at the southern extremity of the canton, a far more perpendicular and appalling precipice, and relating to me on the spot the little romance connected with it. 'However,' continued he, 'we cannot choose a more delightful situation than this for repose and refreshment. There is similarity enough between the two mountains to assist imagination; and if you can convert yonder smiling and richly-inhabited valley into a narrow and gloomy gorge, the haunt of the bear and the vulture; and the Rhine meandering so placidly amid pastures and villages, into a torrent, forcing for itself an oft-impeded passage through impending rocks, almost excluding day, you will be able to appreciate the daring of the Swiss heroine, who braved at the call of duty and affection such complicated perils.

"'Do not be surprised,' added he, smiling, 'if I tell my little tale *con amore*; for my wife, the daughter of its fair subject, inherits, with the beauty on which you paid me such flattering compliments yesterday, no small portion of the courage and devotion which led, by the blessing of Providence, to her mother's *Wedding in Court*.'"

It was one fine day in September, nearly thirty years ago, that a young man of the upper Engadine, named Aloys Voghel, set out full of joy and confidence to hunt the chamois for the last time that season, in one of the

highest ranges of Mount Bernina. His enjoyment in this sport, which is well known to amount to absolute passion in those accustomed to brave its perils, was perhaps heightened by the reflection, that after his approaching

marriage with the object of his early affection, the beautiful Clara Meyer, those fond entreaties and persuasive smiles, which, even on the present occasion, had half succeeded in dissuading him from the enterprise, would probably be often exerted to forbid its repetition, and transform the fearless chamois-hunter into a quiet, peaceful husbandman. For this once, then, at least, he determined to enjoy to its highest degree of excitement the fearful pastime; and with all the enthusiasm of youth and happiness, he bounded from rock to rock, as he caught glimpses of the objects of his pursuit, calculated to lure him to the highest and most unexplored regions of the mountain.

He was unencumbered, except by his rifle, and a light pick-axe, indispensable for occasionally hewing out footsteps in the frozen snow; a game-bag slung over his shoulder, contained a pair of sharp-piked sandals to fasten on the shoes in scaling icy pinnacles, a large clasp-knife to dismember the prey, and the slender stores of bread, cheese, and *kirsch-wasser*, with which our hardy mountaineers support life, under circumstances of extreme peril and fatigue. The fineness of the weather, the magnificence of the objects which surrounded him, his own bright prospects of approaching felicity, combined to raise the spirits of the jocund hunter; and when at length he descried, at no great distance before him, a herd of scattered chamois, whose usually vigilant sentinel, trusting apparently to their inaccessible situation, seemed slumbering on her post, his exultation was complete.

Fastening on his piked sandals, he crept silently round an icy ledge, whose dizzy parapet was suspended over an abyss, which any but a Chamois hunter would have shuddered to behold, and taking a deliberate aim at the prime animal of the herd, he had the satisfaction of laying it dead at the feet of its startled companions. The report of the piece, reverberating from rock to rock, awakened many a mountain echo, and after a moment, (allowed by every cautious hunter to ascertain that the vibration of the atmosphere had disturbed no impending mass of snow,) the joyful youth rushed forward to take possession of his prey.

His first business, as an experienced

chasseur, was to secure the valuable skin; this he stripped off, and after propitiating the mountain vultures by a tribute of the offals and inferior parts of the animal, he made of the skin, attached together by the four legs, a sort of knapsack, into which he put the horns, (a trophy of the age and strength of his victim,) the precious fat, and the more esteemed and delicate parts of the flesh. Fain would he have pursued the bewildered herd into still more inaccessible retreats, but this the approaching shades of evening would have rendered too imprudent; and satisfied, for Clara's sake, with this comparatively easy triumph, he descended, singing a hunter's carol, into those lower mountain ranges, where he might safely pass the night.

Over the side of the mountain which he chose for his descent, for the sake of variety, though not precisely the nearest to his native village, lay a path little frequented, and very difficult, but occasionally used by those well acquainted with the country, as a passage into Italy, the northern parts of which, it is well known, are chiefly supplied with confectioners and sellers of lemonade by the migratory inhabitants of the Engadine, who, however, seldom fail to return with their little earnings, and pass the evening of life in their native valley.

Along this path, (which he knew would at no great distance bring him to a group of *Châlets*, where he might pass the night,) Aloys gaily proceeded, many a bright vision of love and happiness beguiling the tedium of the way, when, on turning a projecting angle in the path occasioned by the recent fall of a mighty fragment from above, his merry strain died upon his lips, and joy gave place to horror, on beholding, across the path before him, the body of a murdered man!

A sight so rare in these peaceful regions, for a moment deprived the bold hunter of sense and motion, but quickly surmounting his weakness, and inspired by the warmth which still animated the body with a faint hope of restoring life, he hesitated not a moment to cut the cord which bound round his neck his recent prey, (which rolled unheeded down the precipice,) and to throw over his sturdy shoulders the unhappy stranger, whose blood, notwithstanding Aloys' hasty attempts

to stanch it, still slowly oozed from a deep knife-wound in his side.

With strength rendered almost supernatural by hope and compassion, he flew with his burden towards the *Châlets*; but before he could reach them, exhausted nature compelled him to take a moment's breathing space, and once more to lay down upon the turf beside him his melancholy load. Ere he could resume his task, he saw advancing towards him a party of herdsmen, who, gathering round the body, expressed in various ways their horror at a scene so awful, while one of the more aged tried the rude means his experience suggested, to recall the vital spark. It had, however, finally deserted its mortal tenement, and this sad certainty soon left both parties at leisure to inquire into the circumstances which had actually drawn them together.

Aloys could only attribute to a special interposition of Providence, his having been induced to select for his return a path by no means the most obvious or direct; and this belief gained ground in his mind, when, on examining more attentively the features of the dead, they recalled to his remembrance those of an inhabitant of his native valley, who had left it some years before, to follow his fortunes on the Italian side of the mountains. This the papers found on the victim confirmed; but if any property had been about his person, it had been carried off by the assassin.

The herdsmen had, they said, been drawn to the spot by the importunities of a faithful dog, who now lay whining beside the body, and menacing those who attempted to remove it. Aloys willingly proffered his aid in assisting to convey it to the nearest village, as the herdsmen could ill be spared from their flocks; but, though too conscious of innocence even to dream of incurring himself the slightest suspicion, he could not help feeling that there was something ominous in thus re-entering, in funeral procession, a place which he had passed through but two days before, in pursuit of pleasure and of fame. The latter he had lost the means of earning, by the sacrifice he had made to humanity, of every vestige of his prey; having been too much agitated to rescue from the general oblivion even the horns and more portable remnants of his spoil. He, how-

ever, felt a sort of satisfaction in recollecting, that having, in the delight of success, neglected to wipe the blood from his *couteau de chasse*, that would at least bear witness to the authenticity of his tale of triumph.

As the bearers of the mournful burden approached, early on the following day, the smiling village of S—, they were surprised to see coming towards them, a concourse of the inhabitants, to whom they hardly deemed it possible the catastrophe could already be known, and among whom, to their still greater astonishment, they descried the officers of justice, evidently prepared to secure a criminal. One of the bearers, whose impatience made him run on to ascertain the cause of the assemblage, hastily returned, and informed his companions, that the murder was already known at S—, and that its inhabitants were advancing, animated by one common spirit, to seek the body and pursue the assassin.

At daybreak, the brother of the deceased, a retired soldier residing with his parents, had rushed, wild with horror and dismay, into the presence of the Landamman, and informed him, that having received a letter from his brother apprising him of his intention to return from Italy by the path over the Bernina, he had set out with the view of accelerating so joyful a meeting, and beguiling with his society the tedium of the way; that on advancing to a spot which he described, he had heard the groans of a wounded person, and, rushing forward, had discovered his brother weltering in his blood. His first impulse, after receiving the victim's last sigh, had been to attempt carrying his remains for safety to the *Châlets* below; but being himself weak and low in stature, and perceiving their inmates already advancing, attracted by the dog, he had deemed it more urgent to proceed by moonlight through well-known paths to S—, and solicit the aid of justice to pursue the murderer. His tale, vouched as it was by his distracted air, and even his blood-stained garments, excited universal sympathy, and roused the whole peaceful population to assist his just revenge.

On whom could suspicion fall? No nightly plunderers haunted these pastoral regions, nor could such entertain hopes of booty in frequenting a pass

rarely used, and known but to the herdsmen of the neighbouring valleys. Not the slightest ground for conjecture had presented itself to the bewildered rustics, till the unexpected appearance of Aloys Voghel with the body, and the account of his rencontre, as given by the foremost herdsman, seemed to strike with a sudden suspicion one or two of the inhabitants, to whom the honest and undesigning character of the youth were least well known. A slight whisper began to circulate among the peasants, on the apparent improbability of his pursuing accidentally a path not leading directly to his object, and still more of so daring and enterprising a hunter returning without having accomplished the ostensible purpose of his perilous excursion.

Aloys, in perfect unconsciousness of the strange surmises which had arisen among his ignorant and credulous, though well-meaning countrymen, related, in answer to the questions of the Landamman, the simple facts of his slaughter of the chamois, and subsequent relinquishment of his prey, to devote his services to the wounded man, producing, with an air of innocent triumph, the still bloody knife with which he had dismembered the spoil, as the sole remaining evidence of his sylvan victory.

At the sight of the blood-stained knife, a murmur ran through the assembly, as it was evidently by a similar weapon that the murder had been committed; and the story of the chamois, by which Aloys accounted for its condition, began to bear somewhat of an apocryphal character to minds already under the influence of prejudice. It was then mentioned by an inhabitant of S——, that the deceased had been supposed to quit his native valley, under the influence of a rejected suit to the very Clara Meyer who was now about to be united to Aloys; and the return of a rival, with such an increase of wealth as might probably weigh with her father, if not with the maiden herself, seemed to supply to the commission of this mysterious crime that *motive* which had hitherto been sought in vain.

The tide of public opinion, till then favourable to the youth, bravery, and reputed probity of Aloys, began rapidly to turn; and the Landamman, though his suspicions were strongly

counterbalanced by the open frankness, and honest indignation, painted on Aloys' countenance, saw himself obliged to yield to the clamour which demanded his detention. Willing, however, that the young man should have the full benefit of the testimony of his own neighbourhood, and the solace afforded by the society of his friends, he readily consented to have him escorted to his own village of M——, which, indeed, as the principal seat of justice in the valley, possessed the only prison it could furnish, in the massy ruins of a baronial Castle, of which the donjon alone remained entire.

The news of this disastrous occurrence had spread like wild-fire through the pastoral valley, and ere the prisoner and his escort reached M——, half its families had been plunged in consternation by an event so tragical and unexpected. Very few of his townsmen lent the slightest credit to the atrocious charge; the young men were with difficulty restrained from attempting a rescue; but the cautious elders, though they disbelieved the fact, saw, in the train of circumstantial evidence, a presumption against the accused, the consequences of which nothing short of the discovery of a real assassin, could well avert.

Aloys, while conveying to the chateau on a hill overlooking the village, had to pass the cottage of Conrad Meyer, the father of Clara; and it was some alleviation to his misery, to see at his threshold the aged Conrad, who, taking the young man by the hand, said before the assembled multitude, "I and my daughter know that he is innocent. There is in this a mystery, which God in his own good time will clear up. He is my son, and I will accompany him to that dreary abode, which, whatever it be to the convicted, should at least to the suspected, be made a place of safety, not of punishment."

These words of Conrad soothed the indignant spirit of the youth, while his influence and activity gave to the gloomy dungeon all the air of comfort it was capable of receiving.

In the meantime, the character of Clara, which, amid the peaceful tenor of a pastoral life, had hitherto found no opportunity of developing its energies, was roused by her lover's danger, to a heroic devotion, not incompatible,

as history has often proved, with the domestic virtues of the Swiss female character. Feeling the most absolute persuasion of Aloys' innocence, she sought, by the most impassioned eloquence, to impress a similar belief on his simple judges; and finding that the circumstance of the bloody knife was the one likely to afford the strongest presumptive evidence against him, she conceived the romantic project of endeavouring to invalidate it, by the discovery of such fragments of his lost booty as were of a nature to defy the effects of weather, and the rapacity of the mountain vulture.

To attempt this perilous pilgrimage alone, would have been rashness, not courage; her father was too old and infirm to be her guide on the occasion, and among the young men of the village she felt at a loss whom to select for so delicate and hazardous an undertaking. With the tact which enables one powerful and generous mind to appreciate similar qualities in another, she fixed upon the last person who would have occurred to one of a common soul; a rejected rival of poor Aloys, but one, who, on being candidly informed of her prior attachment, had displayed a generosity and magnanimity in his expressions towards the successful candidate, which had for ever raised him in Clara's esteem.

To him, then, she communicated her wild scheme for re-establishing her lover's fair fame. "Franz," said she, "I have not forgotten your generous conduct towards one whom you might have viewed with jealousy and hatred; and I come to give you an opportunity of doing a deed which will make fairer maids than poor Clara Meyer dispute the possession of your hand."—She had not miscalculated the strength of the young man's character; he entered eagerly into her views, with a mixture of the generous feeling which delights in doing justice to an enemy, and of the disinterested love which seeks only the happiness of its object.

They fixed on the following evening for their departure from the village, that they might elude observation, and avail themselves of a bright moon to gain the vicinity of the mountains by sunrise. Clara durst not depart without the benediction of her father, who, thinking he saw in the heroic idea, the suggestion of heaven, forbore to oppose

it, and undertook to assure the captive of his daughter's unabated constancy and attachment, without exciting delusive hopes, or still more cruel fears, by acquainting him with the reasons of an absence, accounted for to the rest of the village, by her natural desire to quit for a short while a scene so distressing.

It was late in the season, and the first snows had fallen in the higher ranges of the mountain; but the adventurous pilgrim's trusted they might yet easily trace the path over the Bernina, with which Franz was not unacquainted, and the precise spot of which, where the murder was committed, he thought he should recognize from Clara's animated description. Furnished with the usual requisites of mountain travellers, to which the attentive Franz insisted on adding a large shepherd's cloak, to protect Clara from the piercing cold, when fatigue should oblige her to take some rest, they set out, piously invoking on their enterprise that blessing of Heaven, which, if purity of motive could secure it, they might humbly hope to enjoy.

The harvest moon shone bright on their course, and, invigorated by the frosty air, they proceeded unconscious of fatigue for many hours, passing the *Chalets* before mentioned, while their simple inhabitants were yet buried in repose. They reached, just as the first rays of morning tinged the horizon, that elevated point or *Col* over which the path wound, and, pausing a moment to take breath after the ascent, stood, accustomed as they were to Alpine scenery, in speechless admiration of the noble prospect above and beneath them. The lofty peaks of the primeval Alps around them had just caught the first roseate hue of morning, the spot on which they stood was partially illuminated, while the path they had been pursuing, with many a pastoral vale besides, lay yet in grey twilight. Clara's heart, with the fond superstition of her country, caught the omen, and she exclaimed to her companion, "Already light and truth beam upon us, and soon shall they dawn upon our benighted countrymen. See! our silver lake, our village spire, ay, the very stern tower of my Aloys' dungeon, kindle in the blaze! Courage, Franz! My heart tells me we shall be successful."

The travellers lingered but a few

moments longer to enjoy the sublime spectacle of the sun's rays on the superb glacier which lay at a short distance from their path, whose fantastic spires of crystal of every hue, from the deepest cerulean blue to the most vivid green, mocked the tints of the sapphire and the emerald. At any other moment it would have had charms to lure them from their course, but its dazzling and unsullied surface only reminded Clara of the stain on her Aloys' hitherto spotless fame. It furnished her, however, with another cheering presage. Like other glaciers with which she and her mountain guide were familiar, it had its *Moraine*, or border of huge stones, thrown up from the bosom of its deep fissures by the indignant heavings of the closing mass of ice. "Franz," said she, "it is an old saying, that the Glaciers will suffer no polluted inmate in their clear bosom; it is as old and true, that He who made them will not allow the load of guilt to rest long upon the fair fame of the innocent!"

Proceeding rapidly on their way they soon descried at a distance below them the rude cross with which the piety of the herdsmen of the *Châlets* had marked the scene of blood, and their first emotion on beholding it, was to fall on their knees and put up a prayer for the soul of the murdered, in which Clara could not forbear mingling a petition for the safety of the living. The innocent pair shuddered on approaching the spot where a fellow-creature had been so recently immolated to avarice or revenge; but their emotions were soon absorbed in the intense gaze with which they fathomed the precipice immediately below them, whose position exactly tallied with the artless narrative of the unfortunate huntsman.

To descend to the brink of the torrent, which, like an imperceptible silver thread, wound through the rocky defile, some thousand feet beneath, seemed an enterprise beyond human agility, and Franz felt it his duty to remonstrate with his determined companion before attempting it, on the obvious danger of the descent, and the probability that the foaming flood had long ago swallowed up, and borne far thence, the trophies of her lover's innocence. Finding his representations fruitless, he hesitated not a mo-

ment in partaking her perils, insisting only, for her sake, on a short period for repose and refreshment.

He had not neglected to provide her with one of those staves pointed with iron, whose assistance in descending steep declivities every Alpine traveller has experienced; and, going before her to explore every perilous step, he returned, after ascertaining its practicability, to assist his dauntless companion. Several of the clefts through which they were obliged to wind their tortuous course, were still filled with the snow and ice of former seasons; these required a steadiness, and boldness of footing, which love and duty could alone have inspired in an unpractised female. There were moments when even the steadfast eye of the bold chasseur sickened, as it caught a glimpse of the foaming torrent over which they hung suspended in mid air, and into whose dark waters one false step would consign them, and fear was a sensation so new to him, that it pressed the more heavily on his usually buoyant spirit. Clara, however, the object of all his solitudes, preserved amid so many perils all the composure and presence of mind inherent in her character, and it was only while thus generously rescuing it for another that Franz, perhaps, first fully appreciated the treasure Fate had denied to himself. This was no moment, however, for vain regrets, had they been compatible with his manly and liberal character; he gave them to the winds, and felt only the honest pride of the bearer of some precious deposit, straining every nerve to consign it unharmed to its fortunate possessor.

The more serious difficulties of the path were at length happily surmounted; and when no other obstacle presented itself than loose fragments of rock, or up-rooted trees, hurled from above by spring avalanches, the hardy travellers despised the familiar dangers, and hastened on in spite of fatigue, which none who have not descended the face of an Alpine precipice can adequately appreciate. Sometimes whole heaps of rubbish giving way beneath their feet, threatened to precipitate them into the current below; sometimes the path seemed blocked with such masses of rock, as to deny them farther progress; but in all the glory of triumphant heroism, and suc-

cessful toil, they at length stood beside the now no longer insignificant torrent, and shuddered as they gazed upward towards a dizzy steep which the chamois or the eagle seemed alone fitted to scale.

Blessing Heaven for their safety, they pursued with anxious steps separate routes along the bottom of the defile, their hearts beating high with hopes and fears, in search of the object of so many toils and perils. Providence rewarded with success the pure disinterestedness of Franz, for he had not proceeded many paces along the brink of the stream, when he stumbled on a chamois' horn, which, by its appearances of recent dismemberment from the head of a slaughtered animal, was evidently distinguished from the casual relic of one either killed by a fall from the heights above, or the victim of famine or disease. After searching in vain in the immediate vicinity, for any further part of poor Aloys' spoil, (of which he felt fully convinced that he held in his hand one trophy, though not a sufficiently conclusive one to carry conviction to any but an actual witness on the spot,) he naturally cast his eyes upward, along the face of the precipice, to ascertain whether any particular projection in its beetling cliffs could have arrested, in its descent, the progress of a falling body.

His gaze was the falcon one of an experienced chasseur, and it rested on an object of all others best calculated to explain the mysterious disappearance of the larger portion of the huntsman's booty. In a niche of the rock, at a height above him which diminished the gigantic robber and his mountain fastness to a scarce visible speck, hung the eyrie of a *Lammer Geyer*, or eagle of the Alps, whose aerial domicile Franz no sooner descried, than he sought and found, in the vestiges of his huge talons, on the spot where the horn had been lying, presumptive evidence at least of their having conveyed from thence the precious residue of the spoil. With a feeling of certainty in his conjecture, and of confidence in his success, which he would have found it difficult to convey to the mind of another, he at once determined to brave the perils of the ascent (now rendered in some degree familiar), and the still more formidable, possible resistance of the ferocious

depredator, whose tremendous strength, and colossal dimensions (frequently exceeding nine feet from wing to wing), rendered an encounter with him on a dizzy precipice most hazardous. Franz, it must be confessed, in addition to his generous desire to befriend Clara and her lover, was animated by that hereditary hatred which every Swiss herdsman entertains towards the most sanguinary enemy of his flocks; and under the irresistible influence of both sentiments, he was half way up the cliff ere he had coolness to reflect on Clara's certain alarm, and possible helplessness, should a false step cost the life of her protector.

Poor Clara, whose own want of success had made her watch with tenfold interest the motions of Franz, had, on observing him pick up something, eagerly returned towards the spot with all the animation of hope; her feelings, therefore, may be better conceived than described, when, instead of communicating to her the joyful result of his search, she perceived her guide, her sole dependence, the chosen companion of her pious pilgrimage, apparently deserting his helpless charge, and leaving her to perish, perhaps miserably, in a spot whence her unassisted escape could only be by miracle!

Suspicion finds small harbour in a truly generous mind; and thoughts of treachery gave almost instantaneous place to apprehensions little less cruel, and anxiety the most intense for the result of an enterprise, the nature of which she soon guessed, from the same indications which had prompted it. Again she raised her eye towards that perpendicular rampart of primeval rock, to whose perils she had been far less sensible while engrossed by the choice of her own footsteps, and the difficulties of her own path, than now, when standing in all the powerlessness of her sex and situation, she saw them again braved, and for her, by a being, whose disinterested sacrifice of his life might perhaps add remorse to the other horrors of her death in the wilderness!

During one of those terrible hours which exhaust the sensations and sufferings of years, she watched his adventurous, but frequently interrupted progress, till his manly form, often hid altogether from her gaze by pro-

jections of rock, or tufts of rhododendron and juniper, at length re-appeared, shrunk almost to pigmy dimensions, yet standing, conspicuous and resolved, on a narrow ledge overhanging the abyss beneath, and but a few feet below the never-before-invaded throne of the mountain tyrant.

All the frightful tales she had heard from her cradle of the *Lammer Geyer* (who, in the pastoral legends of Switzerland, is invested with somewhat of the mysterious attributes, and awful character, of the Roc or Simorgh of Eastern fiction), flashed on her mind; and when she saw his human antagonist level the rifle, before slung over his shoulder, and deliberately take aim at the creature, one fell swoop of whose wing would suffice to dislodge him from his perilous post, she wildly shrieked out those entreaties to desist, which might, could they have reached him, have shaken the nerves of the intrepid marksman.

His piece was at his head—it was an awful moment—to look up again was beyond her power—she involuntarily closed her ears; but to escape the report of a shot, magnified, by a thousand mountain echoes, to a peal of thunder, was impossible, and in a sort of stupor she awaited its result. A few seconds only elapsed—the crash of boughs indicated a falling body; but whether that of the mortally wounded bird, or his mangled and bleeding invader, she durst not turn to ascertain. The corse, rebounding from a shelf above her, fell at her very side—a few drops of life-blood stained her garment—It was the eagle's!—Tears fell like rain, and mingled with it, whose fount, had the event been otherwise, might have been dried by madness!

Gratitude for a moment absorbed anxiety, but it soon awoke; for Franz had yet to achieve the scaling of the nest, (always placed, by unerring instinct, in the most inaccessible spot,) and should he even succeed, life might have been perilled in vain; the supposed robber might have been unjustly immolated. But Franz, inspired with tenfold energy by his success as a marksman, flew from rock to rock, with the agility and recklessness of a *Bouquetin*, availed himself of a tree of some size, firmly rooted in a fissure of the rock, swung himself, by its aid,

to a level with the eyrie, and triumphantly waved, on the end of his rifle, a dusky object of some size, which Clara's heart, if not her eye, told her, must be the pledge of her lover's safety! That of his generous rival was, however, now little less near her heart, and she felt that, to think of Aloys, while Franz was yet in peril, would be selfishness indeed; yet they perhaps unconsciously mingled in the prayer with which she accompanied the descent of the now cautious bearer of a rival's ransom!

It was a triumphant one, and scarce the hand and heart of Clara Meyer could have afforded Franz more exquisite satisfaction than he felt, when able to display to the transported maiden the horn and skeleton of the Chamois, and a large portion of the skin, yet knotted together by the feet into the species of natural wallet before described, thereby satisfactorily distinguishing the remains from those of an animal killed (as was not unfrequent) by falling from the heights during a struggle with the ferocious *Lammer Geyer*. Had any circumstance been wanting to identify it with the one abandoned by the humanity of Aloys, an irresistible one presented itself on examining the skin. Entangled in the small cord by which the feet had been secured together, was the sheath of the hunting-knife Aloys had hastily used to cut the stronger one which bound it to his shoulders.

The joy of Clara on beholding these unequivocal testimonies of her lover's innocence and veracity, proved more overpowering than all her previous perils and fatigues, and she sank on the ground beside the torrent, whose refreshing waters afforded opportune assistance in restoring her. With returning consciousness, however, returned all the native strength of Clara's noble character, and her expressions of gratitude to her disinterested companion were only exceeded in energy, by those inspired by a higher power.

During a pause from toil and excitement, sweetened by the purest feelings of our nature, it occurred to Franz (who had, when a boy, passed the summer amid the huntsmen of Mount Bernina), that by pursuing to its upper end the valley into which they had descended, they might emerge

through a narrow and frightful defile on the skirts of the mountain, without again regaining its higher elevations.

“Clara,” said he, “I am not afraid to propose to you encountering any horrors which a gloomy uninhabited gorge can present; for your trust is in Him who can make a yet darker valley lose its terrors; but from what I have experienced of the bodily fatigue of ascending yonder cliff, as well as its unspeakable difficulty, I tremble to think of your attempting it. I believe I remember enough of the *Grabur-thal* to undertake for its leading to our object, and though it well deserves its dismal title, the gates of death we know lead to Paradise.”

Clara gave her willing assent, and with hearts and steps so light that the additional burden of the relics of the Chamois, and the huge pinions of the *Lammer Geyer*, was unfelt, the joyous pair proceeded by an easy and even pleasant path up the valley. After some hours of almost insensible but continued ascent, Franz deemed himself fortunate in discovering towards sunset, from well-remembered indications, that they could not now be far distant from the *Châlets* formerly mentioned (the only habitations the mountains afforded), and which the incredible fatigues and anxieties of the day would now render a truly welcome haven. These, however, were not destined yet to terminate.

The valley they were ascending became, as usual, much narrower towards its upper extremity; it at length contracted to a frightful defile, overhung on both sides by gigantic ramifications of Mount Bernina, and in some places not above a few fathoms wide. The path had insensibly wound to a much greater height above the torrent, and it was only through the gloomy fir-trees scattered on the rocks beneath them that the travellers caught partial glimpses of its white foam, as, with fearfully increasing rapidity, it darted like an arrow through the chasm. There was something ominous, however, in its sullen roar. The chill of evening stole over them, and with it that vague inquietude which so often precedes impending danger; when one of the sudden gusts of wind, so common in similar situations, began to rise, and the clouds accumulated round the setting sun to assume a stormy and perilous appearance.

A great deal of light and recent

snow lay on the rocks, fantastically piled above their heads, and ere the unprepared, but, alas! not unalarmed travellers, could find a place of shelter from the fury of the blast, an impetuous whirlwind (well known in the Alps by the various names of *Tormenta* or *Gouxen*) was mingling fallen and falling snow in a mass resembling a dense cloud piercing with its subtle flakes the unprotected faces of the way-worn pilgrims, and blinding them to the path which it was to be feared would itself soon be obliterated. Both were aware of the peril, and knew it to be imminent beyond description. The road, at all times hazardous, was unknown to them; ten minutes more of the hurricane would suffice to cover it entirely, nay to obstruct the whole narrow defile by which alone they could attain the spot on the mountain-side, where stood the *Châlets*, their sole hope of shelter or safety.

Every nerve was strained for a while with the mute energy of desperation; rendered in Franz almost superhuman by the thought of having by his rash counsel involved his weaker companion in so awful a situation. Finding her at length, from bodily exhaustion, incapable of further struggle with the elements, “Clara,” said he, “it is hard to perish thus with victory in our hands—but at least we will perish together. I left you once to-day, to risk my life for you, but not for kingdoms would I leave you to save it!”

“Franz,” said Clara, in a faint but resolute voice, “you *must* leave me—your own safety demands it, and it is the only chance for mine. You have got strength and activity enough to combat the tempest, and, if you lose not a moment, may gain, ere the pass is blockaded, that outlet which I trust will bring you to safety and succour. The herdsmen will assist you to return for me, if it is the will of Providence I should be saved. If otherwise, you will at least live to comfort the grey hairs of my father, and vindicate the fair fame of my Aloys—”

She was incapable of saying more—a sort of stupor, the united effect of cold and fatigue, seemed to be gaining ground, and Franz, having lifted her into a somewhat sheltered, yet elevated spot, which he conceived would be among the last covered, and which he felt sure he should recognize—planted firmly in the ground at her head the two piked staves which had assisted their descent, and, forming of the cloak

he carried, a sort of rude awning over the sinking Clara, rushed with all the energy of despair in quest of succour.

The hurricane continued with unabated fury—the sun had set, but even had it been otherwise, the heavens were enveloped in a dusty cloud, more resembling in its minute and penetrating nature, the sands of Arabia than the snows of a northern region. But Franz was a hardy mountaineer, and with death behind, and life in prospect, what is there that youth cannot achieve?

The pass was fast closing; but the drifts which blockaded it were yet soft and unconsolidated, and a glimpse of the mountain slope beyond, lent him strength to surmount every obstacle. On emerging from the narrow gorge, the force of the storm, more diffused, became less terrific, and a temporary cessation of its fury enabled Franz to discern at perhaps a quarter of a mile below, the *Châlets*, the objects of his Herculean efforts. He bounded, spite of fatigue, over the soft fleecy snow with the rapidity of a Chamois, and gained, breathless and exhausted, the door of the nearest hut.

He knocked long and loudly, knowing from experience how sound and dreamless are the slumbers of the peaceful herdsman; but he knocked in vain. No human voice answered his frantic summons, though the low stifled growling of a dog within soon swelled to the indignant baying of the guardian of his master's property. The truth flashed on one well acquainted with pastoral customs. The advanced season, and threatening appearance of the sky, had that day caused the herdsmen to emigrate with their flocks to the lower pastures, and the faithful dog remained till they should return on the morrow for such part of their simple store as they had been unable to remove.

Franz stood rooted, in all the agony of disappointment; but while he hesitated whether to break open the frail door in quest of refreshment at least for his fainting companion, the equally slight window gave egress to the alarmed sentinel from within, who, in all the grandeur and majesty of his race, stood a moment eyeing the intruder, as if deterred more by his familiar garb than by the rifle in his hand, from springing upon him. It was a shaggy dog of the St Bernard breed, of uncommon size and strength;

and distracted as was the mind of Franz, he thought he recollected having seen it before.

The sight of the snow seemed to delight the noble animal, and divert it even from its post of watchfulness; and while it rolled its huge body in the familiar element, and seemed rather to enjoy than defy the tempest, Franz cautiously entered the hut, and seizing precipitately a flask of *kirschwasser* which he saw on a shelf, flew down the slope, rather mechanically whistling for the dog as a relief to his solitude, than aware of the powerful ally he was enlisting in his service.

There was a lull in the tempest as he entered the defile. The moon struggled with sickly glimmer through the driving wrack; and he could see far before him, over the now nearly uniform sheet of snow. But not a trace of a human being was visible, nor did the spot where he thought he had left Clara, present even a vestige of the tall staves which he had set up to insure its recognition. A shudder crept over his frame, and he felt as if in leaving Clara he had been her murderer!

He ran with frantic eagerness to and fro, racked his memory for the signs indicative of the spot he sought in vain to recognise, and in his despair called loudly on the insensible and buried Clara. She answered not—but Providence, when man's aid was vain, had sent her a deliverer from the brute creation. The dog, who, in following Franz at a distance, had consulted more his own amusement than the wishes of a stranger, no sooner heard the shrill cry of evident distress, than with the admirable instinct of his race, improved by some years' residence with the good fathers of St Bernard, he dashed through every obstacle, ploughed up the snow with his bold front, and eagerly, yet cautiously, groped among it with his feet. His efforts, which Franz beheld with pious gratitude, were for some time vague and unsuccessful; at length their increasing energy indicated a positive scent; he bounded over intervening hillocks, and on a spot which Franz had twenty times passed over, (so changed was its aspect during his absence,) began to remove the snow with his paws with the dexterity of a pioneer, and the tenderness of a mother towards her sleeping child.

A glimpse of the cloak which Franz

had suspended over Clara, sufficed to make him join with heart and hand in the efforts of his gallant comrade. The cloak was soon wholly disinterred, and beneath its friendly shelter, Clara lay, protected by it from immediate contact with the chill surface of the snow, but of course thoroughly benumbed and insensible. Franz had immediate recourse to the bottle he had snatched from the hut. To make her swallow any part of its reviving contents was beyond his power; but the stimulus afforded by chafing with it her feet and hands, seemed not wholly ineffectual; and the dog, coiling himself, after a thousand joyful demonstrations, into a huge fleecy ball beside her, served by his opportune warmth to assist the progress of restored animation.

The storm was passed, and the moon shining brightly in an again unclouded heaven; so that Franz could deliberately seek a spot to which he might bear Clara till her recruited strength should permit her to accompany him to the *Châlets*. Not far from him he descried a sort of cave, formed by impending rocks, whose entrance, before unnoticed, showed amid the surrounding snow like a black speck. To this he resolved to carry her, trusting that the motion would contribute to restore the suspended circulation. He was right. Scarcely had he deposited her in her new retreat when she opened her languid eyes, and the first object on which they rested being the superb dog, she wildly exclaimed, "Thou at least knowest that Aloys did not murder thy master!"

These few incoherent words recalled to Franz's bewildered mind the whole history of the dog who had formerly saved the life of his poor master, when preceding with a small supply of Italian luxuries for the use of the numerous guests of the convent of St Bernard, and had been presented to him by the good fathers; on a later and more fatal occasion, he had summoned to his succour the herdsmen of the *Châlets*, among whom, in gratitude for their services, though unavailing, he had since taken up his abode.

From the moment that Clara saw the animal, her mind resumed its energy, and with it hope rapidly revived. "Franz," said she, "the finger of heaven is in this. My rescue by this faithful creature is a token that my life is necessary to the vindication

of his master's supposed murderer. Give me but an hour or two to repair bodily exhaustion, and I will accompany you through every obstacle."

So saying, her head sunk gently on the pillow afforded by her shaggy deliverer; and Franz, whom anxiety alone had kept from giving way to invincible slumber, slept the sleep of toil and innocence on the hard rocky floor of the cave.

It was well for the repose of the pilgrims that the beams of the sun were excluded from their retreat, for it had passed its meridian ere exhausted Nature had indemnified herself for a day of matchless fatigue, by a night of corresponding rest and oblivion.

Its invigorating effects enabled the pair to surmount with ease the fast-vanishing difficulties of the pass. The faithful dog led the way to the *Châlets*, with whose inmates (returned to complete their removal) the travellers partook of a rustic meal, and whiled away in mutually interesting communications, such a portion of the day, as enabled them to re-enter their native village under cloud of night, and thereby entirely to conceal their adventurous expedition.

The safe return of his daughter, and the success with which her unparalleled exertion had been rewarded, appeared to her venerable father so clearly to indicate the special interposition of Heaven in behalf of injured innocence, that he could not for a moment doubt its effect on judges simple and unprejudiced, or rather already favourably disposed towards the prisoner. He, therefore, instead of privately communicating to the Landamman the result of his daughter's researches, and thereby probably procuring the release of his son-in-law, judged it more expedient and honourable for the accused, to reserve, to be produced in open court, those proofs of his innocence, which would give publicity to his vindication, and wipe away every trace of so injurious an accusation.

The day of trial, which, in that simple and patriarchal government, no tedious forms of law occurred to retard, accordingly arrived; and an event so unusual had collected a concourse of people from all parts of the canton. The open, honest countenance, and excellent reputation of Aloys, excited a general prepossession in his favour; at the same time the weight of presumptive evidence was

such as to excite considerable apprehensions for his liberty, if not his life.

On the part of the prosecution appeared the brother of the deceased, the disbanded soldier already mentioned; a person of ferocious and sinister aspect, generally disliked in the village, and who, both in early youth, and since his return to his native place, had been by his conduct rather a disgrace than a comfort to his aged parents. His story, however, was distinctly told, and corroborated by the letter he produced, announcing his brother's intended journey homeward, and by the testimony of the herdsman, who had been summoned to the succour of the murdered.

Aloys, on being asked what witnesses he could produce in exculpation, only raised his eyes in a mute appeal to the all-seeing eye of Heaven!—When, to the joyful surprise of all present, old Conrad Meyer stepped forward, leading by the hand his daughter, and her noble coadjutor. “It has pleased the Almighty,” said the venerable old man, “to answer in a wonderful manner the appeal of yonder injured young man; and, by means of a timid girl, and a former rival, to bring to light proofs, which seemed buried in eternal obscurity.” Opening a bag, which he had caused to be laid on the table, he produced from thence the skin and horns of the Chamois, prepared for removal, in a manner familiar to the whole rustic assembly, and entangled, as before stated, in the cords which bound them, a knife-sheath, which many among them could identify as the property of Aloys.

A general shout of triumph testified the joy of the spectators at this unexpected corroboration of the prisoner's artless tale; and when the noble-minded Franz, by desire of the Judge, described, in glowing terms, the perils of the adventurous journey, dwelling, however, only on the devotion and intrepidity of Clara, without appearing to feel, that in accompanying her he had done aught beyond an obvious duty, a burst of applause from the whole assembly ratified the high encomiums of the worthy Landamman.

Aloys, rushing from his place, threw himself first into the arms of his generous rival, then into those of Clara, who, overcome by the agitation of so moving a scene, showed that heroism

and female weakness were not incompatible.

When order was in some measure restored, the Landamman, who had been much affected by the incidents of a trial, to which he feared so different a result, addressing with a benevolent smile the happy group before him, announced his intention of detaining the prisoner in his custody until the fulfilment of that ancient and touching custom of the Engadine, which, when any one has been confined on an unjust accusation, demands his release from duance by the fairest maid of the canton, who, in token of acquittal, presents him with a rose!

All eyes turned on the happy Clara, who, receiving from the Landamman the flower (which his adjoining garden supplied), placed it in her lover's hand. Conrad Meyer, taking from his withered finger the wedding-ring, which, since the death of his beloved partner, had never before quitted it, handed it in silence to the delighted Aloys, who, reverently kissing the pledge of thirty years' connubial happiness, transferred it to that youthful hand, to which he owed more than life,—liberty and honour! The Landamman led the procession, which triumphantly proceeded to the village-church, and, acting as the father of the young man he has since befriended through life, he sanctioned with his presence a ceremony, still remembered in the Engadine, in its German and Italian dialects, by the names of *Rosen-Hinath*,—or “*Nozze della Rosa!*”

The brother of the deceased (whom no one recollected having seen in court after the production of the mute witnesses of Aloys' innocence) was some years afterwards recognised as a lay-brother of La Trappe. Soon after his disappearance a letter was received, indicating the spot in the garden where he had secreted his brother's little wealth. This his aged parents, considering it as the price of their son's blood, were equally unwilling and unable to appropriate. They allotted part of it to the erection of a small *Hospice* for travellers on the site of their son's murder, and divided the remainder between the two young men, whom their humanity had nearly involved in his catastrophe, and who vied with each other in their efforts to supply to the aged and broken-hearted couple, the place of their lost children.

GRAFENSTEIN.*

WE had intended to write a short article, by way of a review of this volume: but the copy our publisher had was the only one in Edinburgh, and some soft young person having inquired for it, we sent it back to the shop by a printer's devil, and there is no saying whither it has disappeared. We remember thinking it rather clever. The author seemed to us to belong to that class of writers who possess not a particle of genius, but considerable self-conceit, strong animal spirits, and a certain facility of common-place expression that occasionally wears a look not unlike indifferent poetry, but when narrowly inspected, is seen to be indifferent prose.

Our friend appeared to have confined himself, ever since its publication, to the exclusive perusal of Don Juan, and to have caught, nothing, indeed, of the spirit of that poem, but something of its worst jingle and rhodomontade. He seemed to us to have written down all the endings of its lines into a sort of rhyiming dictionary, and primed and loaded himself therewith before sitting down to composition. Accordingly, he now and then lets off a tolerable squib or cracker, which immediately goes out in a stink. So little is he acquainted with the principle of the process, that he starts even at the noise himself has made, and, in a great flurry, puts his foot upon each sputtering and fizzing stanza, in fear that it leaps up into his face and sets fire to his eye-brows, for whiskers it is evident he has none. Had Lord Byron been alive, he would have been diverted with the trepidation of his anonymous imitator, more especially as the young man is manifestly a Cockney, and a frequenter of Vauxhall.

We have our reasons for suspecting that the author of Grafenstein is a satirical writer. He is evidently displeased with something or other, very fussy, and willing to pick a quarrel with his own shadow. Why? Provisions are by no means very dear—many taxes that press upon the lower orders have been lightened or repealed—and in the metropolis there are many

periodical publications, that pay at the rate of two guineas a-sheet. We cannot think that, with ordinary prudence, sobriety, and attention to business, he runs any immediate risk of being starved. Let him, therefore, dismiss such unworthy fears, and along with them that querulousness and malignity, that are their usual accompaniments. We have no doubt that he writes a very fair hand; book-keeping by single and double entry is an easy acquirement to a man of his abilities; and, at all events, he might be at once useful and happy, on a very moderate salary, in a coach-office. We verily believe he would scorn to embezzle brown-paper parcels; and a few sisseras from half-pay officers, going down to the country as Outsides, would soon cure him of any little impertinencies of the poetical character, and make him a not uncivil clerk.

He thinks there is something rotten in the state of Denmark, and frequently alludes to Magna Charta, and affairs of that sort. Much happier will he find himself on retiring altogether from the correction of public abuses. Rail as he will, disease will continue to prey on the vitals of our constitution. He somewhere hints at his determination to bury himself in the ruins of his country. Let him beware of less magnificent dangers—and as he walks along the Strand and up Fleet Street, on no account tread over the gas-pipes. Let him not eat too many nuts with his Cape-Madeira; and remember that many a promising genius has died mussle-stung. Cider and Perry are both bad for the cholic—on no account let him forget that; nor is anything more fatal than a tripe-surfet.

He seems to think it a brave thing to be without religion, and he is a small retail-dealer of abuse on its ministers. But he should consider, that they are almost all men of education, and in that have a superiority over himself which is incalculable. Education generally gives decency of manners, and hence the conduct of the clergy is, with few exceptions, decorous. In this the author of Grafen-

stein is, we are sorry to say, grossly deficient. His insolence is excessive, yet, we believe, sometimes unintentional, from his ignorance of the meaning of words. To hear a coal-heaver pursuing with insult a gentleman in a black coat, who has the misfortune of looking like a clergyman, you would fall into the mistake of thinking the railer a savage scoundrel, who deserved the gallows. Yet not so—he is not a bad fellow in his own way and line, but has been taught that there is no fun like baiting a parson; and as soon as the irritating object is out of sight, he returns, with a good-humoured grin, to his lawful avocation in a lighter on the Thames.

The author of Grafenstein exhibits symptoms of being an amiable man, notwithstanding the too many disgusting and even hateful qualities by which he would appear to be characterized. Literary self-conceit, in an ignorant and uneducated man, hides

all that is good about him under a veil which it is not pleasant to lift up; but when it is lifted up, you are surprised to see not disagreeable features. Young men, impudent and brutal in books, come into a room with a blush, and know not, in their terror, what to do either with their hands or feet. Once seated, *mauvaise honte* chains them to their chairs; and a forenoon visit of theirs extends into the evening. You forget the effrontery of the hack-writer in the shamefacedness of the would-be gentleman—and your anger at the libeller is lost in your pity for the lout.

Believing the author of Grafenstein to be a person of this persuasion, we dismiss him without any very severe rebuke, and hope, next time we meet, that it may be in the coach-office, at the White Horse, Fetter Lane, when we promise him half-a-crown to himself, for booking our luggage and seeing it safely in the boot.

LETTER TO MRS M. ON THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

MY DEAREST MADAM,

ALLOW me to return my warmest acknowledgments of the honour done me by your admirable letter on the comparative merits of the two sexes. May I hope that our opinions and sentiments, differing in words, may be found, ultimately, to coincide in spirit? You know my devotion to that side of the question to which you belong, and which you adorn and dignify equally by the charms of your mind, and your person. You maintain that women are equal, in all things, to men, and that any apparent inferiority on their parts must be attributed wholly to the institutions of society. Even in bodily powers you are unwilling to acknowledge defeat; and certainly, my dearest madam, you have argued the topic with the most captivating, the most fascinating eloquence and ingenuity. You refer, in the first place, to the inferior animals, arguing, my dearest madam, by analogy. Look, you say—look at Newmarket—there you behold mares running neck and neck with horses, gaining king's plates, and cups, and stakes of all sorts against them in spite of their noses, and occasionally leaving them at the distance-post. You then bid me consider the canine species, and I will find the grey-hound,

and pointer, and terrier, and bull-bitch, equal, if not superior to the dog, in sagacity, fleetness, fierceness, and ferocity. You then fly with me to the interior of Africa, and, showing me in one cave a lioness, and in another a tigress, with their respective kittens, you ask me if the ladies are not as formidable as the lords of the desert? Turn your gaze sunwards, you next exclaim, guided by that lofty yell, and you may discern the female eagle returning from distant isles to her eyrie on the inland cliff, with a lamb, or possibly a child, in her talons. Could her mate do more? You then beautifully describe the Amazons—and will you still obstinately adhere, you ask me, to the unphilosophical belief in the physical inferiority of our sex to yours, seeing that, independently of other arguments, it militates against the whole analogy of nature?

My dearest madam, I acknowledge that the argument in favour of your sex, drawn from the inferior animals, is a very powerful one, perhaps unanswerable. Yet I believe that Childers, and Eclipse, and High-Flyer, and Sir Peter, and Filho da Puta, and Smolensko, and Dragon, were all horses, not mares; and for their performances I respectfully refer you to the racing

calendar. Had the two first been mares, or had they been beaten by mares, I should most cheerfully have acknowledged, not only the equality, but the superiority, of your sex, and given in my palinode.

The lioness and the tigress are both on your side, and I should be sorry to say a single word against such arguments. May I be permitted, however, to hint, that it is in fierceness and ferocity, more, perhaps, than in strength, that they excel the male, and in fierceness and ferocity, awakened in defence of their young. In these qualities, I grant, your sex do greatly excel ours, especially when nursing; and at such seasons, in justice and candour, we must allow to you the flattering similitude to the lioness and the tigress. I also admit the force of the analogical argument in your favour, from birds of prey.

Passing from corporeal to mental powers, you ask, why a woman should not make, for example, a good Bishop? Why, really, my dearest madam, I humbly confess that I do not, at this moment, see any reason why you yourself should not be elevated to the Bench; and sure I am that, in lawn sleeves, you would be the very beauty of holiness. You have Pope Joan in your favour; and although I do not know of any instance of a lady of your years having become a spiritual Peer, yet time flies, and you may expect that honour when you become an old woman.

You then demand, why a lady of good natural and acquired parts, may not be a General, or a Judge? and *a fortiori*, anything else? Now, my dear madam, such has been the power of your eloquence and ingenuity, that they have completely nonplussed me—nor have I anything in the shape of argument to rebut your irresistible logic. I therefore fling myself on a fact—one single fact,—expecting an answer to it in your next letter.

Suppose, my dearest madam, for a single moment, a Bishop, or a Judge, or a General, in the family-way. How could her ladyship visit her diocese? Or would it be safe to deliver her charge? To be sure, it might be her ladyship's custom to visit her diocese but once in three years,—nor are we to suppose that she is always *enceinte*. But the chance is greatly in favour of her being so—nor do I think that

old maids would make by any manner of means good bishops. I presume, my dearest madam, that you would not doom the bishops of the church of England to Catholic celibacy. Such a law is foreign, I well know, to your disposition; and to say nothing of its gross and glaring violation of the laws of nature herself, would it, in such a case, be at all efficacious?

I think, my dearest madam, that I hear you reply,—“I would elevate no female to the Bench till she was past child-bearing.” What, would you let modest merit pine unrewarded through youth, and confer dignity only on effete old-age? The system, my dearest madam, would not work well—and we should have neither Kayes nor Bloomfields.

The same objection applies with tenfold force to a female Judge. Suppose, my dearest madam, that you yourself were Lady Chancellor. Of the wisdom, and integrity, and promptitude of your decisions there could not be the slightest doubt, except in the minds perhaps of a Brougham, a Williams, or a Denman. But although you could have no qualms of conscience—yet might you frequently have qualms of another kind, that would disturb or delay judgment. While the Court ought to be sitting, you might be lying in; and while, in the character of Chancellor, you ought to have been delivering a decision, in your character of Lady, why, my dearest madam, you might have yourself been delivered of a fine thumping boy.

Finally, suppose Lord Wellington to have been a female. He might have possessed the same coup-d'œil, the same decision, the same fortitude, and the same resolution, on all occasions, to conquer or die. But there are times when ladies in the family-way (and we may safely take it for granted, that had Lord Wellington been a female, she would generally have been in that interesting situation) are not to be depended on, nor can they depend upon themselves; and what if the Generalissima had been taken in labour during the battle of Waterloo? Why, such an interruption would have been nearly as bad as when his Lordship was superseded by Sir J. Burrard during the battle of Vimiera.

Now, my dearest madam, pray do

let me have by return of post an answer to this great leading fact of the case. Nature seems to me to have intended women to be—mothers of families. *That* you yourself, my respected and highly valued friend, are in an eminent degree.—So, kindest love to Mr M. and all the children

(fourteen); not forgetting that pretty puzzling pair, Thomas and Thomasine, the twins.

I have the honour to be,
My dearest Madam,
With the highest consideration,
Your affectionate friend,
JASPER SUSSEX.

THE AWFU' NIGHT.

(From *Mansie Wauch's Autobiography*.)

Ha! soft! 'twas but a dream;
But then so terrible, it shakes my soul!
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh;
My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror.

Richard Third.

IN the course of a fortnight from the time I parted wi' Maister Glen, the Lauder carrier, limping Jamie, brought his callant to our shop-door in his hand. He was a tall slender laddie, some fourteen year auld, and sair grown away frae his claes. There was something genty and delicate-like about him, having a pale sharp face, blue een, a nose like a hawk's, and lang yellow hair hinging about his haffets, as if barbers were unco scarce cattle among the howes of the Lamermuir hills. Having a general experience of human nature, I saw that I wad hae something to do towards bringing him into a state of rational civilization; but, considering his opportunities, he had been weil educated, and I liked his appearance on the hail no that ill.

To divert him a while, as I didna intend yoking him to wark the first day, I sent out Benjie wi' him, after gieing him some refreshment of bread and milk, to let him see the town, and all the uncos about it. I telt Benjie first to take him to the auld kirk, which is ane wonderful auncient building; and as for mason-wark, far before onything to be seen or heard tell o' in our day—syne to Lugton brig, which is ane grand affair, hinging ower the muckle water like a rainbow—syne to the Tolbooth, which is a terror to evil-doers, and from which the Lord preserve us a'!—syne to the Market, where ye'll see lamb, beef, mutton, and veal, hinging up on cleeks, in roasting and boiling pieces—spar-rib, jigget, shoulder, and heuk-bane, in the greatest prodigality of

abundance;—and syne doun to the Duke's gate, by looking through the bonny white-painted iron stanchels of which ye'll see the deer rinning aneath the green trees; and the palace itsell, in the inside of which dwells ane that needna be proud to ca' the king his cousin.

Brawly did I ken, that it is a wee after a laddie's being loosed frae his mither's apron string, and hurried frae hame, till the mind can mak itsell up to stay among fremit folk; or that the attention can be roused to onything said or dune, however simple in the uptak. So after Benjie brought Mungo hame again, gey forfaughten and wearied-out like, I bad the wife gie him his four-hours, and tell't him he might gang to his bed as sune as he liket. Jalousing also, at the same time, that creatures brought up in the country have strange notions about them—with respect to supernaturals, such as ghaists, brownies, fairies, and bogles—to say naething o' witches, warlocks, and eevil speerits, I made Benjie tak aff his claes and lie doun beside him, as I said, to keep him warm; but, in plain matter of fact (between friends), that the callant might sleep sounder, finding himsell in a strange bed, and no very sure as to hoo the house stood as to the matter of a guid name.

Kenning by my own common sense, and from lang experience of the ways of a wicked world, that there is naething like industry, I gaed to Mungo's bedside in the morning, and waukened him betimes. Indeed I'm leeing there—I needna ca' it waukening him—for Benjie tell't me, whan he was

supping his parritch out of his luggie at breakfast-time, that he never winkit an ee all night, and that sometimes he heard him greeting to himself in the dark—such and so powerful is our love of hame, and the force of natural affection. Howsomever, as I was saying, I took him ben the house wi' me, doum to the wark-shop, where I had begun to cut out a pair of nankeen trowsers for a young lad, that was to be married the week after to a servant-maid of Maister Wiggie's,—a trig quean, that afterwards made him a guid wife, and the father of a numerous small family.

Speaking of nankeen, I would advise every ane, as a freend, to buy the Indian, and no the British kind—the expense of outlay being ill-hained, even at sixpence a-yard—the latter no standing the washing, but making a man's legs, at a distance, look like those of a yellow yorline.

It behooved me now as a maister, bent on the improvement of his prentice, to commence learning Mungo some few of the mysteries of our trade; so having showed him the way to creuk his hough, (example is better than precept, as James Batter observes,) I taught him the plan of holding the needle; and having fitted his middle finger with a bottomless thumble of our ain sort, I set him to sewing the cotton-lining into one leg, knowing that it was a pair no very particular, and no very likely to be seen; so that the matter was not great, whether the stitching was exactly regular, or rather in the zigzag line. As is customary wi' all new beginners, he made a desperate awkward hand at it, and of which I wad of course have said naething, but that he chanced to brogue his thumb, and completely soiled the hail piece of wark wi' the stains of bluid; which, for ae thing, couldna wash out without being seen; and, for anither, was an unlucky omen to happen to a marriage garment.

Every man should be on his guard. This was a lesson I learned whan I was in the volunteers, at the time Buonaparte was expectit to land doum at Dumbar. Luckily for me in this case, I had, by some foolish mistake or anither, made an allowance of a half yard, over and aboon what I fund I could manage to shape on; so I boldly made up my mind to cut out the piece altogether, it being in the

back seam. In that business I trust I showed the art of a guid tradesman, having managed to do it so neatly, that it could not be noticed without the narrowest inspection; and having the advantage of a covering by the coat-flaps, had indeed no chance of being so, except on desperate windy days.

On the day succeeding that on which this unlucky mischance happened, an accident amaisit as bad befell, though not to me, farther than that every one is bound, by the Creed and the Ten Commandements, to say naething of his ain conscience, to take a pairt in the afflictions that befall their door-neighbours.

When the voice of man was wheisht, and all was sunk in the sound sleep of midnight, it chanced that I was busy dreaming that I was sitting aye of the spectawtors, looking at anither play-acting piece of business. Before coming this length, howsomever, I should by right have observed, that afore going to bed, I had eaten for my supper pairt of a black pudding, and twa sausengers, that widow Grassie had sent in a compliment to my wife, being a genteel woman, and mindful of her friends—so that I must have had some sort of night-mare, and no been exactly in my seven senses—else I couldna hae been even dreaming of siccan a place. Weel, as I was saying, in the playhouse I thought I was; and, a' at ance, I heard Maister Wiggie, like ane crying in the wilderness, halloing with a loud voice through the window, bidding me flee from the snares, traps, and gin-nets of the Evil One; and from the terrors of the wrath to come. I was in a terrible funk; and just as I was trying to rise from the seat, that seemed somehow glued to my body and wadna let me; to reach doum my hat, which, with its glazed cover, was hinging on a pin to ae side, my face all red, and glowing like a fiery furnace, for shame of being a second time caught in deadly sin, I heard the kirk-bell jow-jowing, as if it was the last trump, summoning sinners to their lang and black account; and Maister Wiggie thrust in his arm in his desperation, in a whirlwind of passion, claughting hold of my hand like a vice, to drag me out head foremost. Even in my sleep, howsomever, it appears that I like free-will, and ken that there are nae slaves in our bless-

ed country, so I tried with all my might to pull against him, and gied his arm siccan a drive back, that he seemed to bleach ower on his side, and raised a hullabulloo of a yell, that not only waukened me, but made me start upright in my bed.

For all the world such a scene! My wife was roaring, "Murder, murder! Mansie Wauch, will ye no wauken? Murder, murder! ye've felled me wi' ye're nieve—ye've felled me outright—I'm gone for evermair—my haill teeth are doun my throat. Will ye no wauken, Mansie Wauch?—will ye no wauken?—Murder, murder!—I say Murder, murder, murder, murder!!!"

"Wha's murdering us?" cried I, throwing my cowl back on the pillow, and rubbing my een in the hurry of a tremendous fright.—"Wha's murdering us?—where's the rubbers?—send for the town-officer!!"

"Oh, Mansie!—oh, Mansie!" said Nanse, in a kind of greeting tone, "I daursay ye've felled me—but nae matter, now I've gotten ye roused. Do ye no see the haill street in a bleeze of flames? Bad is the best; we maun either be burned to death, or out of house and hall, without a rag to cover our nakedness. Where's my son?—where's my dear bairn, Benjie?"

In a most awful consternation, I jumped at this out to the middle of the floor, hearing the causeway all in an uproar of voices; and seeing the flichtering of the flames glancing on the houses in the opposite side of the street, all the windows of which were filled wi' the heads of half-naked folks, in round-eared mitches, or kil-marnocks; their mouths open, and their een staring wi' fright; while the sound of the fire-engine, rattling through the streets like thunder, seemed like the dead cart of the plague, come to hurry away the corpses of the deceased, for interment in the kirk-yard.

Never such a spectacle was witnessed since the creation of Adam. I pulled up the window, and lookit out—and lo and behold! the very next house to our ain was a' in a low from cellar to garret; the burning joists hissing and cracking like mad; and the very wind that blew along, as warm as if it had been out of the mouth o' a baker's oven!!

It was a most awfu' spectacle! mair betoken to me, who was likely to be

intimately concerned wi't; and, beating my brow with my clenched nieve, like a distracted creature, I saw that the labour of my haill life was likely to gang for nought, and me to be a ruined man, all the earnings of my industry being laid out on my stock in trade, and on the plenishing of our bit house. The darkness of the latter days came ower my speerit, like a vision before the prophet Isaiah; and I could see naething in the years to come but beggary and starvation; mysell a fallen-back auld man, with an out-at-the-elbows coat, a greasy hat, and a bell pow, hirpling ower a staff, requeeshting an awmous—Nanse a broken-hearted beggar wife, torn down to tatters, and weeping like Rachel when she thought on better days, and puir wee Benjie, ganging frae door to door wi' a meal pock on his back.

The thought first dung me stupid, and then drave me to desperation; and not even minding the dear wife of my bosom, that had fainted away as dead as a herring, I pulled on my trowsers like mad, and rushed out into the street, bareheaded and bare-foot as the day that Lucky Bringthere-out brought me into the world.

The crowd saw, in the twinkling of an eyeball, that I was a desperate man, fierce as Sir William Wallace, and no to be withstood by gentle or simple. So maist o' them made way for me; them that tried to stop me finding it a bad job, being heeled ower from right to left, on the braid of their backs, like flounders, without respect of age or person; some auld women, that were obstrapulous, being gey sair hurt, and ane o' them with a pain in her hainch even to this day. When I had got almost to the door-cheek of the burning house, I fand ane grupping me by the back like grim death; and, in looking ower my shoulder, wha was it but Nanse hersell, that, rising up from her feint, had pursued me like a whirlwind. It was a heavy trial, but my duty to mysell in the first place, and to my neighbours in the second, roused me up to withstand it; so, making a spend like a greyhound, I left the hindside of my sark in her grasp, like Joseph's garment in the nieve of Potiphar's wife; and up the stairs head foremost among the flames.

Mercy keep us a'! what a sight for mortal man to glour at wi' his living

een. The bells were tolling amid the dark, like a summons from aboon, for the parish of Dalkeith to pack aff to anither world; the drums were beat, beating as if the French were coming, thousand on thousand, to kill, slay, and devour every maid and mother's son of us; the fire-engine pump—pump—pumping like daft, showering the water like rainbows, as if the windows of Heaven were opened, and the days of auld Noah come back again; and the rabble throwing the good furniture ower the windows like ingan peelings, where it either felled the folk below, or was dung to a thousand shivers on the causeway. I cried to them, for the love o' gudeness, to mak search in the beds, in case there might be ony weans there, human life being still more precious than human means, but no a living soul was seen but a cat, which, being raised and wild with the din, wad on nae consideration allow itself to be caught. Jacob Dribble fand that to his cost; for, right or wrang, having a drappie in his head, he swore like a trooper that he would catch her, and carry her down aneath his oxter; so forrit he weared her into a corner, crouching down on his hunkers. He had muckle better have let it alane; for it fuffed ower his shoulder like wullfire, and scarting his back all the way down, jumped like a lamplighter head foremost through the flames, where, in the raging and roaring of the devouring element, its pitiful cries were soon hushed to silence for ever and ever, Amen!

At lang and last, a woman's cry was heard on the street, lamenting, like Hagar ower young Ishmael in the wilderness of Beersheba, and crying that her auld grannie, that was a lamiter, and had been bedridden for four years come the Martinmas following, was burning to a cinder in the fore garret. My heart was like to burst within me, when I heard this dismal news, remembering that I mysell had ance an auld mither, that was now in the mools; so I brushed up the stair like a hatter, and burst open the door of the fore-garret, for in the hurry I could not find the sneck, and didna like to stand on ceremony; I couldna see my finger afore me, and didna ken my right hand from my left for the smoke; but I grapit round and round, though the reek maistly cuttit my breath, and made me cough at no al-

lowance, till at lang and last I caught hold of something cauld and clammy, which I gaed a pull, not knowing what it was, but fand out to be the auld wife's nose. I cried out as loud as I was able for the puir creature to hoize hersell up intil my arms; but, receiving nae answer, I perceived in a moment that she was suffocated, the foul air having gone down her wrang hause; and, though I had aye a terror at looking at, far less handling a dead corpse, there was something brave within me at the moment, my bluid being up; so I claught hold of her by the shouthers, and harling her wi' all my might out of her bed, got her lifted on my back, heads and thraws, in the manner of a bow of meal, and away as fast as my legs could carry me.

There was a providence in this haste; for, ere I was half way down the stair, the floor fell with a thud like thunder, and such a combustion of soot, stoure, and sparks arose, as was never seen or heard tell of in the memory of man, since the day that Sampson pulled ower the pillars in the house of Dagon, and smooored all the mocking Philistines as flat as flounders. For the space of a minute, I was as blind as a beetle, and was like to be choked for want of breath; however, as the dust began to clear up, I saw an open window, and halloed down to the crowd for the sake of mercy to bring a ladder, to save the lives of twa perishing fellow-creatures, for now my ain was also in eminent jeopardy. They were lang of coming, and I didna ken what to do; so thinking that the auld wife, as she hadna spoken, was maybe dead already, I was ance determined just to let her drop down upon the street; but I kenn'd that the so doing wad have crackit every bane in her body, and the glory of my bravery wad thus have been worse than lost. I persevered, therefore, though I was fit to fall down under the dead weight, she no being able to help hersell, and having a deal of beef in her skin for an auld woman of aughty; and I got a lean, by squeezing her a wee, between me and the wa'.

I thoct they wald never have come, for my shoeless feet were all bruised, and bluiding from the crunched lime and the splinters of the broken stanes; but, at lang and last, a ladder was hoisted up, and having fastened a

kinch of ropes aneath her oxters, I let her slide down ower the upper step, by way of a pillyshee, having the satisfaction of seeing her safely landit in the arms of seven auld wives, that were waiting with a cosey warm blanket below. Having accomplished this grand manœuvre, wherein I succeeded in saving the precious life of a woman of aughty, that had been four lang years bedridden, I trippit down the staps mysel, like a nine-year-auld ; and had the pleasure, when the roof fell in, to ken, that I, for ane, had done my duty ; and that, to the best of my knowledge, nae leeving creature, except the puir cat, had perished within the jaws of the devouring element.

But, bide a wee ; the wark was, as yet, only half done. The fire was still roaring and raging, every puff of wind that blew through the black firmament, driving the red sparks high into the air, where they died away like the tail of a comet, or the train of a skyrocket, the joisting, crazing, cracking, and tumbling down ; and now and then the bursting cans, playing flee in a hundred flinders from the chumley-heads. One would have naturally enuech thocht that our engine could have drowned out a fire of ony kind whatsoever in half a second, scores of folks driving about with pitcherfu's of water, and scaling half o't on ane anither and the causeway in their hurry ; but, wae's me ! it didna play puh on the red-het stanes, that whizzed like iron in a smiddy trough ; so, as soon as it was darkness and smoke in ae place, it was fire and fury in anither. My anxiety was now great : seeing that I had done my best for my neibours, it behoved me now, in my turn, to try and see what I could do for mysel ; so, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my friend James Batter, whom Nanse, kenning I had bare feet, had sent out to seek me, with a pair of shoon in his hand ; and who, in scarting his head, mostly ruggit out every hair of his wig with sheer vexation, I ran off, and mounted the ladder a second time, and succeeded, after muckle speeling, in getting upon the top of the wa', where, having a bucket slung up to me by means of a rope, I swashed down such showers on the top of the flames, that I soon did mair good, in the space of five minutes, than the engine and the ten men, that were all in a broth of perspiration with

pumping it, did the hail nicht ower, to say nothing of the multitude of drawers of water, men, wives, and wans, with their cudies, leglins, pitchers, pails, and water stoups ; having the satisfaction, in a short time, to observe everything getting as black as the crown of my hat, and the gable of my ain house growing as cool as a cucumber.

Being a man of method, and acquent with business, I could have likit to have finished my wark before coming down ; but, losh me ! sic a whinging, girning, greeting, and roaring, got up, all of a sudden, as was never seen or heard o' since Jeremiah raised his lamentations ; and, looking down, I saw Benjie, the bairn of my ain heart, and the callant Glen, my apprentice on trial, that had baith been as sound as taps till this blessed moment, standing in their night-gowns and their little red cowls, rubbing their een, cowering wi' cauld and fright, and making an awfu' uproar, crying on me to come down, and no be killed. The voice of Benjie especially pierced through and through my heart, like a two-edged sword, and I could, on no manner of account, suffer myself to bear them ony langer, as I jaloused the bairn wad have gane into convulsion fits if I hadna heeded him ; so, making a sign to them to be quiet, I cam my ways down, taking haud o' ane in ilka hand, which must have been a fatherly sight to the spectawtors that saw us. After waiting on the crown of the causeway for half an hour, to make sure that the fire was extinguished, and all tight and right, I saw the crowd scaling, and thocht it best to gang in too, carrying the twa youngsters along wi' me. When I began to move aff, however, siccan a cheering o' the multitude got up, as wad have deafened a cannon ; and, though I say it mysel wha sudna say't, they seemed struck with a sore amazement at my heroic behaviour, following me with loud cheers, even to the threshold of my ain door.

From this folk should condescend to take a lesson, seeing that, though the world is a bitter bad world, yet that good deeds are not only a reward to themsells, but call forth the applause of Jew and Gentile ; for the sweet savour of my conduct on this memorable night, remained in my nostrils for gudeness kens the length of time, many praising my brave humanity, in public companies, and as-

semblies of the people, such as strawberry ploys, council meetings, denner parties, and sae forth; and mony in private conversation at their ain ingle-cheek, by way of twa-handed crack, in stage-coach confab, and in causeway talk i' the forenoon, afore going in to take their meridiums. Indeed, between freen's, the business proved in the upshot of nae sma' advantage to me, bringing to me a sowl of strange faces, by way of customers, baith gentle and semple, that, I verily believe, hadna sae muckle as ever heard o' my name afore, and gieing me mony a coat to cut, and claith to shape, that, but for my gallant behaviour on the fearsome nicht aforesaid, wad have been cut, sewed, and shapit by ither hands. Indeed, considering the great noise the thing made in the world, it is nae wonder that every ane was anxious to hae a garment of wearing apparel made by the individual same hands that had succeeded, under Providence, in saving the precious life of an auld woman of aughty, that had been bedridden, some say, four years come Yule, and ither, come Martinmas.

When we got to the ingle-side, and, barring the door, saw that all was safe, it was now three in the morning; so we thought it by much the best way of managing, not to think of sleeping any more, but to be on the look-out—as we aye used to be, when walking sentry in the volunteers—in case the flames should, by ony mischancy accident or ither, happen to break out again. My wife blamed my hardihood muckle, and the rashness with which I had ventured at ance to places where even masons and sclaters were afraid to pit foot on, yet I saw, in the interim, that she lookit on me with a prouder ee; kenning hersell the helpmate o' ane that had courageously riskit his neck, and every bane in his skin, in the cause of humanity. I saw this as plain as a pikestaff, as, wi' ane o' her kindest looks, she insisted on my pitting on a better happing to screen me from the cauld, and on my taking something comfortable inwardly towards the dispelling of bad consequences. So, after half a minute's stand-out, by way of refusal like, I agreed to a cupful of het-pint, as I

thought it would be a thing Mungo Glen might never have had the good fortune to have tasted; and as it might operate by way of a cordial on the callant Benjie, wha keptit aye sma'ly, and in a dwining way. No sooner said than done—and aff Nance brushed in a couple of hurries to make the het-pint.

After the sma' beer was putten into the pan to boil, we fand, to our great mortification, that there were nae eggs in the house, and Benjie was sent out with a candle to the hen-house, to see if ony of the hens had laid sin' gloaming, and fetch what he could get. In the middle of the mean time, I was expatiating to Mungo on what taste it would have, and hoo he had never seen onything finer than it wad be, when in ran Benjie, a' out o' breath, and his face as pale as a dishclout.

“What's the matter, Benjie, what's the matter?” said I till him, rising up frae my chair in a great hurry of a fright—“Has onybody killed ye? or is the fire broken out again? or has the French landit? or have ye seen a ghaist? or are—”

“Ae crifty!” cried Benjie, coming till his mind, “they're a' aff—cock and hens and a'—there's naething left but the rotten nest-egg in the corner!”

This was an awfu' dispensation, of which mair hereafter. In the midst of the desolation of the fire—sic is the depravity of human nature—some neerdoweels had taen advantage of my absence to break open the hen-house door, and our hail stock o' poultry, the cock alang wi' our seven hens—twa o' them tappit, and ane muffed, were carried awa bodily, stoup and roup.

On this subject, hoosomewer, I shall say nae mair in this chapter, but merely observe in conclusion, that, as to our het-pint, we were obligated to make the best of a bad bargain, making up wi' whusky what it wanted in eggs; though our banquet could nae be called altogether a merry ane, the joys of our escape from the horrors of the fire, being damped, as it were, by a wet blanket, on account of the nefarious pillaging of our hen-house.

BANDANA ON COLONIAL UNDERTAKINGS.

OUR American kinsmen feel a little sore towards us, but without just reason. Because some of our travellers have not discovered, in their habits and manners, any very exact resemblance to the politer customs and usages of Europe, they imagine that all on this side the Atlantic are disposed to undervalue their general merits, and the misapprehension has made them feel the sallies of occasional jocularity too keenly, even indeed to suspect that the praise which their indefatigable efforts undoubtedly well deserve, is dictated by an ironical spirit.

We are more sorry than surprised at this, for the Americans, in all they undertake, are so much in earnest, so intent on their individual pursuits and concerns, that they allow less leisure than any other people for recreation, by which social grace and gaiety can alone be acquired. Apt, adventurous, adroit, persevering, and ambitious, they possess neither the disposition nor the intellectual associations which belong to the countries of polished life, and which are at once the causes and the effects of refinement in manners, and of urbanity in the reciprocities of intercourse. The lower classes are harsher, rougher, and more obtrusive than those of this country, and the higher *grades* are in an equal degree more formal and mannered than the present race of European gentry.

That much of the arrogance of the vulgar in the United States, may be owing to the universal sense of popular rights, so cherished among them, will not be disputed, and perhaps that lack of ease and affability, which strikes a stranger as peculiar to the higher orders, is, in a great measure, the effect of some necessity which they feel themselves under to repress the familiar advances of their inferiors. But, nevertheless, education has obviously contributed to arrange the modes of their demeanour on prescribed principles; it has *taught* them a degree of precision in observing some of the etiquettes of society, to which practice, and the force of example in another age, may give the flexibility of elegance; but, in the meantime, the hard and dry outline of their civi-

lities, is prejudicial to the esteem which the solidity of their acquisitions would, with a more flowing amenity, undoubtedly command.

If the Americans, however, are in some respects deficient in those things, to which a new and rising people ought not to lay any claim, they are possessed of singular merits, belonging exclusively to themselves as a young nation—all their public undertakings have a prospective character; they are manifestly not designed merely to satisfy existing wants, but planned with a view to meet the exigencies of some vast hereafter prosperity. In their colonial system, they have proceeded with such success, that the results beggar whatever learning applauds in the magnificence of ancient colonies, or posterity shall discover in the colonial establishments of European policy—even in those of England. The population of the state of New York alone is already more than equal to the half of the whole population of the thirteen provinces, at the epoch of the declaration of Independence, and in little more than forty years the number of the States themselves has been doubled; nor are the new inferior to the old, whether considered with reference to comforts, to enterprise, or to intelligence.

But extraordinary as this increase is acknowledged to be, the sources from which it springs lie less in the legislative liberality of the government, than in the undertakings of private persons; and it is worthy of remark, that the system of colonization by land speculators, now peculiarly American, is that by which the principal States of the Union were originally founded.

Early in the seventeenth century, the spirit of speculation in the unknown riches of the New World, was in a degree of activity, considering the means of the public, as great as in the present time. The amazing progress of colonial settlement and plantation, by which the American emigrants have peopled their western country, may be clearly traced to the undertaking of the Plymouth Company, under the grant received from James I., particularly to the cession

of that part of their territory to another company, formed by Sir Henry Roswell and others, and called the Massachusetts Bay Company. The history of the settlements to which we allude, is briefly this:—

After the independence of the United States had been acknowledged, some differences arose between the States of New York and Massachusetts regarding their respective boundaries, by which the legislature of the latter was induced to relinquish, in favour of the federal government, all the lands belonging to the commonwealth lying between the Hudson and the Mississippi, and accordingly executed a deed of cession, which gave to the supreme government the soil and jurisdiction of the territory comprehended in the Massachusetts' charter, lying westward of certain points and places described in the deed. By this arrangement the State of Massachusetts was entitled to dispose of the remainder of the country, the political jurisdiction of which was assigned to the State of New York.

Out of the territory so reserved, the State of Massachusetts soon after sold two millions of acres for L.300,000, payable in three years to a company of speculators, under the firm of Messrs Gorham and Phelps, who immediately had the lands surveyed and laid out on the same principle as that on which Upper Canada has since been located; that is, they caused the whole to be intersected by a number of marked lines, and trees crossing each other at right angles, in such a manner, as to divide the country into 102 townships, whereof 79 were squares of six miles on each side, and 23 irregular figures, owing to the obliquity of the natural boundaries. The tract being so divided, Messrs Gorham and Phelps proceeded to sell by townships, and actually did sell, or covenanted to convey no less than 52 entire townships to minor speculators in the space of two years. On the 18th of November 1790, they formed a contract with a still bolder speculator than themselves—a Mr Robert Morris, to whom they assigned all the remainder of their purchase. This gentleman added to his acquisition by other purchases, till he was at one time the proprietor of nearly three millions of acres; and it is from these vast speculations, and others, formed also by immediate ac-

quisitions from the state, that the Genesee country was originally settled. In fact, these American undertakings show, what it is not easy to describe otherwise, that land was bought as a raw material, and being improved in value by certain preparations for settlers, was afterwards sold as a manufactured article.

That species of business was not, however, very well understood, or rather comprehended, at the beginning, and great errors were committed by many of the speculators. One of the earliest agents of the Holland Company, for example, a Colonel Boone, began by erecting large establishments for manufacturing sugar from the maple tree all the year round, and by embarking in other undertakings of a mercantile character, which are far more profitably left in the hands of private traders. Mr Williamson, to whose care the Pulteney purchase was consigned, acted somewhat better, but still with such an injudicious prodigality of expenditure, that it is said to have been at one time a question with the heirs of Sir William Pulteney, whether the whole speculation ought not to be abandoned. Soon after, however, the tide of outlay began to turn, the stream of emigration flowed in upon the country, and the extensive means which Mr Williamson had formed for drawing it upon the Pulteney lands proved so effective, that we have been told that the heirs, who had been so much alarmed, made, on the death of Mr Williamson, a provision of L.20,000 for his family, in consideration of his services.

The method adopted by the American speculators for improving the value of their lands, is now reduced into a system. They begin in some convenient situation, chosen for hydraulic purposes, by erecting a tavern for the accommodation of settlers, until they can construct houses for themselves—a mill and a smithy are the next objects; then a store is opened, and subsequently a temporary church and school-house. These constitute the original elements, the nucleus of an American city.

From the rudiments of a village thus formed, roads are then opened to the most convenient places of access by water, and to the highways of the older settlements. The trade of timber and ashes is the first symptom of

a settlement having taken root; that of corn and flour follows. From such small beginnings the flourishing towns of the Genesee country arose; and thus that territory, which thirty years ago did not possess a single Christian habitation, is now quickened with the enterprise of more than six hundred thousand souls, and adorned with upwards of two hundred flourishing towns and beautiful villages—stage-coaches daily travel the roads, and steam-boats the rivers—a canal of more than three hundred and fifty miles in extent intersects the country—and lands, which were originally purchased at three shillings an acre, are regularly sold at four and five dollars. The tide of emigration is still flowing westward with an increasing stream, and public works of an extending magnitude are in progress. In the course of a few years the navigation of the St Lawrence will be connected with that of the Mississippi. Already the navigation is practicable from the Atlantic to the waters of Lake Superior, almost to the region which is now the scene of Captain Franklin's intrepid enterprise.

The practical inference which I would deduce from these interesting and important facts in colonization, is, that **THE BUSINESS OF SETTLING A NEW COUNTRY IS MUCH BETTER MANAGED BY PRIVATE ADVENTURERS THAN BY GOVERNMENTS.**

Hitherto the only public works undertaken by the old countries in their colonies, have been for the purpose of retaining military dominion and possession. Fortresses and arsenals may be described as almost exclusively the only objects on which so much treasure has been squandered in those of England; but instead of making the construction of them subservient to the employment of emigrants, the soldiery alone have been employed. It is singular that no one has ever mooted the simple question,—**ARE FORTIFICATIONS OF ANY USE IN A NEW COUNTRY?**—In the thirst of dominion and the jealousy of rivalry, the possession and the construction of strong-holds may furnish legitimate topics of consideration in the polity of kingdoms; but their utility in wild regions, of which the possession, in a military point of view, can only be a source of weakness, is at least questionable. Nor will it be denied that the legislature of

New York has much more strengthened the state by the expenditure of seven millions of dollars on the canal between the Hudson and Lake Erie, than double the amount would have done in the encumbering armour of fortifications. The population—the only true and sure strength of a state—has been increased; the resources, in agricultural and commercial wealth, have been increased; and, for the first time in the annals of nations, the policy of a great government has been devoted, not to a direct fostering of the sinews of war, but to the encouragement of undertakings, which of necessity, by linking the interests of men into a closer texture, strengthen the obligations and motives which constitute the cement of peace.

I have on my table at this moment the official reports of the Canal Commissioners of the State of New York, together with different acts of the particular legislature of that State, regarding the means and measures requisite to the formation of navigable communications between the great lakes and the Atlantic Ocean. By these documents it appears that the canal between the river Hudson and lake Erie, as well as the canal which extends from the same boccage at Albany on the Hudson towards Lake Champlaine, were undertaken at the public expense, not with the view with which similar works are undertaken in Europe—namely, to concentrate existing interests—but to facilitate access to uninhabited regions, in order to accelerate the progress of colonization.

The returns for the capital employed were not calculated on any data in the amount of an actual intercourse, but were altogether the anticipations of a probability derived from the spirit of enterprise abroad in the woods, and which had previously achieved such extraordinary things. By other documents in my possession, I am informed that the revenue arising from these canals is not only so great as to promise the extinction, in the course of ten years, of the capital, with interest, invested in them, but to afford even the felicitous assurance that it will, by the end of that period, be adequate to defray all the civil expenses of the STATE.

Though such undertakings reflect unrivalled honour on our American kinsmen, the spirit which prompted

them has not been confined entirely to the Federal portion of the continent. The government and legislature of Upper Canada have also for some time contemplated the practicability of improvements in the natural inland navigation of that fine province, on a very large and prospective scale. A canal is at this time in the progress of formation, by which the navigation of Lake Erie will not only be united with that of Lake Ontario, but the stupendous hydraulic powers of the great cataract of Niagara, rendered available to mills and manufactures; and during the last session of the Imperial Parliament, a grant was made to the crown for the purpose of making a military canal, as it is absurdly enough called, in another part of the province, in order to supersede the necessity of navigating the long and dangerous rapids of the St Lawrence. This latter work will unite a noble river, hitherto scarcely heard of in geography, with the great stream of the Ottawa. The professed object of the work is to anticipate those interruptions in the conveyance of military stores, by which so much inconvenience was experienced during the last war; but it will really have the effect of laying open, in the most commodious manner practicable, a vast tract of fertile and valuable territory for settlement. By this canal, which is intended to unite (taking the river Rideau in its course) the waters of the Ottawa, by those of the Trent, with Lake Ontario; and by the other canal, across the isthmus of Niagara (which takes its name from the river Welland, being also, in like manner, rendered available in the line of navigation), vessels of 150 tons burden will be enabled to sail fifteen hundred miles inland, above the city of Quebec; and thus, in the course of a few years, a free water communication will be opened from the ocean into the very centre of the North American continent. Already it is practicable to embark in England and be placed on the shores of Lake Huron, by taking the canal between the Hudson and Lake Erie, in the course of the voyage. But still more magnificent schemes for opening access into the bosom of these territories are in contemplation, or are rather, it may be said, in progress.

Besides the canals of the State of New York and those in Upper Canada, works of a similar kind are penetrating the whole vicinity and neigh-

bourhood of the great lakes and rivers, if that can be called a neighbourhood which comprehends spaces equal in extent to the empires of the old world. The State of Ohio has, as we are informed, commenced an excavation to unite the waters of Lake Erie with the river Ohio, by which the inland navigation from New York, though by a circuitous route, will be opened to the city of New Orleans. Nor is this all—a canal is also being cut from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi, by which the same voyage may be performed by a more extensive route. Thus, by two channels, the produce of Upper Canada may be sent to the West Indian markets, without, as at present, descending the St Lawrence. It is impossible, indeed, to contemplate, without awe and wonder, the amazing activity of that spirit of colonization, which is animating and pervading all the northern region of America. A highway is projected, and part of it already executed, for the purpose of opening a direct intercourse between the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific across the broadest part of the continent; nor shall we be surprised to hear the scheme of this road expanded into a canal, which shall unite the navigation of the Hudson with the Columbia. It is no longer visionary to expect that the cotton of Tennessee will be imported from Quebec. These are the vast speculations and the vigorous enterprises of the new world, which make the epithet "old" seemingly so justly applicable to Europe and the eastern continents,—which inflate the overleaping ambition of the American mind—making it regard the cramped and narrow paces of European improvement as the efforts of aged paralysis, and the feeble endeavours of exhausted means.

It is impossible, without a peculiar study of the different works and publications which relate to the statistics of North America, to form any correct idea of the zeal and industry which quickens and propels the dominion of intellect in those vast and boundless forests. With us, everything which relates to land hath upon it an impress of permanency, of dignity, of inherited virtue, and the assurance of an inheritance of honours to come; but in the American mind, the aristocratic and patriotic associations connected with land have no place. There is neither legend nor chronicle there to enrich

the spot with any worth beyond that of the agricultural productions of the soil. Every undertaking is with reference to render the improvements in land marketable—not the productions, but the soil itself. It is not to enrich for rental that the American landholders improve their territories, but to make the commodity in the soil more saleable. Without attending to this most important distinction between the American feeling towards land and that which is cherished among us, it is not easy to conceive the motive which leads the Americans to plan, and to carry with equal promptitude into effect, these schemes of public highways and navigable communications, which in extent beggar the imaginations of European engineers. But if we look at the results on the improved value of wild and uncleared land, we shall cease to wonder at the boldness of their speculations. We have already stated that Messrs Gorham and Phelps, and after them Mr Robert Morris, Sir William Pulteney, and others, purchased their territories in the Genesee country from the government of the United States, at about 3s. an acre. At that period there was almost, literally speaking, scarcely a Christian inhabitant in the tract of country which is now the State of Ohio. Yet in 1821 the population of that State amounted to 581,434 souls. Several hundred thousand persons have in the meantime passed into other new States founded still farther westward; and thus it has come to pass, that throughout the whole of the vast regions of the Ohio, the Wabash, the Mississippi, the Missouri, &c. the minimum price of the public uncleared lands, as established previous to 1820, is two dollars per acre. Generally, however, in the State of Ohio, the wild and uncleared land sells at double that sum, and in various places the price reaches even more than as many pounds. It is this rapid increase in the value of lands belonging to the public, together with a corresponding increase in the value of private property, which constitutes the motive by which the State and individuals are alike induced to embark in those gigantic schemes of road and canal communications—schemes without parallel in Europe.

The enterprises of colonial improvement in North America are not, however, confined to the commerce in land. The powers of education are

no less greatly and munificently considered; in respect to them, indeed, our republican kinsmen have equally surpassed our nearer connexions, and although we have lately heard of an intention on the part of Government to found an university in Upper Canada, still we do not very well see whence the funds for the endowments are to be derived, unless they come from the inexhaustible pocket of John Bull. We are told, indeed, of RESERVES, or lands being set apart for the purpose, but we have heard nothing of the means, either by sale or settlement, employed to render those reserves productive. That such lands have acquired an augmentation of value from the exertions of private settlers around them, is no doubt certain; but what public works have contributed, either to the comforts of those settlers, or to that augmentation of value? More than sixty millions of acres of the land belonging to the supreme government of the United States have been surveyed, and appropriated for the use of settlers since 1789. Of that enormous territory one-thirty-sixth part, or 1,666,666 acres, is reserved for the support of schools, besides many entire townships for the endowment of colleges and seminaries of a higher class. The reserved lands for these purposes in the State of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, were, in 1820, valued at no less than 4,332,372 dollars, and purchasers could easily have been found to buy them at that price. With such a solid basis for the engines of education, is it possible to calculate the consequences?

But, as I intend to take another opportunity of entering somewhat more particularly into the details of American colonization, I have said enough in this letter, to apprise your readers of the magnitude, and perhaps something too of the interest which may be found in the subject. The establishment of the independence of the United States was an epoch in the history of nations, and the results, as they may affect both the moral and political condition of man, begin to show themselves in a thousand forms, which far exceed the sanguine augury of those who were most enthusiastic in their anticipations of the benefits which they deemed the event calculated to produce to posterity.

BANDANA.

Glasgow, 28th June 1826.

THE DEATH OF MURAT.

REVOLUTIONS are the true mode of discovering the good and bad of national characters. The French Revolution was fatal to the moral fame of France. A vast quantity of ferocious and desperate energy, of public tyranny, and individual guilt, was developed. There was opposed to this evil side of the horizon but little to cheer the eye—occasional gleams of intrepid affection, or pious endurance, were to be seen. But the virtues of the French Revolution were fearfully allied to its vices—they were theatrical, soliciting publicity, and to an extraordinary degree contemptuous of principle. The same man or woman, who declaimed like a dying philosopher before the revolutionary tribunal, or marched to the scaffold in a triumph worthy of ancient heroism, had often lived a life of fashionable profligacy, and was notorious for avowed scorn of religion. The death was bold only because the life was heartless.

There were exceptions; and men of honour, and women of purity, were to be found among the massacred. But the whole race of the showy and applauded heroes and heroines, the Vergniauds and Madame Rolands, were mere candidates for popular wonder, unsteady in their previous lives, railers at Christianity, and finishing their unhappy course with the proud parade of tragedy, only in the strength of a spirit which had been always active, and which was determined not to lose a single plaudit when the curtain was to fall.

Of the public men whom the Revolution forced into notice, one model served for nearly all. There was but little of contrasted and peculiar character. All eager for the rank and plunder which the general overthrow of royalty had flung before the people—all violent and rapacious in their day of power—and all submissive and rapacious when their common master came—the Directories and Triumvirates differed from the senators and privy counsellors in nothing more than their republican and imperial costumes. The Revolution has bequeathed to us no memorable and original name, born of France—no great statesman—no great orator—even no great popular leader. Napoleon was

a foreigner, and out of the question. Of the natives, there is no man whose memory will survive, except from its monstrous connexion with acts of republican rapine and bloodshed. Talleyrand, of whom it must be said, that he preserved himself unstained by the popular crimes, was of high episcopal rank—a man of family, fortune, and accomplishment, before the Revolution. The others, who rose for their hour before the world's eye, have sunk as rapidly as they rose. They were lifted up, not on their own salient and native vigour, but on the mere physical swell of the public convulsion. Their rise was involuntary, and they went down with the falling of the surge. The whole moral face of France was in a state of eversion. The elements of remorseless disorder were let loose, and the soil was rent and broken up from its depths. It would not have been surprising to have seen, in that immense and total uncovering, some large display of the concealed and long slumbering riches of the land. But nothing was thrown up; the disorder was not even partially redeemed by the excitement; and barrenness, the gift of the earthquake and the thunderbolt, was the lot of the land. It may even be thought dubious, whether France produced a decided military character. The Revolution called for soldiers, and they sprung up, as if from the very dust, at that potent and disastrous call. She recruited by strange and desperate means. The soldier was driven to the field with the scaffold at his back. The dungeon uttered the voice that urged him on the invader—the axe and the rope were the talismans by which he was made insensible to fear, and armed him with the strength that was yet to break down the Powers of the Continent, like fragments of their own mouldering castles.

The early French victories were the work of wild *multitudes*, first infuriated by terror, and then stimulated by plunder, revenge, and the security of triumph. It was truly said, that the guillotine was the best recruiting officer on the Continent; and that of all the generals of Austria and Prussia, there was not "one a match for Si-

mon, the executioner of Paris." Yet this extraordinary species of impulse should not finally degrade the gallantry of the French nation. They are brave—they love war, and have singular qualifications for it;—intelligent, active, and enterprising, the Frenchman is an excellent campaigner. But it was a time of extraordinary impulses. The nation was insane. As the negro drinks to his insurrection in a bowl of gunpowder and blood, the Republic pledged its dreadful cause in the deep-drugged bowl of military rage and civic murder. The ingredients were put to the national lip together, and the frenzy was complete, irresistible, and demoniac. Yet when the whole nation was at war,—when every man's powers were stripped and shown in full muscle,—when, if there had been originality among the people, it must have been developed in this fierce and individual toil for eminence, it is the most striking fact of all, that there was but little exhibition of individual character. There was war in all its kinds to bring it out, if it existed,—the war of the partizan, of the mountaineer, of the seaman, of the tactician,—yet how few names of genius has the *Republic* given to military history!

Dumouriez was the great name of the early Revolution, yet what was he beyond an intriguer, who brought into the camp the habits of his youth as a regular *Espion*; and conquered by the double means of corruption, and the lavish outpouring of French blood! Lazarus Hoche might have been something. He was at once bold, sagacious, and an enthusiastic republican,—too enthusiastic for his own safety, for he was probably poisoned by his masters in Paris. Desaix was a man of high promise. He has been since pronounced by Napoleon, who knew him well, born for distinction. We shall not add to the opprobrium of Napoleon's grave, by charging him with cutting short that career; but it was the report of the day, that Desaix fell by a French bullet at Marengo. After these men, all the Republican officers were nearly on a level. All brave, well acquainted with their desperate trade, and alternately beating and beaten—all men of talent; but Genius is of another sphere, and the Genius was born and died with Napoleon.

The true distinction of Genius is originality. Using the common instruments and means of mankind, it uses them after another style. Where other men have laboured, and seem to have worked out the soil, it descends, and shows it suddenly capable of a new and superior productiveness. Simplicity, novelty, and force, are its evidence, the luminous track that shows where a meteor has passed, not born of our lower clime.

Napoleon's first Italian campaign is among the finest instances of military genius. When he took the command of the French army, he found them lying among the hills of the frontier, a broken corps of but forty thousand men, without artillery, or munitions of war, or discipline, or confidence. Other generals would have shrunk from the prospect of descending into the great Lombard plain to fight the Austrian army of 100,000 men, in the highest state of equipment, under the command of the best generals in the service, and in possession of all the fortresses. He formed his resolution at once, and alone. His army suddenly plunged down among the Austrian masses, broke them, was attacked again by army on army, pouring from the great Austrian hive over the Alps; broke them in every battle, until they were driven over the mountains at the point of the bayonet, and the safety of the empire was purchased by a treaty, signed within ninety miles of Vienna!

There was probably not a man in Europe, who, seeing that French army rushing from its precipices like a living cataract, would not have pronounced that the Rhone might have as soon rushed back to its bed in the Alps, as that army ever scaled those mountains again.

We have in our famous General a memorable instance of this quality in the defence of Portugal. It had been pronounced altogether indefensible, on the report of a man of high military name, and intimately conversant with the country, from the nature of the frontier, its extent, openness, and deficiency of resources. Wellington pronounced that it was defensible, and he gloriously made good his word. He saw all the disadvantages of the frontier; but his eagle-eye saw that there was not the defence of Portugal. He saw where the true citadel was to be

founded. He fixed himself upon that spot, and, with an inferior force, a raw army of British, and a half-disciplined native levy, he baffled and broke the invading army of France, hunted them over the frontier, and saved at once Portugal and the Peninsula.

It is this signal power of concentration, this seizure of the true spot of contest, this striking on the key-stone of the great arch of triumph, that makes the true evidence and mind of genius.

Murat was one of the "Enfans de la Revolution;" and his sanguinary Nurse left him a splendid inheritance, yet to be torn away as fiercely and bitterly as it was gained. His history is romantic, even in an era of romance; and his death melancholy, even in the midst of the daily extinction of the prosperous and powerful among men. But he is one of the instances of slightness of mind flung up into the highest rank attainable by the highest capacity and good fortune.

The history of his career, from the humble situation of a trooper in the Royal Regiment of Alsace, up to the throne of Naples, is sufficiently known. But his fall is still to be developed. Some papers and memoirs, lately brought to light on the Continent, explain its principal circumstances, and give another to the countless instances of the perseverance with which misfortune pursues a man, when it is once determined that he shall go down.

Murat's rash advance into the North of Italy, on Napoleon's declaring war in 1815, was his ruin. The Austrian troops were pouring round him, his French officers, the only ones on whom he relied in the field, were either returning to France, or averse to the prolongation of a more than dubious war. The Italian States would make no movement in his favour; Lord William Bentinck, the British General, put an end to his suspense, by declaring that war against Austria would be war against England. Murat instantly gave orders for a general retreat. He was hunted by the Austrians hour by hour, till he was in sight of his capital. There he found the people ready for revolt, and thus stripped of army and crown, he embarked for France an unthroned fugitive. He remained at Toulon neglected by Napoleon, who was then gird-

ing up his desperate strength for final battle.

Waterloo extinguished the last hopes of both Emperor and King; and Murat, after a short period of deep perplexity, and some danger from the gendarmerie of the restored government, had no resource but that of flying from France. His first steps were calculated to give him a painful knowledge of the trust to be reposed in courtiers. He had privately engaged a merchant-vessel to convey himself and his remaining property from Toulon. His three aides-de-camp were sent on board, with a sum of 200,000 francs, and other valuables, in their charge. Murat stole out from his hiding-place, a cottage on the shore, to go on board. As his boat neared the ship, he saw her, to his utter astonishment, put to sea! Aides-de-camp, money, and valuables were gone, and he saw them no more. To follow in an open boat was impossible; and the unfortunate King returned to the shore, to the shelter of the cottage in which he had previously lived, and in which he was now, from the increased vigilance of the authorities, to submit to still deeper indignities of concealment. He was forced to remain for several days in a hole in the ground, covered with wood and leaves; at other times was indebted for his escape to a large hen-coop, which the owner of the cottage placed before him on the approach of the gens-d'armes. This life at last became, as it must have done to a brave man, intolerable, and Murat took the bold resolution of putting to sea in his open boat, to meet the regular packet, on its passage from Toulon to Corsica; or at least, to take the chance of any vessel that might cross his way. He embarked with three naval officers. The boat was ten or a dozen leagues off the land, when they saw a passing sloop. They made all signals and supplications. The sloop shot by, nearly running them down. They were now alone, and in imminent danger. Night was coming on, the wind was rising, the waves swelled, and their boat was on the point of sinking, when they saw the post-office vessel for Corsica bearing up. The captain took them on board. It was a time when many men of condition were escaping from France. The captain was prudent,—probably a Napoleonic,—and he took

these weather-beaten men on board, without asking their object or their names.

In this long adversity of Murat, nothing is baser or more surprising than the utter neglect in which he was left by his immediate family. His Queen, his ministers, his principal officers, and his household, who had surrendered themselves on the entrance of the Austrians into Naples, had been from that time in the Austrian dominions, living at their ease and protected, though, it may be presumed, under surveillance of the government. Murat was at that time living in concealment, in beggary, and in perpetual hazard of his life. He subsequently complained in the bitterest manner, that he was totally abandoned.

He arrived in Corsica in August 1815, exhausted by the sea and by anxiety, and presented himself to a friend residing there. He was like another Marius at Minturnæ. "I saw at my door," says the describer, "a man wrapped in a great-coat, with a black silk bonnet sunk upon his brows; his beard neglected, and with the pantaloons, gaiters, and shoes of a common soldier. What was my astonishment when I discovered that this was Joachim the First, the splendid King of Naples! I uttered a cry, and fell on my knees."

Murat's arrival was soon known, and the local Government, not yet well aware who was to be its master, was in great commotion. But *gens-d'armes* are the first thought of every Frenchman in matters of public difficulty, and a party of *gens-d'armes* were sent to seize the royal stranger. Yet this French rapidity of proceeding is not popular in Corsica, and the peasants of the canton of Vescovato, in which Murat's friend lived, exhibited such formidable symptoms of defiance, that, to prevent mischief, the *gens-d'armes* were countermanded. A kind of treaty was entered into with Murat, and he agreed to set sail from Bastia within six days.

Still the presence of so renowned a Revolutionary General disturbed the quiet of the Island, and fearful of the results, a message was sent to General Montresor, the British officer who had previously been in command in Corsica, and who had just given it up to Louis XVIII., to solicit troops. Montresor excused himself on the natural

ground, that as the Island now belonged to Louis, the British had nothing to do with it; yet offered to send one of his staff to inquire Murat's objects in the Island. The officer arrived in a few days, and with the Captain of the sloop waited on the King, who distinctly denied all intention of disturbance, said that he was waiting only for passports from the Allies, and that if the officer had brought them, he was ready to go with him that moment. The officer, of course, had not the passports, but he offered a passage in the sloop. Murat's hour was to come—the passage was not accepted, and the sloop sailed away.

Yet his residence in the Island continued a matter of suspicion, perhaps not unjust suspicion, to the authorities. His manners were popular, he had been long an object of national homage, he even boasted of his having raised upwards of two thousand Corsican soldiers to the rank of officers; many who had served under him, were living in the Island, and it is certain that, for whatever purpose, he was keeping up a regular intercourse with them. If Napoleon, instead of being banished to his Rock, had been left at large in England, he would have caused the same suspicion. After a good deal of petty negotiation, Murat, who seems to have been treated with singular lenity, at length agreed to embark. Whether from the difficulty of travelling in Corsica, or from the more probable cause of a desire to exhibit himself to the people, his journey from Ajaccio took up six days. Previously to his entry into the city, he had sent an officer to announce his coming to the Duke of Padua (Arrighi), whom he found surrounded with functionaries, and who earnestly recommended that Murat should not exhibit himself to the citizens. With Arrighi were present a number of the Bonaparte family, outrageous at what they called Murat's ruin of Napoleon. This produced a long and rather curious conference, in which the officer cleared away the imputation, by the no less ignominious avowal of treachery to the Allies; the fact being, that as soon as he heard of Napoleon's arrival in France, he over-ruled his Council—of whom many were of opinion that nothing should be done—by declaring, that rather than not march to the assistance "of his brother and

his country," he would resign his throne. And as a further evidence of the good understanding between them, General Belliard had been sent ambassador to Naples, with orders to act also as chief of the staff under the King. But a still more curious instance of this traitorous intimacy transpired. It was ascertained, that some days before his leaving Elba, Napoleon had sent a letter informing Murat of the expedition. This was instantly answered, and the officer who bore the letter was directed to call at Elba for Napoleon's mother, and escort her, without delay, to Naples, where Jerome and Cardinal Fesch were already, and from which they all immediately embarked for France. We are thus informed that if Napoleon duped Colonel Gordon, by sending him on a wildgoose chase to Leghorn, Murat had the honour, such as it is, of duping Lord William Bentinck. It is obvious that he must have kept up a previous correspondence with Napoleon, who never trusted any man without long and strong surety.

Murat's entry into Ajaccio was triumphal. The troops on the ramparts huzzaed him, the populace huzzaed him, the authorities, though keeping out of his way, yet gave no symptoms of disapprobation; and all was, what no Frenchman can withstand, a "veritable fete." All was sunshine—the vessels that were to carry him away had their anchors atrip—the populace were dancing before his door. He had officers surrounding him, nay, a little army of two hundred and fifty recruits, however unaccountably, permitted to be gathered. But so feebly do we judge of our good or evil, that this very triumph seems to have been the direct cause of his ruin. In the evening of this popular day, one of his officers, on entering his apartment, observed him in great agitation. He started forward, and exclaimed—"What a reception! Heavens, what recollections it brings—Naples and my people were before me—I thought I saw the crowds, and heard their shouts of joy. It was just as they always received me in my capital when I came back from the grand army."

He shed tears—all this was weakness, but was no unnatural weakness. What followed was a deeper proof of the powerlessness of this gallant soldier's understanding. After a few mi-

nutes' silence, he clasped his officer's hand and said—"It is done—live or die, it shall be among my people. We shall see Naples—let us begone!"

The officer, probably weary of expeditions, was thunderstruck; he attempted to reason with this madman, explained the utter want of means, financial or military—his whole royal treasury amounting to but 11,000 francs—a diamond epaulette, worth 50,000, and a diamond button worth about 90,000. All this was ineffectual. Even the return of a spy whom he had sent to Naples some time before, would not be waited for; he rushed to his fate.

His embarkation was fixed for the 28th of September. On that very day, Macirone, who had been on his staff, arrived at Ajaccio with the passports from Sir C. Stuart, Schwartzberg, and Metternich, which he had appeared so anxious so receive. The passports were accompanied with this letter from Prince Metternich:

"M. Macirone is empowered by these presents, to acquaint the King Joachim, that his Majesty the Emperor of Austria will grant him an asylum in his States, on the conditions following:—

1. The King will take the title of a private individual. As the Queen has already taken that of the Countess de Libano, the same is proposed to the King.

2. The King will be at liberty to choose any city in Bohemia or the Higher Austria for his residence. If he should prefer the country, that will create no difficulty.

3. The King will give his word of honour, in the presence of his Imperial and Royal Majesty, not to quit the Austrian States without the express consent of his Majesty; and that he will remain in the condition of an individual of rank, and be obedient to the laws in force in the Austrian dominions.

"In sign of which, &c,

"Given at Paris the 1st of Sept. 1815.

"The PRINCE DE METTERNICH."

On Macirone's withdrawing, one of his staff congratulated Murat on this fortunate termination to all their anxieties. He answered angrily—"No! I will not be the voluntary object of the triumph of the House of Austria. I reject an asylum offered on such conditions—I will never see the Queen but on the throne of Naples!"

Macirone was asked to dinner, and Murat was naturally inquisitive about the fate of his old Parisian compeers. Part of the conversation turned on Fouché's request to resign, and the dexterity with which he contrived to obtain the ear of the Allied Sovereigns, for the express purpose of preventing Louis from accepting his resignation. Waterloo then became the topic, and Murat asked a number of questions. Macirone gave high praise to the steadiness and spirit of the British. "Their firmness and courage were such," said he, "that the French cavalry were not able to break a single square throughout the day." Murat, a trooper and a Frenchman to his last hour, here could not help indulging in the national style, and boasted that "He would have soon broke them, if he had been of the party." Macirone supported his own opinion, and said that "His Majesty would doubtless have broke Austrian or Prussian squares, but not English." Murat laughed, "Ah, M. Macirone, I perceive that you are an enthusiast for your own country, (he was Irish.) I should have broke the English squares as well as the Austrian or Prussian. Europe knows what I am made of. Not but that I blame the manner in which the French cavalry was exposed and sacrificed."

So much for the safe boast of this retired Hussar. In Italy he did not find it a matter of such facility to break even Austrian squares. And at Waterloo, what had not been done by Napoleon, would scarcely have been done by any of his subordinates. Yet it might have been fortunate for Murat to have been at Waterloo. He would have fought gallantly, as he always did; after doing all that spur and sabre could do, he would have probably been slain or taken. He would have been the foremost in the battle—the last in the fight. He would never have condescended to escape like Napoleon; and even at the worst, he would have died sword in hand. He would not have perished, like a felon, by the hands of the peasants of Calabria.

After dinner, on Murat's retiring to his chamber, Macirone requested a note acknowledging the receipt of the passports and letter. It was thus given—

"M. Macirone, I have attended to the

message of which you are the bearer. I accept the passports which you have been directed to give me. It is my purpose to make use of them for the destination which they appoint. As to the conditions which his Imperial and Royal Majesty annexes to his offer of an asylum, I shall defer any arrangement on the subject till I shall have been reunited to my family.

"I shall not accept the offer made to me by Captain Bastard, of a passage on board the English frigate to Trieste, in consequence of Captain Bastard's peculiar conduct to me within these few days.

"Prosecuted and menaced in Corsica, under the idea that I had views upon the island, I had already made preparations for leaving it—I leave it this night, gratified by taking with me my two valets, Charles and Armand, whom you brought from Paris.

(Signed)

"J. NAPOLEON."

The vessels hired for this voyage were six, and they carried two hundred and fifty men, soldiers and sailors, which had joined him at Ajaccio. But symptoms of his catastrophe were already discoverable. General Ottavij, who had been among the first to wait on Murat at Verconato, and had promised to follow wherever he would lead, disappeared on this very evening, after having had a conference with Carabelli, a spy of the Neapolitan court.

One of the horrors of the Neapolitan system, was the remorseless use of spies, on all occasions of life, public and private. In France, the organization was three deep; the spy, the spy upon the spy, and the police officer, who received the reports of both, and was only the superior spy. Napoleon had spies upon his brothers, sisters, wife, and mother, who themselves were all spies. Fouché was the universal spy, and on Fouché himself there were spies, who reported directly to Napoleon. The misery, baseness, fear, and falsehood, generated by this system, through France, were beyond all conception. No man could be sure that his nearest friend was not selling him to the dungeon; nor that the most innocent word might not be perverted by villains hungry for employment, and living on accusation, into a fatal crime.

This atrocious system had been adopted in all the inferior kingdoms

of the Napoleon Dynasty, and Murat had his secret police, like the great master of espionage. The new court, too, had its spies, and one of its agents was sent to Corsica for the express purpose of watching Murat's proceedings. But this agent was watched in turn; for the captain of the late gens-d'armes of Murat put himself on board the same vessel, and they landed together in Corsica. The captain's first proceeding was to send information of the Neapolitan's arrival and mission, stating that he had set persons to watch the spy, and to *seize him* should it be necessary.

The agent was introduced to Murat on this busy day, the 20th of September, and the result of the conference was, to determine the rash king in his rashness. It seems evident that Murat, a weak-minded man, with some good nature, and a habitual spirit of daring, was, from the commencement, the dupe of more than his own suggestions. The impression on his officers has since continually been, that it was the wish of the restored government to see him committed by some violence, which would extinguish all future hope on his part. The facility given to his embarkation, which a word would have stopped altogether, and the peculiar preparation on the coast of Calabria, almost prove the opinion. The Neapolitan agent, who had come recommended to Murat, doubtless by some offer of assistance or information, is said to have spurred him on to the enterprise, by giving him high accounts of his popularity in his late kingdom, of the discontents of the soldiery, and peculiarly of the certainty of success if he should direct his expedition to the Calabrias. Murat, rejoiced at this accumulation of intelligence, offered him a place of some importance, at Naples. The agent, however, declined joining the expedition, made his way back to court, and subsequently received a diplomatic employment of value. His services with the unhappy Murat had been indeed effectual.

The little fleet which bore King Joachim and his fortunes sailed at midnight. A letter was left, to be given to Macirone next morning. This was a general exposé of the motives for the expedition; and the nature of this part of the transaction is

among the stains on the unfortunate King's memory.

“ M. MACIRONE, Envoy of the Allied Powers to the King Joachim;

“ My former letter, written a few hours since, had been dictated by the circumstances of the case. But I owe it to myself, to truth, and to your honourable loyalty and good faith, to express my real intentions. Such is the motive of this second letter.

“ I look upon freedom as beyond all other things. Captivity is to me but another thing for death. What treatment can I expect from those powers, who had left me for two months exposed to the daggers of the assassins of the south of France? I had once saved the Marquis de Riviere's life. When he was condemned to die on the scaffold, I obtained a pardon for him. The return for this was, to rouse the Marseillois against me, and set a price on my head.

“ I was forced to wander, and hide among the woods and mountains. I owe my life to nothing but the generous feeling of three French officers, who brought me to Corsica at the imminent hazard of their own lives. Some contemptible individuals have reported that I had carried away large sums from Naples. These persons do not know, that when I gave up the Grand Duchy of Berg, which was mine by solemn treaty, I took with me immense wealth, which I expended upon my kingdom of Naples. Could the King who has succeeded me recognize the country? And yet, at this hour, I have not common subsistence for myself or my household! M. Macirone, I will not accept the terms which you have been empowered to offer. I see nothing but direct and total abdication, in terms which only permit me to live in an eternal bondage, and under the arbitrary will of a despotic government. Where is the moderation, or the justice of this? Where is the consideration due to an unfortunate monarch, formerly recognized by all Europe; and who, in a critical moment, decided the campaign of 1814, in favour of those Allied Powers, who now would bear him down with the intolerable burden of their persecutions!

“ It is a fact known to all Europe, that my determination to drive back the Austrians to the Po, was adopted solely in consequence of my having been deceived into the belief that they were about to attack me under cover of England. I felt it necessary to advance my line of defence, and raise the people of Italy in

my cause. No one knows better than yourself and Lord Bentinck, that the fatal order of retreat from the Po, was given merely in consequence of that general's declaration, that he should be under the necessity of supporting the Austrians if they applied to him.

"You know the causes which broke up my fine army. The reports of my death carefully spread; those of the landing of the English at Naples; the conduct of General Pignatelli, and the treachery of certain officers, who increased and fomented the disorder and discouragement of which they set the ruinous example.

"Of all that army, there does not live the man at this hour who does not feel his error. I go to join them, for they burn to see me at their head. They and all my beloved subjects have retained their affection for me. I have never abdicated; I retain the right to reconquer my crown, if Heaven gives me the force and means. My existence on the throne of Naples cannot be a source of fear to the Allies. I cannot be suspected of corresponding with Napoleon, who is now at St Helena. On the contrary, England and Austria may draw some advantages from my possession, which they might expect in vain from the Monarch whom they have placed on the Neapolitan throne.

"I go into these details, M. Macirone, because it is to you that I write. Your conduct with respect to me, your reputation and your name, have given you claims on my confidence and my esteem.

"When this letter shall be delivered to you, I shall be far on my way. I shall either succeed, or finish my misfortunes and my life together. I have faced death a thousand and a thousand times, fighting for my country. Shall I not be allowed to face it once for myself? I tremble only for the fate of my family.

"JOACHIM NAPOLEON."

This was a dishonourable business. That Murat should have accepted the passports at the moment when he was determined to violate their conditions, is beyond excuse. The idea of keeping them as a reserve, in case of failure, shows weakness of understanding conjoined to weakness of principle. No rational man could have supposed that the passports would have been allowed to save the invader after his defeat. Whether the dishonour extends beyond him, is scarcely more a question. It was certainly a singular oversight

of cabinet wisdom, to have committed a negotiation with this headlong and turbulent chieftain to an officer of his own staff. But how M. Macirone, having his eyes open, seeing an expedition prepared to sail with troops on board, and finding the offer of a passage to Trieste refused, could have given up the passports, is altogether inconceivable. It is curious that the whole matter has since become a subject in our Courts of Law, where Macirone brought an action against the Quarterly Review for defamation on this ground. The action was thrown out by a jury; and the plaintiff has still to clear himself of his share in the extraordinary management of his negotiation.

The voyage was from the beginning ill omened. One of those sudden and tremendous bursts of tempest, that from time to time turn up the "blue Mediterranean" from the bottom, smote the little fleet on the second night. It was entirely dispersed, and Murat's vessel was driven on the iron-bound coast of Sardinia, where it was near being lost. The vessels, however, subsequently reassembled off the desert island of Tavolara. On the 6th of October, they made the coast of Calabria, three leagues off Paola. Here they lay to, putting out all their fires to avoid the notice of the government *chasse mares*, and making themselves as like the coral-fishing vessels as possible. A new storm dispersed them. Day-break showed but one vessel in company, and they anchored in the bay of St Lucido, to wait for the rest.

Misfortunes now came rapidly. Murat had ordered one of his colonels to go on shore, to ascertain the state of Neapolitan feeling. It was quickly ascertained. The colonel and his companions were arrested. Another colonel of the Neapolitan guard, in command of a vessel with fifty veterans on board, attempted to carry it off; but on being taken in tow to prevent this manœuvre, cut the rope, and slipped away during the night for Corsica. Murat was now seriously alarmed, and his officers made a last attempt to reason with him. The unfortunate man might still have been saved. He admitted that the expedition could not now succeed, saying, "that his purpose in returning to Naples had been to save his subjects,

and those attached to his government, from the injuries and severities to which they must be liable under the new government; but that the idea must be now given up. He had but a handful of men, and his only course now must be for Trieste, where he would put himself under the protection of Austria."

We may have no right to load the names of men with treachery at this distance, but it is scarcely possible to conceive how the catastrophe could have resulted from chance. On Murat's ordering the captain of his vessel to steer for Trieste, he was astonished by being told that it was impossible; that the vessel could not keep the Adriatic in this season; that there would be a want of water and stores; and, finally, that they must put on shore to procure both. This captain had obtained a considerable character as a sailor, and one peculiarly acquainted with the coast of Calabria. He offered to take the only remaining transport into Pizzo, where "his credit would be enough to procure provisions, and to engage a vessel fit for the voyage." This was acceded to. A list of the necessary matters was sent from Murat, and, at the same time, orders were given to throw into the sea a bag containing five hundred copies of a proclamation to the Neapolitans. The expedition was thus completely at an end.

That Murat was duped into his ruin is clear. But nothing is more remarkable in this whole strange transaction than his wilful blindness to the deception. What was the first act of the captain as he was preparing for his landing? To demand the Austrian passports! under the pretence that he might find them useful, in case of disturbance from the authorities of the place!

Murat, surprised at this singular request, refused. The captain instantly declared, that without them he would not go on shore. The refusal irritated the unfortunate King to frenzy; but the captain was too humble a victim for his indignation; and he turned, exclaiming to his officers, "I am refused to be obeyed; then, since necessity forces me to land, I will go on shore myself, with you at my side. I cannot have been forgotten in the kingdom of Naples. I have done good

to its people. They will not refuse to assist me."

His tone and gesture silenced the officers. He ordered them all to put on their full uniform. To one of his brigadiers, who excused his appearing in plain clothes, on the fair ground that he had no other, he said sternly, "It is not to follow me into danger that people embark in plain clothes."

The vessel had by this time come up to Pizzo. As she touched the bank, the officers were about to land, when the King gallantly stopped them, with "I must be the first on shore!" and he sprang from the side, followed by twenty-eight soldiers and three attendants. This was at noon of the 8th of October.

A crowd had gathered to see the landing. Some sailors recognising Murat, huzzaed "Long live King Joachim!" The peasantry soon joined the townspeople; and Murat, anxious to make an impression, marched rapidly at the head of his little band to the principal square. The populace were still increasing. Some artillery-men of the coast, to the number of fifteen, now sallied from their guard-house, with their arms, and in the King's uniform. Murat cried out, "Here are my soldiers;" and followed by his troop, he addressed them, "Do you not recollect your King?" Five of them answered that they did, and that they and their comrades would stand by him.

It should seem that Murat, excited by the glory of being at the head of twenty-eight men in uniform, was infatuated enough to have abandoned his plan of obtaining provisions in favour of that of the conquest of Naples. The revolt of fifteen artillery-men fixed his resolution. But this was but a brief vision. He had fallen into the very place of ruin. While he was standing in the square, the peasantry, who had listened to the harangue in complete silence, yet with countenances in all the wild agitation of Italian passion, had disappeared. The townspeople, whom he next addressed, looked on him with ominous confusion. At this period, two young men came up and said, in great haste, "Sire, quit Pizzo this moment; you are in the midst of enemies. Lose no more time—there is the road to Monteleone—we will show you the way, You

are safe, if you but have the good luck to get out of this place."

Murat now ordered the artillerymen to follow him. The road to Monteleone is up the side of a mountain; exhausted by his twelve days' voyage, and unable to walk fast enough, he stopped on the ascent to take breath. Two of the artillery-men now overtook him. They said that the rest were on their way. To ascertain this, he turned into an olive plantation off the road, from which the whole way down to Pizzo was visible. The men were certainly seen coming up the mountain, though very slowly. Murat said, "that he would wait for them where he was." It was observed to him, "that there were armed peasants along with them, some of whom were pressing on before the soldiers, and that a party were in the rear." The guides now became vehement in their entreaties that he should hasten on, telling him, that "if he delayed any longer, the peasants would have time to overtake him; while, if he went forward at once, they might be able to reach Monteleone, where he would find faithful subjects." To all this he readily replied, that "he would wait for the soldiers." To any further remonstrance, his only answer was, "He would be obeyed." At this moment a party of the peasants were seen rapidly coming up through the fields on the opposite side of the road, and the artillery-men going over and falling into their rear. The guides again besought the infatuated King to make a last attempt at escape, and threatened that they must leave him. But Murat was naturally brave, and flight before a rabble was probably felt ignominious by a man who had led the brilliant cavalry of the most brilliant army of the earth so often to triumph. He advanced alone, and addressed them. "My children! do not arm against your King. I have not landed in the Calabrias to do you any harm. I wish only to ask assistance of the authorities at Monteleone, to continue my voyage to Trieste, where I am to join my family. If you had given me time to explain myself at Pizzo, you would have known that I have passports which King Ferdinand himself must respect."

An officer who came with the pea-

sants, now requested Murat to come down upon the road, and offered to conduct him to Monteleone. From this person's wearing the uniform of a colonel of gens-d'armerie, the King took him for one of his former colonels; his officers were alarmed for his immediate safety, but he turned to them, saying, that "a colonel of his army was incapable of dishonour;" and then hurrying down, threw himself into the midst of the crowd. Two of his staff and his valet followed him. The others remained on the brow of the hill, to keep off the peasantry, who seemed ready to fire upon them. One of the staff advanced to their leader, and demanded his name. His answer was brief and fatal. "I am Trenta Capilli, captain of gens-d'armerie, and the King and you must follow me to Pizzo."

There were recollections about this man, which might well have made his name a sound of terror. He had been the chieftain of the insurrection raised against Murat in the Calabrias by the friends of the old government, and, in general, by the haters of the French tyranny. This Italian Vendee had been put down in the remorseless manner of the French military. General Manes had been sent against it by Murat, and, among other murders, he had hanged no fewer than three brothers of this individual Trenta Capilli! If it had been the direct purpose of the Neapolitan court to bring its invader to a death sudden, ignominious, and embittered by reflection, this was the spot for its severest vengeance, in the midst of a peasantry furious at the slaughter and desolation of the past, and by the hands of their chief, who had his brother's blood to atone. The declaration, that who sheds man's blood shall make retribution in his own, could not have been more signally fulfilled!

Murat now saw at once that he was undone. One of his staff, springing before him with a cocked pistol in his hand, presented it at Trenta Capilli's head, and threatened to fire if the King was not instantly set at liberty. The Calabrian drew back; the crowd who had seized the King, seeing the danger of their chief, let him go, and he escaped to the party on the hill. The staff-officer, whose name was Franceschetti, and who obviously be-

haved with great bravery and fidelity, was overwhelmed by the peasants; but, by a furious effort, he too made his way good to the hill. Then his advice was instantly to rush on the crowd, and gain the mountain, or die sword in hand.

But there Murat ruined everything. Often having successively played the invader, and the idiot, he must play the King; and this mockery of royalty magnanimously ordered that not a musket should be fired, exclaiming, "I would not have my landing cost the blood of one of my people." The unfortunate Louis XVI. made nearly the same speech at Valrennes, and it was his death-warrant! But the peasantry did not understand this theatric magnanimity. They were determined to have their royal ravager, dead or alive; and they began to fire from all sides. Murat's officers did their desperate duty to the last. Anxious to save him, they forced him out of the very hands of the people, and carried him down to the shore, still under a heavy fire. There a new instance of misfortune awaited them. The vessel from which they had landed was gone! The captain had been ordered to remain for an hour within two musket-shots of the shore. This man, who had absolutely forced them to land, had now abandoned them. In their infinite distress they seized upon a small vessel which was accidentally at the bank; and putting Murat on board, they attempted to push it off. But it was fast; and the peasantry were again round them, pouring in their fire. Every musket was levelled at the King, who strangely escaped them all, till, seeing that the struggle was altogether hopeless, he cried out to the officers, "My children, give up these ineffectual efforts to defend me." Then holding out his sword to the crowd, he said, "People of Pizzo, take this sword, which has been often drawn with glory at the head of armies, and which has fought for your country. I surrender it to you; but spare the lives of the brave men round me." But the peasantry did not understand the formalities of war. The sight of their enemy beaten, only increased their determination to destroy him. Their fire became thicker and thicker. In a few moments, almost every one near him was killed or wounded. The party

who had remained on the mountain had been already destroyed or taken. The crowd at length rushed on Murat, and he and the wounded were dragged to the town, and flung into the common prison. The scene of ruined ambition there might have formed a picture of powerful and melancholy reflection. The King sat; his officers, exhausted and bleeding, stood round him. The soldiery, less able to conceal their feelings, had thrown themselves on the ground, in agony with their wounds, and loudly raging against the misfortune which had wasted their bravery and blood. The pencil of Salvator or Spagnoletti never imagined so tragic and desolated a history-piece of torture of mind and body, furious suffering, and regal despair.

The darkness of the prison-room in which so many were confined together—the blood still flowing—the groans which escaped the firmest in their turn—and, above all, the hideous outcries of the multitude without, calling through the bars for the lives of the prisoners, and peculiarly of the King, as sacrifices to the memory of their brothers and friends, made a combination of horrors, that, one of the narrators tells us, he can never think of "without feeling the hair rise upon his head."

Trenta Capilli had his full revenge, if it was to be found in the complete degradation of the unfortunate Murat. He stripped him of his purse, his diamonds, the passports, and, more disastrous than all, a single copy of his proclamation, which had by some oversight been left among his papers. This proclamation was of great length, and enumerated, in the usual inflated style of the French, his rights, injuries, and intentions of doing good to the Neapolitans, and of restoring them to their primitive glory. This was harmless declamation. But an annexed decree of twenty articles contained some of those statutes of blood which always accompanied Jacobin benevolence. By the third article, "Every individual in office under Ferdinand who should not act in pursuance of it, from and after the intelligence of King Joachim's landing, was to be declared a rebel and traitor, and punished with the rigour of the laws!"

By the fourth, "Every minister or public servant of the present govern-

ment who should offer any opposition, or otherwise act against King Joachim, was to be declared a rebel, a provoker of civil war, a traitor to his country and king—was to be put out of the law, and judged as such; every good Neapolitan being called upon to seize his person, and to give him up to the public force."

It is inconceivable how a monarch, who, like Murat, had deserted his throne, could have levelled those sanguinary laws against the people who had never abandoned him till he abandoned himself. No popular insurrection had expelled him. He had fled before an army of foreigners; and he had deserted his city, merely as he had deserted his camp. He had nothing to punish but the Austrian bayonets, which had driven him through Italy, till they drove him into the sea. We may regret his fate; but if sanguinary acts, and sanguinary intentions, could justify public vengeance, no man's death could find a stronger justification than that of Murat; and no place could be fitter for the dreadful lesson of retribution than the spot on which he died.

It was a singular circumstance, that, in this misery, the individual who showed the deepest compassion for him, and rendered him the most useful services, should have been a Spaniard—Alcalas, the steward of the Duke del Infantados' Calabrian estate. Murat had made himself fearfully memorable in Spain. The massacre of Madrid was his; and it had no rival among all the slaughters of a war of perpetual havoc. To return some part of the evil of that day on the head of its author, was so natural, that it was for a long time said that Murat's seizure was owing to this Spaniard. But the truth has transpired at last, much more to the honour of the individual and his country. The revenge of the Spaniard was shown in the generous attentions of supplying the King and his fellow-prisoners with provisions and clothing, and whatever else they might require.

In the evening of this melancholy day, an officer of the line arrived with his company, and mounted guard over the prisoners. The mob were now repelled, and something like quiet was obtained; and the prisoners were relieved from their momentary expectation of being put to death by the

peasantry. At night, Generala Murziante, in the service of Ferdinand, arrived, and announced himself as Commandant of the Calabrias. He treated the prisoners with respect, regretted the violence of the mob, and promised to procure such comforts as were in his power.

The fury of the peasantry was still so excessive, that, under some idea that Murat was to be saved, they next day came rushing into the town to carry him off. Murziante was even compelled to put his cannon in battery, and draw out the troops. But the peasantry, seeing that he was prepared for them, and probably receiving some assurances that their object was to be accomplished, retired at length. In the course of a few days, the first inconveniences of imprisonment were amended. The soldiers were removed into another prison; some of the wounded were sent into the town; the officers were separated; and Murat was left, with two of his staff, disembarassed of the crowd. An apartment of a better kind was provided for him, and a table kept by the general. His first occupation was writing to his wife, to the commander of the Austrians at Naples, and the English ambassador, stating his landing, and the events that followed. Those letters, it appears, were forwarded to the Neapolitan government, which detained them until after his death. There might have been some idea on the part of Ferdinand, that his purposes would be interfered with by the ambassador.

Murziante behaved with humanity, but his duty was now about to become more painful. On the 11th, at dinner, he seemed embarrassed, and, after some passing conversation, suddenly said, "There has been a telegraphic dispatch. The words were '*You will consign to*'—Then it broke off." He probably meant to prepare his prisoner. Murat appeared to feel no apprehension, and, among other things, said, "that he hoped that Ferdinand, finding himself fortunate enough to be on the throne of Naples, would not abuse his victory." On the 12th, the General introduced a British officer, commanding an English and Sicilian flotilla, under the British flag. Murat desired to be conveyed to Tropea, a little town five or six leagues off, to wait the commands of Ferdinand. Murziante consented to this, but the

unhappy King's hopes were soon dashed; for the consent was withdrawn, on the ground that the officer declared that, once under the British flag, Murat must be at the disposal of the British government. This was probably true. But it is to be lamented that the King was, notwithstanding, not taken on board. It might have interposed some time between the vengeance and the victim; and allowed of the existence of a brave man, whose life could now do no injury to the throne.

That day, at dinner, Murziantè exhibited more embarrassment than before, saying that he was unable to understand why the telegraph had gone no farther than the words, "*You will consign to—*" that he hoped it would complete the dispatch, by consigning his Majesty to the British vessel, to be landed at Messina. "But, general," observed the King, "if they ordered you by telegraph, to send me before a Military Commission, would you do it?" "Certainly not," was the reply. "I should await the express orders of King Ferdinand, forwarded by a government messenger. But your Majesty needs have no such apprehensions." Murat finished his dinner, without any emotion, and afterwards threw himself on his bed, and, desiring one of his officers to read some passages of Metastasio, slept quietly. At midnight the fatal order came. A government messenger arrived, with a dispatch to Murziantè, directing him to appoint a Military Commission, to condemn the King to death, and to have him shot in half an hour after.

It appears that Murziantè had already received the complete order by the telegraph, but had generously delayed its execution, in the hope that some remission might take place before the three days in which a messenger could reach him. The order was brief and expressive:

"Naples, 9th of October 1815.

"Ferdinand, by the grace of God, &c. &c.—We have decreed, and do decree, the following:

"Art. I. The General Murat shall be delivered to a Military Commission, of which the members shall be appointed by our Minister of War.

"Art. II. There shall not be granted to the condemned more than half an hour, to receive the succours of religion."

In the morning, Murziantè waited

until the King had risen. As soon as he was dressed, the captain of the guard, entering his apartments, directed the two officers to follow him. On their inquiring the reason, the answer was, that there was some movement at hand. The officers were then escorted to a dungeon, where they found their comrades, who, soldiers and officers, had been shut up there since two in the morning.

Murat, on leaving his bed-room, asked what had become of his officers. He received no reply, but, shortly after, five Sicilian officers entered with the captain of the guard, who announced to him that he was to be brought before a Military Commission, already convened in an adjoining apartment, to answer for the motives of his descent on the Calabrias.

Murat addressed him firmly. "Captain, tell your president, that I refuse to appear before his tribunal. Men of my rank are accountable for their conduct to no one but God. Let them pass sentence. I shall make no other answer." One of the officers, Starage, a Sicilian, who had been named his advocate for the trial, then came forward, and said, with tears in his eyes, "I am appointed to defend your Majesty; and before what judges—" "They are no judges of mine," replied the King. "They are my subjects. They cannot sit in judgment on their sovereign: just as a king cannot sit in judgment on another king, because no man can have such a right over his equal. Monarchs have no judges but God and nations."

The officers still tried to induce him to write even a few lines in his defence. He steadily refused, repeating, "You cannot save my life. This is a business, not of trial, but of condemnation. Your Commission are not my judges, but my executioners. M. Starage, you must not say a syllable in my defence; this I command you." A few moments after, the secretary of the Commission entered, to inquire the name, the age, and family of the deceased. He was going on, when Murat sternly interrupted him with "I am Joachim Napoleon, King of the two Sicilies—Begone."

He now remained with the officers; and calmly entered into a statement of his conduct. "I own," said he, "that I should have thought Ferdinand more humane and high-minded. I should

have acted more generously to him, had he landed in my states, and fallen into my hands by the chance of war.

“ I quitted my capital only by force of arms. I had never renounced any of my rights or titles to the kingdom. I entered Naples the possessor of twelve millions of francs, and after ten years of a government, which I did everything in my power to make that of a father, I came out of it worth two hundred and fifty thousand francs in the world. My calamities have given King Ferdinand a country governed by a system very different from that which he left in 1806, when he took refuge in Palermo. I left him a capital filled with noble buildings, and all that he could desire for the splendour of his court. In my present situation, he can have nothing to fear from me. My death is not necessary to his reigning. Instead of these cruel orders, he might have followed the example of the Allied Powers, who, in sending me passports to join my family, marked out the path that he ought to tread. This would have been an act more worthy of a king, than an act which shows nothing but groundless fears; and which may one day yet be a source of severe retribution. His generosity to a defenceless enemy would have done him honour with the age and with posterity.”

He afterwards spoke of his long military life, in the various French campaigns; of his services to Naples; to her army of 80,000 men which he had created; and to her navy and trade. “ I have made,” said he, in a passionate voice, “ all the sacrifices conceivable for the country. I forgot my own interest for those of the Neapolitans.” He was then silent for a while, and after a deep sigh, he said calmly, “ Both in court and army, my only object was the national good. I employed the public revenues only for public purposes. I did nothing for myself. At this hour of my death I have no other wealth than that of my actions. They are all my glory and my consolation.” In this way he talked for some time, with natural eloquence and loftiness. The officers were silent and deeply affected. At length the door opened, and the secretary of the Commission brought in the report, sentencing him “ to death within the next half hour.” He was listened to with haughty coolness. A

confessor was mentioned, and the King accepted of him in these words in writing:—“ I declare that I have done good, as far as it lay in my power. I have done evil only to the criminal. I desire to die in the arms of the Catholic religion.” He then put the paper into the hands of the confessor of Pizzo, who was in attendance, and said to him, “ This, my friend, is a perfectly sincere confession; and now, I beg of you to be seated.” He then wrote to his wife this letter:—

“ My dear Caroline,

“ My last hour is come. In a few moments more I shall have ceased to live. In a few moments more you will no longer have a husband. Never forget me; my life has never been stained by an act of injustice. Farewell, my Achille, farewell, my Letitia, farewell, my Lucien, farewell, my Louise. Show yourselves to the world worthy of me. I leave you without kingdom or fortune, in the midst of my multitude of enemies. Be steadily united. Show yourselves superior to misfortune; think of what you are, and of what you have been, and God will bless you. Do not curse my memory. Be convinced that my greatest pain, in these last moments of my life, is that of dying far from my children.

“ Receive your father's benediction, receive my embraces and my tears. Keep always before your memory your unfortunate father.”

“ Pizzo, 13th October 1815.

He then cut off some locks of his hair, and enclosing them in the letter gave it open to Captain Starge, begging of him to have it sent safe to his family, along with the seal of his watch, a cornelian head of his queen; which was found grasped in his right hand after his death.

He requested the captain to take charge also of his watch for his valet. He then desired to see his two staff officers, but on being told that this would not be permitted, said to the secretary, “ Let us delay no longer, I am ready to die.” He was led out of the room, and had but to pass the door, when he saw a platoon of twelve soldiers drawn up before him. He made a firm step forward, and said with a smile, “ Soldiers, do not put me in pain. The place, indeed, will make you put the muzzles of your muskets to my breast.” He turned his heart to them, and stood with his

eyes fixed on the seal which he held in his hand. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. The platoon fired!

Murziente, whose conduct during the whole transaction appears to have been highly honourable and feeling, could not bear this spectacle. From the time of the messenger's arrival with the fatal order, he had absented himself from the King, and had even left the fort, and lived in the town. But at the period of the execution, when it was probably necessary for him to be a witness, he was observed in full uniform, leaning against the wall of a house adjoining the fort, and covering his face with a handkerchief in his hand.

The body, which had suffered much from the short distance at which the narrowness of the place forced the platoon to fire, was put into a coffin, and laid in the burial-ground of the Cathedral of Pizzo.

There were no more executions. The officers and soldiers were taken from their common dungeon in the course of the evening, and informed that fresh orders relative to them from Naples, were waited for. In this miserable suspense they were kept for a fortnight, continually expecting the order for their death. On the 27th they were sent to the prisons of the Isle of Ventotene, where they found a hundred of their comrades, who, after the dispersion by the storm, had wandered along the coast looking for Murat's ship, and had been captured by the Sicilian gunboats. The isle was a notorious place for felons and others condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and the Corsicans were in despair. But the commandant at last induced them to propose a petition to Ferdinand. To their joy and astonishment it was graciously received. Letters of pardon were sent to them individually, and they were put on board a merchant vessel, provided by the government, and fully equipped for the voyage home. But those who plunge into rebellion must expect an uneasy ascent from that gulph of blood and crime. They touched at Elba, and there were informed, that on their arrival in Corsica they would be all put under arrest. They had

seen enough of prisons not to be ambitious of further experience, and they now held a council on their future proceedings. They at length agreed to try Leghorn, and framed a petition to the Grand Duke of Tuscany as an introduction.

At Leghorn they were ill received, and do not seem to have been suffered to land. They then returned to Corsica, under some vague promises of security, but were seized and thrown into irons before they touched the ground. The government sloop to which they were transferred, hoisted sail and steered for Toulon, where they would not be received even as prisoners. She then put about for Marseilles, and disembarked her exhausted cargo in the Chateau D'If, a prison on a rock, surrounded by the sea, where all their luxuries were brown bread and water. Some of them fell sick, and went to the hospital, but the hospital of a French prison is the *ne plus ultra* of misery, and the sick men were glad to petition for their dungeons and irons again. Here some of the privates were drafted into the French colonial regiments, and others scattered about the world. But the four principal officers were, after two months of this life, informed that they must be sent to the prisons of Draguignon, in the department of the Var, there to be tried by the Prevotal Court! To Draguignon they were sent, of course expecting to be shot as rebels and deserters. But the court, after having had a long interchange of couriers and correspondence, discovered that the case did not lie within their competence, and dismissed the whole. Such is the circuit of French justice. The officers at length made their way back to Corsica, where they found their families beggared, and in a state of suspicion, and themselves liable to debts contracted for the unfortunate Joachim, for which no provision has been made, nor will ever be made by his *ci-devant* queen, nor by the miserable and heartless individuals about her, whose cruel neglect of a man, remarkable for even lavish liberality, was the direct cause of his rashness and his ruin.

LONDON.

THE thermometer standing at 90° in the shade. The barometer fixed for the first time these ten years at "settled fair." The stage-coaches with all their doors wide open. The wife of a respectable magistrate consumed to ashes on the top of the Salisbury Mail, to which she had escaped from a conflagration occasioned by an alderman's taking fire in the inside of the coach. Sir William Curtis weighed from the Great Crane at Tower Stairs into his barge, bound for the North Pole, to touch at the Hudson's Bay Company's settlement, and congratulate them on their latitudes. All the Cabinet Ministers burnt out of town, and the Secretary of War, the unfortunate residuum, reduced to a promenade at Vauxhall in calico breeches, and *no* neckcloth. Politics a drug; Alderman Wood speechless; and the whole energy of hand and heart reduced to a system of ventilation, blowing, and raising the wind under the most hopeless circumstances. The general cuticle of the English face divine carbonized; every man reduced to the complexion of a coal-heaver, and every woman a fac-simile of Cinderella. Such are the phenomena of the memorable month of July 1826.

For what purposes are such things permitted? It would be vain to inquire, where it must be hopeless to know. Yet he who loves to investigate the secrets of nature, may boast of at least a harmless, if not a productive, curiosity, and by him who asks nothing, will nothing be learned. "*Non meus hic sermo.*" This is the dictate of the great lexicographer himself, and is fully worth anything in his Dictionary. It may be, for completing the exsiccation of the pond in St James's Park, which, though it effectually serves its purpose of thinning the superfluous boy-population of Westminster and the vicinage in the sliding season, exhibits itself in summer merely as an advantageous receptacle for the largest show of frog spawn, in the most flourishing and virescent condition of any pool, ditch, or otherwise in the empire.

Or it may serve to prohibit Mr Lambton from putting another fifty shillings a-ton upon coal, and thus impede his patriotic intentions to make the

value of Durham and himself be felt in every chimney-corner of the great metropolis of combustion.

It has already extinguished William Robert Elliston, Esq. who went off in a benefit, and after playing Falstaff, and a still more public character, which he has been playing for the last forty years, and in which no man can pretend to be his equal, is going to play Rangers and Rovers in America. This is carrying copper to Mona, coals to Newcastle, and brass to the land of the Milesians. The Rover and Ranger breed are the staple of the States.

The *Winter*. Theatres are *at last* closed; and if not yet burnt, it is probable that some of the proprietors are so very effectually. Messrs Willett and Forbes, Solicitor and Seaman, are to be laid up in Chancery and Ordinary, and Charles Kemble, with Fawcett and Sir George Smart, are to be the three Fates or Furies of the Theatre for the nine months of agony to come. May Nemesis protect them!

Bish, the late lottery contractor, having made a fortune, and probably being anxious to relieve himself of so rare and invidious a distinction, has taken Drury-lane Theatre. He knows the value of a good name, however, as well as any lottery-contractor under the sun, and has accordingly appointed for his stage-manager an individual with the auspicious name of Price. The wits say, that it is only as a more modest way of insinuating his personal opinion that he himself is "*above price.*" Others understand it to mean that he has made a capital bargain with the creditors, and has got the concern "*under price.*" Others, that by favour of the name is couched a device against our purses, and that he intends to talk of "*addition of price.*" Others, that he has already a view to making the best of his bargain, dismissing his manager to America, and offering his theatre to the hammer, as *price-less.* "*Non meus hic sermo*" again; *sed* "*quæ præcipiunt*" all the newspapers, which have seized on the topic with remarkable avidity of joke in this adust season. There is certainly much in a name. Elliston had for his chief financier a Mr *Dun*, and from that hour something of the kind never left the steps of the stage hero.

Kean is returning, having apologized down to the very ground to the Yankees, and played Coriolanus in cork shoes, and made several *impromptu* harangues, written by the celebrated Mr Walsh, in honour of all things American. Elliston and he have agreed to meet and hold a conference on the Banks of Newfoundland, relative to the general failure of credit in the British counting-houses, and the grossness of demanding payment of bills when they become due. The parties then proceed respectively—Kean to play Hamlet in London, before the memory of Kemble is extinguished altogether, and Elliston to be the graceful and the gay, the Romeo and the Sir Harry Wildair of the Yankee stage. "*Arcades umbo.*"

Apropos of extraordinary juxtapositions. The last news from Italy is, that Washington Irving is on the point of being married to the Empress Maria Louisa; the Cyclops General Caracambasa having been dismissed her presence; and the whole nobility of Parma having united in a petition that her Majesty would leave them no longer without a Sovereign. Political reasons possibly prevented her from fixing on an European; and the American author having been highly introduced at her court, and really having the mild and graceful manners and exterior, that naturally please women, the announcement of his good fortune was made to him by her Chancellor, Count Cicognara; and it is stated that the alliance may be expected to take place immediately. So much for America. With Mrs Jerome Napoleon, the Marchioness Wellesley, and Archduke Irving of Parma and Lucca, the Trans-Atlantics may hope to have some future share of European civilization.

Yet some time must pass before England and they will be too fondly attached to each other. Bishop Hobart of New York has just sent over his compliments to the English clergy in a fierce attack on them and their Church; for which he had qualified himself by coming over about a year ago, and eating, drinking, and sleeping, in as many of their houses as he could. The quiet Britons, possibly glad to find that any American came among us without a manifesto in one pocket, and a brace of hair-triggers in another, let him in cordially, and fed

him on the fat of the land for months together. Little they knew the man before whom they were yet to tremble. But the moment the Yankee Bishop touched the aboriginal soil, he let fly a Parthian discharge at them, for which they are now, it may be supposed, preparing a salvo in return. The whole affair has been just discussed in a long article in the Quarterly Theological Review, which, strongly advocating the establishment, has fairly *shown up* the Yankee divine. Those fellows require a periodical corrector of this kind; and a sturdy examination of all pretenders on both sides of the water once a-quarter, which this work, long wanted too, threatens to give, would be of infinite service to puppyism, pious or otherwise.

The Greeks are perishing, and they will perish sooner than give obedience to the monsters that are now let loose among them. Talk of Ashantee, or Cannibalism, or of any other nation, or act of barbarism, what is it to the war of massacre now flooding the valleys of Greece? Hour by hour, Christians too, men of the cross, holding a common faith with ourselves, and praying in the very spots where Peter, and Paul, and John, and the whole body of the Apostles trod, and preached, and wrought miracles, now trampled and torn, like sheep before wolves, by the Infidels! Mahomet making life a curse, and death a refuge, to the worshipper of Christ!—Is there to be no cessation of these horrors? Or is England, that has been gifted by Providence, if ever nation was gifted, with power for the express tranquillity of the world, and the protection and diffusion of Christianity, to look on at those sweeping murders, and feel herself innocent in so looking on?

I am no advocate for war. Let the treaties with Turkey be observed. But is it within either the letter or the spirit of those treaties to suffer *Frenchmen* and *Arabs* to be poured into Greece, and havoc to be spread, and immeasurable groans raised, and every honourable, and feeling, and Christian heart in Europe calling out upon our feeble, backward, and sightless policy? Let England but speak the word, and massacre must instantly put up the sword. The minister who would do this, would find the whole British empire to assist him with heart and hand, and the world to hallow his name.

THE FOUR SHOPS.

WE often sit, shut up in our study, for a week at a time, invisible to every living soul in the house, except Cyprus, our cat, a perpetual purrer. Then, all at once we close the long folio with a slap that startles the bust of Homer, and Nebuchadnezzar, and David Bridges, and sally forth into the streets, determined on a holiday, with our drooping-brimmed white straw hat, sufficing also, at the same time, for parasol and umbrella; grey single-breasted jacket, with silk buttons of a darker shade, scarcely distinguishable from a coat-o'-long-tails; nankeen trowsers, that have lost pucker and rustle by several summer visits weekly to the drying-green; a yellow vest with a small blue sprig, and so roomy as to seem flapped; "a black Barcelona tied round our neat neck," in lieu of stock, which alloweth not free play to the chin and gills; our best foot foremost, which of them that is we leave the public to determine; and under our sinister arm-pit our trusty crutch, which we occasionally shoulder, to show how fields are won.—There you have the figure of Christopher North, as life-like and characteristic as if from the pencil of John Watson!

Every five steps we meet acquaintance or friend. To the first, a sweet, sour, familiar, or distant nod; to the second, a grasp of the hand in passing, or a full stop, a shake, a joke, and a guffaw. The arm of one man in a hundred we select to lean on when the wind is high; and to one woman in a hundred we present our own, with the respectful air of the Old School, and a bow like that of George the Fourth, showing that the age of gallantry is not yet gone. As we hobble along, we hear from youths and virgins the panegyric whisper, "Mr North"—"old Mr North"—"old North"—"Christopher North"—"Kit North"—"North"—"Kit"—and in their gentle accents recognize, with pride, in all its degrees the involuntary expression of our country's gratitude.

In such hours of Idleness of a Sexagenarian, there are FOUR SHOPS which it peculiarly delighteth us to visit—the shop of Mr Blackwood, the shop of Mr Montgomery, the shop of Mr Phin,

and the shop of all shops, verily, the shop at the Corner.

AS TO MR BLACKWOOD'S SHOP, we never enter No. 17, Prince's street, on a fine day, without thinking of Paradise. We make no allusion to our First Parents, nor to the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, nor to the Chaldee Manuscript, nor to the Fall; we speak simply of the scenery of the place. From glass front-door, to extreme window of back-shop, what a long glimmering vista of light and shade! In middle room what a glow of softened lustre from that cupola, and "in the beautiful uncertain weather when gloom and glory meet together," what pattering of rain-drops, persuasive of restoring sleep! What cool and pleasant recesses within the Sanctum Sanctorum, wherein angelical creatures meet once a-week to concoct next month's *Maga*, and diffuse light, and life, and heat, over a benighted world! No rude unhallowed sounds, but a mixed murmur of mirth and melancholy, in which *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* can equally delight. There stands, with folded arms and bent knee, so knowing, and so negligent, and tongue in his cheek, and eye a-cock, and mouth mantling with wildest witticisms that, once uttered, are by him repeated no more, but, in his prodigality, forgotten—that incomparable Irishman—the Adjutant, on whose honour nobody ever dared to breathe a stain (for at twelve paces, his aim is straight as a sunbeam), the Standard-bearer, the Ensign, the O'Doherty, and the son of O'Doherty, the hero of Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onore, Vittoria, and Waterloo, six feet three, without his shoes.—There sits, and stoops, and coughs, with his hand at his lips, the mild, melancholy, and gentlemanlike, the amiable, ingenious, and erudite Kempherhausen, author of many admired works, in prose and verse, original and translated—there, we say, he sits, and stoops, and coughs, with his hand at his lips, muttering many mysterious meanings, and meditating many sublime schemes, which, if all the world were at peace, might perhaps be completed by the same number of men, and in the same number of years, that were

required for the building of the largest of the pyramids.—Can that be Mullion—Mr Secretary Mullion—with his gash visage—his white, sharp teeth—his keen eye—his broad smile—and his bald, ample forehead, courting the shade, and, for once in his life, silent? And now he takes a pinch of snuff with a snifter, and giving a rap to the rappee, returns one of his many boxes to a deep pouch, with the congratulatory air of a man conscious of having performed a good action, and done his duty.—With legs like those that accompany the traveller, sidey by sidey, when the sun is getting low, and that might have belonged to seven-league boots, lies carelessly diffused from one wall of the sanctuary to the other, the Length of our beloved First Timothy Tickler, Esq. of Southside. Him it pleaseth not now either to speak or hear; and he looketh malagrugorous and world-wearied. But his fine native genius will not suffer him long to act the part of Hamlet, whom man delighteth not nor woman either. Ere long his wit kindles at will; and in all the frolicksomeness of boyhood, he offers to measure altitude with the Adjutant, and clears the crest of the Standard-bearer by an inch and a line!—God for ever bless you, James!—my dear, dearer, dearest James, Shepherd of Ettrick, Father of Kilmeny, Minstrel of the Queen's Wake, Author of Hogg upon Sheep, and thou Lucifer and Hesperus of the Noctes Ambrosianæ! Thine is, indeed, a golden guffaw! What rich humour, what doric simplicity, what powerful pathos in thy bright grey eyes! What hath genius like thine to do with grammar, or why should such a fancy yield base submission to syntax? Yet ripe and racy flows the stream of thy many-coloured discourse! and well-timed is always the mutely-speaking eloquence of thy silence. Say, in the words of Campbell:

“Without the smile from partial shepherd won,
O what were life?—a world without a sun!”

The scene changes to MONTGOMERY'S, and the days and desires of our youth are renewed. What a wildness of sweets! Bottles of all shapes and sizes, with interesting inscriptions in our native and foreign tongues (phials and books at once of golden

hue), stand arranged in amicable brotherhood, all the endless varieties of the Sweet Family of the high-extracted Liqueurs! Into what innumerable forms has the ingenuity of man moulded Tarts, and Tartlets, and Fruit-Pies! What a batch of peerless Cheesecakes! and for such Almond-Biscuits as these, where breathes the patriot who could venture to say he might not be tempted to sell his country's liberty? For thy Nuts we love thee, O Spain! and in an especial manner, for the sake of these large bright purple Raisins of the Sun, Malaga, do we hold thee dear! Nor acre-wide though be the strawberry-garden banks of Roslin, and the fragrant fruitage now down to two shillings a pint, with sugar and with cream, do we not admire and delight in the pink-tinged and paley giant Hautboys, in the blood-red and crimson dwarf Nonpareils! When the season of strawberries is over and gone, what refreshment melts into the mouth from the very sight of those leaf-covered baskets of gooseberries, from the large smooth yellow, to the small hairy red! Then only think when come tapering in the peerie-shaped jargonels, from gable-ends of houses about Kelso, and the garden-dale of Dalkeith! 'Tis false that the race is extinct of the Golden Pippin, for to whom else could belong those cheeks, crimson as clouded sunset, ruddy as break of morn? But bliss of blisses here below, a long-shanked, up-heaped crystal of Pine-apple Ice-Cream! At the first cautious mouthful, the thermometer falls from eighty-four to sixty in the shade. The sun withdraws behind a cloud—without the splutter of water-cart, in Prince's Street the dust seems laid—and the tasteful transparency that shades the window of the back-parlour with the ruins of a Gothic cathedral, flutters to a breeze sent from the cool caverns of the sea!

With PHIN'S SHOP the man who is not familiar, let him call himself not an angler—and him will Fish and Trout laugh to scorn in river and lake, in Tweed and in Loch-Awe. Look up, before you enter, and see how under the power of that magical rod the house-fronted street is changed into a rock-walled stream! Below the North-Bridge the tide is heard to murmur, and under the middle arch you see the salmon flinging himself up the waterfall. The taper arch of Hicory, from

which a wooden grilse depends, ruralizes the whole city from the Register-House to the College. But our crutch is heard on the spiral staircase, and from behind the glass-cases on the counter, with a friendly welcome, Mr and Mrs Phin salute their well-known old angler. No rod are we going to buy—for we have already half-a-dozen of his make, some of them yet guiltless of cold blood; but it is a luxury to shake an angle of Mr Phin's out of the window. Fair-set from butt to the topmost ring! Supple as the manners of a courtier, unwarped as the principles of an honest man! Ready in its lightness to quiver at the touch of the minnow's tongue, safe in its strength at the leap and plunge of the salmon, maddening along the rapid Spey. And with what neat fingers, nice eye, cultivated taste, and sound judgment, doth his wife Margaret whip a fly! Often, with the same trio, have we angled a whole day, till our back bent beneath the creel, and returned them to our book, still fit for slaughter. No unpremeditated oath need ever escape the angler's lips in the solitude, who uses thy tackle; for once hooked, the Tyrant of the Flood is as much his property when sinking down ten fathom into a pool, or careering like a mad bull along the foamy surface, as if lying agasp on the bank, or crammed into wicker-prison, himself a creel-full. Having purchased a hank of gut, as an excuse for looking in, and taken a lesson of fly-dressing, industry, and contentment, we nod the worthy pair a smiling good-bye, and determine on taking the steam-boat from Glasgow to Inverary, and right away to Loch-Awe and Hayfield, before the Twelfth of August.

Let us take a sly peep, in passing, through the Bank-street window of the SHOP AT THE CORNER, and if the Director-General be at his desk, or standing before the emberless summer-grate, let us pop our Editorship in, and take our chance of pot-luck conversation between the hours of Three and Four—in all the day, the most intellectual Interval of Time. A worthy Whig, with a somewhat gruff, but after all not ill-natured countenance, extends, on our entrance, his dexter-hand, while in his left dangles the Wednesday's Scotsman, stale as the thrice-told tale of an elderly person of little parts and less education, who has

unfortunately got fuddled before dinner by a visit to a wine-vault. Beyond the Oppositionist stands a grim radical, an intelligent but ill-washed artificer, exhibiting, in *alto relieveo*, an enormous organ of constructiveness, and at times not ineloquent on the steam-engine and Parliamentary Reform. Laying down one of those worthy Weeklies, the Journal or Chronicle, with a courteous smile from behind the counter, comes round to meet Mr North, a Tory—a gentlemanly man—not with a white hat—shoes that creak not—and dress that, in its simplicity, never either too old in the cut, or too new, judiciously avoids the extremes of fashion—a man who preserveth always, in manners as in morals, the golden mean. Far from us and ours be the noisy wrangling of the Bar! Yet here the Advocate, let loose from eloquence nobly lavished on a case of beer-barrels, or wooden-chips, feels that fewer words, and more ideas, are required in friendly confabulation with ungowned men; and laying aside something of his professional pomposity and erudite air, he “my lords” it no more, and looks as mild as a juryman on a short trial.—In drops a celebrated artist from the North or the South—perhaps Turner, who rejoiceth in chaos and old night, and skeleton-like anatomies of trees, and towers, and tombs, of the antediluvian world—or Thomson of Duddingston, whose genius delighteth to wander over the dreary magnificence of Highland moors and mountains—nor loath to deviate down to fairy linn and waterfalls flowing in the silence of wooded precipices, the haunt of chough, and hawk, and cushat,—in dense black masses of thunder-bearing clouds darkening the lonely loch—or rock-rooted castles, that seem endurable till the solid globe shall dissolve, and ruins topple amidst ruins!—Ha! Mister Manager Murray, we saw thee not—for on such occasions thou keepest—too much—ay, too much—behind the scenes, as if thou thoughtest not thyself a first-rate performer. But genius lurks in the light of that keen steady eye, beneath the shade of the broad beaver-brim, and there is no lack of meaning in thy mellow speech. Then on the stage of thine own theatre, where is the actor by whose side thou mayest fear to take thy stand, in farce or comedy, be it fine as the spirit of the Pit, or broad as the gods de-

sire? Is that Bailie Jarvie we see before us—the pawky expression of the face of the Glasgow Bailie discernible, and scarcely discernible, in that of the modest and most meritorious Mackay? There too stands the stately figure of Coriolanus—in the person of the excellent Vandenhoff—who, on the stage playing many parts, confines himself in private life to one—that of an accomplished and honest man. Lo! (not he, the monster with the green spectacles—the knocker-handed mendicant,) sitteth with Castilian gravity, remembering him of luckless revolutions, and constitutions without base or battlement, the Spanish Refugee! Is that ochre-visaged Frenchman parleyvoing against time, with twinkling palms, and shrugging shoulders, and restless eyebrows, in to us the almost unintelligible gibberish of a gay gasconade? Beside him, waiting patiently for a pause, stands the bronzed Italian, he that is cunning of fence, and at

evening delightful on his guitar, the spirited and independent Signior Francalanza, Professor in the Military Academy, and every inch a man. Ever and anon, through the Babel confusion of tongues, is heard the hearty laugh and sharp repartee of the the Director-General himself, the perfection of a party-man, for he loveth to do kind offices to them all, and to outs and ins alike extends the ceaseless services of his indefatigable friendship! Taking advantage of an opening in the crowd, we steal away unnoticed, and lodging, as we pass along, a deposit in each Bank, that the amount of our monthly income may be unknown, we reach home just half an hour before dinner—in time for the shower-bath, and sit down, after a short but fervent grace, to jigot and how-towdy, nor while the old Hock goes down our gullet with sanative acridity, need we, nor do we, envy Kaisar or King.

TIME'S CHANGES.

I SAW her once—so freshly fair
 That, like a blossom just unfolding,
 She open'd to Life's cloudless air,
 And Nature joy'd to view its moulding—
 Her smile, it haunts my memory yet—
 Her cheek's fine hue divinely glowing—
 Her rosebud mouth—her eyes of jet—
 Around on all their light bestowing:
 Oh! who could look on such a form,
 So nobly free, so softly tender,
 And darkly dream that earthly storm
 Should dim such sweet, delicious splendour!
 For in her mien, and in her face,
 And in her young step's fairy lightness,
 Nought could the raptur'd gazer trace
 But Beauty's glow, and Pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice—an alter'd charm—
 But still of magic richest, rarest,
 Than girlhood's talisman less warm,
 Though yet of earthly sights the fairest:
 Upon her breast she held a child,
 The very image of its mother;
 Which ever to her smiling smiled,
 They seem'd to live but in each other:—
 But matron cares, or lurking woe,
 Her thoughtless, sinless look had banish'd,
 And from her cheek the roseate glow
 Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanish'd;
 Within her eyes, upon her brow,
 Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
 As if in dreams some vision'd woe
 Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her thrice—Fate's dark decree
 In widow's garments had array'd her,
 Yet beautiful she seem'd to be,
 As even my reveries pourtray'd her ;
 The glow, the glance had pass'd away,
 The sunshine, and the sparkling glitter ;
 Still, though I noted pale decay,
 The retrospect was scarcely bitter ;
 For, in their place a calmness dwelt,
 Serene, subduing, soothing, holy ;
 In feeling which, the bosom felt
 That every louder mirth is folly—
 A pensiveness—which is not grief,
 A stillness—as of sunset streaming—
 A fairy glow on flower and leaf,
 Till earth looks like a landscape dreaming.

A last time—and unmoved she lay,
 Beyond Life's dim, uncertain river,
 A glorious mould of fading clay,
 From whence the spark had fled for ever !
 I gazed—my breast was like to burst—
 And, as I thought of years departed,
 The years wherein I saw her first,
 When she, a girl, was lightsome-hearted,—
 And, when I mused on later days,
 As moved she in her matron duty,
 A happy mother, in the blaze
 Of ripen'd hope, and sunny beauty,—
 I felt the chill—I turn'd aside—
 Bleak Desolation's cloud came o'er me,
 And Being seem'd a troubled tide,
 Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me !

△

THE HEART'S DIRGE.

I WAKE not thus at midnight's hour,
 Resting my head in mournful mood
 Upon my hand, to muse on Power
 Begirt by all her battle brood ;
 Nor do I frame the lay to tell
 How heroes crown'd with victory fell,
 When war-fiends peal'd their frantic yell
 Upon the fields of blood.

No! Midnight's smouldering passions urge
 The wailings that I wake to pour,
 An unheard melancholy dirge,
 A broken heart's sad relics o'er.
 Poor sport of many a bitterest ill—
 Of Misery's pang and Rapture's thrill,
 Soon may'st thou—must thou slumber still,
 Nor wish to waken more !

What wert thou when young life was thine ?
 Did Hope, the angel, round thee cast
 Her glorious forms of joy divine,
 To tempt, then sweep in mockery past ?
 Did Passion, like the siroc-wind,
 That leaves no living thing behind,
 Speed thy career, impetuous, blind,
 To leave thee thus at last ?

Say—wert thou one whose pulses rose
 As the clear war-note swell'd the gale?
 Rodest thou amid encountering foes,
 Grimly to bid destruction hail?
 When Victory her pœan rung,
 Responsive to the cannon's tongue,
 Hast thou from bloody housings sprung,
 As rout roar'd down the vale?

Or did thy lone aspirings pant
 For that immortal, holier fame,
 The bard's high lays alone can grant—
 A stainless and a star-like name?
 Had Nature in her bounty smiled
 On thee, her desert-wandering child,
 While each oasis in the wild
 Show'd groves of verdant flame?

Or had Love's wondrous magic wrought
 Round thy love-strings a fatal spell,
 Till at a look, a word, a thought,
 Was brightest heaven, or darkest hell?
 And still, whatever doom was thine,
 Wert thou for aye a hallow'd shrine,
 Where one, an image all divine,
 In sanctity might dwell?

Aloft the warrior's war-brand rusts
 In peace, when Age has tamed his fire;
 The bard to future times intrusts
 His fame—his soul's one, strong desire!
 The lover—ah! he ne'er may rest!
 No balm—no solace to his breast—
 Till even in despairing blest
 His broken heart expire!

Yes, thine has been the lover's doom—
 The lore that kills well hast thou known!
 Behind the darkness of the tomb,
 Thy star of life is set and gone!
 Did she, for whom thy pulse beat high,
 Turn from thy disregarded sigh
 Her proud ear, and imperious eye,
 And let thee break alone?

Warrior, or bard, or lover true,
 Whate'er thou wert, or might'st have been,
 Rest thee! while o'er thy wreck I strew
 Pale flowers, and leaves of darkest green;
 Primroses, snowdrops, lilies fair,
 Spring's firstlings—Autumn blossoms rare,
 That trembling in the wintry air,
 Shrink from its breathings keen.

The cypress let me gather too—
 The willow boughs that ever weep,
 And blend them with the sable yew,
 To shade thy last, long, dreamless sleep.
 Rest thee, sad heart! thy dirge is sung,
 The wreath funereal o'er thee hung,
 The pall of silence round thee flung—
 Long be thy rest and deep!

THE INQUISITION OF SPAIN ;

With Anecdotes of some of its more Illustrious Victims.

(Conclusion.)

II. HAVING thus endeavoured to exhibit an outline of that systematic inversion of every recognised principle and rule in administrative justice—the Inquisitorial Form of Process, we shall now proceed, as was proposed, to exemplify the character of the institution which employed this artful and complicated machinery, by selecting a few, from the immense multitude of well-authenticated cases, of distinguished individuals, who either suffered from, or became the victims of, its diabolical tyranny.

We are well aware that Catholics, with their accustomed disingenuity where the cause of their religion is concerned, will attempt to palliate what they cannot controvert, by representing these, and similar cases, as isolated examples of injustice, cruelty, or oppression, industriously culled from the records of a Tribunal which has existed for upwards of three centuries, and maliciously accumulated in order to excite hatred and disgust against the Catholic faith and its professors. But they would do well not to “lay this flattering unction to their souls;” for, much as we detest the Christianized Paganism of modern Rome, we have no disposition to paint the devil blacker than he really is, to charge the great bulwark of the Faith with crimes which it never committed, or conceal any circumstances calculated to do it credit, had such ever come to our knowledge. It is with facts, not sophistry, that we are at present to concern ourselves; and, from the few instances to which our limits necessarily restrict us, it will be proved, beyond dispute, that, while

the ostensible object of the Inquisition was to repress heresy and preserve the purity of the Catholic Faith, it was found an equally convenient instrument for cutting off an untractable prince, destroying a fallen minister, persecuting to the death an obnoxious prelate, or gratifying private revenge; that while the most atrocious crimes were either suffered to go altogether unpunished, or only visited with an incommensurate correction, imaginary or impossible offences were expiated at the stake; that the cruelties systematically perpetrated by the Inquisition, infinitely surpass all those chargeable against any other known tribunal, not even excepting that formidable institution of the middle ages, upon which the Inquisition itself was, in part, modelled; that the confiscations which followed conviction on a charge of formal heresy, were, in nine cases out of ten, the real motive for instituting prosecutions; that the Inquisition has been consistent in nothing so much as in a love of rapine, and a determined opposition to the progress of truth and knowledge; and that, from the days of the sanguinary Torquemada* (the first Inquisitor-General), till the era of its temporary abolition, in 1808, its spirit, its character, and its conduct, suffered no material change.

The three most celebrated causes recorded in the annals of the Inquisition, occurred during the reign of Philip II., and may be said to have originated with that inhuman and perfidious despot, under whose bigotted sway the Holy Office, already too formidable, obtained a complete and fa-

* The epithet “sanguinary,” has here some meaning. Torquemada presided over the Inquisition during the eighteen years immediately following its establishment as a general tribunal by Ferdinand and Isabella; and in the course of that period, 8800 persons perished in the flames; 6500 were burned in effigy after their death or flight; and 94,004 were reconciled after undergoing various punishments; making a total of 109,304, or 6072 victims annually! Such was the hatred of this monster entertained by the Spaniards, that he durst never venture abroad without being attended by an escort of 200 familiars of the Holy Office on foot, and 50 on horseback; and, even in his inquisitorial den, he lived in perpetual horror of being poisoned, against which he had recourse to the most extraordinary precautions. In Spain, his name is, to this day, a sort of general appellative, or synonyme, for the blackest crimes, when accompanied with the most unrelenting barbarity.

tal ascendancy in Spain. We allude of course to the processes instituted, either by his express command, or with his avowed approbation, against Don Carlos, Prince of Asturias, his only son, and heir-apparent to the crown; against Bartholomew Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo, and Primate of Spain; and against Antonio Perez, his First Secretary of State, and the ablest minister who had ever served him. But the details of these causes are so extremely voluminous, and extend to so great length, that we must confine ourselves to the leading facts of each, which may be brought within a small compass.

1. Poets and romancers have taken so entire possession of the story of Don Carlos, and overlaid it with such a garniture of imaginary circumstances, that their fictions have gradually passed into the pages of history, where, instead of the plain and simple truth, we meet with a disgusting tale of unnatural love, embellished indeed with all the artifices of narration, but wearing inconsistency and improbability on its very face. On the credit of these writers it has been almost universally believed, that the Prince of Asturias fell a victim to his father's jealousy, roused by the discovery of an intrigue on the part of the former with Isabella of France, Philip's third wife; and to give some air of credibility to this story, the Prince has been described as possessing all those amiable and fascinating accomplishments which are calculated to make an impression on the female heart. But the whole of this fabric of romance will vanish on the touch of inquiry.

Don Carlos was born at Valladolid, on the 8th of July 1545, and, four days after, lost his mother, Mary of Portugal. His father remained a widower till 1554, when he espoused Queen Mary of England; but, happily for this country, that atrocious bigot expired on the 17th of November 1558, leaving Philip at liberty to contract a new alliance. Accordingly, in the month of February 1560, the King of Spain married his third wife, Isabella, daughter of Henry II. of France, and the supposed object of the Prince's guilty attachment. But, at this period, Philip himself was little more than 32 years of age, and, of course, in the prime of life; while Don Carlos had hardly completed his fifteenth year.

From these dates, therefore, it is extremely improbable that the queen should have, all at once, conceived a criminal affection for a mere stripling, as Saint Real, Mercier, Langle, Gregorio Leti, and others, have pretended. But there are other circumstances which render such an occurrence a perfect moral impossibility. In his person, Don Carlos was hideously and disgustingly ugly, and, in his manners, in the highest degree brutal and repulsive. His impenetrable stupidity rendered it impossible to humanize him by the communication of any kind of knowledge; while the violence of his temper, which burst forth in absolute paroxysms of fury, was continually driving from his presence the persons intrusted with the care of his education. He had an instinctive horror of everything delicate, polished, or refined, and sought for companions among grooms, lacqueys, valets, and other persons of the lowest class. In short, madness, the result apparently of mal-organization, showed itself, more or less, in every action of his life. Was this a person likely to captivate the heart of a queen and a Frenchwoman, and to induce her to hazard the vengeance of a suspicious and implacable husband? Making every allowance for the eccentricities of taste, it is impossible to suppose that any woman would engage in an intrigue with a brute and a madman. But even if we make such a supposition—if we assume that an intrigue really existed between the Queen and Don Carlos, and that, as poets and romancing historians say, the intrigue was discovered, how are we to explain the conduct of Philip? By the common consent of all writers, profound dissimulation, remorseless cruelty, and ferocious bigotry, formed the main elements of that king's character—blended, however, with all the pride and jealousy of his nation. Is it credible, then, that an implacable despot, smarting under the most intolerable wrong, and goaded to vengeance by every feeling of his nature, would have cut off his guilty son, and spared his faithless and perjured wife? Every man of sense must, we think, answer in the negative. “*Je n'ai rien lu (says Senor Llorente) dans aucun des mémoires manuscrits que j'ai pu me procurer, qui m'ait offert la moindre probabilité sur l'existence d'une tendre*

inclination de Don Carlos pour la reine ; on n'y trouve absolument rien qui puisse faire naître cette opinion, imaginée par des auteurs de contes et de romans."—Vol. III. p. 135. There is, therefore, no evidence in support of the current story, and every moral probability is against it.*

The real crimes of which Don Carlos was guilty were of a much less poetical character than the imaginary intrigue with his stepmother. These consisted in his projecting a journey to the Netherlands, without his father's knowledge or concurrence, for the purpose of seizing on the government, and rendering himself sovereign of the United Provinces ; in his frequent attempts on the lives of persons about the Spanish court, including his uncle, Don John of Austria, and Ferdinand de Toledo, the celebrated Duke of Alba ; and, lastly, in entering into a conspiracy for the avowed purpose of assassinating his father, against whom he had conceived a mortal hatred : heavy offences, undoubtedly, and deserving of being visited with severe punishment, had the offender been in his right mind, and morally responsible for his actions. But every circumstance tends to confirm the opinion that he was insane. He wrote letters to most of the principal grandees of Spain, apprising them of his intended expedition to the Netherlands, and demanding supplies of money in furtherance of his projected rebellion ; he revealed his design of murdering his fa-

ther to Don John of Austria, the King's brother,—to Rui Gomez de Silva, prince of Evoli; his favourite minister,—and to Diego de Chabes, his confessor. In short, he acted not with the foresight, caution, and discernment of a conspirator, but from the ungovernable impulses of the frenzy by which he was possessed. Add to this, that the vicious and morbid propensities of his nature had been aggravated by an accident which befell him shortly after the King's marriage ; in consequence of which several parts of his body, particularly his head spine, were severely injured.† The effect of such an accident on such a constitution cannot be doubtful : but while motives of policy, humanity, or self-defence, might recommend the seclusion of a madman, we know of no law, human or divine, which can justify the putting him to death.

However, this unhappy Prince was suffered to pursue his mad career, undisturbed, till the period he had fixed for taking off his father approached ; when Philip—having previously consulted a number of Theologians and Jurisconsults, as to whether he ought in conscience any longer to dissemble or affect ignorance of the Prince's manifold treasons—had him arrested and committed to close confinement. A commission, consisting of the Inquisitor-General, and some of the great officers of state, was then appointed to examine and report on the crimes of which the Prince was accused, and,

* It is doubtless true, that in the secret preliminaries of peace, which ultimately led to the definitive treaty of Cambray, concluded on the 8th of April 1559, the marriage of Don Carlos with the young French Princess had formed one of the stipulations ; and that the death of Queen Mary, in the interval, turned the thoughts of the father to the match which had been arranged for the son. But it is extremely doubtful, whether Don Carlos was ever apprised of the stipulation in question ; there is not a tittle of evidence upon which to found even a conjecture that this was the case ; and if he had been aware of it, we do not see how his knowledge of the *fact* could justify the inference that has been most absurdly drawn from it, in regard to his *conduct*. A boy of fourteen was not likely to become enamoured of a princess whom he had never seen, while surrounded by the beauties of a court, to distract his fancy ; and it so happened, that immediately *after* the queen's arrival in Spain, she caught the small-pox, a malady not calculated to improve her powers of fascination. Lastly, the authorities best entitled to credit, assure us, that Don Carlos regarded the Queen as his *enemy* ; and it is certain that, on one occasion, he displeased his father, by quitting abruptly the place where she was, in order to mix with companions better suited to his fancy. This is, indeed, a small matter ; but it is truth, not romance, that we look for in the pages of history.

† "Le 9 Mai, Don Carlos fit une chute dans l'escalier de son palais ; il roula plusieurs marches, et se fit des blessures dans quelques parties du corps, principalement à l'épine du dos et à la tête."—*I. Lorente*, III. 136.

particularly, to state, in the event of their finding him guilty, the nature of the punishment which ought to be inflicted. The commission discharged this delicate duty in the way that was expected of them. The miserable Don Carlos was tried in absence, found guilty, and the punishment of death declared to be that awarded by the laws for the different acts of treason he had committed. Philip ratified the finding of the commission, and verbally pronounced sentence of death against his only son, the heir-apparent of his crown; which sentence, as far as we can judge from the contradictory statements of contemporary writers, appears to have been carried into effect by means of poison. "Je suis fermement convaincu," says Senor Llorente, "que la mort de ce monstre a été un bonheur pour l'Espagne;" but he has forgotten that the Prince's perpetual seclusion in a fortress would have answered the same purpose, and that, as he was evidently insane, the taking away his life was a gross violation both of law and religion, to say nothing of this violation being committed by a father in the person of his only son.—The Inquisition, however, was only indirectly implicated in this tragedy.

2. Not so in the case of the Primate Carranza. This prelate was a native of Miranda de Arga, a small town of Navarre, and was descended of a noble family long resident in that province. Being designed for the church, he was sent, at the early age of twelve, to the university of Alcalá de Henares, where he speedily distinguished himself by his proficiency in the different branches of scholastic learning. In the year 1520, being then only seventeen, he took the habit of a Dominican, and afterwards went to study theology at Salamanca and Valladolid, where his industry, talents, and virtues, procured him the notice of several eminent doctors and professors. But he seems to have early mixed in the religious disputes which were then agitating the world, and to have manifested symptoms of that tendency to think for himself which afterwards proved his ruin. We find, from his process, that he was twice denounced to the Holy Office in one year (1530).—first, as entertaining opinions hostile to the Pope's absolute supremacy in *all* ecclesiastical matters,

and, secondly, as an ardent defender of the doctrine of Erasmus regarding the sacrament of penitence, and frequent confession on the part of persons who are only in a state of venial sin; but, from a deficiency of proof, no proceedings followed on these denunciations; and as his reputation already stood high, Carranza was, the same year, appointed Professor of Philosophy at Valladolid. In 1534, he was transferred to the chair of Theology, and soon after became a Qualificator of the Holy Office in that city. In 1539, he went on a mission to Rome, where he greatly distinguished himself, by the ability with which he defended certain theses, according to the custom of that age; and on his return the following year, to Spain, he resumed his duty as Professor, which he continued to discharge with zeal and success, till 1545. At this period, he received orders from the Emperor Charles V. to repair to the Council of Trent, which was then assembled, in the character of his Imperial Majesty's theological envoy; and, accordingly, he set out to join that famous conclave, at whose deliberations he assisted, without intermission, for the three following years. On his return to Spain, he was offered the situation of confessor to Philip II., then Prince of Asturias, which he declined, as he also did an appointment as Bishop of the Canaries; but he accepted the bishopric of Cuzco, and the office of provincial of the Dominicans, to which he was about the same time elected. The Council of Trent having been re-convoked in 1551, Carranza was a second time appointed by the Emperor his representative, and assisted at all the meetings and deliberations of that body, till its second suspension in 1552. On the marriage of Philip with Mary of England, in 1554, he came to this country, to concert measures, with Cardinal Polo and others, for subverting the reformed religion, and re-establishing Popery. In this truly Catholic work he laboured with exemplary diligence, preaching frequently, and, where his ministrations failed to make proselytes, strenuously recommending the application of fire as an ultimate specific for obstinate heretics. Cranmer, the venerable archbishop of Canterbury, and Martin Bucer, the indefatigable disciple and propagator of the doctrines of Lu-

ther, appear to have been the prime objects of his Catholic hatred ; and his biographer, Salazar de Mendoza, as well as the more moderate and tolerant Llorente, gave him credit for the zeal he displayed in urging the condemnation and death of the aged Primate.

Tantum religio potnit suadere malorum !

Such services could not pass unrewarded. The archbishopric of Toledo having become vacant in 1557, by the death of D. Juan Martinez de Siliceo, Philip nominated Carranza as his successor. Whether from modesty or some other motive, the latter at first declined the appointment, and recommended three persons to the king, whom he considered better qualified than himself for filling the high office in question : * but his Majesty, resolving not to be thwarted in his intention, commanded Carranza to accept the proffered dignity, which he did accordingly.

But neither the learning nor the zeal of Carranza, nor his exertions in the cremation of heretics, nor his high rank as Primate of Spain, were sufficient to protect him from the vengeance of his enemies, of which the Tribunal of the Faith was made the instrument. The freedom and boldness of some of his opinions, no less than his superior accomplishments as a theologian, had made him many enemies in the Council of Trent ; his Treatise on the Residence of Bishops, in which he condemned non-residence in the strongest terms, had rendered him obnoxious to the whole Episcopal bench of Spain ; and he had incurred the mortal hatred of the Inquisitor-General Valdes, by not including *his* name in the list of persons presented to Philip when he at first declined the ap-

pointment of Primate. A conspiracy was easily formed against a man, whom so many were anxious to destroy. Accordingly, he was denounced to the Inquisition as a person who had both taught and published doctrines infected with the heresy of Luther, particularly in a work entitled, " Commentaries on the Christian Catechism ;" and, after a long preliminary instruction, distinguished by all the artifice of the Holy Office, a brief was obtained from the Pope, ordering his arrest, which took place, in consequence, in the month of August 1559.

The details of this process, which scandalized the whole Catholic Church, are by far too voluminous† to admit of an intelligible abridgment within the space which we can afford ; but we refer to the ample account given by Llorente, as containing an admirable illustration of the spirit and character of the Inquisition. It will be sufficient to state, that finding his *Catechism* and other works were submitted for *qualification* to Melchior Cano, his denouncer, and others, his avowed enemies, the archbishop appealed for justice to the Court of Rome, praying that the Pontiff would ordain the whole procedure to be laid before him : that Philip (who had now joined his enemies) and the Inquisition employed their whole credit with the Pope to dissuade him from granting this request, and had recourse to every sort of intrigue and artifice to procure delay when they found his holiness favourably inclined towards the unfortunate prelate : and that, at length, a brief was expedited, commanding the accused and his process to be transmitted to Rome, — which was done accordingly, after the Archbishop had suffered a close con-

* These were D. Gaspard de Zugnina, Bishop of Segovia, afterwards Cardinal and Archbishop of Seville ; D. Francis de Navarra, Bishop of Badajoz, afterwards Archbishop of Valentia ; and D. Alphonso de Castro, a Franciscan, who died after having been nominated Archbishop of Santiago.

† The procedure which took place in Spain, before the process was remitted to Rome, forms 24 volumes folio of from 1000 to 1200 pages each. This single fact sufficiently exemplifies the nature of the Inquisitorial Form of Process, to which alone Carranza fell a victim. By thus extending to upwards of 26,000 pages what might easily have been contained in 26, a most formidable obstacle was thrown in the way of acquittal — for what human memory could embrace the multitude of statements which must necessarily be contained in such a space ? On the other hand, the perplexment occasioned by such an extraordinary mass of materials must, for the very same reason, have afforded great facilities for insuring conviction. Obscurity and confusion are always favourable to an accuser.

finement of seven years and three months in two dark apartments, and with no other society than that of two servants, and the judges and familiars of the Holy Office. But, through the intrigues of Philip and the Inquisition, matters did not proceed more rapidly at Rome; and upwards of ten years elapsed before the definitive sentence was pronounced. This consisted in ordaining the Primate to abjure sixteen propositions, qualified as violently infected with Lutheranism,* and to perform a great variety of absurd penances; and, in the meanwhile, he was absolved *ad cautelam*. Carranza submitted with apparent humility; but the judgment broke the old man's heart. He was seized with a retention of urine, and died at the age of seventy-two years, eighteen of which he had spent in complete seclusion.

3. The last of the celebrated causes above-mentioned is that of Antonio Perez, Minister and First Secretary of State to Philip II. Romance presents nothing more exciting than the story of this man's adventures, persecutions, and escapes; of the skill with which he first eluded, and ultimately baffled, all the attempts of his great and powerful enemies to take away his life. A very meagre outline of "this strange eventful history" is all that we can promise our readers.

The misfortunes of Perez date their commencement from the death of Escobedo, secretary to Don John of Austria, who, in 1578, fell a victim to the suspicions and sanguinary spirit of Philip. From that period his influence

rapidly declined, and he was exposed to continual mortifications, till the year 1590, when he was committed to prison on a charge of betraying the interests of his master, put to the question in order to extort the notes and billets sent him by the King in his day of power, and finally condemned to suffer death as a traitor. But Pérez was not yet weary of life. While still suffering from the effects of the torture, he contrived, with the aid of a faithful friend, to effect his escape from Madrid, and retired to Arragon, then a sort of independent jurisdiction, where he hoped to live in tranquillity, protected by the political constitution of that province, which allowed the King no other privilege in its tribunals than that of having a fiscal or public prosecutor to watch over his interests. But Philip, too firmly resolved on his destruction to respect the rights of Arragon, expedited an order for arresting him, which was carried into effect at Calatayud. Perez protested against this measure, and demanded the privilege of the *Manifestados*, that is, of being committed to the prison of the jurisdiction, where, by the constitution,† he would have the right of appeal to the tribunal of the *Grand Justiciar of Arragon*‡ against the sentence of death pronounced on him at Madrid, and where, besides, he would not only be free from the hazard of being put to the torture, but might even be enlarged on giving juratory caution *judicio sisti*. This demand was complied with, and Perez was committed to the prison of the juris-

* Of these propositions, as given by Llorente, some are decidedly Calvinistic, as the *third*, "Man is formally justified by the righteousness of Christ alone;" some are Antinomian, as the *eleventh*, "Faith without works is sufficient for salvation;" and some are Anti-Catholic, as the *thirteenth* and *fourteenth*, "The actions and works of the saints are useful only in the way of example; and in no other way can the saints aid us."—"The use of images, and the veneration paid to relics of saints, are customs purely human."

† The political constitution of Arragon was called the *Fuero*, and the prison of the jurisdiction the prison of the *Fuero* or *Manifestados*.

‡ The *Grand Justiciar of Arragon* was an intermediate judge, placed between the king and his subjects, and as an officer of justice totally independent of the former, who could only appear before him as an ordinary litigant. This magistracy had been established by the *Fueros*, and the person invested therewith was authorised, at the suit of any inhabitant whatever, to declare that the king, his judges, or his magistrates, as the case might be, "had abused force, and acted contrary to law, in violating the constitution and privileges of the kingdom;" and, farther, the *Justiciar* might defend the oppressed by force of arms against the king himself, or any of his agents and lieutenants.

diction at Saragossa. Mortified beyond measure at being thus baffled, Philip strained every nerve to obtain the extradition of the prisoner; but the Permanent Deputation of the kingdom remained firm; and, after many fruitless efforts, he was compelled to transmit to Arragon the process which had been raised against the ex-minister at Madrid, and to instruct his fiscal to recommence proceedings at Saragossa. But Perez so managed as to compel the King to abandon this prosecution by a public act dated August 18, 1590, by which Philip hoped to escape the *disgrace* of seeing his unfortunate minister definitively acquitted. In the same spirit, and to prevent Perez from obtaining his liberty, a new criminal process was instituted against him before the Regent of the Royal Audience of Arragon, under the form of an *Inquest*; the name given, in the Code of the *Fueros*, to the mode of procedure competent against those who, while holding any public employment, have been guilty of abuse of power, breach of trust, or any other malversation in office: but Perez quickly upset this attempt, by threatening to produce holograph letters of the king, copies of which he caused to be privately conveyed to some of Philip's confidential advisers, and which would have been amply sufficient for his complete justification.

Having thus baffled his enemies at all points, Perez demanded his liberty. This, however, was refused; upon which, in conjunction with his friend and companion in misfortune, John Francis Mayorini, he formed the project of escaping from prison, and passing into the territory of Bearn: but the design miscarried through the treachery of one Diego Bustamente, who had been eighteen years in the service of Perez. On this occasion the Regent Ximenes wrote a letter to Molina, Chief Inquisitor of Saragossa, stating that, "in the residence of Antonio Perez, it had been discovered that he and J. F. Mayorini were about to escape from prison, and to return to Bearn and other parts *where heretics were to be*

found." Nothing more was wanted in order to set the Tribunal of the Faith in motion, now that it had been found impossible, by other means, to destroy the obnoxious Perez. The attempt to escape was clearly made out by the dispositions of the persons who had been necessarily admitted into the secret; and it was solemnly decided by the Inquisitors, That to seek an asylum against the cruel and unjust persecution of a sovereign, in a country where there are heretics, amounts to the *crime of heresy*.* "Comment la terre peut-elle porter les monstres, qui ont inventé ces maximes?" Some rash expressions, wrung from this unhappy man by the bitterness of misfortune, were also eagerly laid hold of, and qualified as heretical; and having been joined to the main head of accusation, viz. attempting to escape to a country where there were heretics, the whole was submitted to the Council of the *Supreme*, which instantly expedited an order for seizing the persons of the ex-minister and his friend in the prison of the *Fuero*, and transferring them to the dungeons of the Inquisition. Means were at the same time used to overcome the scruples of the *Justiciar*; who, accordingly, after some hesitation, resolved to submit, and the prisoners were, in consequence, handed over to the grand alguazil of the Holy Office, and committed to the secret prison.

But Perez had foreseen the danger, and communicated his fears to the Count Aranda, and other distinguished Arragonese, his friends, by whom a firm resolution was taken to oppose a measure which amounted to a total subversion of their dearest rights. They were convinced that if, during the discussion of a cause which had led an individual to place himself under the protection of the *Manifestados*, that individual could be forcibly removed and transferred to another prison by the order of an authority independent of the *Grand Justiciar*, there was an end to the privileges of the kingdom, and to the political constitution by which they were guaranteed.

* "Parait-il raisonnable," says Llorente, "que de pareilles déclarations aient suffi pour faire dénoncer devant le Saint-Office la personne d'Antoine Perez comme coupable du crime d'herésie? L'aurais-je cru, si je n'avais vu moi-même les pièces qui le prouvent?" III. 325.

Accordingly, the instant Perez was removed from the prison of the *Fuero*, his friends were apprised of the circumstance; the news spread rapidly in all directions; a violent commotion immediately broke out, and many lives were sacrificed; but it was not till the Marquis of Almenara, a creature of Philip's, had been mortally wounded,—till the Archbishop of Saragossa had been threatened with death,—and till the insurgents had proceeded to set fire to the castle of Aljaferia (an ancient palace of the Moorish Kings of Saragossa), where the Inquisition held its sittings, that Molina yielded so far as to assign Perez and his companion Saragossa as their prison. This appeased the people, however; and the prisoners being reconducted to their former place of confinement, were considered safe from the machinations of the Inquisition. But that formidable Tribunal was not to be so easily balked of its prey. New intrigues were set on foot; threats, promises, and downright bribery were unsparingly employed; and, by skilful management, the most influential members of the Permanent Deputation were gained over to the side of the King and the Inquisition. In short, everything was at length arranged for the final delivery of Perez and his companion into the hands of the Inquisitors; and, to ensure success on this occasion, a body of 3000 troops, and an immense number of familiars of the Holy Office, were brought to Saragossa.

All this did not elude the observation of Perez, who, as his chief hope and resource were destroyed, prepared to force the prison of the *Fuero*, and save himself by flight. But the design was again blasted by the treachery of a wretch in whom his hard fate had obliged him to confide. Still he did not despair. The 24th of September 1591 was the day fixed for the ex-tradition of the prisoners; the streets of Saragossa were lined by the troops and the familiars of the Holy Office; and every precaution was employed to prevent surprise and secure possession of the intended victims. But at the very moment when Perez and his friend were about to quit the prison of the juris-

dition for the dungeons of the Inquisition, a furious body of insurgents broke through the lines, killed a great number of men, dispersed the remainder, put to flight the terrified Inquisitors, and having forced the prison, liberated Perez and his companion, and carried them in triumph through the streets of Saragossa, shouting, "The *Fueros* of Arragon for ever!" There was now no time for hesitation. Perez remained concealed for some time in the house of his friend the Baron de Barboles, who afterwards expiated his humanity on the scaffold; and at length succeeded, with much difficulty, in effecting his retreat into France. Philip and the Inquisitors offered a free pardon, with money, honours, and employment, to any criminal who would either take the life of Perez, or bring him back a prisoner to Spain; but, though he was dogged to Paris by some assassins, we have not learned that any attempt was made upon his life. When this project failed, his wife and his seven children, to whom he was passionately devoted, were thrown into prison, and treated with the utmost barbarity; in hopes that, to procure their liberation, the affectionate parent and the faithful husband would be induced to surrender himself prisoner. And this plan would have succeeded but for the heroic magnanimity of his lady, who, despising her own sufferings, constantly adjured him by letters not to trust himself again in the hands of the cannibals who were thirsting for his blood.

Meanwhile the Inquisition proceeded with the cause in absence, and having pronounced the unhappy exile a *formal heretic, a convicted Huguenot,** and an *obstinate impenitent*, condemned him to suffer the punishment of *relaxation* in effigy, and to be *relaxed* in person, as soon as he could be found. His goods were also confiscated, and his name declared infamous in his children and grandchildren in the male line,—and this over and above the other pains of law which attached to the sentence pronounced against him.—Perez was in England when this doom was awarded; but he soon after returned to France, where he died, apparently

* This name was first given to a body of Calvinists who went from *Haguenau* in Alsace to settle in the territory of Bearn; and it is from the name of that town that the words *Haguenot* and *Huguenot* appear to have been derived.

of a broken heart. The cruel Philip II. did not long survive him ; and under Philip III. the wife and family of Perez succeeded, by dint of incredible exertions, in obtaining the annulment of this atrocious sentence, and the rehabilitation of his memory.

About the middle of the 16th century, Lutheranism appears to have made considerable progress in some towns of the south of Spain, particularly in Seville, where Lutheran publications, procured from Cadiz, circulated in great numbers ; but this incipient reformation the Inquisition soon extinguished in blood. In the course of one year, 700 persons were either committed to the flames, or subjected to punishments hardly less terrible than death, in Seville alone ; and in the adjoining cities the Tribunal of the Faith was equally active in the prosecution of its *holy* labours. We shall select two instances as specimens of its proceedings.

5. Donna Maria de Bohorques was the daughter of Pedro Garcia de Xeres Bohorques, one of the most respectable citizens of Seville, and a member of that family from which the Marquisses of Ruchena, Grandees of Spain of the first class, are descended. She had not attained her twenty-first year, when she was arrested as a Lutheran ; but, at this early age, she was thoroughly acquainted with the Latin language, knew Greek tolerably well, had learned the Gospels by heart, and studied some of the principal works in which the text is explained in the sense of Luther on the subjects of justification, good works, the sacraments, and the distinctive characters of the true church. When committed to the secret prisons of the Tribunal, she avowed the opinions imputed to her, defended them as Catholic, and proved that, as they were founded on Scripture, her judges, instead of punishing her for entertaining them, were bound to adopt them as part of their own creed. In regard to the facts and circumstances mentioned in the depositions of the witnesses, she admitted those that appeared to her to be true ; but denied others, which she either believed to be false, or which related to circumstances that had escaped her recollection. A confession so qualified was of course deemed insincere ; she was put to the torture, and, in her agony, admitted that her sister, Joanna

Bohorques, knew her sentiments, and had not disapproved of them. We shall see immediately the fatal consequences of this admission. Agreeably to the Inquisitorial Code, there was now abundant evidence of her guilt ; and, accordingly, definitive sentence of *relaxation* was pronounced on the fair heretic. But as this is never done in the presence of the accused, and only notified to him or her on the eve of the *auto-da-fe*, when it is to be executed, the Inquisitors resolved to avail themselves of her ignorance of the fate that awaited her, in order to attempt her conversion ! For this purpose two Jesuits and two Dominicans were successively sent to her cell to bring her back to the faith of the Church. But the labours of these missionaries proved fruitless : They returned full of admiration of the fair prisoner's learning, but extremely dissatisfied with her obstinacy in rejecting *their* interpretation of the texts of Scripture, which she explained in a Lutheran sense. On the eve of the *auto-da-fe* in which she was to suffer, and *after* intimation had been given her to prepare for death, a last effort was made on the steadfastness of this young woman by a whole troop of theologians of different orders. She received these new envoys with the utmost grace and politeness, but told them that they might spare themselves the trouble of discoursing to her of their doctrine, seeing that whatever interest they might pretend to take in her salvation, she was the party principally interested in that all-important concern ; that she would renounce her opinions if she had the smallest doubt of their truth ; but that if she was convinced of their entire conformity to Scripture, *before* falling into the hands of the Inquisition, she was much more so *since* that had happened, inasmuch as all the papistical theologians sent to convert her had not been able to produce a single argument which she had not anticipated, and to which she had not prepared a solid and conclusive answer. These instances were renewed at the stake ; but she declared that it was no longer time to dispute, and implored that the few moments she had yet to live might not be disturbed by their importunity. This virgin martyr was first strangled by the executioner, and her body then consigned to the flames.

5. Donna Joanna Bohorques, sister

of the unhappy victim just mentioned, and wife of D. Francis de Vargas, Superior of the town of Higuera, was arrested, and committed to the secret prisons of the Tribunal, in consequence of the confession above-mentioned extorted from her sister, while suffering the question. When this took place, she was six months advanced in her pregnancy; but the Inquisitors did not wait for her accouchment in order to commence proceedings against her. She was (of course) delivered in prison; and eight days thereafter her infant was removed, and the wretched mother shut up in one of the common cells, or dungeons. In this deplorable situation, accident procured her the consolation of having as a companion a young woman, who was afterwards burned as a Lutheran, and who, sympathizing with her affliction, nursed her with affectionate assiduity during her convalescence. But the unfortunate maiden soon required all the tender care and attention which she had so readily bestowed on her fellow-prisoner: subjected to the torture, which was prolonged till her limbs were lacerated to the bone, and almost every joint in her body dislocated, she was sent back a heap of mangled flesh to her disconsolate companion, whose maternal tenderness contributed to reanimate the bruised frame, which the flames were soon to devour. It was Donna Joanna's turn next to undergo the same dreadful trial. Still weak from the effects of her confinement, she was conducted to the Chamber of Torment, and being interrogated by the Inquisitor, and with the horrid apparatus of torture before her, denied everything. The murderous process then commenced; the cords with which her feeble limbs were tied penetrated to the bone; and several blood-vessels having burst within her, the blood flowed in a stream from her mouth. She was carried back to her cell in a dying state, and a few hours after her miseries ceased for ever. The Inquisitors attempted to palliate this atrocious murder by declaring Joanna Bohorques *innocent!* "*Sous quelle accablante responsabilité ces cannibales devaient paraître un jour au Tribunal de la Divinité!*"

But while persons suspected of Lutheranism were thus inhumanly murdered, while Jews, Moors, and Sorcerers were sent in crowds to the stake,

real crimes falling within the jurisdiction of the Inquisition were either visited with an inadequate punishment, or suffered to pass with absolute impunity. Of this there are many examples.

6. We refer particularly to the history of a Capuchin, given by Llorente, vol. III. p. 44, and to the case of Navarro Alcatete, which the reader will find in vol. II. p. 339. Like the Irish priest, of whom we lately heard so much, the Capuchin had abused the sacrament of confession, for the gratification of his unholy propensities; and to such a pitch had he carried his wickedness, that he not only converted all the nunneries to which he had access into perfect brothels, but, emboldened by long impunity, began to pander to the lusts of others. His crimes were proved by the clearest evidence; but, instead of being sent to the stake, which he richly merited, or even exposed to the ignominy of a public appearance in an *auto-da-fe*, he was merely sentenced to a few years' seclusion in a monastery—absolutely no punishment whatever. The Inquisitors seem to have felt a secret sympathy for criminals of this class. Not so the monks to whose society he was condemned; for, whether it proceeded from hatred of the crime or the criminal, it so happened that in a very short time, the peccant Capuchin was literally badgered to death by these holy men.

7. The crime of Alcatete was polygamy of an extraordinary kind. He had married a third wife, while his first and second wives were yet alive; the second and third were sisters; the second had a husband living at the time of her marriage with Alcatete; and when he married her sister as his third wife, she took the hint, and provided herself with a third husband. A more atrocious violation of the laws of nature and society is not upon record; and what rendered the case more aggravated was, that the father of the first and second wives had consented to this unnatural alliance with Alcatete for a bribe in money. The polygamist was condemned to appear in an *auto-da-fe*, with a cord of broom about his neck, a paper mitre on his head, and a wax taper in his hand, and to receive four hundred stripes; his second wife received the same sentence; but the third, as less guilty, was ordained to suffer only half the above number of

stripes. The profligate father, who had sold his children to prostitution, was left to the hootings of the multitude.

A disrespectful word spoken of an Inquisitor, or an act of humanity done to a prisoner of the Holy Office by one of its jailers, were, according to the scale by which the Tribunal measured offences, crimes of a far deeper dye than abusing the sacraments, debauching nuns, and violating the holiest ties of nature and society.

8. The Licentiate Antonio de Villena, a priest and celebrated preacher at Court, was condemned to appear in an *auto-da-fe*, in his shirt, bareheaded, and with a wax taper in his hand; to abjure all heresies as suspected *de levi*; to suffer a year's imprisonment, to be deprived for ever of the right to preach, to be banished from Madrid, and to pay a fine of 500 ducats to the Holy Office; because he had spoken ill of the Inquisition, and, in particular, had complained of the Inquisitor-General Valdés—remarking, rather pithily, that neither angels, devils, nor men, could understand him. We ought to add, that this man was peculiarly obnoxious to the Inquisition. He had been twice before in its clutches for sporting some "ill-sounding" propositions; and notwithstanding the secrecy imposed on him at his enlargement, he had unveiled the system on which its secret prisons were managed. This was a real crime in the eyes of the Holy Tribunal. Villena had also said that a certain individual had been condemned to the flames on the evidence of false witnesses; that some Papal bull was deserving of nothing but contempt; and that the persecutions he had suffered were all the work of Valdés. It was clearly proved, besides, that he had eaten flesh on a Friday!

9. The following story, to which there are many parallels, is told by Gonzalez de Montez (*Sanctæ Inq. Hisp. Artes A. Detect.* p. 108):—A few years ago (that is, before Gonzalez wrote this account), one Pedro de Herera, a man not altogether vile, but of some humanity, was appointed keeper of the Tower of Triana, the prison of the Inquisition at Seville. Amongst other prisoners committed to his custody, was a matron with her two daughters, who, of course, were all confined in separate cells. Being naturally desirous of seeing and comforting one another under the calamity that had befallen them,

they applied to this keeper, earnestly entreating that he would suffer them to be together for one quarter of an hour, that they might have the satisfaction of embracing each other. Moved with compassion, the keeper assented, and allowed them to be together for half an hour, after which they were shut up in their separate cells as before. A few days thereafter, all the three were ordered to be put to the torture; and the keeper, fearing that, during the agony of torment, they might disclose his small humanity in allowing them to converse together for half an hour without the Inquisitor's leave, went of his own accord to the Holy Tribunal, confessed his sin, and craved forgiveness, foolishly believing that, by such confession, he would escape the punishment due to the crime he had committed. He soon found his mistake. The Inquisitors, judging this to be a most heinous crime, ordered him to be committed to the secret prisons, where he experienced such severity of treatment that in a little time he became distracted. But his madness did not save him from a more grievous punishment. After he had lain a year in prison, he was brought out, dressed in the scapulary of the *San-Benito*, with a halter round his neck, like a common thief, to join the procession of a public *auto-da-fe*, and was then condemned to receive two hundred lashes in the streets of the city, and thereafter to be sent to the galleys for six years. On the day after the procession, as he was carried from the Triana to be whipped with the usual solemnity, his madness seized him, and throwing himself from the ass upon which, for the greater shame, he was carried, he sprung at the Alguazil, and snatching from him a sword, would certainly have slain him on the spot, had he not been prevented by the mob, who set him again upon the ass, and guarded him till he received the stripes according to his sentence. After this the Inquisitors ordered, that *as he had behaved himself indecently towards the Alguazil*, four years should be added to the six for which he was at first condemned to galleys.

Among the innumerable evils which the Inquisition has inflicted on Spain, the obstacles which it systematically opposed to the progress of science, literature, and the arts, form one of the

most deplorable. The partizans of the Holy Office have indeed maintained, that its efforts were solely directed to the exclusion of heretical opinions; that such as were not hostile to the Faith, were left to make their way unrestrained; and that religion is wholly independent of the lights of the age, and of human knowledge. But the falsehood of this statement is manifest on its very face. If the sole object of the Inquisition was to protect the purity of the Catholic Faith, how came it to insert in its *Index Expurgatorius*, of which a new edition was published annually, the title of every work on science, legislation, politics, literature, and philosophy, calculated to enlighten and humanize the public mind? How came it to denounce the doctrine of motion, and the laws of celestial mechanics? How came it to anathematize books of natural science, where the wonders of creation were revealed? How came it to qualify as heretical an abstract treatise on the science of legislation? And, finally, if its efforts were solely directed against heresy, how came it to persecute, with its utmost vengeance, learned men, and good Catholics, who had never been guilty of that crime? Lorente has given us a list of nearly a hundred and fifty men of letters, including a great majority of the most distinguished names in Spanish literature,* who suffered either in their liberty, their honour, their fortunes, or their lives, because they refused to adopt the scholastic absurdities, engendered in ages of ignorance and barbarism, and afterwards maintained by men who found them a source of profit or power. It is by these "damning facts" that the sophistry employed in defence of the Inquisition may be most conclusively refuted. We have only room for a single example.

10. Pedro Centeno, an Augustin monk, and the most learned man of his order, was one of the most distinguished men of letters in Spain during the reigns of Charles III. and Charles IV. He was the editor and sole writer of a periodical publication, entitled, "The Universal Apologist of all Unfortunate Authors;" and by the manner in which he conducted that work, he soon exposed himself to the impla-

cable hatred and evil designs of the whole tribe of monks, priests, and seculars. He attacked, in the keenest style, and with the most polished irony, the prevailing bad taste, both in sacred and profane literature; absurdity, extravagance, and folly, wherever they appeared, he held up unsparingly to derision. Hence the scholastic theologians, who either knew not the rules of good taste, or would not observe them, trembled to fall under his lash. The ironical eulogiums which he sometimes lavished on their performances were more dreaded than even his most piquant remarks; and as everybody read the "Apologist," and enjoyed its humour, the terror and hatred inspired by its author may be easily imagined. Centeno was, by common consent, denominated the "Juvenal of Spanish Literature;" but he had chosen dangerous ground for the display of his talents, and, though a highly-gifted man, was deficient in the address necessary to protect him against the machinations of men, who were only the more exasperated that they found themselves assailed with a weapon which they neither knew how to parry nor to wield. He trusted to the purity of his religious sentiments, and to the extent of his knowledge, and—was undone. He was denounced to the Holy Office, and the denunciations, which appear to have proceeded from different individuals, charge him each with a different crime. While one accuses him of *impiety*, synonymous in Spain with *materialism* or *atheism*, another denounces him as a heretical Hieracite, a third as a Lutheran, and a fourth as a Jansenist. Notwithstanding these heavy charges, however, the great reputation of the denounced, the protection of Count Florida Blanca, then first secretary of state, the suspicion that hatred, envy, or resentment, might have led his accusers to fabricate calumnies, and the impossibility of a man's being at the same time an *atheist* and a *Lutheran*, induced the Tribunal to dispense with shutting him up in its dungeons, and to assign as his prison the convent of St Philip, where he resided, with orders to appear before the Inquisition

* This list includes among others the names of Campomanes, Centeno, Clavijo, Illescas, Iriarte, Jovellanos, León, Macanaz, Montijo, Palafox, Quiros, Salas, &c. &c.
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as often as he should be required. The charges which he was finally called upon to answer were reduced to two:—1. Having disapproved of novenaries, rosaries, processions, visiting churches, and other absurd observances of that sort; and, 2. Having denied the existence of *Limbo*, or the place destined to receive the souls of infants who die unbaptised. Against these ridiculous charges, he defended himself with all the advantages derived from his profound knowledge of theology, and with a brilliancy of talent and force of reasoning never before equalled within the walls of the Inquisition. But all this could not save him. He was condemned as violently suspected of heresy, forced to abjure, and subjected to divers penitences. This cruel treatment threw him into a deep melancholy, which ended in the loss of reason; and he died in that state, in the convent of Arenas, to which he had been banished:

“Largus et exundans letho dedit ingenii fons.”

To this case of Centeno we might have added numberless instances of men of science, who were forced, like Galileo,* to abjure truths proved by the strongest evidence which can be addressed to the human mind—that of mathematical demonstration, and which have now become part of the elementary education of youth over all Europe. Such was the temporary triumph of the Inquisitors, on whom ample vengeance would have long ago been executed, if the indignation and contempt of posterity could reach the mansions of the dead.

11. The last case we shall produce of Inquisitorial tyranny and oppression, is that of the Marsellais, Michel Maffre des Rieux, formerly alluded to. It occurred so late as the year 1791,

and proves, that in spirit, character, and conduct, the Spanish Inquisition was the same then as in the middle of the sixteenth century.

In his first examination, this man stated, that he had been educated in the Catholic religion, and had continued in the faith till about five years previous to the date of his imprisonment; that having then taken to reading the works of Rousseau, Voltaire, and other *philosophers*, he had become persuaded that there was no certainty in any religion except that of Nature, and that all others were mere human inventions; that in coming to this conclusion, however, he had been actuated solely by a love of truth, and, therefore, he was prepared to re-embrace the Catholic religion, if any one would undertake to convince him of its truth. In consequence of this last avowal, one Magi, a monk of the Order of Mercy, and afterwards Bishop of Almeria, volunteered his services for the conversion of Rieux; and, in the course of several conversations, proved to him that the religions of Moses and of Christ had been really revealed, and, finally, forced him to confess himself beaten in the argument. This was so much gained: the arguments of the monk had evidently made a strong impression on the mind of the prisoner; and during the whole of his process, he showed a disposition to be reconciled to the Catholic Church,—the only condition he stipulated for being that he should be set at liberty, and allowed to return to the bosom of his family, without being branded as a heretic, upon the ground that, in espousing infidel principles, he had acted according to the best lights of that reason which God had given him, but that the moment he was convinced these lights had led him astray, he had returned to the right path.

* Galileo was twice called before the Inquisition at Rome. The first time a council of seven cardinals pronounced the following *qualification*:—

“That the sun is in the centre of the world, immovable, and without local motion, is an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, heretical in religion, and expressly contrary to the Holy Scriptures.

“That the earth is not in the centre of the world, nor immoveable, but moves with a daily motion, is likewise an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, and, theologically considered, erroneous in the faith.”

At the advanced age of seventy, the Tuscan philosopher was a second time brought before the Inquisition, forced solemnly to disavow his belief in the earth's motion, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment, though the sentence was afterwards mitigated, and he was allowed to return to Florence. This compulsory recantation, which the Court of Rome caused to be published all over Europe (thinking it, no doubt, a complete antidote to the belief of the Copernican system), the curious reader will find in *Limborch*, vol. II. p. 231.

It is the custom of the Inquisitors to promise, at each audience, that the prisoner shall be treated with indulgence and compassion, provided he is found to have made a full and sincere confession. This, as the reader may conceive, is merely a piece of the systematic fraud and deception practised by the Tribunal; but had it been otherwise, Rieux had entitled himself to all the benefit of the promise in question. Of his frankness and candour there could be no doubt. He declared that, according to his creed, falsehood was one of the greatest crimes; he called himself the *Man of Nature*; he confessed the whole truth without reservation; and, full of confidence, he waited to be *reconciled* in secret, and without any, or at most a slight, penance, which he could perform in private: And thus he flattered himself he would quit the Inquisitorial prisons with honour, and that there would be no further obstacle to his being received into the Flemish Company of the King's Guards, where he expected to obtain an appointment. He reckoned without his host.

One morning the jailor, attended by six or seven familiars, entered his cell, and ordered him instantly to strip off his clothes, put on a coarse gray uniform, don the scapulary of the *San-Benito*, receive a cord of broom around his neck, take a wax-taper in his hand, and accompany them to the Hall of Audience, to hear the reading of his sentence. Terrified and enraged, the unhappy man wrought himself into a frenzy; and it was not till after a desperate resistance, that the jailor and his satellites succeeded in investing him with the infamous apparel. This done, the prisoner became calmer; for, notwithstanding appearances, he still hoped that, on entering the hall, he would find only the Inquisitors, and other employés of the Holy Office, who are expressly prohibited from publishing what passes within its walls. But scarcely had he crossed the threshold, when he perceived a numerous assemblage of ladies, gentlemen, and other persons, who, having learned that a private *auto-da-fe* was that day to be celebrated, with open doors, in the Hall of the Inquisition, had repaired thither to enjoy the spectacle. The sight struck him with consternation and despair; he lost all self-command, and, in the

transports of his rage, uttered a thousand imprecations against the barbarity, inhumanity, and treachery of the Inquisitors, exclaiming, among other things, "If it be true that the Catholic religion commands you to act as you are now doing, I once more renounce it—abhor it, for it is impossible that a religion can be true which dishonours upright men." In short, matters were pushed so far that it became necessary to carry him back to prison by force. Never was the dread of dishonour and infamy more deeply rooted in a human breast. He passed thirty hours without taking any sustenance, incessantly demanded to be led to the stake, and threatening to destroy himself if they made him wait. To prevent the effects of his despair he was heavily ironed; but the precaution proved unavailing; on the fifth day after the exhibition in the hall, he suspended himself in his cell, having previously swallowed a linen-rag, that he might be the more promptly suffocated.

III. The third and last branch of our subject, was to make some remarks on the political degeneracy entailed upon every country where the Tribunal of the Faith has been firmly established, and suffered to act without any efficient control. But on this head we must be extremely brief.

Now, we say that the Inquisition must have been a powerful agent in entailing political degeneracy on the countries where it was established, or, which comes nearly to the same thing, in keeping them in a state of ignorance and barbarism, while others were making rapid advances in knowledge, wealth, and refinement: 1. Because its existence was incompatible with any other form of government than a despotism, to which it naturally inclined for support, and of which, in return, it proved itself the ready minister and auxiliary; 2. Because it was substantially an engine of confiscation; 3. Because it formed an insurmountable barrier to the progress of knowledge; and, 4. Because its tendency was to debase and corrupt religion, and to engender infidelity.

1. The co-existence of the Inquisition with any other form of government than a despotism, is a political impossibility, a contradiction in terms. But there are many circumstances which tend to modify a despotism *per*

se, and, in practice, to prevent its being productive of all those evils which theorists and constitution-mongers delight to ascribe to it. If the despot be of a benign and generous character, his government will be mild and gentle; if he be ambitious of power, of fame, or of glory, he will strive, by every means, to increase the wealth and resources of his people; in either case, he will feel that his own interest and that of his people is the same. Hence the subjects of despotic governments have, in the majority of instances, made great progress in knowledge, wealth, and refinement. France is a distinguished example of this. Far different is the case, however, where religious tyranny is engrafted on political despotism, where the latter seeks an auxiliary in the former, where rampant bigotry is armed with secular power, and where priests become not merely the oracles of orthodoxy, but the arbiters of the lives, fortunes, and honour of those who either think, speak, or act in opposition to what they conceive to be their interests. Look into the history of the Spanish Inquisition; examine the cases recorded in its annals, and you will be satisfied that the devil himself could not have devised a more effective scheme for repressing the energies of men, and maintaining the dominion of bigotry, cruelty, ignorance, and barbarism—of annihilating every germ of improvement—and of rivetting the fetters of slavery on the limbs of the enthralled and oppressed.

2. But the Inquisition was substantially an engine of confiscation. When a man was arrested on a charge of heresy, his estate was sequestered; when he was convicted of the crime, it was sold; and from this fund the Inquisitors and their retainers were paid. Can it be necessary to state more? We have already seen how easy a thing it was to vamp up a charge of heresy—a crime from its very nature perfectly undefinable; the Inquisitors had always in their pay a set of miscreants ready to denounce any one that might be pointed out to them; and, in nine cases out of ten, the plunder to be obtained was the prime, or rather the sole motive of the prosecution. This explains the whole machinery of the Form of Process, constructed, as we have already seen, so as to render it next to impossible for a person accu-

sed of heresy to escape conviction, far less to establish his innocence. If the security of person and property be indispensable to improvement, we shall not wonder at the backwardness of those countries, where both were at the mercy of such an Institution, and where foreign merchants (see *Llorente*, II., 283, 287, 347, and 353) were equally exposed with native subjects to its legalized robberies.

3. That the Inquisition presented an insurmountable barrier to the progress of knowledge, is proved by its whole history, and by the state of Spain at the present hour. Why is that country full two centuries in arrear of the other nations of Europe? Solely because it was cursed by the Inquisition; a tribunal which had the power and the inclination, as well as a decided interest, to exclude knowledge, and, like the Anarch Old in Milton, to rule in the midst of darkness. No sooner had a work of merit appeared in any other country, on a subject of science, philosophy, or legislation, than its title was instantly inserted in the *Index Expurgatorius*; and woe to him in whose possession it was afterwards found! The approach to the tree of knowledge of good and evil, was guarded by this sleepless dragon; and dishonour and infamy, and perhaps death, awaited him who attempted to taste its forbidden fruit. If there be any truth in Bacon's maxim, that *knowledge is power*, the converse must hold good, that *ignorance is weakness*.

4. Lastly, we say that the tendency of the Inquisition was to debase and corrupt religion, and to engender infidelity. The great Founder of the Christian religion taught that his kingdom was not of this world, and was neither to be maintained nor enlarged by the power of the sword, or, in other words, by the influence of terror: its triumph was to be effected by very different means. In the face of this declaration, however, the Inquisition was established; and, with a blasphemous effrontery, which is not the least of its crimes, committed its manifold murders and atrocities in the name of Him who had solemnly forbidden the use of such means, and had revealed himself to his creatures as the God of love and mercy. But force never made a real proselyte; the terror of the flames may silence men, but will not

convince them. Hence the Inquisition has been found an admirable engine for manufacturing hypocrites; and, in religion, hypocrisy, when a product of tyranny, is the forerunner of infidelity. Terror makes men feign belief; but in their hearts they revolt at the creed which employs such means for its support and propagation. It is an admitted fact, that in Catholic countries Infidelity is much more prevalent than among the other Christian nations. Llorente gives several instances of Inquisitors, who, when snug in their dens, laughed outright at the religion for a pretended disbelief of which they were ready to consign their fellow-creatures to the flames; and, not long ago, Dr Doyle informed us, that he had frequently seen the élèves of the Ca-

tholic Church devouring the blasphemies of Rousseau and Voltaire under the very roofs of the Holy Office itself. These facts need not surprise us. An infallible church, supported by the Tribunal of the Faith, may, and indeed necessarily must, oppose an insuperable obstacle to the slightest *avowed* deflection from her tenets; but she has no protection against *secret* unbelief; which the monstrosities of her creed, the profligacy of her priesthood, and the atrocious means employed for the support of both, have an inevitable tendency to foster. This is an awful state of things; but it is a necessary product of the Catholic religion, and especially of that execrable Tribunal, instituted for the express purpose of maintaining its *purity*.

ON THE PUBLIC REGISTERS OF SCOTLAND.

No individual who is at all conversant with the judicial History of Scotland, can fail to observe the great advantages which we derive from our PUBLIC REGISTERS. Not only does the registration of important instruments tend to expose frauds, and give security to the transmission both of Real and Personal Property, whether by purchase or by testate succession, but it has also the most material influence in giving faith and stability to the ordinary affairs and transactions of mankind. On referring to the Public Records, any one may see the *real state* of the landed property of every individual or corporation in the kingdom: Bankers, and those engaged in commerce, at once perceive whether a landed gentleman's estate is *extra commercium* by entail, or burdened, either to its full value, or to any less or greater extent.

On the other hand, the transactions of Banking Companies, in so far as they relate to the lending of money on heritable securities, to the withdrawing of it from such securities, and vesting it elsewhere, or to the borrowing money on the property of which they are possessed, are alike patent to all the world, by means of the Public Registers. In this way, the knowledge which every class of the community obtains of the situation of the affairs of others, and of their state of credit, not only exposes

the fictitious, and gives security to the real transactions of merchants, but it prevents the mere speculator from ever obtaining that place among merchants, which, without the Records, he might otherwise hold.

But the Public Registers of Scotland are *not* limited in their operation and effects to conveyances or transactions connected with lands and heritages; they possess nearly the same influence in regard to all the ordinary transactions of life, whether by covenant, bond, or bill; and they afford great facilities for showing the situation of the individual who is engaged in transactions relating exclusively to *personal* property.

Another very important advantage attending the system of Registration of Deeds, is, that, in some cases, besides the *preservation* and publication of the instruments, the act of their being put upon record has the effect of a *decret of the Supreme Court*, upon which the creditor may immediately attach the property of his debtor, by pointing, or even his person by caption or incarceration. This summary process, in a mercantile country, is of the very utmost importance; for, instead of the delays and expense attending the ordinary forms of a legal process for constituting the debt, and warranting execution, the very fact of recording the instrument, and obtaining an extract of it from the Public

Registers, enables the creditor to execute measures instantly, either for the recovery of his debt, or obtaining additional security.

As this subject is of great importance at the present moment, in consequence of the discussions which have lately taken place on the Scottish Banking System, we shall, for the information of our readers, state briefly how the system of Registration works. We shall first notice the Registers appointed for *Real Rights*, that is, for all rights and securities connected with *Lands and Heritages*.

I. If a man sell his land *absolutely*, to his own superior (that is, to the person of whom he holds the subject), it is transmitted by an instrument of resignation in the superior's hands, *ad perpetuam remanentiam*. By that deed the property and superiority are consolidated, and the right is thereby completed so soon as the deed is registered, which by law it must be.

II. If, again, the land is sold to a *stranger*, it is conveyed in the form of a *disposition* by the seller, which contains a warrant in favour of the purchaser for obtaining seisin, or actual possession, of the subjects. Having obtained possession, the instrument of seisin is extended and subscribed by the notary-public and witnesses, and it must be recorded in the particular Register kept for sasines, within sixty days of its date, *otherwise it is null and void*.

III. If again a person do not *absolutely* dispoise his estate, but dispoises it merely under a *power to redeem it*, on payment of any particular sum for which it is mortgaged, then the instrument by which this power is allowed, is called a *reversion*, and it also must be Registered within sixty days.

IV. If a person be suspected by his friends of *Prodigality*, or unfitness to manage his own affairs, he may *interdict* himself, by the execution of an instrument, wherein he obliges himself to do no deed without their consent. This instrument, after being published at the market-cross of the burgh town where the lands are situated, *must* within forty days thereafter be registered, otherwise it is of no effect.

V. Suppose a creditor has lent money to a Landed Proprietor, but has

merely taken his bill or letter for the debt, and he finds that the debtor intends to sell his estate without paying the debt, (although the creditor looked to the estate for payment,) the creditor may, by a summary application to the Lords of Session, obtain a warrant, *inhibiting* his debtor from selling his heritable estate, *till such time as his debt is paid*; and in this way he attaches the estate in security of his debt. The instrument of inhibition, like that of interdiction, must first be published, and afterwards registered within forty days, otherwise it is void.

VI. If a person wishes to borrow money, at one, or at various times, upon the security of his estate, he grants an *heritable bond*, that is, he conveys his estate to the creditor *in security of the debt*, with a precept or warrant for seisin or possession upon which the creditor is infeft, and, as in the case of an absolute disposition of the subject, the seisin must, to be effectual, be recorded within sixty days of its date. The *priority* of Registration, in competitions of creditors, forms the rule of preference; and though the seisin have actually been taken first, yet, if it is not first recorded, it loses its preference; and though it be regularly taken and extended, and produced in the competition, if it has not been recorded at all within sixty days from its date, the holder of the security will rank merely as a *personal* creditor, without having any preference over, or connexion with, the real estate of his debtor.

For the purpose of recording the instruments which have been mentioned, there are two Registers. One called the *General Register*, which is kept at Edinburgh for the whole kingdom; and besides it, there is one kept in *each county*. In either of these Records, all seisins, whether on absolute dispositions, or heritable bonds, instruments of reversion, interdiction, and inhibitions, may be recorded. If they are recorded in the Local Registers, then the purchaser, or person who wishes for information connected with the estate, will apply to that Record; or if in the General Register, then he will apply to the keeper thereof.

For farther facilitating inquiries, the public officers under whose charge the Registers are kept, keep also, in a separate book, an abbreviate of the

instruments recorded; this is called the Minute-Book, and it contains a note of the day on which the seisin or inhibition was presented, and gives such an abstract of the instrument itself, as to point out clearly the *persons* and *lands* to whom it relates. If, therefore, a person wishes to purchase land, or lend his money on the security of it, from the Records he sees at once what encumbrances affect the estate which he so wishes to purchase, or whether it affords sufficient security for the money which he wishes to lend.

If a person tie up his estate by executing an *entail*, whereby it is put *extra commercium*, the public have a double security,—1st, Because the deed of entail itself must be recorded in a Register kept for entails alone; and 2dly, because the instrument of seisin, containing all the conditions of the entail, must be recorded in the ordinary Register of Seisins. It is not enough that one or other of the instruments be recorded: The entail is ineffectual against creditors, unless *both* are registered.

Besides the *General Register* at Edinburgh, and the *County Registers*, each *Royal Burgh* has a separate Register for the instruments of seisin of the lands and houses within its bounds; and to that record the creditor has recourse, when he wishes to obtain information connected with burghage subjects.

The utmost care is taken by the Lord Register and his Deputies to prevent frauds in the registration of instruments in every department. The keepers of the Registers, general and local, are supplied by the Lord Register, with the books in which the instruments are recorded; and each volume is paged and subscribed by the proper officer *before* it is sent off, so that it neither can be added to nor altered by the keeper without detection. The instruments are registered in the order in which they are presented, in all the Registers; and in the District Registers, so soon as each volume is completed, for farther security it is transmitted to Edinburgh, and deposited under the care of the proper officer in the General Register-House.

We shall now advert to our system of Registration in regard to *Personal Bonds*, &c.—There is no obligation

upon the creditor to record such bonds; but he *may* do so either for *preservation*, or to obtain payment. All such bonds, and in general all deeds of any consequence in Scotland, contain a clause, whereby the parties consent to their Registration. In *bonds*, that clause has two effects—the Registration for *preservation*, and the Registration for *execution*. If, when the bond becomes due, the debtor refuses, or is unable to pay its amount, the creditor lodges the principal bond with the Register, by whom it is kept; and he gets, in lieu of it, an extract or copy, compared and certified by the proper officer. This act of Registration has the same effect in the *creditor's* favour, as if he had obtained the decret of a Judge for his debt, and a warrant for execution against his debtor's effects or person. He is entitled immediately to charge his debtor to pay, under the pain of outlawry or horning; and if the debtor disobey the charge, then the horning is recorded, and his effects are attached; or it may be, that a caption may afterwards be obtained, and his person thrown into prison.

This species of registration applies to all manner of *bonds*, containing a clause to that effect, to *Deeds of Submission*, *Decrets Arbitral*, &c.

It may here be observed, that for the farther security of the public, the original instruments are always kept, and form the Record, and they are not given up from the Register, except upon a warrant from the Lords of Session, upon cause shown; but extracts, or copies of them, duly authenticated by the proper officer, bear the same faith in judgment as the originals themselves would do if produced.

There is a Register for Bonds, &c. in every shire, town, and jurisdiction, as well as in Edinburgh. These records do not show the extent of a man's credit, if it be *undoubted*; but every man may know in what condition his debtor's *personal* estate is, the instant he fails to *keep* his credit, or meet his engagements; and the creditor not only derives information of the fact, but the means also of execution, whereby he may protect himself from the consequences of his debtor's bankruptcy or fraud.

Transactions by means of *Bills* and *Bank-notes*, which form by far the

most important medium by which the transactions of mankind are now carried on, are likewise with us placed in the most favourable situation.

As to a bill of exchange, when it becomes due and is protested by a Notary Public for non-payment, the Notary extends the instrument of protest, prefixing to it a full copy of the bill; and that instrument, by the Act 1621, chap. 20, may be registered at any time within *six months* after the date of the bill, in case of non-acceptance, and after its falling due, in case of non-payment. The record of such protests is patent to all the world, so that Bankers and mercantile men have the means of seeing whether those, who wish to deal with them, have been able to retire their obligations to others.

When the bill and protest are thus Registered, not merely is the debtor's failure to retire it made known, but the creditor, upon the lapse of *six* days, may use *horning* either against the drawer or indorser, in case of non-acceptance, or against the acceptor, and other obligants, in case of non-payment.

If these steps prove unavailing, the Registered Protest is then produced by the holder at the *Signet-Office*, and it is the warrant for the King's letters for charging the debtors to pay; and in default of payment, for attaching their property by arrestment or pouncing; a warrant for both of which is granted in the letters of pouncing before-mentioned.

The signet, or passing of these letters, is also public, so that the world may know still farther the debtor's inability or unwillingness to pay, after these steps have been taken against him.

If the debtor, who is charged on letters of horning, fail to pay within the days of charge (*six*), the creditor gets him *denounced a rebel*, and then he registers the letters of horning with the executions; and having done so, he then applies at the Signet-Office again, and obtains *letters of caption* for laying hold of and securing the debtor's person in prison till he make payment of the debt. The letters of caption contain his Majesty's warrant to all Sheriffs and officers to see them duly executed against the debtor, who, in consequence of his failure to pay his debts, is, *fictione juris*, held to be an outlaw and rebel.

By these summary proceedings, and the Registration in the Public Records of the different steps of procedure which have been mentioned, the public have an opportunity of seeing the state of credit, or at least discredit, in which the debtor in a bill may be situated. They show whether he ought to be dealt with or trusted; and they give the utmost facility of execution to those who may have been induced to deal with another, in the belief that his credit was beyond a doubt.

In like manner, in regard to *Bank-notes*, they may be protested at the place of payment, and the protest registered, and all the steps necessary taken against the Banker's estate or person for payment, which may so summarily be taken against a debtor by bond. There is no occasion for an action in a Court of Law to enforce payment, because the instant the protest is recorded, the holder of a bank note, of whatever amount, is, in every respect, in as favourable a situation as if judgment were entered up in his favour after a regular suit. Neither is the Banker entitled to suspend such charge for payment, unless he first offer full payment of the principal sum in his note, with the legal interest, from the date of the protest.

Such is the outline of our invaluable system of Registration. It is of great antiquity—as old at least as the middle of the *fifteenth* century, when we find the Legislature passing acts to improve and perfect it, and from that period it has been the object of just pride and solicitude on the part of all those who have regarded the *preservation* of the public monuments of their country as national objects, and the facility of information as to lands, and the credit of individuals, as desirable in a mercantile state.

Among the many advantages which are derived from the Public Registers, the following may be mentioned:—
1st. The security of real property is so certain, that purchasers have no hesitation in improving the condition of their lands. They hold them not upon the faith of the seller's word or writing, but on the faith of the Public Registers. Purchasers are, therefore, exposed to few of the hazards which are, in some countries, raised by the ingenuity, or even fraud, of sellers.

2d. Forgeries of important papers are almost unknown, the necessity for

registration *within a limited time*, being the sure means of bringing to light the fraud, as well as of affording the means for its detection.

3d. As in Deeds the principals are kept and extracts given forth, frauds on the part of the public officers are unknown; and even in regard to seissions, where the original is given out, and a copy merely entered in the Register, (for which exception to the general rule there seems no good reason,) such are the securities taken by the Lord Register, that fraud in any of the inferior officers, or even the preference of recording one instrument before another, is unknown.

4th. Not merely are *purchasers* secured by the faith of the Records, but even the *seller* is, in important respects, also benefited; for such is the validity of his title, that his property fetches a higher price, and the surety which he has to find for the validity of the sale, is of course so much the less.

5th. Not merely in the ordinary mercantile transactions of life, but in the covenants of marriage, the parties and their relatives are assured of the condition of those with whom they deal. Wives are secured in their jointures, and men are prevented from giving their daughters and fortunes to bankrupts.

6th. The more certain the title, the more is the price and value of land raised.

7th. Proprietors whose estates are burdened with debts, are relieved of their difficulties by the sale of their lands, because, on the security of the Records, purchasers are to be found without objections; whereas, if an estate burdened were to be exposed merely *on the faith of the seller*, the difficulty of disposing of it might be such as to delay the sale till the interest of the debt had consumed the whole.

8th. Usury and extravagant transactions with brokers are restrained.

9th. Parents know when their children and kinsmen burden their estates, and they are thereby warned to check them.

10th. Strangers and foreigners have

the same security in transacting with Scotchmen, as Scotchmen have in transacting with each other.

11th. A security has been given to the Banking and Commercial concerns of Scotland, which is unknown in any other country. The system of registering every document which is of importance to be preserved, or on which execution is to pass, runs through every part of our commercial transactions. It affords a facility of information as to the transactions of bankers and individuals which is unknown anywhere else, and the very circumstance of that publicity prevents the daring speculator, who, without capital, obtains a footing elsewhere, from ever entering the lists in this country. If he has no capital, upon his borrowing money, the fact will soon be disclosed, and the true state of his credit made known. On the other hand, even the man of capital is, by the system, warned from going beyond his depth in trade, or owing more debt than he is able to pay; and therefore, while the system affords these securities, it does not produce the effect of checking commerce, or hurting the credit of those who are entitled to obtain it. Commerce is not immediately connected with land. It is connected with it only in as far as possession of land is a proof of capital *liable for all the debts of the individual, whether these debts be real or personal.* And as to personal estates, no man suffers by our system of Records, except those whose credit is already gone by their inability to meet their engagements. It is only when the debtor refuses to pay his personal bond, or bill, that it is put upon Record; so that if he is either unable, or refuses to pay, it is right and advantageous that the commercial world should know the fact. While, therefore, bankrupts are exposed, and that, too, before they may involve others in their own fate, the merchants of credit and capital are incalculably benefited. The dread of such an exposure is another stimulus to punctual payment.

12th. By the Public Registers, papers are secured against the loss by fire and accidents, to which they are exposed while in private hands.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—One of the copies alluded to, in the Postscript of the following Letter, having come into my hands, I convey it to yours, with liberty to make what use of it you please.

A. C. Y. Z.

LETTER FROM AN OLD MEMBER OF THE LOWER,
TO AN OLD MEMBER OF THE UPPER HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

MY DEAR LORD,

HAVING resolved to decline a return to Parliament after the Dissolution, my political life is drawing rapidly to its close. I have been reviewing it, therefore, in the prospect of its consummation, with more than ordinary interest; and, as it has been regulated chiefly by your example and advice, I consider a report of my reflections to be due to your Lordship, as the head of a department in which I was but a subordinate officer. Having mentioned the disparity of our stations, I must, at the same time, acknowledge that it was justly accommodated to the disparity of our characters, with a comparison of which I shall begin:—

Nature had gifted your Lordship with talents of the highest order, and especially with that promptness, felicity, and force of expression, which are more admired by the multitude, than the soundness or utility of what is expressed; and which sometimes tempt their possessor to mislead his auditors, that he may feel the gratifying assurance of his rhetorical power made doubly sure, by its triumph over truth. In fluency I was inferior, not only to you, but to most of our early compeers; and this inferiority was increased by my impatience under the consciousness of it. I was mortified by perceiving that my language never did justice to my thoughts, nor conveyed them fully and fairly to others; and my dread of a failure in public, rendered highly probable by my experience in private, has sealed my lips in the senate for almost half a century. I was, at the same time, perfectly aware that my judgment was stronger, my conceptions juster, and my reasoning closer, than those of many of the orators whom I envied and applauded. Had I confided in the suggestions of my own understanding, they would probably have shaped for me a better course than any pilotage whatever; but having fallen into the error, which is

neither unusual nor unnatural, of identifying superiority in speaking with superiority in thinking, I distrusted the correctness of my own ideas, on finding them become less correct, when I embodied them in words. This diffidence having convinced me that my *destiny* was to act under a leader, and my *duty* to select the best, I had no hesitation in fixing on your Lordship, for, of all those who set out abreast with me in life, your abilities were the greatest, and were magnified to my eye, beyond their real dimensions, by the blaze of your eloquence, through which I viewed them.

As soon, therefore, as I entered on those political functions, to which my birth and circumstances gave me a fair pretension, I tacitly resolved to secure myself against any material error by following the course which your Lordship should adopt. To this resolve, suggested by an honest desire to acquit myself blamelessly, I have adhered with an inflexibility, which, after the disclosures I am about to make, will, I fear, be partly imputed to indolence and timidity. I need scarcely add, that my chief employment as a Senator, has been, with few exceptions, to obstruct and vilify the executive government. Of the propriety of this I was frequently in doubt; but before I could screw my courage up to the painful effort of deserting my party, the moment of decision came, and I voted with it as usual, trying to salve my conscience, with an indistinct hope that my own private judgment had been wrong. I make this acknowledgment, and mean to specify some of the cases to which I allude, not as matter of complaint or crimination against your Lordship, (the fault being entirely my own,) but as a warning to our parliamentary successors, not to confound opposition with patriotism; nor to incorporate themselves with a party so closely, as to render an occasional separation from it difficult or disreputable.

When you entered the House of

Commons, you at once took the side of Opposition; chiefly, I hope, from motives of conviction, and partly, I doubt not, from a pardonable desire of obtaining for your brilliant talents that advantageous field for display, which is always more open to an assailant than to a defender; and also that notice and applause which their display would secure. Though perfectly qualified yourself to have been the leader of the party, yet, as you found that station had been, for some years, in the pre-occupation of Mr Fox, instead of struggling for supremacy, or even co-ordinancy, you volunteered your services under his command. I, of course, did the same, though not without some apprehension that it might prove an imprudent outset *talis jurare in verba magistri*. Mr Fox was then the most splendid character in the nation. With engaging manners, and a kind disposition, he united the highest recommendation of talent, of rank, of connexion, and of fashion. He was the central figure in the very uppermost circles of politics, literature, and courtly dissipation; so that his presence gave more eclat to the assemblies even of a Royal Duchess, than that of the Heir-Apparent. To be honoured with praise, or even with recognition, by Mr Fox, stamped the young aspirants after distinction with a value, which nothing else could confer, and at once gave them currency, in the society to which they were ambitious of rising. It is not surprising, therefore, that men of your age and mine should have been desirous of this honour; and should not have hesitated to purchase it, by an understood, though tacit, pledge of our political service. There were, however, some circumstances, which we ought to have taken into our calculation, and which should have led us to pause, before we paid so high a price.

Mr Fox had already deviated from the conduct which should be observed by the great Whig Aristocracy of England. No human beings, if they avoid such deviations, enjoy a more dignified position, than the members of that illustrious body. We see in them men of the first consideration, for wealth, rank, and character, keeping themselves equally independant of the Crown and of the populace, that they may either as ministers *conduct* with the purest integrity, or as ex-ministers

correct with equal integrity, the measures of government. But in order that they may serve their country, in the first of these capacities, it is proper that, in the last, they should carefully confine their censures to the servants of the Sovereign; while they maintain with the Sovereign himself such respectful language, and so decent a degree of personal connexion, as may enable him to call them into office, without any awkwardness, or soreness of feeling, to either party. This constitutional and prudential rule Mr Fox had transgressed. He had become individually obnoxious to the King; a disadvantage necessarily shared by his adherents, who had, therefore, a fair right, before they became so, to consider whether they would take part of a penalty, for which Mr Fox was singly responsible, and voluntarily encounter not only the usual bars to advancement, but this additional and avoidable one besides.

But the circumstance I have mentioned had still worse effects. Mr Fox was by no means unconscious of the pre-eminence of his talents, nor of the consequent pre-eminence of his claim to a high ministerial office, by his eagerness for which, and the slenderness of his expectations from the Crown, he gradually slid into more republicanism of principle than is consistent with the equal balance of our monarchical constitution, or approved by the wisest and most respectable part of the nation. He wished the dislike of the King to be paralysed by the compulsory influence of the people; and while we were aiding him in this object, I never was free from a strong persuasion, that, on the one hand, we should be charged with the adoption of all his principles, and that, on the other, our popularity was neither of an amount so great, nor of a species so valuable, as we believed. We carried with us a large proportion of the noisy part of the community. We were cheered by mobs, who always oppose their rulers; and we stood high in favour with speechifiers, versifiers, pamphleteers, and journalists. But we were supported by few of the men of business understandings, who, though silent and unobtrusive, have far more influence than the talkers and scribblers, who struggle more to obtain it.

In every town and province, numi-

bers of the first description are to be found, who judge of public affairs with the same close reasoning, and comprehensive sagacity, which they exert in conducting their private concerns. Most of them, from want of practice, being neither fluent in speaking, nor skilful in writing for the public, they very seldom, and never uncalled, engage in either. On them the sophistry and declamation of parliamentary orators is entirely lost. They form opinions for themselves, with a natural logic, which, on a political question, requires as little aid from the leading article of a newspaper, as in making a purchase, from the puffing flourish of an auctioneer. In ordinary times they avoid acting, and leave their shallower neighbours to babble and blunder as long as they see that these can do no harm; but when a crisis of sufficient interest and importance occurs, they stand forward and act with vigour and effect. They promote petitions against improper measures; they guide, by their example, to the choice of fit Representatives; and they assist in checking the disturbers of peace, and deluders of the populace. I have sometimes had a striking proof of the power of such men, as I am describing, when on a Jury, where all were equally anxious to decide fairly and wisely. I have observed the majority, who are often too dull or timid to judge for themselves, swayed at first, by the narrow but plausible views of a Lawyer; and guided at last to a proper verdict by a few plain, though perhaps vulgar, words from a neighbour, of whose shrewdness and penetration they had conceived a high idea from their practical success. It is to such men I should wish to confine the word *PEOPLE*, which, being used by every party in a different sense, because indicating a different portion of the people, conveys no precise or intelligible meaning whatever. But as this is a hackney term, so convenient for all purposes, my appropriation of it would probably be refused, and therefore I shall call the persons to whom I allude the *Business Men*.

With these our unfortunate party never enjoyed much favour, chiefly, I suspect, because we mistook the way to obtain it. At the very outset, I was afraid we should forfeit it, by the *Coalition* which I joined your Lordship in

supporting. We professed, indeed, that the measure had been adopted, solely for the public interest, which then required a strong administration; and we defended the India Bill, its immediate offspring, on a similar plea of the strong corrective which the misgovernment of the Company had rendered necessary. But the *Business men* suspected something wrong. They sifted both of these measures with their usual severity. They looked the arguments on either side fairly in the face, stripped them of all but their real merits; and, having weighed them by these, they came to the conclusion that we had a design of giving to our own party a preponderance, which should virtually suspend the power of the King to choose his servants from any other. They, doubtless, wished that such a conspiracy against the constitution could have been foiled in a more constitutional manner, than that of acting on the supposition (as was done by Pitt), that the will of the nation had been contradicted by its representatives. But we had unwisely placed the people in a dilemma, which allowed them a choice only between two breaches of the Constitution; and the *Business men* were at no loss to perceive, and to prefer the least. Thinking the occasion of sufficient moment to call for their exertions, they sent up addresses, confirming the supposition on which our opponents had acted; and our precious experiment ended in attaching these men strongly to Ministers of their own selection.

Having thus begun with alienating their affection, we lost many subsequent opportunities of repairing, or at least of not repeating, our error. One cause of this was the personal anger of our leaders at Pitt, for the manner in which they had been superseded; and their determination to resist all his measures, though many of them could have no other possible motive, than a desire to advance the public good. During the discussions occasioned by the King's illness, in 1788, we took ground which startled me at the time, and, notwithstanding the ability of those who chose it, I have ever since been of opinion that the choice was wrong. Our project to supply the defect of the Legislature, by enlarging the right of hereditary succession, and circumscribing that of the

national council, to decide in a case left undecided by the constitution, betrayed such obvious scorn of the prime and paramount doctrine of Whigs, that it appeared to me like a public renunciation of all pretensions to sincerity, and a sacrifice of character, as gratuitous as it was great, since we had no prospect of obtaining anything in return.

In 1790, we were by far too precipitate and peremptory in cheering the French Revolution. We expected, I suppose, to seduce Pitt into a condemnation, or, at least, into too faint a praise of its principles, and thus to ruin him, and root ourselves, in the favour of numbers of our countrymen, by whom these principles had been suddenly and furiously embraced. But alas! it was only the vain, superficial, or factious, who so prematurely expressed their opinion of changes, which no one, at all acquainted with human nature, or its history, could possibly suppose to be terminated. The *Business* men, like the Ministers, discerned, in the domination of the Parisian mob, something which induced them to reserve their judgment, till they should see what course that reinless and brainless body would pursue; and our boyish forwardness in not only forming, but proclaiming ours, must have rather sunk, than exalted us in their estimation.

In 1792, I never could rid myself of an impression, that the name of Whigs, to which we laid exclusive claim, required our support of the plan of going to war, though Pitt was its author. A steady characteristic of the old Whig party, was jealousy of the pretensions of France to political predominance; and I could not comprehend why her change of government should relax that jealousy, or why we should bear an insult from a *Revolutionary* Cabinet, which we certainly would not have borne from a *Regal* one. The *Business* men took a plain and straight-forward view of the case. They saw war rendered necessary, not so much to repel the petty provocations of opening the Scheldt, and inviting rebellion in neutral states, as to settle, once more, the grand question which France had always brought forward in the flush of success, whether the two countries were to continue on a footing of equal independence, or whether we were, at last,

to yield to France the right to act towards other nations, as she would not permit them to act towards her—a concession tantamount to an acknowledgment of supremacy, and, consequently, involving every other concession she might afterwards be pleased to require. They saw that, after her victory at Jemappe, she calculated her physical force to be sufficient for compelling universal submission; and they knew, as an obvious inference, that physical force was the only means of correcting her miscalculation. They wasted not a thought on the diplomatic subtleties, and hair-splitting distinctions, which employed the time and eloquence of Parliament, but reduced the matter at once to the brief conclusion, that the petty aggressions of France could be interpreted into nothing else than a challenge to a trial of strength, and that we must either accept it, or surrender our political blessings, and the personal enjoyments which flow from them. War, therefore, war without end, till these should be out of danger, was, on their part, an easy, because a necessary, choice. In this decision they were joined by the majority of the Coalition party, who left us, like its pitiful rump, to bear the accusation of opposing a self-defensive war, and the suspicion of endeavouring to obstruct its success. We still, however, retained the shouts of Palace Yard, and the bartered eulogies of tavern banquets; and with this pittance of popularity we were obliged to console ourselves; though we soothed ourselves also with the hope that Time would prove the wisdom of our pacific counsels. Alas! Time has proved the very reverse; for I doubt if there be, at present, a single Briton who would exchange the pecuniary burdens laid upon us by the war, for the state of feverish solicitude, uncertainty, and danger, in which we should now have stood, had either the Republican or Imperial Government continued permanent in France, with all their terrific power, and menacing ambition.

But the error of our party which I regretted most, because I saw it most distinctly and directly to be an error, was our conduct during the Mutiny of the Fleet. Had we acted a generous part at that appalling crisis, we might have covered the multitude of our sins; and our return to office, had it

ever occurred, might have met with the approbation of the people, both from their gratitude for our succour in the hour of need, and from their incipient weariness of taxation and disaster. How we lost this irrevocable opportunity, I need not remind your Lordship. Sheridan alone took advantage of it, and had he possessed more respectability of character, and more of the personal qualities requisite in a statesman, no recompense would have been deemed too great for his patriotic merits.

When we at length came into office, not called by the Country, but by the King, in his embarrassment, on the death of Pitt, I was apprehensive that our habitual and unqualified invectives against the plans of that minister, might tempt us, for a show of consistency, into the perilous experiment of changing them. We managed better, however, than I had anticipated. We trod in the path of our predecessors. We increased the taxes; we made war with Prussia for the sake of Hanover, and though the Business men smiled at this practical recantation of our errors, yet, with their usual taciturnity, they spared their taunts, and were glad to find our brief year of power pass away so harmlessly. I, too, was less dissatisfied on this, than on any other occasion; and though I considered our mode of opening a negotiation to be a mighty silly affair, yet, as it helped us to repel the charge of blinking a measure, which we had constantly urged, I concurred in defending it.

* * * * *

During the Radical riots (as they are called) we seemed to repeat the error we had committed during the Mutiny. Our violent censures of the Ministry could not fail to encourage the turbulent, and to give us the appearance of being more desirous to exasperate, than to alleviate the evil. The sober part of the nation were then chiefly anxious for that protection from a maddened rabble, to which they were fairly entitled; but we most injudiciously threw our shield over their intimidators.

I was no better satisfied with the part we took, in the proceedings relating to the Queen. Her impurity was notorious; and the wish of the King to get rid of her, was exactly what every husband among ourselves would have felt in similar circumstances. Yet we strain-

ed all our power not only to disprove her guilt, but to place her at the head of a Court, where consistency would have compelled our wives and daughters to pay her homage. This outrage against public morals, and consequently against the public interest; this reckless and heartless sacrifice of domestic duties, and the prospect of domestic honour, for the sole purpose of political opposition, did not pass unobserved or uncondemned by the Business-men; so that in this, as in other instances, we laboured to injure our own estimation, and forfeited a fair and valuable, for a foul and worthless popularity.

Having enumerated a few specific measures, which I reluctantly supported, I wish to remind you of some general practices, which I conceived to be highly prejudicial to the interest of our party. One was our arrogation by a certain style, and still more by a certain manner in which we indulged, of superiority, not in principle only, but also in talent, of a reputation for which men are still more jealous. Our exaggerated praise of all, even of the lawyers, physicians, poets, and artists, who professed themselves Whigs, was felt as an unfair depreciation of all who did not; and as a circuitous mode of charging the latter with dulness or dishonesty. These are charges which excite the bitterest hatred against their authors; and especially in the *Business* men, who, though far from aiming at a display of talent, like worse, I suspect, than others, to be reproached with the want of it. We have indeed managed so, that the name of *Whig*, to all but those who assume it, suggests the idea of a pert, self-sufficient being, filled with Pharisaical conceit, equally gratified with notice, which he ascribes to admiration, or with neglect, which he imputes to fear; and complacently chuckling, even at his exclusion from influence, because it reminds him of the comparative worthlessness of those to whose jealousy it is owing. If such be the character we have created for ourselves, if we indirectly call a majority of our intelligent countrymen fools or knaves, can we be at any loss to account for our unpopularity?

Another of our incurable imprudencies, was rashness in predicting the failure of ministerial measures, both in war and finance. This did us much disservice with the admirers of politi-

cal worth, who condemned us for taking ground, which could not fail to make us wish for disasters to our Country; and with the admirers of political wisdom, who scorned our want of it, when these did not take place.

A third self-injuring practice was our keeping the Country in the dark, with respect to our opinions on some subjects, which we never treated with satisfactory decision. The various constitutions of France, for example, we never distinctly commended, yet we always repelled the objections brought against them. The conduct of Buonaparte was obviously in more diametrical opposition to our professed principles, than that of any of the European sovereigns, who had only continued, but not created, a despotism; yet, while our invectives against the latter were unsparring and unceasing, we never missed an occasion of praising, and showing a political tenderness for the former. Our conduct towards the Radicals was characterized by a similar irresolution. We appeared unwilling either to agree or to disagree with them; and in spite of their scornful abuse, we made love to them by various acts of kindness, so that many that were disposed to give us a decided support, and *them* as decided a resistance, we prevented from knowing if it were possible to do so, by our apparent desire that no sharp line should be drawn between the views of the two parties. By this sort of vacillation we lost, I suspect, some old adherents, and gained not a single new one.

Even during the present Session, we have added to the number of our follies, by persisting, in spite of the memorable rebuke administered by Canning, to take the whole credit of certain popular measures of our opponents. This, I fear, is thought somewhat childish; for all know that it is the natural and almost unavoidable business of Opposition to declaim against taxes, monopolies, and everything by which the ministerial influence may be increased. In choosing these topics, therefore, we have merely been copying our predecessors, and without being a whit more successful; since all the late retrenchments and legislative changes have been made by Ministers according to plans of their own, and not, in a single instance, in conformity with our suggestions, either

as to time or as to amount. If there be any sense and honesty in the Cabinet (where I suspect, there is as much as among ourselves), we have no just title to suppose but that these measures would have taken place though we had not existed.

Before closing my complaint, I must express the regret which I felt, that we should so frequently have allowed our opponents to excel us in apparent generosity, and high-minded disdain of retaliation, which are rare, and therefore popular, virtues in a statesman. On this head two instances shall suffice. Your Lordship must remember, that, very early in the war, Lord Liverpool (then Mr Jenkinson), in speaking on the conduct of it, expressed a hope that the Allies might march to Paris; and you cannot have forgot how the wits of our party continued, till 1814, to ring the changes of their ridicule on this expression. You must, no doubt, also remember the unlucky exclamation in Fox's letter to his constituents, beginning, "Conquest of France! O calumniated Crusaders! O tame and feeble Cervantes," &c. Nor can you have forgot how frequently, and how exultingly, this passage was appealed to, down to the year I have named; since which we have taken good care that it should never be quoted, with many a cordial wish that it had never been written. Now, though by a singular concurrence Paris has been twice occupied, and France twice conquered, under the ministry of the same Lord Liverpool; neither he, nor any of his colleagues, have stooped to gall us by any allusion to our inconsiderate sneers, or to the triumphant rebuke they have sustained. Would our friends, with a similar opportunity of revenge, have shown a similar forbearance from its infliction? The other instance relates to something more distressing. You will scarcely deny that the delicacy, respect, and sorrow, either actually felt, or most decorously feigned, with which the death of Whitbread and Romilly were treated by every speaker and writer of the opposite party, ought to imprint the deepest blushes on ours for the brutal ribaldry, and Satanic epigrams, which followed the death of Lord Londonderry. It may be true, that neither your Lordship nor I countenanced such things, yet we expressed no indignation at them, nor declined the

aid and alliance of their authors. Such a contrast of conduct, in a case which every heart could feel, and every head understand, was marked to our hurt, and will be remembered to our shame.

I shall trouble your Lordship with no further details. Had I meant to continue in Parliament, I should probably not have thought of writing this letter; but should have gone on, from habit, suggesting nothing to the party, opposing no suggestion of others, and silently, perhaps sullenly, acquiescing in proceedings of which I dreaded the result. From this unsatisfactory situation a few days will release me. The spell to which I have submitted, for more than forty years, will be dissolved; and I shall be free to vent my regret for having sacrificed the time and tranquillity of a life drawing near to its close, with so little profit to my country or to myself. There are others of our friends, who, I am convinced, would, with their hearts, though not perhaps with their hands, subscribe this Jeremiad; and if their minds are constituted at all like mine, they must feel no small solicitude about the character which our party (and consequently such of us who composed it) is likely to hold in the history of our country.

The twenty years embraced by the late war, will certainly be contemplated by posterity with intenser interest, than any equal period in the annals of mankind. The objects, the extent, and the fluctuations of the terrific conflict, and the poetical justice of its decisive result, will address the imagination of the reader, with all the attractive force of an epic or dramatic tale; and should he be a Briton, he will be agitated with additional emotions, while conceiving what his progenitors must at that period have felt; and while sympathizing in their fears and their hopes, their sufferings and their triumphs, I dread to think how we shall then stand in his estimation; for you must consider that all our clever sarcasms against profusion, our ingenious home-thrusts at continental alliances, and our other nibblings at the outskirts of the subject, will by that time have disappeared in the compendious narrative of the historian,

which must be reserved for the few naked, but momentous facts of the attempt of France at universal conquest, the persevering resistance of Britain, and the firmness of a majority of her legislators, in which we, alas! will not be included.

The struggle of Athens and Macedonia, though on a scale of comparative insignificance, yet being destined to immortality by the renown of its narrators, will probably even then be referred to as parallel with that of Britain and France; and if Pitt shall have descended with the glory of a second Demosthenes, what analogical character will have been allotted to us? None, I fear, according to the vouchers which remain, but that of an Æschines, or a Midias, or the other Philippizers. The most important difference consists in our want of success; a difference as fortunate to our country, as it is mortifying to ourselves; for, alas! what an undesirable legacy of hereditary fame do we leave to our descendants, in the record that, but for our want of ability, the independence of our country would have soon been at an end! This prospect is the more provoking, as it is in a great measure unmerited. Our conduct was scarcely voluntary. It was the effect of situation, which made us agents in a process, of which we should have abhorred the accomplishment; while from the same power of situation, had we been in that of our opponents, I have little doubt that our measures would have been similar to theirs, and attended with similar success. Of statesmen with the ordinary share of talent and virtue, the place generally prescribes the duty; and therefore, I see no reason why we should not be thought capable, as a Ministry, of conducting the concerns of the state, but that, as an Opposition, we have so egregiously misconducted our own.—I am,

MY LORD,

Your most faithful servant,

J. D.

London, May 4, 1826.

Though I address this letter to your Lordship, I shall give copies of it to some of my other friends; and especially to such as have sons who are likely to be senators.

JACOB'S REPORT ON THE TRADE IN FOREIGN CORN, &c.

WE deem Mr Jacob's Report to be a very valuable and seasonable publication. Its author is a man of plain sense, a matter-of-fact man, and a clear, intelligent, and honest describer. He does not excel as a reasoner, and his facts tell fearfully against the most important of his conclusions; but he has collected a mass of information, from which every one may profit largely, and from which no one may profit more than his Majesty's Ministers.

Mr Jacob, it seems, has lately, in obedience to the fashion, thought good to change his opinions, and to become hostile to the Corn Laws. He was sent abroad by Government, as the world knows, to gather information upon which to ground the abrogation of these laws. He is the friend of the new system, the friend of free trade in corn, as well as in other things, and he wrote his Report, not for the public, but for Ministers, in the character of their agent. Yet this Report strikes at the very keystone of the new system; it demolishes, in the most triumphant manner, the "abstract truths" which form the basis of the new Political Economy, and it proves, unanswerably, that free trade in corn would be very destructive. Of course, it does this altogether against Mr Jacob's intention; it does it, not by his deductions and calculations, for these are designed to have a contrary effect, but by his facts and descriptions. Let every man, be he landowner, farmer, or husbandry labourer,—merchant, manufacturer, mechanic, or artisan,—study this Report again and again, who wishes to judge correctly of these doctrines upon which Ministers are acting.

Mr Jacob thus describes his route:—"On the 25th June last, I proceeded to the Continent, passed through the Netherlands, the Prussian provinces on the Rhine, and the dominions of Saxony, to Berlin, and from thence by Stettin to Dantzic. From Dantzic I travelled through the kingdom of Poland, visited Thorn, Warsaw, and Cracow; deviated in several directions from the main road, returned through Galicia, Moravia, Austria, Bavaria, and Wirtemburgh, to Strasburgh, where I entered France, and by way of Paris reached England."

Instead of giving a regular analysis

of the Report, we will bring together the scattered portions of it which bear upon each of the more important topics to which it relates. In the first place, we give the following extracts touching foreign agriculturists and agriculture.

"I heard everywhere among landowners, farmers, and corn merchants, complaints of the distress in which they were involved; and their complaints were far too general to leave room for the suspicion, that they were not founded on the existing state of their respective circumstances. The prices of produce of all kinds within the last three or four years, when compared with the period which had preceded them, or indeed with any past period in which prices are accurately recorded, confirmed the conviction, that their complaints were justified by the losses they had sustained."—P. 12.

This applies generally; he thus speaks of the state of things in Prussia:—"The land in the three maritime provinces, as indeed in almost the whole of Prussia, may be considered as either in very large portions belonging to the nobility, or to the new class of proprietors; or as very small portions, such as under the ancient system were deemed sufficient for half the maintenance of the family of a peasant. There are but very few of that middle class of capitalists resembling our farmers."—P. 30.

"With some few exceptions, and these very few, no rent is paid; but each occupier, whether a large or a small one, is his own landlord."

"The domains of the crown are differently circumstanced from other land, and are let to farmers. The greatest part is in the occupation of persons whose ancestors had long held them at low rents, without their being charged to the land-tax or *Grund Steuer*. When by new laws the taxation on land was extended to the estates of nobles, those of the crown were included, and charged with the tax. At first, the high prices which corn bore enabled the occupiers to pay the trifling rent, as well as the tax; but as corn declined in price, they became unable to pay both. The taxes were in most instances paid, but the

rent was suffered to run in arrear, from the impossibility of extracting it from the tenants. I was informed by a very intelligent gentleman, who had sufficient means of information, that most of the occupiers of the royal domains, whose rent was ten years in arrears, had been forgiven the whole, on promising to make the payments regularly in future; a promise they are in general unable to fulfil, from the great additional fall in the price of corn which has since taken place."

"These national domains are of such various qualities, and in such different localities, that it is difficult to find what is the average rent of them per acre. Some of them are let as high as 3s. 8d. per acre, a much larger portion at 1s. 2d., and a larger still from 6d. to 9d. As far as my means of information can enable me to form a judgment, I should not estimate the average rent to exceed, if it reaches, 1s. 3d. per acre. The farm of Subbowitz, whose produce is noticed in the Appendix, No. 11, which is considered fair average land, consists of about 1720 acres, and is let for L.158; 12s. 7d. sterling, per year. That of Subkau, also noticed in the same statement, consisting of 3054 acres, is some of the best land; the rent of which is about L.552, 11s. 8d. sterling per annum."

"These two farms, with the others noticed in the same paper, are occupied by some of the most skilful cultivators of the district; and yet the accounts show that, small as the rent is, and judicious as the management may be, the produce falls short of the cost of production, even though the rent should be given up."—P. 31, 32.

"The value of land generally is low. If these two instances (the sales of two estates) may be taken as nearly the highest and the lowest price of the average arable land of the maritime provinces of Prussia, the highest limit will be somewhat less than 40s. the acre, and the lowest not quite 15s. the acre."—P. 33.

"The replies in Appendix, No. 11, (A) show that of 262 estates within the limits of the Landschaft's authority, 195 are encumbered with mortgages, and only 67 (about a quarter) are free from those encumbrances. Of the 195 so encumbered, 71 were already in a state of sequestration; a remedy to which none of the mort-

gagees would have recourse but in cases of extremity. I was more than once told, with what truth I would hesitate to say, that most of the 67 large estates not appearing in the hypothecation books to be encumbered, had been prevented by testamentary, or other family settlements, from being brought within the circle of the Landschaft's valuation. I was informed by an intelligent man, who is a member of the States, that many estates have been suffered to remain in the possession of the nominal proprietors, because the interest of the money lent on them ceases as soon as a process is commenced, and because they cannot be sold for so much as has been advanced on them."—P. 43.

"The new proprietors who have been raised to that condition by the abolition of the ancient feudal tenures, though they can scarcely ever want the bare necessaries of life, have very little beyond them. If they happen to be both industrious and economical, their own labour on the small portion of land which they possess, will supply them with potatoes, and some little bread-corn, as well as provision for their two oxen. They all grow a small patch of flax, and some contrive to keep five or six sheep. If disposed to labour beyond the time required for their own land, there is a difficulty in procuring employment; and in the winter months, which are long and severely cold, no agricultural work can be performed. The flax and the wool spun in their cottages must supply the clothing of the family; and the fat of the animals they kill must be converted into soap and candles. Meat of any kind can be rarely afforded to be eaten by such families; and only the few who are more prosperous than their neighbours can keep a cow to supply them with milk. They consume nearly all they produce, and are considered happy if they have a sufficient surplus for sale to meet the demands of a few shillings annually for the payment of their trifling taxes and local assessments. It was the universal opinion of all with whom I had any conversation on the topic, that this description of peasants were hitherto in a worse condition than under the old tenures."—Pp. 44, 45.

"Though the rate of wages is very low, not averaging more than five-pence per day, yet the day labourers

who have constant employment, with a cottage, potatoe-ground, and flax-patch, are said to be somewhat better circumstanced than those persons who have been recently raised from the feudal ranks to that of freehold proprietors."—P. 45.

"The monied value of the live-stock on the farms is low. The best flocks of Merino sheep, exclusive of the wool, are averaged to be worth about 6s. or 6s. 8d. per head. Cows are worth from 30s. to 65s."—P. 47.

"The general burdens of the state in Prussia are the subject of complaints among all classes; and although they may appear to us to amount to a very small sum, rated by the number of persons, they must be considered heavy in a country so destitute of little other capital than that of land now vastly depreciated in value. The whole taxes in Prussia amount to about 10s. per head; but the effective value of money in exchange for commodities may be considered to be double what it is with us."—Pp. 47, 48.

"The scale of living in the country we are considering, corresponds with the low prices of the objects in which their labour is employed. The working class of the inhabitants, amounting in the maritime provinces to upwards of a million (including both those who work for daily wages, and those who cultivate their own little portions of land), cannot be compared to any class of persons in England. This large description of the inhabitants live in dwellings provided with few conveniences, on the lowest and coarsest food; potatoes, or rye, or buck-wheat, are their chief, and frequently their only food; linen from flax of their own growth, and wool spun by their own hands, both coarse, and both worn as long as they will hold together, furnish their dress; whilst an earthen pot that will bear fire, forms one of the most valuable articles of their furniture.

"As fuel is abundant, they are warmed more by close stoves than by the shelter of their wooden or mud houses, covered by shingles, which admit the piercing cold of the severe weather through abundant crevices. If they have bees and a plot of chicory, their produce serves as a substitute for sugar and coffee; but too often these must be sent to market to raise the scanty pittance which the tax-gatherer

demands. Though the price of whisky is low, yet the farm produce is still lower; and neither that, nor the bad beer which is commonly brewed, can be afforded by the peasantry as an usual drink.

"In common seasons this description of people suffer much in the winter; but in times of scarcity, such as followed the disastrous harvest of 1816, their distress and their consequent mortality are largely increased."—Pp. 50, 51.

The average price of wheat in Berlin for the five years, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824, and 1825, was 26s. 7d. per quarter.

So much for Prussia. What follows relates to the agriculturists and agriculture of Poland.

"The cultivators of that corn which is supplied to trade, are almost universally both owners and occupiers of the soil on which it grows."

"The whole of the internal commerce of Poland is in the hands of the Jews, who are very numerous, comprehending nearly one-seventh of the whole population. Almost every transaction passes through their hands; and few persons can either buy or sell, borrow or lend, without the aid of some individual of that race. They are accused of nourishing a most implacable hatred towards all other people, and of deeming it no moral crime to deceive and cheat Christians."—P. 15.

"The individuals who most suffer are the landed proprietors, and they have, with a few exceptions, become dependent, in a greater or less degree, on the more monied Jews."

"There is every reason to believe that few landed proprietors are wholly free from encumbrances; and that many of them are involved to such an extent, that they are compelled to deliver to their creditors the whole surplus produce of their estates, as soon as it can be prepared for removal. The Jews, by their universal connexion with others of their nation in distant places, have far better opportunities of knowing what prices they are likely to obtain for corn, than the gentlemen who raise it; and the latter, from their situation, must take that as the price which their creditors may determine."

"The crops are generally removed from the farms of the proprietors as speedily as possible, and remain there

in the power of the creditor, who either allows for it a stipulated price, or undertakes to convey it to Dantzic, to be sold at the risk of the debtor; but with the proceeds to be received by the creditor."—Pp. 17, 18.

"The most numerous class of cultivators are peasants; they have a limited property in the lands which they occupy, and the cottages in which they live, under the condition of working a stipulated number of days in each week, on their lord's demesne, and paying specified quantities of produce, such as poultry, eggs, yarn, and other things, in conformity with ancient usage."

"The extent of these holdings vary according to the quality of the land, and the quantity of duty work, or of payments in kind, which are to be fulfilled."

"On a large property which I examined, the peasants had about forty-eight acres of land each, for which they were bound to work for two days in every week with two oxen. If their labour was further required, they were paid threepence per day for two other days, and if beyond that number, sixpence per day. On another property I found the peasants had about thirty-six acres, for which they worked two days in each week with two oxen; when called upon for extra labour, they are paid sixpence a day for themselves and oxen for the next two days, or if they work without their oxen, threepence. If their labour is demanded the remaining two days in the week, the sum to be paid is made the subject of a special agreement."—P. 62.

"In general this peasantry are in a condition of great distress, and involved in debt to their lord. They are no longer slaves, or *adstricti glebae*. By the Constitution promulgated in 1791, they were declared free. The practical effects of the privileges thus granted, have hitherto been very inconsiderable. The peasants can leave their land, but must first acquit the pecuniary demands of their lords. Few are able to do this, as most of them are in arrears."—P. 63.

"Though no longer slaves, the condition of the peasants is but little practically improved by the change that has been made in their condition. When a transfer is made either by testament or conveyance, the persons of the peasantry are not indeed express-

ly conveyed, but their services are, and in many instances are the most valuable part of the property."—P. 64.

"These people live in wooden huts covered with thatch or shingles, consisting of one room with a stove, around which the inhabitants and their cattle crowd together, and where the most disgusting kinds of filthiness are to be seen. Their common food is cabbage, potatoes, sometimes but not generally pease, black bread and soup, or rather gruel, without the addition of butter or meat. Their chief drink is water, or the cheap whisky of the country, which is the only luxury of the peasants, and is drunk, whenever they can obtain it, in enormous quantities. They use much salt with their vegetable food, and in spite of the heavy tax on that commodity, can never dispense with the want of it at their meals.—In their houses they have little that merits the name of furniture; and their clothing is coarse, ragged, and filthy, even to disgust."—P. 65.

The lands of the Crown in Poland comprehend one-third of the whole surface, or about ten millions of acres. The arable land is leased to tenants, and the labour of the peasants is leased with it. The tenants of the Crown and their peasants are exempted from some taxes to which other occupiers are subject, and in consequence the estates are better stocked with peasants. Mr Jacob states, "With this freedom from taxation and ample supply of labourers, the lands are let very low; the nominal rent of eight millions of acres of land is stated in the public accounts to be four millions florins, or about £95,000 sterling, or somewhat less than threepence the English acre. In the average are included many acres literally of no value. I was informed that the land actually under cultivation might be fairly stated to be worth from eightpence to fourteenpence per acre. It is, however, found that the present rent cannot be afforded; that the tenants are falling into arrears; that the hope of recovering some parts must be abandoned; and in other cases the rent can only be paid in corn."—P. 76.

"So little land belonging to individuals is let, that it is difficult to form an opinion of what is its actual average annual value." These cases came under Mr Jacob's observation. A farm of about 7000 acres had been let on

lease for six years at a rent of £850 ; the lease had just expired, the tenant had lost much of his property, the peasants had diminished in number, and the same tenant, for no other could be found, had taken the farm on a new lease at £170 per annum.

A farm of about 4000 acres had four years previously been let on lease for six years at a rent of L.180. The proprietor assured Mr Jacob, that though he received his rent regularly, he was convinced the tenant paid the whole of it out of his capital, which other pursuits enabled him to do.

“ An estimate was made by a person eminently skilled in the value of land, who formed it upon actual sales made in the last four years.” He divided it according to its fertility into three classes. The lowest land in cultivation, with good buildings, and a competent number of peasants, he estimated to be worth something less than twenty-two shillings the English acre. The great mass of the second class he valued at thirty shillings ; and he valued the third class, which comprehended only a little situated in the vicinity of cities and other favoured places, at about five pounds ten shillings. This estimate was founded rather on the state in which things were three or four years previously, than on their existing condition. Mr Jacob was assured that so many estates had lately been offered for sale, that no price could be obtained for the greater part.

“ The Jews lend small sums frequently at two per cent per month ; any sum may be easily lent at ten per cent per annum on the security of jewels, plate, and other valuables.— In Poland I was forcibly impressed by remarking how much the actual use of money is dispensed with in poor countries, and how much of the traffic can be carried on by barter without its intervention. No paper, or any other substitute for metallic money circulates in the country ; and the value in specie of every commodity that is produced at home, is very low ; and the productions of foreign countries, exclusive of the taxes that are imposed, very high.”—P. 85.

Cows of the common breed are worth 27 or 28 shillings each. The Ukarine, or the best from Podolia, are worth from L.3 to L.4, 10s. Sheep of the native breed are worth 3s. each ; the

best 5s. 6d. to 6s. Merinos are yet very rare, and are worth from 8s. to 9s. each. Horses; except those of foreign race, are as low in proportion as cows and sheep. The taxes amount annually to about 15s. per head on the population. Wheat was selling at Warsaw at 14s. 9d. per quarter, and it was calculated that this was only half the cost of its production.

So much for Poland, and now for Austria.

In the Austrian province of Moravia, Mr Jacob found things somewhat better ; he heard complaints of distress, but saw less of it ; the land was very fertile, and was well cultivated. Wheat was selling at Olmutz at 20s. per quarter. This is the chief manufacturing province of the Austrian empire, and the manufacturers create a market for the agriculturists.

“ In Vienna I had opportunities of hearing much of the condition of the landed proprietors in Hungary. The want of vent for their surplus corn has so depressed the prices of that, and other productions of the soil, that they are said to be losing by every article they raise, excepting wool ; though, from farming their own lands, they have no rent to pay, yet the greatest difficulty is encountered in collecting the trifling taxes that are levied upon them.”

In Bavaria, Mr Jacob found, that within the last eight years the selling price of meadow-land had fallen 35 per cent, and that of arable land full 60 per cent. “ The complaints of the losses by farming were as heavy here as in the neighbouring countries, where the prices are lower, and in which no laws to prohibit importation are in existence.”—P. 110.

In France, Mr Jacob was assured, that, for several years past, every cultivator of grain had been selling for far less than it had cost him. Some of the best judges had calculated, that wheat in France, on the average, cost the grower from 6s. 4d. to 6s. 11d. the Winchester bushel. The average price of wheat of the whole of France, in 1825, was 4s. 3½d. the bushel.

“ From the time I left the Netherlands, through Saxony, Prussia, Poland, Austria, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, till I entered France, I never saw, either in the bakers' shops, in the hotels, or private houses, a loaf of wheaten bread. In every large town,

small rolls, made of wheaten flour, could be purchased, and they were to be seen at the tables at which foreigners were seated. In the small towns and villages only rye-bread can be obtained.—Wheat is only used by the natives for making what our English bakers would call fancy-bread, or in pastry and confectionary. If there be no foreign demand for wheat, the difficulty of selling it at any price is great.”—P. 36.

From the statement of prices given in the Appendix, it may be safely concluded that nearly the whole continent is in the same condition.

What is the summary? The land is almost worthless—it will not pay the expenses of cultivation—it can only be cultivated in the most unprofitable manner, and it is rapidly losing its fertility—the owners are compelled to cultivate it themselves at a heavy loss—these owners are overwhelmed with debts, are at the mercy of money-lenders, and have little more than nominal authority over their estates—farming-stock and produce are of scarcely any value, agricultural capital cannot be accumulated, and farmers, according to our sense of the term, are unknown. The labourers are in the lowest state of wretchedness—they are made slaves by penury and debt—although animal food is so cheap, they cannot obtain it—they cannot procure many things that the poorest man in this country regards as necessities, and they endure far more want and privations than the inmates of our English workhouses. Let this horrible picture be studied as it ought by every landowner, farmer, and husbandry-labourer, in the British empire.

These countries have merchants and manufacturers; and the latter, if there be any truth in the doctrines of the QUACK-SCHOOL, ought to be in a very flourishing condition. Corn and labour are as cheap as any member of this School could desire—there is scarcely any paper-currency, to produce those deadly evils which our rulers say have been produced in this country by such a currency; in a word, these merchants and manufacturers enjoy most of the benefits that Mr Huskisson is labouring to give to our own. Yet, strange to say! trade and manufactures do anything rather than flourish. It unfortunately happens,

that the mass of the agriculturists are unable to buy merchandise and manufactures; they cannot afford to purchase tea, sugar, coffee, cottons, woollens, furniture, &c. &c., and they are compelled to manufacture for themselves. The merchants and manufacturers have comparatively no population to import and manufacture for. If they export manufactures, they have no consumers of foreign produce; they can sell but little to other countries, because they can buy but little of them. Britain employs, in proportion, four or five times more merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, mechanics, &c. than the countries in question; and the few that are employed by the latter accumulate no wealth, and are in every respect in an infinitely worse condition than those of this nation.

Those merchants and manufacturers who have been clamouring for the repeal of the Corn-laws and cheap corn, may, if they be not downright madmen, find something in this well worthy consideration. We speak with reference to their own dirty cupidity only, for they prove that they are actuated by nothing else.

Now, what produces this state of things in the continental nations? Clearly and demonstrably the low prices of agricultural produce. Every man may see, that if these prices were greatly raised, it would place the agriculturists, that is, the mass of the population, in prosperity, and enable them to consume an immense additional quantity of merchandise and manufactures, and employ an immense additional number of traders and manufacturers.

And what would be a remedy? Here is a glorious subject for the QUACK-SCHOOL—here is a brilliant opportunity for the application of the “abstract truths” of the new Political Economy. The low prices manifestly flow from excessive production. There is no proportion between the producers of corn, &c. and the consumers. If the proportion were established—if there were a sufficient number of traders, manufacturers, artizans, &c. to consume all the corn and cattle that the agriculturists raise—if the number of the agriculturists were much smaller, and that of the traders, &c. were much larger—if a proper number of the former were taken from agriculture, and employed in trade and manufac-

tures, then prices would speedily rise to remunerating ones. Of course, if the state of things were reversed, and if the number of manufacturers, &c. were disproportionately large, agricultural produce would be exceedingly dear if the importation of it were prohibited.

Well, what say the "abstract truths"? Do they recommend that the number of the manufacturers, &c. should be increased, and that the proper proportions should be established between producers and consumers? No! They maintain, that these nations ought not to increase the number of their manufacturers, &c. but, on the contrary, they ought to diminish it, by abandoning certain of the manufactures which they now carry on. They maintain this, on the ground that these nations ought not to manufacture anything which they could buy of other nations at a cheaper rate than they can manufacture it at. They maintain, that a general free trade in corn would be the only remedy.

For several successive years almost every nation in the world has produced abundance of corn for its own consumption; and, with average seasons and peace, almost every nation in the world will continue to do so for many years to come. The superabundant corn of Prussia, Poland, &c. has been superabundant corn, taking the world as a whole; it has not been needed anywhere. If there had been for the last seven years a general free trade in corn, what would have followed? Could England have consumed annually two or three hundred thousand quarters of foreign wheat, and a proportionate quantity of other corn, when superabundance kept its agriculture for some years in bitter distress notwithstanding its Corn-laws? Could France have consumed its share of foreign corn, when its corn-growers have been constantly suffering from an excess of their own? Such a free trade would have brought prices down in these two nations so as to prohibit importation, and would have yielded scarcely any benefit to Prussia, Poland, &c.; instead of enabling the former to consume more corn, it would have caused them to consume less, by the additional distress which it would have created. It would have made the glut more general and destructive, but it would not have removed it.

If the trade in corn be made universally free, still, according to the "abstract truths," such a duty ought to be imposed on the importation of foreign corn, as would place the corn-growers of the world on a level in respect of taxation. Now, the corn-growers of Prussia, Poland, &c. are in appearance more lightly, but in reality more heavily, burdened than those of this country; if their burdens be less, their means of bearing these are far less in proportion. The duty, however, is to be levied, not according to the reality, but according to the appearance. The corn they export is to be subjected to a heavy duty by the importing countries. Whenever they export, they must be compelled, by charges and duty, to be content with half the price obtained by the corn-growers of the nations they export to, although they possess no advantage in regard to fertility of soil. In addition to this, they will have no regular foreign market; they will export for a year or two, create a glut, and then be prohibited for a year or two from exporting, except at the most ruinous prices. This is not all; live stock forms a most important portion of agricultural produce, and these they cannot export.

In the teeth of all this—notwithstanding the picture that Mr Jacob has drawn—although the nations in question have been for years in the deepest distress, from inability to find a market for their produce, the "abstract truths" maintain, that these nations ought still to devote themselves to agriculture, and ought not to manufacture.

Let us now examine the foundation which the "abstract truths" take on this matter—this is, the assertion that these nations can buy manufactures abroad at a cheaper rate than they can produce them at, and that, in consequence, to manufacture for themselves would be to tax the consumers of manufactures by the difference of price, and to draw capital and labour from their present employment into a less profitable one.

Now, who are the consumers of manufactures in these countries? The agriculturists, who comprehend the chief part of the population. It will scarcely be said, that if manufactures were established, the manufacturers would tax themselves by their own

high prices. Every one knows that money is only a medium of exchange, and that, in reality, the agriculturists buy with their produce. If, then, the latter should buy of native manufacturers, would they merely sell the same quantity, and kinds of produce, and obtain the same prices that they would if they should buy of foreign manufacturers? If the reply be Yes, unquestionably dear native manufactures would, in effect, tax to a certain extent the consumers of them.

This question involves the foundation of the new system of Political Economy. The key-stone of this system practically is, the assumption, that the sales and prices of the agriculturists would be exactly the same if they bought of native manufacturers, as they would be if they bought of foreign ones. This assumption forms the grand "abstract truth," upon which most of the others depend for being; the QUACKS reason from it as though it could not be reached by controversy, and still every one of them would be speechless if called upon to prove its truth. All but the wilfully blind must perceive that it is grossly and preposterously false. If, on the one hand, the agriculturists could buy manufactures cheaper of foreign, than of native, manufacturers; on the other, they would sell much less produce to, and obtain far lower prices of, the former, than the latter. If they should buy of native manufacturers, they would obtain perhaps 50 per cent more for their corn and cattle; they would sell more of both, they would sell a much larger quantity of poultry, vegetables, fruits, &c. and they would have a far more regular market. For every shilling that they might lose by the purchase of manufactures, they would perhaps gain three by the sale of their own produce; the dear manufactures, instead of taxing them, would yield them an immense bounty.

In proof of this, let us cite Mr Jacob:—"Wheat at Olmutz was selling for 20s. per quarter, whilst on one side, at Cracow, it was selling for 14s., and on the other side, at Vienna, for 14s. 7d. This better state of things arose from the circumstance of Moravian agriculture finding domestic consumers. It is the chief manufacturing province of the Austrian empire. A greater proportion of the population can afford to live on meat, and to use

wheaten flour; and hence the agriculturists find a market near home for their productions. The demand for animal food, too, being greater, a greater stock of cattle is kept, more of the land is destined to clover and other green crops; and I should judge from their flourishing appearance, that like England, the growth of corn does not exhaust the land so much, as the stock of cattle by their manure renews its prolific qualities."

Mr Jacob is a sensible, clear-headed man, and still, after writing this, he states that the prohibitions and high duties on foreign manufactures in Austria, which compel the agriculturists to buy native ones, are made at the expense of the consumers. In other parts of his Report he seems to sneer at the maxim of buying dear manufactures at home rather than cheap ones abroad. Austria, from its insular situation, can export scarcely any of its corn and cattle; if it do not possess native consumers, its agricultural produce must be almost without a market; and yet, according to the "abstract truths," the agriculturists ought to be, in effect, prohibited from selling their produce on any terms rather than suffered to buy with it dear native manufactures.

If the nations in question cannot at present manufacture at so cheap a rate as some other nations, is it certain that this must be the case for ever? By no means. There is abundance of evidence to prove that it is possible for them to equal most of the manufactures of this nation. But because they cannot do it at once, they are not to make the attempt, although there is just ground for believing that in the space of ten or twenty years—a mere moment in the life of a country—the attempt would be successful. It has been said that practical men look solely at the present time, and that the theorists are the only people who look at the future, but this shows the fact to be directly the contrary.

If we grant, that from differences in respect of fuel, machinery, national character, &c. it is perfectly impossible for these nations ever to manufacture at so cheap a rate as others, would this form a sufficient reason for their abandoning manufacturing altogether? If they discontinue their present manufactures, the capital and labour which these employ must go to

agriculture. Agriculture is and has long been in deep distress—it can scarcely contribute anything to the public revenue. Trade is not free, but if it were entirely free from both prohibitions and duties, Austria and various other states could only export a very trifling part of their agricultural produce; this part they would be constrained to sell at half the prices obtained by other nations, and they would frequently be unable to sell it except at the most ruinous ones. They would be constantly in the lowest stage of penury. If they should manufacture, their manufactures might be always much dearer than those of other countries, but their manufacturers would give a value to their agricultural produce which it otherwise could not possibly obtain, and which, whether we look at individual or national profit, would abundantly outweigh the dearness of the manufactures.

This applies to the question touching the employment of capital and labour. Agriculture subjects the one to heavy losses, and the other to want and wretchedness; yet, according to the “abstract truths,” it is more profitable for them to continue in it than to employ themselves in manufactures. If a considerable portion of both were taken from it, and employed in well-protected manufactures, would not they yield far more profit to their possessors than they do at present? If, by diminishing the production and increasing the consumption of agricultural produce, they should considerably raise its prices, would they not cause the capital and industry left in agriculture to be far more profitable, even though the price of manufactures should be raised?

We say this, not from the wish to see these nations apply themselves to manufactures, for we have no wish of the kind, but because it bears upon the most important interests of our own country. We are now, in punishment for our sins, governed by the “abstract truths;” the new system assumes, that if we cannot manufacture any article at so cheap a rate as other nations, we ought to cease manufacturing it, and to buy it abroad; and Mr Huskisson, in his speech on the motion of Mr Ellice, broadly intimated that we should be very greatly benefited by the total loss of the silk manufacture. According to the “ab-

stract truths”—according to the doctrines of those who are the guides of the Ministry—according to the principles upon which Ministers are acting—if this country were undersold by foreign ones in every kind of manufactures, we ought to abandon manufacturing altogether, and to buy the whole of our manufactures abroad. The dogmas that are applied to other nations, apply equally to Britain. Now, suppose that we could buy abroad every manufactured article whatever twenty or thirty per cent cheaper than we could manufacture it at, and that we had even abundance of land to employ our manufacturing population, what would follow from our ceasing to manufacture? We should, of course, have nothing but agricultural produce to export for the purchase of manufactures; we should be in a far better condition than many of the continental nations are in, for we should be able to get our corn from the inland parts to the coast, but we should rarely obtain more than twenty shillings per quarter for wheat, other corn would be much lower in proportion, and very frequently our surplus would be unsaleable. Live stock would be of scarcely any value. The land, from the want of management, would not yield above half of what it yields at present, and an immense portion of the less prominent articles that are raised upon it could not find a market on any terms. What would be our revenue? What would be our commerce? What would be the circumstances of our population? What should we be in every respect as a nation? The most consummate dolt in the empire can furnish the answer. Yet the new system assumes that in such a state of things agricultural produce would possess as good a market as it possesses at present, and it is bringing us to it as rapidly as it can. It has already, on the score of foreign cheapness, deprived an immense number of our trading population of employment, and this has inflicted great injury on agriculture.

While it is thus demonstrable that a proper number of native manufacturers, &c., even though their prices be considerably higher than those of foreign ones, is indispensable for the well-being of the Agriculturists; it is alike demonstrable that such manufacturers, &c., must depend for exist-

ence and prosperity upon the good prices of agricultural produce. Merchants and manufacturers can procure provisions infinitely cheaper in Prussia, Poland, &c., than in this country; but then they can procure scarcely any employment. The agriculturists, from their low prices, cannot consume merchandise and manufactures; therefore only a very trifling number of merchants and manufacturers, notwithstanding the cheapness of provisions, can keep themselves in being, and these are in much worse circumstances than our own. It matters not to the Agriculturists how cheap manufactures may be, if they have not wherewith to buy them; and it matters not to the merchants and manufacturers how cheap provisions may be, if they cannot sell their goods.

It is a favourite argument with the Economists, that corn is cheap abroad in consequence of the greater fertility of the soil; this is effectually crushed by Mr Jacob. From authentic information which he gives, it appears that, looking at the whole rotation of crops, the richest land in the countries that he visited does not yield so much as the richest land in England; the average land yields less than the average land of this country; and a large portion of the land does not yield so much as our lightest and poorest farms, which receive only the manure they produce. The cheapness of foreign corn is extracted from the penury and wretchedness of the Agriculturists.

Mr Jacob's Report places it beyond question that the prosperity of agriculture is essential, not only for the prosperity, but for the very existence of trade and manufactures; yet nothing will satisfy our Ministers, traders, and manufacturers, but the distress of our agriculture. The trade in corn is to be made free, and if Heaven itself do not interpose, the change will bring upon our Agriculturists the misery which sits upon the continental ones.

No valid or even plausible reasons are offered in favour of a change so vast and perilous.

It would seem from Mr Jacob's instructions, that Ministers themselves deem that wheat in this country ought not to be below sixty-three or sixty shillings the quarter, and the average price at present is from five to eight shillings lower; for more than six

years, previously to the last one, we imported no wheat, and very little of other corn, and it is now pretty clearly proved that the crop of 1823 yielded quite as much as the nation could consume in a year. Almost half of our land is capable of yielding much more than it yields at present, and it is regularly increasing in fertility. Wheat is low, barley has been for some time selling at prices that have scarcely remunerated the grower; oats only command fair prices; the wool market is ruined, and the farmers have been long suffering heavy losses from their live stock. Agriculture is just above distress, but it certainly is not in prosperity. When there is conclusive proof that in average seasons we grow as much corn as we can consume, and when the prices of agricultural produce are scarcely remunerating ones, everything that could justify a change of the Corn-laws is wanting; when it is manifest that a comparatively trifling reduction of prices would plunge the Agriculturists into distress, and when it is universally admitted that a free trade in corn would produce a considerable reduction, it seems to us that the establishment of such a free trade would be a matter highly deserving of impeachment.

We have said that the trade in Corn is to be made free, for although Lord Liverpool stated to the Peers that they would have a choice of measures, Mr Huskisson stated to the Commons that he had decided in favour of constantly open ports, and a duty; he, moreover, recently spoke to the Liverpool shipowners of the great employment which shipping would soon find in the carrying of foreign corn, as though it was perfectly certain that his opinion would become the law in the next Session. This shows very clearly what the Ministry has determined upon. It was, we think, exceedingly indecent in Mr Huskisson to speak as he did at Liverpool. Every one knows that the change which he contemplates is obnoxious to a vast portion of the community, and that it cannot be made without the consent of Parliament; it was, therefore, highly unbecoming—we might even say unconstitutional—in a Minister of the Crown to speak as though the will of himself and his colleagues would be submitted to, as a matter of course, by the Legislature.

Let us now examine some of the sophistries which are urged in favour of this free trade in corn. In the first place, it is said that our Agriculturists will be amply protected by a duty on the foreign article. What do they want protecting from? Their prices at present scarcely keep them from distress, and it cannot be doubted that regular importations of foreign corn would sink these prices very greatly. The protection that they want is prohibition; nothing else could protect them; however high the duty might be, it would not protect them, if, while prices are low as they are, and the market is plentifully supplied, it should not operate as a prohibition. Is then a duty to be imposed that would so operate? Let Mr Huskisson's Liverpool speech answer the question. The duty is to be regulated, not by existing prices, or supply and demand, but by an assumed difference in the cost of production, and it will admit foreign corn at all times, except at short intervals, when prices will be utterly ruinous.

A protecting duty on corn must operate altogether differently from one on manufactures. If the foreign manufacturer cannot sell his goods in this country at a profit, he will not send them. He will confine himself to the market he has, proportion his supply of goods to it, and keep no stock by him, to throw upon our market in case any rise of prices should procure him temporary admittance. But the foreign corn-growers will have a large surplus, which, in general, they will be able to sell in this country only; if prices here subject them to heavy losses, they still must send us their corn, or keep it to rot on their hands; and if prices sink so low as to prevent them from exporting, they will keep producing, and accumulate heavy stocks to throw upon our market in the first moment practicable. To the foreign manufacturer, the protecting duty will generally be a prohibition, when, added to the cost of production, it shall prevent him from selling his goods here at a profit, but it will be no such thing to the foreign corn-grower.

Mr Jacob calculates, that the cost of production of wheat about Warsaw is 28s. the quarter; and that the expenses of conveyance to this country

would be about 20s. the quarter; if this wheat were subjected to a duty of 12s., it ought to fetch 60s. or 63s. to remunerate the grower; it would cause much loss to the latter, if our price were no higher than 50s. or 55s. Would such a loss cause the duty to operate as a prohibition? By no means. Wheat would fall abroad, as it might fall here, and the foreign wheat would still come, no matter what loss it might cause to the grower. According to Mr Jacob, wheat abroad fetched little more than half the price requisite to pay the costs of production. It might have been bought about Warsaw and Cracow, and sold in our market, after paying a duty of 12s., at less than 50s.; it might have been brought from various foreign ports, and sold here, after paying such a duty, for from 42s. to 45s.

Here is the grand error of Mr Huskisson and the free-trade people; they stand upon the preposterous assumption, that in corn, as in manufactures, a protecting duty would become a prohibition when it should subject the foreign producer to loss. Mr Jacob's Report clearly refutes this, and proves that a duty which would barely enable the foreigner to sell at a profit in our market when our price should be 70s., would not be a prohibition when our price should be 50s.

Ministers, it seems, very lately believed that wheat could not be produced in this country for less than 60s. the quarter, and the very Mr Whitmore admitted that it could not be produced for less than 55s. The average price, when we write, is only about 55s., and, of course, we imagine most people will own that foreign wheat ought at present to be prohibited. Well, a duty of 15s. would bring upon us all the surplus wheat of the continent, and it would require one of 25s. to form a complete prohibition. It is said that the opening of our ports would raise prices abroad; if our consumption could take off the foreign corn, such opening would keep prices stationary here and raise them abroad; but if our consumption could only take off our own corn, prices would remain stationary abroad and fall here. In case foreign corn should rise, it could not rise so far as to render the duty a prohibition.

It has been urged by many people.

and among others by Mr Alderman Thompson, that, as various protecting duties on manufactures have been reduced from 60 or 80 per cent, to 15 or 30 per cent, the agriculturists ought to submit to a proportionate reduction of protection. This is intolerably foolish. The most important of these high duties had little or no operation; the articles that they were intended to protect are about as cheap here—in some cases they are more so—as they are abroad. In general, the new duties on manufactures are intended to operate like the old ones; they are intended to enable our manufacturers to undersell the foreign manufacturers. If corn, like cottons, woollens, hardware, and various other articles, were as cheap here as it is abroad, our agriculturists would need neither prohibition nor protecting-duty. To give to them in reality the same protection which has been given to various of the manufacturers, a duty should be imposed on foreign corn, which would compel the grower to sell at higher prices than themselves in our market, or not at all.

The cry is kept up among the free-trade people, that our manufacturers will be able to drive the foreign ones out of the market; and that the new duties will be practically prohibitions. Is the same said touching the agriculturists? Oh, no! manufactures are to be prohibited, but corn is to come in abundance. To the manufacturers the change is to be little more than a nominal one; to the agriculturists, it is to be one of the most sweeping operation. If the farmers suffer from it unexpectedly, they are to be compensated by the loss of the latter. The manufacturers are to preserve their monopoly through the destruction of that of the agriculturists. Such partiality and injustice are worse than scandalous—they are criminal.

Then it is asserted, that a free trade in corn is essential for keeping prices steady. Now, nothing can keep prices steady, except steady supply and demand. Would then a protecting duty, which should only enable the foreign corn-grower to sell his wheat in our market at a profit, when our price should be 60s., prevent supply and demand from fluctuating? Would such a duty merely admit as much foreign wheat as would supply the deficiency in our own crop, when our

price should be at or above 60s.? Would such a duty close our ports, if from superabundance our price should sink to 55s.? Would it close them, if from the same cause our price should sink to 48s.? We have already said what will furnish the answer.

If our price were 60s., with as much wheat of our own as we could consume, then, to keep prices steady, foreign wheat ought to be prohibited. It seems, however, to be imagined, that if our price were barely what it ought to be, importation would only prevent it from rising, and could not cause it to fall. A few weeks ago Ministers admitted about 300,000 quarters of foreign wheat into the market. They did this at a time when our own wheat was chiefly in the hands of farmers, who could afford to hold it. Did this keep the price stationary? No; it sent it down five or six shillings per quarter, and we believe a double quantity would have sunk it below 50s. The tallow and wool market is partly supplied by ourselves, and partly by foreigners, and are prices in it kept from fluctuation? No; they are scarcely ever steady, except when they are rendered so by destructive gluts. Whenever they rise to beneficial ones, the foreign articles pour in upon us, and ruin the market. Tea fluctuates less than almost any other article of great consumption; and why? The supply is in the hands of a Company, which knows what the demand is, and imports accordingly. The supply is properly proportioned to the demand, and this keeps the price from variation. If our price were 60s., with as much corn of our own as we could consume, importations would form an excess, and would regularly beat down the price. Half a million or a million of quarters of foreign wheat, would soon be thrown upon the market, and this would send down the price to 45 or 40 shillings—to what would involve our agriculture in ruin. If ruinous prices suspend the importation of such an article as tallow, it soon rises, because we do not produce sufficient for our consumption. But if an excess of foreign wheat should sink our price to 45 or 40 shillings, importation might cease, and still the glut might continue for years, because we grow as much in general as we can consume. Corn, like tea, can only be kept from fluctuation by

proportioning supply to demand. If we have an annual deficiency, we must import annually, but we must import no more than will supply the deficiency; if we have a deficiency only once in three or four years, we must import only once in three or four years; and we must merely import what will satisfy the demand. The doctrine, that constantly open ports, and a protecting duty, would, in their general operation, merely satisfy demand without producing glut, and ruinous variations of price, would disgrace an infant. We cannot believe that knowledge abounds in this country as it is represented to abound, when we find this doctrine held by Ministers.

Then it is urged, that by the existing law the protecting price is fixed too high. Now, let our agriculturists remember, that about the harvest of 1825, the average price of wheat was above 70s., and fine samples fetched more than 80s., yet what public inconvenience, not to say evil, did this create? None whatever. If the admission-price had then been 70s., in all probability the ports would have been opened, an immense quantity of foreign wheat would have been thrown upon the market, and the price ever since would perhaps have been not more than 40 or 45 shillings. We need not say what horrible ruin this would have occasioned. If the regular price ought to be 60s., and if the admission price were 65s. or 70s., any fit of unpromising weather in the spring or summer, any outcry of deficiency, a late or ticklish harvest, would open the ports without necessity, and to the ruin of the farmer. If the wheat market be in a healthy state, the price will generally fluctuate to the amount of 10 or 12 shillings per quarter between harvest and harvest. It ought to be some shillings higher in summer than in winter, to compensate for loss of measure and interest of money. The price will often be raised 5s. to 10s. by bad weather or a late harvest, although the crop may prove a very abundant one. The admission price ought to be at least 15s. above the remunerating one, to afford play to groundless alarms and speculation, and to prevent the ports from being opened, when supplies from abroad are not necessary.

If a high admission price should

subject the community to inconvenience, for a few weeks previously to the opening of the ports, what would this be, compared with the injury that would fall upon the community, if a low admission price should, from speculation and unfounded apprehension, open the ports upon an abundant harvest? Nothing. We speak thus in reference to a continuation of the present laws, with a reduction of the admission-price. Of this, however, there is no prospect, as the intention evidently is to abolish these laws altogether.

While we are speaking of groundless alarms and speculation, we will observe, that at the moment when we write, much speculation is taking place in oats and barley; and these articles have risen considerably in consequence of the drought. If the ports were open with merely a protecting duty, in all probability all the oats and barley that could be shipped from the Continent would speedily be sent to our market. Yet the chances at present are, that our own crop of these articles will be nearly an average one, and equal to our consumption. Wheat is likely to be an excellent crop, yet if the weather should be bad for two or three weeks during harvest, it would probably enough rise ten or fifteen shillings per quarter. If we had open ports and a duty, all the surplus wheat of the Continent would be eagerly bought up and brought hither, and still our crop might be got in without sustaining any material injury. Let our agriculturists be assured that they will never be protected—that they will be at all times liable to glut and ruin—with open ports and a duty.

Then the Economists protest, that low prices are more beneficial to farmers and husbandry labourers than high ones, and that the landlords alone profit from the latter. This is the most wonderful of all the inventions of the new Political Economy. It is inconceivable that, even in this age of impudent quackery and imposture, men can be found to utter anything so stupidly preposterous, so glaringly false, so monstrously at variance with the history of the last thirty years. Yet this has been asserted in the House of Commons by Lord Milton—by an English landowner—by, we blush for the sake of Yorkshire as we record it, a Yorkshireman, but one

who has proved himself to be an utter stranger to the Yorkshireman's heart and understanding. The very Cockney, who was never one hundred yards from Bow Church, must have read in the newspapers, that, during the war, when prices were high, the farmers and their labourers were in the greatest prosperity, and that, since the war terminated, both have always been distressed when low prices prevailed; and how such a man as Lord Milton, who has tenants, and who spends part of every year in the country, can be ignorant of it, we cannot conjecture. It is astonishing that men can walk through the world with their eyes open, and yet see nothing—that they should possess the faculties of reason and speech, and yet be destitute of the powers of observation—that, when called upon to speak touching what they have moved amidst from infancy, they can only repeat the reverse of the truth, parrot-like, after newspaper and pamphlet writers.

Lord Milton must know, what is known to the whole nation, that, during the war, the farmers—not merely those who had leases, but the farmers generally—were in the most flourishing circumstances; their servants obtained very high wages, and work was plentiful. Let him ask the cause, and every farmer in the kingdom will reply—High prices. He must know, what is known to the whole nation, that, for several of the last eleven years, both the farmers and their labourers were in the greatest distress. Let him ask the cause, and every farmer in the kingdom will reply—Low prices. It is, in truth, idle to appeal to experience, for the doctrine stands upon what all must see to be an utter impossibility. It stands upon the assumption, that rents annually throughout the country fluctuate exactly as the prices of produce fluctuate; and that every farmer is constantly compelled to pay every penny that an advance of prices may put into his hands to his landlord. A large part of the land of this country is under lease, and of course the rent cannot fluctuate as prices fluctuate. The occupiers of another large part, belonging to rich men, seldom have their rents altered, and an advance of twenty or thirty per cent in prices causes no difference in these rents. Even the small proprietors only vary their rents

when the fluctuation of prices is considerable. Rents were generally raised during the war, but they were by no means raised in proportion to the advance in the value of produce.

Let Lord Milton and the Economists, whose dupe he has thought good to become, examine the Report of Mr Jacob, and they will discover that low prices are anything rather than a benefit to occupiers and labourers. They will discover, that in Prussia, Poland, &c. the lowest rents cannot be paid—that the cultivators who have no rent to pay cannot keep themselves from debt and ruin—and that, cheap as provisions are, the labourers cannot procure animal food, wheaten bread, or anything beyond what will keep body and soul from separating. They will discover, that all this arises from low prices. They will discover, that, putting landlords entirely out of sight, low prices are the greatest scourge that could visit farmers and husbandry labourers. Mr Jacob's Report makes terrible havoc of the Economists. Mr Huskisson, even though it had risked his head, ought to have suppressed it.

It is thus assumed, that high prices benefit only the landlords; and then it is assumed, that they benefit only the great landlords. It is represented, that the profit arising from them is monopolized by a few hundreds of rich individuals, to the grievous injury of the rest of the community. It is very true, that a large part of the land of this country belongs to a comparatively small number of owners; and it is, we believe, equally true, that these large owners are in number, to the owners who do not possess more than 500 acres, as about one to forty. An immense number of these small owners do not possess more than twenty acres, and an immense number more do not possess above one hundred acres. These small proprietors are carefully kept out of sight; or it is asserted that high prices injure them, while they benefit the large ones.

The great proprietors profit infinitely less from high prices than the small ones; they charge for their land only half, and in many instances less than half, of what is charged by the latter. We could name some of them, who do not receive more than one per cent upon the value of their estates; and although there are bad landlords among them, many do not receive

more than two per cent. In respect of these proprietors, a reduction of prices would fall chiefly, not upon them, but upon their tenants.

We will assume, that a great landholder lets a farm of 300 acres for L.150 per annum, and that the gross yearly sales from this farm amount to L.600. If one-fourth be struck off the prices of agricultural produce, it will be equal to the whole rent, and the landlord must not receive a farthing, or the tenant and his labourers cannot escape injury. If the same farm were let for L.300 per annum, and yielded the same produce, then, if one-fourth were struck off prices, the landlord ought to reduce his rent fifty per cent, to save from injury the tenants and labourers. If the landlord should let the same farm for L.100 per annum; in such a reduction of prices he would have not only to cease taking rent, but to give the tenant fifty pounds annually to protect him and the labourers from injury. This rests on the assumption, that the prices of what the farmers and labourers buy would remain unaltered. These prices would be in some degree lowered; but as they consist to a great extent of duties, the reduction would be trifling, and would be almost counterbalanced by increased poor-rates.

If a reduction of one-fourth in the prices of agricultural produce were thrown exclusively upon rents, it would in many instances take away the whole rents of the great landowners. Would the latter consent to this, or would they even reduce their rents so much as fifty per cent? No; the reduction of prices would fall principally upon the tenants and labourers.

Let us now turn to the smaller proprietors, who, so far as numbers are concerned, form the great body of the landowners of this country, and who, we imagine, are more numerous than either the master-manufacturers who export, or the merchants. Would they with their scanty incomes allow the whole of the reduction in prices from their rents? It is absurd to expect it. They would throw as much as possible of it upon the tenants and labourers, and still they would themselves suffer grievously.

These seem to be in plain English some of the "abstract truths" upon which the Economists build touching this question.—1. If agricultural pro-

duce rise, rents will not only rise universally at the same moment, but they will rise so far as to absorb every additional penny that the farmers may receive from the rise of produce.—2. If agricultural produce fall, rents will not only fall universally at the same moment, but they will fall so far as to prevent the reduction of prices from affecting the farmers.—3. Agricultural produce never can fall so far as to injure farmers and husbandry labourers.—They are worthy of being companions to that magnificent "abstract truth," which assumes, that if the agriculturists of a nation buy all their manufactures abroad, they will obtain as much for their produce as they would do should they buy solely of native manufacturers.

We will now glance at the cruel and abominable injustice which the contemplated change will inflict upon the agriculturists. If the government make a change, which reduces the value of a manufactured article, the reduction does not touch the manufacturer's book-debts, buildings, and machinery; it merely reduces the value of his stock on hand; and he either has compensation allowed him, or has sufficient notice to enable him to reduce this stock to the lowest point possible. He loses very little, and after the reduction takes place he makes the same rate and amount of profit as before. Well, it is universally expected that the change in the Corn-laws will considerably reduce the value of land and its produce. It is clamoured for by the trading classes that it may do this—it is loudly proclaimed that corn and rents ought to be reduced. Now, if agricultural produce be reduced one-fourth—one-fourth, or nearly, of the farmer's capital will be annihilated. If rents be reduced one-fourth—one-fourth of the landlord's fortune will be annihilated. In addition to this enormous destruction of property, a large part of the annual profits of both farmers and landlords will be permanently taken away.

If a change were made that would take away one-fourth of the manufacturer's capital and income, he would denounce it as vile robbery. Yet a change that is to have this effect to the agriculturists, is clamoured for as a matter of right and equity. The landlords are abused in the most outrageous manner, solely because they are

reluctant to part with a large portion of their fortunes and incomes.

We grant that the rich landlords could bear the heavy loss; but we are not prepared to grant, that according to British law, a man should be compelled to make a great sacrifice of property without just cause, merely because he is rich. These landlords, however, form but a few members of the great body of landowners; and if they suffer, all must suffer. The mass of the smaller landowners have no other property than their little land, their income is drawn solely, or in great part, from it, and this income only reaches from ten to one hundred and two hundred pounds per annum. They, too, must be compelled to make the heavy sacrifice of property and income.

It is calculated that half the land of this country is under encumbrances of one kind or another, and however rent might fall, the charge of the encumbrances at the best would remain unaltered. If a man have encumbrances upon his land which take away half his rent, a reduction of 25 per cent on rent would strip him of half his income; if his encumbrances take three-fourths of his rent, a similar reduction would take the whole of his income. We know some widows who are in the latter predicament, and who would be left by a similar reduction in their old age without a penny. If a man have his estate mortgaged to half its value, a reduction of 25 per cent on the value of land would take away half his property; such a reduction, if his estate were mortgaged to three-fourths of the value, would take away every farthing of it. If the opening of the ports reduce prices one-third, which we conceive to be almost inevitable, our agriculturists will be as they were a very few years ago, and scarcely any rent will be paid. An enormous demand for money on mortgage will arise, and there will be hardly any in the market. When agriculture was last in distress, money on mortgage, easily commanded ten per cent, and it could scarcely be procured on any terms. The Usury Laws, however, prevented this from injuring any of the landlords except those who wanted to borrow at that moment; they kept down the interest of the money which had been borrowed previously. But now Government means to abolish the Usury

Laws with the Corn Laws; not only will those who may want to borrow have to pay 8 or 10 per cent interest, but the interest of all money in the kingdom that is now lent on mortgage will be pushed up to the same rate. Rents will fall, and many will not be paid—the interest of mortgages will rise—many estates will not only yield no profit to their owners, but will subject them to heavy losses—and a great number of the owners will be irretrievably ruined.

We will never believe that a change of law which is likely to have these consequences, and which at the best will assuredly deprive the agriculturists of a large part of their property and income, can be an honest one, if the rest of the community be not called upon to hazard and sacrifice in a similar manner. Instead of being thus called upon, the rest of the community is to profit from the change: it is confidently declared that the change will not only protect the manufacturers from being injured by Free Trade, but will benefit them very largely. What has become of English right and justice?

This opinion, however, that the manufacturers will profit largely from the loss of the agriculturists, will soon receive deserved and woeful refutation. It is foolishly argued that the former would gain if they could procure the quarter of wheat for a smaller number of yards of cloth. If the manufacturer of cotton, timber, leather, wool, &c. like the agriculturist, grew his raw article upon his own land, and could only grow a certain quantity yearly, then it would benefit him, if he could obtain the quarter of wheat for a smaller quantity of his manufacture. But what is the fact? He buys his raw article; and the profit of himself and his workmen arises directly or practically from a per centage on the amount of its sale when manufactured. If wheat fall, his prices and the wages of his workmen are to fall in proportion; this is universally admitted. If he give ten yards of cloth for the quarter of wheat, his profit per yard is at least as much as when he gives only five yards. If this profit be one shilling, in the one case he gains ten shillings, and in the other only five shillings from the bargain. His workmen receive more per yard for manufacturing the cloth when ten yards are given, than when five

are given: if in the one case they receive four shillings, their profit is forty shillings: if in the other they receive three shillings, their profit is only fifteen shillings. The agriculturist has only a certain quantity of produce to sell: if prices be very low, they cause him to have less, and not more, and he can merely consume the goods that his produce will exchange for. If his prices sink, so that he can only obtain one-tenth of the cloth for the quantity of wheat, this one-tenth must content him.

Let us separate the agriculturists entirely from the rest of the community, and let us assume that they have only wheat to buy cottons with, that they will consume all the cottons that their wheat will exchange for, and that they have ten millions of quarters of surplus wheat annually. If they sell their wheat at five pounds per quarter, they will buy fifty millions worth of cottons: if they sell it at one pound, they will buy only ten millions worth: they will consume five times more cottons and employ five times more labourers in the one case than in the other, assuming that the price of cottons will be in both the same. If we admit that they ought to pay fifty per cent more for the cottons in the one case than the other on account of the difference in the cost of living, then the high price would enable them to buy above three times more cottons and to employ above three times more labour than the low one. This is not all. By employing so much more labour, they would enable the manufacturers to consume far more cottons themselves, and to export far more for the purchase of raw cotton, dyes, &c. If their consumption should be reduced from this to that allowed by the lowest price, in the first place, more than two-thirds of the manufacturers would be stripped of employment—then as many more would be deprived of bread as these had employed, and then as many more would be deprived of bread as had been employed to manufacture for the purchase of the raw articles no longer wanted. The idle hands would run down the wages and prices of those left in employment in the most ruinous manner. More than three-fourths of the manufacturers would exchange comfortable competence for starvation, and the remainder would barely earn bread and water.

Let our merchants and manufac-

turers ponder upon this. Let them remember, that the agriculturists, in one way or another, comprehend about half the population; that the latter have only their produce to buy with, and that if one third or one fourth be taken from the value of this produce, they will not be able to buy half the merchandise and manufactures that they buy at present. If this will not convince them, let them turn to Mr Jacob's most instructive Report, and they will perceive that in countries where corn is exceedingly cheap, there is no bread for merchants and manufacturers. Let them be assured that nothing more is wanted to reduce our agriculturists to the condition of the foreign ones, than the reduction of wheat to 40s. per quarter, and of other produce in proportion.

A vast portion of their delusion is produced by our foreign trade. Now, when we put out of sight foreign and colonial goods, and Ireland and our Colonies, our exports of British and Irish produce to foreign nations does not much exceed twenty millions annually. A large part of these exports consists of goods manufactured to a great extent by machinery; much of the raw articles are brought, and of the manufactured ones taken away, by foreign ships; and we are pretty sure that these exports do not in all ways give bread to more than a quarter of a million of our population. If each individual of the population should expend on the average sixpence per week less in manufactures, the manufacturers would lose more by this than by the total loss of the export trade to foreign countries. The chief part of the trades and manufactures depend solely on the home trade, and the trade to our own possessions.

As to foreign countries, the opening of our ports for their corn will be much worse than worthless to them, if we cannot consume this corn. At present we grow as much as we can consume; there is conclusive proof that our last year's crop was amply sufficient for our consumption. Our conviction is, that there will be much more old corn, and particularly wheat, in the market on the first of August in the present year, than there was on the same day in 1825. Our coming crop is thus far likely to be equal to our consumption; if it be, and the ports be opened, importations will soon run down prices until they ruin our own

agriculturists and re-establish the prohibition. So long as we cannot consume the foreign corn, the prohibition must exist either from low or destructive prices. The opening of the ports can only remove it for a moment to restore it again by a glut, and the ruin of our farmers. We already take all the agricultural produce of foreign nations in our power; and we take much of it to our grievous injury. We take their horses, wool, hemp, flax, tallow, butter, in a word, everything that we can make use of. If by taking their corn we involve our agriculture in ruin, we shall then be unable to take not only their corn, but a vast portion of their other agricultural produce which we take at present. As to the wretched trash that is uttered touching our light land, Mr Jacob's Report proves that if we put such land out of cultivation, we must be dependent on foreign land that is less productive. This Report proves likewise, that if our manufacturers, buy their wheat of foreign growers, they will buy of those who will take scarcely any manufactures in exchange.

If we had an annual deficiency, it is preposterous to imagine that our open ports could raise corn throughout the world. The land already cultivated in most foreign countries would with improved culture yield far more than it yields at present, and many have an immense quantity of uncultivated land. Mr Jacob's estimate as to what the countries he visited could send us, is, we imagine, exceedingly erroneous. He states that the cultivators are as well acquainted with the improved modes of management as our own; if they have not money to buy oxen with for ploughing, &c. they have sheep to buy them with, and the wool trade will be glutted for many years to come; the land that has been laid down has in some degree recovered its fertility, and it could be sown with wheat in the first year of its being taken out: part of the land, which is now sown with other grain could be sown with wheat; wheat would be the most profitable article to produce if it could be exported; there would be no home consumption, and infinitely more would be exported than Mr Jacob calculates upon. In addition to this, other nations could send us large quantities of wheat or flour. In average seasons our market would

be the only importing one in the world; Canada immediately on the opening of the ports was able to send us nearly 100,000 quarters of wheat annually, and this shows what we might expect from various countries not visited by Mr Jacob.

We deeply commiserate the present sufferings of the trading and manufacturing classes, but the opening of the ports would only aggravate them. If wheat were reduced to 40s. per quarter, it would ruin the agriculturists, deprive of employment most of the manufacturers and merchants whom they now employ, and still bread would be little more than a halfpenny per pound cheaper. The distress which now prevails flows almost solely from the changes that have been made by the Government; that which over-trading produced would have been comparatively trifling, and would have vanished some time since, had it not been for these changes. A large number of manufacturers, &c. who were employed by our Colonies, have been deprived of their employment by foreigners—a vast number of seamen, shipwrights, shipsmiths, sail-manufacturers, ropemakers, joiners, &c. &c. have been deprived of employment by foreigners—a large number of silk-manufacturers, &c. have been deprived of employment by foreigners—the change in the currency, by its direct and anticipated effects, has beat down prices, and this has deprived prodigious numbers of the working classes of employment. The nation must by this time have had quite sufficient of cheapness. Most things are now as cheap as possible, and what is the consequence? Does the cheapness increase consumption and employment for labour? Quite the contrary. Because things are so cheap, people cannot consume them, and labour cannot find employment. Let prices throughout the country be raised twenty or thirty per cent, and consumption will be prodigiously increased, and employment will be given to a vast portion of the idle labour. It is, however, the declared object of the New System to keep the price of everything as low as possible; it is not to raise the prices of the merchants and manufacturers, but to bring down those of the agriculturists to the same ruinous point. If this system be persevered in, if the

corn trade be made free, and heaven continues to bless the earth with average crops, then in less than five years this country will become bankrupt—it will be revolutionised—the monarchy will be destroyed, and the empire will be torn limb from limb.

We therefore exhort the agriculturists—landlords, farmers, and labourers—to make the most determined opposition to the proposed most unnecessary and destructive change. We exhort them to do this, not more for their own sakes, than for the sake of their country. In reply to the idiotic stuff, that the Corn-laws cause violent fluctuations of prices, let them call upon those who utter it to point out what fluctuations these laws have ever produced. Let them remember, that the fluctuations in corn have been very trifling ever since these laws were enacted; and that, a short time ago, when almost everything else was fluctuating in the most violent manner, corn remained comparatively steady. Let them observe, that almost everything in the market, in which the trade is free, keeps continually and often greatly fluctuating in price, unless it be kept down by glut; and let them be assured that corn would fluctuate far more with Free Trade than it has done under the existing laws, un-

less it should be kept steady by glut at ruinous prices.

We cannot conclude without offering our tribute of admiration to the manly, disinterested patriotism, and great and practical ability which were displayed in the last Session by the Earls of Lauderdale and Malmsbury. The conduct, too, of the Tory Peers, who acted with the latter on the corn question, deserves the highest praise. We call upon these noble individuals, in the name of their country—in the name of the millions; not only of the agricultural, but likewise of the manufacturing population, who would be reduced by a Free Trade in corn to the lowest depth of wretchedness—to resist with all their might the proposed alteration. Arduous and thankless will be their toil; they will have to contend on the one hand with power, and on the other with popular feeling; but let them be of good courage, for their cause will be a righteous one. Let them turn from King, Ministry, and multitude, and look only at their duty. They may be defeated, but defeat will only give them a pure conscience and reputation, and protect them from the disgrace and accountability which it will cast upon their conquerors.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—July 12.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st, ... 34s. 6d.	1st, ... 27s. 6d.	1st, ... 27s. 0d.	1st, ... 26s. 0d.
2d, ... 32s. 0d.	2d, ... 24s. 0d.	2d, ... 25s. 0d.	2d, ... 25s. 0d.
3d, ... 30s. 0d.	3d, ... 22s. 0d.	3d, ... 22s. 0d.	3d, ... 24s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1, 12s. 1d. 1-12th.

Tuesday, July 11.

Beef (16 oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d. to 0s. 7½d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.
Mutton	0s. 4½d. to 0s. 7½d.	New Potatoes (14 lb.)	1s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 2d. to 1s. 3d.
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	Salt ditto, per cwt.	76s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	1s. 0d. to 3s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb.	0s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.
Tallow, per lb.	0s. 3d. to 0s. 3½d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 9d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—July 7.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 33s. 0d.	1st, ... 26s. 6d.	1st, ... 27s. 3d.	1st, ... 27s. 0d.	1st, ... 27s. 0d.
2d, ... 31s. 0d.	2d, ... 23s. 6d.	2d, ... 25s. 0d.	2d, ... 25s. 0d.	2d, ... 25s. 0d.
3d, ... 29s. 0d.	3d, ... 21s. 0d.	3d, ... 22s. 0d.	3d, ... 23s. 0d.	3d, ... 23s. 0d.

Average of Wheat £1, 11s. 9d. 11-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended July 1.

Wheat, 55s. 11 d.—Barley, 28s. 8d.—Oats, 24s. 5d.—Rye, 53s. 9d.—Beans, 58s. 5d.—Pease, 59s. 8d.
London, Corn Exchange, July 3.

Liverpool, July 11.

Wheat, red, old	40 to 46	White pease	40 to 46	Wheat, per 70 lb.	8 5 to 9 2	Amer. p. 196lb.	—
Red, new	— to —	Ditto, boilers	48 to 52	Eng.	8 3 to 9 2	Sweet, U.S.	24 0 to 26 0
Fine ditto	48 to 52	Small Beans, new	46 to 50	Old	0 0 to 0 0	Do. in bond	— 8 to — 0
Superfine ditto	51 to 58	Ditto, old	— to —	Scotch	8 0 to 9 3	Sour bond	— 0 to — 0
White	44 to 48	Tick ditto, new	40 to 46	Irish	7 6 to 8 9	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—
Fine ditto	50 to 55	Ditto, old	— to —	Bonded	4 4 to 4 9	English	28 0 to 56 0
Superfine ditto	62 to 65	Feed oats	25 to 25	Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	Scotch	28 0 to 30 0
Rye	30 to 34	Fine ditto	26 to 28	Eng.	4 6 to 5 3	Irish	28 0 to 55 0
Barley	24 to 28	Poland ditto	24 to 26	Scotch	4 6 to 5 0	Bran, p. 24lb.	— to —
Fine ditto	28 to 31	Fine ditto	27 to 23	Irish	4 6 to 4 10		
Superfine ditto	52 to 53	Potato ditto	24 to 27	Foreign	4 6 to 5 0		
Malt	46 to 52	Fine ditto	28 to 3	Oats, per 45 lb.	—	Butter, p.cwt.	s. d. s. d.
Fine	54 to 62	Scotch	32 to 35	Eng.	5 6 to 4 1	Belfast	88 0 to 90 0
Hog Pease	42 to 41	Flour, per sack	50 to 54	Irish	5 3 to 6 11	Newry	85 0 to 86 0
Maple	46 to 48	Ditto, seconds	42 to 46	Scotch	5 6 to 4 1	Waterford	83 0 to 86 0
Maple, fine	— to —	Bran	— to —	For. in bond	— to —	Cork, pic. 2d.	83 0 to —
				Do. dut. fr.	— to —	3d dry	70 0 to —
				Rye, per qr.	58 0 to 42 0	Beef, p. tierce.	—
				Malt per b.	6 6 to 8 0	Mess	90 0 to 100 0
				Middling 5	6 to 7 0	p. barrel	50 0 to 65 0
				Beans, per q.	—	Pork, p. bl.	—
				English	48 0 to 54 0	Mess	55 0 to 65 0
				Irish	46 0 to 51 0	half do.	28 0 to 33 0
				Rapesced	— to —	Bacon, p. cwt.	—
				Pease, grey	— to —	Short mids.	50 0 to 55 0
				White	— to —	Sides	48 0 to 51 0
				Flour, English,	—	Hams, dry,	48 0 to 50 0
				p. 240 lb. fine	46 0 to 52 0	Green	54 0 to 56 0
				Irish, 2ds	46 0 to 52 0	Lard, rd. p.c.	44 0 to 48 0

Seeds, &c.

Tares, per bush.	5 0 to 8 0	Rye Grass,	22 to 26 0
Must. White,	14 to 18 0	Ribgrass,	26 to 38 0
Brown, new	16 to 20 0	Clover, red cwt.	52 to 74 0
Turnips, bsh.	12 to 16 0	White	54 to 65 0
Red & green	0 to 0 0	Foreign red	50 to 65 0
White	0 to 0 0	White	— to —
Caraway, cwt.	30 to 34 0	Coriander	16 to 21 0
Canary, per qr.	84 to 88 0	Trefoil	21 to 28 0
Cinque Foin	36 to 45 0	Lintseed feed,	34 to 38 0

Rape Seed, per last, £25, to £27.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d June 1825.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	207¾	—	200	—
3 per cent. reduced,	78¾	79¾ ½	79½ ½	78¾ ½
3 per cent. consols,	79¾	—	—	—
3½ per cent. consols,	85¾	86½	85¾	85½ ¾
New 4 per cent. cons.	94¾ 5¼	—	—	—
India stock,	—	—	—	—
— bonds,	—	—	—	—
Exchequer bills,	6 7 pm	9	—	11
Exchequer bills, sm.	8 9 pm	8 9	6 8	10 9
Consols for acc.	8 9 pm	8 9	6 9	10 9
Long Annuities,	79¾ ¾ 80	80¾ ¾ 76	80¾ ½	79¾ 80 79
French 5 per cents.	18¼	19¼	19	18¾
	97f. 45c.	97f.	98f. 25c.	93f. 10c.

Course of Exchange, July 4.—Amsterdam, 12 9. C. P. Ditto at sight, 12 : 6. Rotterdam, 12 : 12. U. Antwerp, 12 : 12. Hamburg, 37 : 11. Altona, 38 : 0. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 70. Ditto, 25 : 95. Bourdeaux, 25 : 95. Frankfort on the Maine, 156½. Petersburg, per rble. 8½ U. Berlin, 0 : 0. Vienna, Eff. Fl. 10 : 28. Trieste, 10 : 28. Madrid, 35¾. Cadiz, 3s. Bilbao, 34¾. Barcelona, 34¼. Seville, 34¾. Gibraltar, 45½. Leghorn, 47. Genoa, 43. Venice, 46 : 0. Malta, —. Naples, 38. Palermo, per oz. 114. Lisbon, 50. Oporto, 50. Buenos Ayres, 43. Rio Janeiro, 41½. Bahia, 45. Dublin, 21 d. sight, 1½ per cent. Cork, 1½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. per oz. New Dollars, 4s. 9d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11d.

PRICES CURRENT, July 8.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.			LONDON.								
SUGAR, Musc.																
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	56	to 60	48	54	50	54	50	52	50	52						
Mid. good, and fine mid.	62	72	58	68	55	68	55	65	53	65						
Fine and very fine, . . .	74	76	—	—	69	72	—	—	66	70						
Refined Doub. Leaves, . .	110	118	100	105	—	—	—	—	84	92						
Powder ditto,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	81	92						
Single ditto,	90	102	88	95	—	—	—	—	81	83						
Small Lumps,	82	88	81	88	—	—	—	—	76	78						
Large ditto,	80	84	80	84	—	—	—	—	80	96						
Crushed Lumps,	70	84	63	78	—	—	—	—	—	—						
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	24	24 6	23	—	—	—	—	—	24s. 6d.	—						
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	48	52	48	51	53	55	40	47	48	47						
Ord. good, and fine ord.	52	68	52	54	56	65	43	60	48	60						
Mid. good, and fine mid.	65	85	62	85	66	84	62	88	62	88						
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	54	58	54	58	48	52	—	—	—	—						
Ord. good, and fine ord.	60	68	60	68	—	—	—	—	—	—						
Mid. good, and fine mid.	85	90	70	85	—	—	—	—	—	—						
St Domingo,	—	—	—	—	48	50	—	—	—	—						
Pimento (in Bond,	0	9d	—	—	0	8½d	9d	—	—	—						
SPIRITS,																
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s	5d	3s	4d	2s	1d	2s	8d	2s	7d	3s	0d	2s	5d	3s	2d
Brandy,	3	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	5	4	0
Geneva,	2	4	2	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	1	2	2
Grain Whisky,	4	0	5	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,																
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	£18	—	£58	—	—	—
Portugal Red, pipe,	35	46	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	28	—	35	—	—	—
Spanish White, butt,	36	48	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe,	22	24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	22	—	32	—	—	—
Madeira, . . p 110 gall.	25	60	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	25	—	50	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton,	£5	5 10	5	5 10	£5	5	5 12 6	£5 10	5 15	5 15	£5 10	5 15	—	—	—	—
Honduras,	5	10	5	15	5	15	6 5	5 5	5 5	5 5	—	—	—	—	—	—
Campeachy,	6	0	6	10	6	0	6 15	7 0	5 0	5 0	7 0	5 0	—	—	—	—
FUSTIC, Jamaica,	5	10	—	—	5	10	6 0	6 10	7 0	7 0	6 10	7 0	—	—	—	—
Cuba,	9	10	8	0	8	0	8 10	8 0	8 0	8 0	8 0	8 8	—	—	—	—
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	12s	13s 0	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9s	6d	10s	6d	—	—
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1	8	2	0	—	—	—	1	4½	1 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,	3	6	4	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christians and (dut. paid),	2	0	2	7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, . . .	1	4	1	10	0	8	1 0	1 0	1 6	0 11	1 2	—	—	—	—	—
St Domingo, ditto,	2	4	2	9	1	4	1 10	1 0	2 3	1 8	2 6	—	—	—	—	—
TAR, American, brl.	18	19	18	19	12	0	14 0	10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Archangel,	20	—	20	—	—	—	—	16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	0 10	6	—	—	—	—	6 6	—	8	—	—	—	—	—	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Camd.	54	55	35	6	34	35	—	32	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Home melted,	45	—	—	—	—	—	—	28	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	48	—	—	—	44	45	—	£41	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Petersburgh, Clean,	40	—	—	—	42	43	—	38	10	39	—	—	—	—	—	—
FLAX,																
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	36	—	—	—	—	—	—	£36	—	£35	—	—	—	—	—	—
Dutch,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Irish,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,																
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	—	—	—	—	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl,	38	—	—	—	—	—	—	25	—	—	25	—	—	—	—	—
Montreal, ditto,	23	30	26	—	24	6	25 6	26	—	—	26	—	—	—	—	—
Pot,	32	—	24	25	25	0	26 0	25	—	—	25	—	—	—	—	—
OIL, Whale, . . tun,	28	—	26	10	21	—	22	26	—	—	26	—	—	—	—	—
Cod,	26	27	22	10	22	10	—	22	—	—	22	—	—	—	—	—
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	7½	—	7½	—	0	8	—	0	0	—	0	0	—	—	—	—
Middling,	5	—	5	—	0	3½	0 4	0	0	—	0	4½	—	—	—	—
Inferior,	4	—	4	—	0	2½	0 5	2½	—	—	2½	—	—	—	—	—
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Sea Island, fine,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	0	6	0	0	0	—
Stained,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6	—	—	—	—	—
Middling,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Demerara and Berbice, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
West India,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	0	8½	0	10	—	—
Pernambuco,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	0	8	0	9	—	—
Maratham,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	0	10½	0	11	—	—

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.	At tach. Ther.	Wind.		
June 1	M.47 A. 58	29.738 .684	M.64 A. 62	W.	Rain morn. fair day.	June 16	M.52 A. 54	30.120 29.999	M.62 A. 64	Cble.	Flying shwr. rain.
2	M.48 A. 55	.774 .653	M.63 A. 60	Cble.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.	17	M.45 A. 60	.968 .999	M.63 A. 65	W.	Morn. dull, day sunsh.
3	M.41 A. 54	.756 .648	M.61 A. 59	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.	18	M.51 A. 63	.920 .999	M.68 A. 68	W.	Sunshine, very warm.
4	M.45 A. 55	.886 .988	M.62 A. 62	NE.	Ditto.	19	M.50 A. 59	30.287 .189	M.67 A. 72	W.	Ditto.
5	M.41 A. 57	.998 .998	M.65 A. 61	W.	Morn. sunsh. day dull.	20	M.44 A. 62	.244 .246	M.68 A. 70	NE	Ditto, and fog even.
6	M.49 A. 62	.998 .998	M.65 A. 61	W.	Sunshine and warm.	21	M.48 A. 60	.282 .282	M.71 A. 65	NE.	Ditto.
7	M.46 A. 56	30.110 .108	M.62 A. 62	E.	Ditto.	22	M.47 A. 59	.266 .250	M.68 A. 65	NE.	Sunsh. foren. dull aftern.
8	M.46 A. 56	.128 .128	M.65 A. 67	NE.	Sun hine, very warm.	23	M.47 A. 57	.230 .223	M.67 A. 73	Cble.	Day sunsh. even fog.
9	M.44 A. 52	29.997 .950	M.61 A. 60	NE.	Morn. cold, day warm.	24	M.55 A. 74	.213 .140	M.76 A. 79	Cble.	Sunshine, very warm.
10	M.45 A. 54	.920 .905	M.63 A. 65	NE.	Fogmorn. ev. day very hot.	25	M.56 A. 74	.102 29.999	M.79 A. 81	NE.	Ditto.
11	M.45 A. 60	.928 30.102	M.67 A. 71	Cble.	Sunshine, very warm.	26	M.56 A. 75	.975 .895	M.81 A. 82	Cble.	Ditto.
12	M.51 A. 71	29.996 .960	M.72 A. 72	Cble.	Forn. sunsh. after. s. sh.	27	M.56 A. 71	.825 .766	M.82 A. 78	SE.	Ditto, with th. and lt. sh.
13	M.58 A. 68	.988 .960	M.74 A. 72	W.	Sunshine, very warm.	28	M.59 A. 77	.752 .709	M.82 A. 79	Cble.	Sunshine, sh. rain noon.
14	M.50 A. 60	.916 .844	M.69 A. 67	W.	Morn cold, day sunsh.	29	M.56 A. 72	.850 .859	M.79 A. 76	Cble.	Aftern. a few shwrs. rain.
15	M.51 A. 51	.670 .725	M.67 A. 63	W.	Flying shwrs. rain.	30	M.55 A. 75	.871 .879	M.77 A. 75	Cble.	Sunsh. and very warm.

Average of rain, . . . 299
 June 21. Thermometer, north exposure, noon, 82 half-past 2, 84
 25. noon, 82 3 P. M. 8
 26. noon, 83 3 . M. 85

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

6revet.	Maj. Jackson, 6 Dr. Gds. Lt. Col. in the Army	25 May 1826	5	Capt. J. Earl of Wiltshire, Maj. by purch. vice Crauford, 94 F.	9 June
	L. C. A. Meyer, Capt. in the Army, whilst acting as Riding Master to the Cav. Riding Establishment	1 do.		Cor. Shedden, Lt.	do.
	H. Gds. Capt. Hanmer, Maj. and Lt. Col. vice Drake, ret.	18 do.	10	F. Thomas, Cor. by purch.	do.
	Lt. Harrison, Capt. by purch. vice Hanmer	do.	13	F. C. Wedderburn, Cor. by purch. vice Lord Frankfort, prom.	10 do.
	Cor. Kenyon, Lt. by purch. vice Harrison	do.	16	W. J. Hooper, Cor. by purch. vice Evered, prom.	8 do.
	Ens. Lord Cha. Wellesley, from 75 F. Cor. by purch. vice A. R. Wellesley	20 do.	17	Cor. Van, from Cape Corps, Cor. vice Brown, prom.	18 May
7	Dr. Gds. J. E. Thewles, Cor. by purch. vice Buller, prom.	18 do.		H. F. Bonham, Cor. by purch. vice Penleaze, prom.	20 do.
	R. Richardson, Cor. by purch. vice Bolton, prom.	8 June		W. C. Douglas, from R. Mil. Coll. Cor. by purch. vice Greville, prom.	do.
2	Dr. Capt. Wemyss, Maj. by purch. vice Mills, prom.	10 do.		Staff As. Surg. Paken, As. Surg. vice Holmes, prom. 81 F.	do.
	Lt. Craw, Capt. by purch.	do.		Coldst. Gds. Lt. Rawdon, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Cuyler, prom.	10 June
	Cor. Carnegie, Lt. by purch.	do.		J. Drummond, Ens. and Lt.	do.
	F. C. Forde, Cor. by purch.	do.		Lord Fred. Paulet, Page of Honour to the King, Ens. and Lt.	11 do.
3	Lt. Baker, Capt. by purch. vice Bragge, prom.	do.	3	F. Gds. Cor. Taubman, from 3 Dr. Gds. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Berners, prom.	10 do.
6	Cor. Wollaston, Lt. by purch. vice Heigham, prom.	do.	1	F. Capt. Hopkins, Maj. by purch. vice Glover, prom.	do.
	Hon. C. W. Jerminham, Cor.	do.		Lt. Carter, Capt.	do.

1 F.	Ensl. Neville, Lt. by purch. vice Cross, prom. 11 May		Capt. Geddes, from h. p. Capt. vice Fox, prom. 8 June
	W. B. Johnston, Ens. vice Wood, dead 1 June	32	Maj. Gascoigne, from h. p. Maj. vice Hicks, prom. 11 May
	As. Surg. Dillon, from 3 Vet. Bn. As. Surg. 25 May		Capt. Swinburn, from h. p. 75 F. Capt. vice Crowe, prom. 8 June
	Maj. Farquharson, from h. p. Maj. vice Campbell, prom. 12 June		— Power, from h. p. Capt. vice Colthurst, 28 F. do.
	Capt. Anderson, from h. p. 28 F. vice Rowan, prom. do.	34	— Mends, from h. p. 22 F. Capt. vice Hogarth, prom. 12 do.
2	Hosp. As. Atkinson, As. Surg. vice Campbell, prom. 11 May		— Frankland, from 20 F. Capt. vice Locker, prom. do.
3	Capt. Munro, from h. p. 42 F. Capt. vice Bowen, prom. 8 June		Lt. Rooke, from 2 Life Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Goldsmid, prom. 10 do.
	— Patton, from h. p. Capt. vice Daniell, 66 F. do.	35	Maj. Macdonald, from h. p. Capt. vice Macalester, prom. 8 do.
4	— Hon. C. S. Wortley, from h. p. 42 F. vice Erskine, prom. do.		Capt. Workman, from 2 W. I. Regt. Capt. vice Lynch, prom. do.
5	Ens. D'Anvers, from h. p. 43 F. Ens. vice Simpson, 95 F. 13 May		— Tennant, from 73 F. Capt. vice Weare, prom. 12 do.
6	Lt. Hill, from h. p. 14 F. Lt. vice M'Queen, 44 F. 1 June		Ens. Maxwell, Lt. by purch. vice Semple, prom. 8 do.
8	Capt. Davies, from h. p. Capt. vice Cother, prom. 8 do.	36	Capt. Gray, from 86 F. Capt. vice Crosse, prom. do.
	— Dirom, from h. p. do. vice Campbell, prom. do.	37	Maj. Manners, from 60 F. Maj. vice Dunbar, prom. 25 May
	— Malet, from h. p. do. vice Lyster, prom. do.	38	Capt. Vyvyan, from h. p. 41 F. Capt. vice Raius, prom. 8 June
	Ena. Stenhouse, Lt. by purch. vice Stewart, prom. 17 do.		— Macdonald, from h. p. Capt. vice Davis, 75 F. do.
	J. Singleton, Ens. do.	39	— Baynes, from h. p. 32 F. Capt. vice Cuppage, prom. do.
9	Lt. Col. Hardy, from h. p. 69 F. Maj. vice Peebles, prom. 8 do.		Lt. Forbes, Capt. by purch. vice Reynolds, ret. 10 do.
10	Maj. Freer, from h. p. Maj. vice King, prom. do.		Ens. Butler, Lt. do.
	Capt. Mildmay, from h. p. Capt. vice Dent, prom. do.	42	R. Foot, Ens. do.
	— Delaney, from h. p. do. vice Kelly, prom. do.		Capt. Campbell, from h. p. Capt. vice Wade, prom. 8 do.
	Serj. Maj. Stanley, from 8 F. Adj. with rank of Ens. vice Skinkwin, resig. Adj. 1 do.		— Childers, from h. p. Capt. vice M'Pherson, prom. do.
12	Ens. Forsteeen, Lt. by purch. vice Adams, prom. 10 do.	44	C. Stewart, Ens. by purch. vice Chawner, prom. 10 do.
	F. W. P. Parker, Ens. by purch. vice Wilson, prom. do.	45	Lt. M'Queen, from 6 F. Lt. vice Clarke, h. p. 14 F. 1 do.
18	St George Cromie, Ens. by purch. vice Browne, 44 F. 8 do.	46	— Trevelyan, from R. Eng. Lt. vice Kearney, 86 F. 8 do.
	As. Surg. Patterson, from 45 F. Surg. vice Hamilton, h. p. 25 May	47	Capt. Chalmers, from h. p. 52 F. Capt. vice Stewart, prom. do.
14	Capt. Temple, from h. p. Capt. vice Watson, prom. 8 June		Lt. Douglas, from h. p. 9 F. Lt. vice Walker, cancelled do.
	J. May, Ens. vice Layard, prom. 11 May	48	J. B. Wyatt, Ens. vice T. Wyatt, res. do.
16	Maj. Eden, from h. p. Maj. vice Maxwell, prom. 8 June		Capt. Crossdaile, from h. p. Capt. vice Yale, prom. do.
	Capt. Doyle, from h. p. Capt. vice Wright, prom. do.	49	Maj. Beauchamp, from h. p. Maj. vice Glegg, prom. do.
17	Capt. Clunie, from 55 F. Capt. vice Denham, prom. do.	52	Capt. King, from 53 F. Capt. vice St George, h. p. rec. diff. 25 May
	Ens. Wotton, from 63 F. Lt. vice Leopard, dead do.		— Montagu, from h. p. Capt. vice Rowan, prom. 8 June
18	Capt. Lynar, from h. p. Capt. vice Rogers, prom. do.	53	— Deedes, from 75 F. Capt. vice Macleod, prom. do.
19	— Raper, Maj. by purch. vice Dobbin, prom. 10 do.		— Murray, from h. p. Capt. (paying diff.) vice King, 52 F. 25 May
	Sweny, from h. p. Capt. vice Sargent, 53 F. 8 do.	54	— Widdrington, from h. p. Capt. vice Harrison, prom. 8 June
20	Capt. Garrett, from h. p. 96 F. Capt. vice Frankland, 34 F. do.	55	Maj. Lumley, from h. p. Maj. vice Kelly, prom. do.
	— Langmead, from h. p. Capt. vice Falls, prom. do.	55	Capt. Cameron, from h. p. 60 F. Capt. vice Clunie, 17 F. do.
24	Capt. Doyle, from h. p. Capt. vice Baby, prom. do.	56	Ens. Cuddy, Lt. vice Keating, dead 18 May
25	Capt. Holford, from h. p. 1 F. Gds. Capt. vice Austen, prom. do.	58	W. Wybrow, Ens. do.
	— Butler, from h. p. Capt. vice Wolseley, prom. do.		Capt. Sargent, from 19 F. Capt. vice Dudgeon, prom. 8 June
	C. R. J. Collinson, Ens. by purch. vice Ilderton, prom. 25 May		— Wynyard, from h. p. Capt. vice Murray, prom. do.
26	Capt. Stewart, from h. p. Capt. vice Whitty, prom. 8 June		Isaac Blackburne, Ens. by purch. vice Bell, prom. 25 May
27	T. Wood, Ens. vice Grove, 63 F. do.	60	H. Howard, Ens. by purch. vice Howard, prom. 1 June
28	Capt. Colthurst, from 52 F. Capt. vice Irving, prom. do.	61	Maj. Ellis, from h. p. Maj. (paying diff.) vice Manners, 57 F. 25 May
29	Capt. Champaign, from h. p. Capt. vice Bešes, prom. do.		W. H. Diek, Ens. by purch. vice Crosby, 3 Lt. Drs. do.
	U. Boyd, Ens. by purch. vice Hopwood, prom. 10 do.	62	Capt. Pearson, from h. p. Capt. vice Goodman, prom. 2 June
30	Capt. Procter, from h. p. 43 F. Capt. vice Howard, prom. 8 do.		Lt. Power, Capt. by purch. vice Reed, prom. 10 do.
			Ens. Kerr, Lt. do.
			E. F. Stopford, Ens. do.

- Capt. Ramsden, from h. p. Capt. vice Riddale, prom. 12 June
 63 Ens. Grove, from 27 F. Ens. vice Wotton, 17 F. 8 do.
 69 Bt. Lt. Col. Lord C. Fitzroy, from h. p. 27 F. Maj. vice M'Donald, prom. 18 May
 Capt. Johnson, Maj. by purch. vice Fitzroy, prom. 10 June
 Lt. Ravenscroft, Capt. do.
 Ens. Du Pre, Lt. do.
 M. J. Western, Ens. do.
 65 Bt. Lt. Col. Hon. G. L. Dawson, from h. p. 69 F. Capt. vice Digby, prom. 8 do.
 Capt. Smyth, from h. p. Capt. vice Elard, prom. do.
 66 John Mellis, Ens. by purch. vice Nelly, prom. 10 do.
 As. Surg. Henry, Surg. vice Eagan, dead 8 do.
 Capt. Stewart, from 1 W. I. Regt. Capt. vice Burke, prom. do.
 — Daniell, from 3 F. Capt. vice Nicholls, prom. do.
 — George, from R. Afr. Col. C. Capt. vice Goldie, prom. do.
 68 Ens. M'Nabb, from 74 F. Lt. vice Carson, dead 11 May
 70 Capt. Laing, from h. p. Capt. vice Huxley, prom. 8 June
 71 H. E. Ansten, Ens. by purch. vice Saumarez, prom. 10 do.
 73 Lt. Tennant, from 35 F. Capt. by purch. vice Drewe, 91 F. do.
 — Nowlan, from Ceylon Regt. Lt. vice Bouchier, h. p. 99 F. 11 May
 74 Ens. Ansell, from 75 F. Ens. vice M'Nabb, 68 F. do.
 75 Capt. Davis, from 38 F. Capt. vice Edwards, prom. 8 June
 — Halifax, from h. p. Capt. vice Deedes, 52 F. do.
 — Hall, from h. p. Capt. vice Newton, prom. do.
 Ens. Ld. Cha. Wellesley, from h. p. 82 F. Ens. vice Ansell, 74 F. 11 May
 76 Capt. Stevenson, Maj. by purch. vice Vilet, prom. 17 June
 Lt. Hutchinson, Capt. do.
 Ens. Hon. C. Gordon, Lt. do.
 J. Thompson, Ens. do.
 77 Capt. Mason, from h. p. 100 F. Capt. vice Baird prom. 8 do.
 — Jones, Maj. by purch. vice Bradshaw prom. 10 do.
 Lt. Castle, Capt. do.
 Ens. Clerke, Lt. do.
 B. C. Bordes, Ens. do.
 78 Capt. Vassal, from h. p. Capt. vice Stanhope prom. do.
 79 — Mathias, from h. p. Capt. vice Mitchell, prom. do.
 82 Ens. Nagel, Lt. by purch. vice Ashe, Cape Corps 11 May
 H. Hyde, Ens. 20 do.
 84 Capt. Alexander, from h. p. vice Bernard, prom. do.
 — Willington, from h. p. vice Jenkins, prom. do.
 Lt. Stewart, Capt. by purch. vice Lord Dungarvan, who ret. 25 do.
 Ens. Broom, Lt. do.
 Lt. Peck, from 89 F. Lt. vice Glasgow, h. p. 18 L. Drs. 8 June
 85 Ens. Cooke, Lt. by purch. vice Machin, prom. 10 do.
 — Seton, from 25 F. Ens. vice Wynyard prom. 21 May
 Rd. O. Ward, Ens. by purch. vice Cooke 10 June
 86 Lt. Kearney, from 45 F. Lt. vice Perry, R. Af. Col. Corps. 8 do.
 Capt. Le Marchant, from h. p. Capt. vice Grey, 36 F. do.
 88 Major Hailes, from h. p. Major, vice M'Gregor 25 May
 89 Lt. Twigg, from h. p. 18 Lt. Drs. Lieut. (rec. diff.) vice Peck, 84 F. 8 June
 Maj. Forbes, from Cape Corps, Maj. vice Clifford, 8 do.
- 91 Capt. Drewe, from 73 F. Maj. by purch. vice Hay, prom. 10 June
 — Gould, from h. p. Capt. vice Creighton, prom. 8 do.
 92 — Campbell, from h. p. Capt. vice Pilkington, prom. do.
 93 Ass. Surg. Bush, from 14 L. Drs. Surg. vice M'Lachlan, who ret. h. p. 18 May
 Capt. Macquarie, from h. p. 53 F. Capt. vice Ellis, prom. 8 June
 94 Maj. Craufurd, from 8 L. Drs. Lt. Col. by purch. vice White, who ret. 10 do.
 Capt. Snow, from h. p. Capt. vice Gray, prom. 8 do.
 95 Ens. Simpson, from 5 F. Adj. and Ens. vice Main, who ret. h. p. 43 F. 18 May
 Capt. Stainton, from h. p. Capt. vice Gore, prom. 8 June
 96 Capt. Cairneross, Maj. by purch. vice Mansel, prom. 10 do.
 Lt. Cumberland, Capt. do.
 Ens. De Meuron, Lt. do.
 Jackson W. A. Ray, Ens. do.
 97 Ens. Travers, Lt. by purch. vice Mairis, prom. do.
 Chas. Magel, Ens. do.
 Lt. Col. Wodehouse, from h. p. Maj. vice Austen, prom. 8 do.
 98 As. Surg. Lawder, M.D. from 2 R. V. B. As. Surg. vice Smith, Med. Staff 25 May
 Maj. Rudsell, from h. p. 3 Ceylon Reg. Maj. vice Dunn, prom. 8 June
 99 Lt. Col. Riddall, from h. p. Maj. vice Balvaire, prom. do.
 Rifle Brig. Major Hewett, from h. p. Maj. vice Miller, prom. do.
 1 W. I. Reg. Hosp. As. Browne, As. Surg. vice Brady, 93 F. 25 May
 Ceylon Reg. Lt. Moutresor, from 78 F. Capt. by purch. vice Auber 11 do.
 Lt. Davidson, from h. p. 99 F. Lt. vice Nowlan, 13 F. do.
 J. Woodford, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Van Kemper, prom. 24 do.
 Hosp. As. Lucas, As. Surg. vice Wilkins, 2 F. 25 do.
 Cape (Cav.) P. Grehan, Cor. by purch. vice Segrave, prom. 8 June
 Cape (Inf.) Lt. Ashe, from 82 F. Capt. by purch. vice Bushe, prom. 11 May
 Rl. Af. Col. Corps. Sir Neil Campbell, Maj. Gen. vice Turner, dead 18 do.
 Ens. Wyse, Lt. vice Graham, dead 9 do.
 — Nott, Lt. vice Foss, dead 10 do.
 — Landles, Lt. vice Turner, dead 11 do.
 Volun. Dennis, Ens. vice Wyse 9 do.
 — M'Donnell, Ens. vice Nott 10 do.
 — Stapleton, Ens. vice Landles 11 do.
 — W. F. Vernon, Ens. vice Robinson, dead 1 June
 Lt. Perry, from 86 F. Capt. vice Ross, dead 8 do.
- Staff.*
- Maj. Huxley, Insp. F. Off. in Nova Scotia, with rank of Lt. Col. vice Woodhouse, res. 25 May
- Hospital Staff.*
- Hosp. As. Topham, As. Surg. Watson, prom. 11 May
 — Bushe, M.D. As. Surg. vice Campbell, 6 F. 1 June
 — Ford, As. Surg. vice Hume, prom. do.
 John Molyneux, Hosp. As. vice Sidey, 25 F. 2 May
 Richard Poole, Hosp. As. vice Callander, 83 F. 18 do.
 George Ross Watson, Hosp. As. vice Benza, prom. 25 do.
 Edward Overton, Hosp. As. vice Portelli, prom. do.
 John Smith, Hosp. As. vice Duncan, 78 F. 8 June
 Samuel John Stratford, Hosp. As. vice M'Gregor, 42 F. do.
 Hosp. As. Michael Hanley, Hosp. As. vice Topham, prom. 25 May

Hosp. As. J. FitzGerald, M.D. Hosp. As. vice Russell, 77 F. 1 June
 J. Strath, Hosp. As. vice Brodie, 13 F. do.
 J. Ferguson, Hosp. As. vice Forrest, 20 F. do.

Unattached.

To be Lieut.-Cols. of Infantry by purchase.
 Brev. Lt. Col. Lord Chas. Fitz Roy, from 64 F. 10 June

Maj. Bradshaw, from 77 F. vice Morgan, ret. do.
 — Mills, from 2 Dr. Gds. do.
 — Glover, from 1 F. vice D'Arcey of R. Artill. ret. do.
 — Hay, from 91 F. do.
 — Mansel, from 96 F. do.
 — Dabbin, from 19 F. do.
 Capt. Cuyler, from Colds. F. Gds. do.
 Maj. Vilet, from 76 F. 17 do.

To be Majors of Infantry by purchase.

Capt. Goldsmid, from 34 F. 10 June
 — Bragge, from 3 Lt. Dr. do.
 — M'Arthur, from 19 F. do.
 — Reed, from 62 F. do.
 — Prosser, from 7 Dr. Gds. do.
 — Hon. Chas. Napier, from 88 F. 18 do.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lt. Berners, from 3 F. Gds. 10 June
 — Elliott, from 33 F. do.
 — Moore, from 69 F. vice Gossif, whose prom. has not taken place do.
 — Mairis, from 97 F. do.
 — Forbes, from 7 F. do.
 — Wingfield, from 13 F. do.
 — Westera, from 7 F. do.
 — Kennedy, from 50 F. do.
 — Heigham, from 6 Dr. do.
 — Martin, from 85 F. do.
 — Armstrong, from Cav. Cape Corps do.
 — Dallas, from 2 Life Gds. do.
 — Adams, from 12 F. do.
 — Stewart, from 8 F. do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by Purchase.

Ens. Wilson, from 10 F. do.
 — Nelly, from 66 F. do.
 — Saumarez, from 71 F. do.
 — Hopwood, from 29 F. do.
 — Chawner, from 42 F. do.

To be Ensigns by Purchase.

H. M. Madden, vice Hooper, whose app. has not taken place do.
 Cha. Holden, vice Grehan do. 8 do.
 Cha. Annesley Benson 17 do.

Exchanges.

Col. Eustace, from Gren. Gds. with Lt. Col. Ellis, h. p.
 — Sir J. Buchan, from 29 F. with Lt. Col. Simpson, h. p.
 Lt. Col. Gubbins, from 67 F. with Col. Burslem, h. p. 14 F.
 — Maitland, from 84 F. with Col. Neynoe, h. p. 4 F.
 — Craufurd, from 94 F. with Lt. Col. Paty, h. p.
 Capt. Burdett, from 10 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Lord J. Fitz Roy, h. p.
 — Scott, from 4 F. rec. diff. with Capt. England, h. p.
 — O'Dell, from 5 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Musgrave, h. p.
 — Sir W. Crosbie, Bt. from 25 F. rec. diff. with Captain Bigge, h. p.
 — Babington, from 26 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hogarth, h. p.
 — Barrs, from 35 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Budden, h. p.
 — Rooke, from 34 F. with Capt. Airey, h. p.
 — Cooke, from 43 F. rec. diff. with Hon. Capt. A. C. J. Browne, h. p.
 — Maxwell, from 49 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Dunn, h. p.
 — Gray, from 54 F. with Capt. Arnaud, h. p. 34 F.
 — Rickards, from 99 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Colomb, h. p.
 — MacNamara, from Rifle Brig. rec. diff. with Capt. Byng, h. p.
 — Hamilton, from 2 W. I. R. with Capt. Brereton, h. p. 1 F.
 Lieut. Barrow, from 4 F. with Lieut. Gordon, 63 F.

Lieut. Unlacke, from 10 F. with Lieut. Hemmings, h. p. 93 F.

— Morrison, from 49 F. with Lieut. Coote, h. p.
 — Hon. R. King, from 69 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hopwood, h. p.
 — M'Nabb, from 99 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Gordon, h. p.

*Resignations and Retirements.**Lieutenant-Colonels.*

Sir R. Church, h. p. Greek L. L.
 Renny, h. p. Insp. Pd. Off. Mil.
 Gells, h. p. 73 F.
 Lee (Col.) h. p. 36 F.
 Maxwell, h. p. 30 F.
 M'Neill, h. p. Portuguese Off.
 Perceval, h. p. 67 F.
 Rian, h. p. 93 F.
 Joly, h. p. 6 W. I. R.
 Stewart, h. p. 30 F.
 Gregorson (Lt.-Col.) h. p. 31 F.
 Herford (do.) h. p. 23 F.
 Melchior, Baron Decken, h. p. 6 Line Bn. King's Ger. Leg.

Majors.

Rian, h. p. 93 F.
 Joly, h. p. 6 W. I. R.
 Stewart, h. p. 30 F.
 Gregorson (Lt.-Col.) h. p. 31 F.
 Herford (do.) h. p. 23 F.
 Melchior, Baron Decken, h. p. 6 Line Bn. King's Ger. Leg.

Captains.

Lord Alvanley, h. p. 100 F.
 Galbraith, 64 F.
 Rod. M'Donald, h. p. 21 F.
 Armstrong, h. p. 9 F.
 Grahame, h. p. 6 F.
 Chambre, h. p. 36 F.
 Prole, h. p. 83 F.
 Dymock, h. p. 36 F.
 Ronald, h. p. Portug. Off.
 Holland (Maj.) h. p. 69 F.
 Hopkins, h. p. 4 F.
 Buchanan, h. p. 32 F.
 Holden, h. p. 150 F.

Lieutenants.

Bannatyne, h. p. 8 F.
 Hagar, h. p. 46 F.
 Nairne, h. p. 92 F.
 Nason, h. p. 92 F.
 Brooke, h. p. 6 W. I. Regt.
 Borthwick, h. p. 9 F.

*Ensign.**Unattached.*

The under-mentioned Officers, having Brevet rank superior to their Regimental Commissions, have accepted Promotion upon half-pay, according to the General Order of 25th April 1826.

To be Lieut.-Cols. of Infantry.

Br. Lt.-Col. Haverfield, from unattached full pay, 4 May 1826.

Brev. Col. Hicks, fm. 32 F. 11 do.
 Br. Lt.-Col. King, fm. 10 F. do.
 — Austin, fm. 97 F. do.
 — Parke, fm. 39 F. 18 do.
 — M'Donald, fm. 64 F. do.
 — Dunn, fm. 93 F. do.
 — Dunbar, fm. 37 F. 25 do.
 — Glegg, fm. 49 F. do.
 — Miller, fm. Rifle Br. do.
 — Clifford, fm. 89 F. 1 June.
 — Kelly, fm. 54 F. do.
 — Maxwell, fm. 15 F. do.
 — Sir E. Williams, fm. 4 F. do.
 — Balvaire, fm. 99 F. do.
 — Sir J. R. Colleton, Bt. from R. Staff do.

Corps

— M'Donald, fm. 19 F. do.
 — Jones, fm. 26 F. 8 do.
 — Macalester, fm. 35 F. do.

To be Majors of Infantry.

Br. Maj. Erskine, fm. 4 F. 11 May 1826.
 — Campbell, fm. 8 F. do.
 — Fox, fm. 30 F. do.
 — Murray, fm. 58 F. do.
 Br. Lt.-Col. Riddale, fm. 62 F. do.
 Br. Maj. Nichols, fm. 66 F. do.
 — Burke, fm. 66 F. do.
 — Harrison, fm. 55 F. do.
 — Newton, fm. 75 F. do.
 — Rogers, fm. 18 F. do.
 — Dent, fm. 10 F. do.
 — Edwards, fm. 75 F. do.
 — Crospe, fm. 36 F. 18 do.

Br. Maj. Fawcett, fm. 60 F.	18 May 1826.	
— Pilkington, fm. 92 F.	do.	<i>Major-Generals.</i>
— Denham, fm. 17 F.	do.	Sir Tho. Brooke Pechell, Bt.
— Howard, fm. 30 F.	do.	Miller, late of R. Marines,
— Wolsey, fm. 25 F.	do.	Haldane, E. Ind. Comp. Service.
— Locker, fm. 54 F.	do.	<i>Lieut.-Colonels.</i>
— Ellard, fm. 65 F.	do.	Tulloch, h. p. Art. London
— M'Pherson, fm. 42 F.	do.	28 May 1826.
— Hogarth, fm. 54 F.	25 do.	<i>Majors.</i>
— Whilly, fm. 26 F.	25 do.	Ovins, 57 F. New South Wales.
— Gray, fm. 94 F.	do.	Weeks, h. p. 7 W. L. R. Nassau, New Providence
— Cuppage, fm. 39 F.	do.	3 April 1826.
— Falls, fm. 20 F.	1 do.	<i>Captains.</i>
— Bowen, fm. 3 F.	1 June.	Shervington, 99 F. on passage to Mauritius
— Ellis, fm. 93 F.	do.	16 Feb. 1826.
— Weare, fm. 53 F.	do.	Fred. Baron Both, late 1 Light Bn. Ger. Leg. Ha-
— Lynch, fm. 35 F.	do.	nover
— Raines, fm. 38 F.	do.	<i>Lieutenants.</i>
— Rowan, fm. 7 F.	do.	Askew, 2 Dr. Cahir
— Mitchell, fm. 79 F.	do.	Blane, h. p. 2 Dr.
— Jenkin, fm. 84 F.	do.	Elliott, h. p. 25 Dr. Calcutta
— Lyster, fm. 8 F.	do.	Tisdall, late 4 R. Vet. Bn. Cork
— Cother, fm. 8 F.	do.	Donald Cameron, late 6 R. Vet. Bn. Cork
— Kelly, fm. 10 F.	do.	12 May 1826.
— Goodman, fm. 61 F.	do.	Brisco, h. p. 30 F. Belam, 9 F.
— Bernard, fm. 84 F.	do.	Tod, h. p. 4 W. L. R. Libberton, N. B.
— Digby, fm. 65 F.	do.	Thomson, h. p. R. Art. Edinburgh
— Bennett, from 69 F.	do.	Quade, h. p. 1 Foreign Vet. Bn. Walsrobe, Hano-
— Yale, fm. 48 F.	do.	ver
— Baley, fm. 24 F.	do.	<i>Cornets, 2d Lieutenants and Ensigns.</i>
— Campbell, fm. 22 F.	do.	Lord Dorchester, R. H. Gds. London
Br. Lt.-Col. Thorn, fm. 25 F.	do.	Wood, 1 F. 2d Bn.
— Maule, fm. 26 F.	do.	Kennedy, h. p. Bourbon Reg. Colombo

Cashiered.

Dep. As. Com. Gen. Duguid.

List of Officers killed and wounded in the assault on the Fortress of Bhurtpoor, East Indies, in the months of Dec. 1825, and Jan. 1826.

Killed.

Cpts. Armstrong, 14 F.	18 Jan. 1826.
— Pitman, 59 F.	do.

Wounded.

Brig.-Gen. M'Combe, 14 F.	18 Jan. 1826.
— Edwards, 14 F. (dangerously)	do.
Lieut. Wymer, 11 Dr. slightly,	20 Dec. 1825.
— Stack, 14 F.	18 Jan. 1826.
— Dally, 14 F.	do.
— Long, 59 F.	do.
— Hoctor, 59 F.	do.
— Pitman, 39 F.	do.

Deaths.**General.**

Watson, of late 2d R. Vet. Bn. formerly of 3 F. Gds. Calais	11 June 1826.
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	1 Dec. 1825.
Campbell, late 8 R. Vet. Bn. Goran, by Glasgow.	27 May 1826.
<i>Quarter-Master.</i>	
Skene, h. p. 109 F. Aberdeenshire	4 May 1826.
<i>Commissariat Department.</i>	
Dep. As. Com. Gen. Whaley, Cape Coast Castle	5 March 1826.
<i>Medical Department.</i>	
Bigger, h. p. Dep. Insp. of Hosp. Bristol	9 May 1826.
Dakins, Staff Surg. do.	25 do.
Rawling, h. p. do. Bath	30 Jan.
Egan, 66 F. Dublin	27 May.
Cogan, h. p. Surg. 81 F.	17 Jan.
Fenton, Staff. As. Surg. London	17 June.
Dudgeon, h. p. As. Surg. 4 Dr. Ireland	26 May.
Cash, h. p. As. Surg. 92 F. Coventry	6 June.
Kohrs, h. p. As. Surg. 5 Line Ger. Leg. Bergon, Hanover,	1 May.
Roche, h. p. Dep. Purv.	

Cornets, 2d Lieutenants and Ensigns.

Lord Dorchester, R. H. Gds. London	3 June 1826.
Wood, 1 F. 2d Bn.	
Kennedy, h. p. Bourbon Reg. Colombo	

	1 Dec. 1825.
Campbell, late 8 R. Vet. Bn. Goran, by Glasgow.	27 May 1826.

Quarter-Master.

Skene, h. p. 109 F. Aberdeenshire	4 May 1826.
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Commissariat Department.

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Kohrs, h. p. As. Surg. 5 Line Ger. Leg. Bergon, Hanover,	1 May.
Roche, h. p. Dep. Purv.	

Veterinary Surgeon.

Stephenson, h. p. 22 Dr. Arcot	25 Sept. 1826.
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ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 21st of May and the 24th of June 1826.

Alderton, J. Norwich, carpenter.	Brandon, R. Lucas-street, Rotherhithe, market-gardener.
Alder, D. Lawrence Pountney-place, merchant.	Brett, W. and J. Holah, Burslem, Staffordshire, grocers.
Andrews, T. Soho-square, linen-draper.	Brook, G. Honley Wood Bottom, Yorkshire, clothier.
Anderton, T. Leeds, grocer.	Brydon, W. and D. Mackenzie, Cornhill, druggists.
Ansell, G. and C. A. Bank Printing Ground, Wimbledon, Surrey, calico-printers.	Buckley, B. Claines, Worcester, builder.
Ashton, J. Heady-hill, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.	Buckwell, H. Hove, Sussex, baker.
Babb, J. G. Oxford, maltster.	Bulmer, S. Oxford-street woollen-draper.
Baldwin, J. F. Tiverton, Devonshire, linen-dra- per.	Bunn, R. Newcastle-on-Tyne, miller.
Barnes, N. H. Bath, victualler.	Calbreath, J. G. Houghton-le-Spring, Durham, grocer.
Barlow, H. Macclesfield, Cheshire, silk-manufac- turer.	Capes, G. Burton-upon-Umber, Lincolnshire, dra- per.
Bartlet, J. Hove, Sussex, builder.	Carr, D. Birmingham, grocer.
Bayley, J. Collyhurst, Lancashire, flour-dealer.	Carr, W. H. and G. Over, Durwen, Lancashire, cotton-spinners.
Beauvais, A. John-street, Berkeley-square, wine- merchant.	Carr, J. Wyersdale, Lancashire, road-contractor.
Bell, J. Liverpool, merchant.	Chalenor, T. Huddersfield, baker.
Bentley, N. Hinckley, Leicestershire, grocer.	Chard, J. S. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, tan- ner.
Bevil, J. W. Oxford, grocer.	Chadwick, B. High-street, Mary-le-bonne, che- mist.
Bickerdike, G. Huddersfield, inn-keeper.	Cheesewright, W. Devonshire-street, Mile-end, London, bill-broker.
Bishop, E. Sheerness, banker.	
Black, W. Liverpool, bookseller.	
Blacket, R. and S. Osset, York, cotton-spinners.	
Blore, I. C. Liverpool, confectioner.	
Borrowdale, I. S. Lothbury, wine-merchant.	
Bower, W. Barnstable, Devonshire, silk-mercer.	

- Child, W. Cow-lane, Smithfield, carpenter.
 Clarke, J. Worcester, coach-proprietor.
 Clerke, G. Cherry-tree-court, Aldersgate-street, watch-manufacturer.
 Cliffe, J. and W. Armitage, Paddock, Yorkshire.
 Clough, J. B. Liverpool, merchants.
 Coley, W. P. and H. H. Browne, Old Broad-street, wine-merchant.
 Colbron, H. Brighthelmstone, timber-merchant.
 Comtesse, L. Upper King-street, watchcase-manufacturer.
 Cook, E. jun. Eye, Suffolk, grocer.
 Cook, W. jun. Brighthelmstone, Sussex, grocer.
 Coxhead, B. L. Canon-street, London, grocer.
 Crucifix, J. C. and J. Smith, Strand, London, blacking-makers.
 Crumb, W. jun. Shoreham, Sussex, ironmonger.
 Dawes, R. Drayton-in-Hales, Shropshire, mercer.
 Davy, W. Norwich, iron and brass founder.
 Davis, M. Great Bolton, Lancashire, timber-merchant.
 Dauncey, T. Cateaton-street, general commission agent.
 Dignam, J. Newman-street, Oxford-street, money-scrivener.
 Dore, W. H. Bath, scrivener.
 Douglas, T. Buck-lane, St Luke's, builder.
 Downes, G. Gainsford-street, Horselydown, elder-merchant.
 Dunhill, J. jun., Wakefield, Yorkshire, tailor.
 Dutt, G. Louth, Lincolnshire, builder.
 Dysart, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Edwards, H. Crutched Friars, wine-merchant.
 Edwards, R. Neath, Glamorganshire, shopkeeper.
 Elleson, E. Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, goldsmith.
 Essex, G. Bristol, bookseller and stationer.
 Etheridge, J. Three King-court, Lombard-street, drysalter.
 Everhall, S. Manchester, fustian-manufacturer.
 Everth, J. Austin Friars, merchant.
 Eyles, J. Hammersmith, carpenter.
 Farrar, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Fearnley, C. South Sea Chambers, Threadneedle-street, London, merchant.
 Foden, E. Warwick, printer.
 Francis, E. Maidenhead, coach-maker.
 Fuch, J. C. Finsbury-square, merchant.
 Gibson, H. and A. Greaves, Plantation-mills, Lancashire, calico-printers.
 Godwin, W. Stanmore, linen-draper.
 Goold, A. Bradford, Wilts, coal-merchant.
 Gosden, T. Bedford-street, Covent Garden, book-binder.
 Gough, R. Brislington, Somerset, dealer.
 Gough, T. Stockport, Cheshire, builder.
 Gould, S. Isleworth, Middlesex, calico-printer.
 Grant, R. Birmingham, draper.
 Greenfield, E. Cuckfield, Sussex, tanner.
 Haig, J. New Kent-road, London, cabinet-maker.
 Hall, T. Chesterfield, Derbyshire, grocer.
 Hampton, J. and R. Windle, Liverpool, coal-merchants.
 Harris, A. Dursley, Gloucestershire, commission-agent.
 Harding J. Hem, Shropshire, grocer.
 Harding, T. High-street, Poplar, builder.
 Henry, S. Chester, draper.
 Henshall, W. Edgely, Cheshire, shopkeeper.
 Hickman, W. Brighthelmstone, Sussex, grocer.
 Hodgson, W. Leeds, flax-spinner.
 Hogg, W. Cardiff, Glamorganshire, shopkeeper.
 Holbeck, L. King-street, Golden-square, embroiderer.
 Hopkins, W. Gower-street North, Pancras, plumber.
 Horncastle, J. Crooked lane, money-scrivener.
 Houlding, C. Liverpool, boot-vender.
 Hudson, W. Paddock Foot, Yorkshire, innkeeper.
 Hughes, J., E. North, and E. Hughes, Manchester, cotton-spinners.
 Hull, C. North-street, City-road, warehouseman.
 Humphreys, E. and B. Bailey, jun. Size-lane, dry-salters.
 Jackson, R. Coalpool, Staffordshire, corn-factor.
 Jafferson, J. Marshall-street, Carnaby-market, brewer.
 Jervis, C. Hinckley, Leicestershire, banker.
 Jones, R. Romford, grocer.
 Jones, R. Gloucester, warringer.
 Jones, J. Cheltenham, bootmaker.
 Jones, J. Dudley, draper.
 Ivens, W. Torrington-square, London, merchant.
 Keay, W. Phoenix-row, Great Surrey-street, Southwark, coach-maker.
 Kent, J. Huddersfield, York, hop-merchant.
 Kirby, J. Holbeck, Yorkshire, maltster.
 Knight, W. Holloway, broker.
 Lakeman, Dartmouth, maltster.
 Lane, J. Strand, London, cheesemonger.
 Launitz, C. F. Bucklersbury, merchant.
 Lawson, J. Prince's-square, Ratcliffe, chairmaker.
 Lawes, J. Weston Mills, Somersetshire, mealman.
 Lawes, S. Charlton, Hants, farmer.
 Leeke, E. Queen-street, Worship-street, coal-merchant.
 Lewis, J. S. Bristol, factor.
 Liddel, J. Huddersfield, bootmaker.
 Linsel, W. P. Sun-street, linen-draper.
 Littell, G. Gun-street, Spitalfields, builder.
 Littler, J. T. Hudson, and F. W. Bowyer, Church-court, Clement's-lane, dry-salters.
 Lloyd, W. Hereford, wine-merchant.
 Lumbers, R. Chester, draper.
 Lyeett, P. T. St Peter the Great, Worcester, glover.
 Mackenzie, G. Bridgewater-street, Somers-town, merchant.
 Mackie, E. Maidenhead, sadler.
 Malleys, S. Sculcoates, Yorkshire, merchant.
 Manning, J. Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, cloth-manufacturer.
 Marsh, J. King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street.
 Mawson, C. J. J. Manchester, manufacturer.
 Mellor, J. Macclesfield, builder.
 Mills, W. J. Union-street, Borough, victualler.
 Moggridge, G. Birmingham, japanner.
 Moore, W. Cirencester, Gloucester, draper.
 Morris, T. Hyde, Stafford, ironmaster.
 Mullett, R. C. Minerva-terrace, auctioneer.
 Nabb, J. Manchester, grocer.
 Neale, J. Leicester, victualler.
 Neale, A. Frome, Somersetshire, victualler.
 Neville, J. G. Sheffield, victualler.
 Noble, R. Chipping Ongar, Essex, builder.
 Old, J. Bridgewater, Somersetshire, inn-keeper.
 Panton, J. Borden, Kent, farmer.
 Parker, A. Cheltenham, builder.
 Patten, P. Martock, Somersetshire, miller.
 Peacock, W. T. Greenwich, market-gardener.
 Pearce, J. W. Chester, corset-maker.
 Pears, J. and G. Watling-street, agents.
 Pearce, J. Bristol, porter-merchant.
 Perkins, W. Bermondsey-square, Southwark, tanner.
 Phillips, J. E. Tooley-street, Borough, upholsterer.
 Plempton, J. Old Change, London, warehouseman.
 Pooley, J. and J. Hulme, Lancaster, cotton-spinners.
 Porker, W. Vigo-street, Regent-street, jeweller.
 Powell, J. Worcestershire, grocer.
 Randall, F. A. and A. Broughton-place, Hackney-road, bill-brokers.
 Read, J. Newcastle-on-Tyne, ship-broker.
 Read, J. Regent-street, linen-draper.
 Reynolds, W. Bilston, Staffordshire, victualler.
 Rice, J. Great Torrington, Devonshire, grocer.
 Richardson, W. and A. Farrow, Kensington Gravel-pts, brewers.
 Ridley, H. St Dounat, Glamorganshire, draper.
 Ridge, R. Park-terrace, Regent's Park, London, ironmonger.
 Riley, P. Kingston-on-Hull, hatter.
 Roberts, R. Ruthin, Denbigh, draper.
 Robinson, W. F. Jermyn-street, St James, hotel-keeper.
 Rowbothon, J. Long-lane, Bermondsey, skinner.
 Ryder, J. Liverpool, broker.
 Saer, D. Gellyhalog, B. Thomas, Narberth, Pembrokeshire, and W. Matthias, Haverfordwest, bankers.
 Sansbury, J. Palatine-place, Stoke Newington, builder.
 Saunders, S. Newport, Isle of Wight, cabinet-maker.
 Saville, J. Milnsbridge, Yorkshire, clothier.
 Scott, W. and J. jun. Wakefield, merchants.
 Sedgwick, F. Fenchurch-street, merchant.
 Shaw, T., Lambert, J., and Shaw, W., Huddersfield, merchants.

Sherrin, J. Wells, Somersetshire, shopkeeper.
 Shipway, T. Bedford-square, Commercial-road,
 flour-factor.
 Shute, G. Watford, Herts, surgeon and apothecary.
 Skillman, B. Tokenhouse-yard, London, stationer.
 Smith, T. Whitson Eaves, and J. Locker, Han-
 bey, Staffordshire, bankers.
 Smith, S. jun. Sopwell Mill, Hertfordshire, miller.
 Smith, W. B. Scigley, Staffordshire, iron-master.
 Smith, J. Broad-street, merchant.
 Smith, T. Kennington-lane, Lambeth, ironmon-
 ger.
 Soliers, N. A. Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant.
 Southern, W. Manchester, inn-keeper.
 Spencer, C. J. Carlisle, upholsterer.
 Stevenson, T. Fetter-lane, baker.
 Stevens, T. Weston-street Maze, Southwark, ba-
 ker.
 Stillitoe, J. Stafford, grocer.
 Stock, A. Wigan, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
 Storrar, R. Minories, baker.
 Stratton, J. Trowbridge, Wilts, clothier.
 Stringer, T. and Hickson, J. Macclesfield, ma-
 chine-makers.
 Sunnicliffe, T. M. Hanley, Staffordshire, druggist.
 Tarrant, S. and J. Carter, Basing-lane, London,
 auctioneers.
 Tate, Edward New Shoreham, Sussex, merchant.
 Thomas, E. Cherry Garden street, Bermondsey,
 master-mariner.
 Travis, W. Audenshaw, Lancashire, hat-manu-
 facturer.
 Tucker, B. jun., Bristol, carpenter.

Turner, J. Finsbury-circus, London, builder.
 Turnor, A. H. Mile-end, builder.
 Ulph, W. and B. Jackson, Norwich, dyers.
 Unger, J. A. Fen-court, Fenchurch-street, mer-
 chant.
 Wallbridge, J. Newport, Isle of Wight, carrier.
 Walters, M. Gravesend, boat-builder.
 Wallbank, N. Keighley, Yorkshire, worsted-spin-
 ner.
 Walker, W. Nottingham, hosier.
 Ward, H. N. Bread-street-hill, merchant.
 Warren, J. Abchurch-lane, dentist.
 Warne, W. Clarges-street, Piccadilly, lodging-
 house keeper.
 Waterhouse, J. Oldham, Lancashire, druggist.
 Whitworth, W. Leeds, machine-maker.
 White, R. Upper Mary-la-bonne-street, upholsterer.
 Whittenbury, J. Great Cambridge-street, Hack-
 ney-road, London, builder.
 Williams, J. Macclesfield, Cheshire, upholsterer.
 Wilson, H. Gloucester Coffee-house, Piccadilly,
 wine-merchant.
 Wilkinson, J. and J. Mulcaster, Wood-street,
 Cheapside, warehousemen.
 Wilde, E. Royton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
 Williams, T. West Smithfield, cutler.
 Winscom, J. Andover, Hants, linen-draper.
 Witts, T. and M. J. Ingleby, Cheltenham, drapers.
 Wright, S. Salford, Lancashire, dyer.
 Wright, W. Prince's-street, Hanover-square, deal-
 er in medicines.
 Wright, W. and D. Morel, Wood-street, Spital-
 fields, machine-manufacturer.
 Weight, J. and J. Uley, Gloucestershire, clothiers.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 6th of May
 and the 4th of July, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Allan, William, brush-maker, Glasgow.
 Blackburn and Loudon, drapers and haberdashers
 in Johnstone.
 Douglas, John and James, manufacturers in Stir-
 ling.
 Elder, John, builder in Portobello.
 Forman, Alexander Meldrum, surgeon and drug-
 gist in Glasgow.
 Galbraith, James, writer and builder, Kilmar-
 nock.
 Galbraith, Hugh Aird, surgeon and druggist in
 Glasgow.
 Gibb, John, jun. merchant and commission-agent,
 Paisley.
 Gray, John, wright and grocer in Glasgow.
 Gussoni, Charles, jeweller in Edinburgh.
 Henderson, Alexander, and Company, tanners,
 Linlithgow.
 Hibbert, Thomas, horse-dealer, Madeira-court,
 Glasgow.
 Household, Charles, cooper, Glasgow.
 Kerr, Robert, spirit-merchant in Glasgow.

Kilpatrick, William, fletcher in Glasgow.
 Lindsay, John, bleacher, Burnfoot, near Loch-
 winnoch.
 M'Intyre, John, bricklayer, Glasgow.
 M'Walter, James, merchant in Paisley.
 Melvin, James, dyer and builder in Spoutmouth,
 Glasgow.
 Neish and Smart, merchants, Dundee.
 Niven, John, corn-merchant, lately in St Andrews,
 now in Elie.
 Peelson, James Corson, of Peelson, county of
 Dumfries.
 Philip, John, brewer and distiller in Cupar.
 Pollock, Robert, founder, Glasgow.
 Reid, Thomas, flour-dealer and baker, Hamilton.
 Robertson, M'Lean, and Company, manufactur-
 ers, Sidney-street, Glasgow.
 Russell, Robert, flour-miller in Tailabout.
 Scanlin, Thomas, jeweller, Edinburgh.
 Watson, James, merchant, Cupar-Fife.
 Weir and Cargill, merchants and bleachers in
 Montrose.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 11. At Barrackpoor, Bengal, Mrs G. Go-
 van, of a daughter.
 Feb. 2. At Madras, the Lady of Lieut. Brem-
 ner, of the 17th regiment Native Infantry, of a
 daughter.
 June 2. At Allanton, the Lady of George Whig-
 ham, Esq. of Halliday Hill, of a daughter.
 — At Ardtornich, Mrs Grigorson, of a daugh-
 ter.
 5. At Possil, Mrs Colin Campbell, of a son.
 4. At Northend House, the Lady of Captain G.
 Henderson, R. N. of a son.
 — Mrs J. Johnstone, junior, 25, Royal Circus,
 of a daughter.

6. At Llanelly, Wales, Mrs David Ar. Davies,
 of a daughter.
 7. At Glemburnhall, Mrs Oriniston, of a son
 and heir.
 8. At Woodville, Canaan, Mrs James Wilson,
 of a son.
 9. At Southfield, near Stirling, Mrs Captain
 Forrester, of Craiggannet, of a son.
 10. At 1, Bellevue Crescent, Mrs Robert Pater-
 son, of a son and daughter.
 — At the Government House, Jersey, the Lady
 of his Excellency Major-General Sir Colin Hal-
 kett, K. C. B. and G. C. H. of a son.
 11. At Megger Castle, the Lady of Stewart
 Menzies, Esq. of Culdars, of a son.

15. At North Berwick Lodge, the Lady of Major-General Dalrymple, of a daughter.
16. At 23, Pilrig Street, Mrs Balfour, of a son.
20. At Munro Place, near Portobello, Mrs Kirk, of a daughter.
- At 22 George Street, Mrs Dr MacLagan, of a son.
- In St James's Square, London, the Duchess of Bedford, of a daughter.
20. At the Manse of North Berwick, Mrs Balfour Graham, of a daughter.
- Mrs Milner of Nunmonkton, near New York, of a son.
21. At Newmanswalls, the Right Hon. Lady Anne Cruickshank, of a son.
22. At Canaan, the Lady of Captain Gossip, 3d Guards, of a daughter.
- At 7, Melville Street, Mrs David Campbell, of a daughter.
25. In Bolton Street, London, the Lady of Major Moody, Royal Engineers, of a son.
- At Dupplin Castle, on the Countess of Kinnoull, of a daughter, still-born.
- At Rushlaw-house, the Lady of John Buchan Sydeserf, Esq. of Rushlaw, of a son.
27. Mrs Peddie, 10, Nelson Street, of a daughter.
- At Kinloss Mause, Mrs Robertson, of a daughter.
29. Mrs Irving, Meadow Place, of a daughter.
30. At Viewforth, Mrs G. Crichton, of a daughter.
- July 1. At Brighton Place, Portobello, Mrs Glen, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- May 28. At Porechester, M. Fras. Paul Emile de Bonnechose, second son of the Chev. de Bonnechose, to Charlotte, third daughter of Captain Gourlay, R. N.
- June 1. At London, John Taylor, Esq. of Ballochneck, to Eliza, youngest daughter of George Meliss, Esq. Perth.
5. At Lord Macdonald's house in London, the Earl of Hopetoun, to the Hon. Louisa Bosville Macdonald, eldest daughter of Lord Macdonald.
- At London, the Rev. Herbert Oakley, third son of Sir Charles Oakley, Bart. to Atholl Keturah Murray, second daughter of the late Lord Charles Aynsley.
- At St Mungo's Wells, William Dods, Esq. Provost of Haddington, to Harriet, daughter of John Sheriff, Esq.
- At Shawfield, Major Walker, late 42d foot, to Helen, only daughter of the late Robert Cleg-horn, M.D. of Shawfield.
6. At George's Square, the Rev. John George Gotthred Wermelskirch, of Posen, to Anne, youngest daughter of the late Ninean Lowis, Esq. of Plean.
- At No. 1, Meadow Place, Mr John Wallace, accountant to the Provincial Bank of Ireland, at Clonmell, to Janet Stewart, daughter of the late James MacLaurin, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.
- At Cowhill, near Dumfries, N. Hollingsworth, Esq. only son of the Rev. N. J. Hollingsworth, A. M. Vicar of Haltwhistle, Northumberland, to Margareta Euphemia, eldest daughter of Captain C. J. Johnston, royal navy, of Cowhill.
8. At 27, George Square, Captain Matthew Moncrieff of Culfargie, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Archibald Campbell, Esq.
- Mr R. Hudspeh, 7, Henderson Row, to Marianne, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Adam Cairns of Longforgan.
- At Dunchattan, John Turnbull, Esq. to Mary, daughter of the late William Hutcheson, Esq.
12. At Newmill, Mr Alexander Walker, Perth, to Jane Blair, eldest daughter of Mr James Henderson, Newmill.
13. At Trinity, Thomas Jones, Esq. to Mary, eldest daughter of Robert Menzies, Esq.
15. At Fairnielaw, Colinton, Mr Robert Mackinlay, merchant, Edinburgh, to Ann, eldest daughter of John Pettet, Esq.
16. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Alexander Watt, A.M. to Charlotte Ellen, only daughter of the late Captain Robert Rutherford Campbell.
19. At Leith, Christopher Wood, Esq. junior, to Marion, daughter of John Hay, Esq. Links.

19. At Cupar Fife, the Rev. William Currie Ar-nal, Associate Congregation, Portobello, to Miss Boswall Moffat, daughter of Mr Abraham Moffat, Supervisor of Excise.
- At Stirling, Peter Barland, Esq. surgeon, R. N., to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr Patrick Cunningham, tanner, Stirling.
20. At Thurso Manse, the Rev. Donald Sage, minister of Rochsoles, to Eliza, daughter of the Rev. William Mackintosh, minister of Thurso.
21. At Glasgow, Mr Wm. B. Sandeman, Leith, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr Robert Watt, manufacturer.
- At Fintington, Sussex, Major W. Hewitt, second son of General Sir George Hewitt, Bart. to Sarah, second daughter of General Sir James Duff.
22. At London, Sackville Fox, Esq. to the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Osborne, daughter of his Grace the Duke of Leeds.
23. At Cardrona Mains, Mr John Aitchison, Kerfield, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Stodart, Esq.
24. At London, Mr Dutton, to Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk.
26. At Balgarvie, Mr Richard Berrie, writer, Cupar, to Isabella, daughter of the late Mr John Scott, tenant of Balgarvie.
27. At Dean Street, Mr George Carphin, junior, solicitor-at-law, to Susan, second daughter of the late Rev. James Rhind, of Whitburn.
28. At Edinburgh, Wm. Leckie Ewing, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Eleonora, eldest daughter of John Macfarlan, Esq. advocate.
- At Shelburn Bank, David Forrest, Esq. to Mrs Eliza Thomson, relict of Mr John Thomson, surgeon, Royal Navy.
- At Shelburn Bank, Peter Fairbairn, M.D., surgeon, Royal Navy, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late Mr David Forest, auctioneer, Edinburgh.
29. At East Craigie, Mr James Bishop, farmer, Craigercock, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late Archibald Wilson, Esq. House of Hill.
30. At Glenlee, the Chief of Clanranald, to Lady Ashburton.
- July 1. At Hanwell Church, Middlesex, Geo. Hickman, Esq. Great Marlow, Bucks, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Wm. Aitchison, Edinburgh.
- Lately, The Rev. John M'Clelan, minister of Kelton, to Miss Chalmers, sister of the Rev. Dr Chalmers, of the University of St Andrews.

DEATHS.

- Nov. 16, 1825. Killed in action at Wattygoon, near Prome, Brigadier Robert M'Dowall, Lieut.-Colonel Commandant of the 1st European regiment, and commanding the 2d brigade of Madras troops serving in Ava.
- Dec. 4. At Chittagong, Lieut. Alexander Pitcairn, of the 10th regiment Madras Native Infantry, fourth son of the late Alex. Pitcairn, Esq. Edinburgh.
28. At Arrraean, of the pestilential fever of that country, Captain John Mackintosh, of the 49th regiment Bengal Native Infantry, in the Hon. East India Company's service, third son of the late John Mackintosh, Esq. of Aberarder.
- Jan. 18, 1826. Killed, at the storming of Bhurtpore, Captain Armstrong, of the 14th British Infantry, eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel Armstrong, formerly of the 64th foot.
- May 15. At Morningside, Mr Thomas G. Meldrum, of the Crown hotel; and, on the 26th of the same month, his father, Mr William Meldrum, late of the Bell inn, Kirkaldy.
19. At Exeter, on the 19th ult. Quentin M'Adam, Esq. of Craigtengillan.
23. At Dunbar, Mr James Simpson.
25. At Govan, Mr Robert Austin, merchant, Glasgow.
- At Keir Manse, the Rev. James Keyden, minister of the parish of Keir.
26. At Petersburg, Lady Strangford, wife of the English Ambassador at that court.
- At Portobello, Colin Matheson, infant son of D. C. Cameron, Esq.
28. At Manor Manse, Janet, second daughter of the Rev. William Marshall.
29. At Milford Haven, on board the *Mary Hope*,

Henry, the infant son of Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Brisbane, K.C.B.

31. At Stranraer, Euphemia, aged 9 years, eldest daughter of Mr Jas. H. Ross, W.S.

— At Broomrigg, East Lothian, Mr George Kay, formerly farmer at Pilton, Mid-Lothian, and Good Hope, Dumfries-shire.

— At her house, St Andrew Square, Mrs General Forbes.

— At Waterloo, Decosta, the celebrated peasant, who was compelled to act as guide to Buonaparte, in the memorable battle of June 18th.

June 1. James Colin, son of Captain Frederick Campbell, late of the 42d regiment of foot.

2. At Merchiston Bank, Mrs Clarke of Comrie.

— At Surgeon Square, Mr Alex. Fairley, formerly of Dunfermline.

3. At London, the right Hon. Lord Dorchester.

— At his house, in George Square, William Dymock, Esq. writer to the signet.

3. At Lanark, Mrs Wilson, widow of Mr James Wilson of Whitburn, merchant. During her widowhood, she laid out, in works of charity and mercy, several thousand pounds; built and endowed a charity school at Lanark for 35 boys and 35 girls; provided a good house and liberal salary for the teacher; gave, during her life, among other things, L.40 a-year to her superannuated townswomen, and left the said sum to be divided annually among them after her death, besides L.1500 to religious and charitable institutions.

4. At Fruitfield, William Mack of Fruitfield, Esq. writer in Airdrie.

5. At Craigpark, Louisa, youngest daughter of James Mackenzie, Esq.

— At her house, Great King street, Mrs Katherine Miller, widow of Mr Alex. Simpson, jun. of the Royal Bank, Edinburgh.

— At West Linton, Mr Robert Somerville, farmer.

6. At Crieff, Mrs Christian Wright, relict of Mr Thomas M'Comish, distiller there.

— At Sunbridge, in Kent, Mrs Sarah Hay Paterson Wyatt, wife of Thos. Wyatt, Esq.

7. At Orchill, Mrs Gillespie Graham of Orchill.

— At Claremont street, Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Thomson, eldest daughter of the deceased John Thomson of Prior Letham, Esq.

8. At 25, West Lauriston, Mrs Clementina Cunningham, wife of Mr Simon Cunningham, Edinburgh.

— At Montrose, Jane, eldest daughter of the Rev. John King.

— At Ballyshannon, Ireland, Samuel Cunning, aged 112 years.

— Near Llangolen, Denbighshire, Henry Adolphus Chessborough, son of Alexander Falconer, Esq. of Falcon Hall, near Edinburgh.

9. Lieut. Askew, of the Royal North British dragoons.

12. At Dunfermline, Mr Robert Laurie, soap-manufacturer.

— At Midshiells, Arch. Douglas, Esq. of Adderstone.

— At Montrose, Janet, the infant daughter of the Rev. Dr Paterson.

— At her house, Keir street, Miss Helen Greig.

13. At her house, Farm street, Berkeley square, London, Annabella, widow of Count-General James Lockhart, of Lee and Carnwath.

— At Flimby, in Cumerland, Miss Beatrix Hunter, eldest daughter of the late James Hunter, Esq. of Frankfield.

14. On board the Alfred East Indiaman, on the return voyage from Bombay and China, Surgeon Edmund Moffat, second son of Mr Moffat, 28 James square, Edinburgh.

— At Grahamstoun, near Falkirk, Mr Henry Swinton Miles, youngest son of Mr Robert Miles, shipmaster.

15. At Dumfries, Mrs Edgar, in consequence of the severe injury she sustained by the breaking down of a coach at Hollywood village.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Hutchison, builder.

— At Bernard street, Leith, Mrs Euphemia Fairgrieve, wife of Mr Thos. Buchan.

15. At Paisley, aged 86, Mrs Jean Smith, relict of the late James Smith, timber merchant, Brownlands. She was the progenitor of 10 children, 66 grand-children, 107 great-grand-children, and 3 great-great-grand-children—in all, a total of 186, of whom 127 survive her.

17. At Heynes, Bedfordshire, the Right Hon. Henry Frederick Thynne, Lord Carteret, brother of the late, and uncle of the present, Marquis of Bath. His Lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by his nephew, Lord George Thynne, now Lord Carteret.

— At his house, No. 9, Hill street, Edinburgh, John Smith, Esq. late of the Hon. East India Company's service.

18. At Chelsea, in the 75th year of his age, Captain William Keith, late of the 23d foot, or Royal Welch fusiliers.

— At her father's house, No. 2, York place, Miss Elizabeth M'Keane.

— At Dalkeith, Mrs Janet Pringle, relict of the late Mr Archibald Park of Windyminns.

— At Hillhousefield, Catherine, youngest daughter of Mr John Galloway, shipowner, Leith.

19. Here, Mr John Peter, late British consul for the Netherlands.

— At Edinburgh, after a few days' illness, Hector Frederick M'Neil, Esq. of Gallochilly, Argyllshire.

20. At London place, Hackney, near London, from the effects of the Arracan fever, Lieut. James Sinclair, of the 10th regiment of Native infantry, sixth son of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart.

— At Canaan Grove, William, infant son of Robert Dunlop, Esq. W.S.

— At Campie, William, youngest son of North Dalrymple, Esq.

21. At London, Charlotte Frederica Mary, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Wilson, M.P. aged 27 years.

— At Glasgow, Mr Robert Monteith, jun. eldest son of the late Adam Monteith, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

— At her house, in London street, Mrs Sprot, relict of James Sprot, Esq.

22. At Swansea, South Wales, aged 90 years, John Mackintosh, Esq. some time merchant in London, second son of the deceased Aeneas Mackintosh of Farry.

23. At 10, Gayfield square, Barbara Home, youngest daughter of John Paterson, Esq.

— At his house, Stratford place, London, Major-General Robert Haldane, C.B. in the service of the Hon. East India Company.

— At his house, No. 104, West Bow, Edinburgh, Mr William Scott, pewterer.

24. At Bear place, Berkshire, Mr James Stein.

— At his house, in Ramsay Garden, Edinburgh, James Bremner, Esq. solicitor of stamps, and press of the Society of Solicitors before the Supreme Courts in Scotland.

— At his house in Elm Row, John Grant, Esq. late collector of Excise.

— At Moss-side, near Bathgate, Mr Robert Russel, merchant, Edinburgh.

25. At Leslie, in Fife, James Malcolm, Esq. Craighend, 2d son of the late Sir John Malcolm, Bart. Balbeadie and Grange.

— At Kensington, after a few days' illness, in the 81st year of her age, Mrs Mattocks, late of Covent Garden Theatre.

26. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Biggar, relict of Mr James Milne, tanner in Edinburgh.

— At Lochyee, near Dundee, Miss Helen Tait, daughter of the late Wm. Tait, Esq.

— At 17, Elder street, Margaret Poole, second daughter of Mr Matthew Walker, wine-merchant.

29. At Portobello, in the 80th year of his age, William Marshall, Esq. plumber in Edinburgh.

Lately. At Mandivie, in India, at the early age of 26 years, Patrick Macdonell, Esq. M.D. a native of Glenmoriston in Inverness-shire.

— Suddenly of apoplexy, Robt. Albion Cox, Esq. alderman of London, who had the trial with Mr Kean.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XX.

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

No. III.

AMONG the innumerable characteristics of *Maga*, no one is more surprising than that brought to light by the heat of the bygone summer. She is a Salamander. While all the other *Monthlies* panted, purpled, and perspired, *Maga* drew her breath serenely as on the cool mountain-top; the colour of her countenance was unchanged, except that its pinks and carnations glowed like a bouquet of prize-flowers, and the dew upon her forehead glistened but as that on the Queen-tree of the forest. Like *Shadrach*, *Meshach*, and *Abednego*, all in one, she came unskathed out of the very heat that set the snow on fire on *Lochnagair*; and she now dishevels to the winds of autumn the unsinged beauty of her flowing tresses. The other *Monthlies* are as mummies, laid on their backs, with ape-like faces, sorely shrivelled in their yellow hue, shrouded in mouldy cearments, emitting a grave-smell—melancholy images of the wisdom of the Egyptians. *Maga*—the divine *Maga*—flourishes in immortal youth; her frowns are yet as death, her smiles as life, and when with ambrosial kisses she bathes his eyes, what Author is not in *Elysium*?

Yet that all the other *Periodicals* should have nearly perished, is a matter rather for pity than reproach. They could not help it. The drought was excessive. The drop in a thousand pens was dried up; and even Mr *Coleridge's* patent inkstand it-

self stood liquidless as a sand-bottle. You missed the cottage-girl with her pitcher at the well in the brae, for the spring scarcely trickled, and the water-cresses were yellow before their time. Many a dancing hill-stream was dead—only here and there one stronger than her sisters attempted a pas-seul over the shelving rocks; but all choral movements and melodies forsook the mountains, still and silent as so much painted canvass. Waterfalls first tamed their thunder, then listened alarmed to their own echoes, wailed themselves away into diminutive murmurs, gasped for life, died, and were buried at the feet of the green slippery precipices. Tarns sank into moors; and there was the voice of weeping heard and low lament among the water-lilies. Ay, millions of pretty flowerets died in their infancy, even on their mothers' breasts; the bee fainted in the desert for want of the honey-dew, and the ground-cells of industry were hushed below the heather. Cattle lay lean on the brownness of a hundred hills, and the hoof of the red-deer lost its fleetness. Along the shores of lochs great stones appeared, within what for centuries had been the lowest water-mark; and whole bays, once bright and beautiful with reed-pointed wavelets, became swamps, cracked and seamed, or rustling in the aridity, with a useless crop, to the sigh of the passing wind. On the shore of the great sea alone, you

beheld no change. The tides ebbed and flowed as before—the small billow racing over the silver sands to the same goal of shells, or climbing up to the same wild-flowers that bathe the foundation of yonder old castle belonging to the ocean.

That in such a state of things, the London Magazines should have shrivelled themselves up, or, if the use of the active mood be too bold, and the passive more appropriate, should have been shrivelled up in the manner above alluded to, is, we repeat it, subject-matter rather of pity than reproach. But the snow-fires on Lochnagar have been extinguished, and Foyers, like a giant refreshed with mountain dew after the late rains, but with no intention of suicide, has flung himself over his cliff in a voice of thunder. The autumnal woods are fresher than those of summer. The mild harvest moon will yet repair the evil done by the outrageous sun; and, in the gracious after-growth, the green earth far and wide rejoices as in spring. Like people that have hidden themselves in caves when their native land was oppressed, out gush the torrents, and descend with songs to the plain. The hill-country is itself again when it hears the voice of streams. Magnificent army of mists, whose array encompasses islands of the sea, and who still, as thy glorious vanguard keeps deploying among the glens, rollest on in silence more sublime than the trampling of the feet of horses, or the sound of the wheels of chariots, to the heath-covered mountains of Scotland, we bid thee hail! Lo! Sunbeams are thy banners! And as they are unfurled over the seas, Ben Nevis blows his solitary trumpet, and a thousand echoes welcome the invasion!

Away, then, to the Highlands—away with us, gentle reader—away!—One week—one fortnight's flight, will add years to your pilgrimage here below; and your funeral, long long hence, will be attended by at least one hundred and fifty-seven children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and children, whose descent from your body will seem absolutely lost in the darkness of antiquity.

“What! must we leave the beautiful lakes and mountains of England, which we were just beginning to understand and to enjoy? and is it thus, Christopher, you cheat us out of our ‘Hints for the Holidays’?” Oh! gen-

tle reader, hast thou only now begun to discover the character of the capricious old man?

Modo me Thebis modo ponit Athenis.

At every twinge at our toe our will undergoes a revolution—and yet you complain of us for not being in the same mood for two months at a time! Heaven preserve us! in the same mood for sixty-two days and sixty-two nights! That is more than you are entitled to expect from a bottle of hock a hundred years old. Although the ancient gentleman's mouth is corked, his spirit is at work in the bin; and his character has continued to change for a century, from Sabbath to Sabbath. Of all our excellencies as an Editor, we doubt if there be one more valuable than our total disregard of truth. What promises have we not broken! How many solitary Number Ones have we not brought forward, full of hope as Founders of a Dynasty of Articles, and then left them to stand disconsolate by themselves, unfollowed by the rest of the Series! Yet in all these, and our manifold other enormities, a man of discernment sees our profound knowledge of character, not only of individuals, but of human nature at large. It is gratifying to many principles in our mortal frame, to see a fine, showy, vapouring Article, with all the rashness of youth, rush into the Magazine in glittering arms, offensive and defensive, challenging the whole Periodicals of the age in which he flourishes, one after another, to mortal combat, and then sinking a No. I. into everlasting oblivion, before he has been permitted by fate even so much as to spit a Cockney. What reminiscence can be more solemn than that of the first part of an Essay on Tragedy, left incomplete, perhaps, by the death of the author, or some mismanagement of the clerk of the Balaam! How affecting to the subscriber of sensibility, a Tour on the Continent, terminating with the death of the ingenious author a few stages beyond Calais! “To be continued,” is never half so pathetic at the close of a communication, as when you are afterwards informed in the obituary, that it cannot be on this side of the grave. For our own parts, when we see an Epithalamium taking the place of No. II. of a promised Series of Elegies, although we feel as if the funeral baked-meats do coldly furnish up the marriage tables,

yet such is the charm of variety, that while there is a tear on our cheek there is a smile in our eye, and we are willing to forget the unrejoicing dead for the sake of the happy couple setting off on the honey-moon. In short, on taking up a new Number of *Ebony*, are you not often delighted to find, that there is not in it one single article that you had been led to expect? Fairest of readers—you are at first a little angry or so, and pout so prettily that we wish we were by to kiss those sullen lips relaxing into a sunny smile. Tossing your scorn away with one glitter of your head, with all the fickleness of your sex you suffer your affections to be won by Number for September (CXVII.), and forgetting Windermere, and Grassmere, and Rydal, as entirely as if they were air-woven waters of the sky, set off with Christopher North to the Land of Cakes and Chieftains.

And how shall we travel? In a BALLOON? No, no. After all the boasted science of the age, what is a balloon but a bubble like that of the South-Sea? Why does not Davy or Leslie invent a rudder for the sky-ship? But the course of the currents above is all unknown, and in those regions we are ignorant of the nature of the trade-winds.

Do you long for WINGS, and envy the dove or the eagle? Not if you be wise. Alas! such is human nature, that in one year's time the novelty of pinions would be over, and you would skim undelighted the edges of the clouds. Why do we think it a glorious thing to fly from the summit of some inland mountain away to distant isles? Because our feet are bound to the dust. We enjoy the eagle's flight far more than the eagle himself, driving headlong before the storm. For imagination dallies with the unknown power, and the wings that are denied to our bodies are expanded in our souls. Sublime are the circles the sun-staring creature traces in the heaven, to us who lie stretched among the heather-bloom. Could we do the same, we should still be longing to pierce through the atmosphere to some other planet; and an elevation of leagues above the snows of Chimbarazo, would not satisfy our aspirations. But we can calculate the distance of the stars, and are happy as Galileo in his dungeon.

Well, then—shall we content ourselves with a STEAM-BOAT? With that Fairy Floating Palace, the United Kingdom? No. The sound of her enginery is like that of a horse whose wind is broken, or the Director-General's haggis, that was a roarer. Give us one of the wooden coursers of the true old English breed, that trace their descent from the reign of Alfred, and that have braved for a thousand years the battle and the breeze. What though she must obey the blast—it is like a servant, not a slave. Gloriously she carries her motion, even by a side-wind; and when Eolus and Neptune clear the course, hurra! to the foaming thunder that rolls away from before her triumphant prow! In the blue sky how beautiful her cloud of sail! Nor desire we any other meteors than her streaming flags. No smoke accompanies her walk on the waters, unless when she rejoices, in peace or in war, saluting the star of some “tall admiral,” or commanding the foe of the Isle to haul down his country's ensign, and fall under the dominion of her wake.

Or shall we journey in a BAROUCHE? Pleasantest of land-carriages, whether horsed with chesnuts or bays. Tree and tower go swimmingly by, and whole fields of corn-sheaves seem of themselves to be hurrying to harvest-home. The whole world is a peristrepic panorama, and turnpike gates seem placed not to impede motion, but to promote. Village follows village quickly, even in a thinly inhabited country, so rapid is the imperceptible progress of the sixteen hoofs; and we drive through towns and cities from sun to sun.

Or what think you of A GIG? Why, for hob-nobbing not so very much amiss. Yet where is the male or female human being by whose side you would wish to sit for five hundred or a thousand miles? When the steed stumbles, and down upon his nose—where then are you, and where the wife of your bosom? Playing on the gravel at all-fours, a pastime unbecoming at your time of lives, and always accompanied with danger. Or if a deluge-cloud attends you from stage to stage, slackening or quickening its pace by your example, what avails an umbrella, but to frighten the only animal on whom your salvation depends? For surely you would not be

so lost to all sense of the becoming as to hoist a hood to your shandry, and in such hideous vehicle drive through the hootings of a Christian population, however scant, and limited to a few way-side schools? Then, at rural inns, not an ostler in a thousand can harness a gig within many buckles of the right thing. You find a rein drawn through below the breeching, and the breeching itself unmercifully imprisoning the hams of honest Dobbin, who, at the first hill, presses his hurdies against the splash-board, (what a word!) and, in fear so undistinguishably blended with anger, that it would puzzle the acutest metaphysician to analyze the complex emotion, begins hobbling, and careering, and larking, and kicking, and funking, till you begin to apprehend that the short tour of the Highlands will be short indeed, and to curse the hour in which you read the "Hints for the Holidays," that set you a-gig.

Perhaps you prefer HORSEBACK. If so, you must be a very young man, and can have seen very little of this world. In three days, the saddle has worn off a hand-breath of skin from your nag's back, and not much less than a hand-breadth from that part of your body most connected with the said saddle. The insides of your knees also, if narrowly inspected, will be found to be considerably inflamed; and you begin to fear that you must have got the rheumatism in your shoulders, and eke a slight twinge of the lumbago. Thenceforth all is misery. Gentlemen's and noblemen's seats may all glide by, but the only seat you e'er think of is your own seat in the saddle; and you try it in every possible posture without permanent relief. Plasters are of no avail; they crumple up, and if they fail, no posterior application can be expected to prove successful. It is fortunate when your nag has cast a couple of shoes; for then it occurs to you, for the first time, to get off and walk. Finding it troublesome to lead the animal, you give a boy a shilling to take him to the nearest smithy. The urchin is no sooner out of sight than he sets off at full gallop, having provided himself with a switch, in the shape of a thistle or bunweed; and, on your turning up to the abode of the village Vulcan, you find your forty-guinea roadster dead lame with bleeding pasterns; and the boy, the son of a poor widow with ten children,

under the hands of the apothecary, with a fracture in his skull the size of a half-crown. Your purse alone can pacify the mother; and you have to remain three days, viewing the stunted scenery about a clachan, whose name you in vain search for in your travelling-map, and that does not afford any edifice worth seeing except an old lime-kiln, perhaps, that is passed off for something built by the Romans.

But if in lad or manhood, and accustomed to use the limbs which nature has given you, why not be a PEDESTRIAN? Yes—delights there indeed are, which none but pedestrians know, and that come now softened to our memory through the mists of years. Much—all depends on the character of the wanderer; he must have known what it is to commune with his own thoughts and feelings, and be satisfied even as with the converse of a chosen friend. Not that he must always, in the solitudes that await him, be in a meditative mood, for ideas and emotions will of themselves arise, and he will only have to enjoy the pleasures which his own being spontaneously affords. It would indeed be a hopeless thing, if we were always to be on the search for happiness. Intellect, Imagination, and Feeling, all work of their own free will, and not at the order of any task-master. A rill soon becomes a stream—a stream a river—a river a loch—and a loch a sea. So is it with the current within the spirit. It carries us along, without either oar or sail, increasing in depth, breadth, and swiftness, yet all the while the wonderful work of our own immortal minds. While we only seem to see or hear, we are thinking and feeling far beyond the mere notices given by the senses; and years afterwards we find that we have been laying up treasures, in our most heedless moments, of imagery, and connecting together trains of thought that arise in startling beauty, almost without cause or any traceable origin.

Awake but one—and lo! what myriads rise!

The Pedestrian, too, must not only love his own society, but the society of any other human beings, if blameless and not impure, among whom his lot may for a short season be cast. He must rejoice in all the forms and shows of life, however simple they may be, however humble, however

low; and be able to find food for his thoughts beside the ingle of the loneliest hut, where the inmates sit with few words, and will rather be spoken to than speak to the stranger. In such places he will be delighted—perhaps surprised—to find in uncorrupted strength, all the primary elements of human character. He will find that his knowledge may be wider than theirs, and better ordered, but that it rests on the same foundation, and comprehends the same matter. There will be no want of sympathies between him and them; and what he knows best, and loves most, will seldom fail to be that also which they listen to with greatest interest, and respecting which there is the closest communion between the minds of stranger and host. He may know the courses of the stars according to the revelation of science—they may have studied them only as simple shepherds, “whose hearts were gladdened” walking on the mountain-top. But they know—as he does—who sowed the stars in heaven, and that their silent courses are all adjusted by the hand of the Most High.

Oh! blessed, thrice blessed years of youth! would we choose to live over again all your forgotten and unforgetten nights and days! Blessed, thrice blessed we call you, although, as we then felt, often darkened almost into insanity by self-sown sorrows springing out of our very soul. No, we would not again face such troubles, not even for the glorious apparitions that familiarly haunted us in glens, and forests, on mountains, and on the great sea. But all, or nearly all, that did once so grievously disturb, we can lay in the depths of the past, so that scarcely a ghastly voice is heard, scarcely a ghastly face beheld; while all that so charmed of yore, or nearly all, although no longer the daily companions of our life, still survive to be recalled at solemn hours, and with a “beauty still more beautiful,” to re-invest the earth which neither sin nor sorrow can rob of its enchantments. We can still travel with the solitary mountain-stream, from its source to the sea, and see new visions at every vista of its winding way. The waterfall flows not with its own monotonous voice of a day or an hour, but like a choral anthem pealing with the hymns of many years! In

the heart of the blind mist on the mountain-ranges we can now sit alone, surrounded by a world of images, over which time holds no power, but to consecrate or solemnize. Solitude we can deepen by a single volition, and by a single volition let in upon it the stir and noise of the world and life. Why, therefore, should we complain, or why lament the inevitable loss or change that time brings with it to all that breathe? Beneath the shadow of the tree we can yet repose, and tranquillize our spirit by its rustle, or by the “green light,” unchequered by one stirring leaf. From sunrise to sunset, we can lie below the old mossy tower, till the darkness that shuts out the day, hides the visions that glided round the ruined battlements. Cheerful as in a city can we traverse the houseless moor, and although not a ship be on the sea, we can set sail on the wings of imagination, and when wearied, sink down on savage or serene isle, and let drop our anchor below the moon and stars.

But we must pitch our key a little lower, that we may not be suspected of dealing in poetics; and, since we are pedestrians, walk along the level of common life. What pleasure, then, on this earth, transcends a breakfast after a twelve-mile walk? Or is there in this sublunary scene a delight superior to the gradual, dying-away, dreamy drowsiness, that, at the close of a long summer-day's journey up hill and down dale, seals up the glimmering eyes with honey-dew, and stretches out, under the loving hands of nourrice Nature, soft as snow, and warm as sunbeams, the whole elongated animal economy, steeped in rest divine, from the organ of veneration to the point of the great toe, be it on a bed of down, chaff, straw, or heather, in palace, hall, hotel, or hut? Nobody interferes with you in meddling officiousness; neither landlord, bagman, waiter, chamber-maid, boots;—you are left to yourself without being neglected. Your bell may not be emulously answered by all the menials on the establishment, but a smug or shock-headed drawer appears in good time; and if mine host may not always dignify your dinner by the disposition of the first dish, yet, influenced by the rumour that soon spreads through the premises, he bows farewell at your departure, with a shrewd

suspicion that you are a nobleman in disguise; and such, for anything we know to the contrary, you may be, and next to the Earl of Liverpool, the Bishop of Chester, the Marquis of Lansdown, and my Lord Lauderdale, the most conspicuous ornament of the Upper House.

However, to put an end, if possible, to our perplexity, let us all meet together at Callander, greedy on Loch Katrine and the Trossachs. We are much mistaken if Callander be not a singularly pleasant and pretty place. It can hardly be said to be in the Highlands, yet from having been so long in the near neighbourhood, it has caught much of the very best part of the Highland character. Few hills, out of the Highlands, if indeed they be out of it, exhibit bolder bosoms of wooded crag, and pastoral enclosure, than those which overhang the village, securing it from the blasts of the east and the north, and receding in grand perspective far back in the sky. A more perfectly pellucid stream than the Teith, which here winds smooth and deep, (it afterwards changes its character several times, which is commendable in running waters,) through a rich and spacious plain, flows not into loch, frith, or sea. The cottages and houses round about have all a pleasant and hearty expression of countenance, and welcome you in below their humble doors. We cannot help taking blame to ourselves for never having spent an entire summer in or about Callander. Sure we are, it would be an excellent spot of residence for any female author to get herself delivered at, of bouncing twin-volumes, or even a trio of twelvemo Tales. Far off, to the west, may be seen through the sunset, the cloud-diadem that crowns Ben-Lomond—but, should mists prevail, the broad base of the majestic Ben-Ledi is nearer at hand, and other mountain ranges, all accustomed “to parley with the setting sun.”

About a mile up the hill, north-east of the village, is the ledgeless, yard-wide, alpine Bracklin-Bridge, across the river Keltie, through below which agreeable pass for a gentleman half-seas-over, thunders, like Mr Brougham, an eloquent waterfall. The Pass of Lenney, too, is, we verily believe, worth a visit; but although we have reason to think that we have twice been there, we cannot describe

what we have never seen. First time, a rainy mist seemed to be drizzling all over Scotland, within almost an inch of the tip of our nose; and we could not see the stone lying immediately on the other side of the one, in an ascending series, over which, every ten yards, we chanced to stumble. Second time, we fell in with a wedding-party, somewhere or other, in or out of the Pass, and the spirit proving too strong for the flesh, we remember nothing distinctly, but think we are safe in asserting, that there was a noble whirlwood, animated precipices, that nodded to us as we stoiterated along, and at least double the usual assemblage of torrents, that would not lie quiet for a single instant, but continued wriggling across our way like serpents, wherever they could find a bridge to crawl under, and occasionally occupied the whole breadth of the road, as far as our eye could reach.

Having scaled the Pass of Lenney more successfully than we did, you may on your return proceed with us for a mile, or two, or three, till we come upon Loch Vennachar, which Dr M'Culloch has very justly called “an insipid piece of water.” Descriptive Tourists are apt to be too panegyric. Everything they see must needs be beautiful—charming—exquisite—romantic—grand—sublime, and so forth. Now, gentle reader, put your mouth to our ear, and confess in a whisper that you have seen a most detestable clump of trees—a hill with a back like that of a mangy dog, newly rubbed with sulphur—a lubberly rock, without a feature in its face, or a feather in its cap—a lake—ay, even a lake—dull, dim, dirty, drowsy, and with thistle-studded margin, fit only for the pasturage of cuddies, and the blanket-tents of the pseudo-gipsy, whose high cheek-bones and west-country drawl betray him to be a Scotch Sawney, taught in the auld Candle-riggs of Glasgow the mystery of making all manner of horn-spoons, luggies, and quaichs. Far be it from us to say that such is the character of Loch Vennachar. Doubtless, on a fine balmy evening in early summer, or indeed any other time of the year, walking “hooly and fairly” with the person leaning on your arm that you love best, or nearly so, you might with a safe conscience, and without running any risk of forfeiting your

title to taste, venture to call Loch Vennachar "beautiful," "most beautiful," and even to put into verse the "insipid piece of water," and its one single characterless isle, that keeps whimpering or looking itself in the glass, like a spoiled child, without brother or sister, and in its own conceit, plain as its features are, the very pink of perfection.

Such is the native sweetness of our disposition, that we no sooner say an ill-natured thing of any place or person than we repent of it, and strive to make up the quarrel by the most unstinted panegyric. On the other hand, such is our native sense of justice, that should we at any time have fallen into the amiable error of praising any place or person too highly (as Hampstead or Barry Cornwall), we cannot rest till we have set ourselves right with the world by a few satirical stripes on the objects of our former admiration. We feel now as if we had been too severe on Loch Vennachar, and request the Naiad to console herself with the eulogy of the Rev. Dr P. Graham, who, in his spirited sketches of Perthshire, calls Loch Vennachar (the Lake of the Fair Plain) "a beautiful expanse of water, with a fine skirting of wood." That it must be a very pleasant Lake, after all, is proved by this, that although about five miles long, we should have set it down at not more than three. On its banks is a place called the Wood of Lamentation, as having been the scene of a dismal disaster which is said to have passed there by the cruel malice of the Kelpie or River-Spirit, who is believed to haunt this Lake. The story is variously related. Sir Walter Scott says, "that a funeral procession, with all its attendants, are said to have been destroyed by this malignant demon." In another legend, it is said, that as a number of children were one day at play on the borders of the Lake, a beautiful little horse issued forth from it. Such was its apparent gentleness, that one of the children, after having long admired its beauty, ventured to mount it; another and another followed his example, till the whole of them had mounted, the creature gradually lengthening his back to admit their number; he then plunged instantly into the deep, and devoured them all in his watery cave, except one, who,

by a singular fortune, escaped to tell the tale!

But be the character of Loch Vennachar what it may, there is not on this "round green earth" a lovelier Lake than Achray. About a mile above Loch Vennachar, and as we approach the Brigg of Turk, we arrive at the summit of an eminence, whence we descry the sudden and wide prospect of the windings of the river that issues from Loch Achray—and the Loch itself reposing—sleeping—dreaming on its pastoral—its sylvan bed. Achray, being interpreted, signifies the "Level Field," and gives its name to a delightful farm at the west end of the Lake, "a denomination," says Dr Graham, "well due to it, when considered in contrast with the rugged rocks and mountains which surround it." On "that happy, rural seat of various view," could we lie all day long; and as all the beauty tends towards the west, each afternoon hour deepens and also brightens it into mellower splendour. Not to keep constantly seeing the lovely Lake is indeed impossible—yet its still waters soothe the soul, without holding it away from the woods and cliffs, that forming of themselves a perfect picture, are yet all united with the mountainous region of the setting sun. Many long years have elapsed—at our time of life ten are many—since we passed one delightful evening in the hospitable house that stands near the wooden bridge over the Teith, just wheeling into Loch Achray. What a wilderness of wooded rocks, containing a thousand little mossy glens, each large enough for a fairy's kingdom! That wilderness seemed to us to lie below clouds from Loch Achray to Loch Katrine. It is the Place of Roes—nor need the angler try to penetrate the underwood, for every shallow, every linn, every pool is overshadowed by its own canopy, and the living fly and moth alone ever dip their wings in the chequered waters. Safe there are all the little singing birds, from hawk or glead—and it is indeed an Aviary in the wild. Pine-groves stand here and there amid the natural woods—and among their tall gloom the cushat sits crooning in beloved solitude, rarely startled by human footstep, and bearing at his own pleasure through the forest the sound of his flapping wings.

But let us rise from the greensward, and before we pace along the sweet shores of Loch Achray, for its nearest murmur is yet more than a mile off, turn away up from the Brigg of Turk into Glenfinglas. A strong mountain-torrent, in which a painter, even with the soul of Salvator Rosa, might find studies inexhaustible for years, tumbles on the left of a ravine, in which a small band of warriors might stop the march of a numerous host. With what a loud voice it brawls through the silence, freshening the hazels, the birches, and the oaks, that care not even for the dews in that perpetual spray! But the savage scene softens as you advance, and you come out of that sylvan prison into a plain of meadows and corn-fields, alive with the peaceful dwellings of industrious men! Here the bases of the mountains, and even their sides high up, are without heather—a rich sward, with here and there a deep bed of brackens, and a little sheep-sheltering grove. Skeletons of old trees of prodigious size lie covered with mosses and wild-flowers, or stand with their barkless trunks and white limbs unmoved when the tempest blows. For Glenfinglas was anciently a deer-forest of the Kings of Scotland, and the echoes of Benledi answered to the hunter's horn. It is the property of the Earl of Moray, and from time immemorial it has been possessed by tenants of his own clan, the Stewarts, who, living in this sequestered situation, in a sort of rural village, are connected with one another by intermarriages, and passing their days in ease and comfort, furnish, quoth the benevolent Pastor whom we have already quoted, “one of the finest examples of patriarchal felicity that occur in these times.”

Not a more beautiful vale ever inspired pastoral poet in Arcadia, nor did Sicilian shepherds of old ever pipe to each other for prize of oaten reed, in a lovelier nook, than where yonder cottage stands, shaded, but scarcely sheltered, by a few birch-trees. It is in truth not a cottage—but a Shieling of turf, part of the knoll adhering to the side of the mountain. Not another dwelling—even as small as itself—within a mile in any direction. Those goats, that seem to walk where there is no footing, along the side of the cliff, go of themselves to be milked at evening, to a house beyond the hill,

without any barking dog to set them home. There are many foot-paths, but all of sheep, except one leading through the coppice-wood to the distant kirk. The angler seldom disturbs those shallows, and the heron has them to himself, watching often with motionless neck all day long. Yet the Shieling is inhabited, and has been so by the same person for a good many years. You might look at it for hours, and yet see no one so much as moving to the door. But a little smoke hovers over it—faint as mist—and nothing else tells that within is life.

It is inhabited by a widow, who once was the happiest of wives, and lived far down the glen, where it is richly cultivated, in a house astir with many children. It so happened, that in the course of nature, without any extraordinary bereavements, she outlived all the household, except one, on whom fell the saddest affliction that can befall a human being—the utter loss of reason. For some years after the death of her husband, and all her other children, this son was her support; and there was no occasion to pity them in their poverty, where all were poor. Her natural cheerfulness never forsook her; and although fallen back in the world, and obliged in her age to live without many comforts she once had known, yet all the past gradually was softened into peace, and the widow and her son were in that shieling as happy as any family in the parish. He worked at all kinds of work without, and she sat spinning from morning to night within—a constant occupation, soothing to one before whose mind past times might otherwise have come too often, and that creates contentment by its undisturbed sameness and visible progression. If not always at meals, the widow saw her son for an hour or two every night, and throughout the whole Sabbath-day. They slept too under one roof; and she liked the stormy weather when the rains were on—for then he found some ingenious employment within the shieling, or cheered her with some book lent by a friend, or with the lively or plaintive music of his native hills. Sometimes in her gratitude, she said that she was happier now than when she had so many other causes to be so; and when occasionally an acquaintance dropt in upon her solitude, her face welcomed every one with a smile that

spoke of more than resignation ; nor was she averse to partake the sociality of the other huts, and sat sedate among youthful merriment, when summer or winter festival came round, and poverty rejoiced in the riches of content and innocence.

But her trials, great as they had been, were not yet over ; for this her only son was laid prostrate by fever ; and when it left his body, he survived hopelessly stricken in mind. His eyes, so clear and intelligent, were now fixed in idiocy, or rolled about unob-servant of all objects living or dead. To him all weather seemed the same—and if suffered, he would have lain down like a creature void of understanding, in rain or on snow, nor been able to find his way back for many paces from the hut. As all thought and feeling had left him, so had speech—all but a moaning as of pain or woe, which none but a mother could bear to hear without shuddering,—but she heard it during night as well as day, and only sometimes lifted up her eyes as in prayer to God. An offer was made to send him to a place where the afflicted were taken care of ; but she beseeched charity for the first time—such alms as would enable her, along with the earnings of her wheel, to keep her son in the shieling ; and the means were given her from many quarters to do so decently, and with all the comforts that other eyes observed, but of which the poor object himself was insensible and unconscious. Thenceforth, it may almost be said, she never more saw the sun, nor heard the torrents roar. She went not to the kirk, but kept her Sabbath where the paralytic lay—and there she sung the lonely psalm, and said the lonely prayer, unheard in Heaven, as many despairing spirits would have thought,—but it was not so—for in two years there came a meaning to his eyes, and he found a few words of imperfect speech, among which was that of “Mother.” Oh ! how her heart burned within her, to know that her face was at last recognized ! To feel that her kiss was returned, and to see the first tear that trickled from eyes that so long had ceased to weep ! Day after day, the darkness that covered his brain grew less and less deep—to her, that bewilderment gave the blessedness of hope ; for her son now knew that he had an immortal soul, and one evening joined faintly and feebly,

and erringly in prayer. For weeks afterwards he remembered only events and scenes long past and distant—and believed that his father, and all his brothers and sisters, were yet alive. He called upon them by their names to come and kiss him—on them, who had all long been buried in the dust. But his soul struggled itself into reason and remembrance—and he at last said, “Mother ! did some accident befall me yesterday at my work down the glen ?—I feel weak, and about to die !” The shadows of death were indeed around him—but he lived to be told much of what had happened—and rendered up a perfectly unclouded spirit into the mercy of his Saviour. His mother felt that all her prayers had been granted in that one boon—and when the coffin was borne away from the shieling, she remained in it with a friend, assured that in this world there could for her be no more grief. And there in that same shieling, now that years have gone by, she still lingers, visited as often as she wishes by her poor neighbours—for to the poor sorrow is a sacred thing—who, by turns, send one of their daughters to stay with her, and cheer a life that cannot be long, but that, end when it may, will be laid down without one impious misgiving, and in the humility of a Christian’s faith.

Our friends will, by this time, have reached Loch Katrine, and ceased their wonder at our non-appearance ; but let them row from bay to bay, with a copy of the Lady of the Lake in some lily hand, while we travel towards Glen Almain. From the spot where we now stand to Balwhidder lies a tract of mountain-glen of about ten miles, destitute of the smallest symptom of habitation or culture. The very rills disappear, and the water oozes out of the braes in springs, which no frost congeals. Now and then a little brown noteless bird starts from among our feet, and at a distance eyes the strangers, as he balances himself on the point of one of the rushes. Cattle, nearly as wild-looking as deer, snuff the wind as we near them, and gambol on the firm footing, which they know well, among the marshes. That was the hawk’s cry—and yonder her skims along the cliff. That hive-bee would be a very Mungo Park in his way who should wing his solitary flight into this wild.

Yet, with a bold hum, the great yellow-ringed earth-bee booms round our head, and away he spins towards the Braes of Balwhidder. Suppose, now, that you and I are by ourselves—in a place where there is no fear nor danger of being broken in upon—that we open our hearts to each other, and empty them of all their hoarded secrets, down to the very bottom. What good have we done within the last month?—what evil? Let us give words to thoughts yet voiceless, and stand before each other as we are, under the light of truth. Be thou the Priest—let this rock be the Confessional—and let me be the Penitent. Oh! my brother! my soul goes back into the extremest darkness of its cell, and shuns the eye of the Inquisitor. Our friendship is sure and sacred—and we know enough already of

each other's hearts. Let each of us guard, as best he can, the entrance into the penetralia of his own spirit. Every human being ought to have some thoughts known but to his Maker—communicate them even to one brother of the clay, and there is a feeling of violation. How many sermons have been written on Truth—Truth—but what man ever dared to utter, even to think, the truth of himself—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? No man of woman born!

Suppose, then, instead of making ourselves hate, and despise, and pity each other, we each repeat in our best manner a few verses congenial with the somewhat mournful spirit of this very lonesome region. *Seniores priores*—so Christopher shows the way.

LORD RONALD'S CHILD.

THREE days ago Lord Ronald's child
Was singing o'er the mountain-wild,
Among the sunny showers
That brought the rainbow to her sight,
And bathed her footsteps in the light
Of purple heather-flowers.
But chilly came the evening's breath—
The silent dew was cold with death—
She reach'd her home with pain;
And from the bed where now she lies,
With snow-white face and closed eyes,
She ne'er must rise again.

Still is she as a frame of stone,
That in its beauty lies alone,
With silence breathing from its face
For ever in some holy place!
Chapel or aisle! on marble laid—
With pale hands o'er its pale breast spread—
An image humble, meek, and low,
Of one forgotten long ago!

Soft feet are winding up the stair—
And lo! a Vision passing fair!
All dress'd in white—a mournful show—
A band of orphan children come,
With footsteps like the falling snow,
To bear to her eternal home
The gracious Lady who look'd down
With smiles on their forlorn estate—
—But Mercy up to heaven is gone,
And left the friendless to their fate.

They pluck the honeysuckle's bloom,
That through the window fills the room
With mournful odours—and the rose
That in its innocent beauty glows,
Leaning its dewy golden head
Towards the pale face of the dead,

Weeping like a thing forsaken
Unto eyes that will not waken.

All bathed in pity's gentle showers
They place these melancholy flowers
Upon the cold white breast!
And there they lie! profoundly calm!
Ere long to fill with fading balm
A place of deeper rest!

By that fair Band the bier is borne
Into the open light of morn,—
And, till the parting dirge be said,
Upon a spot of sunshine laid
Beneath a grove of trees!
Bow'd and uncover'd every head,
Bright-tressed youth, and hoary age—
—Then suddenly before the dead
Lord Ronald's gather'd vassalage
Fall down upon their knees!

Glen-Etive and its mountains lie
All silent as the depth profound
Of that unclouded sunbright sky—
—Low heard the melancholy sound
Of waters murmuring by.
—Glides softly from the orphan-band
A weeping Child, and takes her stand
Close to the Lady's feet,
Then wildly sings a funeral hymn!
With overflowing eyes and dim
Fix'd on the winding-sheet!

HYMN.

O beautiful the streams
That through our valleys run,
Singing and dancing in the gleams
Of Summer's cloudless sun.

The sweetest of them all
From its fairy banks is gone;
And the music of the waterfall
Hath left the silent stone!

Up among the mountains
In soft and mossy cell,
By silent springs and fountains
The happy wild-flowers dwell.

The queen-rose of the wilderness
Hath wither'd in the wind,
And the shepherds see no loveliness
In the blossoms left behind.

Birds cheer our lonely groves
With many a beauteous wing—
When happy in their harmless loves,
How tenderly they sing!

O'er all the rest was heard
One wild and mournful strain,
—But hush'd is the voice of that hymning bird,
She ne'er must sing again!

Bright through the yew-trees' gloom,
I saw a sleeping dove!
On the silence of her silvery plume
The sunlight lay in love.

The grove seem'd all her own
Round the beauty of that breast—
But the startled dove afar is flown!
Forsaken is her nest!

In yonder forest wide
A flock of wild-deer lies,
Beauty breathes o'er each tender side,
And shades their peaceful eyes!

The hunter in the night
Hath singled out the doe,
In whose light the mountain-flock lay bright,
Whose hue was like the snow!

A thousand stars shine forth,
With pure and dewy ray—
Till by night the mountains of our north
Seem gladdening in the day.

O empty all the heaven!
Though a thousand lights be there—
For clouds o'er the evening-star are driven,
And shorn her golden hair!

That melancholy music dies—
And all at once the kneeling crowd
Is stirr'd with groans, and sobs, and sighs—
As sudden blasts come rustling loud
Along the silent skies.
—Hush! hush! the dirge doth breathe again!
The youngest of the orphan train
Walks up unto the bier,
With rosy cheeks, and smiling eyes,
As heaven's unclouded radiance clear;
And there like Hope to Sorrow's strain
With dewy voice replies.

—What! though the stream be dead,
Its banks all still and dry!
It murmureth now o'er a lovelier bed
In the air-groves of the sky.

What! though our prayers from death
The queen-rose might not save!
With brighter bloom and balmy breath
She springeth from the grave.

What! though our bird of light
Lie mute with plumage dim!
In heaven I see her glancing bright—
I hear her angel hymn.

What! though the dark tree smile
No more—with our dove's calm sleep!
She folds her wing on a sunny isle
In heaven's untroubled deep.

True that our beauteous doe
 Hath left her still retreat—
 But purer now in heavenly snow
 She lies at Jesus' feet.

O star! untimely set!
 Why should we weep for thee!
 Thy bright and dewy coronet
 Is rising o'er the sea!

Before you begin, my dear friend, to recite your poem, allow us to tell you a little tradition, which (we remember it as if it were but yesterday) another dear friend, now in his grave, told us, the last time we trod these solitary glens. Something in the aspect of that tall, pillar-like rock, from which the hawk this instant flew, has brought that day to our remembrance. Till it suddenly towered up before us, we thought not of either that journey or friend. But we sat down, we well remember, beside the well at its base, and he continued, in his eloquent way, talking for hours, while probably we were half asleep. Put it into verse—and it shall appear in the next number of *Maga*.

* * * * *

The Chieftain loved his own fair wife, and the offspring round her knees; but the passions he had indulged in his lawless youth still boiled in his veins, and she was often left solitary in the Castle, weeping over the sins of her lord. One summer moonlight night he was returning home, all alone, across the head of the great glen, when a lady of more than mortal beauty stood suddenly before him, with a large jewel shining like a star on her forehead. Her long black hair hung over her neck and shoulders, that had no other covering, and the rest of her figure was so thinly robed, that she shrank from his gaze, and besought him to let her pursue her way along the moor. Of the mystery of her appearance in that desert she could not speak, but wept, and kept wringing her hands like one forsaken and utterly forlorn. The chieftain veiled her loveliness in his plaid, and almost taking her in his arms, continued his way towards the Castle. Wearied and faint was she with her long wanderings up and down the moor; and "Never—never," she sigh-

ed, "am I to see my friends more!—They have abandoned me to my fate." As they entered the Pine Forest that surrounded the Castle with a league of gloomy shade, the lady entreated to be laid down, and allowed to perish, for that her heart felt as if about to cease its beating, and the death-hour must be near. Smitten with her beauty, which, though somewhat pale, glowed through the dimness of sleep like a rose, that, though a little faded, the dews may revive, the chieftain carried her, seemingly insensible, on his breast, and then lovingly laid her down on the moss and leaves by the brink of a well, with whose waters he bathed her forehead, and kissed away the drops as they trickled over her large heavy eye-lids, surcharged with pernicious beauty. And soon as he pressed her to his bosom, he heard her lips murmur his name; nor did they withdraw themselves from the burning kisses that smothered the delightful sighs of that confession—"Oh! that I might be beloved as she is beloved who now sits sobbing for her faithless lord."—"Star of the desert! by me shalt thou be prized beyond the salvation of my own soul. For draughts of such breath as thine, would I sell myself to eternal bale." The moon broke through a cloud, and in a moment the obscurity of the forest-depths was light as day. Sweet as a far-off echo was heard the voice of one singing a hymn—a hymn of prayer and supplication. The face of the phantom shrivelled up into loathsome corruption—her boney arms clattered as they relaxed their embrace—and a skeleton, white as if bleached by the sun and storm of a hundred years, lay by the margin of the fountain.

But, lo! a figure all in white comes gliding onwards through a glade among the pines, singing a low wild song, that sounds like a lament or a dirge;

and now she beholds what seems a corpse lying upon the bank, and with a shriek sinks down beside it on her knees. "Oh, hath my dreadful dream been indeed fulfilled—and is my brave, my beautiful, my beloved, to lie in this bosom no more!" The words, and the voice that uttered them, were known even in that long dismal swoon—and he feared no more to open his eyes in the forest-gloom. The skeleton was gone—and lying in his bosom was his own wedded wife, more beautiful and lovelier far in her forgiving innocence, than any phantom ever sent from the palace of the Prince of Dark-

ness, to lure to perdition the souls of the children of men.

* * * * *

We have told this old tradition, we fear, but indifferently—however, your genius will have the more credit for making something of it "beautiful exceedingly." Glen-Almain, or the Narrow Glen, is not half-a-mile off—so let us be going, and be silence the order of the day, till we descend into another small rocky world.

There it is.—Now for a touch of Wordsworth; for, after all, what other poet of this or any age so communes with Nature!

GLEN-ALMAIN, OR THE NARROW GLEN.

In this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian, in the Narrow Glen;
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek Streamlet, only one:
He sang of battles, and the breath
Of stormy war, and violent death;
And should, methinks, when all was past,
Have rightfully been laid at last
Where rocks were rudely heap'd, and rent
As by a spirit turbulent;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And everything unreconciled;
In some complaining, dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet;
But this is calm; there cannot be
A more entire tranquillity.
Does then the Bard sleep here, indeed?
Or is it but a groundless creed?
What matters it?—I blame them not
Whose Fancy in this lonely Spot
Was moved; and in this way express'd
Their notion of its perfect rest.
A Convent, even a hermit's Cell,
Would break the silence of this Dell:
It is not quiet, is not ease;
But something deeper far than these:
The separation that is here
Is of the grave; and of austere
And happy feelings of the dead:
And, therefore, was it rightly said
That Ossian, last of all his race!
Lies buried in this lonely place.

Was there ever such a man as Ossian? We devoutly hope there was—for if so, then there were a prodigious multitude of fine fellows, besides his bardship, who, after their death, figured away as thin glimmering ghosts, with noble effect, among the moonlight mists of the mountains. The poetry of Ossian has, it is true,

since the days of Macpherson, in no way coloured the poetry of the island; and Mr Wordsworth, who nevertheless wrote the beautiful lines now recited, states that fact as an argument against its authenticity. He thinks Ossian, as we now possess him, no poet; and alleges, that if these compositions had been the good things so

many people have thought them, they would, in some way or other, have breathed their spirit over the poetical genius of the land. Who knows that they may not do so yet? The time may not have come. But must all true poetry necessarily create imitation, and a school of imitators? One sees no reason why it must. Besides, the life which the poetry of Ossian celebrates, has utterly passed away; and the poetry itself, good, bad, or indifferent, is so very peculiar, that to imitate it at all, you must almost transcribe it. That, for a good many years, was often done, but naturally inspired any other feeling than delight or admiration. But the simple question is, Do the poems of Ossian delight greatly and widely? We think they do. Nor can we believe that they would not still delight such a poet as Mr Wordsworth. What dreariness overspreads them all! What a melancholy spirit shrouds all his heroes, passing before us on the cloud, after all their battles have been fought, and their tombs raised on the hill! The very picture of the old blind Hero-bard himself, often attended by the weeping virgins whom war has made desolate, is always touching, often sublime. The desert is peopled with lamenting mortals, and the mists that wrap them with ghosts, whose remembrances of this life are all dirge and elegy. True, that the images are few and endlessly reiterated; but that, we suspect, is the case with all poetry composed not in a philosophic age. The great and constant appearances of nature suffice, in their simplicity, for all its purposes. The poet seeks not to vary their character, and his hearers are willing to be charmed over and over again by the same strains. We believe that the poetry of Ossian would be utterly destroyed by any greater distinctness or variety of imagery. And if indeed Fingal lived, and Ossian sung, we must believe that the old Bard was blind; and we suspect that in such an age, such a man would, in his blindness, think dreamily indeed of the torrents, and lakes, and heaths, and clouds, and mountains, moons, and stars, which he had leapt, swum, walked, climbed, and gazed on in the days of his rejoicing youth. Then has he no tenderness—no pathos—no beauty? Alas for thousands of hearts and souls if it be even so! For then are many of

their holiest dreams worthless all, and divinest melancholy, a mere complaint of the understanding, which a bit of philosophical criticism will purge away, as the leech's phial does a disease of the blood.

Ha! who are these so withered and so wild in their attire? Witches at the least, and about to prophesy to us some pleasant events, that are to terminate disastrously in after years. Is there no nook of earth perfectly solitary—but must natural or supernatural footsteps haunt the remotest and most central deserts? But now we shall have our fortunes told in choice Earse, for sure these are the Children of the Mist, and perhaps they will favour us with a running commentary on Ossian. Stout, grim, heather-legged bodies they are, one and all, and luckily we are provided with snuff and tobacco sufficient for the whole crew. Were they even ghosts, they will not refuse a sneeshin', and a Highland spirit will look picturesque puffing a cigar!—Hark! we know them and their vocation. These are the genii who distil the mountain-dew; and their hidden enginery, depend on't, is not far off, but buried in the bowels of some brae. See!—a faint mist dissipating itself over the heather! There—at work, shaming the idle waste, and in use and wont to break even the Sabbath-day, is A STILL!

Do we look like Excisemen? Why, our walking-stick has indeed a suspicious family resemblance to a gauging-rod; and literary characters like us may well be mistaken for the Supervisor himself. But the smuggler's eye knows his enemy at a glance, as the fox knows a hound; and the whispering group discern at once that we are of a nobler breed. That one fear dispelled, Highland hospitality bids us welcome, even into the mouth of the malt-kiln, and, with a smack on our loof, the Chief volunteers to initiate us into the grand mysteries of the Worm!

The turf-door is flung outward on its lithe hinges, and already what a gracious smell! In we go, ushered by unbanneted Celts, gentlemen in manners wherever the kilt is worn; for the tartan is the symbol of courtesy, and Mac a good password all the world over between man and man. Lowland eyes are apt to water in the peat-reck, but ere long we shall have another "drappie in our ee," and drink to the

Clans in the "unchristened cretur." What a sad neglect, in our education, among all the acquired lingos extant, to have overlooked the Gaelic! Yet nobody who has ever heard P. R. preach an Earse Sermon, need despair of discoursing in that tongue after an hour's practice; so let us forget, if possible, every word of English, and the language now needed will rise up in its place.

And these figures in men's coats and women's petticoats are females? We are willing to believe it, in spite of their beards. One of them absolutely suckling a child! Thank you, my dear sir, but we cannot swallow the contents of that quaiçh! Yet, let us try.—A little too warm, and rather harsh; but meat and drink to an Editor verging on threescore. That seems to be goat-milk cheese, and the scones are barley; and they and the speerit will wash one another down in an amicable plea, nor quarrel at close quarters. Honey too—heather-honey of this blessed year's produce. Hecate's forefinger mixes it in a quaiçh with mountain-dew—and that is Athole-brose? Try it, my dear young contributor. Is it not, as Ebony would say, "a most admirable Article"?

There cannot be the least doubt in the world that the Hamiltonian system of teaching languages is one of the best ever invented. It will enable any pupil of common-run powers of attention to read great part of the New Testament in Greek in some twenty lessons of an hour each. But what is that to the Principle of the Worm? Half a blessed hour has not elapsed since we entered into the door of this hillhouse, and we offer twenty to one that we read Ossian, *ad aperturam libri*, in the original Gaelic. We feel as if we could translate the works of Jeremy Bentham into that tongue—ay, even Francis Maximus Macnab's Theory of the Universe. We guarantee ourselves to do both, this identical night before we go to sleep, and if the printers are busy during the intermediate hours, to correct the press in the morning. Why, there are not above five thousand roots—but we are getting a little gizzy—into a state of civilization in the wilderness—and, gentlemen, let us drink—in solemn silence—the "Memory of Fingal."

O, St Cecilia! we did not lay our account with a bagpipe! What is the

competition of pipers in the Edinburgh Theatre, small as it is, to that damnable drone in an earth-cell, eight feet by six! Yet while the drums of our ears are continuing to split like old parchment title-deeds to lands nowhere existing, and all our animal economy, from finger to toe, is one agonizing dirl, Æolus himself sits as proud as Lucifer in Pandemonium; and as the old soldiers keep tending the Worm in the reek as if all were silence, the male-looking females, and especially the he-she with the imp at her breast, nod, and smirk, and smile, and snap their fingers, in a challenge to a straspey—and, by all that is horrible, a red hairy arm is round our neck, and we are half-choked with the fumes of whisky-kisses. An hour ago, we were talking of Malvina! and here she is with a vengeance, while we in the character of Oscar are embraced till almost all the Lowland breath in our body expires!

And this is STILL-LIFE?

Extraordinary it is, that, go where we will, we are in a wonderfully short time discovered to be, Christopher North. A few years ago, the instant we found our feet in a mine in Cornwall, after a descent of about one-third the bored earth's diameter, we were saluted by name by a grim Monops, who had not seen the upper regions for years, preferring the interior of the planet; and forthwith, "Christopher North," "Christopher North," reverberated along the galleries, while the gnomes came flocking in all directions, with safety-lamps, to catch a glimpse of the famous Editor. Sir Humphrey Davy, had he seen it, would have died of pure chagrin. On another occasion, we remember, when coasting the south of Ireland in our schooner, falling in with a boat like a cockle-shell, well out of the Bay of Bantry, and of the three half-naked Paddies that were ensnaring the finny race, two smoked us at the helm, and bawled out, "Kitty go bragh." Were we to go up in a balloon, and by any accident descend in the interior of Africa, we have not the slightest doubt that Sultan Belloo would know us in a jiffy, having heard our person so frequently described by Major Denham and Captain Clapperton. So we are known, it seems, in the still—by the men of the Worm? Yes—the principal proprietor in the concern is a schoolmaster over about

Loch-Earn-Ilead—a man of no mean literary abilities, and an occasional contributor of rejected articles to the Magazine. He visits The Shop in breeches—but now mounts the kilt—and astonishes us by the versatility of his talents. In one of the most active working bees we reconize a caddy, formerly in auld Reeky ycleped “The Dispatch,” now retired to the Braes of Balquhider, and breathing strongly the spirit of his youth. With that heather-houghed gentleman, fiery-tressed as the God of Day, we were, for the quarter of a century that we held a large grazing farm, in the annual practice of drinking a gill at the Falkirk Tryst; and—wonderful, indeed, to think how old friends meet—we were present at the amputation of the right leg of that timber-toed hero with the bushy whiskers—in the Hospital of Rosetta—having accompanied Sir David Baird’s splendid Indian army to Egypt.

Shying, for the present, the question in Political Economy, and viewing the subject in a moral, social, and poetical light, what, pray, is the true influence of THE STILL? It makes people idle. Idle? What species of idleness is that which consists in being up night and day—traversing moors and mountains in all weathers—constantly contriving the most skilful expedients for misleading the Excise, and which, on some disastrous day, when dragoons suddenly shake the desert—when all is lost except honour—hundreds of gallons of wash (alas! alas! a-day!) wickedly wasted among the heather-roots, and the whole beautiful Apparatus lying battered and spiritless in the sun beneath the accursed blows of the Pagans—returns, after a few weeks set apart to natural grief and indignation, with unabated energy, to the self-same work, even within view of the former ruins, and pouring out a libation of the first amalgamated hotness that deserves the name of spirit, devotes the whole Board of Excise to the Infernal Gods?

The argument of idleness has not a leg to stand on, and falls at once to the ground.—But the Still makes men dishonest. We grant that there is a certain degree of dishonesty in cheating the Excise; and we shall allow yourself to fix it, who give as fine a caulker from the sma’ still, as any mo-

ral writer on Honesty, with whom we have the pleasure occasionally to take a family dinner. But the poor fellows either grow or purchase their own malt. They do not steal it; and many is the silent benediction that we have breathed over a bit patch of barley, far up on its stoney soil among the hills, bethinking us that it would yield up its precious spirit unexcised! Neither do they charge for it any very extravagant price—for what is 10, 12, 14 shillings a-gallon for such drink divine as is now steaming before us in that cauldron?

Having thus got rid of the charge of idleness and dishonesty, nothing more needs to be said on the Moral Influence of the Still; and we come now, in the second place, to consider it in a Social Light. The biggest bigot will not dare to deny, that without whisky the Highlands of Scotland would be uninhabitable. And if all the population were gone, or extinct, where then would be your social life? Smugglers are never drunkards; neither are they men of boisterous manners or savage dispositions. In general, they are grave, sedate, peaceable characters, not unlike elders of the kirk. Even Excisemen admit them, except on rare occasions when human patience is exhausted, to be merciful. Four pleasanter men do not now exist in the bosom of the earth, than the friends with whom we are now hob-nobbing, and picking up a few “Hints for the Holidays.” Stolen waters are sweet—a profound and beautiful reflection—and no doubt originally made by some peripatetic philosopher at a Still. The very soul of the strong drink evaporates with the touch of the gauger’s wand. An evil day would it indeed be for Scotland, that should witness the extinguishment of all her free and unlicensed mountain stills! The charm of Highland hospitality would be wan and withered, and the *doch an dorras*, instead of a blessing, would sound like a ban.

We have said that smugglers are never drunkards, not forgetting that general rules always admit of exceptions; we go farther, and declare that the Highlanders are the soberest people in Europe. Whisky is to them a cordial, a medicine, a life-preserver. Chief of the umbrella and wraprascal! were you ever in the Highlands? We shall produce a single day from

any of the fifty-two weeks of the year that will outargue you on the present subject, in half-an-hour. What sound is that? The rushing of rain from heaven, and the sudden outcry of a thousand waterfalls. Look through a chink in the bothy, and far as you can see for the mists, the heath-covered desert is steaming like the smoke of a smouldering fire. Winds biting as winter come sweeping on their invisible chariots, armed with scythes, down every glen, and scatter far and wide over the mountains the spray of the raging lochs. Now you have a taste of the summer cold, more dangerous far than that of Yule, for it often strikes "itches" into the unprepared bones, and congeals the blood of the deer-stalker, as he stands like a shadow on the hill. But one glorious gurgle of the speerit down the throat of a storm-stayed man! and bold as a rainbow he faces the re-appearing sun, and feels assured (though there he may be mistaken) of dying at a good old age.

Then think, oh think, how miserably poor are most of those men who have fought our battles, and so often reddened their bayonets in defence of our liberties and our laws! Would you grudge them a little whisky? And depend upon it, a little is the most, taking one day of the year with another, that they imbibe. You figure to yourself two hundred thousand Highlanders, taking snuff, and chewing tobacco, and drinking whisky, all year long. Why, one pound of snuff, two of tobacco, and perhaps four gallons of whisky, would be beyond the mark of the yearly allowance of every grown-up man! Thousands never taste such luxuries at all—meal and water, potatoes and salt, their only food. The animal food, sir, and the fermented liquors of various kinds, Foreign and British, which to my certain knowledge you have swallowed within the last twelvemonths, would have sufficed for fifty families in our abstemious region of mist and snow. We have known you drink a bottle of champagne, a bottle of port, and two bottles of claret, frequently at a sitting, equal, in prime cost, to three gallons of the best Glenlivet! And You (who, by the way, are an English clergyman, a circumstance we had entirely forgotten, and have published a Discourse against Drunkenness, dedicated to a

Bishop) pour forth the Lamentations of Jeremiah over the sinful multitude of Small Stills! Hypocrisy! hypocrisy! where shalt thou hide thy many-coloured sides?

In the third place, what shall we say of the poetical influence of *STILLS*? What more poetical life can there be than that of the men with whom we are now drinking? They live with the moon and stars. All the night-winds are their familiars. If there be such things as ghosts, and fairies, and apparitions—and that there are, no man who has travelled much by himself after sunset will deny, except from the mere love of contradiction—they see them—or when invisible, which they generally are, hear them—here—there—everywhere—in sky, forest, cave, or hollow-sounding world immediately beneath their feet. Many poets walk these wilds; nor do their songs perish. They publish not with Blackwood or with Murray—but for centuries on centuries, such souls are the sources of the oral traditions that go glimmering down the stream of years. Native are they to the mountains as the blooming heather, nor shall they ever cease to invest them with the light of poetry—in defiance of large farms, Methodist preachers, and the Caledonian Canal.

Shall we never be done with our soliloquy? It may be a little longish, for age is prolix—but every whit as natural and congenial with circumstances as Hamlet's "to be or not to be—that is the question." O beloved Albin! my soul yearneth towards thee, and I invoke a blessing on thy many thousand glens. Yes, sitting even here, I fear not to let my prayers ascend to heaven for the spread of light and knowledge over the uttermost of thy isles,

"Placed far amid the melancholy main!" Every man who leaves a blessing on one of thy solitary deserts, and gives expression to a good thought in presence of a Christian brother, is a missionary of the Truth. What uncomplaining and unrepining patience in thy solitary huts! What unshrinking endurance of physical pain and wants, that might well shame the Stoic's philosophical pride! What calm contentment, akin to mirth, in so many lonesome households, hidden the long half of the year in mist and snow! What peaceful death-beds, witnessed

but by a few, a very few, grave but tearless eyes! Ay, how many martyrdoms for the holy love and religion of Nature, worse to endure than those of old at the stake, because protracted through years of sore distress, for ever on the very brink of famine, yet for ever far removed from despair! Such is the people among whom we wish to drop the Books, whose sacred leaves are too often scattered to the wind, or buried in the dust of Pagan lands. Blessed is the grant from whose wisely-managed munificence the small House of God will rise frequent in the wide and sea-divided wilds, with its humble associate, the heath-roofed school, in which, through the silence of the desert, will be heard the murmuring voices of the children of the poor, instructed in the knowledge useful for time, and of avail for eternity!

But the best of friends must part; and by this time the party at Loch Katrine must have given us up for lost. Steady, boys—steady! We certainly have felt ourselves soberer—but our fault, such as it is, we lay at the door of the Genius Loci. In the open air of the encircling mountain what instrument like the bagpipe! It is like the jocund song of an Earthquake in prime of life on his wedding-day. Farewell! Farewell! "*Vale! longinqua vale!*" Farewell! Farewell!

But how shall we ever be able to hobble over the heathy hills to Loch Katrine, distant, we ween, a dozen unmeasured miles, with many a moss and moor between, and pathless precipice? A friend in need is a friend indeed; and Donald is ready with his mountain-pony. We are not quite so heavy as a sack of malt, and many a good gallop has spare-ribbed Shaggy had in his day before the Excise myrmidons, charging in vain with all their chivalry. Now for a few hours silence—for after such a festival, we feel, from the rotatory motion of our knowledge-box, that were we to attempt discussion, we should be reasoning in a circle. So let the cracked rusty reins rest on the flowing mane, and remember, O Shely! that you carry Cæsar and his Fortunes.

In that blue profound lies the famous Loch. We shall reach it at the very hour of sunset. Yes—

Now an airy point is won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,

One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lies beneath us roll'd,
Winding in all her length away,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that empurpled bright,
Are floating 'mid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land!

No, no, Donald Dhu, you must not go back till you have tasted Mr Stewart's own unchristened bottle—and we will introduce you, Donald, and you shall kiss her hand—to one fairer than the Lady of the Lake herself—who will in softest Sassenach breathe forth the music of her thanks, for the care you have taken of old Father Christopher.

Lo! rounding a sylvan promontory, glides towards us on the shore, as if self-impelled over the lights and shadows, a barge, high out of the water, with a bevy of nymphs piled above her stern, each beautiful as Cleopatra; and hark, awakening the enamoured echoes, a choral song! Say, was Solomon in all his glory comparable to Us, as we ascend the bark, supported by Water-Lilies, for such the sweet souls are, on the unsteady footing of an oar. Hanging on air, the many-coloured pomp proceeds along the hush and the glow of sunset—and again rise the choral harmonies of the wild melancholy song. The Gael rest on their oars—for they all have music in their souls—and the roe, venturing from the glade, shows herself with her little fawn on the water's edge and then disappears into the umbrage of the old woods!

Oh, gracious Nature! who hast framed the human spirit in accordance with the beauty of thy works—no sooner hast thou let the sun sink away in the fading gorgeousness of his bed of clouds, than thy hand wheels up the moon into heaven, and lendest a faint lustre to the reappearing stars! Our spirits are embued with the character of night, and life seems now to be a vision and a dream! The trees—the towers—the waters—are all as living things, happy in the hush—and nought around is inanimate! Far far away is all sorrow—and all sin—and the inspired spirit feels itself to be immortal!

And what pure happiness to the heart of him who may have lost something of that divine enthusiasm that belongs fully and freshly but to life's earlier years, to see the young so in-

tensely happy! How like an angel that fair creature at the prow,
While beauty born of murmuring sound,
Doth pass into her face!

No trace of any passion is there, but meek in the light of all the good affections. Remembered joys and haply remembered sorrows blend with all present impulses, and she is glad with the fall of her dishevelled tresses to hide the too blissful tears. Weep on in thy delight—daughter of my soul, weep on—and the piety breathed through thy spirit from an hour like this may lend its mysterious influence, in future and far distant years, to dry up the drops of bitterness that must be shed by the eyes of the most innocent, before they close on this mortal pilgrimage. But the thick dews are descending, and the air is somewhat chill—so let our prow point towards the Trossachs, and in an hour we shall be all sitting together in Ard-chin-chrocan, the somewhat gutturally-sounding proper name of the abode of James Stewart, a civil, sensible, intelligent, and obliging man.

Is it not delightful, in this weary world of woe, for some half-dozen dear friends of both sexes, and various ages and relations, to meet together at nightfall, in a lodge in the wilderness, after a long summer-day's divided travel among the glorious works of God? A smile—a glance—a whisper—is worth a shekel of the fine gold. Monosyllables speak pages, and a single sentence is worth a three-volume work. With the balmy breath and fragrant tresses close to your cheek, how sweet to compare notes! No candle in the room—only the unsteady light of the moon, ever and anon intercepted by clouds. It is the very poetry of life. Nor does the murmur of suppressed laughter disturb the pleasant pathos of the parlour-twilight; for there is always a sadness in merriment by moonlight. Far-away friends are thought of with vivid affection—we wish they were with us—and are sorry that such happiness should not be partaken by those we love. Their names pronounced at intervals, bring before us the pleasant places and faces of home; and tenderly are they all remembered in our bedside prayers!

Surely a day and a night contain more than twenty-four hours! It seems a very age since we parted company at Callander, and we feel as if

we had roamed over one half of the earth. What scenes keep shifting before the musing eye, for a long time in the very order of succession in which they were beheld! And then all at once disarranged into beautiful fragments, and a chaos of her own creation in which imagination is lost. Without fatigue now, and lying on a rustie sofa, we re-climb the long heathy ascent, and sail down the glen as if on wings. We see ourselves crossing bridges and diving into woods—and when some sweet voice breaks the silence, we start to see the Highland girl bringing in supper—a salmon-grilse, perhaps, or tureen of grouse-soup, putting fancy to flight before the substantialities of animal life. Never by the most imaginative, ought meal-time to be despised. We know not what, after a thirty miles' ride-and-tie pedestrian excursion on horseback and boat, may be the weight of a heavy supper—but this we do know, that all within two pounds of flesh, fish, and fowl, the water and the staff of life included, may, without any violation of the English language, be called a light one—and that he who goes to sleep without cake or caulker, is unworthy of a heather-bed within the forest-murmur of the Trossachs.

Ladies! many, many years, ay, centuries ago—a feast was held in the Castle of Oban, to celebrate the anniversary of the birth-day of its young and absent lord. He was one of the children of the ocean, and long had his home been there; but now he was on his voyage back to the towers of his fathers, and every heart in the hall was filled with the joy of hope. There, sate beside his stately and high-born mother, the lady whom the Chieftain loved—and as she touched the harp to a song that she herself had framed, both music and poetry, a song of hail and welcome to the ship, that bore the princely youth, then stemming the midnight deep, bright was she as one of the virgins that harped to Ossian at the Feast of Shells, and beneath the power of her inspired beauty the assembled vassalage were all still as death.

Whether the ship, in roaring motion,
Roll tempest-driven o'er the ocean,
Or silent lie in pleasant sleep,
Anchor'd beneath the palmy steep,

Temper, O Lord! the sun and air
To him, the home-bound Mariner—
And gently drop the midnight dew
On him and all his gallant crew!

The song ceased, and the lady was leaning on her harp, when, tossing his arms aloft, and with his large, wild, coal-black eyes staring fixedly from below a heap of matted hair, up rose the Seer, and in ghastly wailings prophesied shipwreck and a drowning death. Far off through the rising tempest he heard—and he alone—the distress-gun—a vain pealing for succour, that came not from earth or heaven—and then a troop of ghosts paced, with blue-swollen faces, along the sands, vanishing as on the surf-beaten cliffs—silent all, and deformed with wounds. All eyes wept, but the eyes of the Seer alone, and his had too long been familiar with the hauntings of the spectral dead. The lights were extinguished in the hall—the Clan separated among the hills—to his cave by the sea-shore went the melancholy Seer—in agony the lady-mother bowed down her stately head—and she, the fair harper, who had sung a hymn of holy joy, pressed the crucifix to her bosom, and prayed for peace to her hero's soul.

At the first dawn of light, the seamews wheeled round and round the Figure of the widowed Virgin, sitting on a rock that stretched far into the howlings of the ocean. Plank after plank came successively floating on the flow of tide—and there is the body of a mariner! But these are not the raven locks of him she loved—although, doubtless, dear to eyes that will never see them more.

True as the words of Holy Writ had ever proved the revelations of the unhappy Seer, cursed, through a long solitary life, with the foreknowledge of the doom of all that lofty line. She looks not to the sea—in hope, but in despair—enough of comfort for her, if her hands be the first to wipe from his forehead the soiling sand. Lo! a lone wide-winged sea-bird hovering in the offing—and heedless in its happiness of its nest on the far-off isle! Its flight is towards the shore—and lo! it changes into a little Vessel, careering in the sunshine under a press of snow-white sail. And now the flag streams below the castle-cliff, and its wings are folded in the shelter of the land-

locked bay. The Lady is wailed—without will of her own—as on the uplifting of some spirit's power; and with feet scarcely touching the shells that glitter on the silvery sand, is standing, like an Image cast up from the sea, among the wondering mariners. Not his the shrouded wraith that passed before the Seer, for the Chieftain has clasped his betrothed to his bosom, and his own castle-cliffs rejoice in the light of deliverance!

Much of the effect, my dear children, of a few sentences like these depends on the recitation—and most probably, were they written down and printed, they might appear rather stupid. Yet, in our tremulous sing-song, they have absolutely drawn tears, and we shall send you all weeping to bed. Another short tale—a tradition Englished from the Gaelic—and then good night, and God be with you all!

Who among all the Highland maidens that danced on the greenswards among the blooming heather on the mountains of Glenetive—who so fair as Flora, the only daughter of the King's Forester, and grandchild to the Bard famous for his songs of Fairies in the Hill of Peace, and the Mermaid-Queen, in her Palace of emerald, floating far down beneath the foam-bells of the sea? And who, among all the Highland youth that went far abroad to the bloody wars, from the base of Benevis, to compare with Ranald of the Red-Cliff, whose sires had been soldiers for centuries, in the days of the dagger and Lochaber axe—stately in his strength amid the battle as the oak in a storm, but gentle in peace as the birchtree, that whispers with all its leaves to the slightest summer-breath? If their love was great, when often fed at the light of each other's eyes, what was it when Ranald was far off among the sands of Egypt, and Flora left an orphan to pine away in her native glen? Beneath the shadow of the Pyramids he dreamt of Dalness and the deer forest, that was the dwelling of his love—and she, as she stood by the murmurs of that sea-loch, longed for the wings of the osprey, that she might flee away to the war-tents beyond the ocean, and be at rest!

But years—a few years—long and lingering as they might seem to loving hearts separated by the roar of seas—yet all too too short when 'tis thought how small a number lead from the cradle to the grave—brought Ranald

and Flora once more into each other's arms. Alas! for the poor soldier! for never more was he to behold that face from which he kissed the trickling tears! Like many another gallant youth, he had lost his eyesight from the sharp burning sand—and was led to the shieling of his love, like a wandering mendicant, that obeys the hand of a child! Nor did his face bear that smile of resignation usually so affecting on the calm countenances of the blind. Seldom did he speak—and his sighs were deeper, longer, and more disturbed than those which almost any sorrow ever wrings from the young. Could it be that he groaned in remorse over some secret crime?

Happy—completely happy, would Flora have been to have tended him like a sister all his dark life long, or like a daughter, to have sat beside the bed of one whose hair was getting fast grey, long before its time. All her relations were dead, and almost all her friends away to other glens. But he had returned, and blindness, for which there was no hope, must bind his steps for ever within little room. But they had been betrothed almost from her childhood, and would she—if he desired it—fear to become his wife now, shrouded as he was, now and for ever, in the helpless dark? From his lips, however, her maidenly modesty required, that the dear words should come; nor could she sometimes help wondering, in half-upbraiding sorrow, that Ranald joyed not in his great affliction to claim his virgin bride. Poor were they to be sure—yet not so poor as to leave life desolate of comforts; and in every glen of her native Highlands, were there not worthy families far poorer than they? But weeks, months, passed on, and Ranald remained in a neighbouring shieling, shunning the sunshine, and moaning, it was said, when he thought none were near, both night and day. Sometimes he had been overheard muttering to himself lamentable words—and, blind as his eyes were to all the objects of the real world, it was rumoured up and down the glen that he saw visions of woeful events about to befall one whom he loved!

One midnight he found his way, unguided, like a man walking in his sleep—but he, although in a hideous trance, was yet broad awake—to the shieling where Flora dwelt, and call-

ed on her, in a dirge-like voice, to speak a few words to him ere he died. They sat down together among the heather, on the very spot where the farewell kiss had been given, when he went away to the wars; and Flora's heart died within her, when he told her that the curse under which so many of his forefathers had suffered, had fallen upon his spirit, and that he had seen his wraith pass by in a shroud, and heard a voice whisper the very day he was to die.

And was it Ranald of the Red-Cliff, he, the bravest of the brave, that thus shuddered in the fear of death like a felon at the tolling of the great prison-bell? Ay, death is dreadful when foreseen by a ghastly superstition. He felt the shroud already bound round his limbs and body with gentle folds, beyond the power of a giant to burst; and day and night the same vision yawned before him, an open grave in the corner of the hill churchyard.

Flora knew that his days were indeed numbered; for when had he ever been afraid of death—and could his spirit have quailed thus under a mere common dream?—Soon was she to be all alone in this world; yet when Ranald should die, she felt that her own days would not be many, and there was sudden and strong comfort in the belief that they would be buried in one grave.

Such were her words to the dying man; and all at once he took her in his arms, and asked her “If she had no fears of the narrow house?” His whole nature seemed to undergo a change under the calm voice of her reply; and he said, “Dost thou fear not then, my Flora, to hear the words of doom?” “Blessed will they be, if in death we be not disunited.” “Thou too, my wife—for my wife thou now art on earth, and mayest be so in heaven—thou too, Flora, wert seen shrouded in that apparition.” It was a gentle and a gracious summer-night—so clear, that the shepherds on the hills were scarcely sensible of the morning's dawn. And there, at earliest day-light, were Ranald and Flora found, on the greensward, among the tall heather, lying side by side, with their calm faces up to heaven, and never more to smile or weep in this mortal world.

* * * * *
Hallo! hallo! ye Sybarites! Six o'clock in the morning, and not a

nightcap stirring! This it is, ye Seven Sleepers, to be embraced in the arms of love-dreams. The cocks have been crowing till they are hoarse, and the trouts for hours past have been playing at leap-frog in the loch. Breakfast is on the table, and we must get Donald with his bagpipe to yell out a reveille. A crowd of Cockneys have been seen acting *The Lady of the Lake*, with the original scenery, and our sides are sore at a Leigh-Hunt-like Fitz-James, whose spurs getting entangled toe and heel, his kingship went souse over head and ears into a shoal of tadpoles. A Ludgate-hill young lady, in a "pladded scarf," a relation of Tims, played Helen Douglas, with all the aspirates; and as pretty a pawnbroker as ever handled a forfeited petticoat enacted Roderic Dhu, in his Pine-bannered Barge; while some young men, like contributors to Taylor and Hessey, with Velluti voices, squeaked, "Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the *Heelans*," &c., but not an echo would deign to reply. They are sulky chaps those Highland echoes that inhabit the cliffs of Katrine, and could never have borne to open their mouths again to the cannon's roar, had they contaminated them with Cockneyisms.

How different the character of the morning and evening face of Beauty! Last night, just before going to bed, you were pale and pensive, my children—now your eyes sparkle, and your cheeks shame the rose's glow. Ha!—and all of you sport new dresses too—high-breasted gowns of a sweet, soft, sober, self-colour—with lace bosom-leaves—the most elegant of all drooping and floating things—the married with Queen-Mary caps, and the virgin with her own braided hair, "Sweet Auburn! loveliest tresses in the main!"

Heaven bless you all—your hand to the old man—a kiss—poo, poo—and now to breakfast.

Once more afloat—let us take a lingering farewell of rocks, and precipices, and woods, and torrents, with all their deep ravines and twilight recesses, which we may never again behold. Nor let us think, not even for a moment, that any one of the party has seen Loch Katrine and the Trossachs. A month in the wilds of Ben Venu would not suffice to discover to us all its gay and gloomy wonders. But we have filled our imagi-

nations with beauty to the brim, so that they can hold no more, and are overflowing. The pageant has all disappeared from our eyes—and as our faces are turned towards Glengyle, we see nothing but bare hills—worthy of admiration elsewhere—but to us, sated with the wild and wonderful—dull as the prosing of a common-place man after the eloquent enthusiasm of a son of genius.

And now, ladies lovely and beloved! what think you of the taste and feeling of Christopher North, who has scarcely so much as alluded to the *Lady of the Lake*, nor, in your hearing, made one recitation from that the most delightful of all the romantic fictions of the Ariosto of the North? Because we are apt to lose our temper at all follies of which we are not ourselves guilty. Loch Katrine needs not the poetry of any mortal man to render it lovely to all eyes. They who row staring about, with open book in hand, in vain search of all the localities of that fine fiction, and attending to nothing of which they cannot lay their fingers on a description or a portrait, spouting passages of pathos here, and mouthing sentences of sentiment there,—he fancying himself Fitz-James, and she opining herself to be Helen Douglas, why, my sickening soul abhors them, and my very gorge rises at the namby-pamby ninnyism. The genius of the Poet has indeed formed charming pictures, true to the spirit of nature, and worthy they are of all our best admiration. But if you found yourself in good earnest in the garden of Eden, would you be unhappy without a pocket edition of Milton in your reticule? Nay, when you go to Heaven itself—and if you do not, we know nobody who will—can you imagine yourselves looking at descriptions of it in Dr Anderson's British Poets?

But there are the ponies waiting for us on the water's edge—and a picturesque cavalcade we shall be, crossing the hills to Loch Chon, and so down by Loch Ard to Aberfoyle. There our carriage will be in waiting—and we shall have afternoon and evening for a row on Loch-Lomond.

* * * * *
Six pages of MSS. embezzled by a printer's devil.

* * * * *
We were to blame in speaking yes-

terday slightly of wings. Oh! for the plumes and pinions of the poised Eagle, that we might now hang over LOCH-LOMOND and all her isles! From what point of the compass would we come on our rushing vans? Up from Leven-banks, or down from Glen-Falloch, or over the hill of Luss, or down to Rowardennan; and then up and away, as the chance-currents in the sky might lead, with the glory of Scotland, blue, bright, and breaking into foam, thousands on thousands of feet below, with every Island distinct in the peculiar beauty of its own youthful or ancient moods? For remember, that with the eagle's wing we must also have the eagle's eye; and all the while our own soul to look with such lens and such iris, and with its own endless visions to invest the pinnacles of all the far-down ruins of church or castle, encompassed with the umbrage of undying oaks!

We should as soon think of penning a critique on Milton's *Paradise Lost* as on Loch Lomond. People there are in the world, doubtless, who think them both too long; but to our minds, neither the one nor the other exceeds the due measure by a leaf or a league. You may, if it so pleaseth you, think it, in a mist, a Mediterranean sea. For then you behold many miles of tumbling waves, with no land beyond; and were a ship to rise up in full sail, she would seem voyaging on to some distant shore. Or you may look on it as a great arm only of the ocean, stretched out into the mountainous main-land. Or say, rather, some river of the First Order, that shows to the sun, Islands never ceasing to adorn his course for a thousand leagues, and that, in another day, will be lost in the dominion of the sea. Or rather look on it as it is, as Loch Lomond, the Loch of a hundred Isles—of shores laden with all kinds of beauty, throughout the infinite succession of bays and harbours,—huts and houses sprinkled over the sides of its green hills, that ever and anon send up a wider smoke from villages clustering round its church-tower beneath the wooded rocks—halls half-hidden in groves, for centuries the residence of families proud of their Gallic blood—forests that, however wide be the fall beneath the axe when their hour is come, yet, far as the eye can reach, go circling round the mountain's base, inhabited

by the roe and the roe-deer;—but we have got into a sentence that threatens to be without end,—a dim, dreamy sentence, in the middle of which the very writer himself gets afraid of ghosts, and fervently prays for the period when he shall be again chatting with the reader on a shady seat, under his own Paragraph and his own Pear-tree.

Oh! for our admirable friend Mr Smith of Jordanhill's matchless cutter, to glide through among the glittering archipelago! But we must be contented with a somewhat clumsy four-oared barge, wide and deep enough for a cattle-ferry-boat. This morning's sunrise found us at the mouth of the Goblin's Cave on Loch Katrine, and among Lomond's lovely isles shall sunset leave us among the last glimmer of the softened gold. To which of all those lovely isles shall we drift before the wind on the small heaving and breaking waves? To Inch-Murrin, where the fallow-deer repose—or to the yew-shaded Inch-Caillach, the cemetery of Clan-Alpine—the Holy Isle of Nuns? One hushing afternoon hour may yet be ours on the waters—another of the slowly-walking twilight—that time which the gazing spirit is too wrapt to measure, while “sinks the Dog-star in the ocean's bed”—and so on to midnight, the reign of silence and shadow, the resplendent Diana, with her hair-halo, and all her star-nymphs rejoicing round their Queen. Let the names of all objects be forgotten—and imagination roam over the works of nature, as if they lay in their primeval majesty, without one trace of man's dominion. Slow-sailing Heron, that cloudlike seekest thy nest on yonder lofty mass of Pines—to us thy flight seems the very symbol of a long lone life of peace, as thou foldest thy wide wings on the topmost bough, beneath thee tower the upregarded Ruins, where many generations sleep! Onwards thou floatest like a dream, nor changest thy gradually descending course for the Eagle, that, far above thy line of travel, comes rushing unwearied from his prey in distant Isles of the Sea. The Osprey! off—off—to Inch-Loning—or the dark cliffs of Glenfalloch, many leagues away, which he will reach almost like a thought! Close your eyes but for a moment—and when you look again, where is the Cloud-Cleaver now? Gone in the sunshine, and

haply seated in his eyrie on Ben-Lomond's head!

But amidst all this splendour and magnificence, our eyes are drawn against our will, and by a sort of sad fascination, which we cannot resist, along the glittering and dancing waves, towards the melancholy shores of Inch-Cruin, the Island of the Afflicted. Beautiful is it by nature, with its bays, rocks, and woods, as any isle that hangs its shadow over the deeps; but human sorrows have steeped it in eternal gloom, and terribly is it haunted to every imagination. Here no woodman's hut peeps from the glade—here are not seen the branching antlers of the deer moving among the boughs that stir not—no place of peace is this where the world-wearied hermit sits penitent in his cell, and prepares his soul for Heaven. Its inhabitants are a woeful people, and all its various charms are hidden from their eyes, or seen in ghastly transfiguration. For here, beneath the yew-tree's shade, sit moping, or roam about with rueful lamentation, the soul-distracted and the insane! Ay—these sweet and pleasant murmurs break round a Lunatic Asylum! And the shadows that are now and then seen among the umbrage are laughing or weeping in the eclipse of reason, and may never know again aught of the real character of this world, to which, exiled as they are from it, they are yet bound by the ties of a common nature, that, although sorely deranged, are not wholly broken, and still separate them by an awful depth of darkness from the beasts that perish!

Thither, love, yielding reluctantly at last to despair, has consented that the object on which all its wise solitudes had for years been unavailingly bestowed both night and day, should be rowed over, perhaps at midnight, and when asleep, and left there with beings like itself, all dimly conscious of their doom. To many such the change may often bring little or no heed—for outward things may have ceased to impress, and they may be living in their own rueful world, different from all that we hear or behold. To some it may seem that they have been spirited away to another state of existence,—beautiful, indeed, and fair to see, with all those lovely trees and shadows of trees,—but still a miserable, a most miserable place, without

one face they ever saw before, and haunted by glaring eyes that shoot forth fear, suspicion, and hatred. Others, again, there are, who know well the misty head of Ben-Lomond, which, with joyful pleasure-parties set free from the city, they had in other years exultingly scaled, and looked down, perhaps, in a solemn pause of their youthful ecstasy, on the far-off and melancholy Inch-Cruin! Thankful are they for such a haven at last—for they are remote from the disturbance of the incomprehensible life that bewildered them, and from the pity of familiar faces, that was more than could be borne!

So let us float upon our oars behind the shadow of this rock, nor approach nearer the sacred retreat of misery! Let us not gaze too intently into the glades, for we might see some figure there who wished to be seen nevermore, and recognise in the hurrying shadow the living remains of a friend. How profound the hush! No sigh—no groan—no shriek—no voice—no tossing of arms—no restless chafing of feet! God in mercy has for a while calmed the congregation of the afflicted, and the Isle is overspread with a sweet Sabbath-silence. What medicine for them like the breath of heaven—the dew—the sunshine—and the murmur of the wave! Nature herself is their kind physician, and sometimes not unfrequently brings them by her holy skill back to the world of clear intelligence and serene affection. They listen calmly to the blessed sound of the oar that brings a visit of friends—to sojourn with them for a day—or to take them away to another retirement, where they, in restored reason, may sit around the board, nor fear to meditate during the midnight watches on the dream, which, although dispelled, may in all its ghastliness return. There was a glorious burst of sunshine! And of all the Lomond Isles, what one rises up in the sudden illumination so bright as Inch-Cruin?

Methinks I see sitting in his narrow and low-roofed cell, careless of food, dress, sleep, or shelter alike, him who in the opulent mart of commerce was one of the most opulent, and devoted heart and soul to show and magnificence. His house was like a palace with its pictured and mirror'd walls, and the nights were away to dance, re-

velry, and song. Fortune poured riches at his feet, which he had only to gather up; and every enterprise in which he took part prospered beyond the reach of imagination. But all at once—as if lightning had struck the dome of his prosperity, and earthquake let down its foundations, it sank, crackled, and disappeared—and the man of a million was a houseless, infamous, and bankrupt beggar. In one day his proud face changed into the ghastly smiling of an idiot—he dragged his limbs in paralysis—and slavered out unmeaning words foreign to all the pursuits in which his active intellect had for many years been plunged. All his relations,—to whom it was known he had never shown kindness,—were persons in humble condition. Ruined creditors we do not expect to be very pitiful, and people asked what was to become of him till he died. A poor creature, whom he had seduced and abandoned to want, but who had succeeded to a small property on the death of a distant relation, remembered her first, her only love, when all the rest of the world were willing to forget him; and she it was who had him conveyed thither, herself sitting in the boat with her arm round the unconscious idiot, who now vegetates on the charity of her whom he betrayed. For fifteen years he has continued to exist in the same state, and you may pronounce his name on the busy Exchange of the city where he flourished and fell, and haply the person you speak to shall have entirely forgotten it.

The evils genius sometimes brings to its possessor have often been said and sung, perhaps with exaggerations, but not always without truth. It is found frequently apart from prudence and principle, and in a world constituted like ours, how can it fail to reap a harvest of misery or death? A fine genius, and even a high, had been bestowed on One who is now an inmate of that cottage-cell, peering between these two rocks. At College, he outstripped all his compeers by powers equally versatile and profound,—the first both in intellect and in imagination. He was a poor man's son—the only son of a working carpenter—and his father intended him for the church. But the youth soon felt that to him the trammels of a strict faith would be unbearable, and he lived on from year to year, uncertain what pro-

fession to choose. Meanwhile his friends, all inferior to him in talents and acquirements, followed the plain, open, and beaten path, that leads sooner or later to respectability and independence. He was left alone in his genius, useless, although admired,—while those who had looked in high hopes on his early career, began to have their fears that they might never be realized. His first attempts to attract the notice of the public, although not absolute failures—for some of his compositions, both in prose and verse, were indeed beautiful—were not triumphantly successful, and he began to taste the bitterness of disappointed ambition. His wit and colloquial talents carried him into the society of the dissipated and the licentious, and before he was aware of the fact, he had got the character of all others the most humiliating, that of a man who knew not how to estimate his own worth, nor to preserve it from pollution. He found himself silently and gradually excluded from the higher circle which he had once adorned, and sunk inextricably into a lower grade of social life. His whole habits became loose and irregular; his studies were pursued but by fits and starts; his knowledge, instead of keeping pace with that of the times, became clouded and obscure, and even diminished; his dress was meaner; his manners hurried, and reckless, and wild, and ere long he became a slave to drunkenness, and then to every low and degrading vice.

His father died, it was said, of a broken heart, for to him his son had been all in all, and the unhappy youth felt that the death lay at his door. At last, shunned by most—tolerated but by a few for the sake of other times—domiciled in the haunts of infamy—loaded with a heap of paltry debts, and pursued by the hounds of the law, the fear of a prison drove him mad, and his whole mind was utterly and hopelessly overthrown. A few of the friends of his boyhood raised a subscription in his behoof—and within the gloom of these woods he has been shrouded for many years, but not unvisited once or twice a summer by some one, who knew, loved, and admired him in the morning of that genius that long before its meridian brightness had been so fatally eclipsed.

And can it be in cold and unimpassioned words like these that I thus speak of Thee and thy doom, thou Soul of fire, and once the brightest of the free privileged by nature to walk along the mountain-ranges, and mix their spirits with the stars! Can it be that all thy glorious aspirations, by thyself forgotten, have no dwelling-place in the memory of one who loved thee so well, and had his deepest affection so profoundly returned! Thine was a heart once tremblingly alive to all the noblest and finest sympathies of our nature, and the humblest human sensibilities became beautiful when tinged by the light of thy imagination. Thy genius invested the most ordinary objects with a charm not their own; and the vision it created thy lips were eloquent to disclose. What although thy poor old father died, because by thy hand all his hopes were shivered, and for thy sake poverty stripped even the coverlet from his dying-bed—yet I feel as if some dreadful destiny, rather than thy own crime, blinded thee to his fast decay, and closed thine ears in deafness to his beseeching prayer. Oh! charge not to creatures such as we all the fearful consequences of our misconduct and evil ways! We break hearts we would die to heal—and hurry on towards the grave those whom to save we would leap into the devouring fire! Many wondered in their anger that thou couldst be so callous to the old man's grief—and couldst walk tearless at his coffin. The very night of the day he was buried thou wert among thy wild companions, in a house of infamy, close to the wall of the churchyard. Was not that enough to tell us all that disease was in thy brain, and that reason, struggling with insanity, had changed sorrow to despair. But perfect forgiveness—forgiveness made tender by profoundest pity—was finally extended to thee by all thy friends—frail and erring like thyself in many things, although not so fatally misled and lost, because in the mystery of Providence not so irresistibly tried. It seemed as if thou hadst offended the Guardian Genius, who, according to the old philosophy which thou knewest so well, is given to every human being at his birth; and that then the angel left thy side, and Satan strove to drag thee to perdition. And hath any peace come to thee—a youth no more—

but in what might have been the prime of manhood, bent down, they say, to the ground, with a head all floating with silver hairs,—hath any peace come to thy distracted soul in these woods, over which there now seems again to brood a holy horror? Yes—thy fine dark eyes are not wholly without intelligence as they look on the sun, moon, and stars; although all their courses seem now confused to thy imagination, once regular and ordered in their magnificence before that intellect which science claimed as her own. The harmonies of nature are not all lost on thy ear, poured forth throughout all seasons, over the world of sound and sight. Glimpses of beauty startle thee as thou wanderest along the shore of thy prison-isle; and that fine poetical genius, not yet extinguished altogether, although faint and flickering, gives vent to something like snatches of songs, and broken elegies, that seem to wail over the ruins of thy own soul! Such peace as ever visits them, afflicted as thou art, be with thee in cell or on shore; nor lost to heaven will be the wild moanings of—to us—thy unintelligible prayers!

But hark to the spirit-stirring voice of the bugle, scaling the sky, and leaping up and down in echoes among the distant mountains! Such a strain animates the voltigeur, skirmishing in front of the line of battle, or sending flashes of sudden death from the woods. Alas! for him who now deludes his yet high heart with a few notes of the music, that so often was accompanied by his sword waving on to glory! Unappalled was he ever in the whizzing and hissing fire—nor did his bold broad breast ever shrink from the bayonet, that with the finished fencer's art he has often turned aside when red with death. In many of the pitched battles of the Spanish campaigns his plume was conspicuous over the dark green lines, that, breaking asunder in fragments, like those of the flowing sea, only to readvance over the bloody fields, cleared the ground that was to be debated between the great armaments. Yet in all such desperate service he never received one single wound. But on a mid-day march, as he was gaily singing a love-song, the sun smote him to the very brain, and from that moment his right hand grasped the sword no more!

Not on the face of all the earth— or of all the sea—is there a spot of profounder peace, than that isle that has long been his abode! But to him all the scene is alive with the pomp of war. Every far-off precipice is a fort, that has its own Spanish name—and the cloud above seems to his eyes the tricolor, or the flag of his own victorious country. War, that dread game that nations play at, is now to the poor insane soldier a mere child's pastime, from which sometimes he himself will turn with a sigh or a smile. For sense assails him in his delirium, for a moment and no more; and he feels that he is far away, and for ever, from all his companions in glory, in an Asylum that must be left but for the grave! Perhaps in such moments he may have remembered the night, when at Badajos he led the forlorn hope; but even forlorn hope now hath he none, and he sinks away back into his delusions, at which even his brother-sufferers smile—so foolish does the restless campaigner seem to these men of peace!

Lo! a white ghost-like figure, slowly issuing from the trees, and sitting herself down on a stone, with face fixed on the waters! Now she is so perfectly still, that had we not seen her motion thither, she and the rock would have seemed but one! Somewhat fantastically dressed, even in her apparent despair! Were we close to her, we should see a face yet beautiful, beneath hair white as snow. Her voice too, but seldom heard, is still sweet and low; and sometimes, when all are asleep, or at least silent, she begins at midnight to sing! She yet touches the guitar—an instrument in fashion in Scotland when she led the fashion—with infinite grace and delicacy—and the songs she loves best are those in a foreign tongue. For more than thirty years hath the unfortunate lady come to the water's edge daily, and hour after hour continued to sit motionless on that self-same stone, looking down into the loch. Her story is now almost like a dim tradition from other ages, and the history of those who come here often fades away into nothing. Everywhere else they are forgotten—here there are none who can remember. Who once so beautiful as the "Fair Portuguese?" It was said at that time that she was a Nun—but the sacred veil was drawn aside

by the hand of love, and she came to Scotland with her deliverer! Yes, her deliverer! He delivered her from the gloom—often the peaceful gloom that hovers round the altar of Superstition—and after a few years of love, and life, and joy—she sat where you now see her sitting, and the world she had adorned moved on in brightness and in music as before! Since there has to her been so much suffering—was there on her part no sin? No—all believed her to be guiltless, except one, whose jealousy would have seen falsehood lurking in an angel's eyes; but she was utterly deserted; and being in a strange country, worse than an orphan, her mind gave way; for say not—oh say not—that innocence can always stand against shame and despair! The hymns she sings at midnight are hymns to the Virgin; but all her songs are songs about love, and chivalry, and knights that went crusading to the Holy Land. He who brought her from another sanctuary into the one now before us, has been dead many years. He perished in shipwreck—and 'tis thought that she sits there gazing down into the loch, as on the place where he sank or was buried; for when told that he was drowned, she shrieked, and made the sign of the cross—and that stone has in all weathers been her dearest seat since that long-ago day!

Away we go westwards—like fire-worshippers devoutly gazing on the setting sun. And another isle seems to shoot across our path, separated suddenly, as if by magic, from the mainland. How beautiful, with its many crescents, the low-lying shores; carrying here and there a single tree quite into the water, and with verdant shallows guarding the lonely seclusion even from the keel of canoe! Round and round we row, but not a single landing-place! Shall we take each of us a fair burthen in his arms, and bear it to that knoll, whispering and quivering through the twilight, with a few birches, whose stems glitter like silver pillars in the shade? No—let us not disturb the silent people, now donning their green array for nightly revelries. It is the "Isle of Fairies," and on that knoll hath the fishermen often seen their Queen sitting on a throne, surrounded by myriads of creatures no taller than harebells: one splash of the oar—and all

is vanished. There, it is said, lives among the Folk of Peace, the fair child who, many years ago, disappeared from her parents' shieling at Inversnayde, and whom they vainly wept over as dead. One evening she had floated away by herself in a small boat—while her parents heard, without fear, the clang—duller and duller—of the oars, no longer visible in the distant moonshine. In an hour the returning vessel touched the beach—but no child was to be seen—and they listened in vain for the music of the happy creature's songs. For weeks the loch rolled and roared like the sea—nor was the body found anywhere lying on the shore. Long, long afterwards, some little white bones were interred in Christian burial, for the parents believed them to be the remains of their child—all that had been left by the beak of the raven. But not so thought many dwellers along the mountain-shores—for had not her very voice been often heard by the shepherds, when the unseen flight of Fairies sailed singing along up the solitary Glenfalloch, away over the moors of Tynedrum, and down to the sweet Dalmally, where the shadow of Cruachan darkens the old ruins of

melancholy Kilchurn? The lost child's parents died in their old age—but she is unchanged in shape and features—the same fair thing she was the evening that she disappeared, only a shade of sadness is on her pale face, as if she were pining for the sound of human voices, and the gleam of the peat-fire of the shieling. Ever, when the Fairy-court is seen for a moment beneath the glimpses of the moon, she is sitting by the side of the gracious Queen. Words of might there are, that, if whispered at right season, would yet recall her from the shadowy world, to which she has been spirited away; but small centinels stand at their stations all round the isle, and at nearing of human breath, a shrill warning is given from sedge and water-lily, and like dew-drops melt away the phantoms, while mixed with peals of little laughter, overhead is heard the winnowing of wings! For the hollow of the earth, and the hollow of the air, is their Invisible Kingdom—and when they touch the herbage or flowers of this earth of ours, whose lonely places they love, then only are they revealed to human eyes—at all times else to our senses unexistent as dreams!

WRECK OF THE COMET.

DULL rolls the Drum; its wild and plaintive wail
 The war-pipe lends,—in softer notes of woe
 Clarion and bugle swell the mournful strain,
 And sad and solemn hold the warrior bands
 Their silent march funereal.—Busy Glasgow,
 As moves the train, through all her myriads, feels
 Contagious sorrow stealing—Commerce checks
 His hurried step in sadness—the Lament
 Low whisper'd mingling with the frequent sigh
 Of grief sincere is heard—rude thousands pay
 The homage of their silence—radiant eyes
 Are gemm'd with Pity's dew—down many a cheek,
 War seamed and bronzed, courses th' unwonted stream,
 As many a vet'ran, long with scenes of death
 Familiar, pours the tide of woe unfeign'd
 O'er Valour's urn and Beauty's early bier.—

* * * * *

The Cone of Nevis caught the orient beam,
 His giant crest was bright in morning's glow,
 While Night was lingering yet in Moydart's Vale:
 Still o'er her glens the misty mantle hung,
 When, mingling with that mist, came dashing on
 The steam-cloud rolling dun. Her early course
 The Comet speeds along—(Hail, wondrous Pow'r,

Whose strength is in its bondage—more and more
 Resistless as resisted ; for its freedom,
 Struggling with rage that from its solid stance
 Might heave a riven world—itsself a vapour,
 Its liberty its death,)—around her sides,
 Lash'd into sudden foam, the surges rise
 High laving ; far behind, a length'ning track
 Of boiling snow she leaves ; old Ocean's breast
 In wild commotion heaves, though sleeps the storm.

The plaided Cameron views in wild amaze
 The smoking wonder, as she winds her course
 Amid his native hills, and dreams of days
 Long past, but still to Highland fancy dear,
 And chronicled with reverential care,
 When Loda and the spirits of the Deep,
 Cloud-borne, career'd through Scotia's haunted vales.

Oh ! had the gazer in that hour possess'd
 The fabled pow'r, that once of Highland seer
 Was deem'd the gift—prophetic to foreshow
 The coming woe or weal, his warning voice
 Had told of danger, or bade shun the course
 Which whelm'd that wonder in the rolling deep.

Through Morven's hundred Isles she threads her way,
 Round beetling cliff stupendous, headland bold
 And silver-sanded baylet ;—far astern
 Lie Staffa's basalt glories, and the Cave,
 Whose pillar'd grandeur bids thy memory live,
 Fingal, of northern chivalry the pride.

See, as far westward slopes yon orb of light,
 The spiry peaks of Arran, tinged with gold,
 Glow in the mellow'd radiance—dimly now
 Night's twilight sister flings o'er dark'ning Bute
 Her veil of sombre hue ; thy narrowing Firth,
 Fair Clyde, is won at length ; each ruder wave
 Has to a ripple sunk—above, below,
 On deck, in cabin, all is revel now ;
 And mirth prevails around. At Pleasure's shrine
 Is pour'd the deep libation ; minstrelsy
 Lends to the jocund hour its gladdening aid,
 The merry dancer wheels in measure light,
 Peals the loud laugh, and every heart is gay.
 The careless mariners, no danger fear'd,
 Relax their watch and slumber all secure,
 Or frame the song to cheat the passing hour.

SONG.

ONWARD and onward our course we steer,
 All danger is pass'd, our port is near ;
 We wait not for the changing breeze
 To waft our bark on the foaming seas ;
 We toil not at the wearying oar,
 To speed our way from shore to shore ;
 We spread not forth the ample sail,
 To woo the coy and fickle gale.
 Lightly, lightly, our good ship flies,
 The fire our sail and oar supplies ;
 We hoist no banner on topmast high,
 But our dusky pennon sweeps the sky !
 Floating afar that streamer dark
 Proclaims the track of our gallant bark.

Onward and onward our course we steer,
All danger is pass'd, our port is near.

Was it the thunder's crash, heard near and dread,
That from his lowly couch, at midnight's hour,
Aroused the peasant on the Gourock shore?
Or did some shatter'd cliff, disporting, hurl
Amid the frighted waves its avalanche
Of riven rock, loud plunging? To the beach,
Appall'd, the tenants of the hamlet rush.
Nor plunging rock, nor elemental peal,
Has rent the welkin, but from out the waters
Rises the shriek of anguish, loud and wild—
And mid the hissing wave is, lessening, view'd
A darksome mass fast sinking, dreadful sight,
But for a moment seen, nor longer, gulph'd,
And lost to vision, like some horrid dream,
In ocean's bosom dark. Anon is heard
The struggling splash of swimmers—and the sob
That speaks exhausted strength and yielding nature,
The nearing cry for aid—the voice of him
Who gains the shore, and raves in joy's delirium.

They met upon the deep, two gallant barks
Holding course adverse—all was dark around—
Nor beaming light nor warning voice proclaim'd
Approaching danger. Deadly was the shock,
As when in olden days of ruder war,
Some catapulta vast its rocky load
Straining discharg'd, and spreading ruin mark'd
Its crashing progress, as embattled wall
Opposed resistance vain, and to its base
Reel'd toppling tow'r, and shook the earth around.

Athwart the Waist the riven Comet feels
The adverse prow cut sheer—her quivering frame
Acknowledges the wound. The mighty gash
Admits the rushing wave—from stem to stern
Pours the resistless flood. The glowing furnace
Roars in vain rage and brief, as o'er it flows
The quenching deluge. Some in slumber lock'd,
Perchance inebriate, by Death surprised,
To their account pass instant, whelm'd at once.
Most to the deck for safety or escape
Rush wildly up—a bold or desperate few
To the wild waters trusting, plunge amain,
Battle the surge, and ply the sinewy arm,
To win the neighb'ring shore. Around is heard
The frantic shriek of Fear, the bitter groan
Of Hope relinquish'd, with the falter'd pray'r
Of pious Resignation, and the cry
For long-despised Mercy. Some await
Impending death in mute and stern despair,
As into statues madden'd.

Mighty Love!

Amid the horrors of that dreadful hour
Thy pow'r was known—nor could Death's agony
Quench thy pure flame. There was a youthful pair,

Some few brief days before had seen them link'd
 In wedlock's silken fetters. They had loved
 Through many a weary hour of separation,
 Constant and true. Parental prudence long
 Their union stay'd. Beyond the western main
 The youth amid his kindred bands had sought
 A leader's name and station, and had won them ;
 Then homeward turn'd, by fond affection led,
 And reach'd his loved one's bow'r, and to his heart
 Was clasp'd the yielded prize. His manly form
 Was cast in Nature's choicest mould ; a heart
 More kind, more noble, never heaved beneath
 His country's tartan ; nor in Highland glen
 Than his loved Bride e'er bloom'd a fairer flow'r.
 So stands the stately monarch of the dale,
 The tow'ring Oak, protecting from the blast
 The Lily's lovely form. His was the arm
 With manly vigour braced, and his the skill
 That o'er the subject wave had borne him safe
 To the near beach. Affection deep forbade—
 For what, when all he treasured most was gone,
 Were life to *Him* ! He felt his cherish'd bride
 Around him cling. He clasped her agonized
 In fondest last embrace, which death itself
 Could not dissever. The remorseless wave
 That instant buried in its dark abyss
 The youthful sufferers, and when days arrived
 That bade the deep disgorge its lovely prey,
 Still lock'd in that embrace that pair were found.

* * * * *

Oh, Thou that in the hollow of thine hand
 Hold'st the vast ocean's waters, Thou whose voice
 The raging seas and howling winds obey,
 As down the tide of life our course we hold,
 Oh ! let thy grace our guiding pilot prove,
 Thy will our leading star—and whether roars
 Around our mortal bark the raging storm
 Of black adversity, or, more dangerous far,
 Her fraudulent calm prosperity outspreads
 In tempting smoothness—Oh ! be thou our stay,
 Till, all the shoals of life securely pass'd,
 We anchor in the haven of thy rest.

M.

The melancholy tale of Captain and Mrs Sutherland forms too prominent a feature in the events of the fatal night above alluded to, not to impress itself deeply upon the attention of any person writing upon the sad topic. I have accordingly introduced both their death and their funeral. The detail of their love, &c. is an unvarnished fact, and the circumstances of their death are authenticated by the survivors of the catastrophe, from whose accounts is likewise taken the attempted description of the occurrence itself.

DECLARATION OF THE CATHOLIC BISHOPS, THE VICARS APOSTOLIC, AND THEIR COADJUTORS, IN GREAT BRITAIN.

THE appearance of this document, put forth obviously for the purpose of making out a plausible case for Popery, on the eve of the Elections, renders it fitting that the truth should be put in opposition to the falsehood, and that Protestantism should show the futility, doublemindedness, and equivocation, of this Roman Catholic plea for its practices and doctrines.

The Church of Rome claims to be paramount and pre-eminent, the lord and sovereign of all churches, incapable of error, invested with the power of appointing all discipline, rules and rulers of the faith throughout the world; invested with the power of forgiving sins, and devoting to eternal curses; keeping the keys of Heaven; commuting, confirming, and dissolving the temporal allegiance of subjects, and exercising those rights in the person of the Pope, who sits as God's vicar and representative on earth.

The Protestant who reads his Bible, and knows the infinite weakness and unsuitableness of man for those tremendous assumptions of power, can scarcely bring himself to believe that man was ever mad enough to arrogate such authority. The preamble to the Bull of Sixtus V. against Henry IV. of France in 1585, thus declares:—
“The authority given to St Peter and his successors by the immense power of the Eternal King, EXCELS ALL THE POWER OF EARTHLY KINGS. It passes *uncontrollable sentence upon them all!*”

The Bull of Pope Pius against Queen Elizabeth thus declares:—

“He that reigneth on high, to whom all power is given in Heaven and earth, hath committed the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, out of which there is no salvation! to one alone on earth, namely, to Peter, the prince of the apostles, and to the *Roman Pontiff*, successor of St Peter, to be governed with *PLENITUDE of power*. This one hath he constituted *PRINCE over all nations and kingdoms*, that he might pluck up, destroy, dissipate, overturn, plant, and build!”

For an unprejudiced mind, what more needs be added, to show that the

Pope claims *temporal* power over men and kingdoms? Was this anathema against Henry merely a thing of ritual—of how many masses he ought to hear, or how many days in the week he ought to eat fish? Was the anathema against Elizabeth a thing of ritual? Yes, just as much as the Spanish Armada—sent with the Pope's benediction, with its inquisition, and priests, and thumb-screws, and chains, its whole apparatus of agony and conversion—was a thing of ritual. All attempt to deny this is an insult to our common understandings, and to be received with contempt for the hypocrisy that would try to hoodwink us, or pity for the blind and incurable incapacity which is unable to discover a truth as clear as the sunbeams. That a priest of Rome, or that any human being, any creature of dust and ashes, should pronounce himself the vicegerent of Christ over the Christian world, nay, the actual representative of the Infinite and Eternal God, is enough to strike the Christian mind with horror. Well was the name “Blasphemy” written on the forehead of the Roman harlot in the Apocalypse; and justly was pronounced the sentence of its sure and final ruin by the wrath of insulted Heaven.

The Popes assume a right to put men to death for denying their interpretation of the Scripture, or for any resistance of their authority, or for any withdrawal from their communion! Is this the exercise of mere *spiritual* authority? Or if they will persist in calling it such, what difference is there between it and the most ferocious *temporal* tyranny? They proclaim war against men—they send soldiers to butcher unhappy peasants, whose only crime is that of reading their Bibles—they erect tribunals for the imprisonment and murder of Christian men—they command the confiscation of property, the infamy of name—and they enrich, ennoble, and canonize the murderers. What is this, if it be not temporal and tyrannical? Or is it to be temporal, murderous, and unchristian in a king, and merciful, scriptural, and spiritual in a Pope. Common sense revolts against this monstrous absurdity, and bids us

tell the Romish advocate, that we will not be deceived by such gross equivocations.

If we are to be told, that those were the excesses of a dark age, the decrees of the Councils of Constance and Lateran, the plain answer is, that the Pope, at his consecration, swears to observe "every tittle of the General Councils, including those of *Lateran, Constance, Trent, &c. &c.* to preach the faith as delivered by them, and to defend them to blood!" We must here remember, that the Council of *Constance burned alive Huss in 1415*, and *Jerome of Prague in 1416*, and ordered the bones and writings of Wickliff to be burned! The Council of Lateran ordains the *confiscation of the properties of heretics, their slavery by their kings and lords, and their utter excommunication from all help or intercourse of man.* It is further ordained, that *any temporal lord who shall not purge his territory from heretics shall be excommunicated; and after a year's impenitence, his subjects shall be discharged from their obedience!* and his territories be given to Catholics, who, having *exterminated* the heretics, shall possess it without contradiction!

Of those statutes of unholiness and blood, has one syllable ever been abrogated? Has any Pope ever stood forth, and exclaimed against the burthen of his conscience in this weight of tyranny and crime? Has any General Council, has even any authorized advocate of Rome, ever attempted to throw off the guilt of this dreadful obligation to plunder, torture, and slay their fellow-creatures? Not one. The Pope takes the oath for the extermination of heretics at this hour, the bishop takes the oath, the priest takes the oath; and what is to prevent its fulfilment, but want of that opportunity which nothing but our wilful blindness could give them, and which they would never leave to be given a second time.

It is true, that living in our free and happy country, those things have nearly passed away from our conception. In England, while she stands as she does now, neither Pope nor Priest, neither Jesuit nor Inquisitor, can come with the rack or the sword; and the security and strong supremacy of England does even more than protect herself; it is a shield to that helpless part of Christianity that lies

within the immediate weapons of Romish persecution. The fear of England checks the Romish sword, ready to fall on the heads of the little Christian communities that still linger in the north of Italy, in France, and Switzerland.

But if in some of those great casualties which happen to the firmest nations, England should be severely pressed, or be extinguished as a leading power, in some crush of her finance, in some severe overthrow of her arms, we should instantly see that the stern malignity of superstition was not dead, but had been only sleeping. We should see those elements of evil let loose, that to this hour sharpen the Italian's dagger, and make the Spaniard hunt his fellow-men like beasts of prey; that make Austria a great dungeon, and Rome the sullen, haughty, and inappeasable curser of all that repel her blind doctrines, and disown her gross and tyrannical domination. The whole Protestant population of the continent would be instantly driven to the desperate necessity of defending itself by the sword. And England, the head and front of the revolt, the first enemy and the last, would be scourged with a long-treasured and envenomed vengeance, to which the sufferings of the Albigenes, the Bohemians, and the French Protestants after the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, would be mercy.

Of the utter inability of Popery to purify the morals of a people, we have the irresistible proof in the notorious profligacy of popish countries. The Italian, the Austrian, the Spanish, the French cities, are all hot-beds of the most repulsive impurity. And what is Rome itself? the receptacle of licensed depravity, nay, of kinds of depravity that it is almost criminal to conceive.

But we have an evidence nearer home. Of all nations, the one most exclusively within the power of the priest is the Irish. In other Romish countries of the continent infidelity shares the supremacy; but in Popish Ireland superstition is all in all. The priest has the complete modelling of the national mind. He is the master of his flock to a degree nearly incredible by our English ears. Yet what is the state of the Irish population? Perjury, plunder, burning, and mur-

der, are perpetual among them. This is not the work of nature; the people are naturally generous, cheerful, and brave, capable of strong attachment, and as far from cruelty of disposition as any peasantry on earth. They are poor, it is true, in comparison with the comforts of English life; but poverty is often the best nurse of virtue, and they are not poorer than a great proportion of the peasantry of the North of Europe. Let the plain truth be told. The crimes and misfortunes of Ireland are owing to the ruinous superstition of Rome. What restraint can there be on crime, when the peasant is told on an authority, which to him stands in the place of God, that the most atrocious violence of his drunkenness, or wild passion, or old revenge, can be instantly forgiven on his kneeling before his priest; that a few pence for a few masses will clear him as often as he dips his hands in blood; and that, even if the punishment of the law should overtake him, he has nothing more to do than to confess to the priest, be anointed with holy oil, and go straight to Heaven, or at the worst to Purgatory, from which the priest and his masses can extract him, as soon as those masses shall be paid for! And thus the Popish discipline is not merely *no* check, but it is an encouragement. It extinguishes the only fear that can rest on the mind of those brave and unfortunate beings; and it places before them the full security of the highest reward, let their guilt be what it may. The only crime that utterly disqualifies the criminal, is that of thinking for himself, reading his Bible, and thus, by the common use of his understanding, learning to despise the hideous superstitions of Rome. Better for him to be the murderer, the incendiary, the blackest perpetrator of the blackest criminality, than the best Protestant that ever lived, and sought forgiveness by the sole merits of Christ. The Protestant is consigned to eternal flames. The assassin, the adulterer, the parricide, gives his donative to the priest, is sprinkled with holy water, and ascends to join the chorus of the saints in the Heaven of Heavens! Such is the creed of Popery; such is the Satanic delusion which binds down the heart of its wretched votaries; such the lapse of all moral foundations, and the foul corruption of the Gospel, that has made Ireland

wretched beyond all hope of cure; and which, once suffered within the Legislature of England, would be enough to bring a visitation from Heaven upon the folly, that could thus abandon its great and glorious trust of the pure faith of God, pre-eminently committed to her charge.

The Protestant, with his Bible in his hand, charges the Romish Church with—Mixing the traditions of men with the written word of God, and giving the preference to the traditions;—with the refusal of the Scriptures to the general people—with idolatry, in bowing down before graven images, in worshipping the Virgin Mary, and the spirits of the dead—with affixing the cure of diseases, and the working of other miracles, to images, relics, and memorials of the dead—with contradicting the express language of Scripture by the doctrine of Purgatory—with establishing the right of putting men to death for their faith— with encouraging sin by the doctrine of Indulgences—with insulting the privilege of God, by assuming to forgive sins—and, finally, with the deep and dreadful profanation of pretending that a priest has the actual power of making the Eternal God, Father, Son, and Spirit; of sacrificing him daily and hourly in the Mass—of swallowing him, and handling him, and selling him, even the Lord, whom the Heaven and the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain.

Such are the spiritual crimes of Rome. The civil charges are of a rank that, if capable of being substantiated, makes all equal political connexion between the Protestant and the Romanist impossible. The Church of Rome is charged with partitioning the allegiance of the subject between itself and the king, and claiming for itself, under the name of spiritual allegiance, the paramount temporal allegiance—with the claim to dispense with the obligation of an oath, where the Church thinks its interest concerned—with the right to absolve subjects from their allegiance—with demanding a paramount right over the church property—with considering all heretics as consigned to eternal damnation—and finally, and as a consequence of that belief, holding the principle of keeping no faith with heretics, farther than may be convenient to the Romish Church, or be made

necessary by the circumstances of the time.

Setting aside, for the time, the spiritual doctrines—let us look to the civil. And first, of the divided allegiance. These are the words of the Declaration :

“ Catholics are charged with dividing this allegiance between their temporal sovereign and the Pope.

“ Allegiance relates not to spiritual, but to civil duties. By the term spiritual, we here mean that which, in its nature, tends directly to a *supernatural* end, or is ordained to produce a supernatural end. Thus, the office of teaching the doctrines of faith, the administration of the sacraments, the conferring and exercising of jurisdiction purely ecclesiastical on spiritual matters. They declare, that neither the Pope, nor any other priest, has any right, directly or indirectly, to any civil or temporal jurisdiction—nor has any right to interfere, &c. in the civil government of the United Kingdom—nor to oppose, in any manner, the performance of the civil duties which are due to his Majesty, his heirs, &c.—nor to enforce the performance of any spiritual or ecclesiastical duty by any civil or temporal means. The civil power of the state, and the spiritual power of the church, being *absolutely* distinct,” &c.

This is a full, and would be, in the ordinary intercourse of mankind, an explicit declaration. But we have to deal with a Church proverbial for annexing different meanings to the same word, according to her convenience. We are here told, that the Church of Rome forswears all right or intention of interfering, directly or indirectly, with the civil government. To this there is one irresistible answer : She has *excommunicated kings*—she has commanded their people to throw off their allegiance—she has commanded nations, by virtue of her own supremacy, to make war upon those that disowned her authority ! What is it but an insult to our common understandings, after this, to talk of her keeping clear of temporal interference ? But here comes in the equivocation. This business of massacre and rebellion was for the purpose of “ teaching the doctrines of the faith—the administration of the sacraments—and the conferring and exercising of jurisdiction purely ecclesiastical.”

What does history say ? The “ teaching of the doctrines of the faith and the sacraments,” was the very watchword for the *butchery* of the Protestants in France and Italy—the “ conferring and exercising of ecclesiastical jurisdiction,” was the Manifesto of the long and bloody wars between the Papal vassals and the German Emperors. The very question of investitures, which produced the factions of the Guelph and the Ghibelline, and which was, in fact, the question of the universal supremacy of the Pope, was the same question which has been so long agitated by England and the Pope, the appointment of the Romish bishops—this was termed, and is again termed, purely ecclesiastical. Yet it filled Germany, and its Italian dominions, with desolation for a hundred and fifty years. So much for reliance on the simplicity of popish declarations.

But are we to be told, that these were the works of darkness, of a time when modern manners had not purified the policy of courts, of the day of a rather too violent assertion of principles and authority, which the Church of Rome has, like all other sovereignties, abandoned.

These are the speeches of its deceived and giddy advocates among ourselves. They are not the speeches of the true Romanists. Popery scorns the imputation of change. She declares herself the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Her doctrines infallible from the beginning—her rights imperscriptible. She has never lost a subject, that is not at this hour as much responsible in the divine law that conferred on her the sovereignty of the earth, as he would have been if he were still kissing the Pope's garment, or kneeling before an idol in St Peter's.

This is the law of Rome. All beyond her jurisdiction are heretics, and in a state of eternal damnation : It is her right to force them back within actual submission, if she can ; and if, when within her power, they shall still refuse to worship stocks and stones, and to believe, that a little flour and water in the fingers of a priest, is the “ *Very and Eternal God* ”—horrible profanation !—she has a right to chain, agonize, rob, and murder them, by thousands and millions !

Let Protestants, in whose hands are

placed the Oracles of God, who are not prohibited, like the unhappy slaves of Rome, from reading their Bibles, look into them for proof that those things were matter of prophecy by the Apostles; and that, while a fearful and complete extinction of this cruel and godless superstition was foretold by the Spirit of God, it was also foretold, that those who were careless of preserving the pure scriptural doctrines and discipline, committed to their charge, from the insidiousness of Popery, should be sharers of its crime. In the Scriptures, Popery is described with a vigour, and terrible distinctness of picturing, that no man in his senses can mistake. Her temporal origin and nature are first stated. She is described as rising *after the fall* of the Western Roman Empire, and as rising *out of its ruins*—as fixing her throne in the *capital city* of that empire—as obtaining, by artifice and imposture, an *extraordinary influence* without actual empire—as “being powerful, but not by her own power”—as obtaining, by opinion, a voluntary and total submission of the new monarchies to her authority—as demanding tribute from them—as regulating the distribution of their days by superstitious fasts and festivals—and as signalizing the consummation of a supremacy which thus darkly extended over all the kingdoms of Europe, by an enormous burst and overflow of persecution led by the Inquisition. Those things have nothing in them of the clouds of prophecy, they are written in characters of light; and all men, of all times and countries, not prohibited by Popery from reading the mighty volume which contained her crimination, have, at the sight of this picture, at once cried out—Rome! But what are the religious characteristics of this fierce and unholy shape? On her forehead there is written—“MYSTERY and BLASPHEMY.” She is never called Christianity. She is constantly called Idolatry and Heathenism. Her garments are “red with the blood” of victims, pronounced “saints” by the Spirit of God, the pure holders of that pure faith which she has laboured, for more than a thousand years, to trample, and which she has trampled, and driven, like the dust from her feet, from country to country, until Protestantism made its final refuge in one little

spot of earth, which has been exalted by the manifest hand of God into strength, honour, and empire, for the direct and chief purpose of being a citadel of the faith of God. Woe be to us if we betray our charge!

If the blessing has come upon our fragment of the globe, for the preservation of Protestantism, let us open our eyes to the true conclusion, that from the moment of our being found wilfully ineffectual to its preservation, we may be abandoned. Protestantism will never perish in the world; but it may be removed from its rank in a nation, and then that nation will assuredly either fall into decay, or will be scourged into repentance and resumption of the neglected gift of God. This is not lightly spoken, though this is not the place to give the evidence of a rule which may be numbered among the laws of Providence.

But are we to be told, that Popery has sunk from its influence, and that the Pope has now no power? The answer is plain. The actual power of the Pope is nothing, and was nothing, even in the time when his name plunged all Europe into desolation. What was his actual power, when his Legate placed his heel on the neck of King John? But we know the *power* of his name to rouse ignorant and barbarous men to acts of atrocity—we know its power to dissolve the common bonds of society, and arm the subject against his king, the citizen against his country, and the son against his father.

Our English civilization, and habitual respect for law and religion, render us almost incapable of conceiving those things. We can scarcely imagine the mind of a thorough devotee to the Romish doctrines; there is always some involuntary softening of the fierce outline. We actually palliate it down into something of a sterner Protestantism. But what is the thorough belief of Popery? It is, that a heretic is already marked for hell; and that it is meritorious either to extinguish him as a direct enemy of God, or to torture and destroy his body for the sake of converting his soul. It is, that the priest has the full power of forgiving crimes, let them be of the blackest kind; that whatever reserve of punishment may be necessary for complete purification in the other world, is in the power of money, and to be obtained by the

Mass!—If a man can be fully persuaded that these principles are divine truth, what possible limit is there to his atrocity,—to the wildest excess of the most desperate, basest, bloodiest passion,—to the largest and most savage ferocity, in the cause of Rome. He has none of the natural restraints. Heaven is open to him let him do what he will. The bloodier the act in the service of the Church, the better—it is a *positive virtue*. The French soldiers sent to massacre the Protestants in the South of France, were all *sanctified* by the Pope, as “Champions of the Cross,” and declared by his bull entitled to the plenary indulgences and other sacred honours of those who died in the Holy Land. The principle is as fresh to-day as it was in that moment.

On this system, what security can there be for public peace, but the vigilant repression of all Popish attempts at getting the laws and power of the country into their hands. With an equality of condition, it is not in their principles, nor in their nature, to be satisfied. The *subjugation* of all men to the Church of Rome, and the *extinction* of the heretic, are the standing laws of a power *always struggling* for domination where it has anything to struggle with, and *always tyrannical* when the struggle has succeeded without fear of a change. Popery in France is now comparatively tolerant; because France is filled with the elements of confusion, and a religious disturbance might be rapidly swelled into a revolution. Yet France has, within these half dozen years, made a law, by which any man who violates or treats with certain contumelies the wafer that the priest grossly and impiously manufactures into a God, is to have his hands and head cut off. No Protestant of common sense, of course, would have offended the habits of the kingdom, even before this law. But the law is the offspring of the old spirit of murder. But mark the difference of the day of strength and the day of weakness: When France was in the height of power in 1685, without a rival to fear, and secure at home, what was her mercy? The slaughter of her own Protestants by thousands and tens of thousands! Italy, broken into small and jealous principalities, has not for ages had

combination enough to hunt down Protestants; but there is scarcely a remnant of native Protestantism in her limits, and the Protestant travellers are under the protection of England. In Spain there are no native Protestants. But the Spaniards dug up the bodies of the English troops, and burned the Bibles translated into their own tongue. In Ireland the Romanists are yet unable to exhibit the outrage of their Church. The government is still to be dreaded by the priests. But in the rebellion of 1798, when this dread was nearly extinguished, and the South of Ireland was almost their own, they showed the sanctified vigour that had long lurked under the submissive Romish robe. The cry of the “Army of the Faith” was, “To hell with the heretics!” The Protestants, with their wives and children, were grouped together on bridges and banks of rivers, or in barns, and after being in the more favourable instances sprinkled with holy water by the priest, for the Protestant baptism is with them no baptism—were piked, or drowned, or burned. And this was not done in rabble revenge, for the majority of the murderers were from distant parts of the country; nor in the fury of famine and privation, for they were absolutely feasting on the plunders of the Protestant houses; nor in wrath at the denial of Catholic Emancipation, for the peasantry knew nothing of it—the leaders of the rebellion, Emmet, M’Nevin, and others, declared, “that they cared no more for it than for the drop of ink in their pen.” The cause was *Popery!* The priest was the guide, counsellor, and commander. The few guilty and unprincipled laymen, who had commenced the insurrection, were turned into cyphers, almost at the instant; and Father Roche dictated to the revolutionary tribunal in the name of St Peter and his holiness the Pope; and Priest Murphy sat on horseback on the bridge of Wexford, ordering the Protestants to be piked and thrown over in the name of the blessed Virgin, the Mother of God!

These are matters of the day; and they show, beyond all denial, the true nature of that *non-interference*, on which the Church of Rome rests her claim to be received into the British legislature. They prove that, in her

vocabulary, words are capable of the most treacherous expansion—that supernatural may mean earthly—that spiritual may mean a perpetual intermixture with the policy and system of civil society—and that “jurisdiction in purely ecclesiastical matters” is applicable to the overthrow of Kings, to fierce persecution, and to the setting of nation in arms against nation!

But if we are to be told that these laws were of the thirteenth century, let us see what innovation has taken place in them, not from the unauthorized glosses of French or Irish Universities and Doctors, but from the only authority recognisable by the Church of Rome, the Pope in Council. From this quarter there has been *no* innovation whatever, *no* abandonment of claim to *uncontrolled dominion* over church and kingdom alike through the world.

The oath taken at this hour by every Popish bishop is adopted nearly word for word from the oath taken by the lay vassal to his lord, for the palpable reason, that the bishop was held in the light of the lay vassal.

The Oath of the Bishop.

“I from this time forward will be faithful and obedient to my lord the Pope, and to his successors.

“The counsels with which they trust me, I will not *disclose to any man*, to the hurt of the Pope and his successors.

“I will assist to maintain the *royalties of St Peter against all men*.

“I will carefully *preserve, defend, and promote the rights, privileges, and authorities of the Pope*.

“I will not be in *any council, deed, or treaty*, in which anything prejudicial to the person, *right, or power* of the Pope is contrived; and if I *shall know* any such things treated of by *any whomsoever*, I will, to the *utmost* of my power, *hinder them*, and with all possible speed *signify them to the Pope*.

“I will, to the *utmost of my power*, *observe the Pope's commands*, and *make others observe them*.”

Let us compare this with the oath of the vassal to his lord, an oath, as is well known, under which the most violent excesses and desolations were committed as a matter of duty.

The Vassal's Oath.

“I swear, that, from this hour forward to the end of my life, I will be faithful to thee, my lord, against all men, the Emperor (or King, as it may be) excepted.

“I will never be in council, aid or act, whereby you may lose life or limb, or receive any injury or insult in your person.

“I will never be in any act or council, whereby you may lose any honour that you now have, or may have hereafter.

“If I shall learn that any person intends to do any of such things against you, I will prevent him, to the utmost of my power; and should I be unable to prevent any such person, I will inform you as soon as possible, and give you my aid against him.

“Should you communicate anything to me in confidence, I will not disclose it to any person, nor do anything whereby it may be disclosed, without your permission.”

In the general character of these two oaths, the obligation is, in point of force and completeness, exactly the same. But there is the one remarkable and formidable distinction, that the vassal excepts the superior fidelity to the emperor or sovereign of the country. The bishop makes *no* exception. With him the sovereign is the inferior. He extinguishes his natural allegiance to him in the paramount allegiance to the Pope. He is, in fact, in all points of *civil* duty as well as spiritual, the liege subject of a foreigner and possible enemy. And this the Romanist doctrines will have the effrontery to tell us is purely *spiritual* allegiance!

But let us suppose the Roman Catholics to have been admitted into Parliament. If they are admitted at all, they must, either first or last, be admitted to the Protestant equality of privileges; they must have their bishops, or a proportion of them, in the House of Peers. Now, to throw aside all minor cases, in which the question might be war against some Roman Catholic power, his “most Christian Majesty,” or his “most Catholic Majesty,” or the “Eldest son of the Church,” or any other of the powers allied with the Pope, and for whose success a bishop who *had any respect* for his oath *must* feel a strong interest,—let us

come to the direct case of a *Protestant* war. A Protestant spirit bursts out in France, or Spain, or Portugal, it goes on distributing the Bible, and reclaiming the people from the brute worship of images and wafers, to the pure and scriptural worship of God. What Christian heart but must be rejoiced at this glorious redemption of souls from sin and darkness? But their growing numbers alarm the foreign priesthood. The government is up in arms. Bloody decrees, furious missionaries, the bayonet, the sabre, and the gallows, are let loose upon them. The Protestants in their agony cry out to the great Protestant State for help, that State which has been placed on its throne, perhaps for the *chief purpose* of being their helper. The hearts of the British people burn within them. They demand of their government that those martyrs shall be protected. The Minister, and God forbid that a British Minister should hesitate at the call of Christianity and mercy, comes down to his Privy Council. He there finds the Popish bishop; for, concede the admission to Parliament, and all must be soon conceded. He proposes this measure of protection, perhaps war, against the persecutor, for all such interference naturally leads to war. He is met at the first word by a man, who has sworn to *aid, defend, and further* the cause of Popery, in preference to all other causes of king or people. If this bishop be a man of great ability or dexterous intrigue, he may outtalk or outvote the Minister. No measure is brought forward. The national voice rises into a cry that must be heard, and this divided and paralyzed administration is flung out by the King. Is this convulsion of the government, a convulsion that must constantly happen, till the national voice has been answered, a thing to be looked on, but with alarm? But if the bishop cannot outvote or outtalk the Minister, he can still outwit him, for he *must* betray the secrets of council; it is his *sacred* and *first* obligation to *communicate* this hostility against Popery to the Pope! The foreign Protestant is a revolter from Popery, and the bishop is *sworn* to extinguish all such revolts. The result of the war may be the redemption of a large portion of a Popish kingdom, or the whole of a kingdom, from its absolute obedience to

the Pope. But this British Peer and Privy Councillor has already taken the following oath:—"I will not be in *any council, deed, or treaty*, in which *anything* prejudicial to the person, *right, or power* of the Pope is contrived; and if I shall know of any such things treated of by *any whomsoever*, I will, to the *utmost* of my power, *hinder them*, and with all *possible* speed *transmit* them to the Pope."

The Privy Councillor takes an oath of secrecy. But what is that to the prior oath taken to the Head of the Church, God's Vicar on earth, the mighty holder of absolution and damnation! And what shall we expect from the fellow-counsel of a man, pledged against our religion as heretical, our government as an antagonist to that of his master, and our public measures as rending away his supremacy. We shall see the Popish bishop, by the very tenure of his presumed salvation, *bound to betray* the councils of England! And is it to be supposed that all this can be suffered by the nation with impunity? In our land of newspapers and pamphlets, and perpetual discussion, nothing can finally escape the public knowledge. The knowledge of this system must produce an overflow of public indignation that might lay waste the empire. We should inevitably see the expulsion of Papists from all places of power and trust. There might be a violent reaction, and the whole might close in a civil war of furious bigotry and unsparing revolution.

Or let us suppose that all was smooth in the Privy Council, and follow the measure to the House of Commons. A very narrow and fallacious estimate of the probable number of Roman Catholic members has been made. But those who know Ireland best, know that out of 100 members there would not in the progress of one or two Parliaments, be a Protestant returned, except in some of the corporations, and some of the counties of the North. There would in all probability be from *sixty to seventy* Popish members from Ireland alone. But England too must have her Popish members. Many of the old Popish families have grown to great opulence. What is to hinder their purchase of seats? and thus increasing a body of dissentients, who would be *kept together*, if not by conscience, certainly by *fear*; for the least yielding on Popish points would

cast them from their seats never to return. The Minister proposes his war measure before this House. It would be inevitably opposed by the whole Popish combination roused by the topic, by the whole of the political Opposition, and by the whole of that loose intermediate strength that waits only to join the conquering side. There has been scarcely a Minister in the annals of England, who would like to stand against a hundred members added to the customary Opposition. But let him conquer, his majority must be small, and the measure must come out enfeebled and dissatisfactory. Let him be defeated, as he most probably would, or forced to qualify and concede the essentials of the measure, England would be disgusted. The impossibility of going on in this state of the House would be seen by all that vast and sober-minded portion of the people which constitutes the true national wisdom; and the House must be purified, or some stern struggle must take place, in which all would be sufferers, and whose end, with the winds of confusion already sweeping over Europe, and with England on the eve of war, it might be impossible calculate.

And all this may occur in the commonest course of things. It has already in a great degree occurred over and over again. From the middle of the sixteenth century down to the French Revolution, almost every continental war in which we had been engaged, began for the protection of Protestants, calling on us for safety from the persecution of their Kings acting under the Papal bulls!

There are circumstances in the present state of religion on the Continent which make this call and this interference by no means improbable even in our time. What would be the condition of our public councils, with an integral portion of our Legislature, a fourth, perhaps one-half, directly pledged against the natural wishes and true policy of the nation! But omitting all this; the civil and ecclesiastical States of England are so closely connected, that scarcely a Session passes in which some affair of the Church does not come into discussion. The projected inquiry into the Corn Laws, for instance, must involve an inquiry into the nature and extent of the property allotted by the Consti-

tution for the support of the establishment. It is easy to conceive what various and delicate topics must be interwoven with this inquiry. It is much more difficult to limit its consequences upon the general state and polity of England. They may be vast and formidable. But suppose this inquiry to take place before a House of Commons, with the present Opposition backed by a solid body of Popish dissent, and with only the dubious and divided opinions of the Ministry on Church matters, to resist the sweeping principles of Whig reform.

Let us conceive if we can, the chance of justice for the Church of England, with an overpowering or equal Opposition, headed by such friends to religion as Mr Brougham, Mr Hume, and the rest; supported by such friends to the Church as Mr O'Connell, Mr Shiel, and the rest; and strengthened by the whole bitter crowd of the Atheist, the Profligate, the Radical, within and without the Legislature; the Liberals, the disappointed, the haters of all establishments, the intriguers for the Ministerial seats, the revolutionists. Justice could not be done in any case without a desperate struggle. The great probability is, that it would not be done at all. What must be the result? the nation, if it felt for the Church, would take the matter into its own hands, and then there must be convulsion; perhaps, for popular passion soon inflames into frenzy, a revolution. In the memorable riots of 1780, the petitioners against Romish privileges were grave and moderate suppliants of Parliament in the morning, and were its domineering masters before night. Next day the spirit of public fury was kindled, a new race started forth, and London was in flames. We must deprecate and condemn those frightful excesses; but we must not shut our eyes to the hazard of making the multitude a party in the Legislature.

Or, to simplify the case, a measure is brought forward, obviously and essentially directed to the injury of the Establishment, (for in minor matters we will presume that the Romish members, for decency's sake, might keep aloof at least until the country were accustomed to their interference.) No man in his senses can doubt to which side they will give their influence. The measure is, we will not say

carried, but it is in deliberation. A Protestant clergyman writes a pamphlet or makes a speech adverting to parliament, and exclaiming against the insidiousness of the measure and its Parliamentary abettors; perhaps he may say, that the Church of England can expect no justice from a Parliament containing Popish members. For this, the habitual course would be, to bring him under the censure of the House, which, even in its present state, exhibits a very formidable jealousy of external animadversion. He appears and justifies himself. He is sent to prison. He appeals to his Bishop, who, if he be a man of honour and virtue, sanctions his conduct. The Church are justly alarmed at this act of violence, and the dispute rapidly enlarges itself into a contest of the most inflamed and dangerous nature to the constitution. Is this only supposition, or is it not almost the direct history of the convulsions under James II. ? Putting the King for the Parliament, it is the same.

Dr Sharpe, a London clergyman, had made some strong public animadversions against the pretended conversions by the Popish missionaries. An order was despatched to the Bishop of London to reprimand and suspend this clergyman from his functions. The Bishop, in the exercise of his conscience and duty, refused to do either. A Commission was appointed for the trial of the Bishop and the preacher, and both were suspended, to the great and spreading indignation of England. A Benedictine monk was now sent to Cambridge to take a master of arts degree. The University refused, on account of their statutes, and presented a petition to the King explaining the motives of their refusal. The Vice-Chancellor was deprived of his office, but the University still refused the degree. An order was next sent to Oxford to receive a Popish proselyte as the head of one of its Colleges. The College refused, and a royal mandate instantly expelled all its fellows but two. Popery still pressed its triumph, and what it has done once it would do again, for its nature is Domination. It issued a Declaration of pretended "Liberty of Conscience," in fact, a condemnation of the religion of England, and an establishment of Popery. The Protestant clergy were commanded to read this after service in their

churches. They refused. The Bishops of St Asaph, Bath, Ely, Chichester, Peterborough, and Bristol, with Sancroft the Primate, sent in a petition to the King, imploring that he would remit the reading of the "Declaration." The Bishops were instantly summoned before the Privy Council for this act of adherence to their faith, and on their refusal to give bail, were committed to the Tower, and ordered to be prosecuted by the crown lawyers for sedition. They were tried, and acquitted among the acclamations of the people; and their acquittal was the signal for the final expulsion of the bigotted and miserable King, and the extinction of the pestilent and tyrannical influence of Popery for the time. This was fortunately a bloodless revolution in England. But if James had added personal courage to his bigotry, it might have cost the nation torrents of blood. In Ireland it was the source of long and desperate carnage.

The Revolution of 1688 was necessary, virtuous, and fortunate. But there are struggles of the most deadly kind, directly involved with the admission of Roman Catholics into the Legislature. Protestantism and Popery cannot legislate side by side. They are hostile in their essence. Protestantism may be intrusted with power, because its nature is tolerant—it thinks that persecution for the faith is contrary to Scripture, and that supremacy is to be exercised no farther than for the immediate necessities of self-defence. Popery is not to be intrusted with power, because it declares that there is *no salvation* out of the Church of Rome—that persecution is justifiable—and that supremacy over church and property, over man and state, is the birthright and inalienable privilege of Rome, however repressed or suspended for the hour. We must not be blinded to these truths, by the apparent harmony in which Protestants and Romanists are to be found in some of the continental states. In these states they are not mixed in legislation—there is no field for their opposition, the power of the throne limits all alike, and politics and public affairs are in the will of a solitary despotism. But in England every session would be one of fierce conflict, until the constitution was torn to fragments in the struggle.

It is almost unimportant, after such pressing considerations, to advert to the further points of the Roman Catholic "Declaration."

It denies the charge of not keeping faith with heretics. We have no doubt that in the ordinary affairs and quiet times of the world, a Roman Catholic may be as trust-worthy as any other man; nor that in any emergency, educated well-born men like the Duke of Norfolk, or the Jerninghams, or in general the superior ranks of the English Romanists, would not show themselves men of honour and loyalty. But we must remember the nature of public disturbance, the desperate facility with which heated passions forget moral obligation; and the immediate loss of influence to all the honourable men of party, when popular rage is once stirred. In such an emergency, the Norfolks and the Jerninghams would either withdraw in disgust, or be trampled over by the fierce and brawny leaders of faction. Men who had taken no oaths, or whom no oaths could bind, would be the true depositories of their power, and superstition would wash away all the covenants of principle in civil massacre.

But it is false to deny that the Church of Rome does *not* sanction the breach of an oath. The third canon of the council of Lateran, the notorious and standing law of the Church, declares, that "*all oaths against the interests of the Church of Rome are perjuries!*"

The Catechism of the Council of Trent, the last Council, and the final summation of the Romish Laws, lays down these rules for the validity of an oath: "If any one promises a thing unjust, or immoral, he both sins in swearing to do it, and heaps sin upon sin by fulfilling what is promised—(*jurando peccat, et promissis faciendis scelus scelere cumulat.*)"—P. 333.)

We know what *political* extent this rule has in Rome. But another rule is still more explicit.—"A just man, whatever he may lawfully promise or swear, he shall never change—*unless, the circumstances of things being changed, the engagement may begin to be such, that by keeping it he would incur the displeasure and hatred of God.*" (*"Id semel promissum nunquam mutabit, nisi fortasse cum mutata rerum conditione,"*) &c.

This rule opens the way to all prevarication. The taker of the oath to the Protestant Constitution, thus has only to say, that times are changed, or that he has done a wrong thing, or that his oath is against the interest of the Romish Church, and is therefore a *perjury*; or that it was an involuntary or voluntary contradiction of the *earlier* oath, which every functionary takes to the Pope; or any other excuse under Heaven, and he is free from his obligation at once. But how can we rely on his benevolence to this Protestant Church, which his authorities openly declare to be led by the *Spirit of the Devil*? The Catechism Romanus uses the very words. "*Sed quemadmodum hæc una Ecclesia errare non potest—ita cæteras omnes, quæ sibi Ecclesiæ nomen arrogat, et quæ Diaboli Spiritu ducuntur,*" &c.

But what is to hinder the Romanist from the breach of an oath? *Absolution* clears him of all stain. It clears him of blasphemy, it clears him of murder, why not clear him of perjury? In any public extremity that offered temptation to the breach of an oath, we must pronounce unhesitatingly, that it is altogether impossible to have confidence in men who hold the Romish doctrine of *Absolution*!

The "Declaration" next denies that, in keeping up their intercourse with Rome, they ever can have any but spiritual objects. But, let us compare this assertion with the following fact. In Mr Plunkett's Bill of 1821, he had introduced the clause: "Every priest shall swear, that he will not have any correspondence or communication with the See of Rome, or with any authority under that See, tending directly or indirectly to *overthrow or disturb the Protestant Government, or the Protestant Church of Great Britain and Ireland, or the Protestant Church of Scotland, as by Law established.*"

Mr Plunkett's Bill was contemptuously rejected by the Irish Priesthood. Mr O'Connell, in a kind of circular letter on the subject, addressed to the Irish Roman Catholics, thus explicitly settled the question.—"It is to this clause that I would peculiarly direct the attention of every conscientious Catholic layman, as well as of every priest in Ireland.

"The first question I will ask is, will the priests, *can the priests take*

this oath without incurring a direct breach of their duty, and the immediate guilt of perjury? At present, it strikes my mind very strangely, that they cannot take the oath at all. As far as relates to the Protestant Church, it appears to interpose frightful difficulties!"

The "Declaration" denies that the Roman Catholics have any views upon the property of the Established Church.

Of course, in the present unripe state of their power, it would be absurd to expect from the Romish Priesthood, any direct acknowledgment that they look upon the Protestant Clergy as Usurpers, to be plundered on the first opportunity. But their advocates and orators, peculiarly in Ireland where they are less uncertain as to the result, speak out with sufficient distinctness. The author of the "Statement of the Penal Laws," (Mr Scully the Barrister, unquestionably the man most looked up to by all but the mob, which are the natural property of Mr O'Connell,) distinctly writes—"The Catholic Priesthood, upon every principle of policy and justice, are entitled to claim a share, a large share of the public revenue of Ireland, for the maintenance of their pastors, houses of worship," &c. He defines this large share to be proportioned to the numbers of the Catholic population, which he estimates, as compared with those of the Established Church, "at ten to one." They are thus to have a revenue ten times that of the Church. But as all the Romish writers deprecate the idea of receiving any income from Government, this revenue must arise from the land. But they further protest against suffering any increase of tithes or of land for the maintenance of a clergy; therefore this revenue must come from land already appropriated to the Church; and therefore, the Established Church must be plundered for the sake of maintaining the Popish Church as ten to one: and this is what the "Declaration" implies by not meddling with Church property!

Mr Grattan had in 1813 brought in a Bill containing "Securities" against the seizure of the Church property by the Romanists. He was their public advocate, and unlikely to have imposed unnecessary conditions. On this Bill it was publicly declared at the

Dublin Catholic Board, that "No Oath containing what is called a *Secur-ity* can be taken by a conscientious Clergyman."

Mr O'Connell's declaration is thus:—"There remains another delusion; it is the darling deception of the Ministry. It consists in *Sanctions* and *Securities*."

Another public speaker of great authority, tells "that in vain shall Parliaments declare that the Established Church is permanent and inviolate; it shall fall, and nothing but the memory of its mischiefs shall survive." He demands, "Shall Catholics be compelled by the sacred bond of an oath to uphold a system, which they believe will one day be rejected by the whole Earth?"—And finally declares "that the only condition on which the Apostacy of England can be forgiven, is its returning to its ancient worship, and having a *Catholic King*, and a *Catholic Parliament*."

Such are the terms of the treaty on which we are to be spared.—We are to worship Stocks and Stones, and kiss the feet of statues, and believe that a wafer is God, and that the Mass can save the soul. Well may we lift our hands and eyes in wonder, that such frenzy, such utter oblivion of the words of Scripture, such miserable and extravagant delusion, should subsist among men.

But it does subsist; nay, is filled with bitter contempt and ferocious wrath against all who doubt the sanctity, and will not enslave their understandings to the tyranny of the Romish superstition. It has *always* coveted temporal power, and it has *always* thirsted for blood. The sword of Rome has been dyed in the gore of millions, who knew the Pope but as a feeble old man, and his territory but as the narrowest and most impoverished of Europe; but they felt his influence in letting loose ruin upon them in the shape of invasion and civil war insatiable. The true question is *not* between the mere English establishment and the mere Popish, but between the two great antagonist principles, Protestantism and Popery. There are reasons, many and strong, to make it more than probable that England is the *chosen spot* in which that struggle is to be decided. If we are true to ourselves, Popery and its kingdom of

darkness will never be suffered to have the mastery over us. But if we relax our vigilance—if, in an affected liberality, and criminal indifference, we suffer Popery once to pollute the British constitution, we must be prepared to encounter a succession of evils, that may slake, perhaps extinguish, the strength, honour, and supremacy of England for ever. She has been invested with the high office of defending the True Religion; the oracles of God have been committed to her hands; she has been raised out of her natural place among nations, *for the defence of the truth*. Let her take Popery into her embrace, and she is undone. As well might the people of Israel have taken Dagon into the sanctuary.

It has been shown, that though, of course, the dispensation with oaths has never been a *declared* doctrine of Rome, from its obvious tendency to excite alarm, its strong repulsion to the national honour and common principles of society, yet that the power is assumed by Rome, that it has been acted upon whenever her interests seemed to require it, and that it is inevitably included in the doctrine of absolution. But the oath of supremacy *cannot be taken*; it is, in its nature, an oath incapable of being taken by a Romanist, because it tends to diminish a portion of the power of Rome; and it is the first principle of the law of her Church, that "all oaths tending to diminish the power of the Church are intrinsically sin, and null and void." Our readers will observe that this is not the common Romish case of allowing an oath to be taken and to be binding, until "*circumstances*" render it injurious to Roman objects. But the oath which gives to the King the right which it refuses to the Pope, is pronounced by Rome a rebellious and heinous crime, incapable of sanction, sufferance, or modification. Yet without the Oath of Supremacy, it is impossible that the English protestant can look upon the Romanist but as the *subject* of a foreigner, and giving to that foreigner the obedience of the *soul*, which, if the Pope should demand it in any public emergency of England, must be but another name for the obedience of the sword.

It is not our purpose to examine the religious dogmas of this "Declaration," though they are capable of being con-

tradicted on the most conclusive evidence.

Thus the "Declaration" states, that no leave is given by Indulgences to commit sin, nor any anticipated pardon. But what is more notorious than the Romish "list of prices" for the commutation of every sin? The man who meditates any atrocity knows beforehand how much he must *pay* for his remission. And, what is it but an abuse of words to deny, that this is "leave to commit sin," and "anticipated pardon?" Indulgences are at this moment sold in Rome, of remission from all penalty of sin, from a hundred years to a thousand. Is not this "leave" and "anticipated pardon"; and the grossest incentive among a vicious and bigotted people to commit the grossest crimes? And accordingly they are committed; and Italy is a sink of corruption, perjury, and assassination, and Rome is the sink of Italy.

The "Declaration" denies that Romanists "adore the elements of bread and wine in the mass, the Virgin Mary, the cross, the saints and images;" and calls these "horrid imputations." But, to take a single instance in proof that the "Declaration" states a wilful falsehood, what says the Council of Trent of the worship of the bread and wine?—"There can be no doubt whatever that the faithful should, according to the established form of the Catholic Church, pay to this most holy sacrament the *same highest worship* which is due to the *true God*." (*Latria cultum qui vero Deo debetur*.—Con. Trid. Sess. 13. C. 5.) The *Latria* is at the head of the Romish definitions of worship; and this evidence is unanswerable. Rome affects to offer an inferior worship to images, &c., but the great Commandment excludes all image-worship of every kind, and in all its degrees. It prohibits the worship of the representation of anything "in heaven, or earth, or under the earth"—of any being in any part of the creation, living or dead. It prohibits even *bowing* before them—all homage, from the highest to the lowest degree. The Romanists, self-condemned, have *cut out this Commandment* from their catechisms!

So much for the reliance to be placed on their "Declaration." Unhappy men, to what sullen and desperate defence of an overwhelming weight of absur-

dity, palpable contradiction of Scripture, and fatal and incorrigible error, has the pernicious authority of a blinded, tyrannical, and persecuting Church, compelled so many millions! The Christian looks upon this melancholy spectacle with the deepest sorrow. He can feel no hostility, he can allow himself no revenge. He has but one great, engrossing anxiety—that they should feel the utter hollowness of their hope; that they should take the Scriptures into their hands, and examine for themselves whether there is not in their faith a *direct opposition*

to the faith preached by Christ and the Apostles; that they should awake to a sense of their peril before the ruin gathers round their Babylon. "Come out from her, my people, that ye be not *partakers of her plagues.*" But in his anxiety for the benighted Popish population, he has a duty of a still higher rank to fulfil. He must save from pollution the "faith of God" committed to his charge; and, to save it, he must *vigilantly* guard the Constitution in which it is enshrined, and of which it is the living spirit, the strength and the glory.

THE SHIPPING INTEREST.

It is said by some people, that, at present, knowledge and philosophy abound very marvellously among us—that we have become a nation of most learned philosophers. If we do not give implicit credit to this, we certainly admit, that, in the last three or four years, a change has been made in the opinions and habits of the country, which, previously, would have been deemed by all an utter impossibility. Maxims which for time immemorial had been held to be unerring as Holy Writ, have been reversed—laws, which for ages had been boasted of as the essence of wisdom, have been abrogated—and prejudices have been cast to the winds, which seemed to form a part of the Englishman's nature. Public men, who were the antipodes of each other in creed, have become one party; and principles and schemes, which had been buried under the scorn and derision of the country, have been dug out, and embraced as things perfectly infallible. The public prints, Tory, Whig, and Radical, have combined to support the same measures and policy. The change has taken place alike in the Cabinet, Parliament, the Press, and the community.

If this were all, it could not be marvelled at sufficiently, but more remains to be revealed. Measures that evidently must injure this country grievously, for the benefit of foreign ones, are no longer resisted, but eagerly sanctioned by Parliament and the community. Various trading interests assent, or submit passively, to changes, which

demonstrably can yield them nothing but evils. One great interest after another has been brought to distress—it is clear to all, that the distress has been chiefly produced by innovations; yet the innovations are applauded, and it is not believed that the sufferings of these interests can affect the general weal. Some important interests have been partially annihilated, and it is held, that their utter annihilation will conduce largely to public prosperity. The country is greatly distressed; and the policy which has mainly produced, and which, if persevered in, will soon quadruple the distress, is cried up by the one part of the community, and acquiesced in by the other, as the only policy that ought to be followed. All parliamentary leaders, all party leaders, and all party publications, are united to defend this policy. A vast portion of the working-classes are in the greatest misery, and their complaints and animosity spare nothing save the causes of this misery, and call for nothing save what would increase it. Those upon whom the change has not operated, who believe in what their fathers taught them, who adhere to the principles upon which this empire has been so long governed, and who labour to preserve our laws and institutions from alteration, are the only men whom Parliament cannot deign to listen to; they are branded by Government and all parties, as fools, knaves, and bigots—as men who are destitute of both understanding and honesty.

If there be a single philosopher left

of the old stamp, we will ask him to solve this question,—Has all this really been produced by knowledge and philosophy; or has it been produced by some incomprehensible and dreadful infatuation, which has taken away the senses of both rulers and subjects, that the empire may be plunged into irretrievable ruin?

Nothing proves this wonderful change more strikingly than the late history of the Shipping Interest. This Interest, until recently, was valued almost above all others. It was valued, not only as an instrument of trade and riches, but as the source of our naval power and glory—as the thing which rivetted our foreign possessions to the mother country, and preserved the empire from ruin and dissolution. The laws that protected it were boasted of, as though they were perfection itself, and as though our existence as a nation almost depended upon them. The opinions, passions, and prejudices of the community were so strongly in its favour, that it might have been deemed as easy a matter for the Government to sink the island in the ocean, as to carry any measure having a tendency to injure it. Well, in the last three or four years, the Navigation Laws, which had been so long worshipped, have been by acclamation frittered away almost to nothing. The Shipping Interest has been reduced to deep distress, and no one commiserates it, or seems to imagine that its distress affects the country. The ship-owners petitioned the House of Commons again and again in the last session, but no party in that House could be found to listen to them; the Opposition was as much opposed to them as the Ministry; not a member could be found to move, even for form's sake, that their case should be submitted to inquiry. The community at large seems to entertain the feeling manifested by Parliament, and to believe that the Shipping Interest is wholly unworthy of protection.

Unfortunately for ourselves, we cannot embrace the doctrine, that a change must of necessity be “an improvement,” even though it be taught by Mr Huskisson. We do not believe that this is an age of infallibility, we doubt greatly that it is one of philosophy, and we are not sure that human nature has purged itself of infirmity and

error. We suspect that Ministers of State are still, as they have always been, mere men; and, therefore, we think that they are still, as they have always been, liable to act very unwisely: we imagine that opposite causes still produce opposite effects; and, therefore, we fear that the reversal of a system, under which this empire has so long and so greatly prospered, is far more likely to destroy, than to increase, prosperity. Our unhappy opinions are, we know, in certain quarters held to be excessively provoking and unpardonable; but we pray our readers to bear with them, if it be only on account of their singularity. We entertain them, and, foolish as they may be, we cannot get rid of them. Instead, therefore, of lauding to the skies this astonishing change merely because it is a change, we propose to inquire in this paper how far it is justified by wisdom and expediency.

We will look at the Shipping Interest, in the first place, as a source of trade and riches.

Let any man examine the trade and employment created by the building of a single vessel. First, a large quantity of timber, British and foreign, has to be cut—then this timber has to be conveyed, and much of it from beyond sea, to the builder's yard—then there is the labour of the ship-wrights and joiners—then a great quantity of iron has to be made and conveyed to the smiths—then there is the labour of the ship-smiths—then a large quantity of copper has to be worked up into bolts and sheets—then there is the labour of coppersmiths, not forgetting the conveyance—then a great quantity of hemp, tar, &c. has to be fetched from beyond sea—then there is the labour of the rope-makers, the weavers of the sail-cloth, and the sail-makers—then there are the conveyance of the materials, the materials, and the labour of the mast, block, and pump-makers, and boat-builders—and then there are the materials and labour of the ship-chandler, cooper, &c. &c.

It will be seen that the building of this vessel employs an immense portion of capital and labour beyond those employed by the ship-builder. After she is built, her wear and tear are annually large; she frequently needs heavy re-

pairs, and, perhaps, from the dangers of the sea, she will not on the average endure longer than fifteen years.

Let the yearly outfit of this vessel, and the number of seamen she regularly employs, be next looked at.

In 1816 our Shipping employed nearly 179,000 seamen. If we assume that one-third of these were married, and had each a wife and two children, then the navigating of this shipping gave bread to nearly 360,000 souls. If we assume, which we imagine is below the truth, that this Shipping employed half as many hands ashore in building, repairing, provisioning, &c. and that of these one-third were married, and had each a wife and two children, then it gave subsistence to more than half a million of the population.

The capital called into employment by the Shipping Interest is of enormous amount. In 1825 we had 24,174 ships, the measurement of which was 2,542,000 tons. If we estimate the value at eight pounds per ton all around, this will leave a capital of twenty millions employed by the ship-owners only, and to this sum must be added some millions more as the capital of the different builders and repairers.

The consumption of this great Interest is immense. If we estimate the gross annual earnings of the vessels at ten pounds per ton, this will make the whole annual freights amount to more than L.25,000,000. If we assume that three-fourths of this sum are expended in outfit, repairs, wages, living of the owners, &c., and that the one thousand new vessels, which, on the average, we build yearly, cost about L.2,000,000, this will give an annual consumption of more than L.20,000,000.

The consumption of this great Interest is not only immense, but it is of the most valuable description. It takes off a vast quantity of British and Irish agricultural and other productions, which otherwise would be without a market. It takes off a vast quantity of those articles which form the principal equivalents that certain foreign nations and some of our colonies can offer in exchange for our exports, and for which we should otherwise have but little demand. Independently of the necessaries and luxuries consumed by the individual members of

this Interest, almost all the raw produce that it works up is heavily burdened with direct or indirect taxes.

Various of our other leading interests to a great extent rival and injure each other; if one were destroyed or seriously injured, it might benefit another sufficiently to protect the community from suffering. This is the case with the colonial producer of rum, and the British producer of gin and whisky—it is the case with the producer of gin, and the producer of whisky—it is the case with the producer of British spirits, and the producer of malt liquor. The cotton, woollen, linen, and silk trades, more or less rival and injure each other. The cotton trade has in late years seriously injured the other three. Cotton handkerchiefs for the neck have been generally used amidst the working classes by both males and females, and we imagine that they will now be laid aside for the cheap foreign silk ones, to the great injury of the cotton trade. But the Shipping Interest rivals and injures no other one, while it yields mighty benefit to all. It is directly or indirectly a most valuable customer to every one, but it is the competitor of none. The prodigious quantities of Irish provisions, British and foreign timber, hemp, iron, corn, groceries, and manufactured goods of all descriptions, which it consumes, would not, so far as interests this country, be consumed at all if it did not exist; were it destroyed, no other interest could obtain its trade, keep up its consumption, and pay its taxes, but every other interest would be most grievously injured.

We hold it to be of the first importance in regard to wealth, that a nation should possess as many distinct interests as possible—that it should adopt to the utmost point all the different ways known to mankind for the employment of capital and labour. The more interests there are which do not produce what is produced by the agriculturists, the cotton manufacturers, or any other given interest, the better for the latter. Each swells out the powers of production and consumption of the others. If a new distinct interest could be created—if, for instance, the production of tea could be established in this country, and could give employment to an additional half million of population, it would enable the other interests to sell much more of

their productions, of course to employ much more labour, and of course to consume much more tea. The Shipping Interest, from its being the rival of no other, and from its vast and peculiar powers of consumption, ranks among the most valuable interests of the country.

Another great recommendation of the Shipping Interest is—like the cotton, woollen, and some other interests; it enables us to procure employment from foreign nations for a large part of our capital and labour, which otherwise could not be employed. Foreign nations in effect employ a considerable number of our ships, and pay to the owners and crews several millions annually to be expended in this country. In so far as we employ foreign vessels, it is the same in its nature as our buying of foreign cottons and woollens would be.

So much for the Shipping Interest as a source of trade and riches; we need not enlarge on what it is in other matters. That the existence of the Navy and of our maritime supremacy depends upon it—that it is our “Right Arm,” in respect of power—and that it is essential for preserving the empire from dissolution—are things acknowledged by all, save a few of the Economists. Mr Huskisson himself admits, that the interests of trade ought always to be sacrificed when they come in conflict with those of navigation.

There are, nevertheless, in these days of knowledge and philosophy, men who imagine that this country would gain marvellously in point of wealth by the loss of its Shipping Interest. They ground their doctrine upon the comparative dearness of our ships in their building and navigation. Because foreign ones are built and navigated, and would carry for us, at a much lower rate than our own, they think we should profit immensely by employing these foreign ones exclusively. This is of course the general doctrine, that nations ought to buy where they can buy the cheapest; and that as other nations have natural advantages for the building and navigating of ships which we have not, we ought—as with silks, corn, &c.—practically to buy cheap ships of them, rather than produce dear ones ourselves. To a great extent, Ministers seem to have embraced, and reduced to practice, this doctrine. Some of the

most important of the laws for the protection of our Shipping have been abolished,—we are practically buying ships abroad instead of building them,—we are to a considerable extent doing this in reality, for our capitalists are vesting their money in foreign ships,—and we are employing foreign seamen instead of British ones. The Shipping Interest is placed in a much worse condition than even the silk and other manufacturers, for the foreign ships and seamen are admitted into the market free from protecting duty. In consequence, this Interest is reduced to the deepest distress, and a vast portion of it is doomed to certain destruction.

Before examining the abolitions, and Mr Huskisson’s defence of them, we will glance at this grand “abstract truth” touching cheapness. It evidently stands upon the assumption, that the rest of the community would sell precisely the same goods at precisely the same prices to the foreign Shipping Interest, which it now sells to the native one, while the former of these would charge to it much lower prices than the latter charges, and this difference in prices would be all clear profit. If this assumption be true, the “abstract truth” is really a truth; if not, the latter is a wretched falsehood. If common sense had not taken its departure from the land, it would convince even the most unlettered hind of the falsehood of the assumption.

If we should employ foreign ships and seamen exclusively, instead of British ones, what would follow? The ships would be built of foreign produce, of which scarcely any part would pass through the hands of this country; the builders, owners, sailors, &c. would live almost entirely upon foreign corn, cattle, &c. An enormous quantity of timber produced at home and in our colonies, which is now worked up in our ships, would be wholly unsaleable,—a vast quantity of British iron, &c. now consumed by our ships, would be entirely without a market—a vast quantity of the hemp, &c. that we now import and manufacture, would cease to be imported and manufactured—a vast portion of the tar, pitch, &c. that we now import, would cease to be imported—a vast quantity of coals now consumed by our ships, would cease to be consumed—a large portion of the produce of our colonies would be

sold and imported no longer—the immense quantity of corn, beef, pork, butter, poultry, vegetables, &c. now consumed by our Shipping Interest, would be no longer saleable—the merchants would lose a large part of their business—a considerable portion of the Shipping we now employ would be no longer wanted—a vast amount of capital would be rendered idle—and the gigantic mass of labour now bought by the Shipping Interest would be deprived of a market.

The incalculable loss arising from all this would have to be balanced against the profits derived from the cheapness of Foreign Shipping.

Suppose that this country pays annually four thousand pounds to a ship of four hundred tons for freight, and that a foreign vessel would do the same work for three thousand pounds; there would be an apparent saving of one thousand pounds from employing the foreign vessel. Now, if the country's income be perfectly independent of both vessels, or be exactly as much dependent upon the one as the other, then the saving is not only apparent but real. But if the British ship contribute two thousand pounds to this income, and the foreign one contribute nothing, or only five hundred pounds, then in the one case the country gains in reality one thousand pounds, and in the other five hundred, from employing the dear British vessel. If a man can buy the same clothes for fifteen pounds of one tailor, that he would have to pay twenty for to another, and if his income arise from the funds or any other source perfectly independent of the tailors; then he will save five pounds by dealing with the man of cheapness. But if his income should arise solely from the sale of his labour and the vegetables from his garden, and if the cheap tailor would only take in payment money, or labour and vegetables which other people would readily buy, while the dear one would take half the amount in labour and vegetables that he could not otherwise sell on any terms, then he would gain five pounds by trafficking with the man of dearness.

Suppose the British vessel should cost L.10,000, should last fifteen years, and should cost in this term L.5000 more in repairs; this would

make her whole cost in building and repairs L.15,000, or L.1000 per annum. Suppose the owners should pay all this to the country for timber, iron, copper, labour, &c. which otherwise could not be sold at all; and suppose the foreign vessel should be built and repaired exclusively with foreign materials and labour; in this case, the British ship would add, in building and repairs, L.1000 to the income of the country, while the foreign one would add nothing; and the employment of the former, at L.4000, would be as cheap in reality as the latter at L.3000 per annum.

Suppose the British vessel should employ twenty men, who should have, captain included, on the average, 50s. per month each, or L.600 per annum, for the whole; and suppose the foreign vessel should employ twenty men, who would be content with 30s. per month each, or with L.360 per annum for the whole; the country would apparently save L.240 yearly from employing the foreigners. But if from this the British sailors should be thrown constantly upon the poor rates, and should, with their families, receive 8s. per week each, then the country would lose more than L.176 annually by employing the foreigners, even though the latter should expend their money in British merchandise and manufactures as the British sailors would do.

Suppose the country should sell annually to the British ship four hundred pounds' worth of flour, biscuit, beef, pork, butter, &c. which it otherwise could not sell at all, and that it should not sell any of these articles to the foreign ship, but, instead, should pay the latter L.300 in money; then, on this point, it would lose L.300 annually from employing the foreign vessel.

Suppose the British vessel should, in building and repairs from first to last, contribute L.100 per annum more to the revenue than the foreign one, and that the builders, owners, and crew, to the number of thirty persons, should contribute yearly L.3, 10s. each to the revenue, while those of the foreign one should contribute nothing; then, on this point, the country would gain L.205 yearly from employing the British vessel.

Suppose the nation should pay the

whole of the L.4000 to the British ship in corn, animal food, manufactures, articles for repairs, labour, &c., of which three-fourths should be the produce of Britain and its colonies, which could not otherwise be sold on any terms; and that it should pay the whole of the L.3000 to the foreign vessel in gold; then it would gain L.3000 annually by employing the British one.

We must here expose the falsehood of the doctrine, that to buy of foreign nations with gold is the same as to buy of them with goods, because we cannot obtain the gold without giving goods in exchange for it.

This doctrine necessarily assumes that we can at all times buy gold of other nations profitably with goods, the same as we can buy cotton, timber, or any other article of merchandise. If it be true, we can never be injured by the export of gold; however rapidly it may flow out of the country on one side in payment for goods, it will flow in as rapidly on the other side for the purchase of them. If it be true, foreign nations will be at all times ready to take our goods in exchange for their gold. That it is false, is decisively proved by the mint regulations, and the history of late years. The present generation has had ample evidence that an export of gold does not produce a corresponding import; that it can easily derange the whole trading interests of the country, and that it can strip us of gold altogether.

The truth is, gold, as an article of trade, is wholly different from other articles of trade. The countries that produce it cannot produce above a certain quantity, and the importers cannot give for it above a fixed price. When we have an extraordinary demand for gold, we buy it chiefly, not of the producing countries, but of those which like ourselves produce none. We buy of those countries goods, and when we have occasion to buy gold of them, we do not buy both the gold and the goods with goods, and thereby sell them an additional quantity of our own goods. It often happens that we can only buy gold of them when distress throws a part of their currency out of circulation; their sale of it does not, like the sale of produce, enable them to consume an additional quantity of our

goods, because it is to them merely an exchange of capital without any profit, and perhaps at a loss; at the best, their consumption of our goods is not increased by our purchases of their gold. We send goods to them; poverty prevents us from consuming their goods; therefore they are compelled to pay us with gold, and this prevents them from consuming so many of our goods as they would do if we could take theirs in payment. Or we obtain the gold through the medium of capitalists, British and foreign, who bring it hither for profit as foreign unemployed capital, the produce of sales of foreign stock, &c., and vest it in securities here for a season, until they find it profitable to take it back again. In this case we merely borrow the gold, and give no goods for it.

Gold in the countries that produce it is surplus produce which they exchange for goods to consume; but in countries that do not produce it, it is chiefly capital which is not expended in consumption. The owner of the gold mine consumes the goods he receives for his gold; his gold is not his capital, but the profits of it: but the owner of ten thousand sovereigns in England or France does not consume the goods that he receives for his gold; he exchanges them for gold or what is equivalent to it, and consumes only the profits arising from the bargain; he avoids, as far as possible, expending any of the ten thousand sovereigns in consumption. His gold is his capital itself, and not the profits of it. This, of course, does not apply to the individual who receives the sovereigns in payment of income, for in such a case he resembles the owner of the gold mine. France, &c., do not receive gold from the producing nations as income.

If we could buy with goods of the producing nations, as much gold as we might have occasion to export in payment for foreign articles that we could not do without, then the export might benefit us. But we cannot. If we have an export beyond a certain amount, those nations cannot supply us, and we are obliged to buy or borrow of others, which in reality cannot take goods in payment; and it is only at uncertain intervals that we can obtain it from the latter except at a tre-

mendous loss. We have lately been buying or borrowing a large amount of gold of the continental nations, and have they taken goods in payment *in addition* to the goods they would otherwise have bought of us? No. We obtained the gold from them in this manner. Distress prevented us from purchasing their goods as we had done—this brought them to distress, rendered a part of their currency idle, and made it more profitable to them to send us gold than goods—by sending us gold instead of goods, they have not been able to take their wanted quantity of our goods. A vast portion of this gold has not been received in payment of accounts; it has been either borrowed, or paid for with foreign stock, &c. If prices had not fallen and trade had not been depressed, those nations would have had no surplus gold, and we could have procured none from them except at a heavy loss.

Our imports of gold, instead of increasing, have greatly diminished our exports of goods; and if it were necessary for them to continue, we should soon have to make them on terms that would ruin us.

The foreign ships at present will generally only take from us gold in payment for their freight, and this they do not expend here; it has been said that this is beneficial to us, because we have to buy the gold with goods. Now, assuming that we always buy the gold with goods, which we do not, would it not be as beneficial to us to give the goods to the ships, as to give them for the gold? If a man buy three sovereigns of another, with a quarter of wheat to give to a third, what does he gain by this beyond what he would gain, were he to give the wheat at once to the third without buying the sovereigns? This doctrine in reality assumes, that if we had not to pay the foreign ships with gold, we could not sell the goods; it forgets that if we should not employ these ships we should employ British ones, which would take the goods in payment.

If the producing countries could supply us with any amount of gold that we might need in exchange for goods, there would still be this serious difference between our hiring of foreign ships to be paid with gold only, and our hiring of British ones to be

paid with goods. The countries in question could only take goods of a particular kind, and they could take very little colonial and agricultural produce. Suppose we pay to the foreign ship three thousand pounds in gold, for the purchase of which we export three thousand pounds worth of manufactures, while we pay to the British ship three thousand pounds in colonial and agricultural produce, and one thousand in manufactures. Now, would the additional manufacturers, required to prepare the goods for export, be able to consume the produce that would be consumed by the employment of the British vessel? No—ten or fifteen of such manufacturers would be sufficient, and they would scarcely consume five hundred pounds worth of the produce. Much of the colonial and agricultural produce now raised would be worthless; the colonists and agriculturists would employ fewer ships and consume fewer manufactures.

The truth is, however urgent our needs might be, the gold-producing countries could not supply us with more gold than they do, and we can scarcely procure as much from them as we now have occasion for. Any permanent increase of our export of gold would subject us to mighty evils. When this is the case, our employment of foreign shipping would not enable us to sell more goods to those countries than the employment of British shipping. If our currency be a gold one, then we must, in the first instance, pay the British ship, as well as the foreign one, with gold. What follows? The British owners and crew expend their gold in consuming our own agricultural and colonial produce and manufactures; the gold is kept in the country: the foreign ones take the gold abroad, and expend it in consuming foreign produce and manufactures. As a nation, we gain from the former nearly the whole value of what they consume, beyond what we gain from the latter; and if the export of gold compel us to buy it of the continental nations at a loss, we gain much more.

Suppose that our Shipping Interest employs half a million of people, and that we should at once employ foreign ships exclusively. These people consume half a million of quarters of

wheat annually, which, at three pounds per quarter, amount to £1,500,000, and they expend more than twice as much in animal food and colonial produce; we may take their expenditure in these things at five millions. If they should remain in the country, and could not procure other employment, they could not consume this unless it should be *given* them by the nation. The nation would have to give them it, or so much of it as might be necessary for their subsistence, in the shape of poor-rates; it would lose the *sale* of all this produce, and still it would have to pay the foreign Shipping Interest. If these people could be at once by magic transported from the country, the wheat, &c. would be unsaleable, and all whom they employ to produce them food, manufactures, &c. would be thrown out of employment. The taxes they pay would be cast upon the rest of the community.

It is, however, argued by the Economists, that if capital and labour be driven from one employment, they can easily find another: the monstrous absurdity of this is abundantly proved by the state of the country at the present moment. The only philosophical and rational mode of treating the matter is this—the change that throws the capital and labour of one calling out of employment, must provide *additional* employment in other callings, *equal to that of which it deprives them*, or it must be taken for granted that they will remain, actually or practically, permanently idle.

If then we should employ foreign ships exclusively, would the change so far swell out the trades not connected with our shipping, as to enable them to employ all the capital and labour which this shipping now employs? No, it would be so far from doing this, that it would contract these trades, and render them incapable of employing so much capital and labour as they employ at present. If the community should be perfectly independent of both the British Shipping Interest and the foreign one in income, or if it should draw as much income from the one as from the other—while the foreign one should charge it considerably lower freights than the British one, then its employment of the foreigners would swell out other trades:

it would expend a portion of the money which it now pays to the British ships, in the consumption of manufactures and merchandise. In this case, however, the question would arise—would other trades be so far swelled out as to be enabled to employ *all* the capital and labour now employed by our Shipping Interest? But the community would not be circumstanced as we have said. If it should pay the foreign ships with gold, and if it could not buy with goods more gold of the producing countries than it buys at present, the matter would stand thus—the other trades would sell scarcely any of the agricultural produce, manufactures, and merchandise which they now sell to our Shipping Interest; they would be compelled to give these away, or they would not be consumed; they would in effect have to pay the taxes paid by the Shipping Interest. Every other trade would employ less capital and labour than it employs at present, instead of more.

If trade were perfectly free, and if the foreigners were at liberty to take anything in payment, they would still take scarcely any of our timber, agricultural produce, &c. Foreign capital, materials, and labour, would build the ships; on this point we should, comparatively speaking, neither buy nor sell anything; we should receive nothing, and we should have nothing to give in exchange. We should merely have to pay the hire of the ships, and we should only pay a very small part of it with manufactures; if we should pay the whole with goods, it would be in great part paid with unwrought produce. Foreign nations would consume more of our manufactures than they do at present, but a vast portion of the freight received from us would be expended in consuming their own produce and manufactures. Great part of the hemp, timber, tar, &c. which we now buy of them, we should need no longer; and the goods we at present give in exchange for these, would be given in payment of the freight. Their increased consumption of our goods would be a mere drop in the bucket, when compared with the decrease of consumption caused by the annihilation of our own Shipping Interest.

We pray our readers to pardon us

for being so tedious on this point touching foreign cheapness, for it is one of the highest importance. What we have said applies just as much to foreign corn, silks, &c. as to foreign ships. Whenever the Economists speak of the corn growers, the silk manufacturers, or the members of any other interest, they assume that these contribute no more to the income of the rest of the community than foreigners would do; that the rest of the community would sell precisely the same goods and labour at the same prices, were it to buy the whole of its corn, silks, &c. of foreigners, which it sells at present; and that if any one trade were annihilated, the capital and labour employed in it could at once find profitable employment in other trades. This vulgar and idiotic falsehood runs through, vitiates, and covers with derision their whole system. Let our readers bear in mind, that if the loss of the whole Shipping Interest would be thus injurious, the loss of a part of it would be proportionably injurious; and that this holds good in respect of any other Interest.

Having said thus much generally touching foreign cheapness, we will now examine the changes, and the speech delivered by Mr Huskisson in the last Session in defence of them. We are not aware that this speech was ever published in an authentic form, and we shall therefore look at it as we find it reported in the newspapers.

Mr Huskisson represents, that no change has been made in regard to the fisheries. Now, a considerable change has been made. The bounty allowed to the ships engaged in the Greenland and Davis Straits whale-fishery has been discontinued, in obedience to the mad doctrine of the Economists, that bounties are pernicious, and force capital and labour into unprofitable employment. The great importance of this fishery seems to us to be but little known to the community. In 1825, it employed either 120 or 130 ships; these ships, we imagine, employed considerably more than one million of capital, and about five thousand seamen. It has, in proportion to its extent, been one of the most valuable nurseries of the Navy.

Our readers are aware that the ships take no cargo out, and that they have no certainty of obtaining one in return. If they catch no fish, they yield

nothing to their owners; and it is by no means unusual for a portion of them to return from the fishery without having caught any. The bounty, we believe, amounted to about one-fifth of the expenses of the voyage. It saved the owner from a total loss, if his ship came home clean; it diminished the loss if she came poorly fished; and it enabled him to sell his oil a little cheaper, if she came full. We may say that it made him a return of about three per cent per annum upon the capital absorbed by the vessel and her stores, putting the expenses of the voyage out of the question.

During the war we had a monopoly of this fishery, and the foreign nations which needed whale-oil had to obtain from us their supply. This monopoly—doubtless to the great joy of the monopoly-hating Mr Huskisson—ended with the war; and in late years the fishery has been resorted to by the ships of some other countries. These foreign ships can be built and navigated at perhaps two-thirds of the cost of the British ones: and this, in so hazardous a trade, is of immense moment. If they were sufficiently numerous, they could undersell us, and deprive us entirely of our foreign market. Well, at a time when our ships were exposed to a competition like this, when the success of these ships was decreasing, and when gas, and the facilities given to the consumption of other oils of foreign production, were subjecting whale-oil to an overpowering rivalry, the bounty was discontinued. If any change were needed, we suspect it was one to double the bounty.

Ever since, the number of ships employed in the fishery has annually decreased. We have already mentioned the number employed in 1825, and we believe the number employed in the present year is only 100. There has been a falling off in this single year of from twenty to thirty ships—of at least one-sixth of the whole number. We do not charge all this upon the cessation of the bounty, but certainly the latter has had its share in contributing to it. The facilities given to the consumption of other oils have operated precisely as the admission of foreign whale-oil would have operated. The Dutch ship might as well bring 100 tons of its whale-oil to our

market, as bring what will prevent 100 tons of British whale-oil from being consumed. If ministers thought good to reduce the price of oil for the sake of the manufacturers, there was no necessity for them to withhold the bounty. They, however, did the latter, when they were striking at the Greenland interests on other points, and when it was, in effect, giving a bounty to the foreign vessels. They acted not more unwisely than unjustly.

People profess to be puzzled touching the causes of the existing distress. Now, here are twenty ships thrown out of employment in this trade in a single year, chiefly by the cessation of the bounty, and the competition of foreign oils with their own. These ships, putting building and repairs out of the question, employed about L.200,000 of capital, and 800 or 900 hands. They caused, in their outfit, an expenditure of L.30,000 in manufactured goods, and British and colonial produce; and if reasonably successful, they brought L.60,000 into the country annually. The bounty, we believe, was a pound per ton on the measurement. If these twenty ships measured 330 tons each on the average, the bounty paid to them would only have been L.6600. If 500 of the hands be upon their parishes, and be receiving five shillings per week each, for themselves and their families, they will receive in the year L.6500, or very nearly as much as the bounty, from the poor-rates. We must look, not only at the loss sustained by the owners and crews of these vessels, but likewise at the loss sustained by those to whom these owners and crews gave employment. Shipbuilders, farmers, tradesmen, mechanics, artisans, and labourers, all suffer.

If the cotton or woollen trade had been injured and neglected as the Greenland Shipping Interest has been, the country would have been thrown into convulsions by it; but because this is comparatively a small Interest, it seems to be imagined that its loss cannot cause any loss to the rest of the community. It is rapidly wasting away; and this is, in a considerable degree, owing to changes made by the government.

We will now look at the new colonial system, as it affects the Shipping Interest.

Under the old system, the colonies

were compelled to send all their productions to this country in our ships; and they were compelled to import everything from this country, and in our ships. The monopoly thus enjoyed by our shipowners was deemed by Mr Huskisson and Mr Robinson to be not only pernicious, but excessively barbarous. The two Right Honourable Gentlemen charged the mother country with having acted the part of a stepmother, and execrated the cruelties she had been guilty of towards her hapless offspring. In the speech before us, Mr Huskisson makes the amazing discovery, that this monopoly was the cause of the American war. It is marvellous that historians have been ignorant of this, and that his assertion forms the only proof of it in existence. A few years ago, a certain class of politicians prescribed reform "as a sovereign remedy" for every national evil, and he, in the same way, prescribes Free Trade as such a remedy. Spain owes its distresses to its restrictive system; England lost its American colonies by its restrictive system; nothing more is necessary for national prosperity than Free Trade!—What an astounding thing it is, that, after having had this infallible nostrum crammed down its throat, our poor country is enduring its present sufferings!

Parliament shuddered over the barbarities which had been inflicted upon the poor colonies, and resolved by acclamation that the latter should have a lavish supply of maternal fondness. The monopoly of the shipowners and the country was cast to the winds. The colonies were permitted to send their productions to any foreign country in foreign ships, to import almost anything they might need, from foreign countries in foreign ships, and to have ships of their own to trade with to any part of the world. This formed a magnificent boon to foreign countries, and it was granted on these conditions. If one of them had a single poor colony, it was to permit us to trade with this colony, in return for the permission to trade with all our own; if it had no colony, it was to have the same permission to trade with ours. It was moreover to place our ships in its ports on a level with those of the most favoured nations; but in return for this, the same concession was granted to its ships in our own ports. By a monstrous abuse of lan-

guage, this, in regard to our relations with foreign countries, was called a system of reciprocity.

Not liking in these days to take anything upon trust, we will inquire a little into the justice of the charge respecting stepmother's cruelty. The colonists were, generally speaking, prohibited from buying of other nations such produce and manufactures as we could supply them with; the same prohibition was imposed on our own population: they were at liberty to import through the medium of British ships any foreign article that we could not produce, subject chiefly to duties of their own imposing; and on this point they had a great advantage over our own population. Nothing that the world produces in the shape of necessary, or luxury, was denied them; they were even in special cases suffered to import foreign goods in foreign vessels. We can see no cruelty in this whatever.

With regard to the exporting of their productions, they were practically at liberty to export these to any country whatever, provided they did it in British ships. The truth is, they had no market for the chief part of their productions save this country. Now let us look on the other side of the question. When we imposed these restrictions, did we submit to none in return? When we obtained this monopoly, did we not grant one as an equivalent? We bound ourselves as far as possible to buy exclusively of these colonies—we gave them as far as we could a monopoly of our magnificent market—in articles, with which they could only partly supply us, we gave them every advantage in our power. We did more than this—we took upon ourselves the risks and expenses of protecting them. The colonies obtained restriction for restriction, and monopoly for monopoly; and they had decidedly the advantage in the contract. In our judgment, this contract proves us to have been guilty of anything rather than stepmother's cruelty.

Passing from the maternal cruelty, Ministers argued that the new system was called for by the changes which had taken place in the world. These changes amounted simply to this—Spain and Portugal had actually or in effect lost their colonies; we were almost the only nation that retained any

of moment, and mankind was convulsed by a wild spirit of insurrection. Now we will ask what was there in all this to call for a change in our colonial system? Was there, as the speeches of Ministers and the discovery of Mr Huskisson touching the cause of the American revolution would seem to imply, any danger that the colonies would revolt? So far as regards the West India Islands, and the Islands generally, there was none whatever. Successful rebellion was to them physically impossible without the previous destruction of our maritime supremacy. In respect of Canada, what was the danger there? What had Canada to complain of? We supplied all its needs upon the average more cheaply than other nations could do, and we gave it a market for its productions when it must otherwise have been without one. If Canada have the most boundless license of export, where can it send its agricultural produce, timber, &c. but to this country? Independence, or incorporation with the United States, would be to Canada ruinous. If then it had no just cause of complaint, and if its intercourse with the mother country were one of real reciprocity, where was the necessity for change? Assuming that it complained of imaginary grievances, and that it sought to shift upon us all the restrictions of the contract, was there anything in its strength to terrify us into concession? If other nations were envious of our colonial possessions, was it necessary for us to be such poltroons as to surrender to these nations without a battle almost all that their envy could desire? Was it justifiable in us to be guilty of the cowardice of saying to other countries—You have lost your colonies and you covet ours; but if you will have so much compassion upon us as not to declare war against us, you shall share ours in common with ourselves?

The doctrine, that because other countries had lost their colonies, it was necessary for us to surrender part of the benefits that we derived from our own, always appeared to us to be exceedingly silly. The changes which had taken place in the world were calculated—1st, To inspire the colonies with a wild wish for separation on abstract principles, and without any reference to justice and expediency.—And, 2d, To cause other nations, while

the bonds for restraining them from interfering were done away, to envy us the possession of these colonies. Now what change did this call for on our part? The redoubling of our efforts to preserve our maritime supremacy. Instead of doing this, we set to work to force away, and undermine, this supremacy as far as possible. Because there was a danger that the colonies might revolt, and that other nations might aid them in it, we in breathless haste attacked that, without which we could not retain them an hour. To our eyes, the wisdom of this is, and for ever will be, invisible. If concession were necessary to the Colonies and foreign nations, which we deny altogether, it assuredly ought not to have been made at the expense of the Shipping Interest, and of course, of the Navy.

The colonies have been released from our restrictions and monopolies, but to theirs we are still subject. What do they reap from this at present? Only evil. They buy produce and manufactures of other nations which will not take their productions in exchange, or of which the powers of consumption fall far below those of this country. While they buy of others, they must still sell to us; and their buying of others, disables us for buying of them. By buying of foreign nations, and employing foreign ships, they have greatly increased our distress; and this distress has greatly reduced our means of consuming their productions. A comparatively small portion of distress, or a comparatively small falling off in our consumption of their produce, may easily reduce the prices of the whole of this produce five, or ten per cent. The Economists, indeed, assert, that by suffering other nations to trade with them, we enrich, and thereby increase our trade with, these nations. Let us examine this. Jamaica wants a cargo of manufactures, and, instead of buying of us, it buys of Prussia: by this, so far as concerns Jamaica, we lose, and Prussia gains, the sale of a cargo of manufactures. This, doubtless, increases the means of Prussia for buying of us, but it reduces our means for buying of Prussia; and then the question is—will it enable the latter to buy of us an additional cargo of manufactures—as many manufactures as we should otherwise have sold to

Jamaica? If it will even do this, it will be to us merely the exchange of one customer for another, and we shall not gain a farthing from it: but it will do no such thing. It will not enable Prussia to buy of us one-twentieth part of the manufactures we should otherwise have sold to Jamaica. Does every cargo of manufactures that we sell to the colony in question, enable us to buy a cargo of manufactures, or what is equivalent to one, of Prussia; and not of Prussia only, but of most other nations, for one ought to profit from it about as much as another? If it do, this single cargo enables us to buy of foreign nations, perhaps, twenty cargoes of manufactures, or what is equivalent to them. We need not answer the question.

We pray our readers to attend to this, because the Economists apply their dogma to the home trade as well as the colonial one. "If you give up your trade, domestic and colonial," they in effect cry, "to foreigners, you will enrich these foreigners, and cause them to buy more of you." This is not only an "abstract truth;" but, wonderful to say! it is a truth in the application; yet it is one of the vague, puerile, wretched generalities which are now ruining the empire. The *how much?* touching the increase of our sales to the foreigners, is what the Economists cannot condescend to calculate; the question—Will the increase of sale on the one hand outweigh the decrease on the other?—is below their notice. If we sell ten thousand pounds' worth less to the colonists, or our own countrymen, still, if we sell five pounds' worth more to the foreigners, it is sufficient to prove that the dogma is true, both in the abstract and the application. By giving away our trade to foreigners, as we are now doing, we are losing twenty shillings on the one hand, that we may gain one shilling on the other—we are practically buying shillings at the rate of a sovereign each.

What the colonies are now suffering from the new system, is nothing to what they will soon be doomed to suffer; their release from our restrictions and monopolies is but the prelude to our release from theirs. Free Trade will soon clasp in its destructive embrace sugar, &c.; when it shall have seized upon the British agriculturist, let not the colonial one expect to escape it. We shall soon be liberated

from the obligation of buying dear timber and other produce of our North American possessions. When the release shall be made reciprocal, the colonies will be utterly ruined.

Looked at as a defence, Mr Huskisson's speech is, we think, the very worst that ever was delivered. Granting, for the sake of argument, that the restrictive system was the primary cause of the American Revolution, does it follow from this that the system ought not to have existed? Does it follow from this that the mother country ought to impose no restrictions upon her colonies, save such as these may deign to approve of? Does it follow from this, that the new system was essential for preventing the colonies from rebelling? After delivering himself of his discovery, he flounders about in the most wild and unaccountable manner, amidst the fruitless efforts that were made by statesmen of past times to keep the United States under the full operation of the Navigation Laws. Now, what, in the name of common sense, had this to do with the question? He was called upon to defend, not the necessary changes made by the dead, but the unnecessary ones made by himself. What was done by former Ministers cannot serve him as a precedent, unless he can prove that he has merely done what they did from the same causes. When the new colonial system was adopted, was it impossible to enforce the old one, or was it matter of distinct proof that this old one was greatly injuring either the colonies or the mother country? Either would serve him as a justification, but he can cite neither. The old system had been modified in all points necessary for the interests of the colonies. In so far as it was necessary for the latter to import directly from foreign countries, to employ foreign ships, and to keep ships of their own, they had the liberty for doing it. But the liberty was strictly regulated by the necessity. The old system, when the new one was adopted, was capable of being fully enforced—it was alike beneficial to the

colonies and the mother country—the colonies had no just cause of complaint, and there was no danger of their rebelling—and the change gained nothing from foreign nations that could be called an equivalent for what we surrendered. Ministers introduced the new colonial system, not as one demanded by necessity, but as one perfectly optional, and which would make what was exceedingly good much better. They recommended it on abstract principles—on the doctrine of the Economists, that, by enriching other nations, it would increase our trade.

It is worthy of remark, that while Mr Huskisson defended the new system on the ground of *conciliation* towards the colonies, Ministers were taking measures touching the slaves, that were calculated to make the most valuable of these colonies do their utmost to separate from us.

That the mighty change made by the new colonial system was wholly uncalled for, and utterly indefensible, is abundantly proved by the speech of Mr Huskisson. Not a sentence of this speech can be tortured into an apology for, much less a justification of, it. Ministers themselves admit the gross falsehood of their new doctrines, when they defend their practice of these doctrines, not on the benefits it yields, but on the glaringly groundless insinuation, that they had no alternative. The mighty change, however, was made, and most perniciously it is operating.

Our trade to the colonies was of the most valuable character; it was in proportion to its extent infinitely more valuable than our trade to foreign countries.* The colonies bought of us goods that had been again and again manufactured,—they bought of us not only cottons and woollens, but cottons and woollens manufactured into garments. They bought of us clothes, millinery, saddlery, bottled porter and ale, soap, candles, books, hams, cheese, in a word, they were to us almost like resident customers. They bought of us the things that employed the great-

* We suspect that an export of five millions to the West India Islands, employed as much of our labour, and yielded us as much profit, as an export of fifteen millions to the Continental nations. In truth, next to the home trade, the colonial trade forms the chief source of our trade with these nations. A loss of colonial trade must cause a corresponding loss of trade with them.

est share of our labour, that left us the largest profits, and that we otherwise, in many particulars, could not have exported. The new system has given a large part of this trade to other countries: the colonies,—yes, the colonies of Britain, now buy manufactures, ironware, cordage, soap, candles, millinery, &c. &c. of foreign nations.

To such a man as Mr Huskisson, the depriving of a number of linen weavers, rope-makers, milliners, tailors, shoemakers, straw-bonnet makers, staymakers, &c. &c. of employment, is doubtlessly a matter of no moment in regard to public prosperity. The cotton and woollen manufacturers are the only people whose employment is to be held sacred. A statesman, we imagine, would think differently; he would believe the maxim, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," to be a very wise one when applied to trades. We are, however, at present, reversing the maxim, and labouring to increase the whole by annihilating the parts. We look upon our smaller trades with scorn, and, as far as we are able, we are crushing them in the most mad and cruel manner. That man is not qualified to be a Minister of this country who cannot see, that these smaller trades are, collectively, of infinitely more value to us than the cotton and woollen trades, separately or jointly.

Upon the ship-owners this operates most injuriously; it has deprived them of much of their outward freight. It has not only taken from them a considerable part of the colonial carrying trade; but it has reduced their profits on the portion of it left. It causes every ship left in the trade to make less profit. What they have thus lost has been given to foreigners without any other than a nominal equivalent. By diminishing consumption, and reducing the importation of the raw produce, which we worked up to send to the colonies, it lessens the carrying trade, not only between this country and the colonies, but between it and foreign nations.

We will now look at the "reciprocity" treaties—treaties which will be an eternal disgrace to British diplomacy. They place the ships of foreign nations on an equality in our ports with our own, provided such nations

act in the same manner towards our ships. Now, any man of common sense would imagine from this, that at any rate our vessels could be built and navigated at as cheap a rate as the foreign ones. But no. The cost in building and navigating is, to the British ship-owner, almost double of what it is to the foreign one. With this immense difference against him, the former has no duty or restriction to raise him to a real equality with his competitor. The manufacturers have protecting duties, but the ship-owner has none; he is placed beyond the pale of protection. We cannot conceive how any British Minister could so far degrade himself as to affix his signature to such treaties. We should have imagined, that if the sword of the conqueror had been at his throat, he would have preferred death to such ignominy.

Well, what does Mr Huskisson say in defence of Mr Canning and himself? He alleges, that if we had continued to subject foreign ships to higher duties than our own, foreign nations would have subjected our ships to high countervailing duties, and that this would have destroyed our intercourse with those nations. Above all, Prussia was threatening to raise considerably the duties on our ships and goods.

Now, let our readers observe, that to produce a real, just, and equitable equality between the British vessel and the foreign one, as much extra duty ought to be levied upon the latter as would prevent it from taking, all things considered, lower freight than the former. What then ought our government to have said to Prussia? It ought to have said this at the very least—If we consent to abandon monopoly and advantages ourselves, we will see our Island sunk in the ocean rather than concede them to you—you can build and navigate your ships for far less than we can do, and therefore when you ask for equality, you in reality ask for monopoly—we will lower our duties so far as to place the ships, not on a nominal, but on an actual equality, and we will go no farther. Beyond this no foreign nation had a right to ask or expect anything. Prussia was perfectly aware, that when she asked for equality, she in reality asked for decided advantages—for

monopoly. The terrible Prussian, however, made the demand—he made it when it was not supported by irresistible fleets and armies—and still it was abjectly submitted to. Passing by the loss to trade, the loss to our shipping, and the loss to the navy, Ministers made a most unjustifiable sacrifice of national right and honour.

But then Prussia would have raised her duties;—well, we could have raised ours to Prussia. But this would have destroyed all intercourse between the two countries;—well, what is the value of this intercourse? The official value of our exports to Prussia in the year ending January 5th, 1825, was £468,463; the real value was perhaps much less; our imports from Prussia for the same year, bore the official value of £620,287; the real value was probably much more. And was the export of three or four hundred thousand per annum—a paltry trade like this, of which the chief profit was reaped by Prussia—of so much moment as to justify the sacrifice of rights and principles which formed the bulwarks of our Shipping Interest and Navy? Almost everything that we buy of Prussia, we could buy elsewhere with goods at as cheap a rate; if she produce anything peculiar to herself, we could, in a suspension of intercourse, procure it through the medium of other nations. If she were swallowed up by an earthquake, we should scarcely feel it; our trade would be at once proportionally increased with other countries. While the trade between us and Prussia is so insignificant to ourselves, it is to her of the first importance; without it she would scarcely have an export trade, or a marine. When it is remembered that were we to lose this trade altogether, our imports from, and exports to, other countries, would be increased to perhaps the amount of it, and that our concession has diminished the revenue, and is likely to drive our ships wholly out of the trade,—it will then be believed that the concession has lost us about as much already as we should have lost by the total cessation of our intercourse with Prussia.

If the alternative had been placed before Prussia of keeping her duties unaltered, or having her productions and ships wholly excluded from our ports, what would have been her decision?

Unaltered duties, unquestionably. We had her under our dictation, and yet we submitted and conceded to her as though we had been her slaves.

This was not all. When we had made this most disgraceful surrender to Prussia, we could not in justice refuse it to other nations. Of course, the question involved the interests of our navigation, not only with Prussia, but with the whole world. By acceding to her demand, we brought upon ourselves a similar demand from other nations, and deprived ourselves of all fair ground of refusal. We remember the foreign journals at the time intimated that foreign nations would form themselves into a kind of conspiracy to extort from us this monopoly, under the name of reciprocity. Ministers were aware of all this—they knew to what compliance to Prussia would lead, and yet they tamely submitted. The interests, and particularly the maritime ones, of this nation, were wont to be conducted differently. There was a time when the threats, not of Prussia only, but of all Europe, would have been very little regarded by Old England.

Of course, when the concession was made to one nation, others had only to ask, and receive. Mr Wallace, when he introduced the changes, argued that retaliation was out of our power. Why? Because we tax the produce of other countries heavily already. No man of common sense will, we think, be duped by such a reason. Granting that retaliation would injure us severely, still be it remembered, that the concession, in its whole extent, gave away a vast portion of our carrying trade, and consequently was certain to do us mighty injury.

And now touching other parts. Was it likely that the Hanse Towns, chiefly mercantile as they were, would throw their mercantile affairs into confusion by entering into a squabble with us touching their shipping? No. What had we to fear from France, Holland, Russia, and the United States? In the year ending January 5, 1825, our exports to Sweden amounted to L.146,142; to Norway, to L.116,094; and to Denmark, to L.332,073, official values. What should we have suffered here from the loss of intercourse? What dangers were we threatened with in the new states of

South America? We had nothing to apprehend from any quarter. A stern refusal would have silenced every demand; a determined and ample retaliation would have crushed every change on the part of other nations.

Degrading and injurious as our "reciprocity" treaties with the European states are, those with the new republics of South America are far more so. As far as appearances go, we might long have monopolised almost all the carrying trade between these republics and ourselves. We could not be so *illiberal* as to think of doing this. As the republics were not able to build and man ships of their own, we practically permitted them to hire ships and sailors of other countries, and pass these upon us as their own. We gave them what amounted to permission to carry on their trade with us by means of the ships and seamen of the United States, &c., from the fear, probably, that they would otherwise be compelled to employ British ships and seamen. The justification of this is hid from our eyes; if it would have been a hardship upon these republics to have compelled them in the trade between them and us, to employ, not nominally, but really, either their own ships and seamen or ours, and to have imposed upon them a restriction which rested upon ourselves, we cannot perceive it, and Mr Huskisson does not make it apparent. These republics, in truth, have perfectly crazed us. We recognised them at the hazard of embroiling ourselves in war with all Europe, and what we have reaped from it is, the loss of millions upon millions to our merchants and manufacturers. We shall soon lose millions upon millions more from them. If a few more republics were to sprout up in different parts of the world, they would cause us to ruin ourselves outright.

Mr Huskisson speaks as though a suspension of intercourse would injure only ourselves, and as though other nations would prefer it to an intercourse which merely subjected their shipping to some disadvantages. It might be imagined from his speech, that these nations could do as well without, as with us; and that it is a matter of huge condescension and favour in them to trade with us. We hold in our possession the first fo-

reign market in the world to almost every country; to several it is nearly their only one. We could in divers cases transfer our purchases from one of them to another, and suffer very little from it; we could, without doing ourselves much injury, involve the trade of some of them in ruin. We possess, in respect of many, the powers of absolute dictation, in matters of trade, and in regard to all, the means of retaliation are in our favour. Yet we are kneeling and canting, and submitting, and supplicating, as though the meanest of the continental states had us at its mercy. Prussia bullies us, and we beseech her to do with us as she pleases. Other nations raise their duties on our goods, and we dare not resort to measures of retaliation. Our present policy calls upon the whole world to insult and rob us; it offers a bounty to every petty nation to trample upon us, and subject us to every possible loss and disadvantage.

The Right Honourable Gentleman says, that when Prussia raised her duties on our ships, memorials poured in upon him from our shipowners, complaining that these duties would deprive them of their trade. Well, he could say nothing to Prussia, because—what?—we had been the first to impose discriminating duties! He could not retaliate—he could not say to Prussia, Your measure is partial, is giving a decided advantage to your ships, and driving ours out of the trade; and if it be not rescinded, your vessels shall be excluded from our ports altogether. Prussia threatened to extend its duties to cargoes as well as ships. Well, Mr Huskisson could threaten nothing in the way of retaliation; he could only submit to her dictation, and surrender to her the whole carrying trade. Again, when Mr Wallace introduced the changes in the Navigation Laws, he represented that these laws were calculated to produce irritation towards us amidst friendly states. Why? Because they gave peculiar advantages to our shipping. We were therefore to give up these advantages, reduce our freights, and deprive a vast portion of our ships of employment, merely to avoid the impotent envy of a few second and third-rate nations.

But then it is said that foreign coun-

tries buy our manufactures. And do they do this from grace and favour? Do they make any intentional sacrifice in doing it? No. They do it solely from motives of interest. There is not one of them that does not exclude our manufactures to the utmost point consistent with its ideas of its own benefit. They would all prohibit our manufactures altogether, if they could hope to profit from it. Ever since we adopted that compound of cowardice, idiocy, and self-robbery, called the Reciprocity System, each has increased its restrictions as rapidly as possible; and not one has deigned to accept this system, save such as saw clearly that they could use it as a system of rivalry, restriction, and prohibition against us. We are no more indebted to them for taking our manufactures, than they are to us for taking their produce.

The truth is, this Reciprocity System, and our other Free Trade measures, form the most efficacious step we could have taken to procure the total exclusion of our manufactures from the Continent. All the Continental nations have manufactures, and these want only capital, skill, and a market, to impose such an exclusion upon our own. We are giving them capital, by giving them our trade—we are giving them skill, by allowing them to hire our best workmen, and bring their goods into our markets—Mr Huskisson, Mr Hume, and the rest of the School, are anxious to give them our machinery—and, to form them an adequate market, we are admitting their manufactures, both at home and in the colonies. In our judgment, it may be taken as a general axiom, that the more we enrich the continental countries, the less we shall sell to them of manufactures. We believe that in the course of a very few years almost all these countries will manufacture for themselves, and instead of wanting to buy of us, will want to export. We imagine that very soon

we shall have to buy of them, chiefly with colonial produce, and it is very likely that they will buy such produce with manufactures in our colonies and elsewhere, rather than of ourselves. Now, that our system of Reciprocity and Free Trade has come into operation, our sales of manufactures to them are falling off in the most alarming manner. The weapons which they are using with such fearful effect against us, have been put into their hands by our own wild folly.

Mr Huskisson represents that in general it may be taken as a rule, that prohibitions operate the most unfavourably towards the country which has the largest marine, and that its truth was illustrated by the superiority which our old laws enabled us to obtain over Holland. Now, the condition of Holland in the days of its maritime greatness, differed very widely from the present condition of this country. Holland was the carrier for almost all Europe—she carried between nation and nation—she carried for us, not only her own and our productions, but those of other countries. Against a nation thus circumstanced, prohibition of course acted fatally. If we discontinued to employ her to carry for us in our trade with France, Russia, &c., it was merely like the discharging of a hired servant, and she had no remedy. But we, looking at the empire as a whole, are in circumstances perfectly different. We are, in but a trifling degree, the carriers between one foreign nation and another. Our carrying, vast as it is, is in the main the carrying of our own productions for sale, and of the productions of other countries for our own use. In this, generally speaking, prohibition would injure the country with the small marine much more than us with the large one.

Now, what was the object of Prussia, &c.* in seeking to compel us to change our old Navigation Laws? Was

* In our "reciprocity" Treaty with France, Mr Canning and Mr Huskisson bound us to permit her at pleasure, and without fear of any kind of retaliation, to prohibit us in effect from carrying anything not merely between her and foreign nations, but between her and our own colonies. She obtained the treaty, and then issued the prohibition which cut off nearly two-thirds of our exports to her. In addition to this, her ships were, of course, placed in our ports on a level with our own, and she was permitted to trade to all our colonies.

This Treaty has been extolled as a masterpiece of diplomacy, and it has been in-

it to prohibit us from carrying between them and other foreign nations? No! It was to prohibit us from carrying between them and ourselves, their productions and our own. Prussia raised her duties to engross the carrying trade between her and this country—to monopolise for her ships the privilege of bringing to us such goods as we may buy of her, and of fetching such as we may sell to her. She did it, not to discharge us from her employment, but to prevent us from doing our own work. In such a case, we were not like Holland, with nothing before us but submission. We had in our hands ample means of retaliation; we could have opposed prohibition to prohibition, and this would have injured our marine very little, while it would have almost ruined that of Prussia. The same is applicable to various other countries; with most, the advantages were in our favour in regard to prohibition. The example of Holland proved nothing, used in the way it was by Mr Huskisson.

Suppose we should say to Russia, Prussia, the Hanse Towns, &c.,—We are anxious to trade with you, and to buy your productions on as favourable terms to yourselves as possible, but a powerful navy is essential to us as a thing, not of traffic and riches, but of national existence. As it is this, we are compelled to make trade and everything else subservient to it. We will, therefore, only trade with you on condition that the trade shall be principally carried on in our ships.—Were we to say this, is it likely that they would have no farther intercourse with us? Is it likely that they would cast from them a market like our own, when by doing it they would deprive themselves of almost the only market they have, and injure their shipping about as much as they would do by complying with our conditions?

If a nation find a powerful Navy essential for its existence, we cannot see that other nations, to which shipping is of scarcely any value, save in matters of trade, have any right to quarrel with it for making exclusive privileges for its ships, the basis of its intercourse with them. But, putting this out of the question, circumstan-

ced as we are, no country in the world could have any right to quarrel with us for insisting that, in our intercourse with it, our ships should be placed, not on a nominal, but on a real equality with its own. We, however, do not insist upon this. We place foreign ships on a perfect equality with our own in regard to duties, when they can take far lower freights than our own—we grant to foreign nations a monopoly of our own carrying trade—we consent to employ foreign ships, that our own may be deprived of employment. We do all this perfectly without necessity, and with the knowledge before us that a powerful Navy is essential for our national existence. Shame upon us! shame upon us! We pray our readers to pardon our warmth, for he is not an Englishman who can look at it without feeling his blood boil with indignation.

This is not all. Under the old laws certain bulky articles could only be imported into this country in British vessels; they may now be brought in the vessels of any country; under the old laws foreign commodities could be brought here by no other foreign ships than those of the countries that produced them; they may now be brought in the ships of any country in which they may be found. In regard to law, our shipping upon the whole is in a worse condition at present, than it was in before the enactment of our laws against Holland, and when Holland monopolised the chief part of the carrying trade of Europe. We are losing a greater share of our carrying trade than the absence of these laws before they came into being gave to other countries. For all this, we in reality have received no equivalent. Mr Huskisson represents that it was necessary for the existence of our warehousing system. We do not believe it. Are we to be told that we shall profit from this system by sacrificing our shipping to it?

If we are now rapidly losing our carrying trade, what is to become of us in time of war, when the expenses of our ships will be almost doubled? We must re-establish the

timated that the "Statesmen" who could prevail on France to sign such a Treaty must possess almost more than mortal wisdom!!!

The "Statesmen" of the present day certainly differ very widely from the "Statesmen" of the past.

restrictions, or cease to have ships. We shall then have to impose restrictions upon nations to which our folly will have given powerful marines; this will create ill blood and disputes between us and them, and it will probably range some of them on the side of our enemies. As to our finding allies in them, it is out of the question.

Mr Huskisson represents that as we allowed America, in 1821, to trade directly with our colonies, it was not common sense to refuse the privilege to other nations. We will say to this, that it was not common sense to permit America to trade with the colonies in a greater degree than the imperious needs of the latter called for, particularly as she refused, and still refuses "reciprocity." If it were essential for the colonies to buy some articles directly of America, this formed no reason for their being permitted to buy almost anything of other countries.

We will now look at the evidence

In 1822	{ British Shipping	1,664,186 tons—	98,976 men
	{ Foreign do.	469,151 tons—	28,420 men
In 1823	{ British Shipping	1,740,859 tons—	112,224 men
	{ Foreign do.	582,996 tons—	33,828 men
In 1824	{ British Shipping	1,797,320 tons—	108,700 men
	{ Foreign do.	759,441 tons—	42,112 men
In 1825	{ British Shipping	2,144,680 tons—	123,120 men
	{ Foreign do.	958,050 tons—	52,630 men

In the nature of things the increase of trade would operate first upon the idle shipping, then upon the foreign shipbuilders, and then upon the British ones. So long as ships were superabundant, there would be much competition, and those which could carry for the lowest freight would get the employment. In the competition, the foreigners would be the masters. So we find, that in 1823, the first year of the abolition and of the increase of trade, we only employed 76,673 additional tons of British shipping, while we employed 113,845 additional tons of foreign shipping. It must be remembered too, that up to the last few months, our ships retained their monopoly of the carrying trade to our foreign possessions, and this trade employed perhaps more than one third of them. It may be presumed that this trade called for a large part of the additional British tonnage. It can scarcely be doubted that in 1823 the increase of our trade with foreign nations gave employment chiefly to foreign vessels.

In 1824, trade rapidly increased—

which Mr Huskisson adduces to prove that the abolition of the Navigation Laws has done our shipping no injury.

This abolition commenced only four years ago; the new colonial system was only introduced in 1825, and some of the reciprocity treaties have been but recently concluded. In many most important points it has just begun to operate. When it was begun, trade was very flat, and foreign nations had much idle shipping; of course it had no immediate effect in stimulating shipbuilding amidst these nations. In 1823, trade revived a little, from causes manifestly unconnected with the abolition, and in the following years it rapidly rose to a very high point of prosperity.

The great increase of trade necessarily gave employment to a great additional portion of shipping. We give the following statement of the tonnage and men employed in our foreign trade from official papers laid before Parliament:—

foreign ships all got employed—new ships are needed, not only to increase a number, but to replace those lost or worn out—they occupy much time in building, and can only be multiplied slowly, particularly in poor countries. The foreign builders were unable to supply the demand—competition ceased—freights rose greatly, and the British ships made large profits—then a greater stimulus was given to the British builders.

So we find, that in 1824 we only employed 56,461 additional tons of British, while we employed 176,445 additional tons of Foreign shipping. British vessels could obtain very little of the new employment created by the increase of trade, until all the idle foreign ones were employed, and the foreign builders were unable to satisfy the demand. The increase of colonial trade must still be kept in mind. In further proof of this we give the following account of the number of vessels built in his Majesty's dominions (exclusive of Ireland) from 1814 to 1825 inclusive.

In 1814— 818	In 1818—1,011	In 1822— 745
1815—1,147	1819—1,088	1823— 813
1816—1,233	1820— 846	1824—1,144
1817— 980	1821— 808	1825—1,312

It thus appears, that in 1822 we built fewer ships than in any other year of the series; in 1823, it seems, the increase of trade had scarcely been felt by our builders, as they built fewer in that year than in any other of the series, save the preceding one. In 1824, they increased their number greatly, for shipping was in large demand, freights were high, and capital was abundant. In 1825, they increased their number greatly. We suspect that not a few of the ships built in the last year, were built in our American possessions, and sent here for sale, to the grievous injury of the British builders.

In 1825 our foreign trade employed 347,360 additional tons of British shipping; and, while it did this, it employed likewise 198,609 additional tons of foreign shipping. It still absorbed all the foreign ships that the foreign builders could throw into it. The British ones got employment, not by depriving their rivals of it, but because the latter could not undertake it. The increase of colonial trade must still be kept in mind, and it was very great in regard to some of the colonies.

Our readers will observe, that the coasting naturally increased with the foreign trade, and of this, as well as of the colonial trade, our ships retained the monopoly.

Now, what does Mr Huskisson do? He jumbles up the vessels employed in the coasting and colonial trades with those employed in the trade with foreign countries *into a whole*, balances the increase *in this whole* against the increase of foreign ships employed in the foreign trade, and then boasts that the increase has been far greater in British ships than in foreign ones! Such pitiful tricks—such miserable attempts at delusion—cannot be dealt with too severely.

A high-minded Minister, anxious to deal fairly with Parliament and the country, could not have stooped to such conduct. He would have placed the coasters and the vessels employed in the trade to our own possessions entirely out of sight, and would merely have balanced the increase of British vessels against the increase of foreign

ones, in the trade with foreign nations. The question was: How was competition between British ships and foreign ones operating in the only trade in which it had existed? Our readers will perceive, from what we have said, that, putting out of sight the colonies, the increase of our carrying trade with foreign countries in 1823 and 1824 was in a very great degree monopolized by foreign ships, that our ships were unable to obtain any material part of this increase until it employed all the foreign ones that could be supplied; and that, notwithstanding the increase of British tonnage in 1825, there was still a great increase of foreign tonnage. In 1825, including the colonies, nearly one third of our foreign carrying trade was in the hands of foreigners, and excluding the colonies, perhaps not much less than half of it. We call ourselves a great maritime nation, and yet what maritime nation in the world is so circumstanced? America, with its dear ships, keeps in its hands the carrying of nine-tenths of its trade with other countries.

Mr Huskisson cites the increase in ship-building as a proof, that the abolition of the Navigation Laws has not injured our shipping. In the last thirteen years population has greatly increased; and this has greatly increased the coasting trade, the colonial trade, and the trade with foreign nations. Has a corresponding increase taken place in ship-building? No! In 1814 we built more ships than in either 1822 or 1823. In 1815 and 1816, we built more than in 1824. In 1816, we built nearly as many as in 1825, although, in the latter year, the building arose in a great degree, not from legitimate demand, but from speculation at home, and in the colonies. Ship-building seems to be decreasing with the increase of population, and of trade, coasting, colonial, and foreign. We built more ships in the four years ending with 1817, than in the four ending with 1825.

We had last year fewer ships than we had at the close of the war, eleven years ago. Mr Huskisson accounts for this by asserting, that during the war ships had to sail with convoy, many

were employed as transports, &c.; that from these causes more were needed to do the same work than at present; and that we had an excess of ships when the war ceased. Now, be it remembered, that these causes did not affect the coasting trade; that, to various of our colonies, our ships merely make the same number of voyages yearly at present that they made during the war; and that, in the latter part of the war, we were prohibited from trading with America, and various other countries that we trade with at present. When these matters, and the increase of population, are taken into account, we are quite sure, that, after allowing for the effect of the causes cited by Mr Huskisson, our ships ought to be far more numerous now than they were when the peace was concluded. As to our having an excess of them when the war ended, where is the evidence of it? In 1814, we built only 818: The war ceased in 1815, and in that year we built 1147. In 1816 we built 1233—in 1817, 980—in 1818, 1011—and, in 1820, 1088. This proves clearly, that if there was any excess when the war ceased, it existed but for a moment; and that in the year after, there was a greater demand for ships than ever.

What was the real question before Parliament? The shipowners declared, that from the changes made in the Navigation Laws, they were utterly unable to compete with foreigners—that these foreigners could build and navigate their vessels for little more than half the cost to which themselves were subject—that they were unable to take the freights taken by the foreigners—that foreign ships were rapidly monopolising the carrying trade—and that British ships were, from inability to procure employment, rotting in our harbours. They made this declaration to Parliament, not in 1825, or any preceding year, but in 1826. What did it call for on the part of Mr Huskisson, as a refutation? Decisive proof that it was altogether erroneous. Decisive proof, that the changes had made no difference in the relative situation of the British and foreign shipowner; or that the British vessel could be built and navigated at as cheap a rate as the foreign one. Decisive proof, that our carrying trade was not passing into the hands of foreigners, and that foreign ships were not prevailing against British ones. Does he produce

such proof? No; he does not attempt it. He had the means in his power of showing the comparative expenses of the British and foreign vessel, but he is utterly silent touching the matter. He could have procured the returns to show what number of British and foreign ships had entered our ports since the beginning of 1826; but of these he makes no mention. He leaves all the material averments of the shipowners wholly unnoticed. His argument is, that as our ships could procure employment when there was a great scarcity of shipping, and when freights were practically monopoly ones, they must of necessity be able to procure it when ships are superabundant, freights are at the lowest point, and foreign vessels can take such freights as would utterly ruin the British owners. His argument is in effect, that if the expenses of one vessel be almost double those of another, the freight that will barely cover the expenses of the cheap vessel will suffice to cover those of the dear one. He might as well argue, that as our farmers cannot be injured by the competition of foreign ones in years of general scarcity, they cannot be injured by it in years of general abundance. In the outset of his speech he declares, that whenever the interests of trade clash with, they ought to be sacrificed to, the interests of navigation; and then throughout he practically argues, that in such collision the interests of navigation ought always to be sacrificed to those of trade. He defends his miserable changes, on the ground that they were calculated to benefit trade, and that therefore they were calculated to benefit navigation, as though the interests of the former should always have the preference for the sake of those of the latter. To give to every other interest a protecting duty, and to give none whatever to the Shipping Interest—to expose the British shipowner to a competition with the foreign one without protection, when he is burdened with almost double the expenses of the foreign one, and when the other members of the community are protected by duties—and then to say that the interests of trade ought always to be made subservient to those of navigation, is, we imagine, the highest point that mockery could soar to.

We must notice another part of Mr Huskisson's speech. He represents,

that the old laws were partial, and that they subjected the shipping of Holland to exclusive restrictions. And was the destruction of the laws essential for removing their defects and partialities? Could not the ships of Holland be placed in our ports on a level with those of the rest of Europe, without our reciprocity treaties,—without the abolition of nearly all our maritime restrictions,—without the annihilation of our colonial system,—without the subjecting of the British ship and the foreign one to equal duty? Our readers will answer the questions. The truth is, that not only the changes in the Navigation Laws, but all the portentous changes that have lately been made, have been justified in this manner. Such a law is defective, therefore it must not be amended, but it and a hundred others must be swept away—such a system has a flaw in it, therefore it and all your systems must be reversed. These changes were made upon, not necessity, but abstract principle; they were made, not to reform and amend, but to destroy and create anew. The abo-

lition of the old laws and systems was advocated, on the ground that these were false in theory, and that their destruction would greatly benefit trade; but now that it has operated so fatally upon trade, it is defended on the false plea that it was unavoidable, and the theory is carefully concealed.

We must now look at the condition and prospects of the Shipping Interest. We extract the following from the petition of the Hull shipowners, presented to Parliament in the latter part of the last Session:—

“The commerce of the port of Hull has hitherto been carried on principally by means of British vessels; but since the Reciprocity Acts have come into operation, the stimulus to foreign enterprise has been so great as to produce a most alarming change in this particular. In proof of this, your petitioners beg to submit to your Honourable House, the following statement of entries inwards at this Custom-house, from European ports, from the 1st January to 13th April 1825 and 1826:—

In 1825,	{ British Ships,	217—Tonnage, 32,893
	{ Foreign,	263— . . . 24,487
In 1826,	{ British,	90— . . . 10,694
	{ Foreign,	204— . . . 17,000

“Your Honourable House will thus perceive that the diminution in the quantity of British tonnage is more than two-thirds, whilst in foreign tonnage, it does not amount to one-third; or, to place the subject in a clearer light, the foreign tonnage did not in 1825 reach that of British vessels by 8400 tons; whilst in the present year it presents an excess of 6400; and at this time many of your petitioners have ships for which they can procure no employment, whilst they have the mortification to witness the daily arrival of foreigners. Your petitioners have reason to believe, that the building of new ships is now prosecuted with increased activity in Prussia, and other kingdoms in the north of Europe; and the accumulated advantages

of untaxed materials, cheap provisions, and still cheaper labour, enjoyed by foreigners in the building, equipment, and navigation of their vessels, render it utterly impossible for your petitioners to maintain a successful competition against such fearful odds. To your petitioners, the consequences are clear and certain, viz.—the increase of foreign shipping, and the gradual decrease and eventual annihilation of that of Great Britain in all those branches which are open to such competition.”—“Out of the foreign vessels scarcely one, in return for its cargo, takes an ounce of British manufactures; and the freights are, with hardly a single exception, demanded and paid in gold.”

This description is applicable, in a

* A letter in the Liverpool Commercial Chronicle, addressed to Mr Huskisson, states, that in five weeks previously to the 31st July, “there have entered Liverpool from the northern privileged ports, SEVENTY-TWO foreign vessels and eighteen British, of which latter, seven have arrived with grain this last week, very small trifling cargoes, the whole of which, two of the foreigners would have carried. Fourteen British vessels have cleared out in the same period, and SIXTY-NINE foreign ones.”

According to the Liverpool shipping returns for the first week in August, there arrived at that port five vessels from the United States, viz. four American, and one British. Fifteen from the Continent of Europe, viz. six British and nine foreign. Three of the British, and seven of the foreign, had foreign grain (chiefly wheat) on board.

greater or smaller degree, to every port in the kingdom, in so far as British ships are exposed to competition with foreign ones. Similar petitions were presented to Parliament in the last session from London, Newcastle, &c. &c.

We extract the following from resolutions passed at a meeting held on the 4th July, at Shields, by the ship-owners of Newcastle.

"1. That this meeting view with sentiments of the utmost alarm the alterations that have been made by his Majesty's Government through the medium of the late Parliament, in the navigation and colonial systems; alterations calculated to destroy every national interest,—naval, agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing; and the effect of which (as far as this meeting is concerned) is already severely felt in the great and increasing distress of the Shipping Interest of this and the adjacent ports, and of the United Kingdom generally.

"2. That this meeting, under the pressure of the unprecedented situation in which the measures of his Majesty's Ministers have placed them, do consider it the imperative duty, not only of the shipowners of this, but of every other seaport in the United Kingdom, to use all the means and exertions in their power to induce his Majesty's Government to abandon the pernicious and destructive system they have adopted.

"3. That this meeting are convinced of the utter impossibility of the Shipping Interest of this country ever being placed on a footing of real reciprocity with foreigners, by any remission of direct taxation, whether on the materials used in the building and equipment of ships, or in the shape of local charges incidental to navigation."

The 4th resolution appoints a committee to wait on the members for Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle, to explain to them the late changes, and impress on them the necessity "of an immediate revision of those recent laws, which will cause the destruction of that admirable system, framed by the wisdom and experience of ages, and which formed the basis of the greatness and glory of Great Britain."

The 5th resolution names various gentlemen as a committee to carry the resolutions into effect, and communicate the proceedings of the day "to all the seaports of the United King-

dom, requesting their concurrence and co-operation to the utmost extent of their power, particularly by calling the attention of their representatives in Parliament to the effects of these baneful measures, and requesting their aid to rescue the British shipping from the destruction inevitable to it if these measures are persevered in."

The London shipowners had previously held meetings, at which they had expressed similar sentiments and passed similar resolutions.

Descriptions and opinions like these were again and again pressed upon the attention of Parliament in the last session. Mr Huskisson's speech was so far from being a reply to them, that in effect it left them wholly without notice—the doctrine was pompously proclaimed on all sides, that the interests of trade ought always to be sacrificed when they came into collision with those of navigation—and yet Parliament did not deign to institute any inquiry, or think the petitions of the shipowners entitled to any notice. This is surpassingly wonderful. If it is to continue, we think it would be as well for us to be without a Parliament.

And now, have natural and regular, or accidental and temporary, causes brought the Shipping Interest into its present deplorable condition? The former. Suppose there are two farmers, the one of which can afford to sell his wheat at 30s. per quarter, while the other cannot afford to sell his for less than 50s. So long as the former can supply the markets and wheat keeps under 50s., the latter can sell none, unless he choose to sell at a loss. But if, in a year of scarcity, both be unable to supply the market, wheat then rises enormously, and the dear farmer can sell at a great profit. The case is precisely similar with the foreign shipowner and the British one. We have shown that at the first, when ships were abundant, foreign ships monopolized nearly the whole of the increase of the carrying trade; then, when ships became scarce, and when foreign and British ones jointly could not satisfy the demand, freights rose, so as to leave great profits to British ships; and now when ships have become superabundant, freights have fallen until they will only leave a profit to the foreign vessel, they subject the British one to a loss. The inevitable consequence is, the foreign vessels engross the trade.

Foreign ships are multiplying in all

directions, while British building is to a great extent suspended. These ships will soon be sufficiently numerous to carry everything between their respective countries, and this country and its colonies; and they will be able to take such freights as will give them a monopoly of this carrying. In proportion as these ships increase, British ones must decrease; every new foreign one can with the utmost ease drive a British one out of employment. Prussia is already boasting that she shall soon monopolize the carrying trade between her and ourselves as well as her share of that to our colonies, and her boast will be realized. Our ships will only be able to obtain employment along with the foreign ones, at short and distant intervals, when a sudden flush of trade may raise freights by causing a scarcity of vessels.

The distress and decline, therefore, of our Shipping Interest must continue, with very little intermission, until we lose nearly the whole of our carrying trade with foreign nations, and a large part of that with our colonies. **THIS MUST BE THE CASE,** if no change have taken place in the laws of nature; and these laws, we imagine, are beyond the puny grasp of Mr Huskisson and his colleagues.

Much has been said touching the superiority of our ships and seamen; in so far as this has been used as an argument, it is triumphantly refuted by the fact;—in spite of this superiority, foreign ships engross the trade, and ours cannot procure employment. This superiority must rapidly decrease. Foreign nations possess nearly as good materials for ship-building as ourselves; the skill for working up these materials is not of difficult acquirement; the inhabitants of any country can easily make themselves masters of nautical science; and as to the duties of common seamen, their discharge requires but a very slender portion of knowledge and intellect. The chief thing requisite for raising other nations to our level is experience, and this we are giving them. How far are we the superiors of America? How far do Dutch and French merchant-vessels rank below our own? How much better are our sailors than those of Denmark and Norway? There was a time when we were the inferiors of Holland; and there is nothing to prevent foreign nations generally from adopting our improvements, and making such approaches to us as will

almost remove the difference in premium of insurance, and the partiality of the merchants.

And now, what causes the greater expenses of the British vessel? Her cost in building and repairs is double that of many of the foreign ones, and this arises partly from the dearness of the timber of British growth—partly from the expense of fetching many of the materials from beyond sea—and partly from the dearness of labour. It arises in a comparatively trifling degree from direct taxes on the materials. Then the cost of her outfit is double that of many of the foreign ships. This arises partly from the dearness of provisions, and in a considerable degree from the standard of living being much higher amidst our sailors than amidst foreign ones. Our sailors would not touch a great part of what forms the regular food of various of the foreign ones. Then her wages are double those paid by most of the foreign vessels, and this arises from the dearness and higher standard of living of this country.

It is therefore very obvious that a remission of all the taxes levied upon the materials used in the building and repairing of ships, would do comparatively nothing towards raising the British vessel to a real equality with the foreign one. The builders and repairers of all denominations ought not only to be able to buy their raw materials at as cheap a rate as the foreign ones, but they ought to be able to buy their labour at as cheap a rate. The owners ought not only to be able to buy their provisions, &c. at as cheap a rate as the foreign ones, but they ought to be able to hire sailors at as cheap a rate. Provisions and goods of all descriptions ought to be as low here as they are abroad, and of course the standard of living ought to be as low here as it is abroad. Our landowners, farmers, and husbandry labourers ought to be reduced to the condition of those of Russia; our working classes ought to live on potatoes and barley bread; for even rye bread would be too costly, and our sailors ought to feed on what would be almost disdained by our swine. A reduction of twenty millions of taxes would do almost nothing, without the reduction in the standard of living. And what reduction of taxes can be made in the present condition of the revenue? If the new system be persevered in, the next change in our taxes that we shall have will be an increase;

reduction under this system is out of the question, except through the robbery of the public creditor.

The loss to trade from the distress of the Shipping Interest must be enormous; every other Interest must feel it most grievously. And then who can calculate the loss which the Navy is sustaining? Every other country in the world can build and navigate ships at a cheaper rate than we can do ourselves, and several of them can do it at less than half the cost that we are put to. Our trade with foreign nations is already, to a great extent, carried on by foreign ships, and, as far as appearances go, it will soon be so carried on almost altogether. Our carrying trade with the colonies is suffering great injury. While we are thus destroying our naval power on the one hand, and feeding that of foreign nations on the other, how, we will ask, are the efficiency of our Navy and our maritime supremacy to be preserved? We are not only ruining our Shipping, but we are ruining our Navy—we are labouring to the utmost for the fall and dismemberment of the Empire.

Notwithstanding all this, Mr Huskisson lately informed the ship-owners of Liverpool, that Ministers had no intention of changing their measures. They were to find the remedy for their distress in the repeal of the Corn Laws. Such a repeal was to employ their idle ships in fetching foreign corn, and of course to cause a brilliant reduction of prices. After Mr Huskisson had made the speech on which we have been commenting, Mr Baring made one which pretty broadly ascribed great part of the distress of the Shipping Interest to the Corn Laws. The self-same Mr Baring had declared a few nights previously, that if the ports were opened, foreign wheat ought to have a duty imposed upon it of 15s. or 18s. per quarter; and he knew that at the moment when he spoke, corn was at about as low a price as it could be grown for, according to the opinion of all parties. Mr Baring will never make a similar speech, if he wish to preserve his character. Agriculture is thus held up as a victim which every trading body in the country has a vital interest in sacrificing. Is the silk trade brought to distress? Its distress must be removed by cheap bread.—Are the cotton weavers deprived of employment? They must be relieved by an infraction of the Corn Laws.—Is the Shipping In-

terest plunged into ruin? It is to be extricated by the importation of foreign corn. Interest after interest is reduced to bankruptcy, and then all are to be restored to solvency and prosperity by the bankruptcy of agriculture. One half of the population is to be reduced to distress, to remove the distress of the other half; but how the distress of the agriculturists is to be removed when it takes place, is a secret which no one will divulge.

The history of the last seven years proves that on the average we grow as much corn as we can consume, and the new system must be injuring the consumption of corn greatly. When this is the case, if the ship-owners obtain any employment worth notice in the fetching of foreign corn, it will speedily involve the agriculturists in ruin. How then will matters stand? For each cargo that they will gain in the carrying of corn, they will lose five in the carrying of other things, from the reduced consumption of the agriculturists and the traders whom these employ. The distress of agriculture would operate in the most fatal manner upon the Shipping Interest; it would injure it more than any other trading Interest. But if foreign vessels obtain the carrying trade in other things, what is to prevent them from obtaining it in corn? Nothing. The foreign corn, like other goods, will be brought in by foreign vessels.

It is the curse of what is called Free Trade, that it brings to distress every Interest which it can be made to act upon. A comparatively trifling import of Foreign Silks, is sufficient to reduce profits and wages ruinously throughout the whole Silk Trade, and to keep it under a perpetual glut; a comparatively small import of Foreign Corn would suffice to ruin the agriculturists; and a comparatively small number of foreign ships, involve in suffering the whole Shipping Interest. Our ships are deprived of employment, in the trade between us and Prussia, &c.; they are thus thrown upon the other branches of the carrying trade, and they bring a destructive glut upon the whole. Freights and wages are beat down ruinously in the trade with foreign nations, and this beats them down in the same manner in the colonial and coasting trades.

Our cotton weavers have been kept for many years in hunger and wretch-

edness, by their competition with foreigners. This, however much to be lamented, has been perhaps unavoidable; but what are we to think of those who on mad theory labour to bring all the rest of the community to the same condition? Our silk weavers have hitherto been enabled to make fair wages, but now, without the smallest necessity, they are reduced to the condition of the cotton ones, and henceforward their wages must be regulated, not by the cost of provisions—not by what they ought to earn—but by the price of foreign silks. In future their circumstances must only fluctuate between starvation and penury—the very comforts of poverty will be above their reach. The same has been done to our sailors—they must now live like the foreign ones, or hunger. The same is to be done to the husbandry labourers as soon as possible; a free trade in corn will speedily bring them to the condition of those of foreign countries. Every other Interest that can be reached has been, or is to be, brought down in the same manner.

Yet Mr Huskisson cries that all this is done for the benefit of Industry!—he supplicates that his abominable system may be spared for the sake of Industry! Need we ask, to what condition have his changes brought the industry of the silk weavers? Need we ask, to what condition have his changes brought the industry of the sailors? Need we ask, to what condition have his changes brought the whole industry of the country? If idleness and starvation, and misery and crime, be all the benefits that he can confer on Industry, in Heaven's name! let him keep them to himself, and let Industry suffer as it suffered before that fatal day when he became the leader of the Ministry. Is there one man in the empire—setting aside Mr Huskisson and the Economists—who cannot see that this bringing down of our prices, wages, and standard of living, to the level of those of other nations, must bring us down to the want and poverty and ignorance of other nations—must destroy our consumption, and consequently destroy our trade, wealth, and greatness?

The Right Honourable Gentleman represented to the Liverpool shipowners, that the changes were in a great measure forced upon the Government

by the country. An assertion like this is below notice; but what are we to think of the individual who could make it? He stated these changes to be all "improvements"! Momentous as they were, it was impossible for him to err in making them, and it was impossible for them to have any share in producing public distress. What next shall we witness from man's vanity, presumption, and arrogance? Mr Huskisson's assertion on such a point is of small value, and where is the evidence that these changes were "improvements"? Are we to find it in our sinking revenue and distressed trade? Are we to find it in the tide of bankruptcy and starvation, which is overwhelming the nation? If not, where are we to look for it?

What we have said touching the Shipping Interest, has been addressed to the understanding, and to say anything to the heart, would perhaps be in these days very useless. Things once were different. There was a time when an appeal to our countrymen in behalf of "THE HEARTS OF OAK" and "WOODEN WALLS" of Old England, would have been irresistible without the aid of statement and reasoning. There was a time when the nation would have rushed forward to a man to protect Britain's "RIGHT ARM" from the experiments of Projectors; and when public indignation would have consumed any Ministry that should have dared to give away the protection, privileges, and proud ascendancy of British seamen. There was a time when this triumph of foreign ships over our own, would have filled the land with flame, and covered every face with mourning; when our employing of such ships instead of our own, would have been held to be national infamy; and when the demand of foreigners for the surrender of our maritime monopolies and privileges would have been answered only with the thunders of our cannon, even if it had been joined in by the whole universe. These times have passed away. Our cry is no longer "RULE, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA, RULE THE WAVES!" we are weary of the magnificent sceptre of the Ocean. In vain the glories of the past blaze around us—in vain the trophies and monuments of our naval heroes force themselves at every step upon our gaze and remembrance—in

vain the shades of our Nelsons and Duncans flit around us; point, not only to what they won, but to what they saved us from; and invoke us, by the blood they shed for us, and in the name of the country they died for, to protect our Navy. All this is in vain, for we have become a nation of Philosophers. The feeling which taught the breast of the most unlettered hind to swell with pride and enthusiasm at the very sight of the ocean, which caused even the merchant-vessel to be an object of national reverence, and which made the dirty blue-jacket and trowsers of the cabin-boy a hallowed uniform in the eyes of his countrymen, is, with every other chivalrous feeling, ridiculed and cast off as a "Prejudice." And where is the profit? We have now renounced as "Prejudices" almost all that our fathers taught us—we have now got the "exploded system" of former times demolished, and our new ones into operation—our labours have at length given pretty extensive application to our new Philosophy—and what harvest are we reaping? Have we been really divesting ourselves of prejudices, or have we been embracing them? we have renounced

the prejudices of pride and honour, for those of avarice—we have renounced the prejudices of men, for those of beasts—we have renounced truths and virtues under the name of prejudices, to embrace prejudices under the name of truths and virtues. This vulgar, senseless outcry for cheap bread, and the distress of agriculture, is not prejudice, but knowledge and philosophy! This belief that the giving away of our trade to foreign nations will enrich us, is not prejudice, but knowledge and philosophy! This sacrificing of our Shipping Interest for the benefit of commerce, is not prejudice, but knowledge and philosophy! This idiotic doctrine, that cheapness drawn from the bankruptcy of the master, and the starvation of the workman, will make us wealthy and prosperous, is not prejudice, but knowledge and philosophy! In good sooth, we never were under the dominion of prejudice until now—we never were strangers to knowledge and philosophy until this moment. May Heaven in its mercy interpose between us and our suicidal frenzy, for its miraculous interposition can alone save us from the horrors of ruin and revolution!

 CHELTENHAM, 1826.

"Di," says Mary, "do speak,
As you promised last week;
I have heard what will make you comply,
You're the eldest, we'd rather
You'd talk to my father;
The Major's at Cheltenham, dear Di."

"Pa," says Di, "in the Park
There was nought to remark,
But provincials and Paddington Bucks;
And Sir Astley speaks out,
That I ne'er shall grow stout
Without clearing the biliary ducts."

"The Opera soon palls,
'Tis too sultry for balls,
Almack's unattainable quite;
One should part with one's wealth,
Where quiet and health,
And rational pleasures invite."

"Then to stay here, you know,
Is so horribly low,
Now the world is gone down to elections,
We shall pass ('tis no joke)
For Parvenu folk,
Possessing no country connections."

"Then I can't feel at ease,
While your chalkstones increase,
The Chalybeates would act on your lime;
'Tis the full Cheltenham season,
So listen to reason,
And do decompose them in time."

"Not that I the least care, I
But speak it for Mary,
Dear Jane, and Louisa, and Kate;
I shall join the old folks,
We shall meet my Aunt Stokes,
And Anne will pass through with her
mate."

"I'll tell you what, Di,
Since the Major fought shy,
You've turned a blue stocking and quack;
But take your own way,
For whatever you say,
The four other gawkies will back."

Now stow'd fore and aft,
Like a heavy Dutch craft,
With imperials and handboxes wide,
Risk and money to save,
And make two horses slave,
For our and a carrier beside,

Off starts the concern,
John Ostler cries, " Burn
That tub with a great rumble tumble,
Long perch'd and low hung,
The mare's shoulder is wrung,
'Tis enough for to make a saint grumble."

" Dear me!" exclaims Miss,
" What a shame, Papa, 'tis,
Hack horses will never go fast!
What's the use of their keep?
I declare he's asleep—
Thank Heav'n we're in Cheltenham at
last."

" All stucco and shade,
Lamps, music, parade,
What a Heav'n upon earth to be at!
Wake my father quick, Di,
Lord Foodle rode by,
Did you see him?—he touch'd his white
hat."

" What a joy to adorn
One's charms in the morn,
And march to the field point device,
With nothing to do, but to talk of who's
who,
Drink water, walk, ride, and eat ice!

" Then encountering full butt
Folks you don't like to cut,
And puzzling for something to say;"
" Did they light up last night?—Tom
says it fail'd quite."

" How oppressively hot 'tis to day!"

" Will the auction be full?"—
" Bless my soul, Mr Bull!"—
" Mr Judkins—I can't be mistaken—
How are all your fair daughters?
And how act the waters?
Is it Bearepos Cottage you've taken?"

" Pshaw! give me no cot
All paint and dry rot,
Green trellised the ninnies to bubble;
When at Liddell's hotel
I sleep cool and feed well,
At moderate charge and no trouble."

" Every eye may decide
Yon silk is twice dyed;—
No walking in peace for the crowd;
Who's that fussy man there,
With his chain, seals, and stare?"
" Some monster from Bristol or Stroud."

While remarks such as these,
Enlighten and please,
To the font of Hygeia they roam,
Where a priestess presides
As round as the sides
Of her own overshadowing dome.

VOL. XX.

As they turn from the pump,
'Tis a sight makes one jump,
Ye lovers, avert your fond eyes,
Each Hebe-like face
Wrench'd in bitter grimace,
Might grin for a horse collar prize.

To and fro then they amble,
With stomachs that wamble,
Mid bowers of elm, chesnut, and lime;
Horns play as they sicken,
The waters to quicken,
Till now comes the critical time.

Alas! for a seat
In some woodland retreat,
'Mid primrose and violet banks!
There are claims one must feel
Which will bear no appeal,
There are moments which level all ranks.

" Oh dear! I could cry,"—
" Good heavens, I shall die!
Papa, I must really go home."—
" This beats, my dear Jane,
The first draught of the Seine,
Or my touch of Malaria at Rome."

" O mercy defend us!
The effect is tremendous,
O Di, is it sulphur or steel?"—
" Don't plague me, my dear!
My note-book's not here,
I can't talk in the pain which I feel!"

T'other pint and a talk—
T'other tune and a walk,
And now they feel easy, dear souls!
Grown slim and genteel
As a racer or eel,
And rampant for coffee and rolls.

Then down with the pills
And up to the hills,
One horse to a shandydan;
Piled up to the heavens
By sixes and sevens,
Cut and drive his tail off, is the plan.

Then home, dress and dine,
And on sofa supine,
Con reading-room sonnet or lay,
Or the mystery and trade
Of toadying display'd
By the spruce Mr Vivian Grey.

Great Cheltenham, all hail!
Keep covering the vale
With newly raised circus and street;
In the tempest that's brewing
Of national ruin,
Oh! grant the sad world a retreat.

BULLER.

BANDANA ON EMIGRATION.

THE country is indebted to Mr Wilmot Horton for having drawn the attention of the legislature to the redundant state of the population, and to the means of relief which from this evil may be found by a new application of the parochial assessment. "That there are, in extensive districts in Ireland, and in districts in England and Scotland, a very considerable portion of able-bodied and active labourers beyond that number to which any existing demand for labour can afford employment;—that the effect of this redundancy is not only to reduce a part of this population to a great degree of destitution and misery, but also to deteriorate the general condition of the labouring classes;—that by its producing a supply of labour in excess, as compared with the demand, the wages of labour are necessarily reduced to a minimum, which is utterly insufficient to supply that population with those means of support and subsistence which are necessary to secure a healthy and satisfactory condition of the community;—that, in England, this redundant population has been in part supported by a parochial rate, which, according to the reports and evidence of Committees of the House of Commons, specially appointed to consider the subject, threatens, in its extreme tendency, to absorb the whole rental of the country;—and that in Ireland, where no such parochial rate exists by law, and where the redundancy is found in a still greater degree, a considerable part of the population is dependent for the means of support on the precarious source of charity, or is compelled to resort to habits of plunder and spoliation for the actual means of subsistence,"—are all painful facts, which, though often admitted as indisputable, the "REPORT FROM THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON EMIGRATION FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM" has so entirely established, that both government and the legislature must become insensible to their most important duties, if measures be not earnestly and speedily adopted to avert the consequences.

Sufficient attention, however, has not been paid by the Committee to another fact no less alarming,—a fact which is too generally considered as

but of a temporary nature;—I allude to the increase of mechanical inventions, calculated to diminish the value of manual labour, and which, in effect and influence on society, is precisely similar to an increase of population beyond the means of subsistence. To this evil,—for such, in its immediate pressure, it must be admitted to be,—it would almost seem there is no remedy in emigration. It is a result of the progress of knowledge, stimulated by the commercial spirit, and only to be abated by the emasculation of the one, and the arrest of the other. The enmity of the populace against machinery arises from an indistinct perception of this truth. They feel and see that the mechanical aids of labour contract the sources of their employment,—diminish their own value in the market; and therefore it is, that, by destroying the machines, they expect to renew the demand for their personal skill, as well as to deter capitalists from having recourse to the use of mechanical inventions.

The evil arising from the excessive use of machinery, springs from what are called the occasional spurts of trade. Sudden orders from the merchant cause inordinate exertions on the part of the manufacturer; who, not finding operatives sufficient at those times to enable him to execute his orders, avails himself in consequence of the suggestions of ingenuity to supply the deficiency. Thus it has come to pass, from time to time, that new accessions have been made to the manufacturing machines of the country, until they have, to a great degree, superseded the labour of man. It is unnecessary to dwell at greater length respecting the fact to which I am here adverting. But that some remedy is required to correct the evil of redundant machinery, as well as that of redundant population, admits of no doubt whatever; and the important question of emigration cannot be fully determined without some previous examination of the direct effect and tendency of mechanical auxiliaries to labour on the condition and circumstances of the operatives. For it is quite clear, that although it may be practicable, on the part of the legislature, to provide asylums for a large

portion of the existing redundant population in those countries and colonies, to which it would appear the Committee is desirous emigration should be directed, it is yet no less certain, that there is an ever-increasing adversary to the employment of man that requires to be repressed and regulated, however obnoxious the idea of such a proceeding may be to the dogmas of political economy. I am here considering the subject practically; not calling in question any of the established principles of a science, the theoretic beauty of which has been of late too often worshipped, to the neglect of that expediency which is the vital principle of all business. Wisdom requires that the right should be the pervading spirit of legislation; but she also allows, that the expedient is sometimes more beneficial in practice, as applied to the concerns and comforts of life.

Admitting then the fact, which I think the inquiries of Mr Horton's Committee has established, viz. that redundant population is practically found to repress industry, I do not see how it can be shown that thinning the labouring class will be a public benefit; I think, on the contrary, that the views of the Committee in this respect have been somewhat fallacious. It seems to be assumed, that the remedy to redundant population is the removal of paupers—of mere labourers, and that this is so true and indisputable, that Parliament should provide the means of carrying it into effect at the public expense. But a very brief consideration of one or two truisms, will show that there has been at least some mistake in taking that for granted which is obviously very questionable. By reducing the number of labourers in the market, you increase the price of labour. Now, is it not a fact, which no one is disposed to question, that the price of labour in this country, even with all its mechanical aids, is already so high that we are daily incurring the risk, in consequence, of not being able to compete in the produce of our industry with the manufacturers of other countries? Can it then be a sound principle to proceed upon, in discussing the practicable means of leading emigration, to assume, that the class who should be encouraged to emigrate, is that from

which our labourers are derived?—I think not—and this leads me back to the consideration of what I have already stated with respect to the evil arising from the excessive use of machinery. I admit all that the Committee has stated with respect to the evil of redundant population, but I deny,—and here it is that I am at issue with Mr Horton,—I deny that the evil which weighs upon the energies of this country arises from any excess in the number of the labouring class—but from a cause to which the Committee has not once adverted—and I will here state it somewhat conspicuously. **THE EVIL WHICH THIS COUNTRY IS SUFFERING FROM HER OVER-TRADING, IS OWING TO TOO MUCH OF THE INTELLIGENCE AND CAPITAL OF THE COMMUNITY BEING DIRECTED TO TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.** The corrective, I agree with Mr Horton, is emigration. Much of the intelligence, and much of the wealth, at present exclusively directed to improvements in manufactures, would be much more advantageously employed, both for the possessors and for the kingdom, could it be directed to purposes of colonization. In these times, a young man with probably a thousand pounds or two of capital, well educated and enterprising, devotes himself to some branch of commerce, and shares in the precarious fortunes inherent to trade of all kinds. He adds to the number of those who are already producing more than can be consumed; his intelligence incites him to adopt those inventions which will enable his small capital to be brought in its operations into an advantageous competition with greater establishments than his own; and, stimulated by the occasional spurts of trade, he increases his machines till he has either suffered in the revulsion, or has mastered his ambition, and retired from business with the fruit of some fortunate adventure. For there is no longer in the commerce and manufactures of this country anything like that old regular dealing, by which the foundations of her greatness were established. Everything connected with business is now liable to starts and vicissitudes—ingenuity and intelligence is constantly on the stretch, and the discoveries of the one, and the correspondence of the other, often

change in a season the health of the entire commerce, not only of England, but of Europe.

Now the inference I would draw from these palpable facts is, that the encouragement which should be given to emigration, which I agree with Mr Horton should be essentially voluntary—ought not to be extended directly to mere labourers, but to those persons who, possessed of some capital and intelligence, would employ their money and their activity in establishing plantations in the colonial lands. By thinning the number of this class of persons, from whom the manufacturing and commercial classes are principally, if not altogether, recruited, you would diminish the number of those who foster mechanical ingenuity to excess, you would also reduce the number of those who by their mercantile adventures—often blind ones—to new and foreign countries, are the mainsprings of that overtrading, the evil of which is more obvious than that of a redundant population; and you would create a new class, who, instead of training multitudes to the loom and mill, would draw from the mother country, as plantation servants, thousands of those who are at present subjected to the valetudinarian fortunes of artisans.

But the question, how is this to be done? seems, at the first glance, more difficult of a practical solution, than even the scheme of parochial assessment contemplated by Mr Horton. That there is one great difficulty in the way must be admitted:—a system of emigration, founded on the principle of drawing from the mother country the cadets of manufactures and commerce, and converting them into planters, evidently presupposes a change to be effected in public opinion, and in the circumstances of trade. But such a change has already commenced, and several preliminary measures of incalculable influence have been indirectly carried into effect in furtherance, it may be said, of the object. The accidents of commerce, and the universal persuasion that it no longer affords an adequate return to the requisite industry and capital, have produced a very general distaste among young men towards every species of mercantile employment. At this present time, a much greater number are directing themselves to pro-

fessional studies than in any former period. In so far, then, I would say there is already an existing tendency in the state of opinion favourable to the reception of any general proposal which would afford a reasonable chance of success to those, who, without being directly in the class of gentlemen, have acquired the advantages of superior education, and are ambitious of bettering their condition by employment. But the idea of quitting the enjoyments of society, and settling alone in the depths of a forest, with years of inevitable toil before them, is yet too repulsive to be entertained. Were there, however, any preparation made for them in the colonies, were the apprehension of unvaried solitude and unmitigated toil removed, and a certain competency of social intercourse and relaxation assured to them, the prospect of passing into a new country would be lightened of half its gloom. But could Government undertake to do this? I think it ought not; because governments never can be proper traders, and the measures here contemplated are purely of a trading character. It has happened, however, that several institutions have been recently formed on a great scale, calculated to supply the desideratum; and I shall now proceed to show in what manner they may be advantageously employed in promoting the relief to which emigration can alone minister.

It has been remarked that sometimes the events which occur in the very thoroughfares of business appear to be regulated by instinct, and that things are done and enterprises undertaken, for which it would be difficult to assign previously any satisfactory reason, either as to their utility or their expediency; although, in the end, they are found to have felicitously anticipated, as it were with the foresight of Providence, some general change which has afterwards come to pass in the state and circumstances of the world. Much of what has happened in the present age bears an impress of this character, and none of it more than the occurrences which have lately so shaken the whole frame of our commercial system. For example, it is not difficult to discern in the symptoms of what has been called the joint-stock mania, the congregating of the elements of a new system of trade and of national intercourse.—The fluc-

tuations of credit and prosperity had begun to excite that distrust which has latterly been so deeply and so widely felt; and perhaps it may be said that the extraordinary avidity with which joint-stock associations were sought after, had its origin in the apprehension with which private and less comprehensive establishments, for the reasons alluded to, were secretly regarded; at least it will be difficult to show that they have not indicated the rise and progress of a moral change in the sentiments of mankind with respect to the methods and principles of carrying on business. I am of opinion that they clearly demonstrate an actual mutation in the notions with which the cadets of trade regard commercial and manufacturing undertakings, and that they are working out some natural check on that excessive application of mechanical ingenuity, which is as dangerous to the welfare of the country as a redundant population.

I have no inclination to enter into the immediate causes of the present extraordinary national embarrassment and distress. The existence of that embarrassment and distress admits, unfortunately, of no question; as little can it be questioned that so sudden a blight as we have seen fall upon a state of no greater prosperity than was to be expected from universal peace among a people of highly excited energies, and possessed of a degree of knowledge and intelligence without parallel in the history of mankind, must have originated in some single and singular error of legislation or of government.

The mistake of Ministers in treating the public debt as an embodied capital instead of the estimated value of an annuity, and in reducing the value of that annuity by lowering the rate when it should have been increased, had the effect of bringing out among the class of speculators, those who had previously been but inert capitalists, by whom the aids to public and private credit were occasionally supplied. By the reduction in the value of the national annuities, those passive amassers of capital were excited into active agents, and were sent in quest of the means of drawing an equivalent for the income which they formerly derived by the old way of "putting forth to usury." The more,

in fact, that the error of Ministers, with respect to what is called the reduction of the interest of the national debt, is considered, the more does it appear at once prodigious and inexplicable. Nor will it be easy to give a plain answer to this simple question—How could Ministers, while it was so felt and acknowledged that an accumulation of capital was taking place in the kingdom beyond what the exigences of Government and of trade required, commit such a mistake, as to throw the surplus idle upon the hands of the community, when, by increasing the value of the national annuities, payable under the name of the interest of the national debt, by creating a new stock at a higher rate, they might at once have absorbed the greater part of that surplus, and thereby reduced the nominal amount of that debt, so as to have rendered the sinking fund applicable to the public expenditure, or to the reduction of the taxes?

The first effect of throwing the surplus capital back on the hands of those who were possessed of no immediate means of employing it, led to the facility of contracting those foreign loans by which a hectical prosperity, in consequence of the remittance of them being made in merchandise, was induced in the general commerce of the country. The next was the joint-stock speculations, by which inordinate profits were expected from small investments, as if the difficulty of employing money to advantage with the aid of individual exertion, was to be overcome by the most expensive modes of all commercial management. The mischief, however, has proceeded no farther. The bubbles of the foreign loans have almost, without any exception, all burst, and with as few exceptions, the joint-stock commercial schemes have likewise ended in vapour. One or two of the mining associations still exist, and are still blossoming with promises, but only the companies which have reference to colonization, remain entire and unquestioned; indeed, of all the projects so greedily adopted by the public during the last two years, these still appear to be the best adapted to the circumstances in which the country finds itself placed. It is by undertakings of this kind only, that the desiderata we so much require may be obtained. These desiderata are—first, the re-

pression of that excessive employment of mechanical inventions by which the value of manual labour has been so much reduced; and, second, the removal of that redundant population, the existence of which the Report of the Emigration Committee has so completely demonstrated. By those sort of companies, many who encourage the mechanical aids of labour, may, in the end, be led to devote their capital and intelligence to colonial undertakings, and by them also may employment be found in the colonies for those whose vocations have ceased at home.

However effectively the business of transporting emigrants from an old country, and planting with them colonies in a new, may be managed by public officers, it can never be a legitimate application of the powers and means of Government. Mankind can only be judiciously employed for their own advantage, or for the advantage of those by whom they are hired; but this axiom is set aside when governments undertake to plant colonies, unless it be for such indispensable purposes as gave rise to the colony of Botany Bay. Colonists like those from Ireland, under Mr Horton's experiments, are altogether of an artificial character. They afford no example by which, in one respect, their success can be said to prove anything advantageous in the system. Men carried free of expense to a distant country, there provided with maintenance for twelve months, and set up with a capital by which they may, with only their own labour, speedily realise many comforts, can only fail, by some great moral defect, to afford consolatory spectacles to those who will be at the expense of such costly benevolence. Let me not be here, however, misunderstood—the utmost credit is due to Mr Horton, both for the liberality and the constancy with which he has followed out his experiments. He has shown what may be done for a definite expense, and that with the most entire success, but there let him now stop. He has instituted and carried into effect an important experiment, which no individual nor private association would have probably ventured to enter upon; but, as a statesman, he should let the result work out its own proper effect with individuals and associations. All that was wanted in the way of expe-

periment has been done, and well done, under his auspices—and he has furnished the legislature with results which may be safely taken as the basis of those measures by which a general system of emigration can alone be properly organized. The future business, however, of removing the redundant population, should be left to the enterprise of private or of associated speculators, and no doubt Mr Horton contemplated this in the probable effects of his experiments—at least I am inclined to think so; for while his emigrants from Ireland were in the process of being settled in Canada, it is pretty generally understood that he was at the same time indirectly countenancing the formation of several companies, the objects of which would seem to render them the fittest agents, or middle powers, for managing a system of emigration on the very largest scale; I say indirectly, because his official situation must have precluded him from taking any immediate part in the institution of those associations which have been formed in connexion with the colonial department; indeed, had he not approved of them in the initiatory propositions, they never could have been established with the concurrence of Government in the manner they have been, both by acts of Parliament and by charters of incorporation. In so far, then, I do think that much of the good which, in a national point of view, may result from the joint-stock colonization companies, may be ascribed to Mr Horton; and that if those companies were not formed with reference to his system of emigration, they have been fortunately formed at a time when they may assist in carrying that system into operation upon the most comprehensive scale, to the universal benefit of the empire.

The precise purposes and objects of the Australian and of the Van Dieman's Land Companies, have never, it is true, been very clearly explained to the public—I have not been able to learn whether they are in any way likely to assist in removing the redundant population of the kingdom, either by carrying off paupers, or by holding out inducements to a superior class of persons to emigrate to their territories. But though they may have been formed merely as commercial adventures, and strictly on commercial principles, colonization must follow in the train

of their operations. If they are only Commercial, they will yet show the way to those countries in which they have acquired lands ; and should they become altogether colonial, they will prepare asylums for the emigrants, without which emigration can never be reduced into a system calculated to afford regular relief to the mother country—Regions of which little more than the geographical position is known, are not exactly those to which emigration, with any respect for the social charities, can be directed, and coercion at first may be necessary to effect a colonial establishment in them. But although both in Australia and in Van Dieman's Land, the employment of the convict and the outcast is at present an object of primary importance, the hereafter cannot be far distant when the two Companies, established for the improvement of those countries, will find it their interest to provide for the reception of a better race of settlers, even to the exclusion of that class for the employment of whom they have been ostensibly formed.

But if these two companies are of a commercial character, it would seem that the Canada Company, established at the same time, is altogether a colonial undertaking. By the prospectus of that Company, a copy of which is now before me, it appears to have been formed to remove at once a great obstacle to the improvement of the province of Upper Canada, and to supply many effective means and modes both of relief and of benefit to the mother country. It is, indeed, worthy of remark, that the causes which led to the formation of the Canada Company, afford a remarkable instance of that instinctive preparation for "coming events," of which I have so specially spoken—for by them the means have been provided to induce a better class of persons to emigrate—(that intelligent class possessed of small capitals, respecting whom I have said so much)—than would ever have thought of passing at once from the bosom of society into the wilds of the forest ; and it is in this particular that, as an agent, or auxiliary to emigration, the Canada Company merits particular attention.

When the two Canadas were constituted independent provinces, with legislatures for themselves, two-sevenths of all the ungranted lands, in lots of two hundred acres each, were reserved

for the crown, and for the maintenance of a Protestant clergy. This reservation was at the time applauded as judicious, and theoretically it would be commendable—were the manner of making the reservation improved ; as it happened, however, it became a curse to the country, it scattered the population thinly through the woods, it prevented the opening of highways, and imposed a heavy burden, where highways were made, upon the proprietors and settlers of the contiguous lands—for the crown reserves were allowed to lie waste, and the clergy reserves were occupied by tenants of the most necessitous class. It proved, indeed, such an intolerable nuisance, that loud complaints rose, year after year, stronger and stronger against it. The appropriation of the reserves was in consequence felt to be a measure that would soon become inevitable ; but in the advanced state of the province, to make such an appropriation to individuals for the customary fees, would neither have been judicious nor justifiable. For many of the reserved lands, by having become surrounded with cultivation, had acquired great comparative value ; and it was obvious that the money which might be obtained from the sale of them, would prove a desirable acquisition to the revenues of the province. It was, however, no less obvious, that the expenses of an official apparatus for effecting sales (if the sales were to be undertaken by Government itself) would leave but a small residue for the treasury. An offer, I have understood, was made to effect the sales on the principle of a mercantile consignment—the agent to be paid a commission upon the proceeds received ; but fortunately, both for the mother country and the colony, this plan, though it might have proved in the end more profitable in point of immediate revenue to Government, was not adopted, and the more comprehensive scheme of disposing of the whole in one contract to a company was preferred ;—I say fortunately the latter was preferred ; because, simply selling the lands would not have ensured any particular benefit to the province, and assuredly would not have held out any inducement to the better class of persons willing to emigrate beyond what already existed ; whereas, by interesting a great Company in the prosperity

of the province, and by binding it, in compensation for its privileges, to undertake important improvements, an immediate benefit was obtained for the public, whilst a medium was established by which the intending emigrant could obtain the best information respecting the country, arrange the safest means of conveyance for himself, his friends, and his family, and even contract before his departure from this country, that a house should be prepared for his reception, a portion of land cleared around it, and planted with a sufficiency of what the Americans call "bread-stuffs," to supersede the necessity of that comfortless toil, which has hitherto been the greatest objection to emigration with persons of delicate habits in the possession of some little fortune, and accustomed to the minor luxuries of life.

But to return to the objects of the Canada Company. That corporation, as the prospectus states, was originally formed to purchase the crown and the clergy reserves—to remove the impediment which they opposed to the improvement of the colony, and to carry into effect, upon an extensive scale, such measures as the Company might find it of advantage to its own interests to adopt, for augmenting the value of its possessions, either by opening roads, and other means of intercourse, or of encouraging the cultivation of articles of export; for many of which, the rich soil and genial climate of the western portions of the country are particularly favourable. It would seem, however, by different notices which have from time to time appeared in the newspapers, that the Canadian clergy have opposed the alienation of their lands, and have by that opposition hitherto prevented the Company from going into operation. By the result of a recent public meeting of the subscribers to the Company, I have observed that, in consequence, the claim to the clergy reserves has been renounced; and that in lieu of them, Government has granted an extensive entire territory, a change, however advantageous to the Company, the actual inhabitants and proprietors of the province cannot approve, in as much as it leaves the clergy reserves as great an impediment as ever to the progress of settlement. It is, indeed, not easy to

comprehend the motive by which Government has been actuated in this matter, after having procured the means of removing a great acknowledged and intolerable grievance, to forego that advantage, and to consent to the perpetuity of the evil. It cannot fail to rouse the complaints of the province, and to lead to controversies both odious and invidious. For it appears by the evidence attached to the report of the Emigration Committee, that the members of the established church, as it is called—but why so called in Canada requires explanation—bear but an insignificant proportion to the numbers of other Christians in the country. In the Lower House of the Legislature, it is stated, that there are but two or three Church of England members. Is it then to be supposed that the others will quietly submit to see the value of their property retarded by the inordinate pretensions of the leaders of an inconsiderable sect? For the denomination of sect fitly applies to the members of the Church of England in Upper Canada, there being in point of fact no privileged church in that province. Every denomination of Christians may there hold any situation whatever, even the governorship of the province; exercise every franchise to which the most favoured class of Protestants in this country can lay claim; and both Catholics and Presbyterians do at this very time hold some of the highest and most responsible offices and situations in the province. But the concession in policy which has been unfortunately made in this instance, is a topic foreign to my present purpose; and I have dwelt perhaps too long upon it, especially as nothing which might be said here on the subject, can either prevent or stimulate that search and investigation by which it will be tested elsewhere. It has, however, afforded me an opportunity of stating to persons desirous of political influence, that whatever their religious creed may be, provided only that it has Christianity for its basis, there is a portion of the British empire where the entire privileges of British subjects may be enjoyed, without the baleful and invidious distinctions which so often endanger the tranquillity and allegiance of the United Kingdom.

By the new contract between the Canada Company and Government—at least as I understand it—the means of the Company to accommodate various descriptions of emigrants are greatly extended, while, by being allowed to appropriate a large portion of the purchase-money to public improvements within its own territory, it provides for the settlers in that part of the country a fund for the opening of roads and communications, which will secure them against one of the heaviest duties that settlers have to perform. By the crown reserves, (retained by the Company,) consisting of many thousand detached lots, scattered all over the settled portions of the province, individuals or families, who, on account of the previous settlements of their friends, may be desirous of sitting down in any particular district, can be accommodated according to their wishes; while another description of persons—those possessed of

more capital, and proposing to form plantations on a larger scale—may in like manner find eligible situations in the Company's larger tracts and territory.

By the establishment of this Company, it is therefore evident, that an important improvement in our colonial system, as far as respects emigration to Canada, has been achieved. But as it is my intention, as early as I can, to explain the manner in which this Company, as I conceive, ought to proceed, in order to realise the expectations which are probably formed of it, I shall conclude these cursory observations for the present.

BANDANA.

Glasgow, 31st July 1826.

Since the foregoing was written, I have received from a correspondent the following note, detailing, in some degree, the views of the Canada Company.

“*Emigration to Canada.*”

“The Canada Company having concluded their arrangements with Government, for the purchase of the Crown RESERVES and a large TERRITORY in Upper Canada, might now enter into contracts with individuals, or with societies, disposed to settle in that healthy and fertile country.

“The RESERVES are scattered in lots of 200 acres each, over all the located and cultivated townships in the province, extending from the river Ottawa to the St Clair, along the banks of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, above 500 miles, and consist of the richest soil, under a climate in no respect inferior to that of the state of New York. The TERRITORY is united on two sides with ranges of those townships, and is equally advantageously situated, having access to it by water along the other boundaries.

“The Company does not intend to send out settlers, nor to give direct encouragement to emigrants destitute of property, because undertakings of that kind may be done to greater advantage by individuals possessed of capital purchasing either detached lots or larger tracts, or by families uniting their means for co-operation and society.

“The Company, when required, will partially clear lots, and build such houses as may be necessary for the reception of settlers. Their lands will probably be disposed of according to the following seven classes:

“I. Lots prepared for settlement by clearing five acres, and building a cottage. Such lots to be disposed of at an annual payment of probably little more than 1s. per acre. If the house and clearing cost £50, that sum to be redeemed within a certain number of years by annual instalments.

“II. Lots similarly prepared to be disposed of at a rent supposed of 2s. per acre on lease; but the purchaser to be allowed the option at any time within the first fifteen years, to purchase the lot at 20 years' value of the rental.

“III. Lots to be sold for ready money, without improvements.

“IV. Lots to be sold payable by instalments in ten years, seven years, and five years, as may be agreed on.

“V. Lots to be sold, with improvements, for ready money.

“VI. Lots to be sold, with improvements, payable by instalments.

“VII. Lots to be sold, with or without improvements, purchasers paying down a certain fee, or grassum; the land remaining subject to a small quit-rent or feu-duty.

“A man, bred to agriculture, who arrives in Upper Canada with L.100, may, in the course of a very few years, look forward to the enjoyment of comfort and independence as a proprietor of land, on which, according to the terms of his bargain, he may have but little or no rent to pay, assuredly few taxes, and neither tithes nor poor-rates. With persons of this description the Company will treat on the most accommodating principles.

“At the office, and from the agents of the Company, either by personal application, or by letter (post paid), information will at all times be afforded regarding vessels bound for Canada, the rates of freight and passage, stores requisite for the voyage, and assistance will be given to parties when embarking, to protect them from unnecessary trouble and expense. A map of the province is ready for publication, compiled from actual survey, in which the districts, counties, and townships, are all exhibited; and those in which the Company have lands are particularly distinguished. At the offices of the Company, and of the agents, separate plans of each township, with the Company's lots therein specially marked, will be open for public inspection; so that emigrants may, before their departure, select any particular neighbourhood in the country, of which they may have acquired information, or where they may have friends already settled.

“Emigrants who have money to take with them, will, upon paying it into the hands of the Company in London, or to their agents at the out-ports, receive orders for the amount, payable either at Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, or York; and duplicates will, at the same time, be left in this country; so that, in case of accident, the amount may be recovered by the representatives of the parties.”

N.B. The Company has not yet published any view of their intended proceedings; so that, although the foregoing has been made up from conversations with gentlemen in the Company's office, it is not to be considered as the entire plan of operation which may be ultimately carried into effect, but only as an outline of the views on which that plan will be formed.

A WATERY GRAVE.

“And I have loved thee, Ocean!”—BYRON.

WHEN this frail form returns to dust,
As very soon, I ween, it must,
Consign it to the deep, deep sea,
And wear no sable weeds for me!

Oh! lay me not in earth to sleep—
There I could never rest—
Give, give my ashes to the deep,
It is my last request!

Ye creatures of the pathless deep,
My heart is yours—the bauble keep—
Do with it as you will.
I little reck where it may lie,
So that from man's unhallow'd eye
It may be sacred still.

For I have curb'd with jealous care
The feelings strong that struggle there,
Because I ill could brook
That the cold crowd, whose breasts of steel
Have never felt—as I can feel—
Should on its secrets look.

Lonely I feel amidst the crowd—
 Lonely my grave shall be,
 When I am wrapp'd in my weedy shroud,
 Under thy waves, oh Sea!

My young eyes open'd on thy face
 When first they saw the light;
 And thou shalt be my resting place
 When they are closed in night.

I sometimes think—I know not what
 Can wake a thought so wild—
 In some existence, now forgot,
 I must have been thy child—
 And 'tis from thee that I inherit
 This ceaseless—restlessness of spirit.

For when I watch thy waters roll,
 And listen to their roar,
 Their mingled murmur greets my soul
 Like sounds well known before.

As music we were wont to love
 In days of bliss gone by,
 In after years the soul can move
 Almost to agony,
 And make it longing, lingering, east
 A yearning look upon the past—

So does thy hollow voice awake
 Feelings that all my being shake;
 And when its murmuring sound I hark,
 Oh! I can scarce forbear
 From plunging in thy waters dark,
 To seek for comfort there.

* * * * *
 Yon ship that ploughs her way
 Over the waters green,
 Leaves not a trace to say
 Where she hath been.

So doth the sweetest flower,
 When it hath bloom'd its hour,
 Yield up its fragrance to the wind,
 And leave no vestiges behind.

And so would I, when I am not,
 Lay down in peace, and be forgot—
 A salt wave for a winding-sheet—
 The winds to howl my dirge;
 And all the tears that flow for me
 Wept by the sounding surge.

Then lay me not in earth to sleep—
 There I could never rest;
 Give—give my ashes to the deep—
 It is my last request.

S. S.

Brighton.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH CHARACTER.

MY GODMOTHERS.

OF one of my godmothers I recollect but little. She lived at a distance, and seldom came in my way. The little, however, that I do remember of her, is very pleasing. She was the wife of a dignified clergyman, and resided chiefly in a great Cathedral town, to which I once or twice accompanied my father, whose near relation she had married. She was a middle-aged woman, with sons and daughters already settled in life, and must in her youth have been exceedingly lovely; indeed, in spite of an increase of size which had greatly injured her figure, she might still be deemed a model of matronly beauty. Her face was in the highest degree soft, feminine, and delicate, with an extreme purity and fairness of complexion; dove-like eyes, a gentle smile, and a general complacency and benevolence of aspect, such as I have rarely seen equalled. That sweet face was all sunshine. There was something in her look which realized the fine expression of the poet, when he speaks of—

— “those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem'd to love whate'er they look'd upon.”

Her voice and manner were equally delightful, equally captivating, although quite removed from any of the usual arts of captivation. Their great charm was their perfect artlessness and graciousness, the natural result of a most artless and gracious nature. She kept little company, being so deaf as almost to unfit her for society. But this infirmity, which to most people is so great a disadvantage, seemed in her case only an added charm. She sat on her sofa in sober cheerfulness, placid and smiling, as if removed from the cares and the din of the work-a-day world; or, if anything particularly interesting was going forward in the apartment, she would look up with such a pretty air of appeal, such silent questioning, as made everybody eager to translate for her,—some by loud distinct speech, some by writing, and some by that delicate and mysterious sign manual, that unwritten shorthand, called talking on the fingers,

whatever happened to be passing; and she was so attentive and so quick, that one sentence, half a sentence, a word, half a word, would often be enough. She could catch even the zest of a repartee, that most evanescent and least transfusible of all things; and when she uttered her pretty petition, “Mirth, admit me of thy crew!” brought as ready a comprehension, as true a spirit of gaiety, and as much innocent enjoyment into a young and laughing circle, as she found there. Her reliance on the kindness and affection of all around her was unbounded; she judged of others by herself, and was quite free from mistrust and jealousy, the commonest and least endurable infirmity of the deaf. She went out little, but at home her hospitality and benevolence won all hearts. She was a most sweet person. I saw too little of her, and lost her too soon; but I loved her dearly, and still cherish her memory.

Her husband was a very kind and genial person also, although in a different way. The Dean, for such was his professional rank, was a great scholar, an eminent Grecian, a laborious editor, a profound and judicious critic, an acute and sagacious commentator—who passed days and nights in his library, covered with learned dust, and deep in the metres. Out of his study he was as your celebrated scholar is apt to be, exceedingly like a boy just let loose from school, wild with animal spirits, and ripe for a frolic. He was also (another not uncommon characteristic of an eminent Grecian) the most simple-hearted and easy-tempered creature that lived, and a most capital playfellow. I thought no more of stealing the wig from his head than a sparrow does of robbing a cherry-tree; and he, merriest and most undignified of dignitaries, enjoyed the fun as much as I did, would toss the magnificent caxon (a full-bottomed periwig of most capacious dimensions,) as high in the air as its own gravity would permit it to ascend, to the unspeakable waste of powder, and then would snatch me up in his arms, (a puny child of eight years old, who was as a doll in his sinewy hands,)

and threaten to fling me after his flying peruke. He would have done just the same if he had been Archbishop of Canterbury—and so should I—the archi-episcopal wig would have shared the same fate; so completely did the joyous temperament of the man break down the artificial restraints of his situation. He was a most loveable person was Mr Dean; but the charm and glory of the Deanery, was my dear godmamma.

My other godmother was a very different sort of person, and will take many more words to describe.

Mrs Patience Wither (for so was she called) was the survivor of three maiden sisters, who, on the death of their father, a rich and well-descended country gentleman, had agreed to live together, and their united portions having centred in her, she was in possession of a handsome fortune. In point of fact, she was not my godmother, having only stood as proxy for her younger sister, Mrs Mary, my mother's intimate friend, then falling into the lingering decline, of which she afterwards died. Mrs Mary must have been, to judge of her from universal report, and from a portrait which still remains, a most interesting woman, drooping, pale, and mild; and beautiful also, very beautiful, from elegance and expression. She was undoubtedly my real godmamma; but, on her death, Mrs Patience, partly from regard for her sister, partly out of compliment to my family, and partly, perhaps, to solace herself by the exercise of an office of some slight importance and authority, was pleased to lay claim to me in right of inheritance, and succeeded to the title of my godmother pretty much in the same way that she succeeded to the possession of Flora, her poor sister's favourite spaniel. I am afraid that Flora proved the more grateful subject of the two.

Mrs Patience was of the sort of women that young people particularly dislike and characterize by the ominous epithet, *cross*. She was worse than cross; stern, stiff, domineering, and authoritative. Her person was very masculine, tall, square, and large-boned, and remarkably upright. Her features were sufficiently regular, and would not have been unpleasing, but for the keen angry look of her light-blue eye, (your blue eye, which has

such a name for softness amongst those great mistakers, lovers and poets, is often wild, and almost fierce in its expression,) and her fiery wavy red hair, to which age did no good,—it would not turn grey. In short she was, being always expensively drest, and a good deal in the rear of fashion, not unlike my childish notion of that famous but disagreeable personage, Queen Elizabeth; which comparison being repeated to Mrs Patience, who luckily took it for a compliment, added considerably to the interest she was so good as to take in my health, welfare, and improvement.

I never saw her but she took possession of me for the purpose of lecturing and documenting on some subject or other,—holding up my head, shutting the door, working a sampler, making a shirt, learning the pence table, or taking physic. She used to hear me read French out of a well-thumbed copy of *Telemaque*, and to puzzle me with questions from the English chronology—which may, perhaps, be the reason that I at this day, to my great shame be it spoken, dislike that famous prose epic, and do not know in what century Queen Anne came to the throne.

In addition to these iniquities, she was assiduous in presents to me at home and at school; sent me cakes with cautions against over-eating, and needle cases with admonitions to use them; she made over to me her own juvenile library, consisting of a large collection of unreadable books, which I in my turn have given away; nay, she even rummaged out for me a pair of old battledores, curiously constructed of netted pack-thread—the toys of her youth! But bribery is generally thrown away upon children, especially on spoilt ones; the godmother whom I loved never gave me anything; and every fresh present from Mrs Patience seemed to me a fresh grievance. I was obliged to make a call and a curtesy, and to stammer out something which passed for a speech; or, which was still worse, to write a letter of thanks—a stiff, formal, precise letter! I would rather have gone without cakes or needle-cases, books or battledores, to my dying day. Such was my ingratitude from five to fifteen.

As time wore on, however, I amended. I began to see the value of con-

stant interest and attention—even although the forms they assumed might not be the most pleasant—to be thankful for her kindness, and attentive to her advice; and by the time I arrived at years of discretion had got to like her very much, especially in her absence, and to endure her presence (when it was quite impossible to run away) with sufficient fortitude. It is only since she has been fairly dead and buried, that I have learnt to estimate her properly. Now, I recollect how very worthy of esteem and respect she really was, how pious, how hospitable, how charitable, how generous! Nothing but the comfort of knowing that she never found it out, could lull my remorse for having disliked her so much in her life-time; the more especially, as upon recollection, I don't think she was so absolutely unbearable. She was only a little prejudiced, as one who had lived constantly in one limited sphere; rather ignorant and narrow-minded, a full century behind the spirit of the age, as one who had read dull books and kept dull company; fearfully irritable, fretful, and cross, as one who has had all her life the great misfortune (seldom enough pitied or considered) of having her own way; and superlatively stiff, and starched, and prim, in her quality of old maid. There is a great improvement now-a-days in the matter of single ladies; they may be, and many of them actually are, pleasant with impunity to man or woman, and are so like the rest of the world in way and word, that a stranger is forced to examine the third finger of the left hand, to ascertain whether or no they be married; but Mrs Patience was an old maid of the old school—there was no mistaking her condition—you might as well question that of the frost-bitten gentlewoman pacing to church through the snow in Hogarth's inimitable and unforgettable "Morning." With these drawbacks she was, as I have said before, an estimable person; staunch in her friendships, liberal in her house-keeping, much addicted to all sorts of subscriptions, and a most active lecturer and benefactress of the poor, whom she scolded and relieved with indefatigable good will.

She lived in a large, tall, upright, stately house, in the largest street of

a large town. It was a grave-looking mansion, defended from the pavement by iron palisades, a flight of steps before the sober brown door, and every window curtained and blinded by chintz and silk and muslin, crossing and jostling each other; none of the rooms could be seen from the street, nor the street from any of the rooms—so complete was the obscurity. She seemed to consider this window veiling as a point of propriety; notwithstanding which, she contrived to know so well all the goings-on of all her neighbours, and who went up or who went down Chapel Street, that I could not help suspecting she had in some one of her many muffling draperies a sort of peep-hole, such as you sometimes see a face staring through in the green curtain at the playhouse. I am sure she must have had a contrivance of the kind, though I cannot absolutely say that I ever made out the actual slit; but then I was cautious in my prying, and afraid of being caught. I am sure that a peep-hole there was.

She lived in a good position for an observatory too, her house being situated in a great thoroughfare, one end abutting on a popular chapel, the other on a celebrated dancing academy, so that every day in the week brought affluence of carriages to the one side or the other;—an influx of amusement of which she did not fail to make the most, enjoying it first, and complaining of it afterwards, after the fashion of those unfortunate persons who have a love of grumbling, and very little to grumble at. I don't know what she would have done without the resource afforded by her noisy neighbours, especially those on the saltatory side, whose fiddles, door-knockings, and floor-shakings, were the subject of perpetual objurgation; for the usual complaining ground of the prosperous, health and nerves, was completely shut against her. She never was ill in her life, and was too much in the habit of abusing nerves in other people to venture to make use of them on her own account. It was a most comfortable grievance, and completed the many conveniences of her commodious mansion.

Her establishment was handsome and regular, and would have gone on like clock-work, if she had not thought

a due portion of managing, that is to say, of vituperation, absolutely necessary for the well-being of herself and her servants. It *did* go on like clock-work, for the well-seasoned domestics no more minded those diurnal scolding fits, than they did the great Japan time-piece in the hall when it struck the hour; a ring of the bell, or a knock at the door, were events much more startling to this staid and sober household, who, chosen, the men for their age, and the women for their ugliness, always seemed to me to have a peculiar hatred to quick motion. They would not even run to get out of the way of their mistress, although pretty sure of a lecture, right or wrong, whenever she encountered them. But then, as the fishmonger said of the eels that he was skinning,—“ They were used to it.”

The only things in the house which she did not scold were two favourite dogs—Flora, a fat, lazy, old spaniel, soft and round as a cushion, and almost as inert; and Daphne, a particularly ugly noisy pug, who barked at everybody that came into the house, and bit at most. Daphne was the pet *par excellence*. She *overcrowded* even her mistress, as old Spenser hath it, and Mrs Patience respected her accordingly. Really, comparing the size of the animal with the astonishing loudness and continuance of her din, she performed prodigies of barking. Her society was a great resource to me, when I was taken to pay my respects to my godmamma. She (I mean Daphne) had, after her surly and snip-snap manner, a kindness for me; condescended to let me pat her head without much growling, and would even take a piece of cake out of my hand without biting my fingers. We were great friends. Daphne's company and conversation lightened the time amazingly. She was certainly the most entertaining person, the most *alive* of any one I met there.

Mrs Patience's coterie was, to say the truth, rather select than numerous, rather respectable than amusing. It consisted of about half-a-dozen elderly ladies of unexceptionable quality, and one unfortunate gentleman, who met to play a rubber at each other's houses, about six evenings in the week, all the year round, and called on one another nearly every morning. The chief member of this

chosen society was, next to Mrs Patience, who would everywhere be first, Lady Lane, a widow, and Miss Pym, her maiden sister, who resided with her. Lady Lane was a round, quiet, sleepy woman, not unlike—with reverence be it spoken—to the fat spaniel Flora; you never knew when she was present, or when she was not; Miss Pym, sharper and brisker, thinner and shorter, bore more resemblance to my friend Daphne, the vixenish pug—you were pretty sure to hear *her*. There was also a grave and sedate Mrs Long, a slow, safe, circumspect person, who talked of the weather; a Mrs Harden, speechifying and civil, and a Miss Grace Harden, her daughter, civiller still. These were the ladies. The beau of the party, Mr Knight, had been originally admitted in right of a deceased wife, and was retained on his own merits. In my life I never beheld a man so hideously ugly, tall, shambling, and disjointed, with features rough, huge, and wooden, grey hair, stiff and bristly, long shaggy eyebrows, a skin like a hide, and a voice and address quite in keeping with this amiable exterior, as uncouth as Caliban.

For these gifts and accomplishments he was undoubtedly preferred to the honour of being the only gentleman tolerated in this worshipful society, from which Dr Black, the smart young physician, and Mr White, the keen, sharp, clever lawyer, and Mr Brown, the spicy curate of the parish, and even Mr Green, the portly vicar, were excluded. I did not so much wonder at their admiring Mr Knight for his ugliness, which was so grotesque and remarkable as to be really prepossessing—it was worth one's while to see anything so complete in its way; but I did a little marvel at his constancy to this bevy of belles, for, strange and uncouth as the man was, there was an occasional touch of slyness and humour about him, and a perpetual flow of rough kindness, which, joined with his large property, would easily have gained him the entrée into more amusing circles. Perhaps he liked to be the sole object of attention to six ladies, albeit somewhat passed their prime; perhaps he found amusement in quizzing them—he was wicked enough sometimes to warrant the supposition; perhaps—for mixed motives are com-

monly the truest in that strangely compounded biped, man—a little of both might influence him; or perhaps a third motive, and still more powerful, might lurk behind, as yet unsuspected. Certain it is, that every evening he was found in that fair circle, cordially welcomed by all its members except my godmamma. She, to be sure, minced and primmed, and tossed her head, and thought they should have been better without him; and although she admitted him to the privilege of visiting at her house, to the coffee, the green tea, the chit-chat, the rubber, the cake and the liqueur, she carefully refrained from honouring with her presence, the annual party at his country farm, where all the other ladies resorted to drink syllabub, and eat strawberries and cream; pertinaciously refused to let him drive her out airing in his handsome open carriage, and even went so far as to order her footman not to let him in when she was alone.

Besides her aversion to mankind in general, an aversion as fierce and active as it was groundless, she had unluckily, from having been assailed by two or three offers, obviously mercenary, imbibed a most unfounded suspicion of the whole sex; and now seldom looked at a man without fancying that she detected in him an incipient lover; showing, in this respect, though from a reverse motive, the common delusion of the pretty and the young. She certainly suspected Mr Knight of matrimonial intentions towards her fair self, and as certainly suspected him wrongfully. Mr Knight had no such design; and contrived most effectually to prove his innocence, one fair morning, by espousing Miss Grace Harden, on whom, as she sat dutifully netting by the side of her mamma, at one corner of the card table, I had myself observed him to cast very frequent and significant glances. Miss Harden was a genteel woman of six and thirty, rather faded, but still pleasing, and sufficiently dependent on her mother's life-income, to find in Mr Knight's large fortune, to say nothing of his excellent qualities, an adequate compensation for his want of beauty. It was altogether a most suitable match, and so pronounced by the world at large, with the solitary exception of Mrs Patience, who, though thus ef-

fectually secured from the attentions of her imputed admirer, by no means relished the means by which this desirable end had been accomplished. She sneered at the bride, abused the bridegroom, found fault with the bride-cake, and finally withdrew herself entirely from her former associates, a secession by which, it may be presumed, her own comfort was more affected than theirs.

She now began to complain of solitude, and to talk of taking a niece to reside with her, a commodity of which there was no lack in the family. Her elder brother had several daughters, and desired nothing better than to see one of them adopted by Mrs Patience. Three of these young ladies came successively on trial—pretty lively girls, so alike, that I scarcely remember them apart, can hardly assign to them a separate individuality, except that, perhaps, Miss Jane might be the tallest, and Miss Gertrude might sing the best. In one particular, the resemblance was most striking, their sincere wish to get turned out of favour and sent home again. No wonder! A dismal life it must have seemed to them, used to the liberty and gaiety of a large country house, full of brothers, and sisters, and friends, a quiet indulgent mother, a hearty hospitable father, riding, and singing, and parties, and balls; a doleful contrast it must have seemed to them, poor things, to sit all day in that nicely furnished parlour, where the very chairs seemed to know their places, reading aloud some grave, dull book, or working their fingers to the bone, (Mrs Patience could not bear to see young people idle,) walking just one mile out and one mile in, on the London Road; dining tête-à-tête in all the state of two courses and removes; playing all the evening at back-gammon, most unlucky if they won, and going to bed just as the clock struck ten! No wonder that they exerted all their ingenuity to make themselves disagreeable; and as that is an attempt in which people who set about it with thorough good will, are pretty certain to succeed, they were discarded, according to their wishes, with all convenient dispatch.

Miss Jemima was cashiered for reading novels, contrary to the statutes made and provided—Belinda, the delightful Belinda, sealed her fate.

Miss Gertrude was dismissed for catching cold, and flirting with the apothecary, a young and handsome son of Galen, who was also turned off for the same offence. Miss Jane's particular act of delict has slipt my memory,—but she went too. There was some talk of sending little Miss Augusta, the youngest of the family, but she, poor child! never made her appearance. She was her father's favourite, and probably begged off; and they had by this time discovered at the Hall that their young lasses had been used to too much freedom to find the air of Chapel Street agree with them. The only one we ever saw again was Miss Jemima, who, having refused a rich baronet, a good deal older than herself, for no better reason than not liking him, was sent to her aunt's on a visit of penitence; a sort of house of correction—an honourable banishment. I believe in my heart that the fair culprit would have preferred the Tread-Mill or Botany Bay, had she had her choice; but there was no appeal from the *lettre de cachet* which had consigned her to Mrs Patience's cares and admonitions, so she took refuge in a dumb resentment. I never saw any one so inveterately sullen in my life. One whole week she remained in this condition, abiding, as best she might, her aunt's never-ending lectures, and the intolerable ennui of the house, during a foggy November. The next, the rejected lover arrived at the door, and was admitted; and before she had been three weeks in Chapel Street, Sir Thomas escorted her home as his intended bride. They were perfectly right in their calculations; rather than have passed the winter with Mrs Patience, the fair Jemima would have married her grandfather.

Another niece now made her appearance, who, from circumstance and situation, seemed peculiarly fitted for the permanent companion and heirless—the orphan daughter of a younger brother lately deceased, who had left this his only child but slenderly provided for. Miss Patience (for she was her aunt's namesake) was a young woman of two-and-twenty, brought up in a remote parsonage, without the advantage of any female to direct her education, and considerably more unformed and unpolished than one is ac-

customed to see a young lady in this accomplished age. She was a good deal like her aunt in person—far more than comported with beauty—large-boned and red-haired, and looking at least ten years older than she really was. Ten years older, too, she was in disposition, staid, sober, thoughtful, discreet; would no more have read a novel or flirted with an apothecary than Mrs Patience herself.

Aunt and niece seemed made for each other. But somehow they did not do together. One does not quite know why—perhaps because they were too much alike. They were both great managers; but Miss Patience had been used to a lower range of household cares, and tormented mistress and servants by unnecessary savings and superfluous honesty. Then she was too useful; *would* make the tea, would snuff the candles, would keep the keys; affronted the house-keeper by offering to make the pastry, and the butler by taking under her care the argand lamp; which last exploit was unsuccessful enough—a lamp being a sort of machine that never will submit to female direction; a woman might as well attempt to manage a steam-engine. The luminary in question was particularly refractory. It had four burners, which never, for the three nights which she continued in office, were all in action together. Some sent forth long tongues of flame, like those which issue from the crater of a volcano, giving token of the crash that was to follow; some popped outright, without warning; and some again languished and died away, leaving behind them a most unsavoury odour. At last the restive lamp was abandoned to the butler, and light restored to the drawing-room; and had Miss Patience taken a lesson from this misadventure, all might have gone well.

But Miss Patience was not of a temperament to profit by her own errors. She went on from bad to worse; dis-obligeed Flora by plunging her in the wash-tub, to the great improvement of her complexion; made an eternal enemy of Daphne, by a fruitless attempt to silence her most noisy tongue; and, finally, lectured Mrs Patience herself for scolding about nothing. In short, she was a reformer, honest, zealous, uncompromising, and indiscreet, as

ever wore petticoats. She had in her head the *beau ideal* of a perfect domestic government, and would be satisfied with nothing less. She could not let well alone. So that she had not been a month in that well-ordered and orderly house, before her exertions had thrown everything into complete disorder; the servants were in rebellion, the furniture topsy-turvy, and the lady, who found herself likely to be in the situation of that dynasty of French kings who reigned under a *maire du palais*, in a very justifiable passion. This rightful anger was, however, more moderately expressed than had usually happened with Mrs Patience's causeless indignation. The aunt remonstrated, indeed, and threatened; but the niece would not stay. She was as unbending as an oak-tree; rejected all compromise; spurned at all concession; abjured all rich relations; and returned to board at a farm-house in her old neighbourhood. After this contumacy her name was never heard in Chapel Street; and for some time the post of companion remained vacant.

At length Mrs Patience began to break, visibly and rapidly, as the very healthy often do, affording so affecting a contrast with their former strength. In her the decline was merely bodily; neither the mind nor the temper had undergone any change; but her increasing feebleness induced her medical attendants to recommend that some one should be provided to sit with her constantly; and as she protested vehemently against any farther trial of nieces, the object was sought through the medium of an advertisement, and appeared to be completely attained when it produced Miss Steele. How Miss Steele should have failed to please, still astonishes me. Pliant, soothing, cheerful, mild, with a wonderful command of countenance and of temper, a smiling aspect, a soft voice, a perpetual habit of assentation, and such a power over the very brute

beasts, that Flora would get up to meet her, and Daphne would wag her tail at her approach—a compliment which that illustrious pug never paid before to woman. Every heart in Chapel Street did Miss Steele win, except the invulnerable heart of Mrs Patience. She felt the falseness. The honey cloyed; and before two months were over, Miss Steele had followed the nieces.

After this, her decline was rapid, and her latter days much tormented by legacy-hunters. A spendthrift nephew besieged her in a morning—a miserly cousin came to lose his sixpences to her at backgammon of an afternoon—a subtle attorney, and an oily physician, had each an eye to her hoards, if only in the form of an executorship; and her old butler, and still older housekeeper, already rich by their savings in her service, married, that they might share together the expected spoil. She died, and disappointed them all. Three wills were found. In the first, she divided her whole fortune between Flora and Daphne, and their offspring, under the direction of six trustees. In the second, she made the County-hospital her heir. In the third, the legal and effectual will, after formally disinheriting the rest of her relations, she bequeathed her whole estate, real and personal, to her honest niece Patience Wither, as a reward for her independence. And never was property better bestowed; for Patience the Second, added all that was wanting to the will of Patience the First; supplied every legacy of charity and of kindness; provided for the old servants and the old pets, and had sufficient left to secure her own comfort with a man as upright and as downright as herself. They are the most English couple of my acquaintance, and the happiest. Long may they continue so! And all this happiness is owing to the natural right-mindedness and sturdy perception of character of my cross godmamma.

MISCELLANEA CRITICA, &c.

No. I.

I.

ONE use of Poetry is to nurse in us the feeling of the Beautiful. Another, among many others, to cherish, or produce, the love of Antiquity.—Which it does in sundry ways.—First:—Its great works are of elder times:—from Homer, at least,—downwards. We naturally feel something of grateful love for the Poet who has delighted us; nor is it out of our nature, often bold and intellectual in its affections, to extend some measure of that feeling to the spirit and genius in his people, which raised him up, and was crowned in him. But the people are, themselves, their age: a portion of it, at least: and any feeling, attaching us to *them*, in effect attaches us to Antiquity.—Secondly:—The *manners* which these great Poems describe are, for the most part,—perhaps all in respect to ourselves, to whom, for the present, let the speculation relate,—antique. In a secondary way, therefore,—by Association,—we connect the pleasure of the poetry, in which these manners were first, or best shown to us, with the manners themselves: and, for the sake of the poetry, love the manners,—love the times, then, which the manners characterize, and which have only reality to us, by them.—Thirdly:—These manners, and the transactions in which they are embodied, the aspects, works, spirit of the times are favourable to poetry,—are essentially poetical;—and, in proportion as our mind, conversing with poetry, becomes poetically opened, formed, instructed, we necessarily turn with fondness to such times, for themselves,—for the poetry which they, originally, and inherently, contain.—Lastly, and again, and more strictly, for themselves:—The very years that lie upon the distant past, the mist, and, at last, the unpierced gloom, which cover it, draw imagination. The eye that sees the Invisible to which thought puts on form, stretches up through the vanishing distances of time, as that which looks forth on the material world, over far spaces,—pleased, as it loses itself. Wonder settles on removed ages; as, in the infancy of science, on countries, situated beyond the reach of familiar commerce and observation.—Then—remembrance of

the long-buried generations of our kind informs with a peculiar, melancholy, but not displeasing interest, whatever more forcibly speaks to us of them. Hence the monuments which are their footsteps on the earth obtain their proper hold upon our minds,—their venerable grace and charm. They may offer other, independent, claims to our admiration:—Art, often wise, great, excellent in its simplicity, formed them,—and Nature, as she takes back into her bosom the falling works of human skill and power, luxuriantly adorns them with her fair and living garniture. But,—to speak further, for a moment, of such memorials,—let them be without title to our praise for the mind which reared them, and let not that rich mantle of ever-springing beauty invest their decay,—still there is a principle of attraction to our Fancy in the mere character written on them of change—the memory yet unerascd of a state in which themselves, with much besides, now melted from the surface of being, were entire—the prophecy which they bear of a futurity, when they also shall have passed away. So that one of our poets has said neither untruly, nor unaptly, of that giant-hand which pulls down, but not that it may rebuild, that it

“Has mouldered into beauty many a tower.”

And if we should enter into the more attentive and minute consideration of this beauty, in the very instance of which the poet speaks, taking into our counsel, withal, the decided and ardent, if only judicious, lover of the picturesque, we shall perceive, neither will he gainsay, that even those softening stains, with which Age touches the rude and stern masses it disjoins, have their value, in the composition, not simply by their pleasure to the eye,—the mere tints of a painter's pallet,—but also, and chiefly, by their meaning through the eye to the thought, as the genuine and expressive colouring of *Time*.

If there be in the Past, as such, the natural aptitude here supposed for affecting the Imagination, the *affection* will be enhanced by intercourse with that Art, which not only, an effect already referred to, especially awakens

this Faculty,—but greatly delights to lay open, and draw forth, these particular sources of its pleasure.

The question remains, allowing that in these,—perhaps in other ways,—Poetry produces in us, as was said, or cherishes the LOVE OF ANTIQUITY, is there in this result an indubitable utility?—If there is, wherein does it consist?—

With the explanation which the foregoing brief inquiry has given of the terms, it may be answered:—In the extension of our sympathy with human kind, taking in that portion which may least require it, indeed, the dead—but, further, those living, in whom the old times imaged, live yet:—In the wider field put under the dominion of thought; since that which we learn to love we then first understand:—In the solemnity added to our meditations on man's nature:—In loftier, calmer, juster views of human affairs:—In increased love of our country, itself ancient:—Lastly—among a high-cultivated people a consideration of no slight importance—In the ampler materials placed under the hand of those inventive, beautiful Arts, which are much of the brightness, and give much of the happiness of distinguished civilization:—if it may not seem too much arguing in a circle, to say that Poetry is useful, by enlarging *its own* powers.—*What is this LOVE OF ANTIQUITY?*—Not the coldly-curious taste, sometimes seen, of research into parts of knowledge from most minds hid by rareness, or separated by want of evident, common, compelling interest,—but a *feeling* placed half in imagination, half in our social nature, by which we accept our union of brotherhood with our kind, take concern in them, most distantly divided from us by time, and confess a title to affect us, in their MEMORY, by whatever shape of matter it may be borne.

Men, for the most part, love the Present. The joy given them in the consciousness of their living being, is of the hour, the moment: which it fills with animating, sparkling fires. But the urn of the Past they can believe to contain only extinct and cold ashes,—misjudging,—nor aware how “even in our ashes live their wonted fires.”

2.

Would it be a misfortune, necessarily, to the poetical glory of the coun-

try, if for a season of years—a generation—no poetry should be produced in it?—Perhaps much the reverse. For the FORM is not the LIFE of Poetry.—The inquiry, could it be satisfied, might not be quite unproductive. The mind of the country is the soil from which the seed,—the living form yet folded up,—must draw its growth. The seeds remain—an unspent store—in the hand of Nature—to be strewn out when she will:—but the ground, which is to receive them, men possibly may prepare.

The disposition, the capacity for Poetry, the poetical spirit and power of the mind,—individual or national,—is neither necessarily, nor solely, produced and fostered by Poetry.—This remark asks exposition.—The elements of poetry are—Intellect, Passion, Imagination,—all given in our nature:—Further,—knowledge, of various kinds, which we amass and offer to these natural powers to *work upon*—work, silent and inward, of the mind retreating, gathered up into itself, into its own world,—and,—the active, ceaseless commerce of imagination with all that is offered to it, in the world lying without, by Nature, insensible or animated, and by the life, yet breathing or livingly remembered, of men,—exercising, enriching it.—But Intellect, Passion, Imagination,—Knowledge,—and the intercourse of Imagination with its proper, offered objects,—living powers, or living exercises of powers—depend not upon, did not arise out of Poetry.

Let us pass, for the present, over INTELLECT, to ask—how PASSION is nursed?—Not most effectually in Poetry—which is Speculation,—being of the Will. Perhaps Prudence—worldly Prudence,—perhaps Moral Wisdom may doubt the fitness of deliberately nourishing the powers of passion. The question is an intricate one, but not ours, who speak of the adaptation of means to an *assumed* end—rather of the working of given causes to a given result—Poetry?—one such means, or cause, being Passion.—This is, then, of the WILL. But the Will is formed, and takes its power, by the commerce of the mind with life,—from ACTION,—and AFFECTION.—Moreover, it springs up in the living bosom,—as this expands, Nature fostering,—strong, in all the strength of the growing being.—What,

and how fed, is IMAGINATION?—It may be conceived as a peculiar mode of sensibility,—or is, to speak more explicitly and critically, the blending of intellectual conceptions, in a peculiar manner, with a peculiar order of feelings. What conceptions?—They are brought, almost without limitation, from every sphere—of existence real or believed—which Intelligence visits. What feelings?—Some of them are easily named:—of beauty,—of sublimity,—of wildness, acknowledged as pleasing,—of solemn awe,—of mysterious wonder. (Of the manner, in which the feelings are united with the conceptions, it is not easy to speak intelligibly. Although thus much may be easily understood, that it is such, as that the feeling appears to us to belong to, and originally inhere in, the conception:—what is felt as BEAUTIFUL, for example, appearing to be *in itself beautiful*,—or *SUBLIME*, *in itself sublime*:—and not—which should yet seem to be the truth,—that the feeling—of beauty—sublimity—is, from our own mind, added to the conception.) Imagination, therefore, does not, as is sometimes perhaps too hastily and slightly deemed, consist in the possession by our mind of certain, *given*, or *known*, forms to which the feelings, constituent of this power,—have, receivedly, been attached,—which have composed, among men, the domain of Imagination,—including, of course, the annexation of the feelings to the forms:—but in the capacity of making the annexation. Undoubtedly, where the forms of Imagination are present, there, if the faculty is, the feelings will be; and since these forms are presented, the same, to mind after mind, the acts of Imagination will, in one mind and another, be often much alike,—the treasures of Imagination, if they may be so called, will to one and another, perhaps, in large parts, be almost the same. But the forms are endless, and endlessly new-produced. They need not be borrowed, transmitted. They are the perpetual birth of Nature: given by her in her realities,—in her fair and wondrous scenes—in sun, moon, stars—in woods and waters, and deep mountain chasm—in the vicissitudes of light and gloom—of frost and gladsome heat—in the works, and conditions, of her offspring, Man,—in wars,—in wild huntings,—in stooping, white-haired

age,—in sleeping infancy,—in manly strength,—in woman's beauty,—in sceptred power,—in tombs,—in altars. Where these are, wherever is million-fold Existence, there are the forms to which Imagination cleaves.

Thus far, if it should be admitted, as in a certain sense, doubtless, it must, that the acquaintance with poetry quickens Imagination—it may awaken, it may guide, it may embolden, and in the absence of realities, may even feed it—yet is it plain that the elements, great, natural, original, are independent of Poetry.

It is true, that the strong and fertile human mind has also made forms to itself abundantly—peopling this visible, as invisible, worlds: and super-inducing on the powers which Nature owns, others which she acknowledges not. These shapings of thought have been handed down: at first, in the simplicity of belief: and so, in earlier times, has Imagination been nurtured by Faith. Afterwards, the memory of ideas, once received among realities, has remained, as of strangely splendid dreams. *Now*, it becomes a consideration, in what manner the faculty of Imagination shall be reared,—or, to put the same question into its simply philosophical form,—under what influences—of those which offer themselves from many quarters—it will rise up in greatest power and beauty:—whether, suffered to draw nourishment, and find activity, as it may, among realities,—under that name being, of necessity, alike included those present which are visible, those which are past, those which are future:—or whether this memory of DREAMS being also laid open to it?

As History—a part, and a very remarkable one, of the history of the human mind,—a part, not unimportant, of the history of human action,—these products of our spirit may, or inevitably must, be proposed to the knowledge of a mind, seeking all knowledge:—but so proposed,—namely, as errors,—they are perhaps hardly given to Imagination. They admit another method of exposition, which, even whilst they are by Reason acknowledged as fantastic, still procures to them something of the pristine belief. They have been sung by those who believed them; and the song remains to persuade Imagination,

for its own spell-bound hour—let it but give ear—of that which Knowledge disavows. We ask, what is the effect upon the faculty of this method used,—of this imperfect, fugitive belief in disproved illusions? The first grave question,—of essential, incalculable importance,—namely, of the moral nurture of Imagination, we leave, as in regard to Passion, untouched, inquiring, only, how is this faculty formed to its poetical strength?

3.

But, if it be recollected under what view we began to reason concerning the Faculty, it will be perceived that neither does this question explicitly define our search. For we wished to understand not how Imagination might become presently productive—but how—possibly a very different question—it might attain, in the highest degree, its temperament—of Poetry:—how, to re-state the object which it has here been ventured to propose to curiosity, in an age enough self-governed, if such an one might be imagined, to model its powers after its choice, and enough heroically self-disregarding to be willing, in disposing them, to prefer the total of good to its own glory, might that Imagination be formed, which should most conduce to the production of poetry in another age succeeding?—Such an inquiry cannot, it must be owned, be very seriously entertained. For how shall a generation arise that will relinquish, in favour of another, the inborn right to any mode of immortality?—Yet investigation may not be idle, if it yield truth, though to an unattainable application:—since we are concerned in earnest, to know—if, at least, it be of consequence to us to understand anything of the growth, and laws of our faculties—what are causes of one character, what of another, of Imagination.

Let it then, to save delay of argument, be allowed, which seems probably true, that to the mode of Imagination which shall give forth Poetry, these forms, unreal, but once established among realities, which Poetry only has per-

fectly preserved, must be given:—that they must be offered, as only Poetry offers them, in their most perfect preservation, and most prevailing power. Further, that to this same mode certain other intellectual forms, included in Poetry, its produce, and in which itself almost, or in part, subsists, are required. Still it is open to affirm and show that there is another manner of appearing of this principle in us, dependent on other conditions. And if there can exist such another Mode of the same faculty, of which it is not the property to bring forth great works of Arts,—a virtue, only, which lies, and lives, in the mind itself, quickening, nourishing, ministering to its other powers—an Imagination, deep, silent,—that discovers itself indirectly in the whole personal character, entering into passions, which it ennobles,—affections, which it refines,—the understanding, which it animates, enlightens, wings—an Imagination occupying itself with, embracing, loving the realities of every world, and pouring over them beauty, greatness, wonder from inexhaustible sources, that it may love and cleave to them the more—then may it seem that to the faculty, THUS modified, (and this it should seem to be, which intimately penetrating—ensouling—transmuting all forms, visible or intelligible, that are given to the mind, might prepare poetry, which it does not produce,) the full pure tradition of those ancient forms, the rich instruction in these ever newly-springing, might not be indissolubly necessary,—perhaps not serviceable.

Their place would be taken by the bright troop of sportive and serious Spirits, which Nature, the great nursing-mother of all the faculties, has provided to be the mates of young Imagination. Quick Shame that blushes, not with the thought of fault, but with its reverence of others—almost at its own merit,—Pity watching over suffering and joy in all that has sensibility to pleasure and pain,—Love with heart that seems to flow towards all which it looks upon,*—fresh-dawn-

* The reader will hardly forget the beautiful line, which the writer has here remembered,—

————— Eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem'd to love whate'er they look'd upon.

ing gleeful Life, glowing in every pulse, laughing in every look, and drinking in rapture with every silent breath,—Innocence, that, girt with heavenly might, divides its unpolluted self from the tainted world in which it moves, but which it touches not, which it sees not,—pure Pride, that cannot fear—cannot doubt—yet never vaunts—itself,—flower-crowned Mirth, and Hope with the falcon's,—Peace with the dove's eyes,—Liberty with winged feet,—meek Suffering, and mute, gentle Awe—all these—and, when the world coming on has swept them, if it shall have such power, away—the Passions, which it brings in their room, to walk and dwell still in that world the Soul's youth, amongst ruins of its golden Age,—these are under the conduct of the great Nurturer, the fond and dear associates, a part of them at least, in whose midst Imagination, like a young, nobly-companioned prince, rises up to his natural strength, and destined sovereignty.

Most assuredly, there is no ground for questioning whether a power, such as Imagination is, of deep and vital influence, is cared for among the natural provisions of our existence: without being left dependent on rejected errors or ingenious Art. And were the system and regulation of human life with us sound and wholesome, as it is disturbed and hurt, we should see frequently—on every side—this principle of our nature, rising and expanding in beautiful vigour,—a happy, richly-dowered plant, on its own soil, beneath its own sky, tended but by sun and shower.

There are, it will then probably be granted, natural means for the production of that deep and essential Imagination, which is felt through all the mind, and more strongly, more certainly, within than without it.

If any ground has been cleared in our argument by what is said hitherto, let us pass on.

4.

In what has been thus far said, the point proposed has been argued too much at disadvantage: as if the cultivation of the poetical faculties of the mind, among others of Imagination, by Poetry, of which we began speaking, were by Poetry already existing:—whereas the question was much more confined, regarding that

cultivation of any such faculties which takes place by the production of poetry.—There is an Imagination—it has been said, though to have gone into effective proof of the assertion would have led far out of the limits of what is, at best, little more than hasty observation and suggestion—of the utmost importance in the constitution of our mind,—which may be educated, without Poetry, among realities:—and this has been conjectured to be the modification of the faculty, which might be the preparatory cause in one generation of poetry in another, the soil possible to be rendered fit, into which the seeds cast may exert the spirit, and put forth the forms, and imbibe the strength of vitality. Again, there is a deep and splendid cultivation of Imagination by means of the manifold works of Art which it has produced. But this last should seem to lie open to us without the condition of, ourselves, producing further works of the same kind.—Or does it not?—Can an age of Sculpture, only, judge the works of Sculpture?—an age of Poets, the Works of Poets?

We may draw some illustration of this question, from observation upon our own age.

For it must be owned that the present age, singularly prolific of the works of poetry, has attached itself—let us confine the fact for the moment—our consideration of it, rather—to our own country—with proportioned zeal to the study of those bequeathed to it—let us still look but within the boundary of the language,—from elder days. This his own note of the times may vouch to every one. It will hardly admit of doubt, that the same spirit, and no other, which has brought forth in our minds the works of song, has led them also with a more generous, a more genial ardour, to the intelligence and love of the writings of our own earlier Poets. If a like vivification of the zeal of taste has not at the same time been as unequivocally manifested amongst us—but it has had manifestation in other directions—it can yet hardly be less than certain that the same spirit must, and does, carry us, with corresponding eagerness, to the beauty of those writings which hoard the melodies of foreign, or of now silent, tongues. It is the spirit of poetry, in the bosom of one age sympathizing with itself in

the bosom of another—and of nations, similarly—which has thus a two-fold action. But can it appear in either, only by exerting itself in both?—must it, ceasing in the one, fail, as well, in the other?

Will it be said,—This Spirit, which cannot exert itself in works, will die?—Why, old and daily experience has shown that the sensibility to the works of Arts of any kind, the passionate, unfeigned love,—the clear and high intelligence,—are found in those who have not the ability—be that endowment, or skill—to exercise them.—O! it may be answered, but the case is different, here. For these are single minds, which are borne along with their Age. The Spirit of the Age produces: and therefore the Spirit of the Age feels:—or having begun with feeling, is advanced to feel more.—It produces, *and* feels, in one Mind. It feels only, in another.

And—in confirmation—to seek further the grounds of opinion in what we have witnessed, can it be disputed, that the chief poets of our own time, have by their original genius, and bold discovery of new fields of poetry, carried other minds with them; and that what is now poetical in the intellectual temper and attainments of the Age, is so, not solely as the consequence of general influences, but, in some measure also, directly and particularly, in effect of their writings: notwithstanding it may be likewise true, that these writings have arisen, in no small part, under such general influences, and out of a tendency in the Age?—Let this be given, then, as undisputed:—that this present spirit of poetry, whatever it may be, has found its way to be that which it is generally, first in the genius of single minds, which minds numberless have followed;—but let it *now* be therewith recollected that the Poetry of this age has come in part in re-action of—or, to speak no more of its causes, in substitution for—the WANT of the power of Poetry for an age before. *What* characterizes our Poetry?—the description of Nature?—the painting of the more vehement Passions?—Romance in Action?—Thought dwelling in Imagination?—What characterizes our Poetry is the strong return to the sources of Poetry, from which for a long time we had ceased to draw.—Genius has led Taste again to the neglected, but not inac-

cessible, original springs.—But, now, the return is made, Is it feared that the thirst will decline?—that we shall forget the sweet taste of the waters which have so lately slaked it?—or, but for the aid of fresh guides, the wild paths that lead to them?—We have returned. A strong impulse has brought us back to the natural world, to human nature and life, to look for those ever-living materials of Poetry, which they gave to the oldest bards.—In the usual history of Art a period of secondary has succeeded to that of its pristine culture, wherein models,—the works, which it has already formed,—and not Nature,—are the subjects of imitation. We may seem to have passed through this second period, to a third, in which the first re-appears.

It required a great change of thought, generally, and great courage, great reliance on the pointings of their own genius in single minds, to bring to pass amongst us the belief that nature, the lives of men, and the human breast, the worlds which lay open to the great Masters of old, lie still open, and that the powers of sight and insight, which were theirs, *may* be ours.—But the belief won, what reason have we to think that it is in danger to pass away?

This is the question to which we need an answer.—Can the spirit of Poetry live by love?—Does he who treads Alpine, or Norwegian rocks and snows,—who fills his ear with the roarings of cataracts and seas,—who—exchanging luxury for pleasures, purer, livelier, happier, more able to endure—walks among the morning's scattering mists, or bathes eyes and soul in the still moonlight—does he who seeks in solitude communication with his own spirit—who bears in his strong, free, lofty heart, the powers to feel and desire which Nature gave, guarded, ruled, awed,—not contracted and impaired—neither growing in strength amiss, drawn aside, deformed—nor dwarfed and robbed of their strength, by the duties, the tasks, the prizes of the world—he to whom all greatness of human will, of human thought has been disclosed and made familiar—who attentively beholds, and solemnly judges the active and passive, the outward and inward of human life,—and to whom its various aspect is dear—does he cherish in himself the mind of which Genius is born?—one, with which it will

hold commerce?—Does he permit, does he maintain in himself the capacity of Poetry?—Is he one, who may comprehend it written—feel it self-subsisting and diffused through being?—Shall its light fall around his steps?—Shall he inhale its flowing fragrance, with the breathing air?—And if one may, would thousands that should so walk—in degree, as they used the same means—form, and sustain, in themselves, one common spirit?

Can the spirit of Poetry live by love?—Can the power of Genius remain for delight and strength to those, who welcome it but with love?—Is it possible that the wonders of Art may be beheld with adequate, honouring contemplation, with enlightened reverence, perfect sympathy, thought measured to that which produced them, amongst those who should, for whatever cause, have foregone rivalry with them?—May there be in an Age, itself noble, accomplishing with some high, but its own destination, a greatness that shall converse, equally, and in one common language, with the different greatness of every illustrious Age which has preceded it?—If so, our uncertainty is at rest, and we have no further to inquire.

By our return to the sources of Poetry we have gained not knowledge merely, but courage in our knowledge: feeling, which has become a light to thought.—Have these, then, an endurance in themselves?—Can they, for this is what we have asked, subsist, by the relation in which they essentially stand to the nature of our mind,—by their own pleasure,—by their value in our estimation?—Can we, in no way, preserve them—of deliberate purpose—except by busying ourselves, as has been said, to reproduce what we admire?—Is it not, on the contrary, imaginable that we might even less sustain such a spirit by our poetical, diligence, than by our reserve—forbearance—silence?—In our own silence, we hear:—in profoundest stillness, when the soul, all faculty to receive, sits watching in the ear, out of the bosom of the silence rise such low deep harmonies of sound as were unfelt and voiceless erewhile.

Man has not fathomed that which is given him to know, by any faculty, in any species of research.—Being lies before us unfathomable.—

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But the products also of the human mind—as well as the human mind imaged in its productions—are deeper than we have yet sought. The might of Ages, fostered under influences, different from those under which we live, influences which Nature has once exerted, and for ever withdrawn, remains in unmouldering words, subject to our intelligence, inviting our curiosity. If we have room, in the undestroyed past, to stretch the flight of Imagination,—does it not become less necessary for us to explore, or to attempt, new spheres?—If some spirit is sent into the world which can find no rest but in its power, in which forms take life that have not before been shown, called by imperious visions and by haunting melodies of sound, like the ringings of fairy harps from the secret air, to pour forth to wonder-stricken men such chauntings of unseen worlds, as from age to age they hear, there may be no choice for that spirit, but to execute its inborn destiny.—But to the generation, is the call as clear?—Is it certain that we do not by our study of the Muses' service, hide the knowledge which they offer?—Is it not possible that, learners only, we might learn more?—that by abjuring our self-activity, throwing ourselves back, in reflective thought, on the riches we possess, in modesty and reverence, zealous but to be instructed by the pre-eminent teachers, who stand ready to speak—ever speaking—to us,—more bent to receive than to give,—we might, the rather, advance.—Shall one call himself poet,—and Homer but half-read,—Æschylus but half-divined?

May it not, without the trouble of more solicitous inquiry, as an obvious confirmation of the argument held from the very outset, be remarked specifically as characterizing the poetical spirit of our day, that it is rather lively in feeling than intellectually stedfast, or profound?—And do we not by the overflowing abundance of our verse—every spirit, almost, that is ever so lightly touched by *this* concord of sweet sounds, breaking forth into numbers, as the pleasure were the impulse,—increase this vivacity and moveableness of feeling, withdrawing ourselves from the earnest and sometimes painful depth of thought,—and from that depth, too, of feeling, which is not, save where thought is deep?—

R. R.

THE CARBONARO; A SICILIAN STORY.

IN the year 1820, I made an excursion to Sicily. Beginning by Messina; like all travellers, my first object was *Ætna*. I was alone, for to an Englishman who has anything better in view than eternal talking about England, and eternal complaining and contempt of everything out of it, the society of his countrymen is not remarkable for amusement. On the roads round *Ætna*, a genuine man of Bond Street would be heart-broken and eloquent beyond all endurance. Beds, provisions, handmaids, inn-keepers, the whole inn establishment would throw him into an ague, and his listener into an abhorrence of the faculty of speech. For those reasons I determined to travel alone, taking my chance for brown bread, banditti, *lingua Franca*, and the innumerable colonists that Sicilian beds have been heirs to since their first animation.

After leaving the shore, I soon plunged into the heart of those defiles that lie like ridges of some stormy sea suddenly fixed in its tossings round the base of the mighty mother of volcanoes. Classic associations are thick sown in this land, and the man who suddenly lifting his eye from the depths of one of these valleys of coloured marble, and verdure of all the hues of the rainbow, to the mountain above, rising, like a pillar of the very heavens, through cloud and sunshine, itself crowned with its peculiar cloud, that, as the darkness comes on, turns, like the pillar of the Israelites, into fire, may remember that upon that shade by day, and flame by night, half the heroes of the bard and the historian have looked in their time;—that Homer may have wondered at it from his galley, and dreamed of gods ascending and descending; that Hannibal may on his rounds have counted the night-watches by it, with thousands of Moorish faces beside him, gazing on the splendours of this inexhaustible conflagration;—that it flashed upon the volume in Cicero's hand, and might have given Cæsar an emblem of his own dazzling and consuming ambition;—that Virgil had climbed it;—and that Napoleon, he to whom it would have been a fitting throne, had seen it colouring the night from his prison.

Ætna does not always flame, but it

is never without its own crown of vapour. A broad, deep, rolling wreath, that in the strong sunshine of noon almost rivals the colour of gold, and in the Italian evening looks a rosy throne for all the spirits of mythology. Olympus, noble as its frowning and rugged peaks are, is earthly, compared to this true seat of the court of Jove.

But this cloud sometimes looks angry and keeps its promise. On one of the evenings that I had destined to exploring a branch of the *Val di Nota*, I had scarcely climbed half up the first precipice that rises over the Casa di Madonna del Pianto, well-known to all travellers, when I saw my guide plunging down as fast as he could among the shrubs, and pointing to the Casa. On my overtaking him, he explained the cause of speed, by pointing to the mountain, whose summit had grown unusually dark, in the midst of one of the most brilliant Mediterranean heats. As nothing could stop his movements towards the house, and as explanation between his mountain jargon and my imperfect Italian was hopeless, I let him take his way, and followed to the convent. There his first act was to throw himself on his knees before the image of the Virgin that sits in primæval blackness in the portico, and his next was to solicit some brandy from the attendant at the gate. Night had come on before he felt his devotions or his alarm sufficiently indulged; and I had no other resource than the common and easy one of trusting to the Conventuals for the night's hospitality.

The friars, who are often lively fellows, and glad to see a traveller for the double purpose of hearing the news and disposing of their wine at a fair price, were, as usual, hospitable, and congratulated me on having reached their roof in good time. My guide had been in the right, for in a few minutes the wind began to blow with tremendous violence, and short heavy gushes of rain dashed against the lattices. Other fugitives soon came rushing in, and the supper-table exhibited a curious variety of physiognomies, from the placid superficiality of the German, up to the eager torment of the Frenchman's face, and the strenuous sensitiveness of the man of Italy. The storm deepened, and before

we had closed our by no means silent entertainment, its roars and gusts had extinguished all lighter topics, and the few that spoke, spoke only of the congenial themes, avalanches, eruptions, and “perils by land and sea.”

To the natives, the present visitation gave only feelings of alarm, but to me, this “hurlyburly of the elements” was an adventure. A storm on *Ætna* was irresistible; it was the very thing that I had crossed the British Channel, and left the quiet pastures and smooth fatness of my indigenous land, to see. I therefore determined to sit out the tempest, and ordering a couple of bottles of their best wine, astonished the brotherhood and their guests by my “temptation of Providence,” in watching the whole phenomenon from my *croisée*.

One Italian was the only person whom my example wrought up into curiosity, and we took our seats at the open window, in full sight of the summit of the mountain, which had already changed its crown of vapour for a crown of lightning, of colours innumerable, azure, white, and of the most vivid and blood-red brilliancy, that whirled and sprang abroad, and again reverted, and flew round like a gigantic wheel of flame. My fellow-gazer had been a *militaire* in the service of Napoleon; and something that I accidentally said of the likeness of the great usurper’s fortunes to the transient flashes now playing above us, led him to open the store of recollections of which every *vieux moustache* is full. He had followed Napoleon to Elba, had returned with him, had seen his star cast down in Belgium, and had finally found misfortune reaching himself in the shape of disbandment, and present suspicion. He was now exiled from Naples, under the imputation of attachment to Murat, and was not perfectly determined whether his next direction should be east or west, China, or the Illinois.

“They suspected you of being a Carbonaro,” said I.

“Why, Mister Englishman, when a man has commanded a regiment of cavalry for six campaigns; has scoured over Europe in the train of a conqueror, from Cadiz to Moscow, and lived like a prince all the time, he may dislike being reduced to walk on foot, live like a beggar, and brush his own coat. Carbonaro, indeed! How can

a man help thinking of the past, and comparing that vivid, bold, brilliant son of fortune (rogue as he undoubtedly was) with these tame, domestic, feather-headed—But let that pass. Carbonaro!—Diavolo!—let them call me what they will.”

The Italian’s pale and hollow face had swelled with haughty expression; his eyes darted fire; his hands were clenched, and bounding from his seat, he rather *charged* than paced about the room. In another moment, all this was changed, and with true Italian versatility he flung himself back on his seat, laughing at what he called his “extravaganza.” “But,” said he, “it is well that it was not performed before any of the cowed gentlemen below stairs, for this very house was the scene of an extraordinary affair but a few years ago.”

I begged for the story, which I preferred, as an alleviation, to his politics; and he indulged me at length, which I have tried to condense into the following outline.

Two years ago, the whole Sicilian world rang with the beauty of Carolina Visconti, the only daughter of the richest man in Catania. In this island, alliances are made by fathers and mothers, without much consideration of the choice of sons and daughters. But Carolina was of a loftier temperament than to take any gouty old grandee, or young and disagreeable profligate, on the opinion of others; and the rejections which the whole tribe of the Catanese nobles and fortune-hunters received, will be felt by some of them as a stain upon their coats-of-arms, till they lie where they make love no longer.

At length the man of her heart came. A gallant lieutenant of mine; he had made a summer excursion with me to the Calabrias; and tempted by the sight of the mountain, we came over to the island. At a ball given at Messina, we saw this beauty. She was certainly extremely handsome; a noble Greek countenance—a profusion of the richest chesnut hair, falling over eyes made for setting hearts on fire—a magnificent figure—altogether a being of sparkling and splendid beauty. The general admiration was now accounted for, and I contributed my share, of course. As belonging to the hussars of the Italian guard, the two strangers were received with due ho-

nour. I had the hand of the governor's lady, to my infinite mortification; and my subaltern danced with the Sicilian wonder. Vivaldi was handsome enough for a soldier, lively, and had gained decorations in his campaigns. But he had higher merits; and a nobler heart did not exist in mortal.

On this night his fate was decided. He had loved and been loved by a whole host of the fairest of the fair; but I had never seen his gaiety lowered for a moment. On this night, however, he came home out of spirits. I saw that the arrow was shot to the head, and as advice is always troublesome, and in such a case is absurd, I left matters to take their course. He went to no more balls, but had suddenly taken a prodigious fondness for sighing, walking in the woods, guitar-playing at unreasonable hours, and all the other received modes of desperate passion. In short, he became so bad a companion, that I left him to his lucubrations, and looked for pleasure alone. One evening at a masquerade, a note was put into my hand with the words,—“Your friend is in danger—take him out of the island!” Sicilian vengeance is formidable. But Vivaldi laughed at hazard, and continued his romance. On the next night, as I was watching the moonrise over Rheggio, I heard a tumult, and found my unlucky friend brought home bleeding from a shot fired at him under his mistress's window.

The affair was inquired into of course, but as to arrest every would-be assassin on this occasion would have been to seize half the noblesse, detection and punishment were alike impossible. At this crisis an order arrived to join the regiment without loss of time, as it was on march for the North. Vivaldi's wound rendered it impossible for him to be moved for some time, and I was obliged to leave him in the hands of his surgeon. The fair Carolina had been put into a convent on the first rumour of this love-business. But—“Heavens! look there!” A flash of fierce lightning burned round the chamber. Well might he cry out. The storm had lulled as rapidly as it rose; but it was followed by a display a thousand times more superb and awful. A small cloud of the most intense blackness had risen from the crater, and had been for some time quietly settling in a variety of shapes

above the mountain. One might have seen some similitude in its fantastic and almost solid fabric, figured all over with innumerable feeble streaks of blue light, to the huge throne of an Indian idol; its black was complete ebony. The thunder still growled above; and while our eyes were fixed on the throne, its rightful lord seemed to ascend and take possession. A column of the most dazzling white flame rose majestically from the brow of *Ætna*, with its base still on the mountain, and its forehead in the very Heavens. The black vapours were the back ground to this apparition, and their wavering masses growing thinner as they rose, floated broadly on the air above. “Satan himself in full wing,” exclaimed the Italian; and his idea showed the picturesque eye of his country. The light from this tremendous shape threw a new-born day over the whole country—every hill, every dwelling, almost every tree, was frightfully visible. The pictures in the remotest nook of our little apartment were seen with minute distinctness—a little *Madonna* under a pavilion, which scarcely showed her in the noon-day, was now quivering in a flood of illumination. From the noises in the convent we found that the whole house was alarmed; and the melancholy tolling of the bell to prayers mingled a painful and sepulchral character with this sublime terror.

But at length a sudden gust of wind tore its way among the clouds above, wrapped this splendid phantom in tenfold night; and, after a brief struggle of the elements, a torrent of rain, that fell like a solid sheet of water, drove this incarnation of the Evil genius down to his cavern again. In a few minutes all was stillness but the sound of the service going on in the chapel below; and all was utter darkness, till the moon came floating and stooping through the clouds like a reconciling spirit, and, from the ridge of the hills above *Euphemia*, threw a long line of brightness over the Strait, and the eastern side of *Ætna*.

The Italian renewed his story. “Of what follows,” said he, “I was of course not an eye-witness; but I can assure you,” and he smiled, “my authority is unimpeachable.”

There was a *Marchese Spontini* at that time in the island, a showy and

expensive profligate of high life. His connexion with the Ventiniglia family gave him countenance among the Sicilians. But report had assigned him a history of a very dubious kind. It was known that he had been an agent of France in the Republican conquest of Italy, and had even figured among the Jacobin Club of Paris. At Naples, he had appeared like a potentate, and kept up an establishment that was probably among the chief spoils of the State Treasury. But he had been at length charged with speculation; and the French, who were delicate enough not to suffer any plunderers but themselves, called him to account. But the witnesses suddenly disappeared; and whether they were carried up the mountains, or sent to feed the tunnies in the bay, is still to be discovered. The Marchese shone out on this escape, like a snake that had cast his skin, more glittering than ever. But he was unluckily devoted to the fair sex; and as the consummation of his ill luck, he became the adorer of the prettiest *danseuse* of the theatre, who had already an adorer in Monsieur le General Commandant. The Frenchman felt insulted by the rivalry of any Italian in the creation; and a file of grenadiers, walking into the Marchese's bed-room one morning, delivered him to a couple of mounted *gen-d'armes* in the street, who never lost sight of him till he was placed on the other side of the Alps.

On the change of affairs he returned, lurked for a while in the precincts of the Court at Naples, then all at once started up from beggary and obscurity into the full honours of a court favourite. He was handsome, daring, superbly prodigal, and a scoundrel. To which of those qualities he owed his elevation, I honour greatness too much to say. But we were then ruled by women; and Il Don Giovanni would have been Prime Minister in any Italian Court for the last century.

But a younger or handsomer politician finally superseded the Marchese, and he was honourably dismissed to be governor of the Southern Military Division of this island.

His passion for so celebrated a beauty as Carolina Visconti was instantly lighted; and for the first time, he thought of shackling himself with the heavy bonds of matrimony. But La Carolina had the spirit that was pic-

tured in her lofty countenance, and she refused the governor; a most extraordinary thing in Sicily. Nay, she did worse, and made no scruple of allowing it to go forth that she had a contempt for the man. The arrival of the hussar officers was a topic among the opulent and idle; and the Marchese had watched their impression. La Carolina's dancing with my unlucky friend sealed the new rival's death-warrant, and our movements had been watched till the hour of Vivaldi's wound.

"I think," said the Italian, "that if the moon were to get up a little beyond that peak, you might catch a glimpse of the palace, where the curious scene I am going to mention occurred."

I looked; but the moon, the "inconstant moon," that "touched with silver all the fruit-tree tops," showed me nothing but an endless succession of forest, that, as the wind bowed it from time to time, rolled like billows rising in long ridges of foam. The Italian was not to be persuaded that my eyes were less dexterous than his own eagle ones; and he pointed to what he called the pinnacles of the palazzo, rising from its groves on the verge of the sea. I was still baffled; but a fleet of fishing-boats that had put out on the first subsiding of the storm, amply repaid me for the search. At every sinking of the moon behind the clouds that still dragged their heavy masses over the heavens, this fairy fleet disappeared; and on the first emergence of the light above, the water, blue as a violet, seemed covered with silver wings, some fixed, some fluttering in circles, some speeding along. I thought of the procession of Amphitrite and her nymphs, floating in their canopies and cars. We were in a land of brilliant fable, and here was one of its most brilliant fancies almost realized. There was music too; for the sounds of the fishery, the cries of the seamen in working their vessels, and the general hum of active life, heard in the silence of the night, came on the wind, softened into no inharmonious concert. Here was the "Mermaid on the Dolphin's back;" and a broad meteor that struck down between two thunderloads, and lighted up the whole horizon with blue, gave us Shakspeare's delicious picture alive.

In this palazzo, (said my compa-

nion,) for some time before the grand outbreak in the north of Italy, political meetings were frequently held at night, for the propagation of what principles I shall not say; but the suspicious of the miserable government of the island were as much awake, as their fears of taking any public step against a body which comprehended three-fourths of the thinking men of the community. It will surprise you more to know that the palazzo was the actual residence of the Governor, and that his Excellency was one of the most active of the conspirators, if such we must call them. My friend the Lieutenant cared no more for politics, than he cared for the discovery of the longitude; an English sabre, or a Spanish jennet, would have won him from the hope of a crown; and in his present state of mind, he would have given them all for a sight of his captivating Carolina.

The Marchese had been among the first to pay him a visit of condolence on his misfortune; and as the sea air was thought essential to his recovery, Vivaldi at length accepted the invitation to be master of a suite of rooms under his Excellency's roof. There he found himself in the midst of the profuse luxury of an Italian noble. Every day was a fete on a greater or less scale; all was high life, high spirits, and high play. The Marchese was sometimes absent, and absent during the entire night; but the festivity, whatever it might lose in animation, lost nothing in pomp, and the absence of the superb entertainer was accounted for on the innumerable dispatches that were pouring in hourly from Naples, then notoriously on the verge of a convulsion.

Parties on the sea sometimes succeeded the suppers; and nothing can exceed the luxury of inhaling the cool breeze after the burning atmosphere of the Saloon! One evening, at supper, a fragment of paper was laid under Vivaldi's cover, with the words—"Swear not at all." This piece of unexpected morality was taken for a pleasantry of some of the fair enslavers, who sat "the richest flowerets of the feast," and was forgotten. The barges were announced, and the whole party went on the water. By apparent accident there was no lady on board of Vivaldi's barge, and he found him-

self embarked with half a dozen strangers, who soon struck into politics. The dispute rapidly grew hot and high, and the Lieutenant was at length compelled to interpose. But to reconcile the debaters was found impossible, and one of them, an orator of peculiar violence, insisted on being rowed to shore.

By this time all sight and sound of the rest of the party had been lost, and, anxious to rejoin them, Vivaldi ordered the helm to be turned to the first landing-place. As the barge ran in, a light glimmered from the rocks, and a whistle was heard. To the Lieutenant's surprise, all the disputants now seemed to have made up their minds to go on shore together. The landing-place was precipitous, and a large cave opened in front, into which the sea burst with a roar. Vivaldi remonstrated with the helmsman on his choice of a port, and stood up to reinforce his remonstrance by taking the helm into his own charge. At that instant a cloak was thrown over his head from behind, his hands were pinioned, and he was flung on the bottom of the boat. He felt it suddenly rush on, and after a plunge among the breakers, reach smooth water. The chillness of the air, and the dead silence, told him that they had left the open sea. After a short, and from the frequent changes of the helm, apparently an intricate navigation, he was set on his feet, and led through a passage so low that he was obliged to stoop. A strange and hollow voice now pronounced over him, "Let our brother feel the mighty instruments of terror to tyrants, and of salvation to their people." His hand was grasped, and laid upon a sabre and a pen. The voice then uttered, "Let our brother hear the sorrows and the vengeance of enslaved Italy." A pause ensued; and the air was suddenly filled with groans, execrations, and the clashing of swords. The voice then spoke for the third time. "Let our brother behold the fruit of wisdom and valour." A distant sound of thunder was heard. The cloak was torn from his head, and he saw before him a representation of a palace, on which a thunderbolt had burst. Flames rose over the roof, and it crumbled into ashes. When the smoke had cleared away, there was seen rising to the

sound of music an altar, with the statue of Liberty, and covered with Republican inscriptions.

The assembly, seated in this subterranean amphitheatre, struck him as a still more remarkable sight. He might have believed himself in the midst of a general summoning of all the heroes and patriots of antiquity from their graves. He saw round him all the proud and marked physiognomies that have become familiar to us by busts and gems. Every figure wore some antique costume, and the fasces and the caduceus, the thunderbolt and the lyre, were hung at the sides of a kind of throne, on which sat a tall and majestic figure, with the countenance of the younger Brutus.

Vivaldi was as gallant a hussar as ever drew sabre; and our corps were well enough accustomed to fire and smoke, not to have much to learn on these points. But he was not prepared for all this. His first idea, on being seized, was, that he had fallen in some unaccountable way under the suspicion of the state, and was about to be drowned or strangled. But his arms were fastened to his back; his mouth was covered close, and as struggle was useless, he resigned himself to what he thought inevitable. The sudden emergence from total darkness into dazzling light, the voices, the strange, half-spectral look of the assembly; and, in addition to all these, a heavy and opiate richness, that filled the air from the perfumes burning on the altar, bewildered his brain. While he stood in this waking dream, unknowing whether he was to be the proselyte or the victim, the figure on the throne addressed him in a harangue on the hopes of Italian regeneration. Its language was wild and firm, but wrapped in that mystery which excites a deeper impression than eloquence in an ardent and inexperienced spirit. When Vivaldi subsequently repeated some parts of it to me, I found nothing but the commonplaces of the subject, those sounding phrases that we find every day in the journals of Liberalism. But your greatest philosopher has said, that "all things are received according to the measure of the recipient," and the hearer on this occasion was wound up to the height of the preternatural.

The orator now called on Vivaldi to

take the oath to the "Redemption of Italy."

"Advance, true brother, gallant warrior, generous sage, to the altar of your country, and in the names of their mighty ancestors, who sit round you; by the manes of Brutus, and Poplicola, of Aristogeiton and Demosthenes, of that Socrates, who brought philosophy down from heaven, and of that Plato, who raised human wisdom to divine; by the fates of the glorious republics past, and the more glorious ones to come;—swear to be faithful to the great cause by day and by night, in wealth or in poverty, in health and sickness, in freedom and in the dungeon, in peace and in battle, in the palace and in the cottage, in life and death—Swear." A broader light flamed round the throne. The perfumes on the altar threw up a richer smoke. The air was filled with music. The whole assembly rose from their circles with the slowness of rising apparitions, and the whole repeated in a low murmur, "Swear." Vivaldi, overpowered by the spell, tottered forwards to the altar, and laid his hand upon the sword. At that instant a faint struggle was heard in the distance, and the words, "Swear not at all," followed by a faint scream, sounded in his ear. He started back from the altar. There was sudden confusion in the cavern. The lights were extinguished at once, and in a few minutes the whole assembly had vanished, as if they had sunk through the eternal rock of the walls.

After a long pilgrimage through the bowels of the cavern, Vivaldi at last wound his way out into the moonlight, and found himself in one of the pleasure-grounds of the palazzo. Whatever might have been his surprise, he was glad to find that his adventures were not to be extended farther for the night, and he betook himself to his bed with the thankfulness of a campaigner, escaping a night's rest, where all the curtains are the clouds of Heaven. When he awoke next morning, he found the whole household in a state of confusion. The Marchese had received dispatches from Naples during the night, ordering his immediate attendance, and had gone off. The court-yard was soon cleared of the equipages of the noble guests, and among the rest, Vivaldi,

who had seen no one with whom he could communicate on the night's occurrence, returned, wearied and wondering, to his home.

Carolina Visconti's confinement in the convent had not impaired her resolution, and some subsequent overtures of the Marchese were repelled with even additional scorn. These transactions are generally carried on through the confessors, and La Carolina had haughtily commanded the saintly father who bore his Excellency's proposals, never to appear in her presence again. This was a rare assumption of authority; but she had the look of a queen, and even the pillars of the church shook before her. A more disinterested confessor appeared in his place, and the ears of the imperial La Carolina was disturbed no more. But one morning he found her in the most tremendous agitation; her radiant ringlets all disordered, her cheek alternately burning and pale, her eye sunk into her head.

The reverend father had become a sort of friend by a course of civilities, bringing her news from home, books, and obtaining some privileges not usually granted to these fair prisoners. He now endeavoured to ascertain the cause of her anxieties.

"Daughter, I have called on you this morning to confess you, before I take my leave for some time. I am ordered by the prior to a mission at Trepani."

La Carolina looked surprised, but made no other answer than an inclination of the head.

"Come, my child," said the Confessor, "there is some weight on your mind. Repose your sorrows in the ear of the Church, that knows how to forgive, and that alone can console."

She was still silent, but as she paced the cell, her gesture was expressive of deep perturbation.

"There is news abroad," said the Father. "Insurrections are whispered about, and troops are said to be under orders from Reggio."—He was silent for a while.—"There have been powerful names mentioned. The Ventriniglia, the Montefiore; nay, the Butera. But the populace on those occasions say everything. No man of rank can escape. It is even said that there were some strange doings last night."

He slowly raised his grey eye to her

countenance, and as she caught it, a flush of crimson spread down to her very bosom.

"Strange doings indeed," she unconsciously murmured, and then fell into musing, and stood with her hands twined in each other.

"You are feverish, my child," said the Father in a soothing tone, "and should take advice. But the scirocco has been blowing all night, and nothing can resist it. I hope that this night will not be like the last."

"Santa Maria forbid!" said the lady, sinking on her knee, and lifting up her hands to Heaven.

"Now, daughter, my time draws to its close. Make your confession. Have you longed for the pomps and vanities of the world since you have been here?"

"Never, for a moment," was firmly replied.

"Have you read any of those books that the heretic English, and the half heretic French, are scattering round the island?"

"None, holy Father."

"Have you never regretted the equipages, the crowd of attendants, the titles, the jewels, the universal homage, that would have been yours, if you had accepted the——"

La Carolina anticipated the name, by half rising from her knee, and with a look less like an acknowledgment than a solemn pledge, sternly pronounced, "Never! No poverty could be so poor, no humiliation so degraded, no suffering so bitter, as to make me ever form a wish to be the wife of that traitor and murderer."

The crimson of her cheek had sunk into deadly pale, and her eye had lost its almost spiritual brightness before the Confessor again spoke.

"Daughter, sentiments like those do you honour. With sentiments like these, the holy virgins, the pride and glory of the church, went to the scaffold and the stake. St Ursula, and St Agnes, died uttering such sublime vows. St Catherine, with the wheel before her, and the fire under her feet, would not receive the impious proposals of the heathen. Blessed is the praise of that more than vestal purity, that will own no earthly spouse, but, like the flame on the altar, points all its holy ardours above. Could they have done this, if their hearts were not as the hearts of those

who neither marry nor are given in marriage?"—He paused, and cast a glance upon the penitent; but her eye was fixed upon the ground.

He returned to the topic. "Could they have been the glory of the past, and the light of the future, if they could have stooped their thoughts to our perishing, worthless, and sinful nature? Your heart, my daughter, is like——"

"Oh, not like theirs, holy Father," sighed the penitent, as she plunged her face in her hands, the tears absolutely gushing through her fingers. "Oh, not like theirs," she murmured, "for I love!"

"What do I hear, holy saints!" ejaculated the Father as he flung himself back in his chair.

"Wildly, devotedly, for life and death I love."

"And if not the Marchese Spontini, whom?"

She shuddered, and seemed fainting; the Confessor raised her from the ground, gave her some water, and as she recovered, again inquired the name.

It was the name of my Lieutenant.

The Confessor gave a deep sigh over human frailty, and painfully acknowledged that the eye of youth was not to be restrained by the cautious wisdom of age, and holy seclusion.

"But, dear daughter, have you known this stranger long? the habits of a soldier's life are seldom favourable to a single passion. May he not have loved others less lovely; nay, may he not at this moment be following his giddy fancies among the fair daughters of the island?"

La Carolina cast an instinctive glance at the mirror; and who that saw her could think of her finding a rival? She was the perfection of Italian beauty. There was victory in her radiant smile.

The Confessor obtained the whole story of their loves; the secret meetings, the serenades, the exchange of letters, the plans of retiring from Sicily to the Milanese, where Vivaldi's connexions lay. The father listened to the whole detail, which La Carolina gave with the delighted confidence of young passion.

"And now," said he, rising from his seat, and in a voice of sudden authority, "I command you, daughter,

to discard this man from your heart, for he is a villain!"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at her feet, she could not have been more overwhelmed. She felt her senses failing her, and as if she had determined to know the whole depth of her misfortune before she carried it with her to the grave, she flew to the casement, and gasping for air, bade him reveal this whole horrid secret.

The Confessor then, in the meekest tone, and with the tenderest reluctance to hurt her feelings by abrupt disclosure, suffered himself to be led, question by question, into a highly coloured detail of the festivities under the roof of the Marchese. Vivaldi was described as the most animated of the company, and repaying the general admiration by the most particular attentions. The names of some women, of equally elevated rank and dubious character, were forced from the unwilling narrator, and before he left the apartment, the lovely penitent was in a state bordering upon a broken heart.

In the evening he returned, for he had found it impossible to leave her in that state of mind, and had luckily prevailed on his prior to send another of the brethren to Trepani as his substitute. He found La Carolina recovered from her dejection, but the fever of her heart seemed to have been only transferred to her brain. She had assumed a light and fantastic gaiety—talked of the morning's discovery with something of contemptuous ridicule—and, wiping away a tear, which she declared was the last that she should ever shed, avowed herself tired of the monotony of the cloister, and willing to return into the living world. The Confessor was "charmed with so salutary a renovation," and while he regretted that "single blessedness should lose so fair an ornament," yet allowed that "convents were not made for all minds."

He now turned to an *escritoire*, to write a note to her father, communicating the change. But he had scarcely written a line when his hand was arrested. The hand which seized it was as cold as ice. La Carolina stood over him. The face to which he looked up was of sepulchral paleness, its intensely black eyes shot upon him as if they could read his soul, and the Con-

fessor felt himself in the power of a lunatic.

"Can I have been deceived!" said she in a shuddering tone. "There is treachery in every wind that blows over this island. There is treachery in the palace, but there is tenfold treachery in the convent. As you hope to leave this spot a living man, tell me, have I not been deceived?" As she spoke, she drew a stiletto from her robe, and held it glittering in the Confessor's gaze. He was silent, and unable to resist. But the passion of the moment had already fled, the stiletto dropped on the ground, and this fair and unhappy creature flung herself on the fauteuil, imploring pardon of Heaven and the holy man for the outrage. He saw that the time for deadly conviction had arrived, and it was not wasted. He drew from his bosom some letters.

"Daughter, I would not willingly add to your distress. But you doubted my story of the guilt of that man, to whom, in an unguarded moment, you had given your innocent affections. Do you recognize this hand?"

She glanced over the papers with a burning look. "It is the Signior Vivaldi's," was the answer.

"Then read what he has written."

It was a letter to a celebrated widow, the Lady Aurelia Metzi, of remarkable beauty, and known to have been the mistress of the Marchese. It concluded with some sarcastic rallery upon Vivaldi's desertion of La Carolina, and a contemptuous description of her portrait, which appeared to have been among the lover's sacrifices at the shrine of this new mistress.

La Carolina read the satire with a bitter smile, and returned it. At length she said, with an effort, "This letter must be a forgery. My portrait could not have been given up to be insulted. He may have forgotten me, but he is not—villain enough to have done this."

The Confessor drew a small box from his bosom. She watched it with a dry, dilated eye, as it was slowly unfolded from a succession of papers. But suspense at length grew agony; she grasped it, tore open the last envelope, and with a wild laugh sank on the floor. She did not faint; she uttered no exclamation, but sat gazing on the fatal evidence, with one hand holding it steadily before her, while

with the other she waved the Confessor away. But there was no attempt on his part to approach, he would have as soon approached a flash of lightning. She at length laid down the portrait, and said, "Now, sir, conduct me to the world—or to my grave; which you please."

But the Confessor had a farther purpose. He remained with her for an hour, and by alternate reasoning, and wily appeals to her insulted spirit, at length extracted an account of the scene of Vivaldi's encounter with the Carbonari, to which she had been conveyed, she knew not by what means, the night before, and from which, after having been from an adjoining chamber an eye-witness of the whole overpowering ceremony, she had been brought in the same mysterious manner. The Confessor took down her evidence, and withdrew.

On the same night Vivaldi was seized in his bed by an order from the government, and flung into a dungeon of this convent, which had then been for some time used for the concealment of criminals whom it might be inconvenient to expose to the public knowledge. His arrest was accompanied with the additional instruction, that as his being affiliated with the Carbonari was ascertained upon the most unanswerable testimony, he was to be shot within twelve hours.

The life of a soldier is a bill of exchange, always payable on demand, and Vivaldi had faced death familiarly for years. But he had made up his mind to die by a cannon-ball, and this obscure mode of leaving the world roused up his bold spirit to indignation. He threatened all the monks, nuns, and nobles in the island, with the vengeance of the regiment; and finally swore, that if he must die, it must be by public trial, and in sight of his accusers.

This would have been refused, but there was an object to be answered by its admission; and to his request that a letter should be delivered to Carolina Visconti, the priest attending let out upon him the whole intelligence at once, that his beloved was the witness against him. This produced a storm of rage: he called the reverend father a tool of liars and assassins, execrated the desperate cruelty that could thus doubly strike the heart of a dying man, called down the vengeance of

human nature on the corrupt and sanguinary injustice of the tribunals, and still demanded proof.

The priest withdrew, and La Carolina, dressed in mourning, and scarcely able to stand, was led in. Vivaldi sprung towards her, and flung his arms round her neck with wild delight. She stood silent, and no more resisted, nor returned his embrace, than if she had been a statue. He drew back, and gazed on her in sad silence.

"My love," said he, "I did not think that our next meeting would have been here. But you look pale, and I fear you have been unhappy."

She hung her head upon his shoulder, and sighed as if her heart was breaking.

He pressed his lip to her cheek, and they remained for some time in this deep rapture of sorrow. At length he broke the silence, and taking her hand, said, "My Carolina, as it was the hope of my soul that you should be my wife, here let us—ay, even in this dungeon—take hands and pledge ourselves to heaven."

She withdrew her hand with a convulsive motion.

"We can at least die together," murmured he, as he sought the retiring hand.

"It was to die I came," were the words uttered by the disconsolate girl.

"Here swear, then, that you will be my wife;" and he knelt before her.

"Your wife!" she exclaimed, starting back with a shriek, "Your wife! I who am your murderess!"

He looked dismayed, but she seemed to have found all her strength of mind, and pointing to a stone seat, made him sit down, and with a frightful composure went through the whole detail of what she called her "treachery." They sat together for an hour, during which Vivaldi had cleared up the mystery of the letters and the picture—the one as having been forged, and the other stolen from the jeweller, with whom it had been left to be reset with some of her hair. There was in all this a strange mixture of delight and agony; and the passion of these two noble creatures never burned with a more intense flame than at the period when it was so near extinction for ever. The world was utterly forgotten, when the roll of a muffled drum struck on their ear. La Caro-

lina, starting at the sound, flung herself into her lover's arms, determined not to be separated from him even in the grave. A hasty step came forward from the door, at which a figure had been long listening unseen in the twilight of the dungeon. "The time is come," said he; "yours, sir, to die the death of a traitor, and yours, signora, to obey the will of your friends, and insult men of honour no more." He attempted to force her away. Vivaldi sprung upon him with the fury of a tiger. In the struggle, his hand struck off the intruder's mask, and he saw the Marchese! He exclaimed, "Spontini!" "So, have you found me, then," muttered his antagonist, drawing a pistol from his bosom. Vivaldi grasped it, and with Carolina fainting on his arm, had the vigour and dexterity to wrest it from his hand. Spontini, foaming with wrath, drew another, but before he could pull the trigger, Vivaldi had fired—the roof was covered with the villain's brains.

The door lay open—there was a chance of escape, as if by the hand of Providence. Vivaldi put on the dead man's mask, flung the cloak over his shoulder, and carrying his mistress in his arm, made his way up from the vault. All impediment seemed to have been carefully removed. He met neither monk nor military in the house. The garden gate was open; he saw at a short distance some grooms with horses; they made signs to him to approach. Whether friends or enemies he must venture. No words were exchanged. The men wore masks, and were evidently placed there for some sinister purpose. Vivaldi mounted a led horse, his mistress was placed on another, and they all set off at full gallop to the shore. There a barge was lying, with its sails up, ready for instant flight. The attendants put them on board, and the barge flew before the wind.

"My regiment," said the Italian, "had been ordered to Lucca; and in one of the intervals of service, a party of us had gone down to spend a day or two at Livorno. We had been straying on the sea-shore, when our eyes were caught by the richness and swift sailing of a felucca, a highly gilded and ornamented thing, that swept like a feather along the water. We rode to meet it at the landing-place, when I heard my name called

out by a wild-looking figure, as sal-low-faced as an Indian, covered with beard, and thin as a greyhound. Conceive our astonishment, when we found that it was our comrade, the gallant Lieutenant Vivaldi, in proper person. His companion was my disdainful flame, and the general Sicilian wonder, the loveliest of the lovely, the bewitcher of all hearts, Carolina Visconti. Her splendid and commanding beauty had been a little diminished by the convent scenes; but the sea air, the delight of escape, and the security in which she found herself at once, gave her features a sort of redundant and sparkling happiness, that was, I think, much nearer to the soul. Her beauty was *poetic*. We all agreed, that if Canova would make an Image of Animated Pleasure, she was the finest model in the world. For her loveliness there was but one word among us all, 'Fascination.'

"The secret history of the whole transaction is not difficult to one acquainted with the scenes that for the last half dozen years have been playing in this unucky island. That mountain," said he, pointing to *Ætna*, whose brow was now growing rosy in the first dawn, "is not an unfair emblem of the whole national spirit. Luxuriant and even noble qualities with an eternal fire within, sometimes bursting out to the devastation of what, Heaven knows, has been sufficiently devastated already, and at all times gnawing away the bowels of the land. The only difference, I am afraid, is, that daylight will never rise upon it.

"Spontini was a profligate, who loved women, and had determined on making himself master of La Carolina. This he might have tried in ordinary cases by his ordinary means of bribery or violence. But his open rejection, and her unguarded preference of another, had put him upon the exercise of a cooler but more complete vengeance. Nothing is more extraordinary than the prodigal waste of brains

in which a thorough genius among my countrymen will indulge, when scorn has put him on his mettle. Spontini had resolved to give his rival over to the scaffold; but this was not enough, he resolved to make his mistress lead him there. For that purpose, he had plunged him into a meeting of the Carbonari, who assembled, masqued as Greeks and Romans, weekly, under his very banquetting-room; Spontini being in fact at once a Carbonaro and a spy, and thus providing for himself, however matters might turn out. La Carolina was hurried from her convent, which dared refuse no request of this powerful reprobate, to stand as a future witness against her unfortunate lover. In infinite terror, and with a dagger at her throat, she had suppressed all exclamation at the scene, till her horror of his undoing forced out the words, "Swear not at all!" By whom they had been placed before him at supper he could never discover. The coincidence, however, prevented his taking the oath. The rest followed as a matter of course.

"Spontini had come in disguise into the dungeon, for the scarcely less than infernal purpose of delighting himself with the last agonies of the parties. His exultation, however, was too irrestrainable, and his coming forwards a few minutes too soon exposed him to the pistol, which will never do a more deserved act of justice, though it should be the succedaneum for all modes of sending a scoundrel out of the world. The grooms and the barge were arrangements of the Marchese for carrying off La Carolina to a retreat among the Appenines, where, I believe from my soul, that he had once figured as an experimentalist on the purses of merchants and travellers from your own rich and locomotive country. But it is day. The matins are ringing; and unless we go to bed, we shall be both set down for Carbonari. Addio, signior."

THE ROMISH PRIESTHOOD, AND THE ELECTIONS IN IRELAND.

The General Elections presented many things, which, now that its excitement is fairly over, might afford very profitable matter of comment.

If we were inclined to look at them in detail, we should treat with little mercy the conduct which various of the candidates thought good to adopt when called upon to state their creed. It was formerly the good old English fashion for the candidate to make a very explicit disclosure of his principles, in respect of both party and the leading questions of the time; and to rest his hopes of success upon the truth of these principles. In our poor judgment this was a very excellent fashion. It seems to us, that the franchise would be of marvellously small value, if the Elector should be prohibited from knowing the opinions of his intended Representative; we cannot see how he could make a proper choice, however great his qualifications might be, if he should be compelled to vote under such a prohibition.

At the late Election, however, divers of the candidates carefully concealed their opinions on the most vital questions, and particularly on what is called Catholic Emancipation. If one of them were asked, "What is your opinion, sir, on the Catholic question?" his reply was, "My worthy friend, my opinion is not yet formed upon it!" Was this the truth? No, in nine cases out of ten it was a deliberate falsehood—in nine cases out of ten he had formed his opinion, he fully intended to vote in favour of the Catholics, and he said this for the sole purpose of cheating the Electors into the belief that he would vote against the Catholics. Compared with such men the most violent Whig is perfectly immaculate, and Cobbett and Hunt are most honourable people. Strange to say, those who could stoop to this dirty and execrable fraud were not hooted from the hustings, and scorned by the rabble; they were patronized by gentlemen, and some of them were actually chosen!

One, in particular, went even beyond this: After the most miserable evasion, he was so closely pressed on the hustings, that he declared "his present sentiments were against the Catholics." He was elected; and in

a speech made at a dinner almost immediately afterwards, he indirectly intimated that the Catholics should have his vote!

Perhaps if the candidate were questioned again and again in a way to preclude evasion, he went into a towering passion—"You want to pledge me!—you want to fetter me!—but I will give no pledge—I will not be pledged—I will not be bound hand and foot—I am an independent man, and I will be free and independent!"—An independent man, forsooth! and yet resort to the filthy lie—to the beggarly dishonesty! The worthy Electors were confounded at the idea of having offered so great an insult to so free and independent a gentleman, and they returned him, in utter ignorance of the material part of his creed!

The doctrine that the representative ought to be the mere creature of his constituents, we solemnly disavow; but we are equally hostile to the doctrine that the constituents have no right to know the principles of the representative when they elect him. Why have an election—why speak of appealing to the sense of the country—why say that the House of Commons represents the community—if the electors ought to be kept in this ignorance? What is to lead the elector to a proper choice, save a full knowledge of the principles of the candidate? Yet to ask for such knowledge was to demand a pledge; to obtain from the representative a manly and constitutional avowal of his opinions, was to destroy his independence, and bind him hand and foot! If our representatives have come to this, they certainly are most deplorably ignorant of the nature of British rights and privileges; if they cannot deign to hold community of opinion with those who make them representatives, they are most improper people to enter the House of Commons. We trust that, at the next Election, this detestable system will be put down, and that every elector will be ashamed of voting for that candidate who shall be ashamed of avowing his principles.

We might, if inclined, as we have stated, comment severely on the monstrous coalitions which were formed at different places, and on the disgraceful

inconsistencies and wanton disregard of principle displayed by many of the candidates. We might dilate on the coalition in Northumberland between the *liberal* Tories and the Radicals—on the coalitions that were formed almost throughout the country between the Canningites, Whigs, and Radicals, against the Tories; on the conduct of a candidate for the county of York, who, with his friends, although they had through life called themselves Tories, made at their dinners the most shameful insinuations against the Tory members, and heaped the most fulsome eulogies on the Whig ones; on the conduct of a candidate for the city of London, who professed himself to belong to all parties at the same moment; who, in the same breath, stated himself to be a friend of the Ministry, a Reformer, a friend of the Catholics, a man who, if required, would vote against the Catholics, &c. We might find in these things abundant matter for a whole article.

We might call the attention of our readers to the most important facts, that scarcely a single candidate offered himself in any quarter on the ground of his being a friend of “the new system;”—that in general the most scrupulous silence was observed touching this system even by the most servile supporters of the Ministry;—that, in so far as Ministers and their “new system” were eulogised, they were eulogised by the Whigs and Radicals, their chief trumpeters being Sir R. Wilson and Mr Brougham;—and that Ministers and their “new system” were censured only by the staunch and independent Tories.

We might dwell with exultation upon the triumph which Protestantism achieved. Its friends had to contend with the whole strength of the Whigs, Canningites, and Radicals; the weight of the Government, in so far as it was felt, was against them; they suffered less from open enemies than from treachery and apostacy; and yet they gained a glorious victory. Who now shall say that the voice of the country is not against the Catholics?

We might lavish our praises upon the noble example furnished to the nation by the freeholders of Yorkshire. The honest, straight-forward, determined conduct of the Yorkshiremen delighted us beyond measure. Their securing of the independence of their county was the least of their

merits. They knocked up not only the Whigs, but the Trimmers—they trampled under their feet Liberalism as well as Whiggism. While we are on this topic, we may observe, that we could make an admirable paper of extracts from the eloquent and powerful speech delivered by Mr Sadler of Leeds, at a dinner given at that place to the Tory members. Why was not Mr Sadler sent to Parliament instead of Mr Marshall?

But the conduct manifested by the Catholic Priesthood of Ireland was of such immense importance, in all its bearings, that we mean to devote our observations exclusively to it. We are unwilling to weaken the effect of what we may say by mixing it up with other matters. We pray the attention of every man, no matter what his party denomination may be, who is really the friend of the British Constitution, and of British Liberty.

Our readers are well aware, that the county electors of Ireland differ very widely from the county electors of Britain. With us the elector must be the owner of a freehold worth at least 40s. per annum. In Ireland he is only required to be the occupier on lease of a freehold worth the same annual sum. This is one of the various destructive peculiarities that distinguish Ireland from Britain. The landlord makes any ragged creature, whom he may be able to pick up, the occupier of a potatoe garden; and by this he makes him an Irish freeholder. The landlords, for the sake of election influence, multiply such “freeholders” against each other, until they cover their estates with them. The real freeholder—the man who actually has property—is, so far as his vote goes, utterly without influence; he might as well have no vote at all. The fictitious freeholders are perhaps almost a thousand to one in the balance against him; and the chief part of the voters are men possessing scarcely a single farthing—the mere occupiers, as we have said, of a potatoe garden—spinning out a miserable existence upon potatoes and water—ignorant as beasts—and, in regard to qualification, the most unfit persons in the whole civilized world to be intrusted with the elective franchise.

We have again and again raised our voice against this system of creating electors. That this is one of the most prolific sources of Ireland’s penury,

wretchedness, and barbarism, is universally admitted; and that it is reprobated by every sound principle of government is beyond question. On what ground any country, anxious not only for the weal of its agricultural population, but for the preservation of its peace, rights, and liberties, should tolerate such a system, we cannot tell; but, however, it is tolerated by this country. It is one of the few things which the knowledge and philosophy of the age think good to retain—which are spared in these days of change and innovation—which our architects of ruin do not quarrel with and condemn to demolition. This is scarcely fair dealing. If the good must go, let the evil go too. If laws must be changed upon theory, let them be likewise changed upon demonstration that they operate most perniciously. Let us be able to say hereafter, that *all* our changes were not ruinous ones—that we actually made some which were necessary—that in real truth we made some which were sound in principle, and beneficial in effect.

This system has hitherto been almost unknown in England; but attempts have recently been made in one English county to introduce something which greatly resembles it. Credit is given to Mr Brougham and his friends, for having been the first to make these attempts; but, no matter who may have set the example, or who may have followed it, we trust that English good sense will crush the evil in its infancy. We call upon public indignation to fix its brand upon the parents and abettors of the system, without any regard to name or party denomination. If men cannot obtain seats in Parliament without bringing this pestilence among us, let them be excluded for ever.

The English freeholder draws his vote from his property—it is his own—he holds it under no bond or obligation to use it according to the pleasure of another. A Cockney print, which unites in itself the characteristics of the Treasury print, the Opposition print, the enemy of Catholicism, the champion of Catholicism, &c., and which puts forth most unaccountable libels upon our country population, has insinuated that our freeholders are the slaves of the great landlords. This is what might have been expected from such an authority, and it of course is

the reverse of the fact. The mass of our freeholders are perfectly independent—they are far more so than the most respectable tradesmen of towns and cities. A vast number of our farmers are not freeholders—the landlord can only command the votes of such of his tenants as are—and perhaps the possessors of most of the votes that he can command, are each worth from two thousand pounds upwards. Putting tenants out of sight, our smaller freeholders are, to a great extent, free from influence that could injure them; were they to refuse it their votes—such refusal could cause them no loss of business or profit. It is perfectly ludicrous to hear those scoff at the slavery of our freeholders, who boast of the independence of citizens and burgesses.

The Irish freeholder—in no country under Heaven, save Ireland, could such voters as we have described be called freeholders—draws his vote from the landlord. He does not inherit it, or purchase it with the fruits of his toil; but it is given to him on the condition, expressed or implied, that he shall use it according to the pleasure of the giver. It is given to him for the sole purpose of enabling the landlord to command an additional vote. It is given to him only for a term, to be taken from him at the expiration of the term, if the landlord shall think fit. The fee of it remains constantly vested in the landlord.

In England the smaller freeholders have their legitimate influence at elections. The great ones are divided into hostile parties; and generally speaking, no party can prevail without the aid of the independent smaller ones. These smaller ones are practically at elections much what the independent members are in the House of Commons; their votes commonly decide the majority.

In Ireland, as we have already said, the smaller *bona fide* freeholders are powerless; those who can command the fictitious freeholders choose the members. The struggle between the great landlords consists, not in the obtaining of the votes of the independent smaller freeholders, but in the multiplication against each other of the fictitious ones. Well, when the great landlords have covered their estates with these fictitious freeholders—when they have placed the elections under

the feet of the latter—the Popish Priesthood has stepped in, has completely divested the landlord of the control over his tenants, has extended its despotism over the fictitious freeholders—and has in effect constituted itself the sole Elector of the members for the Popish counties of Ireland.

We are very far from being sorry that the Priesthood has done this. We have more than once showed in this Magazine that it possessed the power, and would always exercise it, when prompted by interest. It would therefore be odd, were we to quarrel with it for testifying to the truth of what we have written in this decisive manner. Certain people in this country have declared, that the Popish religion differs in but a trifling degree from the religion of the Church of England—that the Popish Priesthood of Ireland is a most calumniated, powerless, and immaculate body—that there is nothing in Irish Catholicism hostile to the free exercise of civil privileges, liberties, &c.; and we cannot but rejoice that the Priesthood has thus come forward to cover the assertions of these people with refutation and scorn. When we see the Catholics, at a time like this, placing the most incontrovertible evidence before the eyes of the whole nation, that they are thoroughly unfit to possess, not only additional power, but that which has already been given them, it very naturally delights us greatly.

The Catholic Priesthood has certainly gone much farther than we expected, but it seems to have lost its cunning, although it retains all its other evil characteristics. We believed that its hellish tyranny would be exercised in secret—that the vote would be extorted, by the threat of the curse and of perdition, in private—that the fiendish impostor would not dare to proclaim in public that he had the power to cast men into Hell merely for disobeying his commands at an election. We were mistaken. To show what its conduct at the election was, we give, in the first place, the following extracts from the printed Address of Mr Maxwell, one of the members for the county of Cavan, to the freeholders:—

“You have seen the spiritual powers of the Romish Church openly employed for the promotion of political objects. *You have seen priests converted into furious demagogues, inciting*

their flocks to hatred of their fellow-Christians, and ingratitude to their benefactors. What a scene did the first day of the election exhibit! You beheld the Roman Catholic pastors march into the county town at the head of their respective flocks. YOU HEARD THEM DENOUNCING ETERNAL DAMNATION AGAINST EVERY ONE WHO WITHHELD HIS SUPPORT FROM THEIR FAVOURITE CANDIDATES. You saw UPWARDS OF FORTY OF THESE SPIRITUAL CRUSADERS mixing with the mob, and by their inflammatory harangues, stimulating them to acts of violence and outrage. You saw not, unfrequently, the tallies of our opponents brought up to the polling booths, WITH A PRIEST IN FRONT, AND ANOTHER IN THE REAR. NAY, SEVERAL VOTERS WERE, BY ACTUAL FORCE, DRAGGED BY THEM INTO THE TALLY ROOMS, AND COMPELLED TO VOTE AGAINST THEIR WISHES. In short, there was no species of intimidation, whether spiritual or secular, that was not resorted to, to effect their purpose.”

We extract the following from Lord George Beresford's Protest, read at the Waterford election:—

“You are to take notice, that the freedom of Election having been grossly violated since the commencement of the Election, *by intimidation and threats of ecclesiastical censures, and of excommunication, used by the Catholic clergy of this county, against the Catholic freeholders who should vote, and who are desirous to vote, for Lord George Beresford; AND BY THE ACTUAL EXCOMMUNICATION OF SEVERAL FREEHOLDERS ON ACCOUNT OF VOTING FOR LORD GEORGE BERESFORD, AND REFUSING TO VOTE FOR MR STUART,*” &c. &c.

Our readers need not be told that the Priests were irresistible. It was not in the nature of things that men like the Irish “Freeholders” would give a vote that would deprive them of the rites of their Church—that would bring upon them excommunication—that would consign them to eternal perdition. The tenants voted, not merely against the wish of their landlords, but against their landlords—the pampered domestic voted against his master—the ties of interest, duty, and affection were broken—and ruin and starvation were recklessly hazarded.

This is so far from being denied by the Catholics as a body, that they make

it matter of boundless exultation. That illegal and patricidal Gang which bears the name of the Catholic Association, and which does not the less deserve to be called the illegal and patricidal Gang, because various Protestant Peers are members of it, used every effort in its power to induce the Priesthood to do this before the Election commenced; and it now boasts that the influence of the landlords is annihilated, that the Aristocracy is completely under its feet, and that the Priests are in effect the exclusive electors. Of the creatures who act as the leaders of this Gang we shall say more presently.

And now we will put these questions to every honest and independent man, no matter whether he be Whig or Tory—Ought things like these to be tolerated? Ought the Catholic Priests, or any religious teachers whatever, to be suffered to interfere in this manner with the exercise of the elective franchise? Is not such interference most unconstitutional, and in spirit, if not in letter, in the highest degree illegal? Is not such interference destructive to the best interests of society, and would it be possible for liberty to exist in any country where it should be general? Do not the most serious dangers arise from this state of things in Ireland, to the constitution and liberty of Britain?

If all the smaller freeholders in the United Kingdom should be under the control of the great landlords, still these landlords would be split into parties. Each would have his votes, and only men of great weight and respectability would be accepted by those of the same party as candidates. There would still be the struggle for party ascendancy, and the Whigs would prevail in one place and the Tories in another. But when the freeholders are the slaves of the Romish Priesthood, there can be no party division; all the members must be of the same party; they must be chosen as they would be, if one man had the control of all the freeholders.

At present the Priesthood can only exert its tyranny in favour of Protestants, but how would the case be were the disabilities removed? None but Catholics, and of course the minions of the Priesthood, could be chosen. Members would be elected, not from their honesty and ability, but from

their willingness and fitness to be the servile tools of the Romish Church.

The Cockney Prints, which boast of their honesty, call themselves the friends of the people, and pretend to be the champions of popular rights and liberties, very naturally laud this conduct of the Priests to the skies! They heaped the most foul abuse upon the regular Clergy, for exercising its undoubted right of petitioning Parliament against further concessions to the Catholics; and they now most consistently eulogise and defend to the utmost the Popish Priesthood for practically stripping the freeholders, small and great, real and fictitious, of the elective franchise, and constituting itself the exclusive Elector!—These Prints tell us, that if the disabilities be removed, the power of the Priests will be destroyed. This is overdoing the matter fearfully. There is not in all Cockaigne a man with a throat sufficiently capacious to swallow it. They forsooth tell us that the penalty of excommunication is to be rendered powerless by the removal of the disabilities—the refusal of the rites of the Church, the curse, the denying of salvation, all the tremendous means which the Priest possesses, are to be rendered of no effect by the removal of the disabilities.—Now that the contest is between Protestant and Protestant, the Priests and their slaves naturally act as they do; but when the contest shall be between Protestant and Catholic, the Priests will be neither willing nor able to interfere.—Now that the contest is between Protestant and Protestant, the landlord is very naturally stripped of his influence over his tenants; but when it shall be between Protestant and Catholic, his tenants will be sure to vote with him against the Catholic.—Now that the contest is between Protestant and Protestant, the tenants naturally brave the wrath of the landlord, and vote against him, at the hazard of ruin and starvation; but when it shall be between Protestant and Catholic, the tenants will look only at interest, and will disobey the Priest!

This cannot delude any man. The Jesuits who write the prints in question possess but a small share of the wisdom of Jesuitism.

The landlords must now act as the followers and tools of the Popish Priesthood, or they must be deprived

of all political influence, and expelled from Parliament. They are, in truth, cast out of the political system; as the Gang has justly said, their influence is annihilated, and the aristocracy is trampled in the dust. This assertion of the Gang would, we imagine, be delicious news to that unconstitutional and execrable body, the Buckingham-house Combination. The members of this vile Combination are yet suffered to influence their tenants, merely because they are content to act as the menials of the Priesthood—because they are content to sanction, and be indebted to, the horrible proceedings described by Mr Maxwell—because they are content to stoop to the damning disgrace of supporting such candidates as the Popish Church may condescend to approve of. Ye men of Britain, study the description given by Mr Maxwell, and then get by heart the names of the Members of this detestable Combination, in order that ye may know who ought to be intrusted with the preservation of British rights and liberties! For the sake of your Constitution and freedom, let your scorn eternally flash upon this Combination, until ye reduce it to ashes!

It is said that of the one hundred Irish Members, seventy are in favour of the Catholics. The greater part of the seventy are in reality the representatives, not of the freeholders, not of the lawful electors, but of the Priesthood and the Pope. Now we ask all impartial men, what those Members must be who could condescend to be elected by the means described by Mr Maxwell and Lord George Beresford? Is there any man who could think his liberty safe in their keeping? How would such men vote if any measure were brought forward to curb the destructive tyranny of the Priesthood? How would they vote if any measure were introduced to increase this tyranny tenfold? How would they vote on a measure for benefitting the Church, if it should be thought to militate against Catholicism? How would they vote on a measure for benefitting the Catholic layman at the expense of the Catholic Priests? These men are in truth the Pope's Members.

If the disabilities were removed, these men would be replaced by Catholics, unless, which is not improbable, they should become bigotted Catholics themselves. The conduct which

various of the landlords and candidates have lately thought good to exhibit, renders it very likely that the removal of the disabilities would convert no small number of them to Catholicism. We do no injustice to those who are capable of going from side to side in politics for the sake of political power, by suspecting that they are capable of going from religion to religion from the same motive; we are not uncharitable in supposing that men, who are capable of obtaining seats as we have described, are capable of committing any kind of apostacy to obtain them. But waiving all this, it would make no difference in the elections, whether the landlords should be Protestants or Catholics. The Priests would still be the real electors.

We need not point out what the consequences would be, were the chief part of the Irish Members Catholics—men in effect elected by the Priesthood—men knowing their seats to be at the mercy of the Priesthood, and of course acting constantly under its dictates. We need not say that such a party would be at once joined by the *liberal* Tories, the Whigs and Radicals. We need not say that with its allies it would at once gain the majority in the House of Commons, and become, not only a portion, but the preponderating portion, of the Ministry. And we need not say what would follow from all this to the rights and privileges of Protestant Britain.

Our great landlords may see in Ireland what their fate would be should Catholicism prevail here. Their political influence, as the Gang has stated, would be annihilated, and they would be trampled in the dust. And the nation at large may see in Ireland what its fate would be should Catholicism prevail here. The Aristocracy and Democracy, and of course the Executive and Legislature, would become the mere menials and tools of the Popish Priesthood. This Priesthood would be the real government.

Not long ago this Priesthood deluged the country with what it called a description of its religious doctrines. Without adverting to the sophistries contained in this, we will ask our countrymen to turn from the faith to the works—to cast aside the pretended creed, and examine the conduct. Of what consequence is it whether the description be true or false, so long as

it is matter of proof that the Priesthood possesses this terrible authority over the laity, and employs it in this manner? Granting that this Priesthood believes as it says, and that its doctrines are what it describes them to be,—is there nothing to be feared from its system of Church government? Is there no danger to be seen in the power and the deeds which it has just exhibited? The power and deeds, in truth, form a glorious commentary to the confession of doctrine—they declare it to be neither more nor less than a worthless, bungling, despicable attempt at delusion.

The landlord makes the elector his tenant for the sake of his vote; the latter binds himself expressly, or by implication, to vote according to the dictation of his landlord. He knows that he is made a voter to obey this dictation; he has no power to vote until the landlord confides to him this power; it is but lent to him for a stipulated term, and then it returns to the landlord. We do not justify this system, but we cannot say that such a voter has a right to vote as he pleases, and we will say, that if any man living have a right to dictate to him, it is the landlord. Well, the Priest stands by, suffers the elector to make the contract, and then, by the terrors of eternal punishment, compels him to use the vote against the landlord. Such, gentle reader, is the Romish religion!

Does the landlord submit to this tamely? No. His rebellious tenants are, in all probability, in arrears for rent—he seizes upon their trifling property—ruins them—expels them from his estate—and consigns them to starvation. This, according to the papers, has been widely done since the election. The priest thus compels his miserable victims to commit a fraud which brings upon them all the horrors of ruin and want. Such, gentle reader, is the Romish religion!

What follows from this? Confederacies—burnings—robberies—and assassinations. Such, gentle reader, is the Romish religion!

Granting that the landlord overlooks it, still it engenders nothing but bitterness. He sees those who have been reared on his estate, who draw their bread from him, and who are indebted to him for everything, exhibiting the darkest ingratitude, and acting as his

open enemies. He withdraws his favour; mutual attachment is succeeded by mutual dislike; instead of showing them indulgence, and making sacrifices to promote their welfare, he looks upon them as people anxious to injure him, and thinks only of extracting the utmost amount of rent from them possible. Such, gentle reader, is the Romish religion!

Let us now glance at the heads of the Catholic laity.

O'Connell has appended an interminable title to his name, and what do our readers think is this title? Does he call himself O'Connell, the Licker of the Pope's Great Toe?—No! Does he call himself O'Connell, the Toad-eater of Superstition and Bigotry?—No! Does he call himself O'Connell, the Faggot-lighter of the Romish Church?—No! He actually writes himself, O'CONNELL, ONE OF THE ORDER OF LIBERATORS!!! The valiant creature! The redoubtable hero! Doubtlessly, this enormous knight-errant has won magnificent battles out of number, and has freed myriads of continents from slavery, and yet History, with malice incomprehensible, has suppressed all mention of it.

O'Connell, one of the Order of Liberators, traversed Ireland dressed in green, and decorated with green ribbons, after the fashion of a madman, to stimulate the atrocious conduct of the Priesthood, and to incite the tenants to vote against their landlords. Truly this was most chivalrous conduct in O'Connell, one of the Order of Liberators! In his speeches, he poured the most foul abuse on the fairest of English and Irish names—he cast the most beastly scurrilities, not only upon the members of the Church, but upon the Methodists, the Quakers, and all who seemed to be unlikely to obey the dictation of the Priesthood—he held up to the deluded and infuriated rabble, some of the first families of Ireland—families not more distinguished by their rank, than by their kindness and generosity to their tenants—as a curse to Ireland, and a disgrace to their species; and he did this merely because these families had always opposed the claims of the Papists—he denounced every candidate who was conscientiously opposed to these claims as a bigot, a tyrant, an enemy of Ireland, and a man disgraced by every kind of iniquity. No matter how high

a man's rank, or how spotless his character, might be, still, if he were opposed to the Papists, the Green Knight stigmatized him as one worthy of being hunted out of society. This was indeed most marvellously chivalrous conduct in O'Connell, one of the Order of Liberators!

Sheil and the remainder of the Order of Liberators, imitated O'Connell to the best of their ability.

O'Connell, one of the Order of Liberators, is eternally boasting of the truth and purity of the Romish religion, and of his being one of the most devout of its believers. If he be really the best sample of a religious man that it can furnish, we fear that it teaches little beyond "cursing, lying, and all uncharitableness." It is sufficient to make a man sick to read the speeches of this fellow and his confederates, and then to reflect that they pretend to be fighting the battles of a religion.

Let our readers remember that these atrocious assassins of reputation, who thus prove that they lack nothing but the ability to drive every man out of Ireland with fire and sword, who may differ in opinion from them on a most complex and momentous political question, boast that they are the Friends of Liberty. Liberty indeed! If a man will not think as they think, he must have his fair fame blasted—he must be deprived of his political rights—he must have the dagger of the murderer turned against him—he must be held up to society as a monster,—and this is Liberty! Its source cannot be mistaken—it is the pure and dazzling liberty of the Popish Church. What the Priests are in religious matters, O'Connell and the rest of the gang are to be in civil ones. Never, ye men of Britain, suffer vulgar and brutish tyrants like these to enter the sanctuary of your liberty!

O'Connell and his confederates call themselves patriots—stupendous patriots! These wretches, by the most false and diabolical appeals, array the tenants against the landlords—they cause the ignorant peasantry to draw upon themselves, by the darkest ingratitude, the vengeance of those from whom they derive their bread, and to bring themselves to beggary and starvation. These wretches do this for their own benefit—by doing it they have brought numbers of their countrymen to the horrors of want,—they

have sent immense levies to Captain Rock, and they have raised an almost insuperable bar to the bettering of the condition of the peasantry—yet they call themselves patriots, and cry that they are ready to shed their blood for their poorer countrymen! Gentle reader, what wonderful patriotism!

Little more than a year ago, O'Connell, one of the Order of Liberators, was anxious that the elective franchise should be taken from the fictitious freeholders; his countrymen protested against such liberation, but he persisted, and spoke and wrote to prove that it would be hugely proper. Why did he do all this? He believed that this taking away of the franchise of the poor was necessary to gain him a seat in Parliament, and to render him eligible for high public trusts and emoluments. What lofty patriotism and disinterestedness! Now, this same O'Connell protests that he will never consent to the taking away of the franchise. Why? Because the fictitious freeholders plunge themselves, their wives and children, into ruin and want, to gain him a chance for the trusts and emoluments. What lofty patriotism and disinterestedness! So long as the fictitious freeholder voted for his landlord, he was utterly unfit to possess the franchise; but now, when he will vote for O'Connell, he is the most fit man in the world to possess it. What a brilliant patriot and friend of liberty is this O'Connell!

Let not our readers imagine that this sooty-mouthed Libeller is poor and ignorant; that he acts in this manner from the want of knowing better. He ranks as a gentleman; he possesses several thousands per annum, and he expects to inherit several thousands more. His fortune and rank in life, as well as the conspicuous part he has acted, lead us to bestow on him the chief part of our notice. His poverty-struck confederates may plead their poverty and ignorance in extenuation of their conduct—they may plead that they act as they do to gain a little filthy notoriety, which may procure them briefs, sell them newspapers, give them a miserable meal from the money wrung by the Priests from the peasantry, and keep them from starving. But he is utterly without excuse.

The Roman Catholics of Ireland as a body; the aristocracy, and gentlemen of the press included, did their utmost, be-

fore the election, to incite the Priesthood to do what it has done. They boasted that the Priests would exert their whole influence against the landlords, and would triumph. They are now in paroxysms of transport, because the influence of the landlords has been annihilated, the aristocracy has been trampled in the dust, the freeholders, great and small, real and fictitious, have been in effect stripped of the elective franchise, and the Priesthood has been rendered the sole elector. This is the conduct, not merely of paupers, but of nobles and gentlemen; not of those who have constantly been buried in the bogs of Ireland, but of men whose lives have been spent in the full blaze of British liberty. It is astonishing, it is incomprehensible, how such a religion as even the Popish one, can thus far blind man's understanding, and enslave his spirit.

Ye men of England and Scotland, who love your constitution and liberties, are these proper persons to be admitted into Parliament and the Ministry? Are men who thus practically proclaim to the whole universe that the aristocracy should have no influence—that both it and the democracy should be the passive slaves of the Popish Priesthood—that the lay freeholders of all descriptions should be deprived of their votes—that the Popish Priesthood should be the exclusive elector of members of Parliament—and that all who might dissent from the politics of this Priesthood and its slaves should be exterminated—are men like these qualified to be your representatives and rulers, your law-makers and law-administrators? You understand the nature and principles of liberty, therefore we need not furnish you with an answer.

These Roman Catholics, nevertheless, call themselves, as we said, the friends of liberty; they are all of the Order of Liberators! they clank their chains in our faces, hug these chains in transport, and then boast that they rank among the exclusive friends of liberty. They hold their naked shoulders to the scourge of the tyrant, and then boast that they are the friends of liberty. They voluntarily prostrate themselves to be crushed by the car of the most grinding tyranny that ever crushed the world, and yet they boast that they are the friends of liberty! The effrontery of this is matchless.

Yet those who oppose these people—who think that the franchise ought not to be vested exclusively in the Popish Priest—who imagine that the freeholder ought to be suffered to vote according to law—and who believe that men, who hold the political opinions which the Catholics in effect proclaim that they hold, could not be the Legislators and Ministers of Britain without destroying its constitution and freedom—are charged with bigotry and intolerance. "Bigotry and Intolerance!"—"Bigotry, bigotry!"—"Intolerance, intolerance!" are rung in the ears by Roman Catholics, Whigs, and *liberal* Tories—by the Roman Catholic, Whig, and Irish-government prints—until the yell is positively deafening. The only reply you obtain from these people when you cite the horrible facts we have detailed, is—You are bigotted and intolerant!—Say the Priest ought not to be the sole elector—you are bigotted and intolerant! Say the landlord ought to have his legitimate influence—you are bigotted and intolerant! To every objection you make, the reply is—You are bigotted and intolerant. We recommend these liberal and intolerant people to abandon for a season the use of the terms bigotry and intolerance; they are fairly hacked out—they have lost their influence in every quarter.

We must now say a word more touching the Buckingham House Combination. This most disgraceful body has had a leading share in stimulating the Popish Priesthood to act as it has done. It has had a leading share in this foul conspiracy, to rob the freeholder of his rights—in this devilish scheme for using the terrors of religion to gratify the lust for political power—in this scandalous attack upon British right, privilege, and liberty. Once more we invoke upon this guilty Ally of the Popish Priesthood and Association, the indignation and scorn of our countrymen. Some of the Members of this hateful Combination may be British Peers in name, but they are so in nothing else. A genuine British Peer is a man noble in spirit as well as in station—he is a man incapable of entering into a combination, to change the laws and constitution—he is a man incapable of becoming the tool and slave of the Popish Priesthood—he is

a man incapable of becoming the confederate of such persons as O'Connell and Sheil—he is a man incapable of conspiring against constitutional rights and liberties, and of rivetting upon his dependents the chains of that accursed Popish tyranny which desolates Ireland.

We must say one word touching the present Irish Government. The Government has likewise had a leading share in causing the Priesthood to act as it has done. We say not that it gave direct encouragement, or was privy, to the Priesthood's proceedings; but we say that the tendency of its measures from the first has been to produce such conduct in the Priesthood. More we shall not say at present. The season is approaching when a change ought to be made in this government; the Marquis Wellesley has had more than his share of panegyric, and the time is arrived when his conduct ought to be subjected to an unsparing examination. Such an

examination we propose to institute on an early occasion, convinced as we are, that if Ireland is to be governed for a few years longer, as it has been governed for the last few years, a separation, or bloody war, between the two islands is inevitable.

And now, whether men in power will take any notice of the proceedings on which we have been commenting—whether this horrible abuse of the sacred name of Religion is to be overlooked—whether the Popish Priesthood is to be left in undisturbed possession of the elective franchise of Ireland—whether the “improvements,” which are so much boasted of, are to reach to these matters—and whether we are to have innovations here, “that we may not have other and worse innovations forced upon us”—are points which time must determine. What ought to be done is obvious to every one, and perhaps from this reason—because the necessity is so clear and urgent—nothing will be done.

ADVENTURES IN THE SPORTING LINE.

From Mansie Wauch's Autobiography.

A fig for them by law protected,
Liberty's a glorious feast;
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

Jolly Beggars.

THE situation of me and my family at this time, affords an example of the truth of the old proverb, that “ae evil never comes its lane;” being nae suner quit of our dread concerning the burning, than we were doomed by Providence to undergo the disaster of the rookery of our hen-house. I b'lief I have mentioned the number of our stock; to wit, a cock and seven hens, aught in all; but I neglected, on account of their size, or somehow overlookit, the twa buntins, than which twa mair neat or curiouser-looking creatures were nae to be seen in the hail country-side. The henny was quite a conceit o' a thing, and laid an egg no muckle bigger than my thumb; while, for size, the bit he ane was, for speerit in the feighting line, a perfect wee deevil incarnate.

Most fortunately for my family in this matter, it so happened, that by paying in half-a-crown a-year, I was

a regular member of a society for prosecuting all whom it might concern that dabbled with foul fingers in the sinful and lawless trade of thievery, breaking the aught commandment at no allowance, and drawing on their heads not only the passing punishments of this world, by way of banishment to Botany Bay, or hanging at the Luckenbooths, but the threatened vengeance of ane that will last for ever and ever.

Accordingly, pitting on my hat about nine o'clock, or thereabouts, when the breakfast things were removing frae the bit table, I pappit out, in the first and foremost instance, to take a visy of the depredation the flames had made in our neighbourhood. Losh keep us a', what a spectacle of wreck and ruination! The roof was clean aff and away, as if a thunderbolt frae heeven had knockit it down through the twa floors, car-

rying everything afore't like a perfect whirlwind. Nought were standing, but black, bare wa's, a perfect picture of desolation; some wi' the bit pictures on nails still hanging up where the rooms were like; and ithers with auld coats danging on pins; and empty bottles in holes, and sae on. Indeed, Jacob Glowr, wha was standing by my side wi' his spees on, could see as plain as a pikestaff, a tea-kettle, still on the fire, in the hearth-place o' ane of the gable garrets, where Miss Jenny Withershins lived, but happened luckily, at the time of the conflagration, to be away to Prestonpans on a veesit to some o' her far-away cousins.

Having satisfied my een wi' a daylight view of the terrible devastation, I gaed away leisurely up the street, wi' my hands in my breech pouches, comparing the scene in my mind wi' the downfall of Babylon the Great, and Sodom and Gomorah, and Tyre and Sidon, and Jerusalem, and a' the lave of the great towns that had faen to decay, according to the foretelling of the sacred prophets, until I cam to the door of Donald Gleig, the head of the Fief Society, to whom I related, from beginning to end, the hail business of the hen-stealing. Od, he was a mettle bodie of a creature; far north, Aberdeen-awa like, and looking at twa sides o' a bawbee; but, to gie the deil his due, in this instance he behaved to me like a gentleman. Not only did Donald send through the drum in the course of half-an-hour, offering a reward for the apprehension of the offenders of three guineas, names concealed, but he got a warrant granted to Francie Deep, the sherry-officer, to make search in the houses of several suspicious persons.

The reward offered by tuck of drum failed, naebody making application to the crier; but the search succeeded; as, after turning everything topsyturvy, the feathers were fund in a bag in the house of an auld woman of vile character, who contrived to make out a way of living, by hiring beds at twopence a-night to Eirish travellers—South-countra packmen—sturdy beggars, men, and women, and weans o' them—Yetholm tinklers—wooden-leggit sailors, without Chelsea pensions—dumb spaewomen—keepers of wild-beast shows—dancing-dog folk

—spunk-makers, and such like pick-pockets. The thing was as plain as the loof o' my hand,—for, besides great suspicion, what was mair, was the finding the head of the muffed hen, to which I could have sworn, lying in a bye corner; the body itself no being sae kenspecle in its disjaskit state, as it hung twirling in a string by its legs before the fire, a' buttered ower wi' swine's seam, and half roasted.

After some little ado, and having caa'd in twa men that were passing to help us to tak them prisoners, in case of their being refractory, we carried them by the lug and the horn before a Justice o' Peace.

Except the fact o' the stoun goods being fund in their possession, it so chanced, ye observe, that we had nae ither sort of evidence whatsomever; but we took care to examine them ane at a time, the tane no hearing what the tither said; so, by dint of cross-questioning by ane wha weel kenned hoo to bring fire out o' flint, we sune made the guilty convict themselves, and brought the transaction hame to twa wauf-looking fallows that we had gotten smoking in a corner. From the speerings that were putten to them during their examination, it was fund that they tried to mak a way o' doing, by swindling folks at fairs by the game of the garter. Indeed, it was stupid o' me no to recognise their faces at first sight, having observed baith o' them loitering about our back bouns the afternoon afore; and ane o' them, the tall ane wi' the red head and fustian jacket, having been in my shop in the fore part of the night, about the gloaming like, asking me as a favour for a yard or twa of spare runds, or selvages.

I've aye heard that seeing's believing, and that youth might tak a warning from the punishment that suner or later is aye tackit to the tail o' crime, I took Benjie and Francie to hear the trial; and twa mair ruefu' faces than they put on, when they lookit at the culprits, were never seen since Adam was a boy. It was far different wi' the twa Eirishers, who showed themselves sae hardened by a lang course of sin and meesery, that, instead of abasing theirsells in the face of a magistree, they scarcely anaist gied a ceevil answer to a single question which was speered at them. Howsomever, they

paid for that at a heavy ransom, as ye shall hear bye and bye.

Having been keepit a' night in the cauld tolbooth on bread and water, without either coal or candle to warm their taes, or let them see what they were doing, they were harled out amid an immense crowd o' young and auld, mair especially wives and weans, at eleven o'clock on the neist forenoon, to the endurance of a punishment which ought to have afflicted them amaisit as muckle as that o' death it-sell.

When the key o' the jail door was thrawn, and the twa loons brought out, there was a bumming of wonder, and maybe sorrow, among the terrible crowd, to see fellow-creatures so left alane to themsells, as to have rubbit an honest man's henhouse at the dead hour o' night, when a fire was bleezing next door, and the howl of desolation soughing ower the toun like a veesible judgment. Ane o' them, as I said before, had a red paw and a foraging cap, with a black napkin ropined round his weasand, a jean jacket wi' four pouches, and square tails; a velvet-reen waistcoat, wi' plaited buttons; corduroy breeches, buttoned at the knees; rig and fur stockings; and heavy, clanking wooden clogs. The tither, wha was little and round shouthered, wi' a bull neck, and bushy black whiskers, just like a shoe-brush, stuck to ilka cheek o' his head, had on a low-crowned, plaited beaver hat, wi' the end of a peacock's feather stuck in the band; a lang-tailed auld black coat, as brown as a berry, and as bare as my loof; to say naething o' being out at baith elbows. His trowsers, I dare say, had ance been nankeen; but as they didna appear to have seen the washing-tub for a season or twa, it would be rash to gie ony decided opinion on that head. In short, they were twa awfu'-like raggamuffins.

Women, however, are aye sympatheezing and merciful; so, as I was standing among the crowd, as they cam down the tolbooth stair, chained thegither by the cuffs o' the coat, ane said, "Wae's me! what a weel-faur'd fallow, wi' the red head, to be fund guilty of stealing folk's henhouses!"—And anither ane said, "Hech, sirs! what a bonny black-a-vice'd man that littlest ane is, to be paraded through the streets for a warld's wonder!" But I said naething, kenning the thing was

just, and a wholesome example, haddin' Benjie on my shouther to see the poukit hens tied about their necks like keeking-glasses. But, puh! the fallows didna gie ae pinch o' snuff—so aff they set, and in this manner were drummed through the bounds of the parish, a constable walking at ilka side o' them, wi' Lochaber axes; and the town-drummer row-de-dowing the thief's march at their backs. It was a humbling sight.

My heart was wae, notwithstanding the ills they had dune me and mine, by the nefarious pillaging o' our henhouse, to see twa human creatures of the same flesh and blude as mysell, undergoing the righteous sentence of the law, in a manner so degrading to theirsells, and so pitiful to all that beheld them. But, nevertheless, considering what they had done, they neither deserved, nor did they seem to care for commiseration; hadding up their brazen faces as gif they had been taking a pleasure walk for the benefit of their health; and the poukit hens, that dangled afore them, ornaments o' their bravery. The hail crowd, young and auld, followed them frae ae end o' the toun to the tither, liking to ding ane anither ower, so anxious were they to get a sight o' what was gaen on; but whan they came to the gate-end they stoppit, and gied the neerdoweels three cheers. What think ye did the neerdoweels do in return? fy shame! they took off their auld scrapers and gied a huzza too, clapping their hands behind them, in a manner as deplorable to relate, as it was shocking to behold.

Their chains, the things ye ken that haddit their cuffs thegither, were by this time taen off, along wi' the poukit hens, which I fancy the toun-offishers took hame and cookit for their denner; so they shook hands wi' the drummer, washing him a good day, and a pleasant walk hame; brushing away on the road to Edinburgh, where their wives and weans, wha had nae doubt made a gude supper on the spuilzie of the hens, had gone away before, maybe to have something comfortable for their arrival—their walk being likely to give them an appetee.

Had they taen away a' the rest o' the hens, and only left the buntings, on which they must have fund but desperate little eating, and the muffed ane, I would have cared less; it being

from several circumstances a pet ane in the family, having been brought in a blackbird's cage by the carrier from Lauder, from my wife's mother, in a present to Benjie on his birth-day. The crature maist grat himsell blind, when he heard of our having seen it roasting in a string by the legs afore the fire, and fund its bonny muffed head in a corner.

But let abee likings, the callant was itherwise a loser in its death, she having regularly laid a caller egg to him every morning, which he got along wi' his tea and bread, to the no small benefit of his health, being, as I have taken occasion to remark before, far from being rumbustious in the constitution. I am sure I ken ae thing, that I wad hac willingly gien the louns a crown piece to have preserved it alive, hen though it was o' my ain; but na, the bloody deed was ower and dune before we were aware that the pur thing's life was sacrificeed.

The names of the twa Eirishers were John Dochart, and Dennis Flint, baith, according to their own depone-ment, frae the county of Tipperary; and weel-a-wat, the place has nae great credit in producing twa sic bairns. Often, after that, did I look through that pairt of the Adverteezer newspapers, that has a list of all the accidents, and so on, just aboon the births, marriages, and deaths, which I liked to read regularly. Howsomever, it was twa year before I discovered their names again, having, it seems, during a great pairt of that period, lived under the forged name of Alias; and I saw that they were baith shippit aff at Leith, for transportation to some country called the Hulks, for being habit and repute thieves; and for having made a practice of coining bad silver. The thing, however, that condemned them, was for having knockit down a drunk man in a beastly state of intoxication, on the King's highway in broad day light; and having rubbit him of his hat, wig, and neckcloth, an upper and under vest, a coat and great-coat, a pair of Hessian boots, which he had on his legs, a silver watch, with four brass seals and a key; besides a snuff-box made o' box-wood, with an invisible hinge; ane of the Lawrenciekirk breed; a pair o' spees, some odd happennies, and a Camperdown pocket-napkin.

But of all months o' the year—
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maybe indeed of my blessed lifetime, this ane was the maist adventurous. It seemed, indeed, as if some especial curse of Providence hung ower the canny toun of Dalkeith, and that, like the great cities of the plain, we were at lang and last to be burnt up frae the face of the yearth wi' a shower of fire and brimstain.

Just three days after the drumming of the twa Eirish neerdoweels, a deaf and dumb woman came in prophesy-ing at our back door, offering to spae fortunes. She was tall and thin, an unco witch-looking creature, with a runkled brow, sun-brunt haffits, and twa sharp-looking een, like a hawk's, whose glance gaed through ye like the cut and thrust of a twa-edged sword. On her head she had a tawdry brownish black bonnet, that hadna improved frae twa three years tholing o' sun and wind; a thin rag of a gray duffe mantle was thrown ower her shouthers, below which was a checkit shortgown of gingham stripe, and a green glazed manco petticoat. Her shoon were terrible bachles, and her grey worsted stockings, to hide the holes in them, were a' dragooned down aboot her heels. On the whole, she was rather, I must confess, an out-of-the-way creatur; and though I hadna muckle faith in these bodies that pretend to see farther through a millstane than their neibours, I somehow or ither, taking pity on her meeserable condition, being still a fellow-creature, though plain in the lugs, that I hadna the heart to huff her out; mairbetoken, as Nanse, Benjie, and the new prentice Francie, had by this time gotten round me, all deeing to ken what grand fortunes waited them in the years of their after pilgrimage. Sinful creatures that we are! no content wi' the insight into its ways that Providence affords us, but diving beyond our deeps, only to flounder into the whirlpools of error. Is it not clear, that had it been for our guid, a' things would have been revealed to us; and is it not clear, that nae a wink o' sound sleep wad we ever hae gotten, had all the ills that have crossed our paths been ranged up before our een, like great black tawring mountains o' darkness? How could we have fund contentment in our goods and gear, if we saw them melting frae us neist year, like snaw frae a dyke; how could we sit down on the elbow chair o' ease, could we

see the misfortunes that may mak neist weck a black ane; or how could we look a kind friend in the face, without tears, could we see him, ere a month maybe was gone, lying streikit aneath his winding-sheet, his een steikit for evermair, and his mirth hushed to an awfu' silence! Na, na, let us rest content that Heaven kens what is best for us—let us do our duty as men and Christians, and a' thing, baith here and hereafter, will work together for our guid.

Having taen a piece of chalk out o' her big, greasy, leather pouch, she wrote down on the table, "Your wife, your son, and your prentice." This was a rather curious, and every ane o' them, a wee thunderstruck like, cried out as they haddit up their hands, "Losh me! did onybody ever see, or hear tell the like o' that? She's no canny!"—It was gey droll I thocht, and I was aware from the Witch of Endor, and sundry mentions in the Auld Testament, that things, out o' the course o' nature, ha'e mair than ance been permitted to happen; so I reckon'd it but right, to gie the puir woman a fair hearing, as she deserved.

"Oh!" said Nanse to me, "ye ken our Benjie's eight year auld; see if she kens; ask her how auld he is?"

I had scarcely written down the question, when she wrote aneath't. "The bonny laddie, your only son, is eight year old: He'll be an Admiral yet."

"An Admiral," said his mother, "that's gey and extraordinar. I never kenned he had ony inkling for the seafaring line; and I thocht, Mansie, you intended bringing him up to your air trade. But, howsomever, ye're wrang ye see. I tell't ye he wad either mak a spoon or spoil a horn. I tell't ye, ower and ower again, that he wad be either something or naething; what think ye o' that noo?—See if she kens that Francie comes frae the cuntra; and where the Lamermuir hills is?"

When I had putten doun the question, in a jiffy she wrote down aside it. "That boy comes from the high hills, and his name is Francis."

Dog on it! this astonished us mair and mair, and fairly bamboozled my understanding; as I thocht there surely must be some league and paction wi' the auld ane; but the farther in

the deeper. She then pointed to my wife, writing doun, "Your name is Nancy,"—and pointing to me, as she made some dumbie signs, she caulkit doun "Your name is Mansie Wauch, that saved the precious life of an auld, bedridden woman from the fire; and will soon get a lottery ticket of twenty thousand pounds."

Kenning the truth of the rest o' what she had said, I couldna help jumping on the floor wi' joy, and seeing that she was up to everything, as plain as if it had happened in her presence. The gude news set us a' a louping wi' general joy, my wife and the laddies clapping their hands, as gif they had fand a fiddle; so, jealousying they might lose their discretion in their mirth, I turned round to the three, hadding up my hand, and saying, "In the name o' Gudeness, dinna mention this to ony leeving sowl; as, mind ye, I havena taen out the ticket yet. The doing so might just set them to the sinful envying of our good fortune, as forbidden in the tenth commandment, but might lead away our sell, to be gutting our fish before we get them."

"Mind then," said Nanse, "about yere promise to me, concerning the silk gown, and the pair——"

"Wheesht, wheesht, gudewife," answered I. "There's a brow time coming. We mnana be in ower great a hurry."

I then bade the woman sit doun by the ingle cheek, and our wife to gie her a piece cauld beef, and a shave o' baps; besides twopence out of my ain pocket. Some, on hearing siccan sooms mentioned, wad have immediately strucken wark, but, even in the height of my grand expectations, I didna forget the auld saying, that "a bird in the hand is worth twa in the bush," and being thrang wi' a pair o' leggins for Eben Bowsie, I brushed away ben to the warkshop, thinking the woman, a witch, or whatever she was, wad hae mair freedom and plesure in eating by hersell.—That she had, I am now bound to say by experience.

Twa days after, when we were sitting at our comfortable four hours, in cam little Benjie, running out o' breath—just at the dividual moment of time my wife and me were jeering ane anither, aboot hoo we wad behave when we cam to be grand leddies and

gentlemen, keeping a flunkie maybe—to tell us, that when he was playing at the bools, on the plainstances before the auld Kirk, he had seen the deaf and dumb spaewife harled away to the Toboother, for stealing a pair of trowsers, that were hinging drying on a tow, in Juden Elshinder's back closs. I could scarcely credit the callant, though I kened he wadna tell a lee for sixpence, and I said to him, "Now be sure, Benjie, afore ye speak. The tongue is a dangerous wapon, and apt to bring folk into trouble—it might be anither woman."

It was real cleverality in the callant. He said, "Ay, faither, but it was her; and she's contrived to bring herself into trouble, without a tongue at a'."

I couldna help laughing at this, it showed Benjie to be siccan a genius; so he said,

"Ye needna laugh, faither, for it's as true's death, it was her. Do ye think I didna ken in a minute our cheese-toaster, that used to hing beside the kitchen fire; and that the Sherry offisher took out frae beneath her grey cloak?"

The smile gaed aff Nanse's cheek like lightning, and she said it couldna be true; but she would gang to the kitchen to see. I'fegs, it was ower true, for she never cam back to tell the contrary.

This was really and truly a terrible business—but the truth for a' that; the cheese-toaster casting up not an hour after, in the hands of Daniel Search, to whom I gave a dram. The loss of the tin cheese-toaster wad hae been a trifle, especially as it was broken in the handle,—but this was an awfu' blow to the truth of the fief dumbie's grand prophecy. Nevertheless, it seemed at the time gey puzzling to me, to think hoo a deaf and dumb woman, unless she had some

wonderful gift, could have tell't us what she did.

On the next day, the Friday I think, my story was also made as clear as day light to us; for, being banished out of the Toun as a common thief and vagabond down on the Musselburgh road, by order of a Justice of the Peace, it was the bounden duty of Daniel Search and Geordie Sharp, to see her safe down past the kennel, the length o' Smeaton. They then tried to make her understand, by writing on the wa, that if ever again she was seen or heard tell off in the Toun, she wad be banished to Botany Bay; but she had a great feight, it seems, to mak out Daniel's bad spellin, he having been very ill yedicated, and nae deacon at the pen.

Howsomever they got her to understand their meaning by gieing her a shove forrit by the shouters, and aye pointing down to Inveresk. Thinking she didna hear them, they then took upon themsells the liberty o' caaing her some ill names, and bade her guid day as a bad ane; but she was upsides wi' them for acting in that respect, aboon their commission; for she wheeled round again to them; and, snapping her fingers at their noses, gied a curse, and bade them gang hame, for a couple of dirty Scotch vermin.

The twa men were perfectly dumb-founded, at hearing the tongue-tied wife speaking as weel as themselves; and couldna help stopping to look after her for a lang way on the road, as every now and then she stuck ane of her arms in her side, and gaed a dance round in the whirling jig way, louping like daft, and liting like a grey lintie. Frae her way o' speaking, they also saw immediately, that she too was an Eirisher.—They maun be a bonny family, whan they are all at hame.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A Picturesque Tour by the New Road from Chiavenna over the Splugen, and along the Rhine, to Coira, in the Grisons. Illustrated by twelve Views, drawn on the spot. In 4to.

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Archdeacon Coxé has nearly ready for publication, The History of the Administration of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, from 1743 to 1754.

The Golden Violet, with its Tales of Romance and Chivalry, and other Poems, by Miss Landon, will appear very soon.

Memoirs of the Life of G. M. Lewis, author of the Monk, are announced for early publication.

A Translation of Tieck's Novel of Sternbald, or The Travelling Painter, is in the press.

In the press, with plates, The Sheffield Anti-Slavery Album; or, The Negro's Friend.

Mr W. F. G. Richardson has in the press, the Life of Carl Theodor Körner, written by his father, with Selections from his Poems, Tales, and Dramas, translated from the German.

A work is in the press, entitled, The Banquet; or, the History of Armenia. By Father Michael Chamich. Translated from the original Armenian, by Johannes Ardal.

Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps, by which Italy communicates with France, Switzerland, and Germany. From Drawings made during the Summers of 1821, 1822, 1824, and 1825, by William Brockedon, are in a forward state of preparation.

A Spanish Translation of the History of Ancient Mexico, originally written in Italian, by the Jesuit Father Clavigero.

Dr Lyall is preparing for the press, Memoirs of the Life of the late Emperor Alexander of Russia.

A Concise Historical View of Galvanism, with Observations on its Chemical Properties and Medical Efficacy in Chronic Diseases. By M. La Beaume.

The History of the Parish Church St John, Hamstead, is in the press.

The Second Part of Simpson's Anatomy, for Artists, is just ready.

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Mr George Samonelle, A.L.S. is preparing for Publication, General Directions for Collecting and Preserving Exotic Insects and Crustacea, with Illustrative Plates.

The Venerable the Archdeacon Wrangham announces for early publication, The Antiquarian Trio, consisting of Views and Descriptions of the Duke of Buckingham's House, Kirby, Rudson Church and Obelisk, and Effigy at Scarborough; to which will be added, a View of the Poet's favourite Tree.

Travels of the Russian Mission through Mongolia to China, and Residence in Peking, in the Years 1820-21. By George Timkowski, with Corrections and Notes, by M. J. Klaproth. To be illustrated by Maps, Plates, &c. &c.

A Supplement to Debrett's Peerage is preparing, and will shortly be published, containing newly-created Peers, the Peers of Scotland, whose titles were restored in the last Session of Parliament, with Engravings of their Arms and Supporters; also an account of the Births, Deaths, and Marriages which have taken place since the publication of the present edition.

A Translation of Frederick Schlegel's View of Classical Antiquity, will soon appear.

A Political View of the Life of Napoleon Buonaparte is about to appear, by Al Dion.

Dr Forbes of Chichester is about to publish a Translation of the improved edition of Laennec's Treatise on the Diseases of the Chest, with Notes and Commentaries by Dr F.

A Memoir of Dr Mesmer is announced for early publication.

Mr Richard Dagley has in the press a work entitled, "Death's Doings," con-

sisting of a series of Humorous and Pathetic Designs, in which Death is acting his part, each Design will be illustrated by Prose or Verse.

The second edition of Captain Weddel's Voyage to the South Pole is ready for publication.

An American "Annual Register" is announced—a volume to be published on the 1st of August of each year.

A Chronological History of the West Indies. By Captain Thomas Southey, Commander, Royal Navy.

The Duke of Buckingham is reprinting, at his sole expense, the whole of the

Ancient Chronicles with Latin Translations.

The Sixth Number of Select Views in Greece, engrayed in the best line manner, from Drawings by H. W. Williams, Esq. will be published directly.

Dr Nuttall is preparing for publication the entire Works of Horace, with a Treatise on Lyric versification, and a Scanning Table, exhibiting, on musical principles, all the various metres of Horace.

The Revolt of the Bees, a novel, is announced for early publication.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ANTIQUITIES.

A Collection of Fragments, illustrative of the History and Antiquities of Derby. By Robert Simpson, M.A. F.S.A. M.R.S.L. 2 vols. 8vo. Illustrated with Wood Engravings. L. 1, bds.

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DEATHS.

Dec. 31, 1825. At Sidney, New South Wales, Mr Peter M'Callum, late bookseller, Greenock.

Jan. 12, 1826. Of cholera, while on field duty with his regiment, against the Calapoor Rajah, in the southern Mahratta country, Andrew Gibson, Esq. M. D. surgeon in the service of the Hon. East India Company, Bombay.

17. At Kedgere, Bengal, William And. Chalmer, Esq. Judge and Magistrate of Bhagulpoore, second son of James Chalmer, Esq. Abingdon Street, Westminster.

31. In Bengal, Captain Archibald Montgomerie, late Commander of the Boglepore Hill Rangers, son of A. Montgomerie, Esq. formerly of the Bengal Civil Service.

April 17. At Somerset Park, Liguanea, St Andrews, Jamaica, Mary, infant daughter of Lieut. Colonel Rose, of the Portuguese service, and at the same place, on the 22d, Rachael Cumming, youngest daughter of the late James Waddell, Esq.

19. At Ardoch Pen, St Ann's, Jamaica, Mr Jas. Coulter Stuart, youngest son of the late Captain Stuart of Dullatur.

29. In Jamaica, Alexander, second son of the late Robert Brown, W.S.

May 6. On her passage from Calcutta to England, Mrs Boyd, widow of James Watson Boyd, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service, on the Bengal Establishment.

7. At St Helena, on his return from India, Lieut. Gabriel Murray Home, of the Bengal Establishment.

21. At Bourdeaux, Mary Catharine, only daughter of the late Masterton Robertson, Esq. of Inches.

June 5. At the house of Sir George Smart, London, in his 40th year, the celebrated musical composer, Carl Maria Freyheer Von Weber.

14. At Dalkeith, the Rev. James Fort, late rector of the Academy of Fortrose.

19. At Dunblane, Miss Eliza S. Graham.

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25. At Barochan Castle, Mrs Fleming, widow of Malcolm Fleming, Esq. of Barochan.

25. At the residence of his uncle, General Campbell, Priory, St Andrews, William Campbell, Esq. assistant-surgeon, 6th or Enniskillen Dragoons.

26. At his residence, Wells, Somersetshire, in the 84th year of his age, John Holloway, Esq. Admiral of the Red.

27. At Grangetoll-field, in her 71st year, Mrs Katharine Dunbar, relict of Mr Robert Scott, late of the Excise, Haddington.

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With a mind trained to, and highly susceptible of, the delights and elegancies of literature, he became early imbued with a love of the sciences, and was remarkable afterwards for the extent and precision of his acquirements in them. He had a quick, and an almost intuitive perception, of the advantages to be derived from applying to useful purposes the great inventions that distinguished the era in which he lived; and the rare faculty of directing them, with energy and perseverance, to the fulfilment of extensive and important designs. These talents enabled him to anticipate, in many instances, the slow results of experience, and to take the lead in the adoption of improvements, the trial of which could not be made, without considerable risk, by one who felt less conscious of the extent of his own power, or less confident of the accuracy of his conclusions.

Initiated, at an early period of life, in the art of cotton-spinning, which was then beginning to feel the impulse of the noble inventions of Sir Richard Arkwright, he gave to them, in the machinery constructed under his inspection, all the advantages of correct and excellent workmanship; and while he always bore a willing testimony to the great merits and originality of those inventions, he was prompt to adopt whatever amendments were suggested by subsequent efforts of ingenuity. But whatever partiality he had imbibed, from his earliest attempts, for the use of water as a moving power, he became fully sensible of the advantages of the steam-engine soon after the improvements of Mr Watt; and the energies of his powerful mind were successfully directed to render himself master of the abstrusest parts of its theory. In this he was greatly assisted by his friendly and confidential intercourse with Mr Watt, with his distinguished partner Mr Boulton, and with other skillful members of their establishment. Under his direction, the steam-engines of Messrs Philips and Lee exhibited the finest specimens of perfect mechanism, conducted upon a well-arranged system, and combining the essential requisites of regularity and constancy of motion, with a studied and wisely-directed economy.

Mr Lee was the first to improve upon the fire-proof mills of his friend Mr William Strutt, by the employment of cast-iron beams; and he was also among the first to render the security still

more complete, by employing steam for warming the mills in winter, and to enforce cleanliness, ventilation, and good order, in the regulation of them. By his recommendation, the workmen raised among themselves a fund for mutual relief during sickness; and so great was the benefit derived from it, as to make it appear, in evidence given before the House of Commons, that among a thousand work-people, whom the establishment comprises, not more than five pounds had been distributed throughout one year in the form of poor rates.

When the experiments of his friend Mr Murdoch, on the illuminating power of the gas from coal, were made known to him in 1802, he was instantly struck with their importance; and after due consideration of the facts, he determined to light, in this novel mode, at the expense of several thousand pounds, the large building which he had erected, in conjunction with his partners. The result of this experiment, all the details of which may be found in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London for 1808, decidedly established the utility of gas-lights, and led to their almost universal adoption in large manufactories.

Mr Lee was pre-eminently distinguished by the clearness, the sagacity, and the systematic connexion of the arrangements by which he conducted the great manufacturing establishments over which he presided, and by which he was enabled, at any moment, to concentrate the results of all the operations, as well as to take a distinct view of any individual part. In his mercantile dealings, he was influenced by coolness and solidity of judgment, by a high sense of honour and probity, and by enlarged and comprehensive views of the general principle of commercial policy. His private virtues those who lived habitually with him will best appreciate. They know that he was a man of strict rectitude and deep feeling; sincere and steady in his friendships; capable of acts of the greatest disinterestedness and liberality; and that his pure and unostentatious benevolence was regulated by judgment, and directed to purposes of real utility. He retired from active business at a period of life when he had a reasonable prospect of enjoying, for many years, the resources of a well-stored and still vigorous mind; but he was ere long attacked by a painful and lingering disease, which at length brought to a close his useful and honourable career.

Mr Lee was born in the year 1761. In 1803 he married Mary, the youngest daughter of the late Rev. John Ewart of Troquire. She died in 1812, leaving five children, three of whom still survive. Mr L. was the brother of Mrs Sophia and Mrs Harriet Lee, two ladies well known to the public by their literary and valuable works.—*Manchester Guardian*, Aug. 12.

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THE IRISH GOVERNMENT.

WE have on various occasions bestowed much notice on the "new system" which has been adopted in Britain, and we are now tempted to examine the "new system" which has been adopted in Ireland. The time, we think, calls loudly for such an examination. The Marquis Wellesley has been the Lord-Lieutenant for nearly the appointed term, and his system has been pretty fairly tried. We have our suspicions that he is to be continued in his high office; the overbearing influence displayed by the Canning part of the Cabinet, and the tame obedience manifested by the other part, with several other circumstances, lead us to believe that such is the intention of men in power. If our suspicions be just, it is certainly highly necessary that the British people should know, whether the conduct and system of the Noble Marquis have been of a nature to benefit Britain and Ireland, or to bring upon both the most destructive evils.

If we be mistaken, and if the Irish government is to be changed, it is still exceedingly needful that it should be ascertained what this change ought really to be;—whether it ought to be

merely a change of men, or a thorough reversal of principle and policy.

By the Union, Ireland and Britain were made one—Ireland was made an integral part of the United Kingdom. Ireland's separate Legislature was naturally enough abolished, but its separate Executive was unnaturally enough retained. This one United Kingdom, therefore, while it has but one Legislature, has two Executives—it has in common parlance two Governments. If the Irish Government were merely a nominal one, and its head were, like the lord-lieutenant of a county, simply an executive magistrate, we know not that we should quarrel with it. But it is far more than this: it is, in effect, to a great extent a separate and independent government; it is deliberative as well as executive; the Lord Lieutenant—we speak not of persons—apes the airs and state of royalty, and jumbles up, in a certain degree, the powers of the King with the powers of the Minister and the Magistrate.

From this it almost inevitably happens, that the government at home looks upon itself as merely the government of Britain, and the Irish Go-

vernment looks upon itself as almost the exclusive government of Ireland. The former directs its attention principally to British affairs, and leaves Irish ones to the latter. One fatal mischief that arises from this is—British interests are conducted with but little reference to those of Ireland, and Irish interests are conducted with scarcely any reference to those of Britain. The United Kingdom is not governed as a whole, but as two distinct parts, each having separate and hostile interests.

That the separate government of Ireland ever produced as much benefit as evil, is a matter on which we doubt strongly; but, however, we readily admit, that its production of evil may vary very greatly. It may be almost innoxious, or it may be a curse to both Ireland and Britain. When Ireland is so near us—when the public prints of each portion of the United Kingdom circulate so freely in the other—when the Irish gentry spend so much of their time in England—and when the Irish Members are blended without distinction with the British ones in the same Legislature, we are convinced, that it would be of incalculable benefit were the affairs of the whole United Kingdom conducted by one government—were the Ministry, in all its measures and policy, compelled to look at the interests of both Britain and Ireland in connexion. We therefore believe, that in proportion as the Irish government acts as a separate one—excludes the interference of the home one—and governs Ireland as a distinct country having distinct interests—in the same proportion it is the parent of mighty evils.

When the Marquis Wellesley was selected for the Lord Lieutenant, we, who write, thought the choice would prove a beneficial one. We were then some years younger than we are at present, and we were, perhaps, more liable to err on the charitable side than we now are. There were circumstances, however, which might have led wiser men than ourselves into the same opinion. The ability of the Noble Marquis had been perhaps overrated, but certainly he was a man of ability; he was, moreover, a man of very ripe age and considerable experience. We expected that he would go to Ireland as a statesman too ho-

nest and able to be governed by party feelings—that he would apply his powers to the discovery and removal of the real evils of Ireland—and that he would look upon Ireland as a portion, a comparatively small portion, of the United Kingdom, and would shape his measures and policy with a view to the permanent good of the whole. With regard to the Catholic Question, we imagined, that if his office could not bind him from improper conduct, he would, at any rate, find enough to deter him from it, in the beacon which had been raised by the puerile and unconstitutional absurdities of Mr Grant.

We were mistaken—egregiously mistaken.

On entering upon his office, the Noble Marquis seemed to believe that he had been transformed into a King, instead of the servant of one—he took for his guide, not dispassionate inquiry, but the cry of party and faction—under the mask of neutrality, he made himself a furious party leader—the new system which he introduced was founded on the wretched theory of reversing the principles on which Ireland had previously been governed, and obeying the mercenary dictates of factious clamour—he appeared to look upon Ireland as a separate nation, to which the interests of Britain ought in every particular to be sacrificed.

These are grave charges, and before we conclude we shall substantiate them.

To protect and nurture Protestantism to the utmost point possible, was always, until a few years ago, held to be the first and most important of all the duties of the Irish Government. Whether we look at Britain and Ireland singly, or as a whole, the truth of this seems so strikingly self-evident, that nothing but the fact, that the converse of it has been acted upon by the Marquis Wellesley, could lead us to say anything in its illustration.

Let us in the first place separate Ireland from Britain and British interests, and look at it as a distinct and independent nation. That Catholicism is in principle and practice hostile to civil and religious liberty, is almost universally admitted by the warmest advocates for the removal of the disabilities. This is not matter of opinion,

it stands upon positive proofs. The dogma of the Romish Church, that laymen have no right of private judgment, but are bound to receive as religion whatever it may dictate—the doctrine and discipline of this church generally—the late Bulls and conduct of the Pope—the conduct of the Spanish Clergy—the conduct of the Jesuits in France—and the conduct of the Catholic priesthood of Ireland, as well as the general history of Catholicism—place it wholly above question.

If Ireland were rendered independent, the Catholic religion would of course be its established one. Even if it were made a republic, the late elections clearly prove that the mass of its representatives, and of course its ministers, would be bigotted Catholics. The Protestants would be a minority, too contemptible to have any weight, either in the legislature or out of it. Of official power they could not command a particle.

If a man put general Catholicism wholly out of sight, and look merely at the recent conduct of the Catholic priesthood of Ireland, this priesthood's public assertions that laymen have no religious rights independent of itself—that the Bible ought to be a prohibited book at its pleasure—that the Clergy of the Church of England have no spiritual character—its deeds touching the Bible and school societies—and what it said and did at the late elections—must convince him that it would, to the utmost point possible, suppress religious and civil liberty. Judging only from the most indisputable evidence, he could arrive at no other conclusion.

And what would be the conduct of the Catholic laity of Ireland? O'Connell, Shiel, and the rest of the heads, however they may disagree on other things, are always unanimous in proclaiming that laymen have no right of private judgment in religious matters, and have, so far as regards their Church, no religious rights whatever. These wretched traitors to the rights of their lay-brethren, whether they be men of moderate principles, or furious republicans and revolutionists, always with one accord maintain that the layman ought to be the passive slave of the priest. This, coupled with their mob-attacks upon the meetings of the Protestants, and their rancorous abuse, not

only of the members of the established Church, but of the Presbyterians, Methodists, Quakers, and Protestants in general, affords conclusive demonstration, that the Catholic laity would be as hostile to religious liberty as the priesthood.

In regard to civil liberty, the laity has just proved that it is the mere menial of the priesthood: it has in effect just declared that popular liberties and privileges ought to be exercised according to the will of the priests—that the elective franchise ought to be practically monopolised by the priests, and that the electors ought to be compelled by the temporal punishments of their church, and the terrors of eternal perdition, to vote according to the commands of the priests. O'Connell, and the rest of the laymen, never admit that any Protestant has a right to differ from them in politics; if he do this, no matter what his rank, character, and principles may be, they denounce him as an enemy of Ireland, and a man unworthy of being tolerated in society. They always speak of Ireland as though the Protestants did not belong to it, and had no right to intermeddle with its affairs—as though it was their own country, the country of the Catholics only. It is clear to the whole world that the Duke of York, Lord Eldon, Lord Liverpool, Mr Peel, &c. act as they do on the Catholic Question from the most upright motives, yet they abuse those exalted individuals and all who think with them, as the most unprincipled people in existence.

The Catholics manifest the same monopolising, tyrannical spirit in everything. Government and Parliament lately wished to establish in Ireland, at the public cost, a system of education, which, basing itself upon the Scriptures, was not to teach the peculiar tenets of any religion—not even those of the religion of the State. The Priesthood, forsooth! could only tolerate this on condition that the schools should be formed on a scheme of its own framing, and that it should have the power of excluding from them any books at its pleasure. The Laity seconded this proposition for the perpetuation of its own barbarism and slavery, and the system was abandoned. The schools that already exist are declaimed against, as though it were a heinous crime in Protestants to esta-

blish any. In regard to what is called Emancipation, the Catholics must have it on their own terms: they must not in return concede a single iota. Is their Church, when from the removal of the disabilities Parliament and the Ministry shall be made partly Catholic, to be reduced to a level with the Churches of England and Scotland, in respect of the control of the Government? No! they are to have their full share of parliamentary and official power, but their Church is to be independent of, and above, the Government. Here they must have exclusive privileges. Is the elective franchise to be reduced in Ireland, to what it is in Britain? No! They confess that the system of creating fictitious freeholders is a prolific source of guilt and misery, but they protest against change, because it gives the franchise to the priests. The British Protestant voter must be the *owner* of the freehold; the Irish Catholic voter must be merely the *occupier*. Here too they must have exclusive privileges. While the Protestant clergy are to be prohibited from interfering with the laity, the Catholic clergy are to be its tyrants, in the discharge of its political duties. The Protestant Associations are to be put down by law; the Catholic ones are not to be molested. The laws are to bind the Protestants, but they are to be violated at pleasure by the Catholics. The rights of the Protestant are to be limited by the law and constitution, but those of the Catholics are to be limited only by their own will.

We care not a straw for the expostitions which the Catholics put forth touching their doctrines; the thief can always protest that he is honest, and tell a plausible tale to prove it. Their real principles can only be found in their general conduct. The darkest tyranny never promulgated more atrocious principles against civil and religious liberty, than they have actually or practically, by word or action, promulgated in late years. No man, whether he be Whig or Tory, can dispassionately scrutinize their conduct, without being convinced that if Ire-

land were rendered independent, they would be as intolerant in politics as in religion, and the Protestants would be deprived of every vestige of civil and religious freedom, and be speedily banished or exterminated.

And what effects does Catholicism produce on general society? If we look first at the heads of the Catholics, we find them displaying daily the most deplorable ignorance and imbecility, combined with the very worst principles. The speeches delivered at the meetings of the Association are precisely what might be expected from unlettered maniacs; and they are often of so devilish a character, that it is matter of astonishment how beings in the shape of men are capable of uttering them. Nobles, bishops, priests, and the gentry, here openly combine in direct violation of the law for the most illegal purposes; and it is their daily boast that they thus trample upon the law, and will for ever trample upon it, whenever it may interfere with their inclinations. Here is an example for the poor and ignorant. If Lord Killeen and O'Connell—whom, as they have conferred on themselves the honour of knighthood, we shall, for the sake of variety, occasionally call the Knights of the Curse and the Faggot—are to be permitted to violate one law, why may not the peasants be suffered to violate another? If the bishops and priests may be suffered to make their extortions under the name of Catholic rent against law, why may not the Rockites be suffered to carry on their robberies and burnings against law? A horrible yell of delight is set up by this gang of fiends, and why? In Britain, the merchants and manufacturers are sinking into bankruptcy, and the working classes into starvation. Or, in Ireland, the priests by their grinding tyranny have compelled the tenants to vote against their landlords, and plunge themselves by thousands into ruin and want; the relations of society are rent asunder, and the country is filled with strife and misery. They find in things like these matter of public rejoicing!! They call aloud for the spoliation of the Church,*

* Not long ago, Lord Killeen, in his capacity of Chairman of the Association, took occasion to condemn the tithes, and to observe that the landlords would soon be weary of paying them, and then they would be abolished. It thus appears that this

and maintain all the worst doctrines of Radicalism; they eternally pour upon the most exalted and estimable individuals brutish slanders, which would disgrace the most vulgar coal-heaver; and they constantly endeavour, on all occasions, to sacrifice their country and countrymen to their dirty personal interests, and the devouring tyranny of their Church. Putting out of sight the monsters of the French Revolution, no confederacy of creatures bearing the form of men, ever exhibited more thorough ignorance touching natural and acquired right, and the principles of liberty—more rapacious knavery touching the rights of others—more inveterate hostility to the rights, privileges, and weal of the people—a more perfect destitution of gentlemanly feeling and patriotism—more bigotry and intolerance—more intense and roguish selfishness and cupidity—and a more barbarous and diabolical spirit of hatred, malice, and revenge, than has been exhibited by what is called the Catholic Association.

Let no one take what we say upon trust; let all who wish to judge correctly place before them the files of the *Catholic* newspapers for the last three or four years, and read attentively the speeches of the Knights of the Curse and the Faggot; they will then perceive that our description is not an overcharged one. There are doubtlessly many of the respectable Catholics to whom this description does not apply, but they offer no evidence of it: they separate not themselves from the iniquity and infamy. The Catholics, as a body, tell us that the Association is their mouth-piece, and speaks their principles and feelings.

And what do we find amidst the lower orders of the Catholics? The reading of the Scriptures is prohibited—the establishing of schools is practically forbidden—the most gross fanaticism and superstition are combined with an utter destitution of real reli-

gion—the same man is a furious bigot, and a profligate and a criminal. Their belief that the priests can forgive sins leads the people into the darkest guilt. A man is about to commit a dreadful murder, he confides at confession his intention to the priest, and yet he commits the crime. Why does he make the priest his confidant, and still become a murderer? He is aware that what he contemplates is a heinous sin; and he believes that the priest can, and WILL, forgive him if he commit it. He would avoid the guilt, were it not for the assurance that he can, on easy terms, obtain absolution. Nothing could be more pernicious to society than the doctrine that the priests can forgive sins; it is a direct incentive to the worst vices and crimes, and ought to be placed beyond the pale of toleration. The people are ignorant, barbarous, and superstitious, to the last degree; they are strangers to many of the most common principles of honesty and humanity; and they are stained with horrible crimes, which are unknown in other countries; they can be bound by no laws save those which the priests impose; they are the abject slaves of the priests, not merely through influence, but through the most grievous punishments; and not only in religion, but in politics, and everything. Catholicism repels from them everything that could instruct and reform them; it destroys the relations between landlord and tenant, neighbour and neighbour; it renders the law impotent by its sporting with oaths and its terrors; it seizes upon the elective franchise, and other political rights; it makes conscience the parent of the worst feelings and actions; banishes honesty, security, peace, industry, trade, and prosperity; desolates the country with faction and guilt, and annihilates the foundations and cement of society.

We are here not speaking of abstract principles; we are not speaking of what has been, or of what is likely to

most liberal Catholic noble, in so far as he may own land subject to tithes, is anxious to become a church-spoiler. Can he point out a single landowner in Ireland who bought the tithes, payable to the Church, with his estate, or who received his estate on any other condition than that it should pay them for ever? No; whatever the right of the Church may be, the landlords have no more right to the tithes than our pen has; if these be taken from the Church, they will not be given to the landlord, and the latter we imagine will suffer no little from the change.

be. We are speaking of actual conduct, and of *WHAT IS*, at this moment. We are not dealing in speculation and assumption; but direct, physical, unassailable proofs of the truth of what we say are before the eyes of every one in profusion.

Putting all things else out of sight, and looking at the interests of the people of Ireland alone, it must be clear to every man who will reflect, whether he be Tory or Whig, Christian or infidel, that Catholicism is a dreadful scourge to Ireland, and that its destruction would yield to the people the most invaluable benefits of every description. In truth, with the exception of the Catholics, almost every man—no matter what his opinions on religion and politics may be—admits that catholicism is a most pernicious religion, and operates in the most injurious manner on all the interests of society.

Let us now look at the matter as it affects Britain and Ireland as one United Kingdom.

The Church of England forms an integral and essential part of the constitution of this United Kingdom. It is held to be allied with the State, and its religion is established as the national one in both England and Ireland by the constitution and laws.—The King is placed at its head, its affairs are, to a considerable extent, intrusted to the management of the government, and it is the sacred constitutional duty of the latter to watch over its interests, and promote, to the utmost, its prosperity.

We should not be satisfied if we could say no more for the Church of England, than that it has been established by the constitution and laws. It has in late years been attacked by the most rancorous enemies, and yet, religiously or politically considered, no objection worth noticing has been raised against it. Almost every dissenter admits that its religion is the next best to his own. This forms perhaps the highest praise it could covet. We need not enlarge on the scriptural purity of its doctrines, the beauty of its formularies, or various of its excellencies; but we must say a word on one of its distinguishing characteristics,—it is not in creed or practice, actually or in effect, a political Church. Its religion is far better calculated

than any other for a free people. The religion of some of the sects is deeply tainted with party politics, that of others comes into direct collision with the civil duties of the subject, but that of the Church of England is separated from politics to the farthest point possible. Our clergy have no control, and very little influence, over their flocks in politics; they have far less of both than the teachers of any other religion. We scarcely even hear that an election is decided by their influence; and it is a thing wholly unknown for a man to pay court to the Church in order to obtain a seat in Parliament or political preferment. That the Clergy have their weight in the political system, is undoubted; but they could not have less, considering their wealth and number, than they have; and they could not, considering what human nature is, abstain more from politics than they do.—They are so far from preponderating in this system, that their weight in it is scarcely perceptible.

Putting out of sight the constitutional duty of the government, it is its sacred duty to protect and nurture the Church of England to the utmost point possible for the sake of religious and civil liberty, and of all the best interests of the community. If we had no established one, a wise and patriotic ministry would always give this Church the first place in its favour, on account of its harmony with the constitution, popular rights and privileges, and the public weal in every particular.

This Church is the established one of Ireland as well as of England, and it is more especially the constitutional duty of the Irish Government to labour without ceasing for its prosperity. With us it is followed by the majority of the population; it is chiefly opposed by Protestant sects, which are disunited, which are singly weak, and which, with the exception of one or two, establish little that is hostile to freedom and the public weal. But in Ireland only a very small part of the people belong to this Church; the chief part are Catholics.

If Catholicism be, what all admit it to be, not only at variance with the Scriptures, but with the best temporal interests of society—if it be a grievous plague to the Irish people, par-

ticularly to the poorer part of them— if it impose upon the wretched peasantry what is in reality a grinding tax—if it array the tenant against the landlord, stimulate the people to trample upon the laws, and keep them in slavery, ignorance, depravity, and disaffection—it surely must be clear to every man living that the Irish government ought to strain every nerve either to annihilate it, or to purge it of its noxious characteristics. This

government can only perform this imperious duty, bound as it is and ought to be, to give to the Catholics full toleration, by strengthening to the utmost the Church in particular, and Protestantism generally.

When the Noble Marquis entered upon his government, he commenced what is called “A New System.” The pith of this system was,—he was to be perfectly neutral and impartial between parties.

The “Candour” thus spoken of by the Antijacobin—

“Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age,
CANDOUR—which softens party’s headlong rage ;
CANDOUR—which spares its foes, nor e’er descends
With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.

CANDOUR—which loves in see-saw strain to tell
Of acting foolishly, but meaning well ;
Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,
Convinced that *all* men’s motives are the same ;—
And finds with keen, discriminating sight,
BLACK’s not so black ;—nor WHITE so very white.

‘Fox, to be sure, was vehement and wrong :—
But then Pitt’s words, you’ll own, were rather strong.
Both must be blamed—both pardon’d.’”

This candour has been in late years exceedingly fashionable, particularly amidst Ministers. If there were war between two creeds, it was to be taken for granted that both were false—if there were war between two parties, all candid, liberal, and enlightened people were to believe that both were equally in the wrong. No distinction was to be made. Protestantism and Catholicism, Toryism and Whiggism, the Protestant and the Catholic, the loyal man and the traitor, were to be placed on the same level ; and the only thing to be attended to was—separation from, and reprobation of, all.

Of this candour, which in reality is sheer destitution of principle, we have never been admirers. It is possible that two hostile creeds, or parties, may be both in error, but their hostility is no proof of it, unless it be true that truth and falsehood, the good and the bad, are never at variance. When a government divides itself from every creed and party, it practically proclaims that it has no fixed principle, and that there is no difference between truth and falsehood, the good and the evil. It is the duty of every government to inculcate good principles, and to protect, and ally it-

self with those who entertain them ; and we imagine the government of this country is on the point of discovering that this duty cannot be violated with impunity.

Such, however, is the infirmity of human nature, that men, however destitute of principle they may be, cannot separate themselves from creeds and parties. If reason and conscience be silent, interest, or necessity, compels them to take a side ; and they are generally the most furious partizans when the professions of neutrality are the loudest. In truth, such professions are commonly made to cover the vilest apostacy. When the present Ministers professed to separate themselves from, and to denounce, what they called *ultra* Toryism, did they carefully keep aloof from Whiggism ? No, they adopted to the utmost point possible its doctrines and spirit. *Ultraism* could scarcely be carried farther than Mr Huskisson and Mr Robinson have carried it in regard to Free Trade. Mr Canning’s speech on the motion of Mr Ellice furnished as perfect a specimen of *ultraism* as could be exhibited. Lord Liverpool’s last speech on the Catholic question displayed no small portion of *ultraism*. His lord-

ship's honest and solid understanding still looks back with fondness to the principles it has been dragged from; and it speaks out with old English plainness when it can for a moment escape from the influence which has so far bewildered it. We are very sure that, had the Whigs been in office, they never durst have practised *ultra* Whig doctrines so far, as Ministers have practised them.

The parties which the noble Marquis found in Ireland were, the Churchmen and the Catholics. That it was the duty of the Irish Government to administer the laws with strict impartiality towards both, will be questioned by no man. But here there was nothing new for the Marquis to introduce. His partizans and the Whigs, indeed, solemnly swear that the laws were most corruptly administered until he became the Lord Lieutenant; but this has received the most decisive contradiction. No one will suspect that Mr Grant would favour the Churchmen; and Mr Peel has more than once declared in Parliament, that, when he was the Irish Secretary, the laws were administered with scrupulous impartiality, and public trusts were confided to Catholic as well as Protestant, with reference merely to qualification. The Irish evidence is quite sufficient to decide the question. If fame can be obtained for his lordship in no other way than from the heaping of the most foul slanders upon his predecessors, we fear that he must possess very little of it; we shall inquire by and by how far he has been impartial in administering the laws.

But it will puzzle every man of common sense to discover upon what principle the Irish Government ought to place the Churchman and Catholic on a level in regard to favour and friendship. It is forbidden by reason and expediency, as well as by the laws and Constitution. If this government ought to make no distinction between a man affectionately attached to the Church and Constitution, and one holding principles subversive of both, then society ought to place the prostitute and the chaste virgin, the honest man and the rogue, on an equality. The Marquis Wellesley, however, was to make no distinction whatever.

Did he then go to Ireland as an impartial man—as a man having no party

feelings, and holding none of the party opinions of either side? No! he was vain, arrogant, and inflammable—he was a decided party leader, and he was flatly opposed to the churchmen, and violently in favour of the Catholics on the main point of contention between them. He went as a fierce party man, and his professions of neutrality served as a veil to the most decided party conduct. His government has been from first to last the most bigotted party one that Ireland ever possessed. In truth, people have only to look at the character of Lord Wellesley and Mr Plunkett to be convinced, that it would be as easy for them to change the course of the sun, as to keep out of the thick of party politics.

The first object of the Lord Lieutenant was, not only to separate the Irish Government to the farthest point possible from the churchmen, but to beat the latter to the dust. He durst not attack them under the name of Churchmen, or Protestants, but luckily for him they were assailable under that of Orangemen. They were formed into societies which they called Orange ones, in honour of that Monarch who, in 1688, saved the Church, Constitution, and liberties, of this country from destruction, and this brought them within reach of his power.

The Orange societies were formed to protect the Church and Constitution, to uphold and strengthen the religion of the state and Protestantism generally, and to be a counterpoise and check to Catholicism. The members of them were high Tories in respect of creed, and they belonged principally to the Church. They were furiously abused by the Papists, Whigs, and Radicals; and this must convince the most fastidious of the correctness of their principles. They had been countenanced by the Government, and many of the most spotless and exalted names in Ireland were connected with them. Mr Peel in his younger, and we will add, wiser, days, after having had ample opportunities for becoming acquainted with them, bestowed on them his approbation. On the score of principle they were above attack; but it was objected to them that they were societies, that they gave birth to other societies, and that their processions created party animosity.

We do not profess to be led wholly by abstract principles, and we should

not decide whether a man ought, or ought not, to wear a great-coat, without first making ourselves acquainted with the state of his health and of the weather. Speaking in the abstract, we should say that such societies had better not exist; but we should say likewise, that a country might be in such circumstances as to make their existence very beneficial. The question was, not whether they ought to be formed, but whether they ought to be put down after having been long in being; and a more weighty and complicated one, when the actual condition of Ireland was taken into account, could not have come before a statesman. Lord Wellesley, however, found in it no difficulties.

The Noble Marquis at once embroiled himself in a personal squabble with the Orangemen; whether he did this intentionally, or was impelled to it by party foolishness, we cannot determine; but never did any government disgrace itself as the Irish one did, touching the memorable *cow* at the theatre. The wretched magnifying of the offence, the Attorney-General's wholesale abuse of the jury, and his declaration, that "he would have his man," almost in spite of law, were scandalous. If the Government at home had done its duty, it would have sent the Marquis and Mr Plunkett into retirement, accompanied by heavy tokens of the Royal displeasure. The war of extermination against the Orangemen, or, more properly speaking, the Churchmen, was now commenced by both the Irish Government and the British one; and all this gave it the appearance of having been begun by Lord Wellesley and Mr Plunkett, not only from party motives, but from mean and unjustifiable personal ones.

The features of this war ought never to be forgotten by the nation. When the Orange societies were admitted even by the most bitter of their enemies, to be loyal to excess—when they held the principles that were held by Lord Eldon, Lord Liverpool, Mr Peel, and the mass of the British people—and when the whole that could be alleged against them was, that they were offensive to, and excited pernicious so-

cieties amidst, the Catholics, it might have been expected that they would be treated by both Governments with decency, if not with tenderness. Excess of affection for the Church and the Constitution is not so great, even in England, as to call for the enmity of the Government; but when we look at its condition in Ireland, we are amazed that men in power should think it necessary to coerce and diminish it. The Papist, Whig, and Radical prints, heaped upon the Orangemen every conceivable species of abuse, and this abuse was repeated with additions by the Whig and Radical leaders in Parliament. If the Orangemen had been incendiaries and rebels, they would only have deserved the language that was applied to them, not only by the press, but by Mr Brougham, Sir J. Mackintosh, and other members of the Legislature. It would be very idle in us to say, that the rights of the Press-gang have any limits; but we may be permitted to say, we are not aware that the men we have named, or any other of our Legislators, have a right to libel in the most atrocious manner, large portions of the community, which offend against neither law nor morals. Ministers joined in the condemnation of the Orangemen, without offering anything in disproof of the abuse.

There was, therefore, to be seen, this most extraordinary spectacle. Almost the only men in Ireland who were Tories, if Toryism be anything but a name applicable to any principles whatever—almost the only men in Ireland who were attached to the Established Church, and who were not inveterately hostile to it—almost the only men in Ireland who were sincere friends to the Union with Britain, whose affection for the Constitution and laws was above question, and who could be depended upon in case of convulsion and rebellion—these men were blackened by a vast portion of the press and Parliament as enemies of the State, were denounced by the Irish Government as an atrocious faction, were condemned by the Tory part of the Ministry, and were left without defenders!*

And were any steps taken at the

* We ought perhaps to say, that the Orangemen had *one* defender in the House of Commons,—and who? Mr Brownlow!!

same time against the other associations or parties of Ireland? No! The Ribbonmen, &c. were only incidentally spoken of; as though such associations were rendered almost pardonable by the Orange ones. Associations for purposes of plunder, outrage, and rebellion, had excuses offered for them, were spared as far as possible, and were represented to be called into existence solely by those which were merely political ones holding the best principles. Nothing but fulsome panegyric was bestowed upon Catholicism and the Catholics.

To finish the character of all this for monstrous injustice and imbecility, it was called *CONCILIATION*! That which blackened, insulted, and exasperated one of the great parties of Ireland to the highest pitch, was called *Conciliation*!

That this operated as party conduct of the most violent and indefensible character, has been established by the most unassailable evidence. It threw the whole blame upon one party, and held up the other as most spotless and meritorious—it crushed the one, and rendered the other almost invincible. That it was in most of those who exhibited it, party conduct of the most violent and indefensible character, will be admitted by all impartial people. No one can doubt that the *REAL* cause why the Orangemen were slandered and attacked as they were by many of their official and parliamentary enemies, was—their hostility to what is called *Catholic Emancipation*.

And now comes the important question—what followed? Was party spirit extinguished with the Orange Societies? Were the Catholics rendered contented and loyal subjects? Did the Ribbonmen and Rockites abandon their mal-practices? The opinion that such effects would flow from such a cause would have disgraced an infant, and yet it was boldly propagated by those who call themselves the only statesmen of the age.

The term Orangeman was applied by the Catholics, not only to the members of the Societies, but to every one who opposed their claims. When O'Connell and his gang invoked the Catholics "by their hatred of Orangemen," they knew that those whom they addressed included under the term every man in Ireland who was hostile to the removal of the disabilities. This is the case at present. The

term *Heretic* is applied by the mass of the Catholics to all the Protestants indiscriminately—to those who support, as well as to those who oppose their claims; but the term *Orangeman* is merely applied to those who are against them. The Association and its prints and mobs use the latter term up to this day, as profusely as ever, and they frequently bestow it on their British as well as their Irish opponents. The suppression of the Societies did not change the opinions of those who formed them, it did not in the eye of the Catholics diminish the number of the Orangemen, while it carried the party feelings of the latter to the highest point of excitement, and it did not touch the causes which led the Rockites to crime, and caused the Catholics to be disaffected and ungovernable.

The Catholics knew that the Marquis Wellesley and Mr Plunkett were violent friends to their claims, and they now perceived that these individuals constituted in effect the Irish government. They saw the only party which was opposed to them denounced, hated, and placed on a level with the Ribbonmen by this government, while the latter made themselves and their claims the objects of boundless panegyric. This practical call upon them to take the field was irresistible, and O'Connell re-established the Catholic Board with all possible expedition. This body immediately filled Ireland with sedition, flame, and convulsion.

Our conviction is, that the Catholic Association owed its birth entirely to the Irish government. Mr Peel effectually crushed this body, and it would not again have obtained being, had Ireland been still governed as it was when he was the Secretary. If the Marquis and his Attorney-General had not been bigotted partizans of the Catholics, and if they had not thus furiously attacked the Churchmen, and thereby called into action the party animosity of both sides, O'Connell and his gang would not have had either the courage or the ability to form this Association.

The Irish Government had boasted outrageously of its impartiality,—it knew the Irish character—it was acquainted with the effects produced by the Catholic Board and other Catholic confederacies—it saw that O'Con-

nell and his gang were scattering throughout Ireland everything that could create madness, tumult, crime, and rebellion—and it was not ignorant that tranquillity was essential for enabling it to make such improvements as Ireland really needed. When all this is looked at, and the treatment of the Orangemen is taken into the account, it seems unaccountable that the Marquis did not feel it to be his duty to put down the Association in its infancy. This body might then have been easily destroyed, for it was universally odious; the respectable Catholics not only stood aloof from it, but looked upon it with hostile feelings. Not a single step, however, was taken against it. When Mr Plunkett was pressed on the matter in the House of Commons, he was constrained to say that his eye was upon it; but he could not even say this without making a most uncalled-for and disgraceful attack upon the Orangemen. Mr Canning held that if the Association were not interfered with, it would die a natural death. When we look at the history of former Catholic Associations, we cannot refrain from saying, that if this were an honest opinion, it was about the most simple one that the lips of man ever delivered.

O'Connell and his gang were thus carefully spared. The only party in Ireland that was opposed to, and that could have served as a check upon them, was beaten down by the Government and treated as a mortal enemy. The Government warmly sanctioned the main object that they pretended to pursue. No man could expect anything from vigorous opposition to them, save abuse as an Orangeman, and the wrath of the Lord-Lieutenant and the Attorney-General. It was loudly proclaimed by the latter, and their prints, that all who withstood them were even more guilty than themselves; therefore people who valued character and interest could follow no course save that of neutrality. While this was the case, the Whigs and Trimmers—the supporters and puffers, titled and untitled, rich and poor, of the noble Marquis—became members and patrons of the Association; and it was joined by the whole of the Catholics of both Britain and Ireland.

Encouraged by all this, the Knights of the Curse and the Faggot made the

most abominable attacks upon the rights of the Protestants. Our favourable opinion of the Bible and School Societies has been long before the world, but, putting their character out of sight, every one must admit that they have an undoubted right to act as they do. It cannot be disputed that by the constitution, law, equity, and every principle of religious liberty, the members of the established Church and Protestants generally, are amply justified in forming themselves into societies and holding meetings, in order to establish schools and distribute the Scriptures. Granting that their object is to make proselytes, their right is still the same: the regular clergy are solemnly commanded to do their utmost to make proselytes. O'Connell and his confederates not only denied the right of these societies to form schools and circulate the Bible, but laboured to suppress their meetings by the brute force of mobs. Yet after such atrocious conduct, these fellows were still supported and patronized by the party of the Marquis. What was the impartiality here of the latter, and Mr Plunkett? They could not take part officially or personally against the societies, but the country saw with indignation and disgust, in a contest in which the Protestants were merely defending their rights and liberties, the press of the Irish Government take the side of the Catholics. Here again the weight and influence of the Irish Government, in so far as regarded its newspapers and party, were employed in favour of the Association.

At length the scandalous doings of O'Connell and his gang awakened the indignation of England; and the *liberal* part of the Cabinet saw that Emancipation was losing ground, and that public feeling was becoming exceedingly hostile to Lord Wellesley. Something of course was to be done, and an attempt was made to prosecute at the self-same moment O'Connell, and who? Sir Harcourt Lees! We need not give the character of O'Connell; and our readers are aware that Sir Harcourt is one of the most loyal men in his Majesty's dominions, and that he was at the time the leading opponent of the former. O'Connell's alleged offence had nothing to do with official men; he was charged with inciting Ireland to rebel and declare itself independent. Sir Harcourt's alleged offence was in

reality an attack upon the Marquis and Mr Plunkett; his attachment to the constitution was above question. Yet the Irish government held these individuals to be equally criminal; it could not employ the law against the seditious demagogues of the Association, without at the same time employing it against those who withstood them. This conduct displayed something far worse than disgraceful imbecility, and in England it called forth universal contempt and reprobation. People could not be brought to believe that the laws ought to be administered in this manner; they could not be brought to believe that O'Connell never violated the law till Sir Harcourt violated it, or that these individuals were equally guilty; they could not be persuaded that the conduct of the Marquis and Mr Plunkett was to be above scrutiny, or that the Churchmen were as great criminals as the members of the Association.

The Irish Government ruined one newspaper by prosecution, it took away the government advertisements from another, and its attempted prosecution of Sir Harcourt was in reality directed against the press. In all this its vengeance fell exclusively on papers that were Tory ones, that zealously defended the Church, the Constitution, and Protestantism, and that merely offended by their hostility to itself and its new system. Various of the papers that took the Catholic side were continually putting forth the vilest libels—libels not merely on the official conduct of official men, but containing gross incitements to crime and rebellion—yet, as far as we remember, not one of them was molested. Mr Plunkett, when a Protestant paper offended, did not think it necessary to wait until he could prosecute a Catholic one along with it; there was here none of that incomprehensible impartiality which could not attack one party without attacking both. We do not know what could be more odious, or more hostile to freedom, than for servants of the State to crush the press, not for warring against the laws and institutions of the country, but for rigidly examining their official conduct. If the press is not to have liberty to do this, its liberty is not worth a snap of the fingers so far as regards public benefits.

O'Connell and his gang proceeded triumphantly, destitute as they were

of opponents. They levied taxes—connected themselves with the revolutionists of England—hired newspapers—deluged Ireland with the most atrocious publications—and called themselves the Representatives, Parliament, and Rulers of Ireland. While they were doing all this in the face of the world, they were joined and supplied with money by Peers and Members of the Legislature—by not only Whigs, but Tory supporters of the Marquis Wellesley and Mr Plunkett! This, however, was not to be borne, and a bill was brought into Parliament to suppress the Association, AND TO SUPPRESS THE ORANGE SOCIETIES ALONG WITH IT. The latter had done nothing—they had taken no part in the convulsions—they had offended against no law—for some time they had been in a state of suspended animation, and had scarcely been heard of—their loyalty and good principles were unquestioned—and their object was the defence by legal means of the Church and Constitution—yet *impartiality*, yes, IMPARTIALITY could not suppress the Catholic Association without suppressing them at the same moment! IMPARTIALITY could do no less than confound loyalty with sedition, and the peaceable with the turbulent—it could do no less than proclaim to the world that the most spotless and loyal men in Ireland were as guilty as O'Connell and his gang, and that it was as great a crime to combine for the defence of the Church and Constitution, as to combine for their overthrow. Speak of justice, and equity, and decency!—what are they? Speak of loyalty and affection for the laws!—let every man divest himself of both who wishes to preserve his character and escape the animosity of his rulers!

We speak of these matters with severity, because we believe in our conscience that they were unconstitutional—that they were at variance with justice and equity—that they struck at the principles which form the foundation of society—and that they grossly invaded some of the most valuable of our rights and liberties.

We must now notice one of the most flagrant and scandalous things that was ever witnessed by the present generation. No sooner had the Bill for putting down ALL Associations in Ireland—those for the defence of the Church included—become a law, than

a large number of Irish Peers, and English Peers possessed of property in Ireland, publicly formed themselves into an Association for supporting the Catholics by every means in their power, in making such a vital change in the laws and constitution as the repeal of the disabilities amounted to. That this was in reality a shameful violation of the law which had just been enacted, cannot be doubted. Many of those who thus trampled upon the laws, and incited the Catholics to trample upon them, were legislators. Our readers are aware that the Grenville party holds a share of both the Irish government and the English one, and that Mr Plunkett is a member of it. This vile combination of nobles was formed at the house of the head of this party; it was thus joined by the Grenvillites, and it was joined by the son-in-law of Mr Canning. All this leads us to suspect most violently that this detestable combination was formed with the sanction of the Wellesley part of the Irish Government, and the Canning part of the British one. We speak from suspicion only, and we may be in error; but if we be not—if those Ministers, who had done as we have stated to the Orange Societies, really did sanction this combination, they were guilty of conduct which comprehended everything that was unconstitutional and disgraceful.

Encouraged by the example of the Buckingham-House Combination, the Catholic Association was re-established immediately after the Session, and it has ever since carried on its old practices, in spite of the law, and without being molested by the government.

And now, what beyond all this has been done by the present Irish Government? It changed the mode of collecting the tithes; and as the change seems to have worked well, we shall say nothing against it, although we never relished its principle. It must be remembered that the tithes were furiously railed against by the Papists, Whigs, and Radicals—by every demagogue and every revolutionary newspaper. It made some changes in the magistracy and police, which do not appear to have yielded any material benefit. It has done nothing more. The Marquis and Mr Plunkett were mere party and official men—they were not practical men, acquainted

with general business, and capable of looking through society without using the eyes of others—they could only see such things as party, faction, and the routine of office placed before them. The real evils of Ireland, therefore, did not attract their notice.

A vast portion of Ireland was in the utmost wretchedness from these causes—the want of a resident gentry—a ruinous mode of land-letting—excessive population—and the pernicious tyranny of the Catholic priesthood. What has the Irish Government done to remove these causes?—Nothing.

A vast portion of the Irish people were ignorant, barbarous, superstitious, disaffected, and depraved to the last degree. What remedy has the Irish Government applied here?—None whatever. The establishing of schools was spoken of, but the idea was abandoned because the terms of the Catholic priesthood could not be complied with. On this matter Ministers manifested most disgraceful and culpable weakness. If the Government should think good to establish schools throughout Ireland for the instruction of such children as might be *voluntarily* sent to them, and in which no peculiar religious tenets should be taught, while the pupils should be made well acquainted with the Scriptures and the leading precepts of Christianity—why should the opinion of the Catholic priesthood be attended to? That such schools would be highly successful, is abundantly probable; and if the priests should endeavour to keep the children away by religious penalties, they ought to be severely punished. On such a matter, the parent ought to be as free from the control of the priest, as from that of the Government.

We wish that Ministers would take a lesson from the wise and firm conduct which was lately exhibited by the King of the Netherlands towards the Romish Church. This wretched system of sacrificing the Catholic laity to the priests—of bending to the will of the latter in everything—of suffering them to extend their usurpations as they please—of admitting everything to be proselytism which they choose to call so—and of leaving undone that which the public weal imperiously calls for, lest it should be called proselytism—is as injurious to the mass of the Catholics,

as to the empire at large. If the Irish Government had laboured as strenuously to crush the devouring tyranny of the Catholic Church, as it has laboured to crush the Orangemen, it might by this time have produced incalculable benefit.

When this Government was appointed, the manufacturing of fictitious freeholders was declared by all sides to be a fruitful source of penury and depravity. It had been condemned by certain of the leaders of both parties in Parliament; many of the Catholics were against it, and it was held to be doubtful whether it was most beneficial to the Protestants or the Catholics in regard to election influence. The time was most auspicious for putting an end to this mighty evil. What did the Irish Government do? Nothing.

It is proved by the North of Ireland, that, if the Protestants were sufficiently numerous throughout the population to balance the Catholics, this would have prodigious effect in reforming Catholicism, civilizing and enlightening the people, and promoting good morals, loyalty, and tranquillity. It is proved by history, and the present feelings and conduct of the Catholics, that until this balance is established, Ireland will never be peaceable and well-affected. Has then the Irish Government done its utmost to cherish and extend Protestantism? Has it vigilantly punished all invasions of the rights of the Protestants? Has it stimulated the clergy to exertion, zealously seconded their efforts, and promoted as far as possible the circulation of the Scriptures, and the diffusion of sound religious knowledge? Alas! no. Its measures have done the most grievous injury to Protestantism, and their tendency has been to banish it altogether from those parts where it is the weakest.

And now, in what circumstances has the conduct of the Noble Marquis placed both Ireland and Britain?

We have already ascribed the existence of the Association to the Irish Government. For some time after it was formed, not only all respectable Protestants, but the Catholic Clergy and Aristocracy, in a word, all respectable Catholics, stood aloof from it. Had the Government done as it ought,

the case would have been the same at this moment. But the course which it took united all the Catholics, and a large part of the Protestants, with the Association. By its own words and deeds, or through its prints, it fixed a stigma upon every opponent of this body—there was no party in Ireland that it warred against save the Churchmen—no man could hope for its favour who was hostile to Emancipation—and it vehemently supported the leading objects of the Association. The Catholics have acquired the chief portion of that tremendous strength which they now possess through the Irish Government.

It is generally asserted, and it has been admitted by the Catholics, that the Church forms the great bond of union between Ireland and Britain. What is the meaning of this? Does it mean that the churches, the church-possessions, and the clergy, form this bond? No; if the Church had nothing but these, it would be the reverse of a bond of union. It is made such a bond, chiefly by its lay members. Catholicism separates Ireland from Britain; the reason why the union between them is little more than a nominal one, is, the mass of the population is composed of Catholics, and the Church is to a great extent without a laity. With this before him, it might be expected that any statesman—that even an atheist—would see, that to strengthen the Church, and multiply its lay members to the utmost point, is the first duty of the Irish Government.

Ireland, however, has now a Government, which boasts, that, politically, it is separated from the Church, and is perfectly neutral between the latter and Catholicism. Its weight and influence operate against the churchmen, and in favour of the Catholics. The latter, at this moment, are publicly denouncing the Church as a destructive curse to Ireland—they are calling for its spoliation—they are manifesting the most inveterate hatred of Protestantism—and they are advocating radical reform, and the other projects of the revolutionists. This is the conduct not of a few, but of the body. At the public meetings which have been lately held in various parts of Ireland, the speakers ge-

nerally have done this; and no portion of the Catholics have stood forward to separate themselves from such opinions. In so far as Ireland is concerned, they have obtained the political ascendancy—they return the majority of the members—they boast that they have stripped the aristocracy of power—and that they are able to dictate to the Government. Yet the spirit and measures of the Government tend to support a tremendous party like this, and to discountenance all who oppose it.

This is the case in a large part of that United Kingdom, in which it is held that the Church is allied with the state, and could not fall without bringing down the constitution along with it. While matters are in this state in Ireland, emigration from it is rapidly multiplying the Catholics in Britain. We hear of there being 40,000 Catholics in places, in which there were scarcely any a few years ago. The mobs in most of our large towns are now to a great extent Irish and Catholic ones; and Irish labourers are scattering themselves throughout the country. The Catholic Church is already about the most powerful political body in the United Kingdom. It has direct control over an infinitely larger part of the population than any other body; and it has about as many parliamentary seats at its command, as either the Whig or the Tory borough-proprietors. We need not say what reflections all this ought to produce in the friends of

the Church, the Constitution, and civil and religious liberty.

The New System of the Noble Marquis had utterly failed in regard to its professed object. Instead of “conciliating” the Catholics, it has doubled their party rancour. Ireland has been more convulsed by party fury since the present Government was appointed, than it had previously been for many years. It is manifest, that if there were not a single Protestant in Ireland, the Catholics would be as turbulent and disaffected as they now are; and it is alike manifest, that if the disabilities were removed, their turbulence and disaffection would continue in favour of the revolutionary objects, which now occupy the chief part of their attention.

We therefore trust, that a new Government will be given to Ireland, which will separate itself from mere party questions, and act upon the principles of the Constitution and common reason—a Government which will draw the proper distinction between the peaceable and the turbulent, the loyal and the disloyal, the friends of the Church and those who seek its ruin—a Government which will apply its energies to the removal of Ireland’s real evils, and which will employ its weight and influence in a legitimate and constitutional manner. Such a Government is called for, not merely to advance the prosperity of Britain and Ireland, but to save both from the most fearful evils.

FOUR AUTUMNAL SONNETS.

No. I.

BOYHOOD THOUGHTS.

Season of ripening fruits and rustling grain,
 Melodious Autumn, with thy birds and bees,
 Bright lingering flowers, and chesnut-laden trees,
 Thou conjurest careless boyhood back again:
 Most pleasant 'tis, when all the woods are still,
 And but the blackbird hymns the Evening Star,
 Whose golden circling gems the South afar,
 To let fond Memory meditate her fill.—
 Oh, school-companions, whither are ye fled?
 Here, as of yore, both hipps and haws abound;
 Lithe brambles crawl the wayside hedge around;
 And peep 'neath prickly leaves ripe berries red:
 Hark, the free wind with beech-nuts strews the ground;—
 Ye answer not, the vanish'd, and the dead!

No. II.

YOUTHFUL MEMORIES.

Yes! 'tis the gillyflower that blossoms here—
 Its perfume wafts me to the mellow eves,
 When Love unfolded his celestial sphere,
 Making earth Paradise.—Still memory weaves
 Enchantment round the time where, by the tower
 Time-worn, and rent, and ivy-overgrown,
 I lingered 'neath the elm for Beauty's flower,
 And press'd the yielding soft hand in my own.
 'Twas life's bright essence—bliss, Elysian bliss,
 Enrobing valley and wood, and hope and thought ;
 It may have been an ignis fatuus gleam,
 Yet is its light reflected back to this,
 And, though such bloom no promised fruit hath brought,
 We guess what Eden may be by such dream.

No. III.

MATURE REALITIES.

How beautiful the sunset—yet how sad !
 That crimson light which overfloods the grove,
 Tinging the vales below, the clouds above,
 And rock and rill, and ruin ivy-clad,
 Seems like funereal sunbeams. Hark ! the crow
 With a lone scream wings its far inland way !
 And to the field, beneath yon mountain's brow,
 The partridge thus, at the calm close of day
 Pipes in her scatter'd brood—a tone of yore !
 Life is illusion ; else my heart had borne
 The feelings at this moment, which it bore
 In youth's warm noon, and boyhood's cloudless morn ;
 Care's scythe the flowers of Joy's demesne hath shorn,
 And Sorrow's waves beat hollow round her shore.

No. IV.

REGRETS AND ANTICIPATIONS.

Ripe-dropping fruits, shorn fields, and cloudy skies,
 Ye tell us that the year is on the wane,
 That silent Time irrevocably flies,
 And that the past never comes back again.—
 Fix not Hope's anchor in the sands of Earth,
 For Sorrow's storms shall dash thy bark afar
 Over the howling main, which shows no star,
 Nought, save black clouds, and desolation's dearth !
 Tears bring not back the dead ; deaf is the ear
 Of stubborn fate : be humble, be resign'd,
 And with unwavering heart the issue wait ;
 So Faith will lead thee through Death's vale of fear,
 And, entering with thee the eternal gate,
 Bid the freed spirit all true pleasures find.

GREECE. NO. I.

WE have long been anxious to make some observations on Greece. The national interest felt in the fates of the country, the deep political questions involved in the contest, and the formidable probability that the insurrectionary war may light a flame that will spread through Europe, urged it upon us. But there was a general deficiency of facts; the friends and enemies of the cause had equally given themselves up to romance, and it was essential to truth to wait until those mutual misrepresentations had been, in some measure, cleared away. This has been lately accomplished; some travellers, led only by a rational and intelligent curiosity, have within a short period visited Greece. Their works are now before the public, and from those sources, and such others as our personal knowledge might supply, a general view of the question may be formed free from romance, partiality, or fiction.

We disclaim all enthusiasm. Yet we do not hesitate to pronounce the cause of Greece the cause of human nature. We allow the greater part of the imputations on the Greek character—that it is rash, given to quarrel, suspicious, inconstant, and careless of blood. But the Greek has not had his trial. He has been, for almost five hundred years, a broken man. His place of birth has been only a larger prison; his education, the bitterness of heart, the subterfuge, the sullen treachery, and the furious revenge of the slave. What estimate can we form of the strength and stature of freedom from this decrepit and barbarous servitude? Even the vices of the character may be an indication of the vigour of its capabilities. The perversion of the best things is the worst. The fiery element that, in its rage, lays waste the land, is the great and exhaustless instrument of comfort and abundance. But the question may be decided at once—we know what the Greeks have been! If they are now barbarians, we must remember that they were once the lights of the world.

But the Turk is a barbarian. All his vices are thoroughly and incurably barbarian. He is habitually tyrannical, passionate for plunder, and a lover of blood,—his tastes are barbarian,

extravagant splendour, gross indulgence, savage indolence of mind and body,—he enjoys none of the resources of civilization,—he has no national literature,—he cultivates no language,—he produces no picture, no statue, no music. Greeks are his linguists and the navigators of his ships,—foreigners discipline his army, and carry on his diplomacy. He resists the civilization of Europe with utter scorn, and even when forced upon him by circumstances, he resists it till its nature is changed, and he is again the Turk of Mahomet the Second,—he answers religious conviction by the dagger. He sits among the nations with no other instinct than that of the tiger, to seek out his prey, and having found it, to gorge and sleep.

Yet no nation on earth has had such advantages for the most consummate civilization. It has been seated in the central region of the temperate zone,—the master of its central sea on all its borders from Syria to Italy on the one side, and to Mauritania on the other. In the richest, most magnificent and inspiring realm that ever was under the dominion of man—the land filled with those splendid remembrances which have been the seed of knowledge and highmindedness to the ends of the earth; its plains and mountains a succession of trophies to the civil or military glory of the most illustrious spirits of mankind. Of all this superb dominion, the Turk has been the lord for almost five centuries. Yet he is a barbarian still, with all the ferocity of the old dweller of the Imaus, even his hospitality and bravery are but the virtues of barbarism; and wild, fierce, and bloody he will remain, until the purpose of desolation, for which he was brought from his deserts, shall be done.

The greatest and the last of all the prophecies had declared that the light of the early Church should be extinguished, and pure Christianity removed to lands remote from its original throne. The noblest form that Christianity has yet been permitted to assume, was in its early state on the shores of the Mediterranean. The whole of Asia Minor, then the most flourishing, opulent, and peaceful portion of the Roman empire, was filled with

Christian temples. The seven great cities to which the Apocalypse is directed, were the heads of this hallowed commonwealth, and the foundation laid by the Apostles was finished by the work of the hands and blood of a long succession of pure and vigorous followers in the same services and the same glory. But it had been foretold that this Church would rapidly degenerate—that the influence of old corruptions should deface its purity—that the opinions of an extravagant and mystic philosophy should be mingled with the inspired doctrine—and that, after a long trial of the patience of Heaven, after casual purification by the bitter punishments of the Roman sword, and casual revivals of religion, they should be finally covered by ignorance and superstition impenetrable. There has been no prophecy more amply fulfilled. The Turks are now masters of every spot to which the writings of the Apostles were addressed, except Rome.

It must be too deep for human knowledge to trace the detail of Providence. But if it had been the will of Heaven to crush the Church of Asia, the Turks were, of all nations, the instruments most furnished for its hopeless oppression. If Asia Minor had been overrun by the Barbarians of the North, it might have retained or recovered both its civilization and its religion, for those barbarians have been susceptible of both in Europe. If it had been seized by Persia, it would have been in the hands of a people holding a high rank in Eastern civilization, not averse to European improvement, nor furiously bigotted to their own blind superstition. But a tribe of robbers was summoned from the mountains, where they had been kept like a frozen torrent for ages, till the moment when its whole loosened might was to rush down upon the plain. They had no letters, no legislation, no knowledge; they were utterly a new race, separated from all the accesses by which civilization might approach, with no means of government but the sabre, no law but the Koran, and no purpose but conquest, animal indulgence, and merciless tyranny: they were sent forth to take possession of the land, and fear-

fully they executed their commission.

But in all those visitations of Providence which we are permitted to follow, the apparent tardiness of the punishment is scarcely less remarkable than the completeness, when all is done. The coming of the Turks was before the eyes of the Church of Asia for the astonishing period of almost a thousand years. From their first burst they were an object of acknowledged terror; the thunder cloud fixed every eye, from the moment of its gathering on the great central chain of the Asiatic hills; in its first advances it had nearly broke over the empire, but it was strangely turned away, and thus continued the storm, alternately approaching and retiring, till it was finally rolled upon Constantinople. In the year 545 the Turks first issued from the Imaus. In half a century they had conquered the huge Table-land of the North, and touched with their standards at once the Roman borders, the Persian, and the Chinese. Warring at the head of the Tartar tribes, their chief force was cavalry, and their cavalry was "computed by millions."* They then paused. But other leaders roused them again, and in 844 they passed the head of the Caspian, and fixed a government in the Greater Armenia. In 1038 they again receded, turned to the south, and overran the Persian empire.

The later princes of Constantinople had sometimes redeemed the character of the throne; and instances of valour, conduct, and virtue, are to be found even among chieftains bred up in the effeminacy of the most luxurious court of the world. The Saracens had been repelled, after a long succession of tremendous battles, and the Roman territory had been extended by Nicephorus, and his successor Basil, to the eastern boundaries of Armenia. The empire reposed for a while under the banners of this brave and unfortunate chieftain, when at once it was startled by an inundation of war. The Turkish cavalry had overspread the whole frontier, from Taurus to Arzoum, a line of six hundred miles. Their progress was strewed with massacre, and this inva-

* Gibbon.

sion cost of the subjects of the Greek emperor a hundred and thirty thousand lives; but while Constantinople was already closing its gates, the invasion sank away into the desert, and the lesson was forgotten. But it was rapidly renewed; in 1062, the "Grand Sultan" of the Turks, Arparzlan, rushed upon Cæsarea at the head of an innumerable army. He swept all before him for some years, but fortune at length gave a moment's respite to the Greeks, and in 1068 the Sultan was forced to cross the Euphrates. He returned with the swiftness and ferocity of barbarian revenge; and in 1071, by one bloody battle, finally broke the power of the Emperors in Asia.

The blow was now ready to come down. It was still averted. A civil war had begun among the Turks, which perhaps saved the whole of Europe from a desolation, like that of India by Timour. The western world had then no force to oppose to the savage yet not undisciplined vigour, and the inexhaustible multitudes of the Turkish cavalry. The fairest thrones of Europe might have still descended to a succession of grim barbarians, and the mountain and the desert might have been the desperate refuge of her people. Europe might to this hour have been like Spain in the days of Pelayo. The civil war divided this irresistible mass of power; and four dynasties were formed, those of Persia, Kerman, Syria, and Roum. In 1074, Soliman, the head of the dynasty of Roum, crossed the Euphrates. All gave way before his troops to the banks of the Hellespont. Still the blow was suspended. A new and mightier conqueror had arisen in the north; and the Turkish conquests were trampled down by Zingis and his Mongols. But in the year 1299 Othman invaded the territory of Nicomedia, and thenceforth the Turks never retreated. The time was now short. In 1300 Anatolia was divided among the Turkish officers; and in the memorable year 1312 was completed the fall and irrecoverable ruin of the once glorious churches of Asia.

It is now unimportant to follow the fates of the Greek Empire. Yet there is some curiosity in marking the course by which the Turk advanced to the triumph over the last citadel of the mightiest dominion that was ever

placed in the hands of man. In 1353 the Ottoman armies crossed the sea and established their camp in Europe. Constantinople seems to have been respected, like the churches. Her feuds, her opulence, and her feebleness, equally invited the military ardour and avarice of the Sultan. Yet, though within a few hours' march, and perhaps a few hours' possession of this most magnificent city of the earth, he drew off his squadrons to the north, and pitched his tent among the solitudes and marshes of Dacia. In 1403 Bajazet, a chieftain of proverbial boldness and cruelty, advanced towards Constantinople. But he was suddenly summoned to a more deadly struggle by the approach of Timour. The Tartar destroyed his army, but soon turned to triumphs in a more genial climate, and in 1421 Mahomet the First restored the fallen honours of the Turkish standard. The end was now at hand. The Moslem had been gradually narrowing their circuit round Constantinople; commencing almost from the ground on which the Russian troops stand, they had formed a vast crescent, touching Asia with the one horn, and the Mediterranean with the other. In 1451 Mahomet the Second mounted the throne. Constantine Paleologus, the last of that race of Kings which had exhibited such momentous variety of guilt and fortune, was yet not unworthy to close the line of the mightiest of all empires. Pious to the best of his knowledge, and unquestionably brave, he saw the coming of the inevitable ruin, with a determination to treat it as became a king. He might probably have escaped, but he had evidently determined to perish with the wreck of his empire. He passed the night before the assault in the offices of religion, and on the next morning led his few troops to the breach, and died sword in hand. Constantinople was taken May the 29th, 1453.

The sudden cessation of the Turkish conquests is scarcely a less singular phenomenon. The conquerors of the Greek Empire had the thunderbolts in their hands. Europe was open to them through the Mediterranean; they saw before them a vast Continent of struggling and rival states; they had an army of unlimited numbers, sustained by the whole warlike population of the Saracen faith, and whose discipline and equipment excited the

astonishment of the most warlike and enlightened Europeans.* They had the old native thirst of rapine and conquest; and more formidable than all, the combination, enthusiasm, and devoted bravery of Islamism. But their career was suddenly closed; it was said to this Ocean of living power, "Here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The conquest of the territory of the primitive Church was complete, and the work of the dynasty of Othman was done. The last permanent possession of the Turks was acquired in 1572, scarcely beyond a century from their sitting on the throne of Constantinople. In that year Mahomet the Fourth took the city of Kame-niec. Its territory of forty-eight towns and villages was given up to the Ottomans by the peace.†

Another not less singular phenomenon is the permanency of this empire. For these hundred and fifty years it has had upon its countenance all the symptoms of falling power. A fluctuating government, assailed by perpetual and bloody revolution, rebellious provinces, a mutinous army, a frontier pressed upon by the two gigantic military despotisms of the South and North, Austria and Russia, long wars always attended with defeat; yet what had Turkey lost? All the politicians of Europe have for this century and a half been predicting her speedy ruin; yet, until the Greek insurrection, she had not lost a province. We disclaim the common rashness of attributing things in the ordinary and trivial courses of life to an interposing Providence; but it is not unsuitable to humility, nor unsupported by the declared acting of the great Disposer, to conceive him exercising his high prerogative in the fates of nations; and above all, in the fates, the punishments, and preservations of his Church. When it shall be his will to relieve the fairest portion of early Christendom, the land of the apostles, the saints and martyrs, the Mount Zion of Christianity, from the trampling of its savage lords, it shall be accomplished, but not till then. The very difficulty in human eyes of continuing this broken and tottering dominion, may have been for the pur-

pose of compelling us to follow the path of that mightiest footstep, which is not the less powerful and sure because it treads in clouds. The situation of the Turkish affairs, even so late as 1812, may excite some consciousness of a higher order than that of the mere politician. The Ottoman forces had been defeated in every encounter, and driven across the Danube. There was now but the solitary barrier of a mountain tract, ordinarily crossed in six hours, between the conquerors and Constantinople. The Turkish camp had been taken, and the mob of the city would have been the only army left to the Sultan. Turkey was without an ally, or without one near enough to stand between her and ruin. The Russian army was headed by its favourite chief; that noble old man who was yet to be the more than conqueror, the deliverer of Europe. The Russian government was at last in sight of the realization of all its splendid dreams, and was pouring out its whole infinite strength to take possession of the Mother City of the Eastern Empire. In a moment, the whole assault was checked, even at the foot of the rampart. The French trumpets sounded in the rear of this confident and triumphant host. A new invader had been urged against Russia. A great work was to be done there too. The long arrear of Western blood and blasphemy was to be paid in the Russian deserts, and it was paid with a terrible fulness, beyond the power or the expectation of man. But it stopped the ruin that hung over the empire of the Ottomans. The Russian armies were torn back from the prey, like hounds that had already fastened their fangs in its palpitating flesh, and been sent to hunt down a still more savage and guiltier victim. The Turks, from broken and almost suppliant enemies, were instantaneously raised into equals and allies, and by the treaty of 1812, were gladly reinstated by Russia in every right and province lost by the sword.

All those are things out of the common course of earth. It is an extraordinary thing to see a nation of barbarians fixed in a Christian land, and that too the most sacred, the most

* See Busbecquius, &c.

† See Cantemir—"Decay of the Ottoman Empire."

fondly revered by Christian feelings. It is an extraordinary thing to see a nation utterly resisting the approaches of that brilliant and productive civilization which absolutely surrounds and urges itself on it in every form; a stubborn and more than iron mass, that, lying in the very furnace to which the ancient ruggedness of all European barbarism has given way, yet refuses to be softened, or purified, or even to be warmed. It is an extraordinary thing to see an empire, the old and perpetual object of ambition to its greater military neighbours, who have often combined for its spoliation, still secure; feeble in all its parts, yet firm in its whole—unable to advance a foot beyond its own boundaries, yet defying the advance of all others within them—with a rebellious populace and a mutinous army, a short-sighted and brutal policy, a King taken from the Seraglio, and a ministry gathered from the shambles and the streets, yet making head against the disciplined strength, the regular resources, the improved and combined policy, and the accomplished knowledge, military and ministerial, that are to be found along the whole immense line of hostility openly or secretly arrayed against them. It is an extraordinary thing to see Mahometanism preserved in a portion of Europe, and preserved in its original strictness, blindness, and ferocity, when it has been superseded, or decayed in its original seats, when, as a national religion, it has been unsustained by almost any of those forms of privilege and emolument which seem necessary for the permanence of religion in the conflicting and worldly urgency of human pursuits and professions; and even with a vast proportion of its most productive subjects, nearly the entire of its tributaries, its merchants, its foreign agents, and its manufacturers, Christian. It is an extraordinary thing that a cruel and despotic Domination, over whose utter ruin every heart in Europe would exult—for which not a voice would be raised from one end of the earth to the other, to whose fall the most patriotic and enlightened philosophy looks as to life from the dead, to the restoration of Asia, to the recovery of the loveliest region of the globe to knowledge, peace, and religion—should be still undiminished, should cover that

glorious land, like the mass flung out from the volcano, the fiery torrent checked indeed in its headlong career, but there hardened into incorrigible rock, a huge and sullen heap of sterility, to be neither cultivated nor removed by the power of man.

The Greek insurrection assumes to us an aspect of loftier importance from those considerations. Whatever might be our sympathies with the fortunes of a brave and unhappy people, striving with their naked hands to tear off the manacles that have cut them to the soul, we feel a still stronger interest in this generous struggle, from its giving the signal of mightier changes perhaps throughout the whole extent of the civilized world. It may be extinguished, and the time, which shall yet surely come, may be thus deferred; but if it should succeed, it will have made the only actual aggression on the fabric of the Turkish power, the only permanent inroad into that great interdicted desert, it will have stricken the first blow on the Talisman on which is engraved the spell that has for ages kept the Ottoman throne inaccessible to the hostility of human nature.

It is impossible that this godless, corrupt, and infidel kingdom should be tolerated but for the purposes of punishing. There have been other criminals, revolters from the faith, abusers of the benevolence of Heaven, on whom the Ottoman has been brought as the locust, to destroy the living vegetation of their strength and prosperity. The pestilence and famine are the inferior agents of wrath, but the time for the cessation of punishment may be as deeply determined as for its infliction; and then comes the retribution on the punisher. Human violence was used in the whole course of the Jewish Annals for the castigation of the crimes of Israel. The Assyrian idolator was made great for his day by the fall of the chosen people. But when the hour of deliverance was ordained, there was ordained with it the ruin of the instrument of slavery and blood, and Assyria was cast from her golden supremacy, and Babylon was condemned into the haunt of the vulture and the lion for ever!

The Geographical division of Greece adopted by the Provisional Government is as follows:—

Eastern Hellas, containing	80,000 inhabitants.
Western Hellas,	70,000
The Morea,	450,000
Crete and the Islands, . . .	350,000
Epirus,	400,000
Thessaly,	300,000
Macedonia,	700,000
Total,	<u>2,350,000</u>

Of this population but about one third can be called original Greeks. The rest are Albanians and Turks, with some few thousands of Franks and Jews. The mountainous regions had never been completely reduced under the Turks. The horse and the scymitar had made them masters of the plain, they became feudal possessors of the territory under the usual tenure of military service to the Sultan, and held the remaining Greeks as cultivators and serfs of the soil. But multitudes had retreated to the freedom and security of the mountain tracts, and as the Turkish chain became heavier, multitudes flung it off and flew to their free countrymen. The vacancy produced by this flight was partially filled up by forced or voluntary accessions of Christian inhabitants from Albania and Bulgaria. About two hundred years ago, a large emigration of Christian Albanians entered Bœotia, Attica, and Argolis, where their language is still retained. The Island of Hydra, the seat of the commercial and naval enterprize of Greece, was peopled by this race, and in whatever quarter they settled they have been hardy, active, and brave.

Another multitude of the original Greeks had passed over into Asia Minor during the last half century. They fled from the increased oppressions of the Turks, yet they passed under a Turkish Government; but it was that of the Kara Osman Oglu family, the singularly mild viceroys of the valleys of the Hemus and Caicus.

There was but little severity in the established tributes of the Greeks under even the European Turks. The mode of apportioning the rent had been adopted from the usages of the Greek Empire. A seventh of the produce was set apart for the land-tax. The landlord received half the remainder, or a larger portion, according to his supply of seed, stock, and agricultural tools. The capitation tax, however exposed to vexations in the collecting, was comparatively trivial;

it was levied on every Christian, but it seldom amounted to more than two pounds sterling for each family. But the real grievances remained behind; the Turk was privileged to compel the Greek peasant to sell his produce for the public use, of either the Sultan, or the local government, at whatever price the mercy of his tyrant pleased. There were perpetual demands of contributions in money or kind; soldiers were quartered on them; they were compelled to supply labour for the public works. This system of harassing and plunder was carried through the whole government, and the peasants were reduced to the lowest privation. In all conquests the inhabitants of the open country pay a heavy price for the luxuriance of the plain, and in the levels of Thessaly and Eubœa, Bœotia and Macedonia, the peasantry lived under the sword. In the mountain districts, the Morea, and the country south of Mount Ætna, the Turks were more reluctant to settle, and the religious houses retained a portion of their former lands. A curious tenure preserved the rights of some other Greeks even in the more exposed territory. It had been the old custom of the Asiatic sovereigns to set apart cities and districts for the peculiar provision of their queens or households. The custom has been retained by the Sultans, and large districts of the more fertile parts of Greece belonged to the Sultanas, or to the Harem in general, or even to the Mosques. The tenantry in possession were comparatively secure, and the exactions were comparatively mild. The gentleness of female influence was felt in even this system of tyranny; and the complaints of the Greek who supplied the toilets of the Harem were seldom neglected by his imperial mistresses. The Greek of the Islands was still less subject to injury. In the Ægean, excepting in portions of the Islands nearest the Asiatic shore, Rhodes, Cos, and Lesbos, the Greeks paid only the land-tax and capitation. But on the whole this memorable

people was in the most distressed state of any Christian nation. Neither life nor property was their own. Their government was tyranny, their revenue was extortion, their law was the sword; they lived under the heel of a barbarous domination, haughty from its very ignorance, and merciless alike by its nature and its creed.

In the freedom and security of our country, we possibly cannot conceive the long misery of life passed under the wild caprice and perpetual irritation of Turkish tyranny—the exposure of the deepest and dearest interests of our blood and being to brutal passion or malignant power—the bitter and constant fear that the fruits of a life of labour would be sacrificed to the avarice of some insolent slave, raised into sudden authority by his superior villainy, and sent forth to live by plunder, and tread down every hope of honour and prosperity in the land. God forbid, we say in the sincerity of our souls, that this should last, even if the subject nation were but a step above the beasts that perish; even if there were no seed of manliness among them—if, in the long series of ages, they had never given proof of a noble thought, or an action worthy of human nature. God forbid that man, bearing his image, however humiliated, and defiled with the dust of slavery, should not at length clear away the stain; that the day of oppression should not have an end, and the lash and the fetter at length cease to resound in this mighty dungeon; or still more, that England, the very throne of Christianity and Freedom, should not be the first to command this merciless desolation of gallant hearts and Christian faith to be at an end; and if her remonstrances should fail, in the majesty of justice, and by the high privilege of her power, delegated for such things, finally wring the scourge from the hand of the godless oppressor.

But that this unfortunate people are eminently worthy of the interference and interest of enlightened Europe, we have evidences of the most sufficient kind. Of this order is Colonel Leake, who, from his official residence, his professional rank, and his peculiar study of the people and language, is undeniable authority. This officer

tells us, in his late very interesting Memoir,* that “though the condition of the peasant is, on the whole, *miserable*, he is in general industrious, much attached to his family, anxious for the education of his children, and equal, if not superior, in intelligence, to the peasantry of the most civilized countries of Europe.”

He proceeds to tell us, that this distinguished characteristic of the ancient Greeks is retained by their descendants of every condition in a degree so striking as to attract the attention of all strangers, even of those most disposed to think harshly of the Greeks; that among the most uncultivated and ignorant of this unhappy people, even in those provinces where the Turkish tyranny would have been almost enough to extinguish the heart and understanding of man, the stranger is forced to acknowledge “the curiosity, ingenuity, keenness, and elocution of their famous forefathers, and the natural effect of which upon the present race was an extreme impatience of their present condition.”—“Not a traveller from Europe could pass without exciting the hope that some interference in their favour was in contemplation; and he never failed to hear from them many bitter reproaches against us for allowing our fellow-Christians to remain enslaved under the yoke of infidels.”

Colonel Leake attributes a large portion of the misrepresentations of the Greek character to the route pursued by the ordinary tourists. Individuals accustomed to the indulgences of civilized countries, are suddenly plunged into the privations and inconveniences of a depressed and poor state of society; or they come with romantic notions borrowed from antiquity; or to avoid the common hazards of travel through the mountain countries, where the true people are to be alone found, they make a party of pleasure through the beaten track of Athens, the islands, the Asiatic coast, the plain of Troy and Constantinople; a road where, of course, travellers are as much the accustomed prey as upon other frequented roads, and where extortion is the natural lesson. “Their journey is concluded before they have acquired a sufficient knowledge of the

* Historical Outline of the Greek Revolution. By W. M. Leake.

language to form any impartial estimate of the national character, and they come in contact chiefly with those classes upon which the long subjection to the Turks has had the greatest effect; such as persons in authority under the government, or otherwise in Turkish employ—servants, interpreters, the lower order of traders, and generally the inhabitants of those towns in which the Turkish population has a great preponderance of numbers.”

“It is obviously not in those situations, but in the more unfrequented islands, and on the continent of European Greece, where the Turks do not form a tenth part of the population, that the inquiry ought to be made, whether any of the ancient talents and virtues of the Greeks have survived the centuries of Mussulman oppression which supervened upon the debasement caused by Byzantine despotism, weakness, and superstition. In such an inquiry, it would be further necessary to distinguish between the inhabitants of the plains and those of the mountains; for those two classes have been placed in very different circumstances ever since the establishment of the Ottoman power in Greece.”

The Turkish oppression has been so directly the source of the chief defects in the character of the Greek of our day, that in exact proportion as that fatal influence is enfeebled, so rises the national character. Its nature is elastic, and it springs up even in every momentary removal of the pressure; but its true displays are to be found where the Turk dares not come. The most remarkable contrast to the inhabitants of the plains is to be found in those Islands of the *Ægean*, “where there are no Turkish inhabitants;” and in the mountainous parts of Crete, of Laconia, Arcadia, *Ætolia*, *Locris*, *Epirus*, *Thessaly*, and *Macedonia*. Here the Greeks bear “the most striking resemblance,” in both their virtues and vices, to their illustrious ancestors—“industrious, hardy, enterprising, heroic; ardently attached to their homes and country; living on little, or lovers of wine and gaiety, as the occasion prompts; sanguine, quick, ingenious, imitative.” The picture has its dark side—“Vain, inconstant, envious, treacherous, and turbulent.” This picture is not from the hand of an enthusiast; the stains are

too faithfully marked. But we must remember, that these defects would be the natural qualities of any people leading the distracted and uncertain life of the Greeks—even in his strongest place of security, pent up amid wild tracts of barren country, shut out from general communication, condemned to the habits of the hunter and the marauder, liable to annual inroads of a merciless enemy, and from his cradle to his grave, either the spoil or the antagonist of the oppressor. Poverty, suspicion, loneliness—the inclemency of the elements—a life of hazard—flight or attack—what original constitution of virtue could have attained its true stature? There is not a national character under Heaven that would not have hardened and darkened under this perpetual rudeness of fortune. That the Greek retains any qualities entitling him to rank among men, is the phenomenon—the powerful evidence of what illustrious qualities he may yet show forth, when misery and shame shall cover him no more, and he shall be called to take his armed stand in the great field, where nations struggle for more than the glory of the sword.

Providence has commanded that various climates shall bring forth various fruits out of that vast treasure of fertility and bounty which it has laid up for the enjoyment of man. It has commanded that among the races of man, there shall be variety of intellectual powers for the general good. Why should it not have followed up this palpable law of beneficence as far as nations, and appointed those distinctions among the mightier masses of society, which have been found essential to the system of individual communities? Why shall not the nation and the land be made for each other—The dweller on the shore of the ocean be gifted with an innate spirit of adventure, with hardihood of frame, steady intrepidity, and the love of the storm—The dweller in the bosom of a great fertile continent be gifted with the sturdy strength of agriculture, the sober diligence, the unambitious love of home—The dweller in the land, that was to be the first step in the advance of the Eastern colonies to fill the solitudes of the West, the splendid school from which the arts of Europe were to rise, be gifted with the rich peculiar faculties for his noble designation.

Why shall we doubt that that suitability of means which in the lower creation awakes our homage and wonder, should be abandoned in the great scale of society, and that nations should be suffered to drop into their places upon the earth like seeds borne upon the vagrant wind? Montesquieu, with the shortsightedness of French philosophy, attributed all national character to climate. Others, not less shortsighted, have attributed it to government. But the Turk, under the sky of Greece, is still the barbarian of the Imaus; the Greek, under the government of the Sultan, is still the man whose ancestors were the living flame that kindled the mind of half the world. But for Greece, that mind might have flowed away like the vapour from the mineral, noxious or wasted, till it was turned by her torch into light. Every view that history or reason can give us of the purposes, the spirit, and the capabilities of Greece and her people, impresses the conclusion that she was made the original and selected place for the nurture of the highest rank of ability, and that it is no vanity to predict superb intellectual advantages from the renovation.

The climate, lovely as it is, and genial to the perfect growth of mind and body, will not account for this pre-eminence. The face of the territory, though diversified with all the brilliant variety of the most picturesque land, intersected and enlivened by a sea the loveliest in calm or storm on the globe, will not account for this. The climate of Italy was scarcely less genial, the land less diversified, the sea less magnificent or less animating. Yet the whole surviving literature of the twelve hundred years of Rome is not equal to a third of the literature of Greece during little more than a century and a half, from the battle of Marathon, in the year 490 before the Christian era, to the reign of Alexander.

But no due estimate can be formed of the vigour and industry, the almost preternatural energy of the Greek mind, without recollecting under how slight a stimulant it threw out its powers. It is true, that in the free republics of Greece some kinds of ability were the very wings of ambition; the soldier, the statesman, and the orator, had the noblest vision of public life glittering and expanding before them. But

without the art of printing, without the general taste for reading which has sprung up from that art, that second gift of a living soul, and a speech comprehensive as the world, writing, wanted a vast portion of its later excitements; yet what literature of modern nations can compete with dead Greece in the multitude of her works of genius! Yet have we the tenth part of these that deserved to be immortal! or what have we but the remnant snatched from the plunder of her cities, the ruin of her libraries, the utter dispersion and waste of her fortunes! Glorious and unrivalled relics of a mind, more worthy of homage than all the saints of Rome, yet still but relics, sacred fragments, the scattered jewels of a magnificence that all the wealth of later days must despair to outshine! What comparison can the literature of France, from the time of Francis the First to the present hour, from the commencement of the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, with all its royal patronage, with its command of panegyric from all Europe, with its opulent encouragements to ability, sustain against the solitary literature of a land scarcely larger than one of its provinces! What comparison can Germany, with her crowd of universities, her indefatigable love of literary labour, her native vigour of intellect, her host of authors covering the land! What comparison can even England, the land nearest to Greece in spirit and genius, with her boundless empire, with her unsparing patronage, her unlimited freedom of discussion, her untameable mind! Here the rivalry may be tried on the largest scale; yet for our oratory, as for all the noble public arts, for our architecture, for our sculpture, for all our models of grace, beauty, and grandeur, to what other shrine do we kneel than that broken monument of glory and misfortune!

With this evidence of the original distinction of the Greek mind, it becomes important to know how far the lineage has been preserved. It is the conclusion of the most competent travellers, that the true Greek blood has been preserved to an extraordinary degree. The unanswerable argument is, the permanence of the language. Of great changes of population the first characteristic is the change of language. In all the other European

countries, the ancient language has been superseded or mingled with the foreign idiom until it has become a new dialect distinct from both. In Greece we can trace the direct influx of strangers and settlers, by the same evidence, change of language in their district. The Wallachian colony that has settled on Mount Pindus, and on the Thessalian and Macedonian border, is Wallachian still, and speaks the Latinized dialect that it brought from Dacia. The Albanian settled in Bœotia, Attica, and Argolis, has not forgotten his native dialect in two hundred years, and may retain it for ages to come. In Asia Minor, where the Turks are the more numerous, the Greeks, original and settlers, have adopted a mixed language nearly unintelligible to the Peninsula. Where the Thessalians have mingled with the Albanian colonists,—their language is a mixture of Greek and Albanian. The Greek of Attica bears the traces of its Italian dukes. Wherever it can be shown that the stranger had settled, there has he left his stamp upon the language; the obvious inference must be, that where he has not left that stamp, the ancient race still survive. There is no other country of Europe in which the native language is so slightly changed, or so extensively spoken. The Romaic is the tongue of the whole territory that was included in Hellas, the land from the Tanarian Promontory to Upper Macedonia, with the islands and coasts of the Egean. The distinctions between the Romaic and the ancient Greek are trivial, and the work not of invasion, but time. Auxiliary verbs are the chief introduction, but those verbs are Greek. The written character is still that of their earliest literature,—a great number of places and objects retain the same appellations as in the oldest times. The Moreote can read the ancient poet or historian with more familiarity than an Englishman can read even Chaucer, much less the Chronicles of the ancient Briton, or the Saxon. The customs, modes of salutation, superstitions, sports of ancient Greece, are largely retained in the interior; and this strong similarity authenticated in every colour of national mind and manners is found in the very spot which was the known and peculiar seat of the unpolluted and exclusive blood of ancient Greece. The conclusion is

natural; the actual lineage that once filled the earth with its intellectual splendour still exists, however limited; and when once it shall have been delivered from its house of bondage, from the grave, which has had power only over its form, not over its spirit, it may stand forth in some still nobler stature of power and genius imperishable.

The geographical formation of Greece gives us even some assurance of this renewed vigour. From the beginning, Providence has done nothing imperfectly; it has made the people for the land, and the land for the people. By the division of the finest portion of the territory into islands, or fragments of coast nearly insular, the most curious and complete provision of which there is any example on earth, was made for the perpetual excitement of the national genius. It is a proof of the design of this arrangement, that nearly the whole of these matchless labours by which the Greek name lives, were achieved within sight of the sea. The inland districts, the entire mountain country to the north, west, and east, were comparatively unintellectual. Even where the distance from the sea was trivial, what were the intellectual trophies of Argolis, Laconia, or Arcadia? The islands were the original seat of all the true triumphs. Attica, itself peninsular, and raised into sudden supremacy by the defeat of the Persians, was but the borrower from their treasures, until she and her illustrious tributaries fell under the successive yoke of Sparta, Macedon, and Rome.

The singular development of ability in the Egean islands has long attracted the eye of the philosopher, and two theories have been formed for its explanation. The one, the early freedom of their Constitutions; the other, the rivalry of island with island. But neither theory, nor both put together, will solve this interesting problem, Republicanism is *not* favourable to the arts. It may foster oratory, and the other means of acquiring politic influence, but its nature is to be narrow in its expenditure,—inconstant in its patronage,—and contemptuous of the arts. Even Athens was indebted for its noblest works to the *reign* of a man, who held its sceptre with the firmest grasp of monarchy for forty years. Yet even Pericles was arraigned for

the expenditure of public money in the Parthenon, and Phidias perished in prison, a victim to the parsimony of a popular assembly.

The great patrons of modern Italy were despots, or bodies allied to despotism. The Medici were despots, the Popes were despots, the great monastic communities were remote from all contact with the popular spirit of their day. What was the patronage of the French Republic compared with any equal period of the reign of Louis the XIV. ! Despotism loves luxury, and loves it in a way the most inaccessible to the people,—it is lavish, and, after the first satiety of the senses, must look for its indulgence in ornament and splendour. It expends its superfluities on fine pictures, and statues; it gratifies its own tastes by magnificent architecture; and if it stoop to solicit popularity in any form, solicits by dazzling the public eye; and feels some faint atonement for its public evils in the brilliant profusion and lasting grandeur of its public memorials. This was the history of taste under the whole long line of French despotism, under the despots who lorded it over the nominal republics of Modern Italy, under even the sluggish, sun-withered, half African sovereignty of Spain. Republicanism even in its mildest form, is a spirit of labour, narrow equality of means, of struggle and suspicion, the rugged denizen of a scanty and reluctant soil—the genius of the spade and the sword. Despotism is the lordly and voluptuous spirit that disdains to shake its wings in the open air of Heaven, a shape of the palace and of the banquet—the picture and the song; the splendid sensualist encircled by splendour.

The mutual rivalry of the islands is not sufficient for the problem. There are but few evidences of general competition. The public rivalry was almost totally limited to the fatal struggle of the sword. The only places open to the competition of the Greek blood were the games, as the Olympian and Isthymian. But these were notoriously, almost without exception, for manual and bodily display.

The real solution may be in that primitive work of nature, by which the region was divided into islands, in general sufficiently large for separate governments, yet sufficiently near to make a whole. Emulation is the

secret of all extraordinary eminence; and the true emulation is like the true trade, internal. The separate existence of those little communities supplied sources of emulation, to which even the configuration of other parts of the globe can afford no parallel. To be the first poet, or sculptor, or architect in his own island; was the highest reward of genius and labour. If by the disposition of nature, the islands had been compressed into one, there would have been a lonely possessor of the first rank of fame, and perhaps a second or third, but all below would have been mediocrity, and indolent despair. But by the multitude of the islands, there were supplied a multitude of independent and immediate incentives. Instead of a solitary artist holding the solitary supremacy of Greece, there was a leader in every island, with a second or a third pressing upwards after him. The spirit of emulation was multiplied by the separation of society. In every circle of this glorious realm, there was erected a point, round which the fires of heaven played, till the whole region was light and electricity.

The deficiency of the higher species of public talent in despotisms may be solved on the same principle. Despotism is jealous of all separate legislature. It breaks up all the little local communities, and concentrates power and fame round the single point of the court. It has one minister, with his few subordinates. All public distinction is monopolized by this narrow circle; and the whole remaining ability of the nation shrinks from the hopelessness of a competition for public honours. When has Austria, or Spain, or France, or Prussia, had more than one statesman of eminence at a time? The whole public ability outside has perished away in inaction. The finest policy of a state, anxious to raise its people to the highest rank of knowledge, spirit, and general capacity, would be to establish as many local images of its general government as possible. The provincial Parliaments of France alone kept the provinces from utter mental stagnation. There may be matters of more pressing interest, which compel even the most generous government to extinguish those local legislatures. Thus the Scottish and Irish unions may have been compulsory on England. Yet who but must lament the

necessity of the sacrifice, that knows the value of a rallying point for the listless ability of all the remoter parts of a great kingdom, the importance of planting the seed of manly emulation in even the darker and more unfertile corners of a land, the paramount duty of keeping alive the sacred fire of patriotic zeal, of manly intelligence, of enlightened and generous ambition in every bosom of the empire?

We now turn to the Greek war. Greece is a country of mountains. The plains are few, and chiefly on the frontier. A mighty parallel of mountains closes it in on the north, running from sea to sea. From this a ridge shoots off to the south, penetrating the entire of Greece down to the Mediterranean, where it ends in the Tænarian Promontory, dividing on its way Eastern from Western Hellas, and filling the region on both sides with perpetual branches of hills. Four rivers rise from the chain of Pindus, that great central elevation from which the southern ridge is projected—the Aractus, flowing south-west into the Gulf of Arta—the Achelaus, flowing south among the mountains, and entering the sea near the memorable site of Missolonghi—the Peneus (or Salympria), flowing east, down to the Thessalian plain, and passing on to the Archipelago through the defiles of Lempe—and the Aous (Viosa), flowing north-east to Tepeleni, and entering the Adriatic near the site of the ancient Appollonia.

The divisions adopted by the late and present governments are important for understanding the narrative of the war. The Turks governed by four chief Pashas. The pashalik of

Tripolizza included the Morea. The pashalik of Negropont included that island (Eubœa) with Bœotia and the eastern district of Phocis. The pashalik of Salonica included the southern portion of Macedonia. The pashalik of Joannina included Epirus, Thessaly, and a portion of Livadia. Athens, Livadia, and Larissa, had each its separate governor.

The first impulse of the Greek war originated in the French Revolution. That great explosion, which for its time kept mankind in terror, was perhaps destined to be a mighty agent of good as well as of evil; it has already broken off the New World from Spain; and it may be at this hour renovating the exhausted soil of the Old. During the Revolution, commerce had unexpectedly fallen into the hands of the Greek islanders, and with it comparative opulence. The general excitement of the European mind had reached even to the vassals of the Turk, and a spirit of education and improvement had combined with a sense of their wrongs, and a hope of their ultimate liberation among the fortunate consequences of a time of change. Greece had also assumed a sudden interest with the great belligerents. French agents had been dispatched through the country. Russian agents had been dispatched to counteract them. Greek students, traders, and military men, had occasionally returned, animated by the knowledge, the wealth, or the distinctions of Europe. The great Turkish ship still floated heavily upon the waters, without anchor or sail, but the clouds were gathering, and the storm was to come.

THE CAPTIVE.

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

Characters.

ALBERTO, an usurper of the Throne of Sicily.

THEODORE, a boy of fifteen, the rightful King.

JULIA, a girl of the same age, Alberto's daughter.

SCENE—A gloomy Chamber in a Gothic Castle in Messina.

Enter ALBERTO and THEODORE.

Alb. Enter and fear not, trembler. Thou shalt live.

Theo. Ay, that I feared.

Alb. Dost hear me, boy? I say
That thou shalt live.

Theo. I feared so.

Alb. Wouldst thou die?

Theo. If it pleased Heaven, most willingly. I know
That I'm a prisoner. I shall never walk
In the sun's blessed light, or feel the touch
Of the free air, or hear the summer brook
All idly babbling to the moon, or taste
The morning breath of flowers. The thousand charms
Which make in our Sicilian Isle mere life
A thrilling pleasantness, which send a glow
Through the poorest serf that tills the happy soil—
I am shut out from all. This is my tomb.
Uncle, be merciful! I do not ask
My throne again—Reign! reign! I have forgot
That I was once a King. But let me bide
In some small woodland cottage, where green leaves
May wave around me, and cool breezes kiss
My brow. Keep me not in a dungeon, uncle,
Or this dark gloomy chamber. Let me dwell
In some wild forest. I'll not breathe a word
That might be dangerous. No! not to the birds
My songsters, or the fawns my playmates, uncle.
Thou ne'er shalt hear of me again.

Alb. Boy! boy!

Cling not about me thus!

Theo. Thou wilt have mercy;
Thy heart is softening.

Alb. 'Tis too late.—To reign,
And he at liberty! I am a child
Myself, that won by this child's gentleness,
I seemed to waver. Boy, thy fate is fixed;
Thyself hast said it. Thou'rt a prisoner,
And for thy whole life long; a caged bird.
Be wiser than the feathered fool that beats
His wings against the wire. Thou shalt have all
Thy heart can ask, save freedom, and that never!
I tell thee so in love, and not in hate;
For I would root out hope and fear, and plant
Patience in thy young soul.

Theo. And Julia?

Alb. Her

Thou ne'er must see again.

Theo. Never! Is she

A prisoner too? Not once to say farewell!

Alas! alas! that bauble of a crown,

How it makes kind hearts cruel ! Thou wast once
 In all my little griefs my comforter,
 And now—Not see my cousin Julia once !
 Mine own dear cousin Julia ! Let me see her
 Once, only once !—only to catch one sound
 Of that sweet voice, and on that whitest hand
 Drop one fond tear, and steal but one of the bright
 And wavy ringlets from her brow, and pray
 That Heaven may bless her.—Let me see her once,
 But once, and then I'll walk back to my prison,
 And dream away this winter of a life,
 As a silly dormouse in his Christmas nest
 Sleeps through his six months night. Turn not away !
 Wast thou born pitiless ?

Alb. No. I have quelled
 That dangerous softness. Pretty boy, farewell !
 Rest thee content. No harm shall happen thee.

Theo. Content ! Oh mockery of grief ! Content !
 Was't not enough to take away my crown,
 To mew me up here in a living tomb,
 Cut off from every human tie, from thee,
 Julia, my cousin Julia ; but my Jailor
 Must bid me be content ! Would I were dead !
 Forgive me, Heaven, for my impatience !
 I will take better thoughts. 'Tis but to fancy
 This room a quiet hermitage, and pray
 As hermits use through the long silent hours.
 I shall be innocent. Sure, he's a friend
 That shuts me out from sin. Did he not call me
 A caged bird ? I've seen one prune himself,
 And hop from perch to perch, and chirp and sing
 Merrily ! Happy fool, it had forgot
 Blicke liberty ! But man, though he should drag
 A captive's heavy chain, even till he starts
 To hear his own sad voice, cannot forget.
 He wants that blessed gift.—Is not to-day
 The gay procession of the vintagers
 Ere they begin their annual toil ? A relic
 Of the old heathen rites ! Last year I saw it ;
 'Twas a fair pageant ; one that might have graced
 The famous Grecian day, with its long line
 Of maidens tripping under the light load
 Of grape-piled baskets on their heads, and youths
 With pipes timing their steps, and younger girls
 And rosy boys dragging the struggling goats,
 By flow'ry garlands. Such procession well
 Had honour'd the god Bacchus. *She* was there,
 And in her innocent gaiety led on
 The virgin troop, distinguish'd but by grace
 Unrival'd, and a wreath of brightest flowers
 That crown'd her brimming basket. How she sway'd
 Her pretty head to the soft double flute,
 Whilst ever as she bent, the coronal
 Seem'd like to fall, till with a smiling toss
 She flung it up again, and danced along
 With such an airiness, as if her step
 Belong'd not to dull earth. Oh, loveliest maid,
 Must I ne'er see thee more !

Enter JULIA, through a secret door.

Who's there ? How cam'st thou ?
 Art thou indeed my cousin Julia ? Is't

Thyself, thy living self? I cannot trust
My sight.

Jul. (*giving him her hand.*) Dost doubt me now?

Theo. No. But when first

I saw thee standing with thy pitying eyes
Fix'd on my face, thou seem'dst an angel! Say
How cam'st thou here?

Jul. He,—I'll not call him father—
He, who imprison'd thee, forgot, or knew not,
The secret passage, that in one long chain
Links all the western chambers. Constance mark'd
The guarded door. Follow me.

Theo. Where?

Jul. To freedom!
To happiness!

Theo. Now, blessings on thy head!
Did I not say thou wast an Angel? Freedom!
Ay, that is happiness. A whole life's service
Were over poor to pay this debt.

Jul. We stay
Too long. Come with me.

Theo. But to leave thee, Sweetest,—
Perchance in danger,—for should he suspect—
No! I'll stay here,—my very inmost soul
Thanks thee, my kindest cousin. But I'll stay,
I'll not awaken his unnatural hate
'Gainst thee. He loves thee—but he loved me once—
And mated with ambition, even his child
His only child, were nothing. I'll stay here,
In my lone prison. Think of me as one
Freed from a cumbrous load of state and care,
Held to the world but by the undying love
That knits my soul to thine. Go and be happy,
And in thy bliss shall I be blest. We still
Shall breathe the same air, Julia. I may catch
From out my window a short stolen glance
Of thy fair form; may hear, when distant doors
Shall chance to open, a brief passing sound
Of thy dear voice; and sometimes thou may'st glide
Even to this gloomy chamber, bringing light,
And life, and joy. A moment since I pined
For liberty. Now I would rather dwell
In a deep dungeon, where such visions come,
Than fill a throne without them. Thou wilt deign
To visit the poor captive, wilt thou not?
Oh, Dearest, to be banish'd from thy sight
Were worse than death. Thou'lt come again? But now,
Away! I fear the king.

Jul. He whom thou callest such
Is busy at the council. Theodore,
In mercy follow me! I too shall share
Thy flight.

Theo. Thou! Thou! Oh sweetest, dearest, best!
I stand as in a dream.—Thou go with me!
Whither? and wherefore?

Jul. Question not; but come.
There is a Spanish ship in harbour here,
With her sails spread for instant voyage. My Constance
And her bold captain are betroth'd. He waits
With sure disguises, and hath promised us
A safe and pleasant home in fair Castile.
A mountain hut close by a gushing spring,

Where the huge cork trees fling their heavy shade
 O'er herds and flocks ; and we shall lead a calm
 And happy pastoral life ; a shepherd thou
 With pipe and crook, and I a cottage maid,
 A careful housewife. Thou shalt see how soon
 I'll learn the rustie craft, to milk my ewes
 Or press the snowy curd, or haply mould
 The richer cheese. Shalt thou not like, dear cousin,
 To be a shepherd on the downy hills,
 Tending thy flock all day, and I to bring
 Water and country cates, an homely meal,
 And sing and prattle at thy side, most like
 A mountain bee ? I'll wager, Theodore,
 I prove the thriftier peasant.

Theo. But to bend thee
 To poor and servile soil—

Jul. Poor ! I have here
 Jewels to buy an Earldom. See ! a sword too,
 To guard us on the way. Take it. Dear cousin,
 We waste the hour.

Theo. My Julia, tempt me not
 To selfish and ungrateful sin. The saints
 May witness for me, that I ever loathed
 Pomp and its slavery. The lot thou offerest
 Hath been the vision of my dreamy hours
 All my life long. But thou so proudly rear'd,
 So delicately served,—thou born a princess,
 And nurtured like a Queen, how could'st thou bear
 The peasant's lowly lot ?—Had I the crown
 That once prest my young brow—had I a throne
 To share with thee, my fairest—but an exile—
 A houseless fugitive,—Alas ! Alas !
 Tempt me no more, sweet maiden ! Stay and reign
 In thine own Sicily.

Jul. I'll stay and die,
 Since thou dost spurn me from thee. Fare thee well !
 Yet, in thy calmer thoughts, if thou shouldst think
 Again on thy poor friend ;—Oh, deem her not
 Bold or unmaidenly ! We lived and loved
 As brother and as sister.—

Theo. Far, far dearer !

Jul. And as a sister, in our mutual grief
 I came to thee. Oh, let us fly, dear cousin !
 In pity, let us fly ! My cruel father—

Theo. Cruel to thee ?—to thee !

Jul. Alas, to bind
 The subtle traitor Lanza to his cause,
 He offers up his child. Another day,
 And I must wed.

Theo. Give me the sword. Wed ! Cousin,
 I'll fly with thee to the end of the earth. Wed Lanza !
 Wed any man ! He must fight well that wins thee,
 Boy though I be, my Julia ! Haste thee, Sweet,
 Each moment's worth an age. Away ! Away !

Jul. Heaven speed our steps !

Theo. Away !

[Exeunt.]

HORÆ HISPANICÆ.

No. XIII.

El Maestro de Danzar—The Dancing-Master. By Pedro Calderon de la Barca.

WHEN we say that the Spanish dramatic genius seems better adapted to comedy than to tragedy, we have no intention of insinuating aught derogatory to the solemn dignity usually considered as the very essence of the Spanish character. We would not accuse the haughty Dons of any unbecoming sportiveness or comicality; although such readers as chance to recollect our account of the tragedy of *LA DEVOCION DE LA CRUZ*, and of the extraordinary admixture of the buffooneries of the *Gracioso*, with not only the tragical events therein exhibited, but even with miracles, which, if not actually taken from any legend sanctioned by the Roman Catholic Church, are at least akin to those in which every good Catholic in the Peninsula is in duty bound firmly to believe—such readers, we say, as recollect these things, will perhaps be of opinion, that whatever be the other effects of Castilian *morgue*, it is not suffered to rob its possessors of their due share of the amusement to be derived from jocularity. But considerations of this last kind are foreign to our present business. What we mean to observe is, simply, that the deficiency of passion, pathos, and individuality of character, mentioned in a former number as the chief fault of the Spanish theatre, is far more detrimental to the service of Melpomene than to that of Thalia. Deprived of those high qualities, Tragedy loses its lofty and ennobling characteristics; and notwithstanding the redeeming efforts of beautiful poetry, sinks almost to the level of the *Melodrame*. By the way, had *Melodrames* existed in the days of Aristotle, might they not have induced him somewhat to modify his definition of tragedy, as the representation of an action? But to return—Comedy, which is less ambitious in its pretensions, has less to lose. It indeed ceases, under such treatment, to

hold a mirror up to nature—
Showing the age and body of the time,
His form and pressure;

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and to lash with playful satire the prevalent follies of the day. Perhaps we may be thought to have advanced in its behalf pretensions abundantly ambitious, and the fall may be deemed equally humiliating, when we conclude the sentence with the remark,—but it still affords amusement, and excites interest, by intricacy of plot, complication of incident, and a sort of cross-purposes of situation. Without dwelling further upon the comparison, we shall frankly admit, that although different in kind, the degradation of both species of the drama is sufficiently great; and, merely adding that such comedies are, to us, more entertaining than such tragedies, proceed to the immediate subject of the present article.

We have already presented our readers with specimens of Spanish tragedies, and of Spanish romantic plays—to adopt a lately invented name for a drama certainly not correctly belonging to either of the legitimate and established classes. We now propose to offer them one of the proper comedy, which we shall select from the works of the acknowledged master of the Spanish Theatre, Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca. *La famosa comedia EL MAESTRO DE DANZAR*, the Dancing Master, is a comedy of the familiar kind; more particularly of the description termed by French critics, *Comedies d'Intrigue*. But its *Dramatis Personæ*, however prosaic in character and condition, speak a language as poetical as personages of a more romantic or more exalted nature. The piece is written in the formerly described metre, mingling occasional scenes, or passages in rhyme, with the regular *asonancias*; which, it will be remembered, consist in the accordance of vowels, without regard to consonants; the same *asonante* vowels running through a whole act, or being changed for others at the end of every long speech, *selon le bon plaisir* of the author.

The scene of *EL MAESTRO DE DANZAR* is laid in Valentia, and the play is opened by Don Enriquez, the hero

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of the piece, and his servant Chacon, the *Gracioso*, in travelling dresses. As they enter, the master says—

Have done with nonsense!

Cha. Is't your lordship's wish
I should forsake your service?

D. Enr. Who says that?

Cha. You.

D. Enr. I?

Cha. Yes; if I must have done with
nonsense,

I needs must quit yourself; and, to convince you

What force this argument conceals, whilst thus

In night and darkness feeling out our way,

We go we know not whither—on account
Receive these proofs.

The recapitulation of past follies, or what the *Gracioso* is pleased to term such, required to substantiate this charge of absurdity against his master, affords the author a happy opportunity of making the audience acquainted with the preceding history and actual situation of his principal characters. It appears from Chacon's statement, that Don Enriquez is a nobleman of small fortune, a native of, and domiciliated in Madrid; that he had fallen in love with a lady residing opposite to him, who, upon inquiry, proved to be the only daughter of a rich Indian governor, left, during her father's absence from Spain, under the care of an uncle; that the courtship, carried on from window to window,—which, in its manner, rise, and progress, is described at considerable length—had gone on most prosperously, notwithstanding some suspicions excited in the uncle's mind, until interrupted by the return of the father, who had immediately carried off his daughter from Madrid, to settle with her in his birth-place, Valentia; that Don Enriquez has followed, and, upon his arrival, has precipitately quitted his inn and his luggage, to wander in the dark about a town of which he knows no more than that his mistress's dwelling is situated in the Calle del Mar, *Anglicó*, Sea Street. The impertinence of the *Gracioso*, like that of the licensed court fool, or jester, of course

never offends; and upon this occasion, Don Enriquez gives an additional reason for his indulgence, in the pleasure it affords him to hear his love talked of. We conclude, that curiosity renders a Spanish audience equally tolerant of length; for the speech in which all this is told, contains upwards of a hundred and fifty lines. After a little further discussion, Don Enriquez exclaims—

Alas, Chacon! hadst heard her at our parting,

Say, amidst thousand tears—

Beatrice, (*without*.) Defend me, Heaven!

D. Juan, (*without*.) Die, tyrant!*

D. Felix, (*without*.) No, she shall not!

I defend her—

D. Enr. What should this be?

Cha. The sound of clashing swords,
And voices from yon house.

[*A noise without*.]

D. Fel. (*without*.) Fly! at the cost
Of hundred thousand lives, shall I find
means

Thine to defend!

D. Juan, (*without*.) Vainly would'st
thou attempt it!

On thee and her will I avenge myself!

Cha. Where goes your lordship?

D. Enr. If't be possible,
To interrupt Misfortune's threatening
course.

The door they've opened, and forth bursts
the uproar

Into the public street.

Cha. Do you not know

The Decalogue has an eleventh command?

It is, Thou shalt not interrupt.

D. Diego, (*without*.) Quick, quick!

Bring down the lights, and hasten to assist!

Enter BEATRICE flying.

Beatrice. Man, whosoe'er thou art,
since 'tis enough

Thou art a man, to pledge thee to protect

A woman most unfortunate, who runs
The utmost hazard both in love and honour—

For in such cruel straits the happiest chance

Perforce must be disastrous—and already
Since from the Gaming House (unhappy
me!)

* In the Spanish, Tyrant having a masculine and a feminine termination, the epithet, at least, informs the reader or spectator of the sex of the individual to whom it is addressed;—a degree of elucidation which could not well be imparted to the translation. We were unwilling, nevertheless, to change the word, because the inconceivably indiscriminate application of this term of obloquy, is, as far as our knowledge extends, peculiar to Spain. In the present case, it will be seen, that 'Wanton' might probably have been the vituperative appellation deemed more appropriate by the fury of other nations.

Others with lights and weapons, as thou seest,

Haste hither, mine escape to intercept,
I pray thee, do not in this dreadful hour
Abandon me, afflicted solitary,
And to the risk exposed that my pursuer
Should prove my murderer—Forsake me not

Till in the dwelling of a friend, if breath
First fail me not, a haven I have found!

D. Enr. Lady, I plight my word never to leave you

Till I've conducted you where'er you please.—

Follow, Chacon.

Cha. Your Fortune only this

Could add, confirming you an Errant Knight.

[*Exeunt.*

(*Voices without.*) This way the uproar sounds.

Enter from the side whence BEATRICE came
—DON JUAN and DON FELIX fighting,
(the latter concealing his face with his cloak), and from the other, DON DIEGO with Attendants and lights.

D. Diego. Forbear, forbear!
Sufficient be my coming!

D. Felix (aside.) Since already
My Beatrice, if to the street she fled,

Must be in safety, error 'twere in me
To linger here, amidst the men and lights

Around me gathering. Heav'n be my witness,

I fly not, but from hence retreat, because
To keep myself unknown and follow her,

Are the sole measures left me to pursue,
That can repair disasters so immense.

[*Exit.*

DON JUAN attempts to follow him, but is prevented by DON DIEGO.

D. Di. Forbear! The man with whom
you fought has fled.

D. Ju. Senior Don Diego, it imports
me much

To follow him—Do not, I therefore pray
you,

Thus interpose!

D. Di. Why, what can it import
To follow one who flies?

D. Ju. More than you think—
(*Aside.*)—Oh me incautious! What have
I betrayed?

D. Di. Fruitless were the endeavour,
not so much

For mine arrival, since if it imports you
So deeply, far from hindering, Don Juan,

You still shall find me ready at your side;
But the advantage he has now obtained

Makes it impossible to overtake
His flight.

D. Ju. Yet give me way, and I per-
chance

May still o'ertake him.

D. Di. Of such high importance
It's be to overtake him, go we both!

D. Ju. Pray you remain—I needs must
go alone.

D. Di. That may not be—How, being
what I am,

Can I abandon you?

D. Ju. (aside.) Unfortunate!
If in their company I go, and fail

To find him, thus I but increase the noise;
And if I meet him, they'll be witnesses

That, wronged by him, I do not take re-
venge,—

For how, surrounded as I am by friends,
Can I attempt to kill him? Woe is me!

What should I do?

D. Di. Wherefore do you delay?
Let's hasten after him.

D. Ju. Lest you, my friends,
With me should be involved, I've chan-
ged my purpose;

I will not follow.—Fare ye well, with
thanks.

D. Di. Shall we not know your quarrel?
A Cavalier. Calm yourself,

And say what chanced.

D. Ju. I will.—Returning home
To mine own house—'tis this—

D. Di. I know it well.

D. Ju. Before.—(*Aside.*) Courage!—
My griefs I needs must cloak.

(*Aloud.*)—I claimed admittance.—(*Aside.*)
I'll play my part!

(*Aloud.*)—Most trait'rously a man with
brandish'd sword

Approach'd; Heav'n gave me to per-
ceive his coming

In time to stand on my defence—And
since

I know not of an open enemy,
I deem'd it of importance to discover

Who secretly is with such bitterness
My foe, that, had I not by chance looked
round,

He had murder'd me, with fury so resol-
ved

And desperate he assail'd me.

Celio, (aside to D. Diego.) Every word
He utters is deceptious, sir. Within

His house the quarrel rose. In proof of
which

A woman burst thence flying, as I saw,
Whilst at the Gaming House's door I
waited

Your coming forth.

D. Di. (aside to Celio.) No more! Don
Juan's wise,

Discreet, and valiant. How, if he dissem-
ble,

Can I appear informed? Prudence is
best.

(*Aloud.*)—Th' occasion doubtless is of
deep importance;
But there's no other remedy, Don Juan,

Than henceforth to observe due watch-fulness ;
And, since one act of treachery by Heaven
Has been prevented, leave to time the rest.

Then come, for ere we separate, in your house

Safe, tranquil, and reposing, I must see you.

D. Ju. I rather, to my home betaking me,

Would pray you, that my sister, who ere now

Must be at rest, may not, from seeing me
By you and by these noble Cavaliers
Accompanied, hear of the late alarm,
And learn that I was party to the quarrel.
I fain would spare her such anxiety.

D. Di. 'Tis just, and we will leave you.—But, Don Juan,

Be you assured on every occasion
To find me at your side ; for long ago,
Even before I visited the Indies,
Your father and myself were faithful friends.

Farewell !

D. Ju. May Heaven protect you !

D. Di. (*aside to Celio.*) Celio, watch,
And give me notice should aught new occur.

Celio, (*aside to D. Diego.*) I shall.

D. Di. Return we to our game.

[*Exeunt all but DON JUAN.*]

D. Ju. Couldst thou,

Oh Fortune, even this not spare me !
Must

Don Diego light upon me ! He, from whom

It most behoves me this calamity
To hide, since to his daughter Leonora,
I——But how is't I can remember aught
That is not honour?—And in this distress

Since I have no resource but from the maid

Attending on my sister to inquire
Who was this fierce aggressor 'gainst my life,

Mine honour, tremblingly my house I enter,

To question them.—Oh, tyrant ! Oh, fierce sister !

Oh, false and cruel !

With these somewhat whimsically selected reproachful ejaculations, Don Juan goes into his house, when his sister, still attended by Don Enriquez and Chacon, returns. She, in the confusion of her terror, has lost her way, and they, we know, are quite incapable of assisting her to find it. Whilst all three are deliberating upon the

best means of reaching the *Plaza de la Olivera*, the Alguazils, who patrol the streets by night, make their appearance, and inquire into the names and business of the nocturnal wanderers, after a fashion as peremptory as that in which our watchmen command locomotion. Beatrice is naturally unwilling to give an account of herself ; and Don Enriquez, after announcing himself as a traveller newly arrived with his servant, entreats the forbearance of the Alguazils with regard to the lady. They, either from duty or curiosity, become only the more importunate, and finally insist upon taking the whole party to prison. Don Enriquez now drawing his sword, bids the lady fly, whilst he protects her escape. She obeys ; he and Chacon fight the Alguazils ; Chacon remarking, that it is something very new for a servant, implying probably a *gracioso*, to fight instead of running away.—An Alguazil is killed ; and still engaged in a battle-royal, they all go off the stage. Don Felix succeeds to them. He is in great trouble about Beatrice, whom he has been unable to overtake, and resolves to spend the night in watching for her at his own door, judging that she will seek his protection. Don Enriquez and Chacon now return ; the former is wounded in the face, and they are pursued by the Alguazils. They perceive light in Don Felix's porch, and take refuge there. Don Felix receives the intruders with all becoming willingness to assist strangers against the civil power ; but observing that he cannot prevent the searching of his house, recommends it to the fugitives to hasten up on to the terrassed roof, of which he says,

Though strangers, you can scarce be ignorant,

That in Valentian architecture, roofs
So terrassed, freely lead from house to house.

Along these he advises them to proceed until they shall find a safe opportunity of re-descending to the street.

We seldom meet with any intimation of change of scene in Spanish plays, and cannot pretend to guess how such matters are managed upon the Madrid stage ; but speaking according to English ideas, we should say the scene now changes to a room

in Don Diego's house, where we find his daughter Leonora with her confidential attendant, Ines, whom she has brought with her from Madrid. Leonora is the beloved object in pursuit of whom Don Enriquez has visited Valentia; and she laments her separation from him as tenderly as he could desire, whilst Ines vainly endeavours to console and reason with her. After a few speeches on either side, the dejected damsel says,—

Ines, 'tis vain!—Such mastery
Has sorrow over me obtain'd,
My voice to mourning sounds restrain'd,
Can utter nought save—

Beat. (*without.*) Woe is me!

Leon. Who steals those accents of
complaint

In which alone my bosom's grief
Can find occasional relief?

Ines. The sounds, so murmuring and
faint,

Seem'd from the staircase to arise;
In expectation of my lord
The door's unclosed, and might afford
Entrance to others.

Leon. When my sighs
Lament the tyranny of fate,
For me, shall thus another weep?

Enter JUANA.

Juana. In all my life, distress so deep
I never saw.

Leon. Juana, state
What were the sounds I heard of late.

Juana explains at some length that a beautiful lady is in a fainting fit upon the stairs, where she has left her, until she could inform her mistress of the accident, and inquire her pleasure. Leonora dispatches both the maids to bring the stranger into her apartment. This is done; the fainting fair, who of course is Beatrice, presently revives, returns thanks for the kindness she has experienced, implores further protection, and, after the proper quantity of complimenting between the two ladies, sets about telling her story—the whole in rhyme. She is interrupted—to speak Irish—before she begins, by a cry from without, of

Thieves! Robbers! Thieves!

Ines & Juana. What cries are these?

Leon. Lady, proceed not. Isabel,
Why thus alarmed? The occasion tell.

Enter ISABEL.

Isabel. My terrors I can scarce appease!
Madam, upon the roof this day
Linen I hung for sun and air;

And, most forgetful, left it there.
When now, to fetch it thence away
I went; but hardly the roof door
Unclosed, ere, guided by my light,
Two men, the causers of my fright,
Rush'd in, and hitherward they bore—
They come!

*Enter DON ENRIQUEZ, covering his face
with his handkerchief, and CHACON.*

Don Enr. Thy causeless fears re-
press!

Cha. (*aside.*) In such extremity of ill,
No more is wanting to fulfil
The tyranny of our distress,
Than, as housebreakers seized to-night,
To hang as such with morning's light!

D. Enr. Be not thus terrified! Of
our intrusion

The cause is not what you presume.—
Pray, listen!

Leon. How dare you, men—(*Aside*)
Let valour rouse itself

Despite of terror—(*Aloud*) thus to force
your way

Into a house unknowing—

D. Enr. Pray you, lady,
Be not offended at our ignorance
Of whose it is. The victims of misfor-
tune

Choose not their refuge, but whatever
offers

Accept. For the suspicions entertain'd
With reason by your servant, let this
wound

Say whether they be true or false. For if
Wounded I come—

(*Removing his handkerchief.*)

Leon. (*aside.*) Heavens! What do I
behold?

D. Enr. (*aside.*) What sees my soul?

Leon. (*aside.*) Enriquez!

D. Enr. (*aside.*) Leonora!

Leon. Proceed! (*Aside to him*)—Here
are too many witnesses,

We'll speak hereafter.

Cha. (*aside.*) By the Lord, 'tis she!
Heark, sir!

D. Enr. Be silent.

Leon. Will you not proceed?

D. Enr. Ay, lady; 'tis my breath that
fails. I said

That since I wounded come, 'tis evident
A different occasion forces me

To profit by the sanctuary, which first

I find accessible. Scarcely my foot

Had touch'd Valentia's streets, before a
lady

Engaged me—

Beat. (*aside.*) How! Shall I be found
the cause?

Cha. The devil take her!

D. Enr. To protect her life,
And thus, perforce, compell'd me to resist
The officers of justice.

Beat. (aside.) Must my fate
Pursue me thus!

Cha. She was a cunning witch.

D. Enr. Flying from them—

D. Di. (without.) How! People in my
house,

And the apartment of my daughter open!

Leon. Be silent all, and whatsoe'er I
say

Confirm. Methinks there is abundant
reason

Why both should here be found, and
when the cause

Shall be explain'd, why you should stay
with me,

And lie, unblamed, depart.

Beat. Much you propose.

D. Enr. Much you attempt.

Enter DON DIEGO and CELIO.

D. Di. Why, how now, Leonora?
What is the matter? Who are these?

Leon. My father,

Beneath our porch, fell, in a fainting fit,
This lady, by that wounded cavalier
Accompanied who came. Of his dis-
tress

The echoes reached me, and I sent down
lights

To one of these attendants, whose great
fear,

He saw, had lamed her wings for flight,
he said,

No less than honour, life, fame, and ex-
istence,

Depended on the lady's not being found
By her pursuers; and that her defence,

As women, was their office. Of this
chance

Inform'd, because misfortune, from the
noble,

Like recommendatory letters, claims

Imperatively favour and assistance,

I ordered she should kindly be received.

She was insensible, therefore perforce

Borne hither by the gentleman—and
briefly,

Since from her swoon she now recover'd
seems,

Our part is over, and the cavalier

Who brought her hither, may conduct
her hence.

Beat. (aside.) What do I hear?

D. Enr. (aside.) What can be her de-
sign?

Cha. (aside.) Who bets that with this
other we're not saddled?

Leon. Unless, compassionating her dis-
tress,

Her beauty, grace, tears, and anxiety,

You grant me the indulgence, which I
ask

Thus humbly at your feet! 'Tis this, my
lord,

That to preserve her from again incurring
Dangers so terrible, and to allow

This cavalier rather to tend his wounds
Than watch for her defence, you give
permission

That with our maidens she remain this
night.

'Twere unbecoming that a helpless wo-
man,

Drooping, disconsolate, exposed to dan-
ger,

Once sheltered in our house, who of our
roof

Claims the protection, we should cast
again

Into the streets.

Beat. (aside.) She betters her request,
My hopes improving.

Cha. (aside.) May the grey beard an-
swer

Conformably to the petition!

D. Di. (aside.) Heavens!

What wonderful events seem in each
other

Link'd and entangled! Celio, speak,
was't truth

Or error, what thou told'st me of the
clamour

Within Don Juan's house?

Cel. The light of day

Is not more manifest.

D. Di. And 'twas the truth,

A lady flying issued thence?

Cel. It was.

D. Di. (aside.) Is it not probable the
fugitive

Might be his sister? And this lady she?
And this the stranger who pursued her
flight?

For though 't be true calamities are wont
To come in couples; and this runaway

May be a second, I prefer to think

They are but one, since thus, by succour-
ing one,

To both, my duty as a cavalier

I shall discharge. And little matters it—
To-morrow morning I shall learn the

truth,

When, if it be not she, I can dismiss her,
Or, being she, can remedy her fault.

Leon. Is't possible my prayers should
by you

Be so far slighted, as not e'en an answer
To merit?

But the rest of the scene may be
more summarily dispatched. Don

Diego replies that he is offended at
his daughter's having conceived ne-
cessary to solicit him to perform the

part of a gentleman towards a distress-
ed woman; that the lady may re-
main with her, but that the cavalier

must not visit her in his house. To

this arrangement all parties readily agree, and state the mode and degree of their connexion.—Beatrice, conscious that she is speaking the simple truth—Enriquez believing that he is practising a deception as to the person of his unknown *protegée*—and Leonora supposing them both to romance. Beatrice is then conducted to Leonora's chamber by Juana and Isabel ; Don Diego and Celio go to ascertain whether the coast be clear for the departure of Don Enriquez, and the lovers remain alone with their confidants. A short explanation ensues. Enriquez relieves his mistress's anxiety about his wound, by assurances that he keeps his handkerchief to his face chiefly to guard against being hereafter recognized ; and proposes measures to facilitate future meetings. But the father, speedily returning, summons him to withdraw, and the first *Jornada* ends.

The second opens with a dialogue between the father and daughter upon the following morning, when the latter announces the name of their guest, and that of the lover upon whose account she had fled. The old *Hidalgo* is sadly perplexed to devise the means of reconciling all the different and opposite duties and proprieties of so difficult a situation. He at length determines that he will neither know who Beatrice is, nor sanction her abode in his house, but that Leonora shall conceal her from him, whilst he ascertains what can be done towards reconciling her to her brother, and saving her reputation. Having taken his resolution, and given suitable instructions to his daughter, he prevents Beatrice, upon her entrance, from speaking, by telling her that now it is daylight, she can safely go where love-adventures are less inconvenient than they would be in his family, and then privately charging Leonora upon no account to part with her, hurries away. Leonora executes her orders, and sends Juana to secrete Beatrice in her dressing-room. Ines now brings a letter from Don Enriquez, requesting an interview, and much embarrassment arises as to the possibility of concealing his admittance from the hidden guest ; until Ines proposes to prevent her hearing a man's voice by singing to her guitar during the conference of the lovers. This being settled, Leonora desires the appointed

signal of invitation to be made, and they both go out.

Don Juan next presents himself, apparently in the street. He likewise is in great perplexity, not knowing either where to seek his sister, or how to learn her lover's name, as upon his return home over night, he had found his house empty—all the servants having fled from his apprehended wrath. Whilst he is pondering upon his difficulties, Don Felix enters in equal perturbation, from his inability to discover what has become of Beatrice, and his apprehensions of her brother's having perhaps found her. The two soliloquists at length perceive each other, and enter into conversation. During their colloquy, Don Enriquez and Chacon pass over the stage ; they are walking up and down the street to watch for the signal from Leonora's window ; and as they go out, Don Diego comes in. This last personage is somewhat astonished at finding the offender and the offended in such familiar and amicable intercourse ; but accosts them, and inquires whether Don Juan has yet obtained any information respecting his disguised assailants. Don Juan replies—

Your courtesy I gratefully acknowledge ;
And saying now to you, what to Don
Felix

I was addressing, I shall satisfy
My duty towards both. When undiscovered
The stranger fled, I would have followed
him,
But seeing that 'twas labour lost, turn'd
home ;
And there (disaster dire !) a second found,
And far more bitter grief.

D. Diego & D. Felix. What was't ?
Explain.

D. Juan. Beatrice well nigh dead ; who,
having heard

My voice, and known I was involved in
quarrels,
Hurrying, with terror breathless, down
the stairs,

In her disorder swoon'd and fell.—So
much

Am I indebted to her tenderness—

—And of her fall the violence, scarce
leaves

The faintest hope of her recovery.

D. Fel. (aside.) What do I hear ?

D. Di. Of her recovery

Doubt not, nor thus precipitately fling
All hope away. When least expected,
Heaven

Remedies each mischance.

D. Ju. It may be so!
But grief so heavily oppresses me,
That necessary business from my home
Having compell'd me, strong anxiety
Resistlessly now urges my return.
Give me your pardon, and good leave no
longer
To wait upon your service. (*Aside*) Thus
at least
Her absence, when they miss her, in my
house
Shall not awake suspicion. I must use
Prudence, whilst valour's unavailing.

[Exit.]

D. Di. Wisely
Don Juan acts, and in perplexity
Has left Don Felix. Both their hearts I
read,
Yet know not what the course I should
pursue.

Whilst Don Diego speculates further upon the singularity of a lie's becoming in Don Juan's case an honourable action, and puzzles himself how, without offence, to tell him that he knows the falsehood of his story, an indispensable preliminary to touching upon Beatrice's present situation, Don Felix, who now believes that his lost *enamorada* had really fallen, instead of escaping, and is miserable at her supposed danger, goes off, when Don Diego, suddenly making up his mind as to the steps to be taken, regrets his having suffered the lover to depart, and hastens after him. Don Enriquez and Chacon immediately return; Ines appears at the window; and the meditated introduction into the house is effected.

We of course enter with Don Enriquez, whom we accompany to the apartment, in which he is received by Leonora, whilst Ines, as had been planned, sings during the conversation. The song and the dialogue—which last is pure unadulterated love-making—are no otherwise connected, than that the song is itself merely a *sonante*, forms portions of about half the rhymed stanzas of which the dialogue consists. Ines suddenly ceases to sing, and Leonora, observing her silence, interrupts herself in the middle of a sentence to ask,

Ines, why hast thou given o'er?

Ines. So out of tune is my guitar,
Singing to its discordant jar
Would but awake suspicion more.

Leon. Yet cease not, howsoe'er it be—
Silence his presence must betray.

D. Enr. If only music can allay

Thy fears, give the guitar to me,
And I will tune it presently.

[DON ENRIQUEZ takes the guitar,
and sits down to tune it.]

Enter DON DIEGO.

Ines. Unlucky that I am! Say, Don
Enriquez,
When you came in, did you secure the
door?

D. Enr. Not I.

Ines. And I, as inattentive, deeming
No one could be so foolish as unclosed
To leave it, did not notice your neglect;
And so my master's in the very room,
And has beheld you.—Would the Devil's
self

Think, tuning a guitar, to catch a lover?

Leon. What negligence!

D. En. What ignorance!

Cha. Guitars

Instead of tuning, we on our drum-heads
May look to have a tune well dub-a-
dubb'd.

D. Di. Who is this cavalier, famili-
arly
Seated at his amusement in my house?

Leon. Why so surprised to see him?
Sir, at court

Since dancing is but little practised, I
Ne'er at Madrid learn'd that accomplish-
ment.

Thence, awkwardly I now am circum-
stanced

Here at Valencia, where 'tis so in vogue,
Where ev'ry lady, save myself, excels,
And when we meet, the only pastime is
To shine in *saraguetis* and *fundangoes*.
Besides, at public balls one is accused
Or of discourtesy or ignorance;

Especialy chancing to be invited
By persons in authority. For this,
But yesterday, my cousin Donna Juana
I asked to recommend a dancing-master.

Arriving he inquired if a guitar
We had, or he should send his follower
To fetch one—Ines this produced, and
scarcely

Had he received it from her ere you en-
ter'd.

If this displease you, father, 'tis enough
(Is't not?) that he return no more.

Cha. (aside.) A lie

So fitted to the occasion I ne'er heard.
She in her comedy has given parts
To the guitar, my master, and myself.

D. Di. 'Tis one thing, Leonora, to
observe

A novelty, another to be angry
At aught which pleasures thee, when I
should wish

All pleasures thine; and I were mortified
Didst thou not suit thee to thy country's
customs,

Or wert thou, upon whatsoe'er occasion,
Deficient. And to ascertain if that
Which now diverts thee, I myself approve,
On with thy lesson by the master's life !

[*Sitting down.*

D. Enr. (aside.) Escaping thus one
danger, I incur

Another—I'm in dancing so unskill'd
The trick must be discover'd.

Cha. (aside to him.) Kick away,
And jump, and stamp, so you're a first-
rate dancer !

Leon. I needs must be confused at the
first trial,

And therefore, father, till I have received
Two or three lessons, fain would be by
you

Unseen.

D. Di. Nay, never fear !

Leon. No other beau

Have I. In presence of mine only one
Must I betray mine awkwardness ?

D. Di. As little

Have I another lady ; and I swear
By lover's faith, even thine awkwardness
Will charm me ; therefore, by the master's
life,

On with the lesson.

D. Enr. Without loss of time
I'll tune the instrument.

[*He tunes till a string breaks.*
A plague upon it !

D. Di. What is the matter ?

D. Enr. Sir, the chord has snapt.

Leon. A lucky accident, that rescues me
From a first lesson's shame.

D. Enr. Every string
Appears unsound, and the guitar itself
Is faulty.

Leonora takes further advantage of this happy expedient for escaping from the immediate difficulty, to suggest employing the master to get the guitar repaired, and his returning with it when done. Don Diego approves, and dismisses the supposed professor of dancing, with a promise of punctual payment. He then informs his daughter of his interview with Don Juan, and of his determination to see what he can make of the lover before he speaks to the brother ; after which he leaves her, in order to write a letter of invitation to his own brother at Madrid. Leonora summons Beatrice, to whom she repeats her father's communication. Beatrice, who is very impatient to extricate herself from her awkward situation, now entreats her new friend to procure her an interview with Don Felix, that they may consult together upon the best steps to be taken. Leonora hesitates ; but considering both that she cannot comfort

the poor prisoner with the knowledge of Don Diego's proposed interference, and that the mediator's task may be much facilitated by previous discussion with one of the parties with whom he has to negotiate, she finally agrees to the request, and commissions Juana to seek Don Felix de Lara, and invite him to a conference with an unnamed lady. Juana delivers her message ; and Don Felix, although much puzzled, somewhat reluctant, and not un-suspicious of artifice on the part of Don Juan, says,

'Tis indispensable to follow her ;

and does follow accordingly, till he sees Juana enter Don Diego's house. He then remains, wondering who should invite him thither, and watching for the signal promised to be made when opportunity shall favour his admission. Whilst he is thus engaged, Don Enriquez and Chacon return ; the former professing his determination of recovering whatever knowledge of dancing he may have formerly possessed, in order to enable him to play the part of Leonora's instructor, and Chacon making a joke of the whole business, the point of the jest being his master's poverty. During their conversation the signal is made, Don Felix goes in, and Don Enriquez, who has witnessed the transaction, flying into a passion of jealousy, resolves, at all hazards, to follow.

We are now conducted with Don Felix to the apartment of Leonora, where she and the lovers are hardly assembled, before Don Enriquez calls at the window. Chacon, in answer to an inquiry from Ines, says it is the dancing-master ; and Leonora, under colour of not suffering a person of his inferior condition to participate in an important secret, sends Felix and Beatrice, *chaperoned* by Juana, into an inner room. Ines then admits Don Enriquez and Chacon, and stations herself upon the look-out. The jealous Enriquez, after a few taunts, declares that he will search the house for the concealed gallant whose introduction he witnessed, whilst Leonora endeavours to appease him.

Leon. My lord ! my love !

D. Enr. In happy season, now,
For the first time I hear such sweet en-
dearments !

But when, more seasonably, did favours
light

On an-unfortunate?—Give way !

Leon. From hence
Thou shalt not pass until thou hearest me.

D. Enr. What canst thou say?

Leon. That what I am, I am,
And never wronged thee.

D. Enr. Even though thou wert
That which, alas! thou art, thou'dst say
the same.

Such general words, in all embarrassments
So opportunely offering, from thy lips,
What mean they? And already since I've
said

With thee this cannot be concluded, whilst
A fitter adversary is at hand,—

I will not hear thee!

Leon. Mark!—

D. Enr. Away!

Leon. Observe—

D. Enr. Let go!

Leon. That I—

Ines. Speak lower and dissemble;
My master comes.

Cha. The jealous lover played,
Take the guitar, sir, for the dancing-master.

D. Enr. Who, I? Shall I so humble
me?—I will not!

Leon. My best Enriquez, if I e'er de-
served

Thy courtesy, dissemble towards my fa-
ther,

Profiting by the former artifice!—

I pledge my word thou shalt be satisfied.

Ines. Whom yesterday he left a dancing-
master,

A fencing-master shall he find to-day?

Leon. The lady's honour ever has been
deem'd

The first consideration. It is thine
To guard it.

D. Enr. (*Taking a guitar.*) Heavens!
was ever man before

So inconceivably by love and honour
Entangled, as perforce to celebrate
His jealousy!

Leon. This must thou do for me.—

Let us be found i' the middle of a lesson.

Ines. And quickly.—He is here.

(*They dance.*)

Enter DON DIEGO.

D. Enr. Lady, again
Be pleased to curtsy.

D. Di. Is't not excellent,
That having written, folded, sealed my
letter,

I should forget it? But it matters not;
I rather at my negligence rejoice,
Since I arrive so luckily.—Now, master,
What think you of your scholar? Of her
aptness,

And carriage? You by this can judge.

D. Enr. Señor,

She'll quickly know whatever can be
known.

Already, in one lesson, has she learnt

How to change sides and partners per-
fectly.

Leon. You err; I did it not.

D. Enr. I saw it done.

Leon. The measure and the steps were
all mistaken.

It is almost impossible to translate
intelligibly this part of the dialogue;
in which, by punning upon the names
of Spanish dances or steps,—we confess
we know not which, and either would
to English readers convey no distinct
idea,—Don Enriquez continues to
taunt poor Leonora; whilst she de-
fends herself, and the *Gracioso* jests,
in the same ambiguous language.
We have endeavoured, in the last few
speeches inserted, to show the man-
ner of this scene, by substituting to
the Spanish terms of art, others bor-
rowed from English country-dances,
although their inappropriateness to a
first lesson and a single pupil, must
be evident to any reader who conde-
scends to remember that obsolete and
despised thing, a country-dance. The
master and scholar then execute a
minuet, as far as we can judge; in
the midst of which Don Diego is call-
ed away to receive a message from
Don Juan. He goes out, saying—

Proceed—I'll presently return.

D. Enr. By God!

It was reserved for me, thus to perform
The Merry-Andrew for a rival's mirth!

Leon. Thou dost not so.

D. Enr. Except a lover, who
Should in thine own apartment be con-
cealed?

Leon. Remember, mine Enriquez,
Ines' song

Show'd even yesterday that here was
harbour'd

A hidden stranger, of whose observation
I stood in dread.

D. Enr. The same, perchance, as now.

Leon. No, it was not the same, and
thou thyself

Might'st recollect, Enriquez, leaving here
The very night thou cam'st, a lady—

D. Enr. Ay,

'Tis an old practice on another lady
To throw the blame. Couldst thou not
have devised

A tale more plausible, in all this time?

Leon. None better.

D. Enr. This is falsehood—

Leon. 'Tis the truth.

D. Enr. 'Tis treachery!

Leon. And even if—

D. Enr. Not thou,

But he must answer me!

Leon. What wouldst thou do?

D. Enr. Within that chamber ascertain the fact.

Leon. Observe, my father even now returns.

D. Enr. Must I again humour this nummery! *(They dance.*

Cha. She dances now a galliard, and my master

The Devil among the Tailors.

Incs. Silence! Hush!

Re-enter DON DIEGO.

D. Di. (aside.) Don Juan gives me notice to remain

At home, expecting him. Heavens! Can he know

That Beatrice is sheltered here? But why

Harass myself with guesses, when the truth

By the effect must shortly be revealed?

(Aloud)—Now, master, say, how stands all here?

D. Enr. In case

To end as we began.

Leon. I know not that.

A new series of dancing puns and squibs, implying reproaches of Leonora's presumed infidelity, as untranslatable as the former, follows. Word is brought to Don Diego that Don Juan is arrived; and as he obeys the summons, he desires that the lesson may end for the day. Don Enriquez accordingly takes leave, but in so doing goes towards the door of the inner chamber. Don Diego sets him right, and Chacon excuses him with, So often has he twirl'd about the room, That he has lost his reckoning.

Don Diego then undertakes to show him the way out, and Don Enriquez follows his steps, first bidding Leonora tell her hidden gallant, that he shall await him in the street. This concludes the second *Jornada*.

The opening of the third shows Don Juan waiting for Don Diego in the apartment of the latter. The impossibility of discovering either his sister's retreat or the name of her lover, has determined the punctilious Hidalgo, *coute qui coute*, to apply for advice to his old family friend. Accordingly, when Don Diego joins him, he informs him, after a good deal of hesitation, and as much preface matter, that the previously-related tale was an invention to conceal his dishonour—that, in fact, he had found his unknown antagonist with his sister, when the stranger, by striking out the light, and muffling himself in his

cloak, had managed to avoid detection, whilst he protected Beatrice's flight. Don Diego, after sundry compliments and consolations, represents to Don Juan, first, that

Vengeance has often given publicity
To insult or dishonour unsuspected;

next, that a suitor thus encouraged by Donna Beatrice cannot be an unworthy person; and then advises his young friend, as the wisest course in such a situation, to endeavour to find out who this gallant is, and when found to make him his brother-in-law. Don Juan exclaims, that to obtain such a termination,

Not merely her own portion, I would lay
My patrimony, life, and soul, and honour,
Whate'er I am, whatever I have been,
Whate'er I may become, so of the lost
I something might recover, at his feet,
Who noble, well descended and unstain'd,
Would in oblivion sink mine injury
Before to memory it shall be given!

Having thus succeeded to his heart's content with the brother, Don Diego undertakes to seek out the lover, and appoints Don Juan to return in an hour's time to learn the result of his inquiries. The visitor departs. The indefatigable negotiator calls his daughter to impart to her the improvement of Beatrice's prospects, and goes out to look for Don Felix. Leonora is hastening to the concealed pair to report the good news, and to send Don Felix home by the roofs, that he may be ready to receive her father's visit, when she is prevented by the entrance of Don Enriquez and Chacon. The former having watched Don Diego out, is determined to execute his previously-announced purpose of searching the house for his rival.—Leonora, after fruitlessly trying to pacify his suspicions, places him with Chacon, in order to convince him of the truth of her assertions, in an adjoining room, and reserved as a spare apartment for guests, and calls aloud—

Don Felix, Beatrice, approach! I come
Claiming the recompense of happy tidings!

Enter DON FELIX and BEATRICE.

D. Fel. and Bea. What happy tidings!

Leon. That the various schemes
We labour'd to project, are useless all.

D. Fel. and Bea. How so?

Leon. Because Don Juan has consented

To what is reasonable, and even now
My father, to conclude the negotiation,
Seeks you, Don Felix—Haste, that he
may find you—

But let him not suspect you are for-
warn'd.

Why wait you? Beatrice, to your re-
treat!

And you to meet my father!

D. Fel. and Beat. Suffer first—

Beat. In all humility—

D. Fel. In thankfulness—

Beat. That I, for this recovery of mine
honour—

D. Fel. That I, for this protection of
my love—

Beat. Fair Leonora—

D. Fel. Leonora fair—

Beat. Should say aloud—

D. Fel. Should audibly proclaim—

Beat. Thee the bright goddess—

D. Fel. Thee the beauteous saint—

Beat. Through whom I live again as I
expire. [Exit.

D. Fel. Through whom, already dead,
I live again. [Exit.

This pair of turtles thus disposed of, the listeners return. Leonora now makes herself amends for her former submissive and contemned entreaties, by displaying her indignation at her lover's mistrust. In the excess of her resentment she threatens to break off all intercourse with him; and that the rather, because her uncle, who so long ago as when they inhabited Madrid, entertained suspicions of their attachment, and who cannot therefore be deceived like her father, is immediately expected. Whilst the penitent suitor is vainly attempting to allay her anger, a noise is heard upon the stairs. Ines looks out, and announces Don Juan, who will of course withdraw, upon learning that the master of the house is absent. Don Enriquez and Chacon again retire to the unoccupied room, and Don Juan enters. All passes as had been foretold, save and except that, prior to departing, the new-comer takes the opportunity of addressing a declaration of love to Leonora; for an answer to which, however, perhaps to spare her blushes, he does not wait. Don Enriquez now vehemently resumes his part of accuser; and Leonora, after unsuccessfully trying to justify herself in his eyes, from the imputation of having, at least coquettishly, encouraged Don Juan, grows as angry as her jealous admirer. In the midst

of their quarrelling and professions of parting for ever, Don Diego arrives, and with a question or two as to the state of the lesson, dismisses the dancing-master, with a request—bearing to the ears of the suspicious and irritated lover, a somewhat equivocal meaning—that he would hold himself in readiness to obey the first summons, as there would shortly be a wedding in the house. Don Diego then desires Leonora to fetch Beatrice, to remain with her at the door, listening to what he is about to say to Don Juan, and when she perceives the proper opportunity, to come and take her share in the communication; by which means everything will be settled without the slightest prejudice to the reputation of the fugitive, or the possibility of the brother's being tempted to quarrel with the lover.

Leonora makes her exit, and Don Juan his entrance. Don Diego begins the conversation, by assuring the latter, that no suspicion of his sister's disappearance can have crept abroad, since he, who has been sounding and leading to the subject, has not heard a word of it. He then proceeds to inform him, that he has failed to discover any trace of either Donna Beatrice or the partner of her flight; but that, as he was returning home regretting his disappointment, he had been accosted by Don Felix de Lara, who, with all the compliments suited to the occasion, had requested him to obtain his, Don Juan's, permission for him, Don Felix, to solicit Beatrice's hand. Don Juan now exclaims, that there never was man so unfortunate as himself, compelled as he must be, by his ignorance of his sister's place of refuge, to reject the very alliance he should most desire. This is Leonora's cue, and she joins the party to tell Don Juan, that she can relieve his distress, for that his sister is with her. She then relates that Beatrice, terrified and offended at the suspicions he had expressed, upon finding in her apartment a stranger, introduced into it by a servant's treachery, had fled to her, Leonora,—with whom she had contracted a friendship during visits to common acquaintances, until she could make arrangements for burying herself in a convent. Before Don Juan can give utterance to his satisfaction, Beatrice, in proper person, presents herself, and, as a proof of her inno-

cence, professes her willingness to yield implicit obedience to her brother's commands by marrying Don Felix. Don Juan is now all happiness, all gratitude to Leonora, and all penitence for his unreasonable mistrust of his discreet and immaculate sister. Whereupon Ines remarks aside,

Poor dupes ! How often, although grossly wronged,
Are ye compell'd to sue for pardon !

Don Diego now bestows a gentle reprimand upon his daughter, for having, without his sanction, or even knowledge, harboured Donna Beatrice, as also for having listened to his conversation with Don Juan. He then insists, that the marriage shall be celebrated in his house, which his fair guest shall only quit as a wife, gives orders for all due preparations, not omitting the sending for the Dancing-Master ; and as he goes forth with Don Juan to fetch the bridegroom, expresses aside his impatience to get rid of the intriguing hussy. Leonora very politely offers Beatrice, who is not of course in bridal trim, a quite new gala dress of her own for the occasion ; which Beatrice accepts, and retires with Juana to array herself, leaving Leonora tête-à-tête with her confidante.

Don Enriquez and Chacon, having again watched Don Diego out, now return. The former tells Leonora, that as he sees she wishes to break with him, having even invented a story of expecting her uncle merely to get rid of him, lest he should trouble her marriage with her new gallant, he has brought back her letters, that she may be satisfied of there not existing any testimonial of her perfidy. He tears the papers, of which Ines cautiously gathers up the fragments. His violence will not suffer Leonora to explain whose wedding it is to which her father had alluded, nor have they much time for either quarrel or reconciliation ; as, Don Felix not having been hard to find, the three gentlemen quickly return together. Leonora would have Don Enriquez remain, as having come by her desire ; but he is indignant at the unfeeling proposition, and, despite her resistance, conceals himself for the third time in the spare room. He is scarcely hidden, before Don Diego, Don Juan, and Don Felix enter by one door, and Beatrice by

another. The proper and somewhat ceremonious complimenting which ensues, is presently broken off by the arrival of Don Fernando, the often-mentioned uncle. He is received with great delight by his brother, and ill-disguised perturbation by his niece. The wedding-party are next introduced to him, when he remarks that he grieves to interrupt the festivity of the bridal, but must needs mingle his mischance with the pleasures of the company ; he has been overturned, it seems, is severely bruised, and finds it necessary to be let blood, and to go to bed. Don Diego exclaims—

Merciful Heaven ! Open this chamber,
Ines,
For well I am assured mine honour'd
guests

Will give you leave.

All. With general regret.

D. Di. Prepare it instantly, and make the bed.

Leon. (*aside*) Oh me, unfortunate !

D. Di. Why this delay ?

What hinders you ?—What wait you for ?

Ines. I know not,

So long has that apartment been unused,

Where I should find the key.

D. Di. In his condition

This coolness is delightful ?

Ines. Pray you, patience !

I go to seek it.

D. Di. I shall spare your labour.

Leon. What would you do ?

D. Di. Stand thou aside.—The door I shall break open.

[*Breaks open the door, and discovers*

DON ENRIQUEZ and CHACON.

But, unhappy me !

The obstacle was different—Who's this
Hid in the chamber ?

Cha. 'Tis the Dancing-Master,
And his attendant Fiddler. The guitar
We there were seeking.

D. Enr. Of such masquerade
The season's o'er. 'Tis one, who, in despite

Of all, will issue forth !

All. How such emprise

Will you achieve ?

D. Enr. Staking my life and soul on't.

D. Di. Forbear ! The matter is not
of such moment.

The man is Leonora's dancing-master,
And by that maid has been conceal'd—
Her guilt

Is by her perturbation fully proved.
Then better and discreeter 'tis, that he
Punish'd through his accomplice should
depart,

Than slaughter'd by our hands. What
wait you for?

Give her your hand, and then away to-
gether

About your business.

Ines. I, most willingly.

D. Enr. For my part—

D. Fern. What do I behold! Thou
here,

Traitor?

D. Di. Who is he?

D. Fern. Clearly a deceiver,

For he is Don Enriquez de Argala.

And, brother, since in this disguise, con-
ceal'd

Within your house, I find him, having
long

In mine, a strong suspicion entertained
That he woos Leonora, and that she
Encourages his suit, 'tis now no time
For mystery, but to avenge our wrongs.

D. Di. Good heavens! What do I
hear! With thee, ingrate,

My vengeance shall begin!

(To LEONORA. DON JUAN inter-
poses, and prevents DON DIEGO'S
attack.

D. Fern. And upon thee,
Traitor, the rage of ancient injuries
Will I assuage!

(To DON ENRIQUEZ. DON FE-
LIX interposes and prevents DON
FERNANDO'S attack.

Beat. Felix, protect her honour,
Who mine so well protected.

Cha. Recollect,

Lady, the Plaza de la Olivera.

Beat. Remember, those about to be
destroy'd

Are those to whom for life I am indebt-
ed.

D. Ju. and D. Fel. Whoe'er saw similar
confusion? Hold!

Forbear!

D. Di. and D. Fern. Think not to
hinder me!

Leon. Don Juan,

Pray you defend my life!

D. Enr. Oh, thou unkind!

For thy defence could'st thou no other
choose?

D. Ju. At least no other could she find,
by ties

So strong upon a gentleman constrain'd
To undertake it, since I can confer
An obligation, whilst resigning hope.

D. Di. How! You, Don Juan, with
mine enemies,

After so many kindnesses as those
For which you owe me thanks?

D. Ju. Those kindnesses

I am endeavouring to recompense,
Doing for you, ev'n what for me you did.

D. Di. Your honour and good name
I gave you.

D. Ju. I

That debt would in the self-same coin re-
pay.

D. Di. How mean you?

D. Ju. An inevitable ill

Convert into a voluntary act.

Nor let revenge bestow publicity

On unsuspected injuries or insults.

D. Di. True; 'twas my counsel—but
illustrious blood

And a descent unblemish'd was in ques-
tion.

D. Fern. If good the counsel, and no
more than this

For its admission be required, Heav'n
grant

That of thine honour's injurer, the de-
signs

Prove as his blood immaculate! He
springs

From as illustrious a family

As any Spain can boast.

D. Di. If it be so,

And I am meshed in mine own reason-
ing, ill

Can I refuse to follow the advice

I to another gave. Ungrateful girl,

Present that cavalier thy hand, nor let

To-morrow's sun behold publicity

By vengeance given to an unknown
wrong.

Cha. Ines, forbid the bans; in the same
day

Let not who wedded thee another wed.

Ines. I'm not i' the vein for foolery—
But, sirs,

I'st not provoking that the only day

On which the maid to marry the gallant
Was likely, should produce this interrup-
tion?

Woe worth my life and soul if I permit
A one of those to speak a single word

Who thus, drawn up in order, stand, to
pay

Their thanks to Fortune for the happi-
ness

They feel, Don Felix with his Beatrice,
With her loved Don Enriquez Leonora,

Don Juan in his now recover'd fame,

Don Diego in a fitting son-in-law,

And Don Fernando in obtain'd revenge.

All. What's thine intent?

Ines. Full of anxiety

And sorrow, singly to proclaim aloud

That prosperously here the DANCING-
MASTER

Concludes.

Leon. Believe not so to hinder us

From joining all in chorus—

All. To implore

Our faults' remission at those royal feet.

MILITARY POLICY AND INSTITUTIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

No. II.

WITH every possible respect for proverbs and terse sayings, as the fruits of the experience of ages, we are nevertheless quite satisfied, that not a few of them are, in substance, ridiculously incorrect. Of these, there are two relating to the subject before us, in very common use among all classes in this country, which, in spite of the frequency with which they are repeated, strike us, as being more than usually absurd. The first is, that "a free people stand in no need of regular armies to defend them, because a free people, if true to themselves, can never be subdued;" the second, "that freedom and military power cannot long subsist together." Perhaps a third might be added, not less in favour than either of the preceding, —namely, "that one Englishman is worth three foreigners;" but as this last partakes in no degree of the nature of a proverb, being the mere ebullition of inordinate national vanity, we will pass it by as altogether unworthy of notice.

In order to ascertain what truth there is in these aphorisms, no more seems necessary than to cast the eye of a very common observer over the history of the world; and we will take it upon us to assert, that whoever turns to that source for information, will find that they are both of them palpable falsehoods. There is not on record a single instance of a nation, however free, and however desirous of retaining its freedom, which has found the love of liberty alone a sufficient safeguard against the attacks of a warlike invader. Enthusiasm, and the desire to be free, will at all times induce men to take up arms, if they believe that their liberties are in danger; but enthusiasm, and the desire to be free, have never yet prevailed, and never will prevail, over disciplined valour, however arbitrarily conducted. On the other hand, the civil liberty of nations has had little influence in rendering them, in a military point of view, either great or the reverse. The experience of all ages shows, that they have risen and fallen simply according to the devotion paid by their inhabitants to military pursuits; and as there is nothing new under the sun,

we may rest perfectly satisfied, that they will continue, to the end of time, to rise and fall according to the same standard.

The fact indeed is, that not only is there no support given to these sayings in the records of history; but that its best authenticated details completely contradict them. There never existed a people more tenacious of their civil liberty than the Romans—there never existed a state so uniformly successful in war. The Romans not only preserved their own independence, but they brought the most civilized parts of the world under their yoke. And why? because they were a free people? No, surely; but because their armies were better disciplined, better armed, and better commanded, than those of the nations to whom they were opposed; and because every individual Roman, however warmly attached to civil liberty, was accustomed from his youth to practise military exercises, to submit to military privations, and to endure military control. In like manner, the states of Greece were, during a certain period of their existence, hardly less warlike than Rome itself. Their efforts against the power of Persia have deservedly obtained for them an immortality of fame; but these struggles were owing, not to the mere love of liberty by which they were sustained, but to the superior discipline and equipment of their troops. Greece, divided into a number of petty states, jealous of one another, as all petty states are, was hardly ever at peace; its inhabitants were accordingly habituated to the use of arms. In Sparta indeed, the profession of a soldier was the only profession esteemed lawful for a free citizen; even agriculture, to which the Romans did condescend, being given up to the Helots; how was it possible for men thus situated not to become warlike? The Persian armies, on the contrary, were composed of undisciplined barbarians, the natives of a warm and enervating climate,—half armed, ill fed, and badly commanded. They were numerous, it is true, but to an army composed of such materials, mere numbers added no strength; on

the contrary, an undisciplined force is usually liable, in proportion to its numbers, to have every petty panic become a cause of general confusion. The Greeks, therefore, at Marathon and Salamis were successful, not because they fought for freedom with the determination of free men; but because, with a well-disciplined and well-organized force, they opposed themselves to raw levies, unaccustomed to danger, and ignorant of the first principles of the art of war.

That the Greeks owed little of their successes against the Persians to the love of liberty by which they were inspired, is proved by the facility with which they afterwards submitted to the Macedonian conquerors. No Persian monarch could be more despotic than Philip or Alexander, yet both Philip and Alexander reduced Greece, at a season when the love of liberty was unimpaired, and the eloquence of a Demosthenes was ceaselessly employed to keep it so. Whence arose this? Because, though the subjects of an absolute government, the Macedonian troops were still better disciplined and more ably commanded than the troops of free Greece.

But the utter absurdity of the first-mentioned aphorism is placed in a still clearer point of view, by transactions which have passed under the very eyes of the last and of the present generations. Perhaps Poland, under its elective monarchy, had no better claim to the title of a free nation than it has now, but no one will deny to the Poles the merit of having defended their independence with all the enthusiasm of men sincerely attached to it. Yet their enthusiasm and heroic efforts were vain; Poland has ceased to be numbered among the states of Europe. The Swiss, however, were a free people, and they were happy in their freedom; but even the Swiss, with all the advantages of a mountainous country to aid them, found a devoted attachment to liberty but a poor substitute for the discipline which prevailed in the French armies.

Nay, Spain herself, though naturally strong, full of military positions, and having a numerous population, and as deeply interested in the struggle as the Scots were interested in opposing the aggressions of the first Edward, could not have withstood the efforts of Buonaparte had England kept aloof, as

the Whigs were anxious that she should keep aloof. Some of the towns of Spain, Saragossa for instance, did wonders; but as often as her raw levies met their enemies in the field, they were beaten. It is true, that though dispersed for a time, these levies generally continued to unite again; but had there been no British force to support them, or to form a *point d'appui* on which to rally, the contest between France and Spain must have speedily degenerated, on the part of the latter, into a war of partizanship; a species of warfare which rarely produces any decisive results, and is necessarily more hurtful to the country which wages, than to the people against whom it is waged.

We have said, that in sober earnest the nature of its civil government has in no age been instrumental towards the military elevation of a state; and in proof that liberty is not at variance with military power, we have quoted the fortunes of Rome and Greece.—Look we now at the other side of the picture. The Persian empire rose under Cyrus, the Macedonian under Alexander—both of them absolute monarchs. A greater tyrant than Timour never lived; yet Timour founded the Tartar Dynasty in the East. And to come nearer our own times and country, Sweden, which now enjoys a free constitution, is hardly named in discussing the powers of Europe, whereas she held the balance of Europe in her hands, under a monarch who proposed to send one of his boots to preside over her senate. What wonders were not performed by the little kingdom of Prussia, as long as Frederic the Great ruled it with a rod of iron; whilst the fortunes of France clearly demonstrate that the same people, which was warlike under a legitimate monarchy, may continue warlike under a democracy, and lose nothing of its greatness after the democracy has been swallowed up by absolute despotism.

But though we thus argue, we would by no means be understood as recording an opinion, that the nature of its civil government has no influence in *preserving* the military honour and consequent prosperity of a nation. In raising a nation from small things to great, we do not believe that the nature of its government has much influence in preserving it for any length

of time in power; we are confident that its influence is immense. Nations in general imitate their rulers in disposition and character. When, therefore, a state is ruled by an absolute monarch, the people will, for the most part, take the tone from their single sovereign. If he be brave, active, and warlike, the people will acquire a martial character; let him be succeeded by a line of weak and effeminate princes, and the martial character of the people will speedily depart. It is not so in free states; whether they be governed by democracies, or, which is still better, by limited monarchies, like our own. In the latter case, the supreme magistrate, whether he fill his office for life, or only for a certain period, may be weak and even cowardly, but will not infect the subjects with these vices, because they will take their tone not from him, but from their own representatives. No doubt, in nations governed by popular assemblies, party influence, party prejudice, and family connexion, will frequently place men in situations of responsibility and command, whose talents in no degree entitle them to fill such situations; and as long as this is the case, particular expeditions, or warlike undertakings, will be liable to fail. But this evil, inseparable from a free constitution, and to which an absolute monarchy is not exposed, is more than counterbalanced by the advantages arising from the nature of the directing power, which is much less likely to become absolutely imbecile when intrusted to a succession of popular assemblies, than when committed entirely to the care of a succession of individuals. And to this all experience bears testimony. Though many great empires have been *founded* by tyrants, few thus founded have continued great through more than one or two centuries, whereas the greatness of states which have been governed by liberal constitutions, has, comparatively speaking, proved permanent. The Persian empire was founded by Cyrus; it degenerated gradually, and fell to pieces under Darius Codomanus, having lasted nearly two hundred years. Rome rose into power a free state, and she continued in power more than a thousand.

All this appears to us to be decisive against the popular notions, first, that England need not aspire at the charac-

ter of a military nation, because she has an invincible barrier against foreign force in the innate valour of her sons; secondly, that she ought not to aim at such a character, lest she purchase it with the loss of her freedom. The first maxim is a very foolish one; because the mere native valour of Englishmen, however great we may suppose that to be, would do nothing were it not directed by discipline; the last is absolutely without point. If the great nations have not invariably been the most powerful, at all events those nations have continued longest in power which enjoyed the greatest share of civil liberty.

There is another point which, in considering this subject with reference to England in particular, ought not to be placed out of view. England is not only a free, but a great trading country; a country of merchants or manufacturers, whose prosperity necessarily depends upon the facility with which they can procure marts for their own goods, and at the same time import, on favourable terms, the goods of other lands into their own harbours. Now, it requires no great depth of penetration to discover, that no country will be able to command at all times successful trade, which is not in a position to give the law at all times to other trading countries. As long as peace universally prevails, she may, indeed, drive her bargains wherever she finds an opening; but let a rupture take place between her and a power not so completely dependent upon commerce, and unless she possess the means of overawing her rivals, she may rest satisfied, that they, with the hope of ruining her, and dividing her trade among them, will be very ready to obey the mandate of her adversary, and shut their ports against her. In our late struggle with France this was exactly our own fate. Though mistress of the sea, England could not gain admittance into any of the harbours of Europe; and that, because her power by land was esteemed wholly incompetent to force a market, in opposition to the armies of her adversary. After all, then, it would appear, that the peculiar situation of England requires, both as a free and a commercial country, that she should make an effort to attain a high rank, not only among the naval, but among the military powers of the world.

If all this be granted, as we think it must be granted, the only question to be determined is, by what means so desirable an end may most readily and most safely be attained. By those whose jealousy of freedom is carried to an extreme, the opinion is held, that enough will be done provided England keeps her navy in a state of effectiveness, and adhere to the system of her ancestors with respect to her army. This last, as our readers will doubtless recollect, is the system instituted by Alfred, improved upon by Henry VIII.; still farther improved by James I., and brought to perfection by Charles II.; in other words, an arrangement which renders every male within certain ages, who shall not be occupied in certain trades or professions, liable to military service; and authorises the lieutenancy of counties to call out this militia at certain seasons for military training. Such is actually the military system of the United States of America; and such, in the opinion of those who profess to consider the institutions of the United States as more perfect than the institutions of other lands, is the system recommended for adoption here. Before we say one word respecting its merits in reference to ourselves, it may be worth while to inquire, how it has availed, for the purposes required, in other nations which have adhered to it.

If there be any merit in antiquity, the military institution here referred to may, at all events, lay claim to that,—it is the earliest on record. In a dark age, when mankind were divided into petty tribes, occupying for the most part very little territory, and employing themselves in pursuits the most simple and the most rude; when war was carried on, more for purposes of rapine than conquest, and little or no science prevailed in its prosecution, every man capable of bearing arms of necessity united the profession of a soldier to the other business, be it what it might, in which his time was ordinarily spent. On the appearance of danger, the cultivation of the fields and the tending of flocks was abandoned; each seized his weapons; and having repelled the invasion, either returned again to his former pursuits, or retaliated upon the territories of those by whom his repose had been interrupted. As long as all nations

equally adhered to this system, it was found sufficiently effective; and that tribe invariably gained the superiority which happened to be most frequently engaged in petty wars.

Such a state of things was, however, wholly inconsistent as well with refinement as with extended power; and in all probability it would not have kept its ground so long as it did, but for the universal prevalence of domestic slavery. We need hardly maintain, that in those days all prisoners taken in battle were reduced to the condition of slaves. These became, in turn, so numerous, as to prove formidable to the most powerful of their masters, who were compelled to live in a sort of armed truce, because they felt that there was always an enemy in the very heart of their country. But it required nothing more than the experience of a better system to set it aside,—at least among those nations which had attained to the highest degree of civilization, and were ambitious of attaining to the highest pitch of power.

The first prince who departed entirely from the system detailed above, was Philip of Macedon; and the advantages which he derived from the measure are within the knowledge of all men. Being surrounded on every side by inveterate enemies, and involved in continual wars with the Illyrians, Thracians, and even the Greeks, Philip's militia gradually grew into a regular standing army. Hitherto it had been customary in Macedonia, as elsewhere, to disband the troops on the return of every peace; but the periods of peace granted to Philip were so brief and so uncertain, that he soon ceased to disband an army which might be wanted on the very day after it had been dissolved. Philip, accordingly, made choice of a certain number of men, whom he regularly enrolled as soldiers by profession. These were daily trained to military evolutions; and the consequence was, that before the Macedonian phalanx the valour of the bravest militias in the world gave way.

In Rome there was no such thing as a standing army till the period of the Punic wars. It is true, that a nation, abhorred as Rome was abhorred by all its neighbours, could not avoid becoming, to a very great degree, a nation of soldiers; but the soldiery

of Rome was never other than a militia, till the continued successes of Hamilcar, Asdrubal, and Hannibal compelled it to change its character. The armies of these great men (and the last we consider the greatest general that ever lived) were, on the contrary, standing armies. It seems to have been the policy of Carthage, a policy induced by causes not dissimilar from that which acted upon Philip of Macedon, to keep a certain number of troops at all seasons in their pay. These were abundantly exercised, first, in the subjugation of Africa, afterwards in the conquest of Spain, before they began their march into Italy; and when they arrived there, they proved as much superior to the Roman militia, as the militia of Rome had proved itself superior to the militias of the Latin states. Hence the splendid, and even bloodless, victories obtained by Hannibal in the beginning of his campaigns, which, had they been followed up with sufficient vigour, would have undoubtedly overthrown the Roman empire. But Hannibal was not supported as he ought to have been from home. The casualties in his ranks were not filled up; he could not, therefore, through numerical weakness, turn his successes to their full account; whilst the Roman levies, kept in the field during no fewer than seventeen years, became in the end in no degree inferior to the Carthagenians. By this means, after destroying the regular army of Spain, which had advanced to join Hannibal, they were enabled to subdue the feeble militias which were left to defend that province, and finally to carry the war into Africa, then in the same state of weakness in which the Carthaginian general had found Italy. The militia of Carthage was seen to be incapable of opposing the standing armies of Rome. Hannibal and his veterans were accordingly recalled; but the veterans were few in number, and though the talents of the general were in no respect diminished, he was defeated. Thus in two remarkable instances in the old world, first, in the superiority of Carthage over Rome, and afterwards in the superiority of Rome over Carthage, was the absolute inability of a mere militia to oppose a disciplined army distinctly shown.

From this period Rome never ceased to keep together a standing army,

which she reduced, indeed, in its numbers during a season of peace, but which, even then, she could employ to meet any sudden emergency, and on which, when hostilities recommenced, she was enabled to ingraft her raw levies. The consequences were, that meeting in all her wars with militias only, she was uniformly successful, till finally she had subdued the most civilized portions of the earth. On one occasion only were her arms at all vigorously resisted.

The little kingdom of Macedon, in which the system introduced by Philip was still supported, cost her three expensive wars, and two great battles, ere it was numbered among her provinces.

Perhaps it will be said, that if Rome rose to the height of power by means of standing armies, these armies in the end destroyed her liberty, and wrought her overthrow. Now, not to mention that a nation, which enjoyed seven hundred years of freedom and prosperity, enjoyed both freedom and prosperity through a greater lapse of time than the changeable nature of sublunary things warrants us in expecting it will ever be enjoyed again by any other nation, it may be safely affirmed, that the loss of these blessings was not owing to the armies, but in part to the luxury and turbulence of the people of Rome; in part to the immense extent of the empire, which enabled ambitious men in the more distant provinces to hatch plots wholly unnoticed by the supreme authorities. The attempt of Gracchus to restore the Licinian law, opened the door to seditions and tumults; and the state of anarchy thereby produced, ended, as all anarchies end, in the loss of liberty. It was not, therefore, the existence of standing armies which brought Rome under the dominion of an emperor, but the continual quarrels between the patricians and plebeians, inseparable from the Roman constitution.

There is a tide in human affairs, which, if we may be allowed the expression, appears to flow in a circle, bringing things back to the state in which they have been, and which might have been regarded as swept away for ever. When the Roman empire, undermined by luxury, and enfeebled by sloth, finally fell to pieces, the custom of keeping up regular armies fell with it; and in its room was

substituted, first, a species of military colonization, not dissimilar to that of the petty nations of old, and afterwards, the arrangement now known under the title of the Feudal System. Both were extremely defective, and productive of the worst results. Here, then, and especially under the latter, mankind retrograded in the scale of civilization, becoming, what they had formerly been, mere savages; commerce was laid aside, even agriculture was esteemed an employment fit only for slaves, whilst internal wars were the sole business and pastime of every military chief. Nations accordingly became weak and poor; and the quarrels between them were decided as the quarrels between their remote ancestors had been decided, by brief inroads and solitary battles. But this system, like the military system of ancient Italy, gave way in its time to the progress of refinement. In the year 1445, Charles VII. of France reintroduced the practice of supporting mercenary troops. These were found to be so much superior in every respect to the military retainers previously employed; they were so much more conveniently disposed of, and they gave to that monarch a superiority so decided, not only over his turbulent barons, but over his neighbours, that other potentates soon began to follow his example, and the system once more prevailed throughout the whole of Europe; nor is it now possible for any single state to depart from it, which is at all desirous of holding a place among the independent nations of the world. Notwithstanding, therefore, the example set to us by the United States, he must be a very short-sighted politician indeed, who seriously recommends to the Government of Great Britain a return to a system of military array, which has been shown, both in the old and new world, to be unprofitable in wars of defence, and perfectly harmless in those of aggression.

It has been formerly stated, that the great object for which a standing army ought to be kept on foot during a season of profound peace, is, that whenever the nation shall be again called upon to arm, there may not be wanting a due proportion of veterans to instruct and give a tone to its raw levies. For this purpose, it is not necessary that a regular army shall consist of very exorbitant numbers. The frame-work must indeed be extensive, but there is no necessity that all its

interstices shall be filled up. We would not, for example, desire to see every corps in the service increased to its full war establishment, but we should be very well pleased were these corps even more numerous than they are. One hundred, or one hundred and twenty regiments of infantry, ten or twelve regiments of cavalry, with artillery, engineers, artificers, &c. in proportion, would, we think, form a fair peace establishment for Great Britain; but of these regiments not one, unless such as are ordinarily employed in the colonies, need consist of more than from three to four hundred soldiers. Let each corps be strong in experienced commissioned and non-commissioned officers; but this country does not require that it shall be very strong in private sentinels. The advantage of this arrangement is, that you have a multitude of schools ready for the training of raw recruits; whereas, if you diminish the quantity of your corps embodied, making up for that diminution by enlisting more men into each, though you may render your army equally effective in the meantime, and perhaps somewhat less burthensome to maintain, you take away from its usefulness, as a school of training, in the exact proportion by which you have cut down its skeleton regiments. The system of supporting many weak regiments is that at present pursued, and it is the best.

There is another improvement lately introduced into the infantry, at the suggestion, we believe, of the Duke of Wellington.—All regiments employed in the Mediterranean, West Indies, North America, everywhere; indeed, except in India, consist of ten companies, of which six proceed upon foreign service, whilst four remain at home. The depot and head-quarters are, moreover, considered in the light of corps perfectly distinct, except that the former trains up recruits for the latter, as well in officers as men. The benefit arising from this system lies here, that, with the expense of supporting only one regiment, the country, in point of fact, supports two; inasmuch as the numerous depots contain each all the elements of an entire regiment, and may all, at a moment's warning, be actually converted into separate regiments. We regard this as carrying farther than it has ever before been carried, the plan we spoke of in the last paragraph.

But though the general arrangement

of our army be so far unobjectionable, we would humbly suggest to the authorities at head-quarters, whether there be not some, and these highly important points, which might even yet endure a considerable improvement. In the first place, would it not be wise to institute a greater number of military schools than exist at present within the empire, and to place the few already erected on a more efficient footing? Lord Wellington is said to have complained grievously, in the progress of the Peninsular war, of the absence of all military science among the inferior officers in his army. We are not surprised at this; for from the officers of the British army an acquaintance with the theory of their profession has never been required, further than a knowledge of that theory can be said to be attained by him, who is able to put a battalion through certain established manœuvres upon a level parade. Now, far be it from us to assert, that any man is fit to command a regiment until he be thus far instructed; but alas for the military knowledge of him, whose science goes no farther than an acquaintance with Dundas, or Sir Henry Torrens! In our opinion every officer, no matter to what department attached, ought to make himself acquainted with mathematics, so far as that he shall be able to act the part of an engineer when necessity may require; every officer ought to know something of the force and operation of projectiles; every officer ought to be aware of the superiority of a good position over a bad; and though he need not be required to paint like a Claud or a Glover, so great an acquaintance with his pencil as will enable him to make sketches, however rude, of the country through which he passes, appears to us to be indispensable. In all these respects the British officers have long been, and still are, prodigiously behind the officers of France or Prussia; and the reason is sufficiently obvious. In the latter countries, young men designed for the army are required to go through a regular course at some academy where the military sciences are exclusively taught: in England, if we except the candidates for commissions in what is called the ordnance department, no youth thinks of qualifying himself for the profession of a soldier, otherwise than by receiving the com-

mon education of a classical scholar. This is to be regretted.

In the next place, we would hint, that the occasional formation of camps of instruction, would prove highly advantageous to all ranks and departments in the British army. It rarely happens that even two or three regiments of infantry are enabled, during the peace, to act together; it never occurs, that infantry, cavalry, and artillery, meet for common exercise. We have, it is true, from time to time, a grand cavalry and a grand infantry review; that is to say, half a dozen regiments of horse assemble to gallop backwards and forwards over a level heath; whilst some three or four infantry corps form squares to resist cavalry which are not visible, wheel into line, deploy into column, and waste blank-cartridges for a few hours on a stretch; but he who imagines that the corps thus exercised derive any notable benefit from the day's work, greatly deceives himself. Our troops should assemble, at fitting seasons, in armies; they should regularly form a camp; both officers and men should be taught to take up ground for the outposts; to move as if in an enemy's country; each arm should see how the others attack or defend themselves; and the consequence would be, that our troops, even at the beginning of a war, would take the field with a degree of cool knowledge, confessedly not possessed by them when they first appeared in the Peninsula. If it be said, that the tenacious regard paid by the laws of England to the preservation of private property effectually hinders such arrangement, this question may be asked, Whether, in a matter of such paramount general importance, individuals might not be persuaded to endure, at a time, a little temporary inconvenience; and were it to come to the worst, in the royal forests and chases, in the moors of Yorkshire, and the wilds of Scotland and Ireland, there are abundance of scope for all the training which the British army would require.

Had we been called upon to write our present paper thirty years ago, we should have strongly urged upon the government of the country the wisdom, and even justice, of placing a soldier upon a footing, not of competency, but of respectability. That commendation is not, however, now

necessary. We have at length discovered, that troops may be kept in a high state of discipline, and yet the private soldiers be exempted from punishments not more fearful than degrading. The terrible floggings, the pickettings, and other barbarities exercised upon brave men, have now, thank Heaven, become obsolete in the British army; but we think that a still farther advance might be made in some respects. As there is now no necessity to receive every recruit who offers himself, we think that strict orders should be issued not to admit into the ranks any man who cannot bring forward testimonials of his honesty and good behaviour. The effect of such orders, especially if followed up by the dismissal of all really bad men, would be, that our peasantry, instead of regarding a soldier as a being inferior to themselves, would look upon him as filling a class in society infinitely superior; youths of respectable parentage would then flock to our standards; and their families, instead of fancying themselves disgraced by the step, would be proud to claim kindred with any one who wore the king's uniform. We know nothing so likely as this to infuse into the natives of Great Britain that military spirit, in which, whether it be subject of boasting or regret, they are far behind the natives of continental nations.

Being on this subject, we cannot refrain from saying a word or two concerning the dress and promotion of British officers. Generally speaking, it must be allowed, that in no country are both officers and soldiers treated with a greater degree of liberality than in England; they are well paid, well fed, well clothed, and comfortably lodged; but in one respect, in form at least, they are liable to immense inconveniences. Why is it that the British army is so continually changing its uniform? The unmilitary reader will hardly credit, that within the short compass of fifteen years, the uniform of the army has been altered, either in whole or in part, no fewer than five times. Two years have barely elapsed since an order was issued from the Horse Guards, in which it was distinctly stated, that his Majesty, conscious of the inconvenience attendant upon so many changes, had determined, once for all, to fix the costume of his land forces; and that the regu-

lations then laid down were to be considered as unalterable; yet, strange to say, the entire dress of the army is to be again remodelled. We are extremely sorry for this, and still more grieved at the reasons which are assigned for it; because, unless the matter end here, those continual expenses will unavoidably drive from the service all officers who are not possessed of ample private fortunes; and we are perfectly satisfied, that as soon as the British army shall become exclusively officered by men of wealth, there is an end to its usefulness.

There is yet another matter on which we would touch, though with all brevity and diffidence; we allude to the mode by which promotion is conducted in the British army. To put an absolute stop to the sale and purchase of commissions, would not, we are sure, be acceptable, as it certainly would not be advantageous, to the service; on the contrary, it would materially injure it. No doubt, it is mortifying enough to the soldier of fortune, when he sees a stripling rising above him, whose chief merits consist in the wealth and rank of his connexions; but the practice certainly renders promotion more rapid, on the whole, even for such as cannot immediately avail themselves of it, than it would be, were that practice abolished. We would, however, caution our military rulers against the over-exercise of the privilege lately introduced—that of permitting mere boys to purchase what are termed unattached commissions. It ought to be borne in mind, that of those who most readily avail themselves of this opportunity of advancement, very few know anything of real service; they are stepping over the heads of veterans every day; and hence, should a war require their appointment to regiments, instead of being placed in situations where they might learn from those capable of teaching, they will be the teachers, and men of experience the scholars. Besides, the door of promotion is, by the immense addition made to the half-pay list, shut against old officers who possess not the means to purchase; and we know nothing which more effectually ruins the usefulness of an officer,—no matter how intelligent and active he may have originally been,—than his being kept too long in a subordinate situation. Hope deferred

makes the heart sick ; and when the heart of a soldier has once become sick towards his profession, (as whose heart would not become sick, after he had continued fifteen or twenty years a subaltern ?) there is an end of his utility. On the other hand, men are hurried on from rank to rank, without being allowed to obtain that knowledge, without which they never can or will become efficient commanders. It is amusing enough to hear persons speak of guiding armies who have never guided companies ; or talk of regulating companies, who absolutely know not of what a private soldier is capable, and how he ought to be subsisted.

We have now said as much as it was our original intention to say ; but we cannot think of laying aside our paper, without offering a word or two to our readers in general. To those who follow more peaceable vocations, more especially to such as regard standing armies with distrust, we would hint, that, in point of fact, they are the very best preservatives of civil liberty in all free countries ; and that the more free a country is, the more is it in need of a standing army to preserve it so. In Great Britain, for instance, where liberty treads so close upon the heels of licentiousness, the consciousness that he can, at a moment's notice, crush or overwhelm a tumult, if it assume the aspect of sedition, must operate, and does operate,

in the mind of the supreme magistrate, after a fashion highly advantageous to the liberties of the subject. Secure in his armed strength, he overlooks and despises the empty threats of demagogues ; and whenever examples of severity become indispensable, he renders them both mild and few in number. Now, were there no standing army in England, every little commotion, every popular meeting, would, of necessity, be watched with the most scrupulous attention. Men's very words would be laid hold of ; because the government must, in the latter case, feel, that the slightest commotion might increase into a dangerous rebellion. On this account alone, then, were there not other and equally important matters to be considered, we profess ourselves strenuous advocates for the maintenance of an efficient standing army in this country.

As to our military friends, for whose exclusive benefit and amusement we have thus exerted ourselves, we would observe, that they cannot more effectually thank us for the interest which we take in their prosperity, than by following such of our suggestions as seem to them to be judicious, and supplying us with such others as chance to occur to themselves. Wishing them all prosperity, and hoping to find among them, when next they come to be tried, as many Wellingtons and O'Doherties as can reasonably be expected, we bid them heartily farewell.

A NIGHT IN DUNCAN M'GOWAN'S.

AFTER traversing a bleak and barren track of moorland country, I unexpectedly arrived at the village of Warlockheugh, a few hours before the sun had set upon the cheerless and level horizon of that desolate region. A scene so bleak and solitary had engendered a vague and melancholy feeling of individual helplessness and desolation, the morning buoyancy of my spirits had settled down into dull and dejected sympathy with the exhausted members of my body ; the keen clear air that blew across the moor had whetted my appetite to an exquisite degree of keenness, so that I was not a little disposed to mingle once more with human society, to invigorate my limbs with another night's repose, and

to satisfy the cravings of hunger with some necessary refreshment. I, therefore, entered the village at a quicker pace than I had exerted for the last ten or twelve miles of my journey.

It is situated in a narrow valley which slopes away from the moorland side, and is surrounded by a ridge of rocks that rise around it like an iron barrier, and frown defiance to the threatened encroachments of the ocean. A dark brown stream floats along the moor with a lazy and silent current, bursts with a single leap over a precipice at the upper end of the village, thunders along a broken, rocky channel, and spouts a roaring cataract, sheer down through the rifted chasm that opens towards the coast, and

affords the villagers a view of the ocean, which, environed on all sides by tumultuous ranges of rugged mountains, expands its sheet of blue waters like an inland lake.

Having entered the village of Warlockheugh, I was attracted by the red lion that blazes on the sign of Duncan M'Gowan; who kept then, and, as I understand, still keeps, "excellent entertainment for men and horses." I was shown into Duncan's best apartment, but had little leisure and no inclination to make an inventory of its contents. Hunger is an urgent creditor, and not to be reasoned with, so I ordered the landlord to fetch me some refreshment. My order was immediately succeeded by a most delightful concert of culinary implements, whose risp, and clank, and clatter, and jingle, mingling harmoniously with the squirt and buzz of a frying-pan, engendered a hearty and haggis-like hodge-podge of substantial and delectable associations. The table was soon covered with that plain and solid sort of food, which is generally to be found in the temporary halting places of such way-faring men as coach-drivers and carriers, who are no mean connoisseurs in the more rational part of good living. Having done ample justice to the landlord's good cheer, I laid myself back in my chair, in that state of agreeable languor which generally succeeds sudden rest after violent exertion, and abundant refreshment after long fasting. My imagination, struggling between the benumbing influence of sated appetite, and the exhilarating novelty of my present situation, floated dimly and drowsily over the various occurrences of life, till the iris-coloured texture of existence saddened into a grey heaviness of eye, whose twilight vision grew darker and darker, till the ill-defined line of connexion, with which consciousness divided the waking from the slumbering world, was swallowed up in the blackness of a profound sleep. And there, as we may suppose, I sat twanging through the trumpet of my nose my own lullaby, and rivalling the sonorous drone of M'Glashan the piper's bagpipe, who, when I came in, was sitting on a stone at the door, piping his diabolical music to the happy villagers.

I had not long remained in this

"pleasing land of drowsyhed," when my slumbers were occasionally broken by a tumultuous uproar coming down from the upper end of the village. I started from my seat in that state of giddiness and stupor which one generally feels when roused from sleep by violent and alarming sounds. My whole frame was benumbed by the uneasiness of my dozing position, and it was with the utmost pain and difficulty I could prevail upon my limbs to carry me to the window, to ascertain the cause of the uproarious din, which every moment grew louder and louder. The first objects that caught my attention were some straggling villagers, sweeping down the lane with desperate speed of hoof, and dismal looks of consternation. I made towards the door, but the passage was choked full of alarmed and breathless fugitives, whose apprehensions had driven them to the first asylum which opportunity presented. Ejaculations and exclamations of all sorts were gasped forth by the multitude in the passage. Some swore in wrath, some laughed in self-congratulation, while others clamorously bewailed those of their kindred who might yet be exposed to the approaching danger. I inquired at a composed-looking middle-aged personage who stood beside me, the cause of this uncommon and alarming occurrence. "Ou," said he coolly, "M'Harrigle's bill's run wud, and he's gaun to tak the command o' the town till we get a new magistrate; for, as ye maun understand, sir, Bailie Brodie died yesterday." The inhabitants rushed by in greater numbers, the sounds grew numerous, louder, and more intelligible, as the huddling multitude approached; and I distinctly heard several voices bawling out, "Rin, ye deevil, or ye'll be torn to coupins!—Lord preserve us! he'll be o'er the brae face—there he goes—confound ye! rin—mercy on us! sic a race!" The uproar and clamour, already run into utter confusion, turned fiercer and more riotous, as a knot of people flew suddenly past the window, and left a space behind them that was immediately occupied by the bull, tumbling his huge unwieldy carcass down the lane, followed by an immense crowd of men, women, and children, and curs of every denomination. The hoarse bawling of the men, the screams

of the women, and the clear treble of the children, the barking of curs, from the gruff big bow-wow of the mastiff, down to the nyiff-nyaff and yelp-yelp of the terrier, along with the boo, baloo and bellow of the bull, formed a wild and savage uproar, that was truly deafening. I dashed up the window and looked out. The enraged animal lumbered along, and heaved his ponderous bulk into fantastical attitudes. With his posterior appendage projecting straight out like a pole and tassel, his back raised, and his head ploughing on between his fore-feet, he hobbled, and hurled, and trundled along with as blind an impulse, as if he had been a mass of destructive machinery driven headlong by the mad impetus of some terrible and ungod-governable energy. Away he went. The last sight I saw of him was as he entangled his horns in a thick stunted bush, that grew on the top of a bank at some distance. The bush withstood the violence of his shock, and he tumbled with his feet uppermost. He struggled for a few moments, at length succeeded in tearing it out by the roots, vanished over the precipice, and went bellowing down the waterfall, amidst the shouts of the multitude who pursued him.

A group of people, very closely wedged together, moved slowly up the village. They were carrying some individual who had suffered from the fury of the enraged animal. They shouldered on towards M'Gowan's in mournful procession. All seemed extremely anxious to obtain a look of the unhappy sufferer. Those who were near pressed more closely towards the centre of the crowd, while those on the outside, excited by sympathetic curiosity, were leaping up round about, asking all the while the name of the person, and inquiring what injury he had sustained. "He's no sair hurt, I hope," said one. "Is he dead?" said another of livelier apprehensions and quicker sensibility. "It's auld Simon Gray," said a young man, who came running up out of breath to M'Gowan's door. "Simon Gray's dead!"—"Simon Gray dead!" cried M'Gowan; "God forbid!" So saying, out at the door he rushed to ascertain the truth of the mournful intelligence. "Wae's me," said dame M'Gowan, "but this is a sair heart

to us a'," as she sunk down in a chair, and cried for water to her only daughter, who stood motionless beside her mother, alternately wringing her hands, and plaiting the hem of her white muslin apron over her finger in mute affliction. Simon Gray the dominie was brought into M'Gowan's. He was bleeding at the nose and mouth, but did not appear to have received any very serious injury. Cold water was dashed in his face, his temples were bathed with vinegar, and the occasional opening and shutting of the eye, accompanied with a laboured heaving of the breast, gave evidence that the dominie was not yet destined to be gathered to his fathers. The inquiries of the multitude round the door were numerous, frequent, and affectionate. The children were particularly loud and clamorous in their grief, all except one little white-headed, heavy-browed, sun-burned vagabond, who, looking over the shoulder of a neighbour urchin, asked if there would be "ony schuilin" the morn; and upon an answer being sobbed out in the negative, the roguish truant sought the nearest passage out of the crowd, and ran up the lane whistling "O'er the water to Charlie," till his career of unseasonable mirth was checked by a stout lad, an old student of Simon's, who was running without hat and coat, to inquire the fate of his beloved preceptor, and who, when he witnessed the boy's heartlessness, could not help lending him a violent box on the ear, which effectually converted his shrill whistle of delight into a monotonous grumble, accompanied by the common exclamation of wonderment, "What's that for, ye muckle brute?" and a half-hesitating stooping for a stone, which the lad, who bowled on towards M'Gowan's, took no notice of, till the messenger of the boy's indignation lighted at his heels, and bounded on the road before him. By the affectionate attention of his friends, Simon was soon able to speak to those around him, but still felt so weak, that he requested to be put to bed. His revival was no sooner announced at the door of the inn, than a loud and tumultuous burst of enthusiastic feeling ran through the crowd, which immediately dispersed amidst clapping of hands, loud laughs, and hearty jokes.

The landlord, after ministering to

the necessities of the dominie, came into the apartment where I was sitting. "Surely, landlord," said I, "this old man Simon Gray is a great favourite among you."

"Troth, sir, it's nae wonder," was the reply to my observation. "He has gien the villagers of Warlock-hugh their lair, and keepit them laughin' for five-and-twenty years back. He's a gude-hearted carle too; he downa see a poor body in want, and rather than let the bairns grow up in idleness and ignorance, he'll gie them their lair for naething. A'body's fond o' Simon, and the lasses especially, though he ne'er makes love to ane o' them. They say some flirt o' a lady disappointed him when he was at the College, and he vowed ne'er to make love to anither. But I daur say, there's some o' our lasses vain enough to think they'll be able to gar him break his promise. It'll no do. He's o'er auld a cat to draw a strae afore."

"He's a real auld batchelor in his way o' livin'. He makes and mends a' his ain claes too, clouts his ain shoon, darns his ain stockings, and keeps a lot o' tools for a' crafts. His kitchen's a no-that-ill-red-up place; but if ye saw his study, sir, as he ca's 't, it's the queerest higgledy-piggledy odds-and-ends sort o' place ye ever saw in your life. It's enough to turn your brain just to look in till't. His piano-forte and his tables a' covered wi' a confused heap o' books, writings, musical instruments, colours, oil paintings, and loose fragments o' rough designs, made wi' black and white caulk on a nankeen-coloured kind o' paper. The wa' is stuck fu' o' brass-headed nails, that he hings his follies and his nonsense on. He has a muckle ill-faured image yonder, that he ca's an Indian god, standing on his mantle-piece, wi' lang teeth made o' fish-banes, and twa round bits o' white ain, with big black-headed tackets, driven through the middle o' them for een, and a queer crown on its head, made o' split quills, plait strae, and peacocks' feathers. It's enough to gar a body a' grue just to look at it. He has bears' and tigers' heads girnin on the wa', and slouched hats, swords, dirks, and rusty rapiers o' every kind. He has twa or three things yonder, that he ca's Roman helmets, though the maist o' folk would reckon them nae ither than barbers' basons, forbye some

imitations o' auld coats o' mail, made o' painted pasteboard. Na, faith! the de'il o' me," said Duncan, laughing at the whimsical character of the place he was describing, "if I dinna whiles think the body's out o' his wits. But he canna be that either, for they're great folks ca'ing upon him, baith far and near, and he cracks to them whiles in strange tongues, that nane in the kintra-side kens but himsell and the minister. Na, troth, sir, they say that our Mess John, wha's no a lame hand himsell, is just a bairn to him. Odd, he's a droll, ready-handed body. He makes a' thing himsell. He has some orra time on his hand, ye see; and he's either crooning o'er some auld Scotch sangs, or fiddling some outlandish tunes; and, my faith! he can twine them out frae the grist o' a common strae-rape to the fineness o' a windle-strae. He shakes and dirls sae wonderfully too, that ye wad think his fiddle's no a thing o' timber and catgut at a', but some droll musical creature o' flesh and blood. Eh, my certie! it gars a body's bowels a' tremble with gladness whiles to hear him. He'll come in here at an antrin time, ca' for his gill o' gin, and no a livin' creature wi' him, and sit o'er't for twa or three hours, crackin' to himsell, and laughin' as loudly and heartily at his ain queer stories, as if he had a dozen o' merry cronies at his elbow. He ne'er forgets when he's takin' his drams to wish himsell weel; for at every sip, he says, 'Here's to ye, Simon—thanks to ye, Mr Gray;' and so on he goes the whole night, as if he were a kind of a twafald body. Ae night when he sat in my back-room and loored his budget o' jokes, and laughed and roared wi' himsell for twa hours, I laid my lug to the key-hole o' the door and o'erheard the following dialogue."

At this part of our host's narrative, the rattling of a wheeled vehicle was heard, and ceased immediately upon reaching the door of the inn. Cleekum the village lawyer had come in a few minutes before, and was sitting beside us, laughing at M'Gowan's narrative, of the latter part of which, he also had been an auditory witness. M'Gowan's loquacity ceased when he heard the vehicle at the door, he looked out at the window, turned round to me, and said hastily—"Cleekum 'll tell ye a' about it, sir—he heard it as weel as me. Excuse me, there's a gig at the

door. We maun mind our ain shop, ye ken, and a rider's penny's worth a gangrel's groat ony day."

So saying, he hurried out, leaving the lawyer to gratify my curiosity by the sequel of the dominie's solitary dialogue.

"M'Gowan's description, sir, of this eccentric being, is by no means exaggerated," said Cleekum; "and if it can afford you any amusement, I shall relate the remainder of Mr Gray's dialogue, which I am the better enabled to do from having put myself to the trouble of noting down the particulars, at the recital of which, old Simon and myself have since laughed very heartily. You need not be surprised at his broad Scotch accent; he has such a decided partiality for it, that he is commonly averse to using any other tongue, though no man speaks more politely than himself when he is so disposed, and when the persons he converses with render it necessary. After having finished his first measure of indulgence, Mr Gray proceeded thus:—'Come, now, Sir Simon, and I'll help ye hame, ye auld rogue.—I am much obliged to you, Mr Gray, but I'll try to gar my ain shanks serve my ain turn, and ye may e'en put your ain hand to your ain hasp, my friend.—If ye like we'll have anither gill, and then toddle thegither.—Beware o' dram drinking, Sir Simon, ye'll get an evil name in the Clachan.—I beg your pardon, Mr Gray—I have been a riddle to the folks o'er lang already, and as I ne'er do ocht in a corner but what I might do on the causey, everybody kens he'll no make onything mair or less o' me by being inquisitive.—Na, na, Mr Gray, ye're a' out there, there's no ane in the parish would hear an ill word o' Simon.—But ye're an auld man, sir, and set an evil example to others.—Ne'er a ane do I set an evil example to but yoursel, Mr Gray; and

for all your cant about sobriety, ye take your drams as regularly as I do; and I defy you—I defy you, or any other man, to say ye e'er saw me the waur o' liquor in your life. Besides, Mr Gray, the progress of human life is like a journey from the equator to the north pole. We commence our career with the heat of passion and the light of hope, and travel on, till passion is quenched by indulgence, and hope, flying round the ball of life which is blackening before us, seems to come up behind us mingled with dim and regretted reminiscences of things hoped for, obtained, enjoyed, and lost for ever but to memory:

Oh! age has weary days,
And nights of sleepless pain.

Youth needs no stimulus, it is too hot already; but when a man is shuffling forward into the arctic circle of old age, he requires a warm potation to thaw the icicles that crust around his heart, and freeze up the streams of his affections. There's for you, Mr Gray, what do you think of that?—Why, I think, Sir Simon, we'll tell Duncan to fill't again.—That now, that now, that's friendly; and so saying, he rung for the landlord to fetch him the means of prolonging his solitary conviviality.

"This is that portion of Mr Gray's dialogue with himself, which M'Gowan and myself, perhaps officiously, listened to; but as we are now engaged in relating our venerable friend's peculiarities, it may not be out of place to recite a little poetical work, which he composed some time ago." Having signified the pleasure I would derive from being favoured with the recital of a work from the pen of so eccentric a humorist as the Dominie, Mr Cleekum proceeded to draw forth from his pocket, and to read—

THE MINISTER'S MARE.

The minister's mare was as gude a grey mare
As ever was saddled, or bridled, or shod;
Be't foul or be't fair, be't late or be't air,
She nicher'd aye gladly when takin' the road.

The minister late i' the e'enin' cam hame,
And stabled his marie, and heapit her heck,
And gae her a forpiti o' oats to her wame,
And theekit her cozily wi' an auld sack.

And the minister's wife wi' a bowet came out,
 For a tenty and mensefu' wife was she ;
 Glower'd roun' her for gangrels that might be about,
 And syne in the stable-door thraw'd round the key.

And she oter'd the minister up the stair
 To his room, where his supper and slippers were het,
 Where a wee creepie stool and an elbow chair
 At the blithe ingle-neuk were right cozily set.

As the reverend carle gaed ben the house lauchin',
 And clappin' his wife, and rubbin' his hands,
 She helpit him aff wi' his green tartan rauchen,
 And frae 'neath his round chin loos'd his lily-white bands.

When supper was over, the minister birsled
 His shins on the creepie upon the hearth-stane ;
 Worn out wi' fatigue, to his roostin'-place hirsled,
 And laid himsell down wi' a weariet-man's graen.

His canny wee wife saw him cozily happit,
 Syne drew back the chairs frae the warm ingle-side ;
 Put creesh i' the e'e o' the candle, and clappit
 Right kindly and couthily down by his side.

The cracks o' the twasome were kindly, but few :
 The minister, wi' a " hegh ho," turn'd him roun',
 O'er his cauld showther-head the warm blanket he drew,
 Syne pu'd down his night-cap, and snored snug and soun'.

The mornin's bright bonfire, that bleezed in the east,
 Had meltit in Heaven ilk wee siller stern,
 When the cock craw'd reveillie to man, bird, and beast,
 As he sat on an auld knotty rung in the barn.

The dog in the watch-house you'd eerie and lang,
 And struggled right fiercely to break frae his chain ;
 The auld chapel-bell like a burial-bell rang,
 And groanings were heard as frae bodies in pain.

A loud rap cam rap to the minister's yett,
 The minister's wife wonder'd wha might be there ;
 While the reverend carle glammering, graipit to get
 His drawers and bauchels, to slip down the stair.

But he warily first frae the stair-winnock keekit,
 To ken wha this early disturber might be ;
 When he saw the dog loose, and the barn-door unsteekit,
 And his mare at the yett, cap'ring wild to be free.

Frae a black-a-vised rider, wha spurr'd her and bann'd her,
 Wi' mony wild curses to tak to the road :
 And he stuck like a bur, though camsterie he fand her,
 While the minister cried, " There's been thieves here, gude —— !"

" Fie, Tibby, rise," roared Mess John, loud as thunder,
 " The mischief's come o'er us, we're herrit, undone :
 The barn's broke, the dog's loose, the mare's aff, and yonder
 She's rinnin—fie ! bring me my hat, coat, and shoon."

His claes huddled on, wi' his staff in his han',
 He out at the yett wi' a belly-flaught flew ;
 While the stoure that his mare raised in clouds o'er the lan',
 Turn'd into a glaur-drap ilk clear blob o' dew.

The stoure, borne along wi' the wind strong and gusty,
 Gar'd the minister look like a miller sac grey,
 And the sweat on his face mix'd wi' dust, grew as crusty
 As if he were modell'd in common brick-clay.

And sometimes he haltit, and sometimes he ran,
 And sometimes he sat himsell down in despair ;
 And sometimes grew angry, and sometimes began
 To lighten his sair-burden'd heart wi' a prayer.

But madly the rider o'er hill and o'er dale,
 Wi' the minister's mare like a fire-flaught he flew ;
 Whiles seen on a hill-tap, whiles lost in a vale,
 Till they baith look'd like motes on the welkin sac blue.

The minister by the road-side sat him down,
 As vex'd and as wearied as man well could be ;
 Syne pu'd aff his wig, rubb'd the sweat frae his crown,
 And puff'd, stegh'd, and graen'd like a man gaun to die.

When an auld farmer carle, on his yad trottin by,
 Accosted Mess John as he sat in despair ;
 Made a bow like a corn-sack, and as he drew nigh,
 Rais'd his twa waukit loofs, cryin', " What brought ye there !

" I'm sure, it's nae mair than an hour since I saw ye
 At Bourtree Brae-head, and that's eight miles awa !"
 And he rubbit his een as he cried out, " Foul fa' me !
 For glamery's come o'er me, or else ye've grown twa.

" And where is your mare ? for she stood at the door
 Wi' her bridle-reins drawn through the ring in the wa',
 At Dawson's door cheek, where I saw her before
 I had drunk dochin dorras wi' Donald M'Craw."—

" Ye saw me !" said the minister ; " how could that be,
 When I've only proceeded thus far on my road ?
 And that this is mysel, by a glance ye may see."—
 " Why, then," cried the farmer, " the thing's vastly odd.

" But twa hours ago, sir, your double was sitting
 At Dawson's fire-side, faith ! as I thoct, half fou,
 And ilk ane at hand thoct it time to be flitting,
 When ye curs'd and blasphem'd till the candle burn'd blue."—

" Why, Saunders, it's surely been Sawtan ye've seen,
 The foul thief himsell, I could wad a grey goat ;
 He staw my grey mare,—just turn back, my auld friend,
 Till I strip the foul thief o' his sanctified coat.

" I've warsled wi' Sawtan for mony a year ;
 I've clour'd him and lounder'd him aft times right sair ;
 But the foul fiend has played me a pliskie, I fear ;
 Lord safe's, man ! I ne'er heard the like I declare.

" Fy, Saunder's, lets mount, and to Dawson's let's hurry,
 And chase the loon back to his ain lowin' hame ;
 The tod's in the fauld, God's ain lambs he may worry.—
 Come, Saunders, let's hunt him, auld Clootie's fair game."—

And they rode till they came to John Dawson's fore door,
 Where the Minister lighted, but wadna step in,
 When he heard how the Deil in his ain likeness swore,
 As he dirld at the door, for the third tappit hen.

And the folks were confounded,—amazed,—when they saw
The auld carle himsell they had aft seen before ;
Some darn'd into corners, and some ran awa,
And ithers ran out, and glowr'd in at the door.

But the minister beckon'd them a' to come back,
To the room aff-and-on where the Deevil sat fou ;
In the wooden partition there gaped a wide crack,
That ilk ane, by turns, wi' amazement look'd through.

And there they heard Cloots, in a big elbow-chair,
Snore like thunder far aff, and now sleeping right sound ;
And some thocht his feet didna look like a pair,
For the tae o' ae boot to the heel was turn'd round.

And they saw, when the ither foot once or twice moved,
That the boot on that foot just turn'd round the same way ;
Which, to the onlookers, sufficiently proved,
They were baith cloven feet, ay, as clear as the day.

They saw a bit kitlin, that friskit and pattit
A muckle black tossel below the big chair ;
And it swung like a pend'lum, as wee bawdrons clawtit
The end that hung down like a bunch o' horse hair.

When Dawson's bull-terrier, streek'd on the hearth-stane,
Saw Clottie's tail wagging, he barked like mad ;
Sprung till't like a fury, and tugg'd might and main,
And the Deevil himsell coudnae lowsen his haud.

But the De'il started up wi' big chair, dog, and a',
And stagger'd, and stampit, and once or twice fell ;
Mess John cried, " Lord save us !"—Like lightning, awa
Flew Deevil, and big chair, and terrier to ——!

" There's a strange production for you," said Cleekum, as he folded the paper, and replaced it in his pocket.

" A strange production indeed," said I ; " what could be Mr Gray's object in writing such a poem ?"

" Merely to please himself, sir, I suppose," was the lawyer's answer.

" But," continued I, " has it any reference to any particular character or occurrence ; or is it merely an extravagant fiction of the dominie's own brain ?"

" It refers to an old popular tradition, sir," said Cleekum, " concerning a pious predecessor of our worthy minister, Mr Singleheart ; and, though the currency of its belief is now somewhat crossed and obstructed by an adverse current of growing intelligence, it still floats in the memories and imaginations of those venerable annalists the old women of the village, with whom the idle story was likely to perish for ever, if the dominie's metrical version had not contributed to prolong it."

Various remarks were made upon the merits of the production ; but as they were all blended with statements and allusions relative to local characters and incidents not connected with my present object, I resume my interrupted narrative.

The children still continued round the door shouting, hallooing, and acting a thousand extravagances, nor could they be prevailed upon to depart till they saw the " maister." Simon, who had so far collected his scattered senses, and renewed his exhausted strength, as to be able to give them that gratification, had no sooner opened the door for the purpose of receiving the congratulations of his scholars, than those who were nearest leaped up and embraced him with unfeigned affection. They pulled and lugged him, crying " Maister, maister !" while the beloved instructor stood hugging his chubby associates, and embracing them with all the warmth of an affectionate parent. These kind-hearted little beings, after receiving another token of

the old man's goodness, in the shape of pieces of biscuit and gingerbread, ran off, huzzaing, to inform their parents of the marvellous escape of their venerable preceptor.

Simon, being disengaged from the warm embraces of his pupils, came into the room where the landlord, Cleekum the lawyer, and myself, were sitting. I had now full leisure and opportunity to examine the appearance of this singular and eccentric character. It was completely at variance with every characteristic of modern gentility. His dress betokened the hand of a cunning craftsman of the last century, or his own whimsical taste had dictated to some modern son of the goose and thimble the antique shape of his habiliments; but, as we were before informed by the landlord, they were entirely the fabrication of his own taste and ingenuity. His single-breasted, rusty black coat tapered away from the shoulders towards his lower extremities in a pyramidal shape, and, when unbuttoned, or unclasped rather, swung its copious folds round his jolly form with cumbrous and fantastical elegance. Two mother-of-pearl buttons, of uncommon circumference, and encircled with brass rings, were stuck as ornaments upon the haunches, and the breast was decorated with grotesque circles of the same fantastical description, with the addition of a handsome row of bright silver clasps. The vest, with its massy superfluity of cloth, parted in the middle, and its ample pockets descended half way down his thigh, leaving a space between their separation and the head of his breeches, for his bright linen shirt to shine through, in the shape of an isosceles triangle. His blue plush breeches had three chequered or diced brass buttons to preserve their connexion, and terminated at the knee with the genuine old Cameronian cut. His stockings were light blue, sprinkled with little oblong dots of white; and his shoes, cut square across the toes to save his corns, were held upon his feet by two antiquated silver buckles of uncommon magnitude and curious workmanship. His personal appearance was that of a substantial old bachelor, to whom nature had generously bequeathed a sound constitution, and it was evident from his looks that he by no means despised that invaluable inheritance. His face inclined to the square, but the features

were all curvilinear, rather prominent, and flushed with that rosy hue of health which so often beams from the countenances of the sons and daughters of rustic labour. His forehead was highly expressive of intellect, but the nether part of the face indicated that lubberly sort of feeling, which glories in a life of good-humoured ease and fat contentment. His eyes were small, of a bright blue, but not a pair, for the one squinted outward through the interstices of his grey, bristly eyebrows; which, along with a nether lip somewhat pendulous, a mouth turned up at the corners, and a long flat chin, gave to the whole face a comical and risible expression.

During the time that Cleekum was reading his notes of the dominie's solitary dialogue, Mr Singleheart the village minister, M'Glashan the piper, and some others, belonging to the village, came into the room, which seemed to be as much public property as the village smithy. Upon the dominie's entrance all rose to salute and congratulate him upon his fortunate escape; and I could see, from the cordial manner in which each in his turn grasped the old man's hand, that each had his heart at his finger ends. It was not that puppyish forefinger-and-thumb sort of salutation, which clips another frosty forefinger-and-thumb as if dreading contagion, but a hearty, honest grappling of fist with fist, which drew the blood from its fountain with a thrilling impulse, and sent its current warm and glowing into the clenched extremities, which were shaken so violently, and for such a length of time, that an imaginative and hasty individual might suppose, in the rapidity of his decision, that each individual was disposed to graft himself upon the dominie, whose right arm, at length, seemed as feeble as that of a poor gut-scraper, who has jiggled at a country wedding for a whole night.

When Simon entered, I was introduced to him by Cleekum, whom I had by this time discovered to be an old schoolfellow of my own. He saluted me with a frank and pleasant smile, and squeezed my hand so cordially, that I immediately felt that spontaneous and indefinable feeling of attachment towards him which, though the electric emotion of a moment, is often the forerunner of a long course of friendly intimacy. Upon my father's

name being mentioned, Simon recognized him as a playmate of his earlier days, and gave me a kindly invitation to spend a few days with him, which circumstances obliged me to refuse. Simon then took the liberty of introducing me more particularly to the rest of the company, on account of "the old man," as he said, meaning my father, for whom he seemed to entertain a deep sentiment of regard. He last of all recommended me with an air of serious solemnity to the notice of M'Gowan. "This gentleman," said he, pointing to the last-mentioned individual, who appeared to be a singular compound of officiousness, selfishness, and benevolence, and who seemed to be at all times a standing joke with my venerable friend, "has some pretensions to honesty. He'll do ye a good turn sometimes when ye're no thinking o't; and, unlike the most of other men, he likes his friends the better the longer they sit beside him. Familiarity does not breed contempt with him, but poverty does; and yet he's no the hindmost to help misery to an awmous when he's in a right mood for being good-hearted, and that happens aye ance or twice in a twalmonth."—"Come, come, now," said M'Gowan, gravely, "we'll hae nae mair o' that, Mr Gray. Ye're an unco wag; it was only yestreen ye got me into a foul scrape wi' our friend Cleekum there, and he flang out o' the house, swearin' like a very heathen that he wad take the law o' me for defamation o' character."—"For the sake of peace and good fellowship," said Mr Singleheart, "it will be meet and advisable for us to refrain, as much as in us lies, from profane joking and oonseasonable railery; because joking has small yedification in it, and railery is a sort of salt-and-pepper compound, whilk burneth up the inward man with a fervent heat, and profiteth him not, neither is meet for bodily nourishment."—"I would be o' your thought, Mr Sinklart," said Donald M'Glashan the piper; "I would be making peace wi' peast and pody." And thus he was proceeding with his Highland exhortations to harmony, when Cleekum, who was sitting looking out at the window, started suddenly from his seat, and hurried out of the house. M'Gowan's curiosity being roused by Cleekum's abrupt departure, he followed him to the door, and beheld him

and M'Harrigle the cattle-dealer at some distance, earnestly engaged in conversation. All that M'Gowan's ear could catch of their discourse was concerning the mad bull, M'Harrigle's property, and the occasional mention of the dominie's name. "There's mischief a-brewing down the lane there," said M'Gowan, when he came in; "Cleekum and that foolish passionate body, M'Harrigle, are standin' yonder, and I could hear they were sayin' something o' you, Mr Gray, but what it was I couldna weel make out. He's a doited, credulous body that M'Harrigle; and I could wager a saxpence Cleekum's making a deevil o' him some way or another."

M'Gowan's surmises were suddenly interrupted by vociferous and clamorous exclamations at the door, and their cause did not remain long unexplained. The door of the apartment flew up, and rattling against the wall with violence, admitted the author of this fresh disturbance. It was M'Harrigle. He was a short square-shouldered man, of fierce aspect, whose naturally harsh features were much exaggerated by a powerful and alarming expression of rage and resentment. The face was, indeed, at first sight indescribable, and the tumultuous feelings and passions that deepened and darkened every line of it, wrought such fearful and sudden changes upon its muscular expression, that the whole seemed at first a wizard compound of different identities.

Upon entering, his first salutation was a deafening and broken torrent of cursing, poured forth upon the dominie, as the fancied author of the flight and death of the mad animal, whose career had spread such consternation through the village. It was in vain that the whole company remonstrated against the rudeness, absurdity, and brutality of his conduct. He stood on the middle of the floor with his fist doubled, menaced each of us in our turn, as we interposed between him and the object of his resentment, or smiled at his folly and extravagance, and once or twice grappled the large oaken cudgel with which he impelled his horned property, as if he intended to commit the like beastly violence on those around him. Cleekum had retired to a corner to enjoy the sport his wicked waggery had created. The dominie sat composedly, and squinted at the cattle-dealer with a sly and jocular

leer, which showed that his soul delighted even in a very serious joke, from an inveterate habit of extracting fun from all the petty and frivolous incidents of common life. At times he seemed lost in a careless, musing mood, and at other times burst out into moderate fits of laughter, which seemed to me perfectly unaccountable. He then, in the true spirit and feeling of an enthusiastic elocutionist, recited from Shakspeare some favourite passage, warbled out a fragment of some ancient ditty, every now and then interspersing it with shrill and fitful passages of a new sonata, which he had been practising on the violin, whose shrill treble fell in between the intervals of M'Harrigle's bass notes, like loose sand or gravel strewed over a rude foundation of rubble work. "D— ye," said M'Harrigle, rising in his wrath at every fresh interruption of the dominie, and maddened at his really provoking coolness and indifference, "d— ye, ye think it a joke to hunt a man's cattle to destruction, and then make a fool o' himsel' wi' your blackguard and unknown tongues! Confound your hide, you glead fiddling vagabond, an it warna for your coat, I would haul your hide o'er your lugs like a sark! Pay me my siller, pay me my siller for the beast, or I'll turn your nose on your face like the pin o' a hand-screw. Down wi' the dust—I'll no leave the room till I hae satisfaction o' ye ae way or ither, that's for certain."

"Let there be peace," said Mr Singleheart, "for out of strife cometh a multitude of evils; and he who in vain taketh the name of his Maker shall not be held guiltless. You are an evil person, M'Harrigle; and if you refrain not from that profane and heathenish habit of cursing, we will, by the advice and counsel of our kirk session, be obligated to debar you from all kirk preeveleges, and leave you to be devoured and swallowed up by the Evil One."

"I beg your pardon," said the credulous and superstitious M'Harrigle. "I didna mean offence to you or ony man in the room, but I'll hae my ain. But it's you, sir, it's you, sir," continued he, addressing the dominie repeatedly, and extending the tone of his voice at every repetition, till he had strained it to the most astounding pitch of vociferation; "it's you, sir, that set ane o' your mischievous vagabonds to hunt the poor dumb ani-

mal, till he ran red wud wi' rage, and flew o'er the craig head; and now he's at the bottom o' the lin, and sient be licket's to be seen o' him, but an ill-faur'd hash o' hide, and horns, and harrigles, sooming and walloping at the bottom o' the pool."—"Somebody's blawn an ill sugh in your lug, friend," said the dominie, as he caught M'Harrigle gently by the sleeve, and invited him to sit down. "Aff hauns," cried M'Harrigle, rudely repelling the dominie's invitation,—"aff hauns, I say, no man shall handle me like a brute beast. I ken what's right as well's ony man, and I'll allow no livin' to straik me wi' the hair, to wyse me his ain gate, and syne row my tail to gar me rin by my ain byre door. I want no favours of no man, but I'll hae my ain if there's law and justice in the land."

M'Harrigle proceeded at great length to insist upon his right of restitution, bespattering his slaughter-house observations with abominable oaths, like dirty shreds of dunghill rags served on a beggar's doublet; while the dominie sat musing, swinging backward and forward in his chair, making mental and sometimes audible quotations from the liquid Latin, and, at other times, vomiting Greek professorially, "ore rotundo." At length, awakening from his learned reverie, and looking over his shoulder to M'Harrigle, he said, in a tone most provokingly cool and indifferent, "Were ye cursing, M'Harrigle? Ye should na curse, ye sinfu' body; for an ill life makes an ill hinderen', and Sautan's but a rough nurse to spread the sheets and draw the curtains o' ane's death-bed."

M'Harrigle, finding all further threats and remonstrances unavailing, sat down in sullen and silent indignation, and, with his arms folded across his breast, his eye-brows knit, and his upper teeth firmly compressed against his nether lip, he scowled upon the supposed author of his wrongs, with an expression of face unutterably horrible. He had just sat down, when Grierson the messenger brought in a tall, yellow, raw-boned thing of a boy, about fourteen years of age. He had been seized in Sir Robert's poultry-yard, and although he had nothing in his possession to convict him as a criminal, his manner was so embarrassed, and his appearance altogether so suspicious, that the servants laid hold

on him, and committed him to the charge of the officer abovementioned, to be carried before a Justice of the Peace and interrogated. He was accordingly conveyed to M'Gowan's, where the officer expected to find Christopher Ramsay of Wrendykeside, who, he was informed, had just alighted at the inn from his gig. He had gone, however, and the officer was about to depart with his charge, when the dominie called him back, and, looking pleasantly at the boy, exclaimed, "Ah! Geordie, are ye there, ye wild loun?" The boy started at the voice of his old preceptor, whom he had not before observed. He indeed had heard and believed that his venerable instructor had been torn to pieces by the fury of the mad animal, whose destruction had roused M'Harrigle's wrath to such a pitch of frenzy. He gazed upon the dominie with open mouth, and with a pair of large round eyes, much dilated beyond their usual circumference, by an overpowering feeling of astonishment; grew pale, and trembled so fearfully, that his gruff guardian was compelled by humanity to let him have a seat beside his old master, who rose for his accommodation. The afflicted youth made an effort to speak, but in vain. He stretched out his two hands, grasped that of his master, which was extended towards him, looked up in his face, and sobbed as if his heart would burst. The tears ran in floods down his cheeks, and he at length cried out, in a choked under-tone of bitter agony, "Maister, will ye forgie me? will ye forgie me? will they hang me for't?"—"Blessings on's, man, Geordie," cried the Dominie, "what's wrang wi' ye?"—"Oh!" cried the afflicted boy, "my father, and mother, and brithers, and sisters, and a' will get a sair heart for me yet. Oh!" and he continued to cry distractedly. "The deevil take the laddie," said M'Harrigle, "it makes a man's heart as saft as ill-fed veal to look at him. What's come o'er you, ye blubbering stirk?"—Mr Singleheart spoke not a word to him, but continued clapping him on the shoulder, while M'Glashan, every now and then, cried out, "Hout, laddie, you'll be making a fool o' us a' noo;" and, so saying, he drew the back of his brawny fist across his eyes several times, began to finger his bagpipe in silence, as if he would soothe

his sympathy by the imagination of playing some merry spring, but his fingers, after two or three rapid dumb-show flourishes, stood as stationary upon the holes as if the piper and his instrument of sound had been both chiselled out of the same stone. The boy still vented his grief as clamorously and bitterly as ever, clung to his master with the agony of a conscience-stricken penitent, and cried, "Will ye forgie me? It was me that hunted the bull that I thoct had killed ye."—"You, ye vagabond!" said M'Harrigle, collaring the unhappy youth. Cleekum here seized the opportunity of running off, rightly considering that he had carried the joke far beyond the bounds of discretion, and really apprehensive that the evil spirit he had conjured up would turn upon himself and rend him in its fury. "You!" continued the irascible M'Harrigle; "what do you think you deserve, you ill-gi'en ne'er-do-weel? but I'll make your father pay." This last consideration loosened his grasp, and he seized the dominie's hands with both his own, begged a thousand pardons with a rueful countenance, and in accents very different from his former imprecatory addresses. During the time he was making this sincere and penitent apology for his rudeness and misconduct, he several times glanced round the apartment for Cleekum, crying out, "Where's that blackguard scribe? it was him that did it a'." He was safe, however.

"There's nae harm done where there's nae ill meant," said the dominie, in reply to M'Harrigle's confession of repentance, "only ye should nae flee on a body like an ill-bred tyke, when an ill-disposed neebour cries shoo to ye. Dinna ye be o'er ready again in telling your mind to onybody, but let your thoughts cool as weel as your parritch."—"Od, Simon," said M'Harrigle, "I am sure ye can hardly forgie me for the ill-faured words I hae said to ye the night; I wish I could forget and forgie them mysel'. I'm a wild brier o' a body; I'm aye into some confounded hobbleshow or anither. But I'm glad, man, I didna lay hands on ye, for if I had, I would ne'er hae forgien mysel' for't as lang as I live. Can I do naething to make amends to ye for what I've done?"—"Naething at a'," replied the dominie, "but to settle the matter as easily

as ye can wi' the laddie's father."—"Peradventure," said Mr Singleheart, "the youth may be released from his captivity, and sent to the habitation of his father."

"There'll be twa ways o' that, faith!" said Grierson. "Na, na, though the hangman has lost a job, I'll be paid for my trouble. I dinna gang about beating bushes for linties, for deal-blickit but the pleasure o' seeing them flein' back again. I'll cage him. Ye're a' ready enough to wind a hank off a neebour's reel, or take a nievefu' out o' his pock neuk, but ne'er a ane o' ye'll gie a duddy loon ae thread to mend his breeks, or a hungry beggar a handfu' o' meal to haud his wame frae stickin' to his back bane."—"There," said M'Harrigle, tossing down a small sum of money as a bribe to stop the mouth of this snarling terrier of the law, "take that, and save the parish the expense o' buying ye a tether." Grierson picked up the money and departed, leaving behind him, as tokens of his displeasure, some muttered and unintelligible growlings; and the boy was set at liberty, and sent home to his father.

"Come, come," says M'Harrigle, "this affair 'll no be weel ended till we hae southered our hearts again wi' a half mutchkin o' M'Gowan's best. Come, Duncan, draw the tow and tell the gudewife to fetch the mutchkin stoup, and het water to kirsten't. I'm sure I'm a fool deevil o' a body, for my lang tongue, my short temper, and my short wit, hae kept me in a fry a' the days o' me."—"Ye're vera right, M'Harrigle," said the landlord, rubbing his hands briskly at the blithe proposal. "I'll ring for Tibbie; she'll bring us something worth pricin' out o' her ain bole. She's a bit eydent body, and aye keeps a drap heart's comfort in an erra neuk." M'Gowan pulled a hare's foot at the end of a rope, which was suspended from an unhewn piece of knotted wood, of a three-legs-of-man shape, fastened by a strong screw-nail into the wall, and a solemn bell, most unlike the merry jingle of an alehouse warning, was heard jowling and croorin' in a distant apartment, from which our hostess presently made her appearance.

Her aspect and demeanour at first sight bespoke your affection. There was in her face a look of blithe contentment with her condition; in her

dress a neat attention to cleanliness and simplicity, and in her whole manner and behaviour a hearty and honest desire, not only to be happy herself, but to make all around her equally comfortable. She curtesyed respectfully and smilingly when she entered the room; but it was not that cut-and-dried sort of politeness which publicans in general pay indiscriminately to all their customers,—it was a kind of friendly greeting, mingled with no small portion of gratitude towards those on whom she was conscious she depended for subsistence. It was that warm and kindly expression of affection, which brought one who was removed from his family fire-side in mind of his mother, and which made imagination point out her habitation as a quiet resting-place, where the unsettled sojourner might stop and glean from the barren field of earthly enjoyment some few ripe ears of happiness. "My gude will to ye a', gentlemen; I'm thinking ye were ca'in'."—"That we were," said M'Harrigle; "fetch us a mutchkin o' your best, gudewife, and some het water."—"Ye'se no want that," replied our hostess; "but ye'll aiblins aforehand be pleased to take a tastin' o' supper; I hae't ready for ye yonder, as I guessed some o' ye might stand in need o' some sma' refreshment. I'll send it ben to ye in twa or three minutes, and syne ye's get onything else ye want. Ay will ye," says the motherly, sonsy, little woman, as she shut the door behind her with a gentleness of hand, which showed that her affections had some regard even for things inanimate.

A beautiful tall girl immediately made her appearance, and prepared the round oaken table before us for the reception of the landlady's hospitality, by spreading over it a tablecloth of snowy and stainless whiteness, and in arranging the shining implements, which, from their brilliant cleanliness, seemed to be kept as much for ornaments to the kitchen shelf, as for the more vulgar purpose of preparing food for the process of mastication. She was evidently the daughter of our hostess. Her countenance indicated all the amiable qualities of her mother, but her manners were more polished, at least they seemed so, perhaps from the circumstance of her language being pure English, unmixed with any of the Doric dialect of her

parent. By the mutual assistance of the landlady and her daughter, the table soon groaned beneath a load of savoury substantialities, most provokingly pleasant to all but myself. Our chairs being drawn forward towards the attractive influence of the supper, and grace being said by the reverend Mr Singleheart, they all proceeded lustily and cheerfully to the work of repletion.

"Oogh!" says M'Glashan the piper, as he opened his Celtic jaws, and disclosed two formidable rows of white stakes, which stood as a sort of turnpike gate to the entrance of his stomach, and demanded toll of all that passed that way,—"oogh! this'll be tooin her good, for her fu pag make a loot trone."—"Verily it is both savoury and refreshing," said Mr Singleheart, as he sawed away with a suppleness of elbow by no means consistent with the staid solemnity of his usual motions."—"My faith!" said M'Harrigle to the dominie, "your mill gangs glibly."—"Ay," says the dominie, "the still sow licks up the draff, and a heapit plate makes hungry men scant o' cracks."—"And scant o' havins, too, I think," said M'Gowan, "for the stranger gentleman's sitting there before us wi' a toom plate."—"Let him alane," said the dominie; "it's time he were learning that a man that's hamely's aye welcome, and that frank looks make kind hearts."

Cleekum had secreted himself in the kitchen, and, though indebted to Mrs M'Gowan's fidelity for his preservation from M'Harrigle's indignation, he was by no means satisfied with the amount of the night's amusement. It was at all times a source of delight to him to observe men acting extravagantly and foolishly under misconceptions and false impressions of one another; and he, at no time, hesitated to invent and circulate fabrications, generally innocent, indeed, as to intention, but sometimes productive of serious consequences. He was commonly the most taciturn individual in company, and notwithstanding his frolicsome and mischievous disposition, enjoyed the reputation, among his neighbours, of being a skilful lawyer, and, what is still more creditable, a man of unimpeached integrity. This last quality, in some measure, atoned for his love of mischief, and enabled him to perform with impunity wild pranks,

which might have seriously injured almost any other man. When he saw Dame M'Gowan preparing supper, his whimsical imagination suggested to him the very ridiculous and extravagant trick of making M'Glashan believe, that his favourite bagpipes formed a part of the entertainment. This he accomplished by giving a little urchin a penny to steal unperceived into the room and fetch them away, and an old pair that lay on a shelf in M'Gowan's kitchen, furnished him with the ready materials for carrying his extravagant conceit into execution. Ribbons of the same breadth and colour with those which garnished M'Glashan's pipes were purchased, and tied upon the drones, which was then attached to the "chieftain of the pudding race," who had never before perhaps been dignified with such notable marks of distinction. Mrs M'Gowan whispered to her husband a hint of the rarity preparing for them in the kitchen, and he gave sly intimation of the same to the dominie.

Part of the dishes being removed, the whole company sat in silent expectation of this new specimen of culinary skill, for the whispered hint had, by this time, been communicated to all except M'Glashan himself. The dominie squinted at M'Gowan with that sly and jocular expression of face for which he was so remarkable. The landlord himself could with difficulty restrain his risibility within the compass of a well-bred smile. It was evident, from the various workings of his features, that it required no small exertion to master down his inward emotion and keep it from leaping forth and divulging the secret of the coming joke. After a delay of a few minutes, our good hostess entered with a pair of bag-pipes on a large plate. She placed them on the table and hurried out of the room, evidently for the purpose of enjoying a prudential and private laugh. There stood the piper's instrument of sound on the middle of the table, "warm, reeking, rich," steaming forth its delightful fragrance, regaling every nose, delighting every eye, and provoking instantaneous peals of laughter from all but the supposed proprietor of this fantastical, but seemingly substantial piece of good cheer. "Kod mak a mercy on us a'! An I will teclare, a

poiled bagpipe! Who'll pe toing that noo? Oogh! oogh!" said the enraged musician, snuffing himself into an ungovernable fit of rage, raising his brawny and ponderous form into a threatening attitude, and doubling his knotty, iron fists, with the design of hammering the offender, whose wicked temerity had dared to brave the indignation of this half-reclaimed mountaineer. "An you'll offer to jag him, and let out his win' too, oogh! you'll petter pe a' lookin o'er a house-riggin o' twa story. You'll poil your tam haggis in my pag, and sotter my trone too, and the vera ribbons I had at the competeection. Shust mine!" said the enraged Highlander, looking more intently at the Scotch haggis with its whimsical appendages. "An you'll no tell me the man wha would pe toing that, I will make the room my ain in five minutes. I taur you all to touch him. I'll mak a dead man o' her—oogh! oogh!"

I was the only individual in the company who seemed to feel any apprehensions about the consequence of this absurd piece of waggery. All the rest enjoyed it rarely, not even excepting the Rev. Mr Singleheart, who, though possessing none of the elements of jocularly himself, was yet, at times, singularly well pleased to second a piece of innocent fun with his individual portion of jocose laughter. "Sit down, ye muckle Highland stirk," said M'Harrigle, and no make a sough there about a boiled bagpipe. I'se warrant it's a bit gude eatin', and we'll see what can be made o't when we hae pu'd awa thae whigmaleeries, that are stickin' round about it. Faith! I wadna gie a mouthfu' o' your bagpipe, M'Glashan, for a' the music that ever came out o' its drone."—"It's quite a musical feast," said the dominie, "only I fear we'll be troubled wi' wind in our stomachs after making a meal o't. Sit down, M'Glashan," said he, "for, as you were sayin' before, a fu' bag makes a loud drone."—"Sit town! sit town! and see six sassenach teevils tefour the pipes that hae pelanged to a M'Glashan for twa hun'er year! oogh! won the competeection too!"

The gaunt descendant of the Gael stood grinding his teeth, opening and clenching his big bony fists, as if he fancied himself about to grapple with some sturdy antagonist. His large

blue eyes flaming from beneath the fringe of his knitted eye-brow, the big muscles encircling the corner of either eye, and curving round the mouth in deep hard folds, and the outward shelving upper-lip, puckered with a thousand wrinkles, were rendered more picturesque and fearful from being hedged round by an uncommon mass of bristly grey hair, two large portions of which hung on his broad flat cheeks, like two large bunches of burned furze, while the whole rugged exterior was rendered still more imposing by the association of his favourite guttural interjection, "oogh." His aspect loured so grim and threatening, his ooghs became so loud and numerous, that all began to think it time to soothe the spirit of this Highland storm, lest its rising wrath should descend with deadly vengeance on those around him.

The landlord stepped out, and returned with M'Glashan's instrument of sound. The mountaineer looked astonished, snatched it from him with eagerness, eyed it round and round, hugged and kissed the darling object of his affection, and poured into its capacious bag a stream of wind, which immediately issued in a wild and stormy pibroch. Delighted with his own performance, he "hotched and blew with might and main," mingling, every now and then, with his unearthly music, the half recitative bass of a broad rumbling laugh, while M'Harrigle's rugged terrier, with his two fore paws upon the piper's knees, spun out long and eerie howls of beastly sympathy. It was in vain that we praised the savoury Scotch haggis, and recommended it to the palate of M'Glashan. His heart, as well as his wind, was in his bagpipe, and he never once deigned to return an answer to our reiterated invitations, but having exhausted his scanty musical budget, the contents of which amounted to no more than a few Highland reels and strathspeys, he droned away in voluntaries so utterly horrible and dissonant, that Simon Gray, after swallowing a few morsels with as rueful contortions of visage as if every mouthful had been dipped in sand, ran out of the room holding his two ears, and giving vent to a harsh German *a*, which was powerfully expressive of his crucified sense of hearing. The piper piped on, and seemed

to enjoy a sort of triumph over the wounded feelings of the departed dominie. None of the rest of the company followed his example, but each individual sat still with as much coolness and composure as if his ears had been hermetically sealed against the grunting, groaning, and yelling of this infernal musical engine.

M'Glashan's tempestuous hostility at length ceased, and the dominie returned as the large punch-bowl was shedding its fragrant effluvia through the apartment, giving to every eye a livelier lustre, to every heart a warmer glow, and to every tongue a more joyous and voluble expression. No more than two or three glasses had circulated, when Mr Singleheart and the dominie left the generous beverage to the enjoyment of the more profane and less responsible members of this assemblage of convivial spirits. "He is an ill-hearted tyke, who can't both give and take a joke," said Cleekum, as he burst abruptly into the apartment. "You would not certainly quarrel with an old friend, M'Harrigle?"—"No, I'll be d—d if I do," was the reply of the cattle-dealer; "but, Lord, man! if I had cloured Simon, I might hae run the kintra.—Faith! if ye gang delvin about this gate for fun, ye'll set your fit on a wasp's byke some day. If I had but gotten my hands o'er ye twa hours syne, there would hae been a job for the doctor. Let there be nae mair about it—there's a glass to ye."

"The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter." One merry story suggested another, till the potent spirit of the bowl covered some all over with the mantle of slumber as "with a cloak," laid others prostrate beneath the table, and to the maudlin eyes of the unconquered survivors presented every object as if of the dual number. The bustle and hurry of preparation in the kitchen had died away, orders for an additional supply of liquor were more tardily executed, and the kitchen-maid came in half undressed, holding her short-gown together at the breast, rubbing her eyes, and staggering under the influence of the stolen nap at the fire-side, from which she had been hastily and reluctantly roused. Cleekum, M'Harrigle, M'Glashan, and myself, were the only individuals who had any pretensions to sobriety. The landlord had prudently retired to rest an hour

before. Silence reigned through the whole house, except in one apartment, and silence would have put down her velvet footstep there also, but for the occasional roars of M'Harrigle, who bellowed as if he had been holding conversational communion with his own nowt; and the engine-without-oil sort of noise that M'Glashan made as he twanged, sputtered, and grunted his native tongue to M'Harrigle, who was turning round to the piper every now and then, crying, "D—n your Gaelic, you've spewed enough o't the night; put a bung in your throat, you beast!" A few flies that buzzed and murmured round the room were the only joyous and sleepless souls that seemed disposed to prolong the revelry. The cold toddy having lost its delicious relish, produced loathing, and its formerly exhilarating effluvia was now sickening to the nose; the candle wick stood in the middle of the flickering flame like a long nail with a large round head, and sending the light in fitful flashes against the walls; the cock had sounded his clarion, the morning seamed the openings of the window-shutters with lines of light, and the ploughman, roused to labour, went whistling past the door. I opened the window-shutter. A glare of light rushed in and condensed the flame of our little luminary into a single bud of pale light, whose sickliness seemed to evince a kindred sympathy with the disorderly remains of the night's revelry, and with the stupified senses and exhausted bodies of the revellers themselves. I looked out of the window. All was silent save the far-off whistle of the ploughman who had passed, and the continual roar of the cataract; and all was motionless, except the blue feathery smoke which puffed from a single chimney, and floated down the glen in a long, wavering stream. How chill and piercing the morning air feels to the nervous and debilitated reveller, and how reproachfully does the light of another day steal in upon the unseemly disorder of his privacy! Almost every man feels himself to be somewhat of a black-guard who is thus surprised. Going home drunk in a summer morning! What a beast! Feebleness of knees that would gladly lie down by the wayside—headache that makes the brain a mere puddle of dirty recolle-

tions and dismal anticipations—dimness of eyes that makes every visible object caricaturish and monstrous—filthiness of apparel enough to shame a very scavenger—and a heart sick almost to the commission of *felo de se*. Zig zag, thump thump, down again, howling, swearing, praying, vomiting with his head against a wall, and his two hands spread out on the same wall above his head. It is a libel on the brute creation to call it beastliness. Brutes do no such thing. And the morning, how fresh, clear, green, and glittering! D—n that fellow—Going to work I imagine. What the devil roused him at such an unseasonable hour? To be a spy upon me, I suppose. Who are you, sir?—A poor man, please your honour, sir.—A poor man! go be d—d then.—These birds yelping from that thicket are more unmusical than hurdy gurdy, marrow-bone-and-cleaver. I wish each of them had a pipe-stopple in its wind-pipe. I never heard such abominable discord. The whole world is astir. Who told them I was going home at this time in the morning? Who is that singing “the Flower o’ Dunblane” at the other side of the hedge? A milk-maid—“and the milk-maid singeth blithe.” Ah! John Milton, thy notions of rural felicity were formed in a closet. You may have a peep of her through this slap. Rural innocence! a mere humbug—a dirty, tawdry, pudding-legged, blowsy-faced, sun-burnt drab. What a thing for a shepherdess in a pastoral! Confound these road-trustees! they have been drawing the road through a bore, and have made it ten times its common length, and a hundred times narrower than its common breadth. Horribly rough—no man can walk steadily on it. Have the block-heads not heard of M’Adam! In the words of the Laurencekirk Album epigrammatist,

“The people here ought to be d—d,
Unless they mend their ways.”

Hast thou, gentle reader, ever gone home drunk in a summer morning, when thy shame, that is daylight, was rising in the east? Sulky—a question not to be answered. So much for thy credit, for there be in this sinful and wicked world men who boast of such things. I am glad thou art not one of them. Neither do I boast of such doings; for, gentle reader, I went to bed. My bed-room was one of M’Gowan’s garret rooms. Cleekum and M’Harrigle, who lived at some distance, thought proper to retire to rest before visiting their own firesides, and M’Glashan, being a sort of vagrant musician, who had no legal domicile in any particular place, had always a bed assigned him in M’Gowan’s, when he visited the village.

Stretched in bed after a day’s travelling and a night’s carousing! exquisite pleasure! It is worth a man’s while to travel thirty or forty miles to enjoy such a blessed luxury. After a few yawnings, pokings out and drawings up of the legs, the whole body begins to feel a genial glow of heat, and he is worse than an infidel who in such a pleasurable mood does not feel disposed to bless his Maker. Everything being properly arranged, the curtains carefully drawn around, the night-cap pulled down over the ears and folded upward on the brow, the pillow shifted, shuffled, and nicely adjusted to the head, the clothes pulled and lugged about, till there is not a single air-hole left to pinch the body, the downy bed itself, by sundry tossings and turnings, converted into an exact mould for the particular part of the body that has sunk into it, then does the joyous spirit sing to itself inwardly, with the mute melody of gratitude, “I’m wearin’ awa’, Jean.”

ANENT MUNGO GLEN.

From Mansie Wauch's Autobiography.

There's nae place like our ain hame,
 Oh, I wush that I was there;
 There's pae hame like our ain hame,
 To be met wi' ony where!

The Rustic Lad's Lament.

PERHAPS, since I was born, I do not remember siccan a string of casualties, as happened to me and mine, all within the period of ae short fortnight. To say naething connected with the play-acting business, which was immediately before,—first cam' Mungo Glen's misfortune with regard to the blood-soiling of the new nankeen trowsers, the foremost o' his transactions, and a bad omen,—next, the fire, and all its wonderfu's, the saving of the auld bed-ridden woman's precious life, and the destruction of the puir cat,—syne the rubbery of the hen-house by the Eirish neerdoweels, whae paid sae sweetly for their pranks,—and lastly, the hoax, the thieving of the cheesetoaster without the handle, and the banishment of the spae-wife.

These were awfu' signs of the times, and seemed to say that the world was fast coming to an end; the ends of the yearth seeming to have combined in a great Popish plot of villainy. Every man that had a heart to feel, must have trembled amid these threatening, judgment-like, and calamitous events. As for my ain pairt, the depravity of the nations, which most of these scenes showed me, I must say fell heavily ower my speerit; and I couldna help thinking of the auld cities of the plain, ower the house-taps of which, for their heinous sins and iniquitous abominations, the wrath of the Almighty showered down fire and brimstone from Heaven, till the very earth melted and swallowed them up for ever and ever.

These added to the number, to be sure; but not that I had never before seen signs and wonders in my time. I had seen the friends of the people—and the scarce years—and the bluidy guilloteening ower-bye among the French blackguards—and the business of Watt and Downie nearer hame, at our ain doors, amaist in Edinburgh like—and the calling out o' the volun-

teers—and divers sea-fights at Camperdown and elsewhere—and land-battles countless—and the American war, part o't—and awfu' murders—and mock-fights in the Duke's Parks—and highway rubberies—and breakings of all the ten commandements, from the first to the last,—so that, allowing me to have had but a common spunk o' reflection, I must, like ithers, have cast a wistfu' ee on the ongoings of men; and if, like the prophet Jeremiah, I had nae strength to pour out my inward lamentations, I couldna help thinking, with fear and trembling, at the rebellion of siccan a worm against a Power, whose smallest word could extinguish its existence, and blot it out in a twinkling frae the roll of living things.

But, if I was muckle affected, the callant Mungo was a great deal mair. From the days in which he had lain in his cradle, he had been brought up in a remote and quiet part of the country, far frae the bustling of towns, and from man encountering man in the stfamash of daily life; so that his heart seemed to pine within him, like a flower for want of the blessed morning dew; and, like a bird that has been caught in a girn among the winter snaws, his appetite failed him, and he fell away frae his meat and claes.

I was vexed exceedingly to see the callant in this dilemmy, for he was growing very tall and thin, his chaft-blades being lank and white, and his een of a hollow drumlinness, as if he got nae refreshment from the slumbers of the night. Beholding all this work of destruction going on in silence, I spoke to his friend Mrs Grassie about him, and she was sae motherly as to offer to ha'e a glass of port wine, stirred wi' best jesuits barks, ready for him every forenoon at twelve o'clock, for really naebodie could be but interested in the laddie, he was sae gentle and modest, making never a word of complaint, though melting

like snaw aff a dyke; and, though he maun hae suffered baith in body and mind, enduring a' with a silent composure, worthy of a holy martyr.

Perceiving things gaun on from bad to worse, I thought it was best to break the matter to him, as he was never like to speak himsell; and I askit him in a friendly way, as we were sitting thegither on the board, finishing a pair of fustian overalls for Maister Bob Bustle, a riding clerk for ane o' the Edinburgh speerit shops, but wha likit aye to ha'e his claes of the Dalkeith cut, having been born, bred, and yedicated in our toun, like his forbears afore him—if there was onything the matter wi' him, that he was aye sae dowie and heartless? Never shall I forget the look he gied me, as he lifted up his een, in which I could see visible distress painted, as plain as the figures o' the saunts on auld kirk windows; but he tell'd me wi' a faint smile that he had naething particular to compleen of, only that he wad hae liked to hae dee'd amang his friens, as he couldna live frae hame, and away frae the life he had been accustomed to all his days.

Od, I was touched to the quick; and when I heard him speaking of death in sic a calm, quiet way, I fand something, as if his words were words o' prophecy, and as if I had seen a sign that tell'd me he wasna to be lang for this world. Howsomever, I hope I had mair sense than to let this be seen, so I said till him, "Ou, if that be a', Mungo, ye'll soon come to like us a' weel enuch. Ye should tak a stout heart, man; and when your prenticeship's dune, ye'll gang hame and set up for a great man, making coats for a' the lords and lairds in broad Lammermuir."

"Na, na," answered the callant, wi' a trumbling voice, which mostly made my heart swall to my mouth, and brought the tear to my e'e, "I'll never see the end o' my prenticeship, or Lammermuir again."

"Hout touts, man," quo' I, "never speak in that sort o' way; it's distrustfu' and hurtful. Live in hope, though we should die in despair. When ye gang hame again, ye'll be as happy as ever."

"Eh, na—never, never, even though I was to gang hame the morn. I'll never be as I was before. I lived and lived on, never thinking that such days

were to come to an end—but now I find it can, and must be otherwise. The thoughts of my heart have been broken in upon, and naething can make haill what has been shivered to pieces."

This was to the point, as Danny Thummel said to his needle, so just for speaking's sake, and to rouse him up a bit, I said, "Keh, man, what need ye care sae muckle about the country?—It'll never belike our bonny streets, wi' a' the braw shop windows, and the auld kirk, and the stands wi' the horn spoons and luggies, and a' the carts on the market days, and the Duke's gate, and so on."

"Ay, but, maister," answered Mungo, "ye was never brought up in the country—ye never kent what it was to wander about in the simmer glens, wi' naething but the warm sun looking down on ye—the blue waters streaming down the braes, the birds singing, and the air like to grow sick wi' the breath of blooming birks, and flowers o' all colours, and wild thyme sticking fu' o' bees, humming in joy and thankfulness—Ye never kent, maister, what it was to wake in the still morning, when, looking out, ye saw the snaws lying for miles round about ye on the hills, breast deep, shutting ye out frae the world, as it were; the foot of man never coming during the storm to yere door, nor the voice of a stranger heard frae ae month's end till the ither. See it is coming on o' hail the now, and my mother with mysister—I have but ane, and my four brithers, will be looking out into the drift, and missing me away for the first time frae their fire-side. They'll hae a dreary winter o't, breaking their hearts for me—their ballants and their stories will never be sae funny again—and my heart is breaking for them."

Wi' this, the tears prap, prappit down his cheeks, but his pride bade him turn his head round to hide them from me. A heart o' stane wad have felt for him.

I saw it was in vain to persist lang, as the laddie was fa'ing out of his claes, as fast as leaves frae the November tree; so I wrote hame by limping Jamie the carrier, telling his father the state of things, and advising him, as a matter of humanity, to tak his son out to the free air o' the hills again, as the town smoke didna seem to agree wi' his stomach; and, as he

might be making a stickit tailor of ane wha was capable o' being bred a gude farmer, nae human being likely to make great progress in onything, unless the heart gangs wi' the handy-wark.

Some folks will think I acted right, and ithers wrang in this matter; if I erred, it was on the side of mercy, and my conscience does not upbraid me for the transaction. In due course of time, I had an answer from Maister Glen, and we got everything ready and packit up, against the hour that Jamie was to set out again.

Mungo got himsell a' dressed; and Benjie had ta'en siccan a liking to him, that I thought he wad hae grutten himsell senseless, when he heard he was gaun away back to his ain hame. Ane wadna' hae imagined, that sic a sincere friendship could have ta'en root in siccan a short time, but the bit creature Benjie was as warm-hearted a callant as ye ever seed. Mungo tell't him, that if he wouldna cry, he wad send him in a present of a wee ewe-milk cheese, whanever he wan hame; which promise pacified him, and he askit me if Benjie wad come out for a month, gin simmer, whan he wad let him see a' worthy observation along the country-side.

When we had shoooken hands wi' Mungo, and, after fastening his comforter about his neck, wished him a gude journey, we saw him munted on the front of limping Jamie's cart, and driving away, I maun confess my heart was grit. I couldna help running up the stair, and puing up the forewindow to get a lang look after him. Away, and away they wore; in a short time, the cart took a turn, and disappeared; and, when I drew down the window, and sauntered, wi' my arms crossed, down to the workshop, something seemed amissing, and the snug wee place, wi' its shappings, and runds, and paper-measurings, and its bit fire, seemed, in my een, to look unco douff and gousty.

Whether in the joggung of the cart, or what else I canna say, but it's an unco story; for, on the road, it turned out, that pure Mungo was seized wi' a terrible pain in his side; and, growing waur and waur, was obliged to be left at Lauder, in the care of a decent widow woman, that had a blind e'e, and a room to let furnished.

It was nae for twa three days that we learnt these awfu' tidings, which

greatly distressed us all; and I gied the driver of the Lauder coach three-pence to himsell, to bring us word every morning, as he passed the door, how the laddie was gaun on.

I learned shortly, that his faither and mither had arrived, which was ae comfort; but that matters wi' puir Mungo were striding on frae bad to waur, being pronounced by a skeely doctor to be in a galloping consumption—and no able to be removed hame, a thing that the laddie freaked and pined for night and day. At length, hearing for certain that he hadna lang to live, I thought mysell bound to be at the expense of taking a ride out on the tap of the coach; though I was aware of the danger of the machines whiles couping, gin it were for nae mair than to bid him fare-ye-weel—and I did sae.

It was a cauld cloudy day in Februar, and ilka thing on the road lookit dowie and cheerless; the very cows and sheep, that crowded cowering aneath the trees in the parks, seemed to be grieving for some disaster, and hinging down their heads like mourners at a burial. The rain whiles obliged me to pit up my umbrella, and there was naeboddy on the tap beside me, save a deaf woman, that aye said "ay" to every question I speered, and with whom I fand it out of the power of man to carry on ony rational conversation; so I was obleeged just to sit glouring frae side to side at the bleak, bare fields—and the plashing grass—and the gloomy dull woods—and the gentlemen's houses, of which I kentna the names—and the fearfu' rough hills, that pat me in mind of the wilderness, and of the abomination of desolation, mentioned in scripture, I blief in Ezekiel. The errand I was gaun on, to be sure, helpit to mak me mair wae; and I couldna but think on human life, without agreeing with Solomon; that "all was vanity and vexation of speerit."

At lang and last, when we cam' to our journey's end, and I loupit aff the tap o' the coach, Maister Glen cam' out to the door, and bad me heist me, if I wished to see Mungo breathing. Sauf us! to think that a puir young thing was to be taken away frae life, and the cheerfu' sun, thus suddenly, and be laid in the cauld damp moulds, amang the mouldieworts and the green banes, "where there is nae wark or device." But what'll ye say there?

it was the wull o' Him, wha kens best what is for his creatures, and to whom we should—and maun submit. I was just in time to see the last row of his glazing een, that then stood still for ever, as he lay, wi' a face as pale as clay, on the pillow, his mother haddin' his hand, and sob-sobbing wi' her face leant on the bed, as if her hope was departed, and her heart wad break. I gaed round about, and took haud o' the ither ane for a moment; but it was clammy, and growing cauld with the cauldness o' grim death. I could hear my heart beating; but Mungo's heart stood still, like a watch that has wound itself down. Maister Glen sat in the easy-chair, wi' his hand afore his een, saying naething, and shedding not a tear; for he was a strong, little, black-aviced man, wi' a feeling heart, but wi' nerves o' steel. The rain daddit on the window, and the smoke gied a swurl, as the wind rummeled i' the lum. The hour spoke to the soul, and the silence was worth twenty sermons.

Them, wha would wush to know the real value of what we are a' ower apt to prize in this world, should have been there too, and learnt a lesson no sune to be forgotten. I pat my hand in my coat pocket for my napkin, to gie my een a wipe, but fand it was away, and feared muckle I had drappit it on the road; though, in this, I was happily mista'en, having, before I gaed to my bed, fund that on my journey I had tied it owre my neckcloth, to keep away sair throats.

It was a sad heart to us a', to see the lifeless creature in his white night-cap and een closed, lying wi' his yellow hair spread on the pillow; and we gaed out, that the women folk might cover up the looking-glass and the face of the knock, ere they proceeded to dress the body in its last claes—claes that wad ne'er need changing; but, when we were half down the stair, and I felt glad wi' the thochts o' getting to the fresh air, we were obleeged to turn up again for a wee, to let the man past, that was bringing in the dead-deal.

But why weave a lang story out o' the materials of sorrow? or endeavour to paint feelings that have nae outward sign, lying shut up within the sanctuary of the heart? The grief of a father and a mother can only be conceived by them, wha, as fathers and mothers, hac suffered the loss of their

bairns,—a treasure more precious to nature than silver or gold, hame to the land-sick sailor, or daylight to the blind man, sitting beaking in the heat o' the morning sun.

The coffin having been ordered to be gotten ready wi' all haste, twa men brought it in on their shouthers betimes on the following morning; and it was a sight that made my bluid rin cauld to see the dead corpse o' puir Mungo, my ain prentice, hoisted up from the bed, and laid in his black-handled, narrow housie. All had ta'en their last looks, the lid was screwed down by means of screw-drivers, and I read the plate, which said, "Mungo Glen, aged 15." Alas! early was he cut aff frae amang the leevings—a flower snappit in its spring blossom—and an awfu' warning to us a', sinfu' and heedless mortals, of the uncertainty of this state of being.

In the course o' the forenoon, Maister Glen's cart was brought to the door, drawn by twa black horses wi' lang tails and hairy feet, a tram ane and a leader. Though the job shook my nerves, I couldna refuse to gie them a hand down the stair wi' the coffin, which had a fieflike smell o' death and saw-dust; and we got it fairly landit in the cart, amang clean strae. I saw the clodhopper of a plouman aye dighting his e'en wi' the sleeve o' his big-coat.

The mother, Mistress Glen, a little fattish womany, and as fine a hamely body as ye ever met wi', but sorely distractit at this time by sorrow, sat at the head, wi' her bannet drawn owre her face, and her shawl thrown across her shouthers, being a blue and red spat on a white grund. It was a dismal-like-looking thing to see her sitting there, wi' the dead body of her son at her feet; and, at the side o't, his kist wi' his claes, on the tap of which was tied—no being room for't in the inside like, (for he had twelve shirts, and three pair o' trowsers, and a Sunday and every-day's coat, wi' stockings and ither things)—his auld white beaver hat, turned up behint, which he used to wear when he was wi' me. His Sunday's hat I didna see, but maist likely it was in amang his claes, to keep it frae the rain, and preserved, nae doubt, for the use of some of his little brithers, please God, when they grew up a wee bigger.

Seeing Maister Glen, wha had cuttit his chin in shaving, in a worn-out

disjaskit state, munted on his sheltie, I shook hands wi' them baith; and, in my thoughtlessness, wished them "a guid journey,"—kenning weel what a sorrowfu' hamegoing it would be to them, and what their bairns wad think when they saw what was lying in the cart beside their mother. On this the big plowman, that wore a braid blue bannet and corduroy kuttikins, with a grey big-coat, slit up behint in the manner I commonly made for laddies, gied his lang whip a crack, and drave aff to the eastward.

It would be needless in me to waste precious time in relating how I returned to my ain country, especially as I may be thankfu' that naething particular happened, excepting the coach-wheels riding ower an auld dog that was lying sleeping on the middle of the road, and, puir brute, nearly got ane of its fore-paws chackit aff. The day was sharp and frosty, and a' the passengers took a loup aff at a yill-house, wi' a Hielandman on the sign o't, to get a dram, to gar them bear up against the cauld; yet kenning what had but sae lately happened, and having the fears of Maister Wiggle afore my een, I had made a solemn vow, within mysell, no to taste liquor for sax months at least; nor would I here break my word, tho' muckle made a fule of by an Englisher, and a fou Eirsisher, wha sang all the road; contenting mysell, in the best way I could, wi' a tumbler o' strong beer, and twa butter bakes.

It is an auld proverb, and a true ane, that there is nae rest to the wicked; so when I got hame, I fand business crying out for me loudly, having been twice wantit to take the measure for suits o' claes. Of course, kenning that my twa customers wad be wearying, I immediately cut my stick to their houses, and promised without fail to have my wark done against the next Sabbath. Whether from my hurry, or my grief for puir Mungo, or maybe frae baith, I fand, on the Saturday night, when the claes were sent hame on the arm o' Tammy Bodkin, whom I was obliged to hire by way of foresman, that some most awful mistake had occurred—the coat o' the ane having been made for the back o'

the ither, the ane being lang and tall, the tither thick and short; so that Maister Peter Pole's cuffs didna reach aboon half way down his arms, and the tails ended at the sma' of the back, rendering him a perfect fright; while Maister Watty Firkin's new coat hung on him like a dreadnought, the sleeves coming ower the nebs o' his fingers, and the haunch buttons hanging down atween his heels, making him resemble a mouse below a firlot. Wi' some perswadgion, however, there being but sma' difference in the value of the cloths, the tane being a wast o' England bottle-green, and the ither a Manchester blue, I caused them to niffer, and hushed up the business, which, had they been obstreperous, would have made half the parish of Dalkeith stand on end.

After puir Mungo had been aneath the mools, I daresay a gude month, Benjie, as he was ae forenoon diverting himsell dozing his tap in the room where they sleepit, happened to drive it in below the bed, where, scrambling in on his hands and feet, he fand a half sheet of paper written ower in Mungo's handwriting, the which he brought to me; and, on looking ower't, I fand it jingled in meeter like the psalms of David.

Having nae skiel in these matters, I sent up the closs for James Batter, who, being a member of the fifteen pence a-quarter subscription book-club, had read a pour of all sorts of things, sacred and profane. James, as he was humming it ower with his specs on his beak, gied now and than a thump on his thigh, saying, "Prime, man, fine, prime, good, capital," and so on, which astonished me muckle, kenning wha had written't—a callant that sleepit wi' our Benjie, and couldna have shapit a pair o' leggins, though ye had offered him the crown of the three kingdoms.

Seeing what it was thocht of by ane wha kent what was what, and could distinguish the difference between a B and a bull's foot, I judged it necessary for me to take a copy o't; which, for the benefit of them that like poems, I dinna scruple to tag to the tail o' this chapter.

Oh wad that my time were ower but,
Wi' this wintry sleet and snaw,
That I might see our house again,
I' the bonny birken shaw!—

For this is no my ain life,
 And I peak and pine away,
 Wi' the thochts o' hame, and the young flow'rs,
 I' the glad green month o' May.

I used to wauk in the morning
 Wi' the loud sang o' the lark,
 And the whistling o' the ploughmen lads,
 As they gaed to their wark ;
 I used to wear in the young lambs
 Frae the tod and the roaring stream ;
 But the world is changed, and a' thing now
 To me seems like a dream.

There are busy crowds around me
 On ilka lang dull street ;
 Yet, though sae mony surround me,
 I kenna ane I meet.
 And I think on kind, kent faces,
 And o' blithe and cheery days,
 When I wander'd out, wi' our ain folk,
 Outower the simmer braes.

Wae's me, for my heart is breaking !
 I think on my sisters sma',
 And on my brithers greeting,
 When I came frae hame awa ;
 And oh ! how my mither sobbit,
 As she shook me by the hand ;
 When I left the door o' our auld house,
 To come to this stranger land !

There's nae place like our ain hame ;
 Oh, I wish that I was there !—
 There's nae hame like our ain hame
 To be met wi' ony where !—
 And, eh ! that I were back again
 To our farm and fields so green ;
 And heard the tongues o' my ain folk,
 And was what I hae been !

That's poor Mungo's poem ; which me, and James Batter, and the rest, think excellent, and no far short of Robert Burns himsell, had he been spared. Some may judge otherwise, out o' bad taste or ill nature ; but I would just thank them to write a better at their leisure.

THE BARBER OF GÖTTINGEN.

ONE night about ten o'clock, as the Barber of Gottingen College was preparing to go to rest, after having scraped the chins of upwards of a dozen of students, the door of his shop opened briskly, and a short, burly, thickset man made his appearance. He seemed to be about fifty years of age. In stature he did not rise above five feet, but this was amply compensated by a paunch which would have done honour to a burgomaster. His face, his legs, and, in truth, his whole frame gave equal tokens of *embonpoint*; and spoke in eloquent terms of good living and freedom from care. This worthy personage had on a broad-brimmed glazed hat, a brown frock-coat, and brown small-clothes, with copper buckles at the knees. His hair, which was curly, and as black as pitch, descended behind, and at each side, underneath the rim of his hat. His whiskers were thick and bushy; and his beard appeared to be of at least four days' growth.

The salutation which he made on entering the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Barber, was more remarkable for freedom than for politeness. He pushed the door roughly aside, and strutted into the middle of the room, placing his hands jockeywise into his coat-pockets, and whistling aloud.

"Can you shave me, I say?" was his first address to the astonished tonsor.

"Sir?" said the latter, with a stare of surprise, as he turned round and encountered the eye of this new arriver.

"I say, can you shave me?" thundered out the latter with increased loudness.

The Barber was a tall, meagre, spindle-shanked figure of a man, somewhat up in years, and not remarkable for an extraordinary share of courage. He had, however, too high an opinion of himself—being no less than peruke-maker to the professors of Gottingen—to stand tamely by, and be bearded in his own house. His indignation got the better of a feeling of dread, which, in spite of himself, began to creep over him; and he heard the demand of his visitor with rather an unusual share of resolution.

"You ask me if I can shave you,

sir," said he, ceasing from the operation of strapping a razor in which he was engaged, "I can shave any man that ever wore a beard; and I see no reason why you should be more difficult to shave than other people, unless peradventure your chin is stuck over with bristles like a hedgehog, or some such animal."

"Well, then, why don't you shave me?" returned the other, throwing himself upon a chair, pitching his hat carelessly to one side, and stretching out his short plump legs as far as they would go. "Come along, my old boy; now I am ready for you." So saying, he unloosed his neckcloth, laid it down, and grasped and rubbed his neck and chin with both hands with an appearance of peculiar satisfaction. But the College Barber was in no mood of mind to relish such freedoms. He stuck his Dutch spectacles upon the tip of his long skinny nose, projected forward his peering chin in a sarcastic, sneering manner; and eyed the stranger with a look anything but favourable. At last he broke silence—

"I said, sir, that I could shave any man, but——"

"But what?" said the other, aroused by the gravity of his tone, and turning round upon him.

"But it is not my pleasure to shave you." And he commenced strapping his razor as before, without taking any farther notice of his neighbour. The latter seemed astounded at what he heard. He, in fact, doubted the evidence of his ears, and gazed upon the Barber with a look of curious astonishment. His curiosity, however, soon gave way to anger; and this was indicated by a most portentous heaving about the chest, and an increased flushing of his rubicund face. His cheeks were at length blown out and distended with genuine rage, till they acquired something of the rotundity and proportions of a good large pumpkin.

"Not shave me!" ejaculated he, emptying his lungs and cheeks at once of the volume of air accumulated within them. The rushing out of this hurricane of wrath was tremendous. The Barber trembled from top to toe when he heard it, but he uttered not a word.

“Not shave *me!*” He was silent as before.

“Not shave *me!*” repeated the little man a third time, louder than ever, and starting from his seat with a bound perfectly remarkable for his corpulency. The shaver got alarmed, and well he might; for the other stood fronting him—his arms a-kimbo—his eyes flashing fire, and all his attitudes indicative of some hostility. The strap was dropped, and the razor quietly deposited upon the mantel-piece.

“Do you mean to do me an injury in my own house?” said the Barber, with all the courage he could muster.

“Donner und Blitzen! Who talks of injuring you? I wish you to scrape my beard. Is there anything extraordinary in that?”

“I can shave no man after ten o’clock,” replied the Barber. “Besides, my business is solely confined to the professors and students of the university. I am strictly forbidden to operate on the face or head of any other person, by the most learned Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead and the Senatus Academicus.”

“Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead!” observed the other with a contemptuous sneer. “And who the devil may he be?”

“He is the Provost of the University, and Professor of Moral Philosophy thereunto,” answered the Barber, not a little scandalized at hearing that learned man spoken of in such terms.

“Ay—and a pretty dunderheaded fellow he must be to give any such orders. However, I am not going to waste my time here all night. All that I have got to tell you is this, that if you won’t shave me, I shall shave you.” And suiting the action to the word, he reached up his hand, got hold of the Barber by the nose, and placed him by sheer force upon the chair which he himself had just left. The suddenness of this action deprived the other for a moment of his senses. He sat gazing with a mixture of rage and amazement at the author of the audacious deed; nor was it till he felt the brush, loaded with cold soap-suds, thumping upon his cheeks, and heard the stranger laughing aloud, that he reflected upon his situation. His first impulse was to start up, but he was instantly pushed down by the brawny

arm of the little man. He then turned his head from side to side to avoid the assaults, but this did not mend the matter: his face was reached by the brush, and brow, nose, cheeks, and ears bespattered with saponaceous effusion. Nor when he attempted to bawl out, were his efforts more successful: the indefatigable operator filled his mouth with lather, and laid on with greater energy than ever. With one hand grasping him by the throat, and the other armed with the shaving-brush, the fat man continued at his occupation, laughing heartily, and enjoying, with the most turbulent mirth, the scene before him. At last the Barber managed with great difficulty to get out some words, and cried strenuously for mercy, promising, by heaven and earth, to shave his oppressor when and where he thought proper, whatever Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead and the Senatus Academicus might say to the contrary.

This declaration procured him a release. He rose up trembling from the grasp of the stranger, and having his face more thoroughly bedizened with his own peculiar liquid, than any face, handsome or ugly, which ever came under his hands. His first care was to free it of those ignominious marks of good-will by means of a towel, while the author of this outrage threw himself upon the chair, almost convulsed with laughter.

As the astonished shaver prepared his utensils for the operation about to be performed, though in a different manner, upon his opponent, he had some leisure to recover from the shock into which he was thrown. Indignation was still a prominent feeling in his mind, but this was subordinate to other emotions; and the dread of his sufferings being repeated, together with the appearance of the stranger, who had now resumed his seat and was whistling impatiently, made him hasten his preparations with unusual speed. Having arranged everything, that is to say, having prepared a razor, mixed up a quantity of foaming lather, and stuck a towel under the chin of his customer, he was about to commence, when the latter thundered out, “*avaunt!*” The Barber gave way like a scared poacher, retreated some steps, and gazed at the other with ill-suppressed alarm.

"Perhaps you mean to cut my throat?" said the stranger, in a loud voice.

"My business is to shave beards, and not to cut throats," rejoined the affrighted shaver, with all humility.

"Very like—very like; but I don't choose to take you at your word: so have a care. If you cut my throat, I will blow your brains out, that's all." And placing his hand in one of the large pockets of his frock-coat, he brought out a horseman's pistol, cocked it deliberately, and placed it on a chair which stood beside him. "Now proceed," continued he, "and remember, if you so much as scratch a pimple on my chin, or leave a single hair unshorn, I shall send a bullet through your numskull."

The appearance of this terrible weapon augmented, as may well be supposed, the Barber's alarm. His hand shook like an aspen-leaf, and he kept laying on the suds ten times longer than he ever did on any former occasion. He was terrified to lay his razor on the chin of so dangerous a subject, and resolved to keep brushing to the very last moment, rather than run the risk of having a pistol discharged at his head. The delay, indeed, was useful to him, as it gave his hand time to recover its wonted steadiness. Nor did the stranger take it ill; on the contrary, his good humour appeared to return with the agreeable titillation of the shaving brush; and he whistled aloud, thereby blowing the soap from his lips upon the Barber's face, with a look of apparent satisfaction.

Half an hour had now passed away since the latter commenced laying on the soap, and he was still employed at this preliminary operation. The fat man relished it mightily; and, far from complaining of its tediousness, kept whistling away, and humming snatches of old songs, to the no small annoyance of the operator, who found the utmost difficulty in making the brush move smoothly over features so diversified in motion and expression. Notwithstanding all this gaiety, however, the shaver did not like his new acquaintance. There was something odd about him; and, even though there had been nothing remarkable, he could not at once forget the egregious insult offered to his own person only a short time before. Instead,

therefore, of laughing at his strange sallies of broad humour, he felt his heart burning with a wrath which nothing but genuine fear prevented from bursting forth. The whistling and singing of the stranger only produced disgust; his witticisms drew forth nothing but a grin. Every moment his outrageous mirth became more intolerable. His whole aim seemed to be to stultify and ridicule the unfortunate Barber, who continued to apply the brush with a feeling of agony which dyed his pale cheeks to a dingy hue, and lengthened his gaunt physiognomy fully a couple of inches.

It will be asked, why did he not get through with his operation, and rid himself of so troublesome a customer? This, as we have said, proceeded from his dread of applying the razor to the chin of so irritable a personage. But time quiets all things, and his dread at last wore off. His hand became steadier, and he thought he might now venture to finish a business, commenced under such extraordinary auspices. His attempt was in vain. No sooner had he ceased applying the soap, and was in the act of moving off for his razor, when the loud voice of his customer fell like thunder upon his ear.—"Brush away, my old boy—nothing like it." And he continued humming these words for a quarter of an hour longer, during which time the Barber was compelled to soap his chin without the least interval of repose. It was now eleven, as was indicated by the striking of the College clock.

Three quarters of an hour had he scrubbed away at the chin of this strange character, and as yet he saw no more chance of his labour terminating than when he began. The same toilsome never-ending task was still before him, and he was kept working at it as by some supernatural agency. It was in vain for him to get into a passion; the fat man laughed in his face. It was in vain to attempt a cessation of his labour;—the eternal "Brush away," from the mouth of his tormentor, kept him at the work. Still more vain was it for him to refuse; he remembered the punishment inflicted upon himself for such an act, and had, moreover, an eye to the pistol hard by, with which, doubtless, its owner would have enforced compliance.

Never was any human being so completely wretched. He felt as if in the charmed ring of some enchanter, from whose precincts it was impossible to escape. He had no power of his own. His will was useless; every movement of his body was in direct opposition to its dictates. What could he do? If he stopped one moment, that cursed sound of "Brush away," was thundered into his ears. If he moved for his razor, he was brought back by the same invoking spell. If he refused to shave, he ran the risk of being shaved himself. Nay, even though he had the razor in his hand, what security had he that he might not scratch the chin of such a talkative and unsteady being, and thereby get as a reward a pistol bullet through his brain? Such was the deplorable condition of the Barber of Gottingen University.

"Brush away," cried the stentorian voice of the stranger, as he plunged his fingers among his immense mass of black curly hair, and showed, while he laughed, a mouth which might well nigh have swallowed the full moon.

"I can brush no longer," said the barber, dropping his hands with absolute fatigue. "I have brushed for more than an hour to no purpose, and am exhausted beyond endurance."

"Exhausted, say you, my old boy? I shall cure you of that. Here, swallow a little of this glorious stuff—the Elixir Diaboli of Doctor Faustus." So saying, he drew a bottle of red liquid from his pocket, uncorked it in an instant, and, before the barber was aware, forced one half of it down his throat. "Now brush away," continued he, "nothing like it."

Confounded by the suddenness of this action, the operator had no time to reflect. Again did he begin his eternal labour—again was the brush loaded with a supply of suds, and laid on as before. Inspired by what he had swallowed, he felt new vigour to diffuse itself throughout his body. His arms, forgetting their fatigue, worked with refreshed energy, while the fat man continued to bawl out "Brush away," and laughed and grinned alternately in his face.

But although his body was strengthened, let it not be supposed that the least glimmer of satisfaction was communicated to his mind. On the con-

trary, he became every moment more overwhelmed with amazement and wretchedness. Body and mind seemed to have dissolved their natural connexion. The former was a mere puppet over which the latter had no control. The unhappy man felt his misery. He knew the utter absurdity of his conduct—he knew that he was acting the part of an idiot—a madman—a laughing-stock. Yet with all this knowledge he could not check himself in his nonsensical career; but, as if by some infernal influence, he continued to lather the face of his obstreperous customer, notwithstanding all that inclination and common sense could say to the contrary.

We have said that the College clock struck eleven. Another half hour passed by, and midnight was approaching. The apartment in which this strange scene was carried on began to get obscure, from the untrimmed lamp, and fading glow of the fire. A dim twilight from these sources lit it up, aided by the rays of the young moon peering through a small window, which opened into the College court. Every moment the place was becoming darker; and at last the barber's blocks, capped in their corresponding wigs, and ranged at intervals along the wall, were so obscure that they might have been mistaken for the heads of so many human beings stuck upon poles: nothing but their dark outlines were discernible. On the expiring embers of the fire stood the kettle, still singing audibly, and pouring forth streams of vapour from its spout.

This scene of gloom was no impediment to the operations of the barber. He still continued his incessant toil, and the strange man as unceasingly his vociferations. "Brush away, my old boy," came perpetually from his lips, and was succeeded invariably by a long-drawn despairing sigh from the bosom of the shaver. The darkness at length became so great, that the latter could with difficulty perceive his own brush and soap-box. The lamp flickered some score of times like a dying meteor, and then went out; while nothing remained of the fire but a few red embers which communicated a local glow of warmth, but scarcely emitted the slightest ray of light. The room was illuminated solely by the faint beams of the moon,

and was so dark that nothing but the outlines of the largest objects, such as the chairs and tables, were visible. The blocks, long ere this time, had hid themselves in darkness.

As the gloom became deeper, the barber's terror increased. His hand could scarcely hold the brush, with which he worked at random like a blind man—sometimes hitting, and sometimes missing the physiognomy of the stranger. But though the darkness thickened around, though the College clock had struck the twelfth hour, the latter showed no signs of exhaustion. His eternal cry continued the same. "Brush away, brush away, brush away,"—that incessant sound rung like a knell of misery in the ears of the wretched shaver. He even thought that he heard the accursed notes taken up by every object around: his blocks—his kettle, seemed instinct with sound. They all re-echoed it; the former with low and sepulchral notes from their wooden sconces: the latter with a hissing sound like that of a serpent endowed with speech.

Another half hour now passed by, and at length the horrid and unearthly tones of the fat man became less loud. He seemed to drop asleep, and his "Brush away" was repeated at longer intervals, and in a deep hollow voice. It never ceased, however, but was uttered with much less rapidity than at first. He began to snore; and between each, a long deeply-drawn "Br—u—sh a—way" was heard to proceed from his bosom, as from the bottom of a tomb: the blocks and the kettle also remurmured the tones with kindred slowness. In all this there was something inexpressibly frightful; and a cloud passing before the moon, and thereby leaving the chamber in profound darkness, the barber found himself overwhelmed with unutterable dread.

There was not a soul present but himself and his fearful companion. His house opened into the college churchyard, which was a dismal place, surrounded by high walls, and regularly locked in each evening. Every circumstance, therefore, contributed to render his situation more appalling. There was no one at hand to relieve him in his distress: no one to hear him should he invoke their aid. There was even no way of escape should he be so fortunate as to get out: the lofty

wall of the cemetery rendered that a hopeless undertaking.

Meanwhile, he continued to ply at his endless task. The least pause brought on increased exclamations from the stranger. While he lathered him with rapidity, he was comparatively silent; but on any occasional pause from fatigue, the cries became redoubled in loudness and rapidity. Times without number was he obliged to shift the brush from one hand to the other from actual exhaustion. It was in vain: there seemed to be no termination to his efforts. If he relaxed a moment he was sure to be recalled by the incessant "Brush away" of the mysterious man.

Such intolerable misery could not endure. Human nature, in the person of the barber, was taxed to its utmost efforts, and refused to do more. The anguish he sustained gave him courage, and, stepping aside all at once, he made to the door, intending to effect his escape. Alas! scarcely had he advanced a yard towards the threshold, than a "Brush away," louder than any he had yet heard, fell upon him like a thunderbolt, and froze the very spirit within him. He returned to his task, and commenced brushing the beard of the fat man as before. The cries of this personage now become more loud than they had been for the last half hour. His slumbers seemed to be broken, and he resumed with unabated vigour his old system of singing and whistling, and laughing fearfully.

"Brush away," continued he with his intolerable laugh. "A'n't fatigued I hope, my old boy? Will you have another taste of my elixir, eh?"

"We are more in need of lights than of elixirs," ejaculated the barber, with an effort which it cost him all his skill to accomplish.

"Brush away, then, and we shall not want lights. There's a brace of them for you. Did you ever see anything finer, old boy?"

The barber started back a fathom with amazement; and well he might, for in the midst of the darkness he beheld two horrid luminous eyes glaring upon him. They were those of the fat man, and seemed lighted up with that hideous spectral glow which is to be seen floating in cemeteries and other places of corruption. The unnatural glare made his whole head vi-

sible. His face, so far as the soap permitted its tint to be seen, was flushed to the colour of deep crimson. His dark hair appeared converted into sable snakes; and when he laughed, the whole inside of his mouth and throat resembled red-hot iron, and looked like the entrance to a furnace within his entrails. Nor was the breath which emanated from this source endurable: it was hot, suffocating, and sulphureous, as if concocted in the bottom of hell. Such a hideous spectacle was more than the barber could endure. It gave speed to his feet; and, dashing down his brush and soap-box, he rushed out at the door, exclaiming in an agony of desperation, "O lord! O lord! I have shaved the devil!"

Away he ran through the churchyard, into which, as we have said, his door opened. Nothing was capable of impeding his progress. He leaped over hillocks, tombstones, ditches, and everything that stood in his way. Never was terror so thoroughly implanted in the heart of a human being. He had not been half a minute out, however, when his ears were saluted with one of the stranger's horrible laughs, and with his still more horrible "Brush away." In another moment he heard footsteps coming after him, which made him accelerate his speed. It was to no purpose: the steps behind gained upon him, and on looking back, he beheld, to his horror, the fat man—his face covered with soap-suds—the towel tucked under chin, his hat off, and the horseman's pistol in his hand. He laughed, and roared out "Brush away," as he pursued the wretched shaver with a speed miraculous for a man of his unwieldy size. The moon, which shone brightly at this time, rendered every object tolerably distinct.

Pushed to desperation, the barber turned his footsteps to the tower of the steeple, the door of which stood wide open. He entered, and attempted to close it behind him. It was too late; the other was close at his heels and forced himself in. There was no time to be lost. Our fugitive mounted the stair of the tower, and ascended with the rapidity of lightning. There was a door nine stories up which opened on an outside terrace upon the top. Could he only gain this all would be well, as he could lock the door outwardly and exclude his pursuer from

coming farther. His exertions to achieve this were tremendous, but without much success, for, about a yard behind him, he heard the steps and unnatural laugh, and "Brush away," of the stranger. He even saw the light of his phosphorescent eyes glaring upon the dark stair of the tower, as he came behind him. Every effort was in vain. The barber mounted the topmost step and pushed through the door: the fat man did the same.

They were now on the terrace—above them rose the church spire to a hundred and thirty feet; below them yawned a gulph of as many more. The first salutation of the stranger to his companion was a hideous laugh, followed by "Brush away! nothing like shaving!" The barber, meanwhile, stood as far removed from him as he could—the monument of pale despair. His teeth chattered, his knees knocked together, and he knelt down with the agony of terror.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed his tormentor; "what dost thou think now, old boy? Brush away; come, give me a scrubbing till six in the morning—only five hours more—nothing like a little wholesome exercise." He concluded with one of his intolerable laughs.

"Brush away," continued he, holding his sides and laughing at the mortal fear of the barber. "Out with thy lather-box and thy brush, man; where are they, old beard-scraper?"

"I have thrown them away," muttered the terrified shaver.

"Thrown them away! Dunder and blixum, then I have a good mind to throw thee away also! A toss from the tower would be a mighty pretty thing to look at in such a fine moonlight morning."

So saying, he took hold of the barber by the nose as he knelt for mercy, lifted him up with perfect ease, and held him at arm's length over the terrace. The poor man's alarm at being poised by the beak over such a tremendous gulph may be better conceived than described. He kicked, and threw out his long arms to and fro, like a spider on the rack. He roared aloud for mercy as well as his pined nose would admit of—promised to shave his honour to the last moment of his life—mentioned the destitute condition in which his wife and family would be left by his death, and made use of every tender argument to soften

the heart. It was in vain—the fat man was not to be moved, for, in the midst of one of the most eloquent appeals, he opened his thumb and forefinger by which the barber was held. The nose slipped down from between them, and its owner—body and soul, tumbled headlong through the abyss of space, a descent of one hundred and thirty feet. Down, down, down he went, whirling round about like a shuttlecock, sometimes his feet being upwards, sometimes his head. During these multiplied circumgyrations, he had occasional glimpses of his adversary above him. There he beheld him leaning over the terrace, with his soapy face and the towel before him, holding his sides and laughing with inconceivable vigour—while every now and then he could hear the hated “Brush away,” coming from his lips. But the most dreadful of all the scenes which greeted him, was the glare of his ghastly eyes, which shot down spectral glances, and seemed like sepulchral

lights to illumine him on his descent. Dreadful were the feelings of the barber as he approached the ground. His frame shuddered convulsively—his breath came fast—he felt almost suffocated, and drew himself into the smallest possible dimensions, like a snail within its shell.

The fatal moment came at last when he was to be dashed in pieces, but, contrary to the laws of gravitation, the nearer he approached the earth the more slow his descent became. At last it was so gentle, that he seemed to be sustained in air. Some good angel had caught him in his fall, and instead of being shivered to atoms, he was borne, as on the wings of light and music, to the ground. On turning round he felt some gentle one reposing beside him. It was his wife. Worthy couple! they were snug in bed together; and the barber found, to his inexpressible satisfaction, that he had been dreaming.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCH-YARDS.

CHAPTER IX.

I HAVE NO very poetical fancies about my last earthly resting-place—at least no COCKNEY poetical fancies. It would afford me no particular satisfaction to know that my ashes shall repose in the centre of a sweet little pet island, (as the young ladies say,) like a green velvet pincushion in the middle of a beautiful pond, inhabited by Muscovy ducks, and frilled round with lilacs and laburnums—That an urn of the purest alabaster and most classical form, appropriately inscribed with a few words, condensing volumes of simple pathos, shall mark the consecrated spot, overhung by the vegetable weepers of the pale pensile willow.—“All this to know,” would afford me very little satisfaction. Yet I am by no means without my prepossessions on this matter—equally absurd ones, perhaps, if subjected to the severe test of reason, and too much divested of sentimental elegance, to interest the feelings of refined taste.

I would fain lie down to rest under the same sod which has received the deposit of my kindred earth. It is in vain that I argue with myself. What matters where the poor frame shall return to corruption, from which its

immortal inhabitant is departed?—What matters it how far we sleep asunder from those beloved in life—when it is but for the *night of slumber*—when, at the dawn of the eternal day, the same clarion shall awaken all at the same moment, and assemble us together from the remotest ends of the earth, and from the unfathomed depths of the great sea? It is all in vain that I thus argue with myself, and in my wiser moments strive to think thus. Nature’s resistless pleading—her tender infirmity, triumphs over the cold suggestions of reason; and my heart cherishes the fond anticipation that I may be gathered in death to the sepulchre of my people.

Moreover, I would fain make my bed with the lowly in death—I would fain be laid decently at rest—not within the walls of my parish church—polluting the holy temple with corruption—but in its outer court, the common burial-ground, in the midst of those of all stations, whose faces have been familiar to me, whether as those of friends, neighbours, or acquaintances, or as hearers of the same word, guests at the same altar with me, partakers of the same cup, pro-

fessors of the same faith, sharers in the same hopes, believers in the same resurrection. Amongst these would I lie down undistinguished, with no other monument than a plain head-stone—no other covering than the green turf. Let no cold heavy tomb be laid upon its soft light texture.—Methinks I would not have even my grave excluded from the bright sunbeams and the blessed air, whose sweet influences are to me the elixir of life.

Such are the most romantic fancies I have ever indulged with regard to my allotted place of sepulchre. But I will confess one other weak prejudice relating to it.—I have a horror, an inexpressible horror, of being committed to the earth of a London cemetery.—Those dungeons of death—those black, dismal, wall-imprisoned fields of corruption, more abhorrent to my feelings than the Neapolitan pits of promiscuous sepulchre, or those appalling receptacles of mortality, where the dead of the Parsees are left exposed to blacken in the sun, or to gorge the carrion birds, who gather unmolested to their accustomed banquet. A London burying-ground is more horrible than these. There the stillness of death is indeed appalling, contrasted with the surrounding ceaseless roar of the living multitude—the stir of the vast city, pouring through all its avenues the tide of restless population. Those gloomy wall-surrounded fields of death are not, however, the most gloomy burial-grounds contained in the metropolis. I have passed some old black-looking parish churches—in the city, I think—half buried in their adjoining small crowded cemeteries—so crowded, it is frightful to think of it—elevated high above the dark narrow street—generation on generation—tier on tier—coffin on coffin piled, heaped up one above the other with unseemly haste—a mound of decomposed mortality, at thought of which, of the more recent deposits in particular, imagination recoils, and the heart sickens—And then those dingy tombstones, with the black, filmy, sooty pall clinging about them. Those dismal vaporous hangings! That rank black grass! Those long yellow sickly nettles! and those pale livid fungi, looking like pestilent excrescences, the horrid fruitfulness of that tainted mould! I have hurried past those dismal receptacles with averted eyes, and restrained re-

spiration as from the vicinity of a pest-house—and yet once—once indeed, I lingered long and voluntarily within the precincts of St ——. But I will not name the church. My visit was to one of its surrounding graves, to which I had been attracted by some affecting circumstances which had been related to me of its poor tenant. England had afforded her that last gloomy resting-place, but she was not a native of its soil; and the inscription on the modest head-stone placed over her remains, told that “Blanche D’Albi, born in 1801, in the canton of Zurich, Switzerland, departed this life in Lombard-street, London, in the year 1820.” Oh, simple record! more eloquent, more touching, than all that poetry and sentiment could have woven into the most diffuse epitaph.

So far from her country, her kindred, and her home—taken away so early, in the very bud of life; there amongst the dust of strangers, under those black walls, beneath that rank soil, those baleful weeds, lay the daughter of that lovely mountain land, to which, doubtless, in the happy, sanguine confidence of youth, she had so often anticipated the rapturous hour of her return. All this, and more than this, was suggested to the heart by that brief inscription. But it did not tell all. It did not tell that the young creature who slept below had been singularly beautiful, of the happiest and gentlest nature—engaging to a very unusual degree, the darling of fond parents; the happiest maiden of her happy land, the blithest bird of her native mountains, till——But why not relate at once the few simple notices which have fallen in my way, connected with the brief existence of the young stranger? They will form at best but an imperfect and very uneventful story, but such a one as found its way to my heart, and may interest those whose tastes and feelings are yet unperturbed by the feverish excitement and exaggerated tone of modern fiction.

Blanche D’Albi, at the time of her decease, had been for more than a twelvemonth resident in the family of Mr L——, one of the wealthiest merchants in the city of London. She had been engaged as French governess to his four little daughters, who were also provided with an English teacher, and attended by half the masters in the

metropolis. The young Swissess had been received on the most unexceptionable recommendation, as to character, connexions, and elegant acquirements, but nothing more of her private history was communicated, than that she was the only daughter of a respectable Protestant minister. That the sudden death of both her parents occurring within a few months of each other, had left her at the age of eighteen a destitute orphan, deprived of the protection of an only brother, who, previous to the death of their parents, had taken service in the Swiss corps of De Meuron, and had accompanied that regiment to India. So situated, Blanche D'Albi had recourse for her future maintenance to the expedient so often resorted to, even under happier circumstances, by numbers of her young countrywomen.

In company with several young persons from her own canton, embarked on the same enterprize, and provided with such recommendations as could be obtained to mercantile houses in London, or to such of their own countrymen as were already established there, Blanche bade adieu to her "own romantic land," and very shortly after her arrival in England, it was her good fortune to be engaged in the family of Mr L——, where her situation might with truth have been called almost enviable, compared with the general lot of young persons in the same circumstances. She shared the school-room, and the task of educating four engaging spoiled children, with an elderly English governess, to whose domineering, but not harsh temper, she willingly yielded supremacy, and was therefore treated by Miss Crawford with somewhat of the indulgent consideration she would have bestowed on an elder pupil. The little girls soon attached themselves fondly to their young indulgent governess, and their affection soon obtained for her all the goodwill and unbending kindness it was in the nature of Mrs L—— to confer on any human being in a dependent situation. Mr L——, a man of cold and formal manners, fully impressed with the sense of his own wealth and consequence, but one whose better feelings were not all sacrificed at the shrine of Mammon, treated her with invariable and almost attentive politeness, during the stated intervals when, in attendance on her young charges, she

was admitted to his society. It is true, he exchanged but few words with her, and those appeared constrained, as if by the latent fear of compromising his dignified importance; but there was a gentleness in the tone of his voice when he addressed himself to the timid orphan, and a benevolence in his eyes, which carried with them to the young bereaved heart of Blanche D'Albi, a far kindlier signification than was implied by the mere words of his unvaried formal salutation, "I hope you are well to-day, Ma'amselle?"

Blanche had not only every comfort, but many luxuries at her command, especially that which she prized beyond all others, the disposal of her own time for some hours in the evening of each day. Taking all circumstances into consideration, therefore, the young emigrant might be pronounced singularly fortunate, in having so soon found shelter in so secure a haven. And she felt that Providence had been very gracious to her, and her heart was grateful and contented—But was she happy? Who ever asked that question? Who ever doubted that she was so in a situation so favoured with peculiar advantages? The home she lost, the friends she had left, the brother so widely separated from her, the recollection of her own dear village, and of her young happy years—No one ever inquired into—or interested themselves about all these things. No voice inviting confidence ever interrupted those deep and silent spells of inward vision, when all the past was busy in her heart, and one frank kind question, one affectionate word, would have unlocked—as from the source of a fountain—all the ingenuous feelings, all the tender recollections, all the anxious thoughts and innocent hopes, that were crowded together in that pure sanctuary, cherished and brooded over in secret and in silence, till the playful vivacity of her nature (its characteristic charm in happier days) was subdued into a tone of almost reserved seriousness. At times, during the play hours of the children, when they had coaxed her to mingle in their innocent sports; at such times the playful beauty of her nature would break out into a gleam of its former brightness; and then her laugh was so joyous, her countenance so sparkling, her voice so mirthfully in unison with their childish glee, that a stran-

ger would have taken her for the eldest sister, and the happiest of those four happy children.

Those also were among her happiest moments when, encircled by her young attentive auditory, she spoke to them—for to *them* she could speak of it—of her own native land, of its high mountains, whose tops were white with snow in the hottest summer days; of the seas of ice, with their hard frozen ridges; of its beautiful clear lakes, on one of which she and her little brother had been used to row their fairy bark—Of the Chalots, when in their mountain rambles, they had been feasted on rural dainties by the hospitable peasants—Of the bounding chamois, and of their daring hunters, amongst whom her brother Theodore, and a young friend of his, whom she called Horace, had been foremost in bold enterprise; and then she told, how once returning from a long and venturous chase, the friends had brought her home a little wounded chamois—and the children never tired of hearing how she had nursed and reared, and at last, with success almost unexampled, brought to perfect tameness, the wild creature of the mountain; and how Horace Vaudreuil (they had learnt to speak his name and that of Theodore familiarly) had encircled its slender elegant neck with a small silver collar, on which was engraven, “*J’appartiens à Blanche.*”

Once the little inquisitive creatures had innocently questioned her about her parents,—asking if she had loved them as dearly as they did their papa and mamma; but then, the only answer they obtained was, that the mirthful voice of their cheerful playfellow died away into a tremulous inarticulate sound, and that suddenly hiding her face on the fair bosom of the youngest child, who was seated on her lap, she gave way (for the first time before them) to an agony of tears and sobs, that wrung their young hearts with distressful sympathy, and soon melted them all to tears as they clung round her, with their sweet, loving, broken consolations. There is something more soothing in the caressing tenderness of childish sympathy, than in all the consolatory efforts of mature reason. In the first agony of a bereaved heart, or rather when the first benumbing shock is passing away, who would not shrink from rational comforters—from

persuasive kindness—from the very voice of Friendship itself, to weep unrestrainedly in the clasping arms of an infant—on its pure innocent bosom? It is as if a commissioned angel spoke peace from Heaven, pouring the balm of heavenly comfort on a wound too recent to bear a touch less gentle, less divine.

From that hour the little girls spoke only of Theodore and Horace, when, collected round Blanche, they pleaded for one of her “pretty stories about Switzerland.” From the secret indulgence of tender recollections, and dreamy hopes, Blanche insensibly fell into those habits of abstraction too common to persons of imaginative minds, and deep and repressed sensibility, and not unfrequently she drew upon herself the sharp observation of Miss Crawford, or the cold surprise of Mrs L——, by starting in bashful confusion, at the repetition of some question or remark, which had failed in rousing her attention when first addressed to her. It was an evil habit, and Blanche was conscious of its being so,—and she listened with penitent humility to Miss Crawford’s school lectures on the “affectation, and ill-breeding of young persons who gave way to absence of mind,” and to Mrs L——’s wonder at “what Mademoiselle could be thinking of?”—What could she be thinking of?—Oh Heavens!—In that dull square—pacing those formal walks, under those dusty trees—in that more dull, more formal drawing-room, when the prattling tongues of her little charges were no longer at liberty—when she felt herself indeed a stranger and an alien—what could she think of, but of the days that were past, and of those that might be in store for her, if ever . . . And then there swam before her eyes visions of a white low dwelling all embowered in honeysuckle—of a little green wicket in a sweet-briar hedge—and of one who leant over it, idling away the precious moments, long after he had presented the garland or the nosegay, arranged for her hair or her bosom,—and then the scene changed to a grass plat and a group of linden trees, and her own dear parents sat under their shade, with other elders of the village, whose children were mingling with her in the merry dance on that fine green sward, to the sweet tones of Theodore’s flute,—and then

there were parting tears, and inarticulate words—and the agony of young hearts at a first separation—and a little boat lessening across the lake—and waving hands—and the last glimpse, on the opposite shore, of glittering uniforms and waving plumes,—and then there was darkness, and fear, and trouble—and the shadow of death fell on the dear white cottage, and a sullen bell tolled,—and, yet again—and one funeral, and then another wound away from its low entrance, across the grass plat beneath the linden trees, towards the church, where the new minister But the fond dreamer shut her eyes to exclude that torturing sight—and then—and then the harsh voice of some cold observer—(all voices sound harshly to senses so absorbed) recalled her to reality, and to painfully confused consciousness, of the surprise and displeasure her inattention had excited. Poor Blanche! thou hadst been the beloved of many hearts! the darling of some! the object of almost exclusive affection!—How difficult to be contented with less!—How cold, by comparison, the after interest we may awaken in other hearts! even in gentle and tender hearts, whose first affections are yet given to dearer claimants. How hard to endure the measured kindness of mere well-wishers,—the constrained courtesy of well-bred indifference—the unintentional slight of the regardless many!—the cutting contumely of the malicious few! How withering, contrasted with former looks of love, and its endearing tones, the severe glance of a censorious eye! the harsh inflexion of a reproving voice! How bitter to remember all one *has been* to some dear departed being—and to feel that one *is nothing*—comparatively *nothing*, to any living creature in this wide, wide world!—Some of these sad experiences had fallen not unfrequently to the lot of the fair orphan—had fallen like ice-bolts on the youthful enthusiasm of her confiding nature; but though checked by that untimely frost, the sensitive blossom had but shrunk inward, nourished in secret by the warm well-spring of Hope, which lay hidden in the deep recesses of her heart.

Twice since her residence in the family of Mr L.—, the monotonous existence of Blanche had been diversified by occurrences of unspeakable im-

portance to her. Twice had she received letters from India—Voluminous letters, penned by more than one hand, though contained in the same envelope directed by her brother. She wept abundantly over the first of these packets—over her brother's letter—his reply to that in which she had communicated to him their mutual loss, and her own plans to seek an honourable subsistence as governess in some English family. It is easy to conceive the deeply affecting purport of that fraternal answer. Even from that fearful distance, the hearts of the orphans met and mingled. The tears of Theodore had blotted the lines, on which those of Blanche fell as she read, like summer rain-drops—as free, as fast, and as kindly, lightening her heart of the long-pent-up load of unparticipated grief. But Theodore's letter contained one written in a different hand-writing, and though the tears of Blanche still fell as she perused those characters, they were the last drops of the shower, through which a sunbeam was already breaking. Upon the contents of that packet she might have been said to live for many weeks—for day after day her eyes fed upon them, till one of her little innocent observers asked, in a tone of artless sympathy, if she were not tired of trying to learn all that close long writing by heart, which had vexed her so much too, at the first reading?

The second letters were as eagerly and anxiously opened as the former had been. But these were read with glistening eyes only, while the rekindled light of gladness beamed on the ingenuous countenance of Blanche; and sometimes, in the midst of some twentieth re-perusal, as if her heart sought sympathy in the exuberance of its happiness, she would catch up in her arms, and half smother with playful kisses, one of the wondering children—as ready, however, at least to share the joy of their young instructress, as to participate in her sorrows. With those last letters came an ivory work-box, an elegant oriental toy, lined with sandal wood, and fitted up with many compartments, each containing some ingenious nickname—some small tool of fairy workmanship fashioned for a lady's hand, or some exquisite essence in its *flacon* of gilded glass. The delight it was to the inquisitive children to pry over

and over again, into every drawer and compartment in this beautiful box ! And Blanche was too sweet-tempered to refuse the often-asked indulgence, only she watched with jealous care, lest their little busy fingers should unwittingly injure any part of the delicate workmanship ; and if Miss Crawford was present, she resisted with evident annoyance their importunities to be allowed to take out of a cunning secret drawer (which had not long remained secret for them), two beautiful little pictures—"so beautiful!" they said, and "one so like Ma'amselle!"—That one was her brother's miniature ; and when they asked her if she did not love him dearly for sending her such a fine present, she smiled and blushed, and simply answered, that she did indeed dearly love him. The little girls were not long in discovering, moreover, that the return of this dear brother had been announced in his last letter. The regiment was recalled to Europe, and he wrote on the eve of embarkation.

No wonder that, on the evening of that day which had brought her such blissful tidings, the fair face of Blanche was radiant with such a glow of happiness, as to attract even the passing notice of Mrs L——, and the more benevolent observation of her husband, as their young inmate with her pupils modestly approached the awful verge of her drawing-room circle. The exuberant gladness of her heart was longing to communicate and diffuse itself ; and the look and tone of almost affectionate filial confidence with which she replied to Mr L——'s accustomed salutation, was so irresistibly winning, that it drew from him another, and another sentence, till at last he found himself chatting with her, almost with the affectionate familiarity of a father, and had actually gone the length of calling her "My dear!" without being conscious how insidiously the natural kindness of his nature had encroached on that dignified condescension to which he conceived it proper to confine all manifestations of good will towards his daughters' governess.

Mademoiselle d'Albi's continuance in the evening circle, or rather in its *out-works*, was usually restricted to the space of half an hour, while the tea and coffee were carried round, and till the bed-time of her pupils, when, with a silent curtsey, she left the

drawing-room with them, and having accompanied them to their apartments, joyfully retired to the unmolested quite of her own. But it sometimes happened, that, Mrs L——'s party being enlivened by the accession of several young persons, music and quadrilles became the order of the evening. At such times the talents of Blanche were put in requisition, and she was detained to play for the benefit of the dancers, whose enjoyment was enhanced in no trifling degree by the spirit and correctness of the musician, and by the variety of beautiful airs in which she was a proficient. Poor Blanche ! how often, in the days that were gone, had she tripped it to those very measures—the admired of all eyes, and the beloved of all hearts, amongst the lovely and beloved, the happy band of her young companions ! It was wonderful (with all those recollections in her heart), how she could sit before that instrument, looking so patient and contented, playing on hour after hour with such unerring touch, and unflagging spirit ! Yes—there she sat, regardless and disregarded of every creature in the gay assemblage, unless it were that every now and then some gentleman of the party stole a farther glance of admiration at the lovely foreigner, inwardly desirous, may-be, that he could exchange his sprawling, bounding partner, with all her newly-imported Parisian graces and frippery clumsily tacked upon English awkwardness, for that young sylph-like creature so elegant in her unadorned simplicity ; for Blanche, still in mourning for her parents, wore a plain black robe ; and a profusion of soft, fair, silky ringlets, and one thick glossy braid encircling and confining them like a diadem, were the only decorations of a head remarkable for its classical beauty, and the peculiar gracefulness of carriage which was its characteristic expression.

Sometimes also, a pair of Misses would saunter towards her during the intervals of the dance, and draw out a few words of inquiry about some fashionable air, while their eyes were busily engaged in taking notes of the becoming manner in which her hair was arranged, and of the foreign tournure of her sable dress.

It so happened, that on the very evening when the heart of Blanche was overflowing with its secret hoard of gladness,—Oh ! how long had that

poor heart been a stranger to such blissful feelings!—Mrs L——’s circle was a large and gay one, and a proposal to form quadrilles being suddenly made, and as promptly acceded to, Mademoiselle was detained to take her patient sitting at the piano-forte. She had always acceded with willing sweetness to similar requisitions, but this evening she sat down to the instrument with even joyous readiness, and the exuberance of her happiness found expression in such sprightly measures, that her flying fingers soon outstript the common time of the dancers, and many breathless calls for moderation were sent towards her from the scampering and despairing performers.—Then would she laugh and blush, and shake her head in playful self-reproach at her own lawless performance, and for a while—a very little while—the restless fingers were restrained to slower movements—once or twice she looked towards the dancers, as if with a vehement longing to spring up and mingle in their gay evolutions; but those glances were momentary, and her eyes dropt again upon the ivory keys; but such a smiling and half-exulting playfulness lurked about her mouth, as if she were anticipating some hour of future gladness, when she should join hands once more in the merry dance with the companions of her youth, on the earth—the lovely green-sward, of her own dear country. Whatever were the fond reveries of poor Blanche, it is certain that her musical task was so unequally performed that evening, as to cause much discomfiture among the dancers, at length despairingly manifested in their relaxing exertions, and in the tedious, lounging pauses between the sets.

During one of these, a small knot of gentlemen stood conversing with Mrs L——, close to the piano-forte, on which, mingled with music-books and manuscripts, lay several pamphlets and newspapers. One of the gentlemen carelessly glancing his eye over the miscellaneous heap, caught up a paper with suddenly excited interest, exclaiming, “Ah! here is already a public account of the melancholy occurrence, of which my letters from Madras make mention.” Then rapidly he read aloud the paragraph which stated that, “The Regiment de Meuron being under orders for Europe, had been safely embarked on board the

transports provided for its reception, all but the last boat, consisting of the Lieut.-Colonel, his lady, and their family, and two young officers of the regiment, when by some mismanagement the boat was suddenly upset in that tremendous surf, and notwithstanding the exertions of the natives on their attending catamanans, every soul perished, except the wife and youngest daughter of the Colonel, and one of the young officers, Lieut. D’Albi.” Then followed the names of those who had found a watery grave, and the gentleman ran them quickly over, till just as he had pronounced that of “Horace Vaudreuil,” a sudden crash of the piano keys caused a general start, and all eyes turning simultaneously towards the young musician, who had been awaiting the pleasure of the dancers in silence, patient and unnoticed, it was perceived that she had fallen forward on the instrument, her face and arms resting on the keys, and almost hidden by the redundancy of fair soft ringlets, which had burst in rich disorder from the confining braid.

She was raised up, and conveyed to a sofa in a state of death-like insensibility, from which, after long application of various stimulants, she revived only to relapse into successive faintings. The family apothecary being summoned, by his direction she was conveyed to her chamber and to her bed, and his prognostics were unhappily verified towards morning, when she awoke from a sort of trance in which she had lain some hours, in a high paroxysm of delirious fever. Great was the consternation occasioned in the family of Mr L——, by this sudden seizure of the young creature, whose personal importance in the establishment, except in relation to the labours of the school-room and the piano, had hitherto been very subordinate to that of Mrs L——’s Maccaws and Persian Cat.

A peculiar horror of all contagious and infectious disorders, was amongst the many peculiar horrors to which the sensitive lady of poor Mr L—— was peculiarly liable. It was in vain that the worthy man himself, having ascertained the decided opinion of the apothecary, again and again assured her, that “Mademoiselle’s disorder was a brain fever, which, however likely to terminate fatally, was not of a nature to be communicated even to the

attendants of the sick chamber." These assurances, backed by all the apothecary's assertions, were insufficient to allay the lady's horrors. "If not now infectious, the disorder might become so;" and then she was convinced "all fevers were catching;" and "If Mr L—— was so indifferent to her safety, she could not think of her children and emulate his heroic composure. Not for worlds should they continue in that house two hours longer—and she felt it her duty as a mother, to be careful, for their sakes, of her own life, and to accompany them from that dangerous spot. It was madness in Mr L—— to stay there. If he would be persuaded—" But Mr L—— was not to be persuaded; so after conscientiously fulfilling her duty as a wife, by pathetically warning him of the probable consequences of his obstinacy, she bade him farewell with admirable firmness; and after a last parting injunction from the carriage window, to fumigate all letters he might address to her from that house, she was driven from the door, and safely and luxuriously lodged before evening at her husband's Richmond Villa, with her children and Miss Crawford. Great indeed—unspeakably great, "she assured all her friends, was her anxiety on Mr L——'s account, and they might conceive how agonizing it was to her feelings to leave him in so perilous a situation. Had she followed the dictates of her heart—But those sweet darlings! Could she risk the lives on both their parents!" And then tears of sensibility trickled from her eyes, at the idea of their orphan state, had she fondly yielded to the temptation of sharing her husband's danger, and fallen a victim to the indulgence of her tender weakness.

Mr L—— was truly and humanely concerned for the distressing situation of poor Blanche. So young! so fair! so friendless! so utterly dependant now, in her unconscious state, on the mercy and charity of strangers—on the world's cold charity—But there are warm hearts amidst the frozen mass—and all the kindly feelings of Mr L—— were now called into action by the affecting circumstances of that helpless being so cast on his benevolence. He was a fond and anxious father, and as the natural thought suggested itself, that in the vicissitudes of human life, a fate as forlorn as that of the young foreigner might one day be the portion of his own darlings, Mr

L—— inwardly pledged himself to act a parental part by Blanche D'Albi, in this hour of her utmost need, and the vow was not less religiously observed, because unuttered to mortal ear, and registered in the depths of his own heart. By his order a careful nurse was provided, and a skilful physician called in, when, at the close of the second day from her seizure, Mademoiselle d'Albi was pronounced by the apothecary to be in imminent danger. Dr M.'s opinion coincided but too perfectly with that of his medical subaltern, and in spite of their united endeavours to save the interesting young creature intrusted to their care, it soon became evident that the hand of death was on her, and that human art was powerless to unloose that fatal grasp. Previous to her dissolution, she lay for many days in a state of perfect stupor, far less painful to contemplate than the previous delirium, during which she had talked incessantly with the embodied creatures of her fancy, rambling volubly in her native tongue, and now and then breaking out into snatches of wild song or wilder laughter. But at last that fearful mirth died away in fainter and fainter bursts, and broken syllables, and inarticulate sounds succeeded the voluble speech, like dying murmurs of a distant echo, and "then," as the nurse expressed it, "she lay as quiet as a lamb," for many, many days, with eyes half closed, but not in slumber, or at least only in that slumbrous torpor, the gentle harbinger of a more perfect rest.

More than once or twice, or many times, had Mr L—— visited the sick chamber of poor Blanche, while she lay like a waxen image in that death-like trance. More than once, as he stood gazing on that fair, pale face, had large tears stolen down his own cheeks—and once, when there was a momentary glimmering of hope—a momentary amendment of pulse—he had caught the hand of the physician with a sudden energy, strangely contrasting his usual habits of formal reserve—exclaiming, "Save her! Save her, my dear sir! spare no pains, no cost, a consultation perhaps—" and his agitated voice and incoherent words carried conviction to the heart of the good doctor, that if half the wealth of Mr L—— could have purchased the life of Blanche D'Albi, he would not have hesitated to make the sacrifice.

But neither care nor skill, nor aught that wealth could command, or kindness lavish, could prolong the days already numbered, or reverse the decree that had gone forth.

Towards the close of the fourteenth day of Blanche's illness, the respiration of the unconscious sufferer became quick and laborious, and Dr M., whose finger was on her pulse, directed that the curtains of her bed should be drawn aside, and a free current of air admitted through the opened windows. Mr L—— had entered with the physician, and stationing himself at the bed's foot, stood there with folded arms, and eyes fixed in sad and hopeless contemplation on the affecting object before him. Though the eyes of Blanche were more than half veiled by their full, heavy lids, a streak of soft blue was still discernible through the long dark lashes, from whence, however, emanated no spark of intelligence; and far different from the finely blended rose-hues of healthful beauty, was that bright crimson which burnt in either cheek. Her head was raised a little from the pillow, by the supporting arm of the nurse, who, with her hand still at liberty, put aside the deep frill of her cap, and the disordered ringlets which had escaped beneath it, that the sweet fresh air might visit with its comforting coolness those throbbing temples, and that burning brow. It was a beautiful, mild, warm April evening, redolent of life and joy, and Nature's renovation, and the pale, golden light of an April sunset penetrated even through a London atmosphere, and amongst a labyrinth of high walls, and blackened roofs, and clustering chimneys, into the very chamber of Blanche; and even to that confined chamber, and over those gloomy precincts, came the soft breath of Spring, breathing delicious fragrance, as it was wafted through her open window, over a box of mignonette, coaxed into early blossom by the assiduous cherishing of one who had watched over her miniature garden with the impatient interest of eager childhood.

The balmy air stole gently, gradually into the sick chamber, and between the parted curtains of the bed, as though it were a thing of intelligence, and came gladly on its blessed mission to convey to the dying Blanche the last soothing sensation she might

yet taste on earth—the odorous wafting of her favourite flowers. It came not in vain, as the caressing coolness played over her face; and when it had wandered a few moments amongst the parted ringlets, her quick and laborious breathing became less and less distressing, and at length, inhaling one long and deep inspiration, subsided into regular and almost imperceptible respiration, like that of a sleeping infant.

At that moment, there struck up at the farther end of a neighbouring street a strain of wild music, from a band of itinerant musicians—wandering Savoyards. Wild and touching was the strain, as it came mellowed by distance, and mingled with the evening breeze. It was “*Le Rans des Vaches*.” To every son and daughter of Helvetia, a spirit-stirring spell, a magic melody, never yet listened to unmoved by any wanderer from her mountain land—only the insensible ear of death, or of the dying . . . but it seemed as if perception yet lingered in that of Blanche. As the notes of that national air swelled out more and more distinctly, a slight tremor passed over her features, and at last, as if awakening from a deep sleep, her soft blue eyes perfectly unclosed, and glancing upwards towards the female form, on whose bosom her head was pillowed, she murmured in her own native tongue, “*Maman! bonne Maman!*”

As she uttered those few faltering words, her head sunk lower upon the nurse's breast, and half turning her face inward on that kind pillow, like a weary child, the fair eyelids dropt heavily over those soft blue orbs; but long after their lustre was for ever shrouded, and long after the beautiful lips were closed, and the last breath had escaped them in those few touching words, the smile still lingered there, with which those words were spoken, as if impressed by the parting rapture of recognition with the Maternal Spirit, permitted, possibly, to accompany the dark Angel on his awful mission, to overcome his terrors by her looks of heavenly welcome, and receiving from his hands the new Celestial, to be its conductress to those abodes of bliss, towards which, even in their day of mortal probation, the pious Mother had “trained up her child in the way she should go.”

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XXVIII.

XPH Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
 ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

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 FACE 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.SCENE—*Mr TICKLER'S Smaller Dining-Room—Southside.*

THE SHEPHERD—MR NORTH—MR TICKLER.

SHEPHERD.

We've just had a perfec denner, Mr Tickler—neither ae dish ower mony, nor ae dish ower few. Twa coorses is aneuch for ony Christian—and as for frute after fude, it's a doonricht abomination, and coagulates on the 'stamach like sour cruds. I aye like best to devoor frute in the forenoons, in gardens by mysell, daunerin' at my leisure frae bush to bush, and frae tree to tree, puin' awa' at strawberries, or rasps, or grossets, or cherries, or aipples, or peers, or plooms, or aiblins at young green peas, shawps an a', or wee juicy neeps, that melt in the mooth o' their ain accord without chewin', like kisses o' vegetable maitter.

TICKLER.

Do you never catch a Tartar, James, in the shape o' a wasp, that—

SHEPHERD.

Confound thae deevils incarnate, for they're the curse o' a het simmer. O' a' God's creturs, the wasp is the only ane that's eternally out o' temper. There's nae sic thing as pleasin' him. In the gracious sunshine, when a' the bit bonny burdies are singing sae cantily, and stopping for half a minute at a time, noo and than, to set richt wi' their bills a feather that's got rumbled by sport or spray,—when the bees are at wark, murmurin' in their gauzy flight, although no gauze, indeed, be comparable to the filaments o' their woven wings, or clinging silently to the flowers, sook, sookin' out the hinney-dew, till their verra doups dirl wi' delight—when a' the flees that are ephemeral, and weel contented wi' the licht and the heat o' ae single sun, keep dancin' in their burnished beauty, up and down, and to and fro, and backwards and forwards, and sideways, in millions upon millions, and yet ane never joistling anither, but a' harmoniously blended together in amity, like imagination's thochts—why, amid this “general dance and minstrelsy,” in comes a shower o' infuriated wasps, red het, as if let out o' a fiery furnace, pickin' quarrels wi' their ain shadows—then roun and roun the hair o' your head, bizzin against the drum o' your ear, till you think they are in at the ae hole and out at the ither—back again, after makin' a circuit, as if they had repentit o' lettin' you be unharmed, dashing against the face o' you who are wishin' ill to nae leevin' thing, and, although you are engaged out to dinner, stickin' a lang poishoned stang in just below your ee, that, afore you can rin hame frae the garden, swalls up to a fearsome hicht, making you on that side look like a Blackamoor, and on the opposite white as death, sae intolerable is the agony frae the tail of the yellow ump, that, according to his bulk, is stronger far than the Dragon o' the Desert.

TICKLER.

I detest the devils most, James, when I get them into my mouth. Before you can spit them out the evil is done—your tongue the size of that of a rein-deer—or your gullet, once wide as the Gut of Gibraltar, clogged up like a canal in the neighbourhood of a rail-road.

SHEPHERD.

As for speaking in sic a condition, everybody but yoursel' kens it's impossible, and wunner to hear ye tryin't. But you'll no be perswaued, and attempt talking—every motion o' the muscles bein' as bad as a convulsion o' hydrophobia, and the best soun ye can utter waur than ony bark, something atween a grunt, a growl, and a guller, like the skraich of a man lyin' on his back, and dreamin' that he's gaun to be hanged.

TICKLER.

My dear James, I hope you have had that dream? What a luxury!

SHEPHERD.

There's nae medium in my dreams, sir—heaven or hell's the word. But oh! that hanging! It's the warst job o' a', and gars my verry sowl sicken wi' horror for sake o' the puir deevils that's really hanged out and out, *bonâ fide*, wi' a tangible tow, and a hangman that's mair than a mere apparition, a pardoned felon wi' creeshy second-hand corduroy breeks, and coat short at the cuffs, sae that his thick hairy wrists are visible when he's adjustin' the halter, hair red red, yet no sae red as his bleared een, glarin' wi' an unaccountable fairceeness,—for, Lord ha'e mercy upon us, can man o' woman born, think ye, be fairce on a brither, when handlin his wizen as executioner, and hearin', although he was deaf, the knockin' o' his distracted heart that wadna break for a its meesery, but like a watch stoppin' when it gets a fa' on the stanes, in æ minute lies quate, when down wi' a rummle gangs the platform o' the scaffold, and the soul o' the son o' sin and sorrow is instantly in presence of its eternal Judge!

NORTH.

Pleasant subject-matter for conversation after dinner, gentlemen. In my opinion, hangin'—

SHEPHERD.

Haud your tongue about hangin': It's discussed. Gin you've got anything to say about beheadin', let's hear you—for I've dreamt o' that too, but it was a mere flee-bite to the other mode o' execution. Last time I was beheaded, it was for a great National Conspiracy, found out just when the mine was gaun to explode, and blaw up the King on his throne, the constitution as it was ca'd, and the kirk. Do ye want to hear about it?

NORTH.

Proceed, you rebel.

SHEPHERD.

A' the city sent out its population into æ mighty square, and in the midst thereof was a scaffold forty feet high, a' hung wi' black cloth, and open to a' the airts. A block like a great anvil, only made o' wood instead o' ir'n, was in the centre o' the platform, and there stood the Headsman wi' a mask on, for he was frightened I wad see his face, sax feet high and some inches, wi' an axe ower his shoulder, and his twa naked arms o' a fearsome thickness, a' crawlin' wi' sinews, like a yard o' cable to the sheet-anchor o' a Man-o'-War. A hairy fur-cap towered aboon his broos, and there were neither shoes nor stockings on his braid splay feet, juist as if he were gaun to dance on the boards. But he never mudded—only I saw his een rollin' through the vizer, and they were baith bloodshoot. He gied a grusome cough, or something not unlike a laugh, that made ice o' my bluid; and at that verra minute, hands were laid on me, I kent na by whom or whither, and shears began clipping my hair, and fingers like leeches creeped about my neck, and then without ony farther violence, but rather as in the freedom o' my ain wull, my head was lying on the block, and I heard a voice praying, till a drum drowned it, and the groans o' the multitude together—and then a hissin' that, like the sudden east wind, had mued the verra mournins o' the scaffold.

TICKLER.

North, put about the bottle. Will you never be cured of that custom of detaining the crystals?

NORTH.

I am rather squeamish—a little faintish or so.—James, your good health.—Now proceed.

SHEPHERD.

Damn their drums, thoct I, they're needless—for had I intended to make a speech, would I not have delivered it afore I laid down my head on the block? As for the hiss'n', I kent weel aneuch they were na hiss'n' me, but the Man in the mask and the big hairy fur-cap, and the naked feet, wi' the axe in his hands raised up, and then let down again, ance, twice, thrice, measuring the spat on my craig to a nicety, that wi' ae stroke my head might roll over into the bloody saw-dust.

TICKLER.

Mr North, Mr North—my dear sir, are you ill? My God, who could have thoct it!—Hogg, Christopher has fainted!

SHEPHERD.

Let him faint.—The executioner was daunted; for the hiss gaed through his heart; and thae horrid arms o' his, wi' a' their knots o' muscle, waxed weak as the willow-wands. The axe fell out o' his hauns, and being sharp, sharp, its ain wecht drove it quivering into the block, and close to my ear the verra senseless wud gied a groan. I louped up on to my feet—I cried wi' a loud voice, "Countrymen, I stand here for the sacred cause of Liberty all over the world!"

NORTH (*re-opening his eyes.*)

"The cause of Liberty all over the world!" Who gave that toast? Hush—hush—where am I? What is this? Is that you, James? What, music? Bagpipes? No—no—no—a ringing in my poor old ears. I have been ill, I feel, very, very ill. Hark you, Tickler,—hark you—no heeltaps, I suppose—"The cause of Liberty all over the world!"

SHEPHERD.

The shouting was sublime. Then was the time for a speech—Not a drum dared to murmur—With the bandage still ower my ee'n, and the handkerchief in my hand, which I had forgotten to drap, I burst out into such a torrent of indignant eloquence that the Slaves and Tyrants were all tongue-tied, lock-jawed, before me; and I knew that my voice would echo to the furthest regions of the earth, with fear of change perplexing monarchs, and breaking the chains of the shameful bondage by king and priestcraft wound round the Body Politic, that had so long been lying like a heart-stricken lunatic under the eyes of his keepers, but that would now issue forth from the dungeon-gloom into the light of day, and in its sacred phrenzy immolate its grey oppressors on the very altar of superstition.

NORTH.

What the devil is the meaning of all this, James? Are you spouting a gill of one of Brougham's frothy phials of wrath poured out against the Holy Alliance? Beware of the dregs.

SHEPHERD.

I might have escaped—but I was resolved to cement the cause with my martyred blood. I was not a man to disappoint the people. They had come there to see me die—not James Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd—but Hogg the Liberator, and from my blood, I felt assured, would arise millions of armed men, under whose tread would sink the thrones of ancient dynasties, and whose hands would unfurl to all the winds the standard of Freedom, never again to encircle the staff, till its dreadful rustling had quailed the kings, even as the mountain sough sends down upon their knees whole herds of cattle, ere rattles from summit to summit the exulting music of the thunder-storm.

TICKLER.

Isn't he a wonderful creature, North? He beats Brougham all to besoms.

SHEPHERD.

So once more, my head was on the block—the axe came down—and I remember nothing more, except that after bouncing several times about the scaffold, it was taken up by that miserable slave of slaves, who muttered, "Behold, the head of a traitor!" Not a voice said, Amen—and I had my revenge and my triumph!

NORTH.

Strange, so true a Tory should be so revolutionary in his dreams!

TICKLER.

In France, James would have been Robespierre.

SHEPHERD.

Huts, tuts! Dreams gang by the rule o' contraries. Yet I dinna say what I might hae been during the French Revolution—at times and seasons the nature o' the very brute animals is no to be depended on—and how muckle mair changeable is that o' man, wi' his boasted reason looking before and after—his imagination building up, and his passions pu'in' down, ae day a loving angel frae heaven—the next a demon o' destruction let loose frae hell! But wasna ye there yoursel, Mr North? What for no speak? There's naebody here but freens!

TICKLER.

Remember, James, that our beloved Christopher fainted a few minutes ago—

SHEPHERD.

Sae he did—sae he did. But it wasna aneath the innate power o' my words. His ain memory armed them with axes and drenched them in bluid. Mony a man can see bluid rinnin like water and no faint, and yet lang after it has sunk into the earth, or heaven's sunshine dried it up among the flowers o' the field, or heaven's rain washed it out o' the street pavement, the silly fule, fancy-struck, will coup ower on his chair wi' a lang dismal sich, at that short single syllable, that does by the lugs what a glass does by the een, that is, recreawtes the sliddery scaffold and a' its headless trunks!

TICKLER.

Cease your funning, James, and give us a song.

SHEPHERD (*sings.*)

I lookit east—I lookit west,
I saw the darksome coming even;
The wild bird sought its cozy nest,
The kid was to the hamlet driven;
But house nor hame aneath the heaven,
Except the skeugh of greenwood tree,
To seek a shelter in was given,
To my three little bairns and me.

I had a prayer I couldna pray,
I had a vow I couldna breathe,
For aye they led my words astray,
And aye they were connected baith
Wi' ane wha now was cauld in death.

I lookit round wi' watery ee—
Hope wasna there—but I was laith
To see my little babies dee.

Just as the breeze the aspin stirr'd,
And bore aslant the falling dew,
I thought I heard a bonny bird
Singing amid the air sae blue;
It was a lay that did renew
The hope deep sunk in misery;
It was of one my woes that knew,
And ae kind heart that cared for me.

O, sweet as breaks the rising day,
Or sun-beam through the wavy rain,
Fell on my soul the charming lay!
Was it an angel poured the strain?
Whoe'er has kenn'd a mother's pain,
Bent o'er the child upon her knee,
O they will bless, and bless again,
The gencrous heart that cares for me!

A cot was rear'd by Mercy's hand
 Amid the dreary wilderness,
 It rose as if by magic wand,
 A shelter to forlorn distress ;
 And weel I ken that Heaven will bless
 The heart that issued the decree,
 The widow and the fatherless
 Can never pray and slighted be.

NORTH.

Very touching, James, indeed. You are a tragic poet after Aristotle's own heart—for well you know how to purge the soul by pity and terror.

SHEPHERD.

That I do, sir, and by a' sorts o' odd humours too. Snap your thumbs.

Tam Nelson was a queer, queer man,
 He had nae ill nor good about him,
 He oped his een when day began,
 And dozed ower night, ye needna doubt him.

But many a day and many a night,
 I've tried wi' a' the lights o' nature,
 To settle what's come o' the night,
 The soulless, senseless, stupid creature !

Tam lo'd his meltith and his clink
 As weel as any in the nation,
 He took his pipe, he drank his drink,
 But that was nought against salvation.

But were a' the sants and slaves o' sin
 Opposed in rank an' raw thegither,
 Tam ne'er did aught to cross the anc,
 And ne'er did aught to mense the ither.

Tam graned an dee't like ither men ;
 O tell me, tell me you wha know it—
 Will that poor donsy rise again ?
 O sirs, I canna, winna trow it.

Nae doubt, but he wha made us a'
 Can the same form an' feelings gie him,
 Without a lack, without a flaw—
 But what the de'il wad he do wi' him ?

He'd make nae scam in cavern vile,
 Nor place that ony living kens o',
 He's no worth ony devil's while,
 Nor upright thing to take amends o'.

If borne aboon the fields o' day,
 Where rails o' gowd the valleys border,
 He'd aye be standing i' the way,
 And pitting a' things out of order.

At psalm, or hymn, or anthem loud,
 Tam wadna pass, I sairly doubt it,
 He couldna do't—an' if he could
 He wadna care a doit about it.

O thou who o'er the land o' peace
 Lay'st the cold shroud and moveless fetter,
 Let Tam lie still in carcless ease,
 For d—n him, if he'll e'er be better.

TICKLER.

What part, James, do ye think Tam Nelson would have played in the French Revolution?

SHEPHERD.

Ha, ha, ha! What a curious thocht! Yet stop a wee—there is nae telling. On great occasions have not Idiots been inspired? Bonny lassie-bairns, that wud hae shrieked at a taed or a speeder, have they not stood silent and smiling at the stake, fearin' neither the faggot and the fire, nor the foamy flood, whether in meek martyrdom they died amidst the prayers o' a crowded street, or left alane by themselves, puir things, on the sands o' the sea? Sae wha kens what Tam Nelson micht hae done had he flourished during the French Revolution?

NORTH.

I wish to goodness, my dear James, that you would drop the subject once and for all. I have never changed my political principles.

SHEPHERD.

I ken you never did, ye carle; and ye could mak some folk in power the noo hear on the deafest side o' their head, gin you were to ask them where they ware some thretty or fourty year sin syne, in a great city ower the channel—but—

NORTH.

No more politics, my dear James, if you love me.

SHEPHERD.

Weel then, just ae observation mair, and I will indulge ye by speaking a' manner o' havers. In the French Revolution some thousans o' fiends gaed rampaging up and down Paris, lapping blood like butcher's dugs in a great slaughter-house. Didnt they? Cursing God, singing hymns to the Deevil, and mony o' them condemmin to everlasting death their ain darkened souls. Weel then, in the French Revolution, some thousans o' angels kept praising God in cells and dungeons, walked like creturs in an awfu' but happy dream to the scaffold, and lifted up their e'en to heaven—bairns, virgins, wives, widows, young and auld, then alike supplicating pardon and salvation to the souls o' their murderers. Didnt they? Weel then, before the French Revolution brak out, was there ony difference, and if there was, what was't, between the nature o' thae Fiends and thae Angels? They were sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, and a' manner o' relations by blood and marriage—had been edicatted at the same schools—had said their prayers in the same kirks—assisted at the same baptisms, marriages, and funerals—a' things goin' on in peace! Till topsy turvy went the hail structure o' society; and then to be sure the phenomena which is mair than ever my soul will be able to understaun, and that has aften filled it with troubled thochts when the wind has been roaring at midnight among the mountains, and things had been happening through the day that had darkened and distracted our ain Shepherd-life,—an elder o' peculiar sanctity seducing a servant lass, a minister fu' in the pulpit, a bosom freen for whom ye had been caution rinnin aff to America, and leavin you bankrupt, or, mercy on us! a miller murderin a packman, and the body fund in a sack wi' stanes at the bottom o' the dam! For sma' events—that is, sma' in circumstance and locality—direck the soul that is meditating during the nicht-watches to the greatest that swoop ower the earth—because they a' alike hae their rise in the unfathomable wickedness o' our corrupt and fallen nature, and what signifies it to conscience, or to the Being who gied us conscience, whether the outward sign be a city-wail, or but the sabbing o' ae orphan lassie's heart that has been broken by him who now loves her nae mair!

TICKLER.

James, we must put you into the General Assembly to squabash the high-flyers.

SHEPHERD.

Ye sumph, I'm a hee-fleer mysel—one o' the wild men—o' a' things whatsoever, be it in sacred matters or profane, I detest moderation.

TICKLER.

I shall write to my friend Lord Radnor, suggesting that since Mr Southey refuses to be a member, he had better elect the Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

Ye may do so—but mind I make nae promise—gie nae pledge.

NORTH.

Tickler, had James stood for Preston, instead of the Old Ruffian, he and Stanley would have been returned.

SHEPHERD.

Me stand for Preston! Na—na—that would be too disgraceful, even for a dream after tough tripe.

NORTH.

Yes, my dear James, you would make a useful and appropriate representative of a nest of pastoral burghs—such as Peebles and the rest, (but they have the best of possible Members already), as for Proud Preston—

TICKLER.

Proud Preston, indeed, for in that epithet the place rejoiceth, of a surety thy “Pride has had a Fall.” How pleasant, during a fortnight of dog-days, James, would it be to stand a contested election for Billingsgate? How delightful to kiss and canvass so many maids, wives, and widows, all redolent of the sea! How thrilling the squeeze of the scaly hand! How rich the perfume of the fishy sigh! Romantic tales of Mermaids in each embrace would be realized—and what pearl ever shone in oyster-shell so beautiful as the drop in those melting and maudling eyes!

NORTH.

Then, rising in Parliament, either on some great national question, or to support more especially the interests of your constituents, how encouraging to be saluted from all sides “Hear, hear the Member for Billingsgate!”

SHEPHERD.

I wad prefer sitting for the Guse-dubs o’ Glasgow. O, sirs! What a huddle o’ houses, and what a hubbub o’—

NORTH.

Gently, James—gently—Your love of alliteration allures you occasionally across the confines of coarseness, and—

SHEPHERD.

If you interrup me, Mr North, I’ll no scruple to interrup you, in spite o’ a’ my respect for your age and endowments. But was ye ever in the Guse-dubs o’ Glasgow? Safe us a’, what clarty closses, narrowin’ awa’ and darkening down, some stracht, and some serpentine, into green middens o’ baith liquid and solid matter, soomin’ wi’ dead cats and auld shoon, and rags o’ petticoats that had been worn till they fell aff and wad wear nae langer, and then ayont the midden, or say, rather surrounding the great central stagnant flood o’ fulzie, the wundows o’ a coort, for a coort they ca’d, some wi’ panes o’ glass and panes o’ paper time about, some wi’ what had ance been a hat in this hole, and what had been a pair o’ breeks in that hole, and some without lozens athegether; and then siccan fierce faces o’ lads that had enlisted, and were keeping themselves drunk night and day on the bounty money, before ordered to join the regiment in the West Indies, and die o’ the yallow fever! And what fearsome faces o’ limmers, like she-demons, dragging them down into debauchery, and haudin’ them there, as in a vice, when they hae gotten them down,—and, wad ye believe’t, swearin’ and dammin’ ane anithers’ een, and then lauchin’, and tryin’ to look lo’esome, and jeerin’ and leerin’ like Jezabels.

TICKLER.

Hear! hear! hear!

SHEPHERD.

Dive down anither close, and you hear a man murderin’ his wife, up stairs in a garret. A’ at ance flees open the door at the stair-head, and the mutchless mawsey, a’ dreepin’ wi’ bluid, flings herself frae the tap-step o’ the flicht to the causeway, and into the nearest change-house, roaring in rage and terror, twa emotions that are no canny when they chance to fogaither, and ca’in’ for a constable to tak haud o’ her gudeman, who has threatened to ding out her brains wi’ a hammer, or cut her throat wi’ a razor.

NORTH.

What painting, Tickler! What a Salvator is our Shepherd!

SHEPHERD.

Down anither close, and a battle o' dugs! A bull-dug and a mastiff! The great big brown mastiff mouthin' the bull-dug by the verra hiunches, as if to crunch his back, and the wee white bull-dug never scemin' to fash his thoomb, but stickin' by the regular set teeth o' his under-hung jaw to the throat o' the mastiff, close to the jugular, and no to be drawn aff the grip by twa strong baker-boys puin' at the tail o' the tane, and twa strong butcher-boys puin' at the tail o' the tither—for the mastiff's unaister begins to fear that the veeper at his throat will kill him outright, and offers to pay a' betts and confess his dug has lost the battle. But the crood wush to see the fecht out—and harl the dugs that are noo worryin' ither without ony growlin'—baith silent, except a sort o' snortin' through the nostrils, and a kind o' guller in their gullets—I say, the crood harl them out o' the midden ontill the stanes again—and “Weel dune, Cæsar.”—“Better dune, Veeper.”—“A mutchkin to a gill on whitey.”—“The muckle ane canna fecht.”—“See how the wee bick is worryin' him now, by a new spat on the thrapple.”—“He wud rin awa' gin she wud let him loose.”—“She's just like her mither that belanged to the caravan o' wild beasts.”—“Oh man, Davie, but I wud like to get a breed out o' her, by the watch-dug at Bell-meadow bleachfield, that killed, ye ken, the Kilmarnock carrier's Help in twunty minutes, at Kingswell—”

NORTH.

I never heard you speak in such kind before, James—

SHEPHERD.'

I'm describing the character o' my constituents, you ken, and should be eloquent, for you wull recollec that I sat out wi' imaginin' mysel Member o' Parliament, that is representative of the Guse-dubs. But, as Horace says,

Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines.

I crave a bumper—faith claret's no that strong, so I'll drink the toast this time in a tummler, “Baith sides o' the Tweed!” Hip—hip—hip—hurraw! After a' I maun confess that I like the Englishers, if they wad na be sae pernicketty about what they eat.

NORTH.

Minds like ours, my dear James, must always be above national prejudices; and in all companies, it gives me true pleasure to declare, that, as a people, the English are very little indeed inferior to the Scotch.

SHEPHERD.

I canna gang sae far as that, Mr North. Indeed I've often observed that when ye praise an individual or a nation, you are apt to transcend a' bounds o' panegyric, juist out o' the natural goodness o' your heart that gets the better of the greatness of your understanding. To put an end to the argument ategither, you see, or rather to prevent it frae getting a beginning, let me simply ask, where wull you find in a' England, siccan Poets o' the People, the Peasantry, that is, the Children o' the Soil, the Bairns o' Bank and Brae, as Robert Burns, Allan Kinnigham, and Me?

NORTH.

Why, James, there is Bloomfield.

SHEPHERD.

O man, Mr North, sometimes after you've ta'en a drap, you do really, indeed, my dear sir, believe me when I say't, speak maist awfu' nonsense!—Burns and Bloomfield indeed!

NORTH.

Why, James, there's Clare.

SHEPHERD.

I houp, sir, you'll no think me ower impertinent, gin I juist ask how auld you are? You see the drift o' my question, so I'll no press't. But really, sir, you should be cautious—for at your time o' life—Kinningham and Clare indeed!

NORTH.

Then, James—there is—then James, there is—Let me remember—why, James, there is—there is—

SHEPHERD.

Aha! my man, ye were in houps o' findin' a parallel likewise to me? But familiar as you are with the hail range o' original poetry, and deeply as you

feel, and weel's you understand it, you were out o' your reckoning there, my lad—when you thought to select some southern swain to shouther the Shepherd out o' the first rank o' genius—or even to staun by his side! Havena ye, my dear sir—just confess?

TICKLER.

What think you of Stephen Duck?

SHEPHERD.

That he was a duck—that ye are a guse—and that I am a swan. Ha, ha, ha! that's no a bad pun, Mr Tickler, though I made it mysel. It is at least extempore, and no like some o' your ain apothegems, a month auld at the newest.

NORTH.

Hogg, did you recollect old Parr?

SHEPHERD.

How could I recollect him? I never lived in the reign of Charles the Second; at least if I did, I do not immediately recollect it—but, can it be true, do you think, that he ever was so muckle as twa hundred year auld? I can scarcely credit it. I ken an auld woman in Ettrick wha's 150 by the parish register, but at that time o' life fifty years makes a great difference, and the period o' Parr's age maun be apocryphal.

TICKLER.

There has been another Parr, James, since Charles the Second's time—the Man with the Wig.

SHEPHERD.

Pity me, my memory's no what it ance was—the Doctor o' Devenity Parr, wi' the frock and frizzle, that eat so many muirfowl in our Tent? I thoct him gaen stupid; but he took a likin' to me, which was sac far in his favour, and therefore I houp he's weel, and no dead yet?

NORTH.

The Doctor is dead, James.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, then, you can bring him forward noo as ane of the great English scholars, to shame a' the Scotch anes at Embro', St Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. Do ye recollect my shooting his wig for a ptarmigan?

NORTH.

I shall never forget it, James, nor any other incident in the excursion.

SHEPHERD.

That's mair than I'll answer for. I houp there's mony an incident in the Excursion that I hae forgotten, for I cannot say that I recollect any incident at all in the hail poem, but the Pedlar refusing to tak a tummler o' gin and water with the Solitary. That did mak a deep impression on my memory, for I thoct it a most rude and heartless thing to decline drinking with a gentleman in his ain house—but I hope it was not true—and that the whole is a malignant invention of Mr Wordsworth.

NORTH.

James, you are a satirical dog—a wolf in sheep's clothing. But to return to old Parr;—just as you do, my dear Shepherd, I have a kindness for all that ever set foot within our Tent—even Tims.

TICKLER.

Come, North, no nonsense. You can never name Tims and Parr in the same sentence.

SHEPHERD.

And what for no? I recollect perfectly weel thinkin' Dr Parr the maist learned o' the twa, mair especially in Greek and Latin, but Tims appeared to me in the licht o' a man o' greater natural abeelities. It was wi' the greatest diffeeculty that I got the Priest to comprehend the tittle o' what I said, whereas the Pawnbroker was a bit clever aneuch ape o' a body, and after hearin' me crack twa three times, although I shall na ventur to say that he guessed my meanin', yet you would hae been surprised to hear how he got hauld o' the words, and the verra sound of my idiomatic accent—so that had you steekit your een, you micht hae thoct, when the cretur was speakin' that he was Jamie Hogg—but to be sure, on opening them again, you would hae gotten

an unco fricht to see that it was na me but only Tims, afore he took up his French title of Victoire. And I'm tell't that he can do the same thing, within the short length of his tether, wi' the bit pen o' him, in regard to ither folks' printed style, and has putten forth some byuckies that, a' things considered, are not by any means so very muckle amiss.

NORTH.

Have you seen Parr's Aphorisms, Tickler?

TICKLER.

Parr's Aphorisms, North? No—I have not seen Parr's Aphorisms, North, nor have you—nor will you, nor I, nor any other mortal man, ever see Parr's Aphorisms, North, for this simple reason, that Parr was no more able to utter an aphorism, North, than an old tom-cat to coin a gold guinea, Mr North.

SHEPHERD.

Is an aphorism onything at a' like an apothegem?

TICKLER.

As two peas.

SHEPHERD.

Then I agree with you, Mr Tickler, that Dr Parr never concaved—never was delivered of—and never brought up an aphorism in his born days; and that the productions bearing it's name will be found to hae nane o' it's nature; for the seeds o' an aphorism—at least if it be, Mr North, as Mr Tickler manteens, sib to an apothegem—never were in him; and he was by nature incapacitated frae bringing forth ony thing mair valuable than an *ipse dixit*, or a dogma.

TICKLER.

The Aphorisms of Parr! Next we shall have Pastorals by Day and Martin, and Epithalamia by Jack Ketch. The author of the Pursuits of Literature never said a truer thing than when he called Parr the Birmingham Doctor, not an imitator, observe, but a mere counterfeit; having the same relation to the true thing, Samuel Johnson, whom he aped, as the thunder of Drury Lane, which no doubt sounds magnificently to the ears of Colburn's theatrical critics in the pit, to that of Jove in the heavens, *μεφελιγγερετα Ζευς*, with which he awes the hearts of nations.

NORTH.

As an original thinker, I own he was Nemo—nobody; but as a scholar—

TICKLER.

Hum—hummiior—hummissimus,—he was a mere Parolles in a Pedagogue's wig. His preface to Bellendus, as all the world knows, was never looked into but for its oddities, first, that it talked about Fox, and Burke, and Lord North, in Latin—when others talked of them in English; secondly, that this Latin, as he called it, was a monster of deformity, being in fact a cento made up from every Roman on God's earth, begining with Fabius Pictor, and the "Stercus Ennii," down to the "rank Africanisms," (to use Milton's phrase) of Arnobius. An English History could not be more extravagant, composed out of the hoary archaisms of Robert of Glocester, compounded with the "three piled" Gibbonisms of Sharon Turner. "He had been at a great feast of languages, and had stolen the scraps."

NORTH.

I cannot help admiring his Spital sermon, as—

TICKLER.

Beyond all comparison the most empty bladder-dash that ever attempted to soar without gas into the ethereal regions.

NORTH.

His Dissertation on the word sublime at the end of Dugald Stuart's Philosophical Essays?

TICKLER.

Ay, a sublime treatise on Mud, with some superior remarks on the proposition SUB. The whole amount from a world of pother, parade, and pseudo-learning, is, that Sublime means, not that which is under the mud, but that which is above it; *sub* coming not from *ὑπὸ* but from *ὑπερ*. Small structure as all this would have been, had it stood on a true foundation, Professor Dunbar has, I perceive, in an able paper in the last Transactions of the Royal

Society of Edinburgh, smashed it with an iron hand, and the paltry pile has disappeared.

SHEPHERD.

I would like, Mr Tickler, if it were not usin' ower much liberty, to ask leave to ring the bell for some toasted cheese? It's a gude while now sin' dinner, and I'm getting roun' again into hunger.

TICKLER.

Surely, James, surely—you shall have a ton of toasted cheese.

NORTH.

My friend Paris, a clever and charming fellow, has lately published a work on Diet, in which I am equally surprised and sorry to see laid down the most pernicious and penurious principles. Few fellows play a better knife and fork than Paris; yet, in theory, he supports the starvation system, which, in practice, he does from the very bottom of his stomach condemn.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, man, there's something very auld-wifesh-like in publishing a book to tell folk how to devour their vittles. There's nae mystery in that matter—hunger and thirst are simple straight-forward instincts, no likely to be muckle improved by artificial erudition; and I'll bet you a cheese to a kibbock (by the by, what for is't no coming ben, the bit Welch rabbit) that your frien's wark on diet will hae nae perceptible influence on the character o' the Table during our age.

TICKLER.

The Son of Priam talks away like a Trojan as he is, about the dangerous tendency of indulgence in a multiplicity of dishes.

SHEPHERD.

He's richt there—nae healthy man has ony use for mair than half a dizzan dishes at dinner,—soup, fish, flesh, fowl, tairts, and cheese, is aneuch for ony reasonable——

TICKLER.

Hush, Heliogabalus—and hear Paris. “The stomach being distended with soup, the digestion of which, from the very nature of the operations which are necessary for its completion, would in itself be a sufficient labour for that organ, is next tempted with fish, rendered indigestible from its sauces; then with flesh and fowl; the vegetable world, as an intelligent reviewer has observed, is ransacked from the *Cryptogamia* upwards.”

NORTH.

What a precious ninny the said intelligent reviewer!

TICKLER.

“And to this miscellaneous aggregate are added the pernicious pasticcios of the pastry cook, and the complex combinations of the confectioner. All these evils, and many more, have those who move in the ordinary society of the present day to contend with.”

SHEPHERD.

Hech, sirs! Hech, sirs! Ha—ha—ha! Forgie me for burstin out a-lauchin at a clever man, and a frien' o' yours, gentlemen; but, o' dear me, my sides, heard ye e'er the like o' that last sentence! It would be a grand warld, sirs, if man had nae mair evils to contend against than soups, and fish, and flesh, and fowl. As to the whole vegetable warld, frae *Cryptogamia* upwards, I shall say naething anent that clause in our calamities, never having been at *Cryptogamia*, which, for any thing I ken to the contrary, may be the neist kintra to Mesopotamia; neither shall I venture to contradick the Doctor about the pastigeos, unless indeed he mean pigeon-pies, in which case I gie him the lee direct in the maist unequivocal and categorical manner, they being the maist halesome o' a' bird-pies whatsomever, whether common doecots or cushats, only you maunna eat them ower often, for——

TICKLER.

But the Doctor continues “nine persons in ten eat as much soup and fish as would amply suffice for a meal.”

SHEPHERD.

A lee! a lee!—amply suffice for a meal!

TICKLER.

“A new stimulus appears in the form of stewed beef, côtelettes à la suprême;

then comes a Bayonne or Westphalia ham, or a pickled tongue, or some analogous salted, but proportionably indigestible dish, and each of these enough for a single meal.

SHEPHERD.

He forgets, he forgets, the Doctor forgets, Mr Paris, M.D. forgets that each man in the company cannot for his own individual share eat up the whole of the same individual dish. Each man only takes a platefu', or twa at the maist, o' each o' thae dishes; for wha ever heard o' being helped three times to ilka dish on the board? Nae man wou'd hae the face to ask it, and if he did, the prayer o' his petition would not be granted.

TICKLER.

"But this is not all; game follows; and to this again succeed the sweets, and a quantity of cheese."

SHEPHERD.

Quite right—quite right. O, Mr Tickler, what an effect, after sic a dinner, would Dr Paris produce on a guest by an emetic!

TICKLER.

"The whole is crowned with a variety of flatulent fruits and indigestible knick-knacks, included under the name of dessert, in which we must not forget to notice a mountain of sponge cake."

SHEPHERD.

And then what a cracking o' nitts, till a pyramid of shells rises up before each member of the club—but there I agree with the Doctor.

TICKLER.

"Thus then it is, that the stomach is made to receive, not one full meal, but a succession of meals, rapidly following each other, and vying in their miscellaneous and pernicious nature with the ingredients of Macbeth's cauldron."

SHEPHERD.

There again Dr Paris speaks great nonsense, for Shakespeare meant no affront to a good dinner—and too many great folk quote and allude to him with ignorance and presumption. Macbeth's cauldron indeed! Had the Doctor been right, wha wadna be a witch or a warlock? But the truth is, he has written down the starvation system by the mere simple statement of that of generous repletion. I wish it were now about a quarter of an hour or ten minutes before denner, instead of twa hours after it; but I will try and put off till supper, and meanwhile here goes a sort o' nonsensical sang.

There's some souls 'ill yammer and cheep,
If a win'le strae ly in their way;
And some through this bright world 'ill creep,
As if fear'd for the light o' God's day.

And some would not lend ye a boddle,
Although they would borrow a crown,
And some folk 'ill ne'er fash their noddle
Wha's waukin, if they can sleep soun'.

And some wi' big scars on their face,
Point out a prin scart on a frien',
And some black as sweeps wi' disgrace,
Cry out the whole world's unclean.

Some wha on the best o't can cram,
Think a' body else maun be fu',
Some would na gi'e misery a dram,
Though they swattle themsels till they spew.

Sure's death! there can be but sma' pleasure
In livin' 'mang sic a cursed crew,
An't were na the soul's sacred treasure,
The friendship that's found in a few.

That treasure, let's hoord it thegither,
 Enjoy my gude luck or thole ill,
 Nor grudge though wine's sent to a brither
 In hoggits, when I've but a gill.

Then here's to the chiel wha's sae bauld
 As to trust his ain thought to his tongue,
 Wha e'en though his trunk's growin auld,
 Has a soul and a heart that are young.

Before I an auld frien' forget,
 My memory first I maun tine ;—
 Here's a glass for anither health yet,
 Need'st thou guess, angel woman !—it's thine.

NORTH.

Thanks—a queer, bold, independent, soul-speaking thing——

SHEPHERD.

Mercy on us! what a deevil o' a noise! heard ye ever the like o' that?

TICKLER.

A cat-concert, James. The Toms and Tabbies have overheard your song, and are striking up in return an imitation of the Hunter's Chorus in the Freischutz.

SHEPHERD.

I've often thoct it eneugh to sicken ane o' love a' their days, just to reflect that all that hissing and spitting, and snuffing and squeaking, and squealing and howling, and growling and groaning, a' mixed up into ae infernal gallemaufry o' din unlike anything else even in this noisy world, was, wi' these gentle domestic creatures, the safest, sweetest expression o' the same tender passion that from Adam's lips whispered persuasion into Eve's ear in the bowers of Paradise! But it's no possible to thole this ony langer—out wi' the musket, Mr Tickler, and let drive at them—and when a's silent again, I'll gie ye anither sang.

TICKLER.

Take advantage of that pause, James, and begin.

SHEPHERD.

Up wi' the fiddle, then, and let's hae an accompaniment o' baith vocal and instrumental music.

NORTH.

Stop, James! Your mine is inexhaustible. But did you ever hear Irish Johnstone sing—my dear crony of the olden time, Jack Johnstone? Here goes an attempt at his style of chaunt.

THE HUMOURS OF DONNYBROOK FAIR.

AIR—*The Athlone Landlady.*

Oh! 'twas Dermot O'Rowland M'Figg
 That could properly handle the twig!
 He went to the fair,
 And kick'd up a dust there,
 In dancing the Donnybrook jig,
 With his twig—
 Oh my blessing is Dermot M'Figg!

When he came to the midst of the fair,
 He was all in a *paugh* for fresh air,
 For the fair very soon
 Was as full as the moon,
 Such mobs upon mobs as were there,
 Oh rare!
 So more luck to sweet Donnybrook fair!

The souls they came pouring in fast,
 To dance while the leather would last,
 For the Thomas Street brogue,
 Was there in much vogue,
 And oft with the brogue the joke pass'd,
 Quite fast,
 While the cash and the whiskey did last!

But Dermot, his mind on love bent,
 In search of his sweetheart he went,
 Peep'd in here, peep'd in there,
 As he walk'd through the fair,
 And took a small taste in each tent
 As he went,
 Och! on whisky and love he was bent.

When, who should he spy in a jig,
 With a meal-man, so tall and so big,
 But his own darling Kate,
 So gay and so neat—
 Faith, her partner he hit him a dig,
 The pig,
 He beat the meal out of his wig.

The piper, to keep him in tune,
 Struck up a gay lilt very soon,
 Until an arch wag
 Cut a hole in his bag,
 And at once put an end to the tune
 Too soon—
 Och! the music flew up to the moon!

To the fiddler, says Dermot M'Figg,
 If you please, sir, play "Sheelah na Gig,"
 We'll shake a loose toe,
 While you humour the bow;
 To be sure, you won't warm the wig
 Of M'Figg,
 While he's dancing a tight Irish jig.

But, says Katty, the darling, says she,
 If you'll only just listen to me,
 It's myself that will show
 Billy can't be your foe,
 Though he fought for his cousin, that's me,
 Says she,
 For sure Billy's related to me!

For my own cousin-german, Ann Wild,
 Stood for Biddy Mulrooney's first child,
 And Biddy's step-son,
 Sure he married Bess Dunn,
 Who was gossip to Jenny, as mild
 A child
 As ever at mother's breast smiled!—

And maybe you don't know Jane Brown,
 Who served goats' whey in Dundrum's sweet town,
 'Twas her uncle's half brother
 That married my mother,
 And brought me this new yellow gown
 To go down,
 When the marriage was held at Miltown.

By the powers! then, says Dermot, 'tis plain,
 Like a son of that rapsallion Cain,
 My best friend I have kilt,
 Though no blood there is spilt,
 And the devil a harm did I mane,
 That's plain;
 But by me he'll be ne'er kilt again!

Then the meal-man forgave him the blow
 That laid him a sprawling so low,
 And, being quite gay,
 Asked them both to the play,
 But Katty being bashful, said "No,
 Oh No—No!"
 Yet he treated them all to the show!

SHEPHERD.

The like o' that was never heard in this world afore. The brogue as perfect as if you had been born and bred in the bog o' Allen! How muckle better this kind o' weel-timed daffin that aye gangs on here at Southside, than literary and philosophical conversation, and criticism on the fine arts, and polemical discussion wi' red faces and fiery een on international policy, and the corn laws, and surplus population, and havers about free Tread! Was ye in the shower-bath the day, Mr Tickler?

TICKLER.

Yes, James—do you take it?

SHEPHERD.

I hae never yet had courage to pu' the string. In I gang and shut the door on myself—and tak haud o' the string very gently, for the least rug 'ill bring down the squash like the Falls of the Clyde; and I look up to the machine, a pierced wi' so many water-holes, and then I shut my een and my mouth like grim death, and then I let gae the string, and, gruin' a' the time, try to whistle; and then I agree to allow myself a respite till I count fifty; and neist begin to argue wi' my ain conscience, that the promise I had made to myself to whumble the splash-cask was only between it and me, and that the world will ken naething about the matter if I come out again *re infectâ*; and, feenally, I step out as cautiously as a thief frae a closet, and set myself down in the arm-chair, beside the towel warming at the fire, and tak up the Magazine, and peruse, perhaps, ane o' the Noctes Ambrosianæ, till I'm like to split wi' lauchin at my ain wut, forgettin' a' the time that the door's no locked, and what a figure I wud present to ony o' the servant-lasses that might happen to come in lookin' for naething, or to some collegian or contributor, come out frae Embro' during the vacance to see the Etrick Shepherd. But I canna help thinkin', Mr Tickler, for a' your lauchin', that in a like predicament you would be a mair ridiculous mortal than mysel'—But what are ye thinking on, Mr North? I dinna believe ye hae heard a word o' what I've been saying,—but it's your ain loss.

NORTH.

You were speaking of the Greek loan?

SHEPHERD.

I was, sir. Yon's a bonny business!

NORTH.

Master Ricardo is the most disinterested of patriots. Sixty-four thousand pounds of commission is a mere nothing to a man of his wealth, and could not in the least have influenced his zeal in the cause of Greece. Indeed, the whole management of the concern has been admirable. With what dispatch the war steam-boats were built, engined, equipped, manned, officered, and sent to sea! What greatness of soul in Galloway to sacrifice the feelings of a father, and succour the sacred cause of Liberty against the machinations of his own son! How glorious to behold America sending forth her vapouring vessels at the puny price of some hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to carry the invincible Cochrane against the prows of the Egyptian Pacha! At home and abroad

alike, among the friends of Freedom, what honour, what honesty, what valour, what devotedness! How many martyrdoms, on flood and field, on corse-covered lagoon and bloody battlement, in presence of the spirits of those who died at Platea and Marathon, while high above them all stands the Apparition of Leonidas, undeformed by wounds, and with his radiant tresses wreathed with flowers, as on the night before the sacrifice of Thermopylæ, offered to his country's Gods!

TICKLER.

“The old man eloquent!”

SHEPHERD.

It gars me a' gru, like Rule Britannie frae a band o' regimental music o' the Seventh Hussars, now at Jock's Lodge. I canna read Greek—except in a Latin translation done into English—the case I suspect wi' mony a ane that passes for a sort o' scholar; but I ken pieces, fragments o' their glorious history, Pope's Homer, West's Pindar, and stray strains o' Plato a Poet in prose; I have heard as in an echo the thunder o' Demosthenes, have seen casts o' marble statues of their gods and demi-gods, and godlike men, and oh! fairer far and mair divinely beautiful even than the loveliest lady that ever reined her palfrey through Etrick Forest of old, or lowly lassie sitting by herself in her plaid on the brae, moulds of those who were worshipped on earth because of their exceeding brightness, and that in Heaven were paramours of the Deities, and shone from the night-firmament, stationary, or a-flight, o'er a hundred generations now all buried in the dust. Therefore, curses be on the turbans of the Turks, and may Diana sit again between the horns of her own crescent, as it rises radiant ower Mount Latmos and——

NORTH.

Sit nearer me, James. I am a little deafish on the side of my head next my dear Shepherd, and am unwilling that a word should be lost.

SHEPHERD.

I hae na the least conception noo o' what I was speakin' about; but some how or ither I was thinkin' o' the sou'n' o' a trumpet. Damn the Turks!

NORTH.

By the by, here are some verses I got to-day from a young friend, as yet but little known to the world, yet of whose genius and talents I have high hopes. The lines I think are full of spirit, although I have lying by me compositions of his, both in prose and verse, that are perhaps——

SHEPHERD.

Noo, Mr North, dinna let your voice fa' at the ends o' lines, and read as if you were reading before James Ballantyne.

THE SONG OF THE JANISSARY.

Have they trod down the mighty?—By sea and by shore,
Will our name be a watchword and terror no more?
Has the eagle been hurl'd from his throne in the air?
Will the fox find a home in the grim lion's lair?

Have they trod down the mighty? The victors who stood
Resistless when life was pour'd forth like a flood!—
The awarders of empire! the mates of the brave!—
The freemen who hallow'd the land of the slave!

Our name is a scorn, and our sabres are rust,
Our palace a sepulchre gory in dust,—
But again shall its turrets gleam high in the air,
And again shall the flash of our sabres be there!

Again shall the name of our Aga be known—
A spell that o'ershadows the mosque and the throne;
Again shall our foeman grow pale when he hears
The tread and the shout of the fierce Janiziers!

For a time—for a time may the tyrant prevail,
But himself and his Pachas before us shall quail;
The fate that tore Selim in blood from the throne,
We have sworn, haughty Mahmoud! shall yet be thy own.

The warriors of ages! who fought and who bled
With Osman and Amurath—the deathless though dead,—
Are they destined to pass like the sunshine of spring?—
Their fame to the winds, and their neck to the string!

By the Prophet! the waves of the Euxine shall stop,
The stars from the concave like hailstones shall drop,
Ere the traitor and coward may hope to tread down
The tameless in soul—the undimm'd in renown.

We warn thee, stern Mahmoud! thy hour is at hand,—
Thou hast sharpen'd the lance, thou hast kindled the brand;
We are gathering like tempests that gather by night,
Woe—woe to thee, King! when we burst in our might!

SHEPHERD.

Mony a clever lad ye ken, Mr North. But sometimes I think, that like
ither auld men, ye pretend to do things you're nae capable o',—and you re-
cited thae verses as if they were your ain. Are they?

NORTH.

No.

SHEPHERD.

That's aneugh.

NORTH.

Here's a copy of fine verses, James, by the same author, but every line seems
written twice over—how is that?

SHEPHERD.

I never could tell how that happens,—but miss every ither line, and a' will
be right.

TICKLER.

I have observed that, at night, after supper, with ships at sea. Two ships
of the line! not one ship and one frigate—but two eighty-fours. Shut one
eye, and there at anchor lies, let us say, the Bellerophon—for I am speaking
of the olden time. Open the other, and behold two Bellerophons riding at
anchor. Optics, as a science, are all very well; but they can't explain that
mystery—not they and be hanged to them—ask Whewell or Airey. But,
North, the verses!

SHEPHERD.

There's nae mair certainty in mathematical science than in sheep-shearing.
The verses!

TICKLER.

The stanzas seem to me to be sixteen lines each, but I will divide them by
two, which gives eight verses.

NORTH.

Well, well, James, if you think the Magazine's not falling off—

SHEPHERD.

Mr Tickler, man, I canna stay ony langer—ye see Mr North's gotten
unco fu', and I maun accompany him in the cotch down to Buchanan Lodge—
Shall I?

NORTH.

Hogg, as to that, if you don't care about the calculation; for as to the
Apocrypha, and so on, if the Bible Society pay four hundred a-year, really
the Christian Instructor—hip—hip—hip!—Why, Hogg, ye see—the fools are
—hurra—hurra—hurra—!

SHEPHERD.

O, Mr Tickler, North's gotten a mouthfu' o' fresh air when you opened
the window, and is as fu's the Baltic. But I'll see him hame. The cotch,
the cotch, the cotch, dinna dint the pint o' your crutch into my instep, Mr North

—there, there, steady, steady—the cotch, the cotch. Gude mornin', Tickler
—what a moon and stars!

TICKLER.

Let him take a sleep, James; you and he have both had your jokes and jibes, and songs and stories, and I have had no opportunity of showing off the whole night. Let me take that slip of paper gently out of his hand, and pass off the contents for my own. It is the least unprincipled of all kinds of plagiarism to rob a sleeping friend. To steal from the dead is sacrilege. Listen!

TO LUCY.

THE silver tones of woman's tongue,
The eloquence of woman's eyes,
A thousand nameless bards have sung,
The strains unheeded by the wise;
I would not be a bard like them
Even for the heaven of Lucy's smile,
And Lucy would herself condemn
The flatterer's deceitful wile.

I could not tell thee how I love,
Nor paint the charms I find in thee,
Though every leaf in yonder grove
Changed into winged words for me;
But, Lucy! to this heart of mine
Let me thy gentle fingers press,—
Each rapid bounding throb is thine,
And every throb is happiness.

Lucy! it is the holy hour
When sunlight dies upon the sea—
When pearls are hung on every flower,
And birds are hush'd on every tree;
Open the lattice—all is mute,
Mute as the beams of yon pale star;
I would not even have thy lute
The music of such silence mar.

Methinks there is in it a spell
That gives the soul a higher sway,
And thoughts that oft in darkness dwell,
Start into life in bright array;
Thoughts—feelings—ecstasies—that fling
A sudden joy through both our bosoms,
Like flowers in moonlight, or like spring
That wreaths on every bough her blossoms.

Each other's world we long have been,
Our eyes their sun—our arms their zone,
But now a something felt—not seen—
Gives to our bliss a higher tone;
While we can clasp each other thus,
In love's deep purity entwined,
Oh! what is all this earth to us?—
Earth cannot bound the chainless mind!

Our souls, like clouds at break of day,
Across the sun's bright pathway driven,
Have into light resolved away—
O God! the light—the light of Heaven!

My spirit floats in liquid light,
 Like skiff upon a sapphire sea,
 O Lucy! we have seen to-night
 A glimpse of Heaven's eternity!

Lucy! it is a time for prayer—
 A time for thoughts we cannot speak,
 But in the blue and starry air
 Our thoughts will find the home they seek;
 Kneel with me Lucy, side by side,—
 We are not things of dust and clay,
 Thou art my own immortal bride,—
 Kneel with me, dearest!—we will pray.

SHEPHERD.

Thae verses are nae small beer, Tickler. You're a bad reader, but they read themselves—sae fu' o' pathos and poetry. Here's the health o' the chiel that wrote them.

NORTH (*awakes sober.*)

Have you read the "Hints for the Holidays," James? and how do you like them?

SHEPHERD.

I enterteen ower muckle envy and jealousy o' that awthor, fairly to judge or fully to enjoy ony o' his warks. He does the same o' me—so we're on a fitten o' equality.

TICKLER.

In short, there's no love lost between you.

SHEPHERD.

I hope not—for I love him as weel as ony freen I hae—and sae I verily believe does he me. But, oh! that leetery envy and jealousy to which we are baith a prey. It embitters the very heart's-bluid.

NORTH.

I never felt such passions.

SHEPHERD.

Because, ye see, Mr North, ye staun ower high aboon a' ither editors. Wi' a weel-pleased face, you keep looken down on them—and where's the merit in your seeing them, without envy or jealousy, plouterin' in the dubs, or brastlin' up the braes, or sittin' down pechin' on "Rest and be thankfu'." But mind that to you they're a' lookin' up—that "they sigh the more because they sigh in vain," yet glad glad would they be if they could rug ye doon frae your throne by the tail o' the coat, or drag the crutch out o' your nieve, or even mislay your specs, that they might dim your perspicacity! I hae often heard ither editors, and their contributors, wondering how auld ye really were, some o' them moving ye up as heigh as fourscore! They try, but it winna do, to believe it possible that ye may have some constitutional tendency to apoplexy, and swear, against the testimony o' their ain senses, that you're unco short in the neck. There's no a better complaint to bring against a man than cholera morbus, and wi' that, sir, they have charged ye several times, even to the length o' death. In the Great Fire o' Edinburgh, a far greater ane than the Great Fire o' London, in proportion to the size o' the twa touns, and that's a' a Scotchman need contend for, it was rumoured that ye had perished under a fall o' fiery rafters. That sough I traced mysel' back to the Seven Young Men; and, nae doubt, mony mony hotped ye had been in the Comet.

NORTH.

It is not in my power to bring myself to believe that I can be hated by any human being, James. It is not, indeed.

SHEPHERD.

Hated—by some you're just perfectly abhorred! your name's just anither name for Sawtan; and the sanctum sanctorum, in their imagination, what ither place but, to be plain wi' ye, preceesely hell?

NORTH.

That is very discouraging to—

SHEPHERD.

Discouragin'! What! to be hated, abhorred, feared by the bad and the base, the paltry and the profligate, the sinfu', and, what's sometimes waur than sinfu', the stupit? What for didna baith o' you twa come up to the moors on the Twalf this season?

TICKLER.

We were at Dalnacardoch, you ignoramus, also at Dalwhinnie, along Loch Ericht, over from Dall to Megarney, at the head of Glen-Lyon, thence across the Moor o' Rannoch to the head o' Glenorchy; then pluff—pluff—rap—rap—slab—bang in the direction of Inverary—away round by Cairndow—from that over some grand shooting ground to the Cobler sitting in the Clouds above Arrochar and Loch Long—and finally, skirting the coast over against Greenock, a steamer took us to Glasgow, where the rums were looking up, the punch was pleasant, and the people given to geggery, every house hospitable, and a set of first-rate fellows flourishing at THE CLUB.

SHEPHERD.

It was na fair no to let me ken.

TICKLER.

The truth is, James, that North was in rather an odd way, and did not like to be looked at by anybody but me——

SHEPHERD.

Didna like to be looked at by ony ither body but you! He maun hae been in an odd way indeed.—Was ye rather a wee wrang in the head, sir? If sae, I can sympatheeze wi' you, for I was gayen ill mysell in that way about the time that I was writing the Pilgrims o' the Sun.

TICKLER.

Not then, James. It was when you were engaged in writing Memoirs of your own Life.

SHEPHERD.

Cheer up, Mr North, cheer up! Oh, my dear sir, whenever the Magazine wants a gran' article, only ask me, and ye shall hae't. I hate to see ye sae down i' the mouth.

NORTH.

Nobody can understand my feelings, James. I am an unhappy man. The Magazine is getting every month stupider and stupider. I think—that is, Ebony thinks of reducing the price to two shillings, and augmenting the sheets to twelve. Rousseau in his Confessions—and the Opium-Eater——

SHEPHERD.

Cheer up, Mr North, cheer up. You hae nae occasion for Rousseau, and he's ower far aff to send articles without a sair expense—and naebody kens where he is—and as for the Opium-Eater, he lives in a world o' his ain, where there are nae Magazines o' ony sort, but o' hail and sleet, and thunder and lichtnin', and pyramids, and Babylonian terraces covering wi' their fallen gardens, that are now naething but roots and trunks o' trees, and bricks o' pleasurehouses, the unknown tombs o' them that belonged ance to the Beasts in the Revelations, and were ordered to disappear by a hand on a wall, shadow and substance baith emblems—(is that the word?)—o' the thousan' years transitory greatness of the mighty—ignorant, that at the verra best they were the ghosts of ghosts, shadows of dreams, and tenth-cousins to the dust, frailer and mair evanescent than their dry relation wha is himsel' disowned by that proud landed proprietor—Earth!

NORTH.

Surely, Ambrose has made some alteration in his house lately. I cannot make out this room at all. It is not the Blue Parlour?

SHEPHERD.

We're at Southside, sir—we're at Southside, sir—perfectly sober ane and a'—but dinna be alarmed, sir, if you see twa catches at the door, for we're no gaun to separate—there's only ane, believe me—and I'll tak a hurl wi' ye as far's the Harrow.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Miss Mitford is about to publish the second volume of "Our Village:" or, Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery.

A Report has been most industriously circulated, that the failure of Messrs Hurst and Robinson will operate to the prejudice of Mr Alaric Watts's Literary Souvenir for 1827. We are requested to state, that there does not exist the smallest ground for such an assumption. The forthcoming volume is in a state of considerable forwardness, and will be published along with the other Annuals. Some idea of the character of its embellishments may be formed from the fact, that they are all engraving, or engraved (in the line manner, in the most finished style of the art) by Charles Heath, William and Edward Finden, Rolls, Engleheart, Romney, Wallace, Mitchell, Humphreys, &c. after subjects painted, in some instances, expressly for the work, and in others, selected from celebrated pictures, never before engraved, in the possession of various distinguished collectors,—by Howard, Newton, Turner, Martin, Eastlake, Green, Copley, Fielding, W. E. West, Farrier, &c. Among these illustrations are the well-known "Girl in a Florentine Costume of 1500," by Howard, a female face of exquisite beauty; a Spanish Lady singing and playing upon a Guitar, after a study by Newton; and the last and most authentic Portrait of Lord Byron, from a picture painted by Mr W. E. West, in Italy, in 1822. So greatly did Lord B., and the friends immediately about him, prefer this portrait to the many which had already been painted of him, that he authorised Mr West to get it engraved for him by Raphael Morghen, at his own price. This price was four thousand dollars; but as Morghen would not promise to execute it in less than three years, the idea of getting it engraved by him was abandoned. In Paris, the artist was offered six hundred guineas for this picture; but he refused it, as he wished to reserve it for an introduction in this country. It is now being engraved for the Literary Souvenir, in the line manner, by Engleheart. The literary contents of the Literary Souvenir have been furnished by a host of the most distinguished writers of the age.

The Rev. John Mitford is about to publish a volume of Devotional Poetry,
VOL. XX.

entitled Sacred Specimens, selected from the Early English Poets, with Prefatory Verses.

Rough Notes taken during some rapid Journeys across the Pampas and among the Andes. By Captain Francis Band Head.

A Translation from the German of Claren's Swiss Tale 'Lesli,' is in the press.

Mrs Markham is about to publish a History of France, for the use of Young People, on the same plan as her History of England.

Lives of the Bishops of Winchester, from the first Bishop down to the present time, are in preparation by the Rev. Stephen Hyde Cassan, A.M. A private Impression only of this work (consisting of 500 copies) will be printed in two octavo volumes, to correspond with the Lives of the Bishops of Salisbury, and is intended to be delivered to those who may engage copies of it before the expiration of the present year.

The Author of "A Story of a Life," is about to publish Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.

The Rev. John Scott has nearly ready for the press, The Church of Christ, intended as a continuation of Milner's Church History.

The third volume of Mr Soames' History of the Reformation is in a state of considerable forwardness.

A Vindication of certain Passages in the History of England. By the Rev. Dr Lingard. In answer to certain Strictures which have lately appeared in various publications respecting that work.

A Tale is in the press, purporting to be a narrative founded on facts, entitled Joe Clinton.

A Second Edition of Mr Carrington's Dartmoor is about to be published by subscription.

The Memoirs of the Life of Lindley Murray, announced for publication some months ago, are about to appear in the form of Letters Written by himself.

Mr Russell, author of the Philosophy of Arithmetic, has in the press a work entitled Modern Arithmetic.

Memoirs of the Life of General Wolfe, with a Selection from his Letters, is announced for early publication.

Early in November will be published, the English Gentleman's Library Ma-

nual, or a View of a Library of Standard English Literature, with Notices Biographical and Critical, including many curious original Anecdotes of Eminent Literary Men of the Eighteenth Century, with estimates for furnishing Libraries and Lists of Books, adapted for Persons going abroad, Regimental Libraries, &c. &c.

The Author of the Gate to the French, Italian, and Spanish Languages Unlocked, is preparing for publication The Gate to the Hebrew, Arabic, Samaritan, and Syriac Unlocked, by a new and easy method, with Biographic Notices of Celebrated Oriental Scholars, and interesting Collections relative to Oriental Literature, for the use of Biblical Students.

Plain Advice to the Public to facilitate the making of their own Wills, &c. will soon appear.

Mr Gamble has in the press a new and corrected edition of his "Sketches in Dublin and the North of England," which has been so long suffered to be out of print.

A translation from the German will shortly appear, of a work new to the English reader, by Christopher Christian Sturm, entitled, Contemplations on the Sufferings of Jesus Christ. The Success

of the Morning Communings, of which nearly two editions have been sold within three years, has induced Mr Johnstone, the translator of the latter work, to undertake the Contemplations. He has also added a Sketch of the Author's Life, from materials collected in Germany, where he resides.

A Complete Index to Mr Howell's edition of the State Trials, which are now completed to the present time, has been undertaken by a Barrister, and will shortly be printed.

The General Index to Dodsley's Annual Register, from the commencement of the Work, is nearly ready for publication.

Nearly ready for publication, in 1 vol. 4to, Practical Hints on Light and Shade in Painting; illustrated by Examples from the Great Masters of the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools. By John Burnet.

Notes, made during a Tour in Denmark, Holstein, Macklenburgh, Shewerin, Pomerania, the Isle of Rugen, Prussia, Poland, Saxony, Brunswick, Hanover, the Hanseatic Territories, Oldenburg, Friesland, Holland, Brabant, the Rhine Country, and France. By R. Smith, F.R.S.L.

EDINBURGH.

History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Italy and Spain. By Thomas M'Crie, D.D. 8vo.

Elizabeth De Bruce. By the Author of Clan-Albin. 3 vols. post 8vo.

German Stories, selected from the Works of Hoffman, De la Motte Fouqué, Pichler, Kreuse, and others. By R. P. Gillies, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo.

The Last of the Lairds, or the Life and Opinions of Malachi Mailings, Esquire, of Auldbiggings. By the Author of Annals of the Parish, &c. &c. Post 8vo.

Lizars's System of Anatomical Plates, Part XII. to contain the Gravid Uterus, together with the Lymphatics, will be published in October.

* * * The Subscribers and the Public are most respectfully informed that the above Part will complete this important Work.

The Political Constitution of the City of Edinburgh.—Historical Account of the Blue Blanket, &c. By Alexander Pennicuik, Gent. 12mo.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ARCHITECTURE.

A Treatise on the Decorative Part of Civil Architecture, illustrated by sixty-two Plates, engraved by Rooker, Grignon, Gladwin, &c. By Sir William Chambers, K.P.S. late Surveyor-General of his Majesty's works, &c. The fourth edition, 4to, £3, 3s.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Lives of Celebrated Architects, ancient and modern, with Historical and Critical Observations on their Works, and the Principles of the Art. By Fran-

cisco Melizia. Translated from the Italian, by Mrs Cresy.

A General Biographical Dictionary, 1 vol. 8vo, 18s.

EDUCATION.

A Short Account of the System pursued in the Pestalozzian Academy, South Lambeth; with some Remarks on the subject of Education.

Le Tresor de l'Ecolier Français; or, the Art of Translating English into French, by means of an English and French Index, 12mo, 3s. 6d.

Le Traducteur Parisien; or, the Art of rendering French into English, &c. By Louis Fenwick de Porquet, 6s. 6d.

Parisian Phraseology; or, Choix de Phrases Diverses en Français. 2s. 6d.

A Compendious Saxon Grammar of the primitive English, or Anglo-Saxon Language, &c. &c. By the Rev. J. Bosworth, A.M. 5s.

FINE ARTS.

Phrenological Illustrations; or, an Artist's View of the Craniological System of Drs Gall and Spurzheim. By George Cruikshank. 8s. plain, 12s. coloured. Or large paper, India proofs, 15s.

The Progress of Cant. 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANIES.

The London Hermit's Tour to the York Festival, in a Series of a Letters to a Friend, in which the Origin of the White Horse, Abury; Stonehenge, Silsbury Hill, and also of the Druids and Ancient Britons, is attempted to be ascertained; the whole concluded with some general Hints respecting Musical Festivals. 6s.

Facetiæ and Miscellanies. By William Hone. With 130 Engravings, and Drawings by George Cruickshank. 12s.

An Examination of the Policy and Tendency of relieving distressed Manufacturers by Public Subscription; with some Remarks on Lord Liverpool's recommendations of those distressed persons in a mass to the Poor Rates, and some Inquiry as to what Law exists in support of his Lordship's recommendation. 1s. 6d.

A Practical Treatise on the Construction of Chimneys, containing an Examination of the common Mode in which they are built, &c. By John William Hort, Architect.

The Aphorisms, Opinions, and Reflections of the late Dr Parr, with a Sketch of his Life.

NOVELS AND TALES.

Lorenz Stark; a Characteristic Sketch

of a German Family, by J. J. Engel. Translated from the German by J. Gaus. 2 vols. 12s.

The Prophetess; a Tale of the last Century. 3 vols. £1, 11s. 6d.

The Mysterious Monk, or the Wizard's Tower, an Historical Romance; by C. A. Bolen. 16s. 6d.

POETRY.

Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, by the Rev. J. J. Conybeare, A.M. 1 vol. 18s.

Original Lines, by T. S. Allen.

An Essay on the Mind, and other Poems. 12mo.

The Parterre, and other Poems; by Jane Evans. 8s.

Poems, Miscellaneous and Moral, by H. Rogers. 8vo, 5s.

THEOLOGY.

A Treatise on the Divine Sovereignty; by Robert Wilson, A.M.

Selections from the Works of Jean Baptiste Massillon, Bishop of Clermont. 12mo, 7s. 6d.

Sermons on the Epistles and Gospels, &c. &c.; by the Rev. Richard Warner, F.A.S. Sixth Edition. 2 vols. 12mo, 16s.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Notes of a Journey through France and Italy. 14s.

Journal of a Third Voyage for the Discovery of a North-west Passage. By Captain William Edward Parry, R.N. F.R.S. 4to, plates, £2, 10s.

Biblical Researches and Travels in Russia; including a Tour in the Crimea, and the Passage of the Caucasus; with Observations on the State of the Rabbinical and Karaite Jews, and the Mahomedan and Pagan Tribes, inhabiting the Southern Provinces of the Russian Empire. With Maps and Plates. By E. Henderson, Author of "Iceland; or, the Journal of a Residence in that Island," &c. 16s.

EDINBURGH.

A Letter to the Electors of Bridgenorth upon the Corn Laws. By W. W. Whitmore, M.P. 8vo.

Cases decided in the Court of Session, from June 30, to July 11, 1826. Reported by Patrick Shaw and Alexander Dunlop, Junior, Esquires, Advocates. 4s. 6d.

No. X. of the Edinburgh Journal of Science, exhibiting a View of the Progress of Discovery in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, &c. &c. Edited by David Brewster, LL.D. &c. 7s. 6d.

An Essay on the War-Galleys of the Ancients. By John Howell.

Historical and Descriptive Account of the Palace and Chapel Royal of Holy-

roodhouse, with 8 plates drawn and engraved by J. and J. Johnstone. 8vo, 6s. With proofs, 4to, 12s.

Rudiments of the Greek Language, English and Greek, for the use of the Edinburgh Academy. 12mo, 4s. bound.

Lizars' Anatomical Plates. Part XI. containing part of the Abdominal Viscera, with the Male and Female Organs of Generation. 10s. 6d. plain. L.1, 1s. coloured.

Illustrations of British Ornithology. By P. J. Selby, Esq. M.W.S. &c. &c. 2d series, Water Birds, Part I. containing 12 plates, elephant folio, plain, L.1, 11s. 6d. coloured, L.5, 5s.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—Sept. 17.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats	Pease & Beans.
1st, ... 35s. 6d.	1st, ... 32s. 0d.	1st, ... 29s. 0d.	1st, ... 30s. 0d.
2d, ... 32s. 0d.	2d, ... 28s. 0d.	2d, ... 26s. 0d.	2d, ... 28s. 0d.
3d, ... 24s. 0d.	3d, ... 24s. 0d.	3d, ... 23s. 0d.	3d, ... 27s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1, 13s. 3d. 10-12th.

Tuesday, Sept. 12.

Beef (16 oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 9d. to 0s. 10d.
Mutton	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	New Potatoes (14 lb.)	0s. 6d. to 0s. 6d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 9d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	0s. 11d. to 1s. 2d.
Pork	0s. 4d. to 0s. 5d.	Salt ditto, per cwt.	99s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	1s. 0d. to 2s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb.	10s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.
Tallow, per st.	7s. 0d. to 7s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 9d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—Sept. 15.

The new Imperial standard measure has now been introduced into this county, and the following quotations apply to that standard:

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 33s. 6d.	1st, ... 0s. 0d.	1st, ... 21s. 0d.	1st, ... 28s. 0d.	1st, ... 28s. 0d.
2d, ... 31s. 0d.	2d, ... 0s. 6d.	2d, ... 20s. 0d.	2d, ... 26s. 0d.	2d, ... 26s. 0d.
3d, ... 29s. 0d.	3d, ... 0s. 0d.	3d, ... 18s. 0d.	3d, ... 24s. 0d.	3d, ... 24s. 0d.

O.L.D.

NEW.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 35s. 0d.	1st, ... 20s. 0d.	1st, ... 21s. 0d.	1st, ... 28s. 0d.	1st, ... 30s. 0d.
2d, ... 32s. 0d.	2d, ... 18s. 0d.	2d, ... 20s. 0d.	2d, ... 26s. 0d.	2d, ... 28s. 0d.
3d, ... 29s. 0d.	3d, ... 16s. 0d.	3d, ... 18s. 0d.	3d, ... 24s. 0d.	3d, ... 26s. 0d.

Average of Wheat £1, 11s. 9d. 8-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended Sept. 8.

Wheat, 58s. 0d.—Barley, 56s. 3d.—Oats, 31s. 6d.—Rye, 39s. 11d.—Beans, 50s. 4d.—Pease, 57s. 0d.
 London, Corn Exchange, Sept. 11. Liverpool, Sept. 12.

Wheat, red, old	42 to 60	White pease	45 to 50	Wheat, per 70 lb.	5 10 to 5 10	Amer. p. 1961b.	
Red, new	40 to 45	Ditto, boilers	52 to 54	Eng.	8 6 to 9 6	Sweet, U.S.	32 0 to 34 0
Fine ditto	46 to 50	Small Beans, new	46 to 48	Old	0 0 to 0 0	Do. in bond	— to —
Superfine ditto	52 to 58	Ditto, old	48 to 50	Scotch	8 9 to 9 3	Sour bond	— to —
White	42 to 46	Pick ditto, new	40 to 45	Irish	7 6 to 8 0	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	0 to 0
Fine ditto	48 to 56	Ditto, old	40 to 45	Bonded	4 8 to 5 0	English	38 0 to 45 0
Superfine ditto	58 to 61	Feed oats	23 to 25	Barley, per 60 lbs.	5 6 to 6 0	Scotch	— to —
Rye	38 to 40	Fine ditto	26 to 27	Eng.	5 6 to 6 0	Irish	36 0 to 42 0
Barley	27 to 32	Poland ditto	24 to 27	Scotch	5 0 to 5 9	Bran, p. 24lb.	— to —
Fine ditto	32 to 33	Fine ditto	28 to 30	Irish	4 10 to 5 8		
Superfine ditto	34 to 37	Potato ditto	25 to 28	Foreign	5 0 to 5 9		
Malt	50 to 53	Fine ditto	29 to 31	Oats, per 45 lb.	3 10 to 4 4	Butter, p. cwt.	s. d. s. d.
Fine	56 to 64	Scotch	32 to 34	Eng.	3 10 to 4 4	Belfast,	100 0 to 102 0
Hog Pease	45 to 47	Flour, per sack	50 to 55	Irish	3 10 to 4 5	Newry	93 0 to 94 0
Maple	48 to 50	Ditto, seconds	42 to 46	Scotch	3 10 to 4 4	Waterford	89 0 to 93 0
Maple, fine	— to —	Bran	— to —	For. in bond	— to —	Cork, pic. 2d.	93 0 to 94 0
				Do. dut. fr.	— to —	3d dry	86 0 to 88
				Rye, per qr.	— to —	Beef, p. tierce.	
				Malt per b.	7 3 to 8 6	Mess	80 0 to 95 0
				Middling	5 9 to 7 6	p. barrel	50 0 to 60 0
				Beans, per q.	46 0 to 50 0	Pork, p. bl.	
				English	44 0 to 48 0	Mess	60 0 to 70 0
				Irish	— to —	half do.	30 0 to 40 0
				Rapeseed	— to —	Bacon, p. cwt.	
				Pease, grey	— to —	Short mids.	63 0 to 65 0
				White	— to —	Sides	60 0 to 62 0
				Flour, English,		Hams, dry,	50 0 to 65 0
				p. 240lb. fine	48 0 to 52 0	Green	54 0 to 36 0
				Irish, 2ds	46 0 to 51 0	Lard, rd. p. c.	50 0 to 52 0

Seeds, &c.

Tares, per bsh.	8 0 to 13 0	Rye Grass,	22 to 26 0
Must. White,	12 to 15 0	Ribgrass,	26 to 48 0
Brown, new	12 to 14 0	Clover, red cwt.	52 to 75 0
Turnips, bsh.	42 to 45 0	White	54 to 65 0
Red & green	48 to 50 0	Foreign red	50 to 65 0
White,	0 to 0 0	White	— to — 0
Caraway, cwt.	29 to 35 0	Coriander	15 to 19 0
Canary, per qr.	72 to 103 0	Trefoil	21 to 28 0
Cinque Poin	56 to 45 0	Lintseed feed,	34 to 38 0
Rape Seed, per last,	£21, to £22.		

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d August 1825.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	200 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$	203 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{2}{4}$	201 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{1}{4}$	202 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$
3 per cent. reduced,	78 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{5}{8}$	80 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{8}{8}$	79 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	79 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per cent. consols,	78 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{8}{8}$	79 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{8}{8}$ $\frac{3}{4}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. consols,	85 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{8}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{8}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{8}$	87
New 4 per cent. cons.	93 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{5}{8}$	95 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$	94 $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{1}{4}$	95 $\frac{1}{4}$
India stock,				
— bonds,	19 20 pm	27 30 pm	24 22 23 pm	25 24 pm
Exchequer bills,	14 16 pm	17 18 pm	15 14 pm	17 18 pm
Exchequer bills, sm.	14 16 pm	17 18 pm	15 14 pm	17 18 pm
Consols for acc.	78 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{7}{8}$	79 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{5}{8}$ $\frac{3}{8}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$
Long Annuities		193 5 16 7	16 19 1 3 16	19 5 16 3

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the
21st of June and the 24th of August 1826.

- Abraham, H. C. Houndsditch, oilman
 Adams, J. Union Street, Southwark, oilman
 Atkinson, J. Liverpool, hackney-coach proprietor
 Allan, J. S., Allan, J., and Allen, B., Birmingham, glass-cutters
 Allen, P. and Smith, C. J. Alcester, Warwickshire, miller
 Allstone, J. Waltham Abbey, Essex, shopkeeper
 Alkins, I. Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, tailor
 Archer, C. Tewkesbury, Gloucester, builder
 Baghott, Sir P. Knight, Leonard Stanley, Gloucestershire, merchant
 Baker, J. and J. Abraham, Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, wine merchants
 Baldwin, B. Burley Woodhead, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner
 Baldwin, J. Cobham, Surrey, butcher
 Balshaw, J. and Burrows, T. Manchester, machine-makers
 Barker, A. Somers' Place West, New Road, St Pancras, apothecary
 Barradell, J. Nottingham, miller
 Barrett, G. Martock, Somerset, shopkeeper
 Bentley, R. Bolton-le-moors, Lancashire, machine-maker
 Bentley, W. High Holborn, woollen-draper
 Biggs, E. Birmingham, brass-founder
 Binns, A. Heaton, Norris, Lancaster, cotton-spinner
 Birch, W. St Peters, Isle of Thanet, victualler
 Bird, D. S. Manchester, veterinary surgeon
 Bolton, R. Liverpool, merchant
 Bowler, T. and R. Guest, Manchester, silk and cotton manufacturers
 Broomfield, Elizabeth, Walworth, bricklayer
 Broomfield, J. B. Walworth, builder
 Buckingham, S. St Martin's-le-grand, boot and shoe maker
 Buckthorp, T. Goswell Road, grocer.
 Burnell, B. Wakefield, woollen cloth manufacturer
 Burrell, R. jun. Wakefield, merchant
 Butler, J. R. Brunton Street, turner
 Campbell, S. Bristol, wool-factor
 Carne, W. jun. Penzance, Cornwall, merchant.
 Carnes, C. Liverpool, glass-merchant
 Cartwright, S. Dover-road, Southwark, coal-merchant
 Chadwick, W. and R. and C. Oldham, Lancashire, machine-makers
 Charlesworth, J. Copley-gate, Yorkshire, merchant
 Clarke, J. Norwich, shoemaker.
 Collins, W. and T. Maingy, Basinghall Street, merchants
 Collumbell, T. Derby, victualler.
 Conway, J. Upper Stamford Street, Blackfriars-road, builder
 Cooke, G. E. Jewin Street, jeweller
 Coombs, J. Ansford, Somerset
 Cooper, B. Moorside, Lancashire, cotton-spinner
 Copley, J. Duckenfield, Chester, provision-dealer
 Coupland, J. Liverpool, factor
 Cox, W. H. Cheltenham, silk-mercer
 Criddle, H. H. New Bond Street, hatter
 Crosley, T. Wakefield, Yorkshire, carrier
 Cruse, H. jun. Portsea, auctioneer
 Cullen, J. Liverpool, merchant
 Darvill, R. Cockhill, Ratcliff, cheesemonger
 Dixon, G. Runcorn, Cheshire, shopkeeper
 Dixon, J. Walsall, Staffordshire, fie-cutter
 Dowley, J. Howland Street, and Tuck, R. Pembroke Square, builders
 Dranfield, J. J. Birmingham, dealer
 Dryden, B. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, common brewer
 Dunn, T. Bristol, victualler
 Duncan, H. Portsmouth, surgeon
 Dudeney, E. Brighton, builder
 Eastgate, R. York, linen-draper
 Edis, J. Sussex Place, Kent-road, brewer
 Edwards, T. Halstead, Essex, victualler
 Ellis, G. Kexbrough, Yorkshire, tobacconist
 Emmet, H. Manchester, victualler
 Evans, E. Islington, linen-draper
 Fairclough, H. Hindly, Wigan, Lancashire, joiner
 Fairlie, Sir W. C. Bart. Fairlie, Ayrshire, distiller
 Fearnside, W. Leversedge, Yorkshire, merchant
 Fife, H. King's-Lynn, Norfolk, seed-merchant
 Fletcher, M. Lime-street Square, merchant.
 Flint, H. Paddington, Lancashire, glue-manufacturer
 Ford, R. Regent's-terrace, City-road, merchant
 Forster, J. H. Bread Street, warehouseman
 France, F. Wakefield, corn-factor
 Friedman, J. W. Finsbury Square, boarding-house keeper
 Galiegné, J. B. Fort-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer
 Gallemore, J. jun. and Foster, J. Manchester, calico-printers
 Gandar, Bedford Place, Commercial-road, brazier
 Garside, J. Manchester, cotton-spinner
 German, W. Bath, jeweller
 Geronimo, P. Bristol, looking-glass-manufacturer
 Gething, J. Worcester, coal-merchant
 Gibbs, J. Chard, Somerset, ironmonger
 Gibbons, T. jun., Wells, Norfolk, merchant
 Gifford, J. Paternoster-row, bookseller
 Gill, T. W. and J. L. Coventry, mercers
 Gough, N. and M. and A. Manchester, cotton-spinners
 Green, D. Upton-upon-Severn, Worcester, linen-draper
 Halifax, B. Gutter-lane, warehouseman
 Hallet, Mary, Davenport, Devonshire, earthenware-dealer
 Harris, G. Battersea-fields, warehouse-keeper
 Harrison, J. Ancocats, Manchester, cotton-spinner
 Harrison, J. Wigan, Lancashire, innkeeper
 Harrop, C. and S. Saddleworth, Yorkshire, clothiers
 Haselwood, W. Stratford, Essex, stationer and schoolmaster
 Hart, W. and R. Holborn-hill, linen-draper
 Heane, J. Gloucestershire, brick-maker
 Hickman, W. Great Coxwell, Berkshire, butcher
 Hill, S. Great Russel Street, upholder
 Millier, H. Agnes Place, Waterloo-road, horse-dealer
 Hinde, M. Rochdale, flannel-manufacturer
 Hinde, M. and Dean, W. Rochdale, woollen-manufacturers
 Hodgkinson, W. Doncaster, grocer
 Hodson, G. and Shepherd, J. Liverpool, hide-merchants
 Holiday, J. and Savage, J. and Grundy, T. Preston, machine-makers
 Homer, J. Liverpool, merchant
 Honeysett, W. Dalston, Middlesex, builder
 Hooper, A. Worcester, inn-keeper
 Hope, W. Woodhill, Bury, Lancashire, calico-printer
 Humphrey, T. H. Mile-end-road, stonc-mason
 Hyde, T. Portwood, Cheshire, spindle-maker
 Jackson, S. Congleton, Cheshire, silkman.
 Jackson, W. Warnford Court, Throgmorton Street.
 Jackson, T. and W. Liverpool, linen-merchants
 Jarman, E. Hoicombe-Rogus, Devon, tanner
 Jelf, G. Crown-court, Broad-street, merchant
 Johnson, J. Congleton, Cheshire, silk-throwster
 Johnson, P. Runcorn, Cheshire, innkeeper
 Jones, W. Yeovil, Somerset, grocer
 Jones, T. Leicester, hosier
 Kent, R. Liverpool, surgeon
 Kennedy, F. Kingston-upon-Hull, linen-draper
 King, J. Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, flax-spinner
 Lagar, R. Banknewton, Yorkshire, cattle-jobber
 Lake, S. Alfred-place, Bedford square, builder
 Lane, J. Middlewich, Cheshire, woollen-manufacturer
 Lavell, J. F. Portland street, Walworth, cheesemonger
 Lax, E. Manchester, publican
 Lawrence, T. Park place, St James's-street, tailor
 Leigh, R. Manchester, warehouseman
 Levin, S. L. Grace-alley, Wellelose-square, bead merchant

- Lediard, J. Cheltenham, slater and plasterer
 Lowe, R. Sutton Place, Homerton, merchant
 Matthews, S. King Street, Clerkenwell, brewer
 Merrel, J. Cheltenham, grocer
 Midgley, S. and J. and J. and W. Almondbury,
 Yorkshire, fancy cloth-manufacturers
 Mills, T. Cockfield, Suffolk, innkeeper
 Moakes, J. K. Louth, Lincolnshire, carpenter
 Monk, R. Bispham, Lancashire, maltster
 Moojen, J. G. Mark-lane, merchant
 Moore, H. Suffolk-street, Battle-bridge, builder
 Moreau, P. L. Vassal-place, North Brixton, mer-
 chant
 Moyes, T. Bouverie-street, printer
 Naicolas, C. Tothill-street, cheesemonger
 Newey, W. Wolverhampton, miller
 Newton, G. Birmingham, upholsterer
 Noakes, J. Watling-street, cloth-dealer
 Oakley, G. Allsop's-buildings, Marylebone, mer-
 chant
 Offer, J. Cambridge, bookseller
 Oliver, J. Manchester, victualler
 Oliver, E. Bryn, Montgomeryshire, cattle sales-
 man
 Otley, G. and Byrne, H. Regent-street, tailors
 Otton, J. Moreton-Hampstead, Devon, yeoman
 Parish, D. Norfolk-street, Middlesex Hospital, oil
 and colourman
 Parkinson, C. Whitby, Yorkshire, grocer
 Pearsall, J. King-street, Cheapside, boarding and
 lodging-house-keeper
 Peeling, J. Liverpool, druggist
 Penlington, J. Liverpool, watch-manufacturer.
 Perkins, E. Northampton, grocer
 Pickering, W. Worcester, iron-founder
 Pinero, D. Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, coal-
 merchant
 Poore, G. and H. Moorfields, breeches-makers
 Porter, J. St Clears, Carmarthenshire, cattle-
 dealer
 Power, W. T. and Jackson, S. Birmingham, silk-
 men
 Price, J. Deritend, Warwickshire, bellows-maker
 Price, R. Charles-street, Stepney, licensed-vic-
 tualer
 Richardson, P. Liverpool, victualler
 Ritson, J. Carlisle, spirit merchant
 Roberts, H. Bristol, coal-merchant
 Rogers, W. Lad-lane, silk-warehouseman
 Rowley, H. Houndsditch, baker
 Ruby, J. Helston, Cornwall, shopkeeper
 Sagar, R. Bank Newton, Gargrave, York, cattle-
 jobber
 Sece, C. Austin-friars, scrivener
 Scott, J. Liverpool, coach-proprietor
 Sears, C. Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, iron-
 monger
 Shepherd, T. Claremont-row, Pentonville, mer-
 chant
 Shepherd, T. Brighton, jeweller.
 Simpson, J. Cushion-court, Broad-street, coal-
 merchant
 Sims, C. Cheltenham, sawyer
 Skinner, W. Hatton-garden, apothecary
 Smith, J. and Smith, W. jun. South Shields, rope-
 makers
 Smith, W. Bath, carver and gilder
 Smith, J. Hastings, mercer
 Sorrell, J. Camberwell, carpenter
 Sparrow, I. F. Bishopsgate, iron-monger
 Sprigg, J. Drury-lane, leather-seller
 Spurrier, W. Walsall, Stafford, wine and brandy-
 merchant
 Stangroom, R. Perceval-street, Clerkenwell,
 plumber and glazier
 Stein, Butcher-row, East Smithfield, yeast-mer-
 chant
 Stewart, C. Birchen-lane, merchant
 Stirling, W. and J. Bow Church-yard, merchants
 Stocks, J. Manchester, shop-keeper
 Strong, W. Brixton, Surrey, merchant
 Stubbs, J. H. Manchester, merchant
 Sutton, H. Brighton, surgeon
 Swift, J. W. Liverpool, bookseller
 Tatham, W. W. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer
 Thomas, H. Noble-street, Cheapside, tea-dealer
 Thurrington, H. and Roberts, L. City-road-wharf
 Tickle, W. and Roberts, W. Burnley, Lancashire
 Till, J. Basinghall-street, woollen-draper
 Tolson, M. High-Holborn, linen-draper
 Tomlinson, M. Chester, inn-keeper
 Toner, J. Friday-street, calico-printer
 Trott, R. Stepney, scavenger
 Turner, T. and Gough, J. Salford, Lancashire,
 cotton-spinners
 Twigg, J. Earl's Eaton, Yorkshire, blanket-ma-
 nufacturer
 Tyler, H. F. Elizabeth-place, Westminster-road,
 money-scrivener
 Tyrrell, J. Stamford-street, dyer
 Vine, M. Brighton, builder
 Wadley, W. sen. Nightingale-vale, Woolwich,
 market-gardener
 Ward, W. J. Askriggs, Yorkshire, woollen-yarn-
 spinner
 Whale, S. Lyncombe, and W. Whitome, Somers-
 setshire, stationers
 Wheeler, W. Upper-Chenies-mews, Bedford-square,
 coach-broker
 White, T. Commercial Sale-rooms, Mincing-lane,
 wine and spirit-broker
 Wilkinson, T. West-square, under-writer
 Williams, F. W. Norfolk-street, Strand, tavern
 keeper
 Wilson, T. Brunswick-parade, White-conduit-
 fields, oil and colour-man
 Wisedell, B. Prospect-place, Surrey, jeweller
 Wolstoncroft, J. Manchester, clothes-broker
 Wood, S. Manchester, merchant
 Woods, R. Cambridge, builder
 Wright, H. and Leedham, G. Manchester, manu-
 facturers
 Wright, S. Knutsford, Cheshire, money-scrivener.
 Wryghte, W. C. Lawrence, Pountney-lane, mer-
 chant
 Wynne, J. Stafford, shoe-manufacturer

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 4th of July
 and the 4th of September, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

- Aitken and Denovan, carpet-manufacturers, Glas-
 gow.
 Baxter, William Thomas, and Sons, manufactur-
 ers, Dundee.
 Bertram, Alexander and John, picture-dealers
 and painters in Edinburgh.
 Blackie, John, engineer and founder, Hutcheson-
 town, Glasgow.
 Boyd, Edward, of Mertonhall, county of Wigton,
 underwriter and cattle-dealer.
 Charles, John, candle-maker in Edinburgh.
 Cook, Charles, coach-owner and vintner in Ar-
 broath.
 Craig, William, surgeon and druggist in Parkhead,
 near Glasgow.
 Crail, John, wright and builder, Portobello.
 Crichton, James, vintner and spirit-dealer, Glas-
 gow.
 Davidson, James, tanner in Dumbarton.
 Donaldson, James, coach-maker in Dundee.
 Douglas, John, merchant in Leith.
 Dunbar, Thomas, hatter in Glasgow.
 Dunlop, John, cattle-dealer in Stewarton.
 Durward and Davidson, coach-hirers and spirit-
 dealers in Edinburgh.
 Franklin and Co. tailors and clothiers, Edinburgh.
 Forester, Ogilvie, and Co. distillers, Glenelrig, in
 the county of Stirling.
 Gillespie and Kirkham, builders in Edinburgh.
 Gordon, James, and Sons, grocers and spirit-
 dealers in Hutchesontown of Glasgow.
 Graham, James, malster and corn-merchant in
 Alloa.
 Grimmond and Robertson, merchants and haberdash-
 ers in Perth.
 Hay, John and Robert, and Co. bleachers at Nether
 Place, near Glasgow.
 Hedderwick and Kerr, iron-mongers in Glasgow.
 Henderson, William, cattle-dealer and drover, in
 Guiltiehill, county of Argyll.

Henderson, John, and Co. soda, red, and iron-liquor-manufacturers, Port-Dundas Road, Glasgow.
 Inglis, Messrs D. and H. linen-printers and merchants in Glasgow.
 Jameson, Robert, wright and builder in Glasgow.
 Johnston, Robert, currier and leather-merchant, Glasgow.
 Kerr, George, and Co. merchants, Glasgow.
 Kirk, John, brewer in Drumdryan, near Edinburgh.
 Lenuox, David, merchant in Perth.
 Lillie and Penrice, millers, and corn and meal-dealers, Mungall Mill near Falkirk.
 M'Alpine, John, coppersmith in Glasgow.
 M'Auley, John, lime-merchant and writer, Dumbarton.
 M'Donald, Alexander, merchant-tailor, Saltmarket-street, Glasgow.
 Macfarlane, Duncan, and Co. merchants, Glasgow.
 M'Kinlay, Peter, wright and builder in Laurieston, near Glasgow.
 M'Millan, William, cotton-yarn merchant and agent in Glasgow.
 Macready, bookseller and publisher in Edinburgh.
 Macvicar, Neil and John, bleachers at Keirfield, near Stirling.
 Marshall, William, grocer, Dundee.
 Megget, Thomas, merchant and writer to the signet in Edinburgh.
 Monteith, James and Adam, merchants, Glasgow.
 Monteith, John and Robert, merchants, Glasgow.
 Morrison, John, patent press-manufacturer, Edinburgh.
 Morison, Daniel, merchant in Inverness.
 Muirhead, Thomas and Robert, bleachers, Springvale, near Glasgow.
 Nicolson, John, upholsterer in Glasgow.
 Nixon, Joseph, hat-manufacturer in Edinburgh.
 Ogg, Alexander, now or lately merchant in Brechin.
 Paterson, Thomas, merchant and agent, Glasgow.
 Pentland, George, coach-maker in Perth.

Petrie, David, merchant and ship-owner, Arbroath.
 Philip, Andrew, distiller at Inverkeithing.
 Prince, Abraham, merchant and furrier in Edinburgh.
 Reid, John, merchant in Leith.
 Robertson, George, spirit-dealer, Argyle-street, Glasgow.
 Robertson, Arthur, distiller in Danverney, and general merchant in Dingwall.
 Robertson, John, iron-founder, Gorbals, Glasgow.
 Robertson, James, sen. merchant in Greenock.
 Ross, Colin, merchant, Dundee.
 Russel, Robert, and Co. founders and iron-mongers in Kirkcaldy.
 Russell, Robert and Co. founders and iron-mongers in Kirkcaldy.
 Smith, Robert, and Son, merchants and Drysalters in Glasgow.
 Stevenson and M'Lean, calenderers in Glasgow. }
 The Stirling Banking Company, as a company, and Edward Alexander of Powis, Patrick Council, merchant in Stirling, John Thomson, carpet-manufacturer at Borough-moor, near Stirling, Robert Thomson, wood-merchant in Stirling, John Wright, residing there, Peter Wright, writer there, and John Hutton Syme, brewer in Alloa, the partners of said company as individuals.
 Wallace, James, merchant and manufacturer, Glasgow.
 Watson, George, surgeon and druggist in Glasgow.
 Watson, Alexander, merchant and manufacturer in Bannockburn.
 Watt, James, and Co. engineers at Anderston, near Glasgow.
 Weatherhead, Robert, merchant and builder in Coldstream.
 Wilson, John, builder, Gardner's Crescent, Edinburgh.
 Winton, David, clothier in Glasgow.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

July.

- | | | | |
|---|--|----|---|
| 2 | Life Gds. Corn. and Sub-Lt. <i>Hon.</i> G. W. Edwards, Lieut. by purch. vice Rooke prom. 15 June, 1826 | 2 | Corn. R. G. Craufurd, Lt. vice Askew deceased 29 do. |
| | Corn. and Sub-Lieut. J. Davidson, by purch. vice Dallas prom. do. | | Corn. J. Hely, from 7 Dr. Gds. Corn. vice Craufurd, do. |
| | <i>Hon.</i> G. H. Ongley, Corn. and Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Edwards, do. | 6 | Lt. O'N. Segrave, from h. p. Lt. vice T. Boyd, who exch. rec. diff. 15 do. |
| | Ens. J. Kinloch, from 58 F. Corn. and Sub-Lt. vice H. L. Bulmer, who exch. 21 do. | 9 | L. Dr. As. Surg. W. J. Shiell, from 19 F. As. Surg. vice Burton prom. on Staff, do. |
| | R. H. Gds. <i>Hon.</i> A. J. C. Villiers, Corn. by purch. vice Kenyon, prom. 10 July | 10 | Lt. S. Wells, from h. p. paymaster, vice J. Wardell, who reverts to h. p. 25 do. |
| | 2 Dr. Gds. Corn. H. Curtis, Lt. by purch. ; vice Horton, who rets. 29 June | 15 | Corn. W. Penn, from 16 L. Dr. Lieut. vice Kelso dec. 29 do. |
| | Corn. and Riding Master J. E. Dyer, Corn. by purch. vice Curtis, do. | | Corn. A. Browne, Lt. by purch. vice Ellis prom. 6 July |
| | Lt. T. G. Shipwith, from h. p. Lt. vice R. R. Hepburn, who exch. rec. diff. 6 July | 14 | As. Surg. C. C. Hughes, from 35 F. As. Surg. vice Bush prom. in 93 F. 15 June |
| 3 | Maj. <i>Hon.</i> G. R. Abercromby, from h. p. Maj. vice G. Watts, who exch. rec. diff. 22 June | 16 | Ens. C. Cotton, from 19 F. Corn. vice Penn, prom. in 13 L. Dr. 29 do. |
| | Corn. W. H. Warrington, Lt. by purch. vice Dundas prom. 11 July | | Lt. T. L. S. Menteath, Capt. by purch. vice Baker, prom. 18 July |
| | A. Innes, Corn. by purch. vice Taubman app. to 3 F. Gds. 15 June | | Corn. T. Blood, Lt. by purch. vice Menteath, do. |
| | J. Montgomery, Corn. by purch. vice Warrington, 11 July | 17 | Capt. G. Robbins, from h. p. Capt. vice W. T. H. Fisk, who exch. rec. diff. 29 June |
| 7 | Lieut. T. Unett, Capt. by purch. vice Prosser prom. 6 do. | | Coldst. F. Gds. Capt. and Lt. Col. D. M'Kinnon, Maj. by purch. with rank of Col. vice Raikes, who rets. 22 June |
| | Corn. R. K. Trotter, Lt. by purch. vice Unett, do. | | Lt. and Capt. J. Drummond, Capt. and Lt.-Col. by purch. vice M'Kinnon, do. |
| | Corn. J. Hely, from 2 Dr. Corn. retaining his former sit. in this regt. vice Trotter, do. | | Ens. and Lt. <i>Hon.</i> J. Ashburnham, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Drummond, do. |
| 1 | Dr. J. O. Luxford, Corn. by purch. vice Thomas, whose app. has not taken place, 15 June | | C. Horton, Ens. and Lt. by purch. T. Ashburnham, 29 do. |
| | | | Ens. and Lt. <i>Hon.</i> H. St. C. Erskine, |

	Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Girardot prom. 11 July	17	Capt. J. O. Clunie, from 55 F. Capt. vice Denham prom. do.	
	H. Forbes, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Erskine, do.		Ens. R. Graham, Lt. by purch. vice Brooke, prom. 11 July	
1 F.	Maj. H. H. Farquharson, from h. p. Maj. vice Campbell prom. 12 June	18	Capt. W. W. Lynar, from h. p. Capt. vice Rogers, prom. 8 June	
	Capt. J. Anderson, from h. p. 28 F. Capt. vice Rowan prom. do.		H. Fitz W. Way, Ens. by purch. vice Forbes, app. to 53 F. 26 do.	
	J. Mayne, Ens. vice Campbell dead of his wounds, 22 do.		Ens. C. J. R. Collinson, from 25 F. Ens. vice Auldjo, prom. 11 July	
3	Capt. T. Munro, from h. p. 42 F. Capt. vice Bowen prom. 8 do.	19	Capt. W. E. Sweny, from h. p. Capt. vice Sargent, app. to 53 F. 8 June	
	Capt. J. Patton, from h. p. Capt. vice Daniel, app. to 66 F. do.		Maj. G. Pipon, from h. p. Maj. vice Maedonald, prom. 22 do.	
	Capt. C. S. Wortley, from h. p. Capt. vice Erskine prom. do.		Lt. N. Custance, from 37 F. Capt. by purch. vice M ^r Arthur prom. 15 do.	
	Br. Lt.-Col. G. D. Wilson, from h. p. Maj. vice Sir E. K. Williams prom. 29 do.		Corn. R. Grant, from h. p. 3 Dr. Gds. Ens. paying diff. to h. p. Fund, vice Cotton, app. to 16 L. Dr. 29 do.	
	Capt. C. F. L'Ardy, from h. p. Capt. vice Shaw prom. do.		Hosp. As. G. J. Hyde, As. Surg. vice Shiell, app. to 9 L. Dr. 15 do.	
5	Capt. J. Maedonald, from 1 W. I. R. Capt. vice Kysh prom. 6 July		Ens. R. Lovelace, from 53 F. Ens. vice Delme, who ex. 6 July	
6	Capt. J. Hill, from 47 F. Capt. vice Cowell, who exch. 1 Jan.	20	Capt. R. Garrett, from h. p. 96 F. Capt. vice Frankland, app. to 54 F. 8 June	
	Ens. B. T. F. Bowes, Lt. by purch. vice Dunn, app. to 44 F. 25 May		Capt. W. C. Langmead, from h. p. Capt. vice Falls, prom. do.	
	R. M. Beebee, Ens. by purch. vice Bowes, do.		Lt. P. Hennessey, from 67 F. Lt. vice Wood, who ex. 24 Nov. 1825	
7	Hosp. As. H. W. R. Davey, As. Surg. 15 June		Serj. Maj. H. Hollinsworth. Adj. with rank of Ens. vice Story, who has res. Adjtey. only 5 Dec.	
	Lt. Hon. G. Liddell, Capt. by purch. vice Macbean prom. 18 July	22	Ens. J. Huie, Lt. vice Mills, dead 22 June 1826	
8	Capt. T. H. Davis, from h. p. Capt. vice Cotter prom. 8 June		W. Milne, Ens. vice Huie do.	
	Capt. A. Dirom, from h. p. Capt. vice Campbell, prom. do.		Surg. E. Owen, from h. p. 73 F. Surg. vice F. Brown, who ex. do.	
	Capt. C. S. Malet, from h. p. Capt. vice Lyster prom. do.	23	2d Lt. R. H. Otley, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Clinton, prom. 11 July	
	Capt. J. S. Powell, Maj. by purch. vice Browne prom. 11 July	24	Capt. C. H. Doyle, from h. p. Capt. vice Baby, prom. 8 June	
	Lt. W. E. Piekwick, Capt. by purch. vice Powell, do.	25	Capt. J. P. Holford, from h. p. 1 F. Gds. Capt. vice Austen, prom. do.	
	Ens. G. Burrard, Lt. by purch. vice Hare prom. do.		Capt. R. A. Butler, from h. p. Capt. vice Weasley, prom. do.	
	Ens. J. May, from 14 F. Ens. vice Burrard, do.		Capt. F. B. Lynch, from h. p. 100 F. Capt. vice Thorne, prom. 29 do.	
9	Br. Lt. Col. H. Hardy, from h. p. 60 F. Maj. vice Peebles prom. 8 June		J. G. Slacke, Ens. by purch. vice Collinson, app. to 18 F. 11 July	
10	Maj. W. G. Freer, from h. p. Maj. vice King prom. do.		Capt. Hon. N. H. C. Massey from h. p. Capt. vice Butler, whose app. has not taken place 6 do.	
	Capt. E. St. J. Mildmay, from h. p. Capt. vice Dent prom. do.	26	Capt. W. Stewart, from h. p. Capt. vice Whitty, prom. 8 June	
	Capt. J. Delancey, from h. p. Capt. vice Kelly prom. do.		Br. Col. J. Pringle, from h. p. 31 L. Dr. Maj. vice Jones, prom. 29 do.	
	Lt. W. H. Adams, Capt. by purch. vice Macdowall prom. 18 July		Lt. H. F. Strange, Capt. by purch. vice Bowles, who rets. do.	
	Ens. W. Musgrave, Lt. by purch. vice Adams, do.		Ens. R. J. E. Rich, Lt. by purch. vice Strange do.	
	Lt. R. Uniacke, from h. p. 93 F. Pay-Mast. vice Bloomfield, 6 July		Lt. G. Lord Ramsay, from h. p. Lt. vice A. Macdonald, who exch. 12 July	
11	Capt. A. Smith, from 2 W. I. Regt., Capt. v. Prideaux, app. to 73 F. 29 June		T. E. Welby, Ens. by purch. vice Lord Ramsay do.	
	G. B. Tathwell, Ens. by purch., v. Forrester, prom. 15 do.		T. Secombe, Ens. by purch. vice Rich, prom. 6 do.	
12	Capt. E. H. Hunt, from 63 F. Capt. v. Jones, prom. 6 July	23	Capt. J. R. Colthurst, from 32 F. Capt. vice Irving, prom. 8 June	
14	Capt. J. V. Temple, from h. p. Capt. v. Watson, prom. 8 June		Lt. R. W. H. Drury, Capt. by purch. vice Parsons, prom. 11 July	
	Br. Lt. Col. J. Campbell, Lt. Col. v. Edwards killed in action 22 do.		Ens. G. Browne, Lt. by purch. vice Drury do.	
	Br. Maj. J. Marshall, Maj. v. Campbell, do.		W. Linskill, Ens. by purch. vice Browne do.	
	Lt. H. Johnson, Capt. v. Armstrong, killed in action 21 Jan.	29	Capt. M ^r K. Champain, from h. p. Capt. vice Belches, prom. 8 June	
	Lt. M. C. Lynch, Capt. v. Marshall 22 June		Ens. H. Phillpots, Lt. by purch. vice Waloud, prom. 11 July	
	Ens. E. C. Lynch, Lt. v. Johnson 21 Jan.		P. G. Beers, Ens. by purch. vice Phillpots do.	
	W. Tullon, Ens. v. Lynch do.		Capt. J. Proctor, from h. p. 43 F. Capt. vice Howard, prom. 8 June	
	Lt. T. Evans, from h. p. 38 F. Lt. v. J. R. Smith, who exch. 6 July	30	Capt. J. G. Geddes, from h. p. Capt. vice Fox, prom. do.	
	L. Craigie, Ens. by purch. v. May, app. to 8 F. 11 do.		Capt. J. Swinburn, from h. p. 73 F. Capt. vice Crow, prom. do.	
	F. Fenwick, Ens. by purch. v. Budd, prom. 12 do.	32	Capt. M. Power, from h. p. Capt. vice Colthurst, app. to 28 F. do.	
15	Maj. J. Eden, from h. p. Maj. v. Maxwell, prom. 8 June		Capt. W. Kelly, from 97 F. Capt. vice Budden, who exch. 22 do.	
	Capt. J. S. Doyle, prom. h. p. Capt. v. Wright, prom. do.			

- 34 F. Capt. H. B. Mends, from h. p. 22 F. 47
 Capt. vice Hogarth, prom. 12 do.
 Capt. W. F. Frankland, from 20 F. 48
 Capt. vice Locker, prom. do.
- 35 Maj. R. Maedonald, from h. p. Maj. 48
 vice Macalister, prom. 8 do.
 Capt. S. Workman, from 2 W. I. Regt.
 Capt. vice Lynch, prom. do.
 Capt. A. Tenant, from 73 F. Capt. vice 49
 Weare, prom. 12 do.
 Hosp. As. J. Crichton, As. Surg. vice 52
 Hughes app. to 14 L. Dr. 15 do.
- 36 Capt. M. R. Grey, from 86 F. Capt. 49
 vice Crosse, prom. 8 do.
 Lt. R. W. Wake, from h. p. Lieut. vice
 T. Gibbons, who exch. 15 do.
 37 Ens. D. E. Todd, Lieut. by purch. vice 53
 Custance, prom. do.
 F. Skelly, Ens. by purch. vice Todd,
 prom. 6 July
 F. Romilly, Ens. by purch. vice Marsh-
 am, prom. 11 do.
- 38 Capt. T. Vyvyan, from h. p. 41 F. 48
 Capt. vice Rains, prom.; and Capt.
 A. Maedonald, from h. p. Capt. vice
 Davis, app. to 75 F. 8 June.
 Maj. W. Frith, Lt.-Col. vice Evans,
 dec.; and Br. Lt.-Col. Hon. J. Finch,
 from h. p. W. I. Rangers, Maj. vice
 Frith, both 18 Dec. 1825. 51
 Ens. J. Bullen, Lt. vice Buchanan,
 dec. 2 do.
 Ens. W. Deane, Lt. vice Proctor, killed
 in action. 3 do.
 T. Southall, Ens. vice Bullen 2 do.
 Ens. J. J. Grant, from 86 F. Ens. vice
 Deane 22 June 1826 52
 Lt. A. Campbell (1st) Adj. vice Snod-
 grass, who has resigned Adjty only, 53
 13 Sept. 1825
- Capt. C. Blackett, from h. p. 7 L. Dr. 54
 Capt. vice Vyvyan, whose app. has
 not taken place 6 July
 39 Capt. T. Baynes, from h. p. 32 F. Capt. 54
 vice Cuppige, prom. 8 June
 Maj. F. Crofton, from late 2 R. Vet.
 Bat. Maj. vice Parke, prom. 29 do.
 41 Ens. J. E. Deere, Lt. vice Ferrar, dec. 54
 4 Nov. 1825
 Ens. H. J. Ellis. Lt. vice Sutherland,
 killed in action 2 Dec.
 E. J. Vaughan, Ens. vice Deere 4 Nov.
 Ens. J. Smith, Lt. vice Gossip do.
 J. Arata, Ens. vice Ellis 2 Dec. 55
 O. W. Gray, Ens. vice Smith, 2 do.
 2d Lt. A. Tucker, from 60 F. Lt. by
 purch. vice Childers, whose prom.
 to a Ltcy by purch. has been cancelled
 6 July
- 42 Capt. C. A. Campbell, from h. p. Capt. 55
 vice Wade, prom.; and Capt. W.
 Childers, from h. p. Capt. vice
 M'Pherson, prom. 8 June
 Capt. G. Doherty, from h. p. 19 L. Dr.
 Capt. vice Campbell, prom. 6 July
 Capt. J. Considine, Maj. by purch. vice
 Le Blanc prom.; Lt. C. R. Wright,
 Capt. by purch. vice Considine; Ens.
 W. Egerton, Lieut. by purch. vice
 Wright; and J. W. Smith, Ens. by
 purch. vice Egerton, all 11 do.
- 44 Maj. J. C. Lt. Carter, L. Col. vice Dun- 56
 kin dec.; Capt. T. Mackrell, Maj.
 vice Carter; Lt. J. C. Webster, Capt.
 vice Mackrell; and Ens. H. L. Lay-
 ard, Lt. vice Webster, all
 12 Nov. 1825
 Ens. J. D. De Wend, Lt. vice Carr,
 17 Dec.
 Lt. W. Dunn, from 6 F. Lt. vice East-
 wood, prom. 25 May, 1826
 T. W. Half hide, Ens. vice Layard,
 12 Nov. 1825
 S. Grove, Ens. vice D. Wend 57
 22 June, 1826
- 45 — Seagram, Ens. vice Stamford 56
 prom. in 89 F. do.
 Hosp. As. A. Callandar, As. Surg. vice
 Paterson, prom. in 13 F. 15 do.
- 46 Capt. W. Chalmers, from h. p. 52 F. 57
 Capt. vice Stuart, prom. 8 do.
- Capt. J. G. Cowell, from 6 F. Capt. 58
 vice Hill, who exch. 1 Jan.
 Capt. G. Crossdale, from h. p. Capt.
 vice Yale, prom. 8 do.
 Capt. J. Skirrow, from h. p. 53 F. Capt.
 repaying diff. to h. p. Fund, vice
 Crossdale, whose app. has not taken
 place 29 do.
 Maj. R. Beauchamp, from h. p. Maj.
 vice Glegg, prom. 8 do.
 Capt. G. Montagu, from h. p. Capt.
 vice Rowan, prom. and Capt. H.
 Deedes, from 75 F. Capt. vice Mac-
 leod, prom. 8 do.
 W. Chalmer, Ens. by purch. vice Vere-
 ker, app. to 91 F. 15 do.
 Capt. S. H. Widdrington, from h. p.
 vice Harrison, prom. 8 do.
 Capt. T. Reed, Maj. by purch. vice
 Wheatstone, who rets.; and Lt. J.
 Gardner, Capt. by purch. vice Reed,
 both 15 do.
 Ens. R. Wakefield, Lt. by purch. vice
 Gardner; and Ens. J. Forbes, from
 18 F. Ens. vice Wakefield, both 29 do.
 Ens. S. R. Delme, from 19 F. Ens. vice
 Lovelace, who exch. 6 July
 Maj. H. Lumley, from h. p. Maj. vice
 Kelly, prom. 8 do.
 E. D. Wright, Ens. vice Serjeant, dec.
 19 Jan.
 55 Capt. J. M'K. Cameron, from h. p. 60
 F. Capt. vice Clunie, app. to 17 F. 56
 8 June
- 56 Ens. C. J. Henry, from 85 F. Lt. by 56
 purch. vice Barclay, prom. 11 July
 Lt. P. Aubin, Capt. vice Ovens, dec.
 22 June 57
- 58 Capt. J. J. Sargent, from 19 F. Capt. 58
 vice Dudgeon, prom. and Capt. R.
 H. Wynyard, from h. p. Capt. vice
 Murray, prom. 8 do.
 Lt. R. A. Mackenzie, adj. vice Bever-
 houdt, who res. adjty only, 6 July
 Lt. N. Hovenden, Capt. vice Pitman,
 killed in action 19 Jan.
 Ens. W. Fuller, Lt. vice Griffiths, cas-
 shiered 9 do.
 Ens. J. N. Barron, Lt. vice Hovenden;
 and J. Hennessy, Ens. vice Barron,
 both 19 do.
- 61 Capt. C. Pearsen, from h. p. Capt. vice 61
 Goodman, prom. 8 June
 62 Capt. H. J. Ramsden, from h. p. Capt. 62
 vice Riddall, prom. 12 do.
 63 Capt. R. L. Dickson, from h. p. 2 Dr.
 Capt. vice Hunt, app. to 12 F. 63
 6 July
- 64 Capt. Hon. G. A. Browne, from h. p. 64
 Capt. vice Jameson, prom. do.
 65 Brev. Lt. Col. Hon. G. L. Dawson,
 from h. p. 69 F. Capt. vice Digby,
 prom. 8 June
 Capt. R. C. Smith, from h. p. Capt.
 vice Ellard, prom. do.
 66 Capt. T. W. Stewart, from 1 W. I. R.
 Regt., Capt. vice Burke, prom. do.
 Capt. J. Daniell, from 5 F. Capt. vice
 Nicholls, prom. do.
 Capt. J. George, from R. Afr. Col. Co.
 Capt. vice Goldie, prom. do.
 Lt. J. Brannan, from 1 W. I. Reg. Lt.
 vice J. Ralston, who retires on h. p.
 71 F. 22 do.
 Corn. A. C. M'Murdo, from h. p. 21
 L. Dr. (paying diff. to h. p. Fund.)
 Ens. v. C. D. Bailey, who exch. do.
 Ens. A. Croyton, from h. p. Ens. vice
 M'Murdo, prom. in Afr. Col. Co. 29 do.
- As. Surg. J. Cross, from h. p. 2 R. Vet.
 Bn. As. Surg. vice Henry, prom. 22 do.
- 67 Lt. G. H. Wood, from 20 F. Lt. vice 67
 Hennessy, who exch. 4 Nov. 1825.
- 96 Capt. F. Towers, from h. p. 7 L. Dr.
 Capt. vice Bennet, prom. 29 June
 Ens. E. S. James, from h. p. Ens. vice
 W. Semple, who exch. 6 July
 70 Capt. J. Laing, from h. p. Capt. vice 70
 Huxley, prom. 8 June

- 71 Hoop. As. W. B. Daykin, As. Surg. vice
Winterscale, prom. in 65 F. 16 do.
- 72 Capt. G. H. Lindsay, from h. p. Capt.
vice Wilson, prom. 29 do.
- 73 — E. S. Prideaux, from 11 F. Capt.
vice Tenant, app. to 35 F. do.
- 75 — A. Davis, from 38 F. Capt. vice
Edwards, prom. 8 June
- R. D. Halifax, from h. p. Capt.
vice Deedes, app. to 52 F. do.
- S. M. F. Hall, from h. p. Capt.
vice Newton, prom. do.
- E. V. Ind. Ens. by purch. vice Lord
C. Wellesley, app. to H. Gu. 15 do.
- Lt. Col. R. England, from h. p. Lt. Col.
vice H. Viscount Barnard, who exch.
6 July
- 77 Capt. J. Mason, from h. p. 100 F. Capt.
vice Baird prom. 8 June
- 78 — R. J. P. Vassale, from h. p. Capt.
vice Stanhope, prom. do.
- Ens. and Adj. J. E. N. Bull, Lt. by
purch. vice Monstresor, prom. in
Cey. Regt. 15 do.
- W. Alvares, Ens. by purch. vice Bull,
do.
- Lt. A. Sword, from R. Afr. Col. Corps,
Lt. vice Cooper, dead, 6 July
- A. W. Webb, Ens. by purch. vice
Thomson, app. to 88 F. do.
- 79 Capt. G. Mathias, from h. p. Capt.
vice Mitchell, prom. 8 do.
- 82 M. O'Toole, Ens. vice Collins prom. in
99 F. 22 do.
- 84 Capt. H. Alexander, from h. p. Capt.
vice Bernard, prom. 8 do.
- R. Willington, from h. p. Capt.
vice Jenkin, prom. do.
- J. A. West, Ens. by purch. vice Broom,
prom. 6 July
- 86 Capt. J. G. Le Merchant, from h. p.
Capt. vice Gray, app. to 56 F. 8 June
- W. Johnson, Ens. vice Grant, app. to
38 F. 22 do.
- Lt. Col. J. M'Cas skill, from h. p. Lt.
Col. vice J. Johnson, who exch.
6 July
- 87 Lt. P. C. Masterton, Capt. vice Hus-
band, dead 7 Nov. 1825
- 83 Maj. W. S. Forbes, from Cape Corps,
Maj. vice Clifford, prom. 8 June
- Lt. W. Elliot, Capt. by purch. vice Na-
pier, prom. 6 July
- Ens. G. Newcombe, Lt. by purch. vice
Elliot, do.
- G. Thomson, from 78 F. Ens. vice
Newcombe, do.
- R. Stanford, from 45 F. Lt. vice
Currie, res. 5 Nov. 1825
- 91 Capt. F. A. Gould, from h. p. Capt.
vice Creighton, prom. 8 June
- Ens. C. Vereker, from 52 F. vice Duff,
app. to 92 F. 15 June 1826
- 92 Capt. J. Campell, from h. p. Capt. vice
Pilkington, prom. 8 do.
- Ens. J. Rollo, Lt. by purch. vice For-
bes, prom. 15 do.
- Ens. B. Duff, from 91 F. Ens. vice Rol-
lo, 15 do.
- 93 Capt. L. Macquarie, from h. p. 33 F.
Capt. vice Ellis prom. 8 do.
- Ens. H. Boulger, Lt. by purch. vice
Hill, who rets. 6 July
- J. Campbell, Ens. by purch. vice Boul-
ger, do.
- 94 Capt. W. H. Snow, from h. p. Capt.
vice Gray, prom. 8 June
- Br. Lt. Col. T. S. St Clair, from h. p.
Maj. vice Allan, prom. 29 do.
- T. Tullock, Ens. by purch. vice Keat-
ing app. to 56 F. 15 do.
- 95 Capt. J. Stainton, from h. p. Capt. vice
Gore, prom. 8 June
- 97 Br. Lt. Col. P. Wodehouse, from h. p.
Maj. vice Austen, prom. 8 do.
- Capt. J. Budden, from 33 F. Capt. vice
Kelly, who exch. 22 do.
- 98 Major J. Rudsdell, fm. h. p. 3d Ceyl.
Reg. Maj. vice Dunn, prom. 8 do.
- Capt. G. Crossdaile, fm. h. p. Capt.
vice Crossdaile, prom. 29 do.
- 99 Bt. Lt. Col. W. Riddall, fm. h. p. Maj.
vice Balvaud, prom. 8 do.
- Lt. J. M. Maillene, Capt., vice Sher-
vinton, dead. 22 do.
- Ens. R. Collis, fm. 82 F. Lt. vice Mail-
lene. do.
- Rifle Brig. Maj. W. Hewett, fm. h. p. vice Maj.
Miller, prom. 8 do.
- As. Surg. A. J. N. Connell, fm. 56 F.
As. Surg. 6 July
- 1 W. I. Regt. Cyp. T. Molyneaux, fm. h. p. 77
F. vice Capt. Stewart app. to 66 F. 29 June
- Lt. H. Cornwall, fm. h. p. 71 F. vice
Lt. Brannan, app. to 66 F. 22 do.
- 2 W. I. Regt. Capt. C. Hanley, fm. h. p. 99 F.
vice Capt. Workman app. to 55 F. 29 do.
- Lt. G. Ford, fm. 2 R. Vet. Bat. vice Lt.
J. B. Carruthers, who retires on h. p.
15 do.
- Lt. C. Jobling, fm. R. Afr. Col. Corps,
vice Lt. Macdonnell, who exchanges.
7 July
- Cape Corps (Cav.) R. Burges, Corn. by purch.
vice Van, app. to 16 L. Dr. 16 do.
- Afr. Col. Corps. Ens. A. C. M'Murdo, fm. 66 F.
vice Lt. Robertson dec. 29 June.
- Hos. As. M. Ryan, vice As. Surg. Bell
prom. 15 do.
- Ens. E. Cooke, vice Lt. Sword app. to
78 F. 6 July
- Lt. J. Macdonnell, fm. 2 W. I. Regt.,
vice Lt. Jobling, who exchanges, 7 do.
- W. Barney, vice Ens. Cooke, 6 do.
- Corps of Engineers, 2d Lt. G. Boscawen, vice 1st
Lt. Trevelyan, rem. to line, 9 June
- Regt. of Art. 2d Lt. A. Tulloch, vice 1st Lt. Sto-
bart, ret. on h. p. 10 July
- Ordnance Medical Department.*
2d As. Surg. M. Nugent, vice 1st As.
Surg. Inglis, placed on h. p. 1 June
- 2d As. Surg. M. Tuthill, from h. p. vice
2d As. Surg. Nugent, prom. do.
- To be Lieut. Colonels in the Army.*
Brev. Maj. F. Fuller, 59 F. 19 Jan.
- M. Everard, 14 F. do.
- C. Bishopp, 14 F. do.
- Capt. F. Meade, 88 F. to be Maj.
in the Army, do.
- E. Hawkshaw, Esq. late Br. Lt.
Col. and Maj. on h. p., rank of Lt.
Col. on Continent of Europe only,
15 June
- Staff.*
Br. Lt. Col. N. Thorn, fm. h. p. perma-
nent Qu. Mast. Gen. vice C. R.
Forrest, who exchanges 29 do.
- Br. Maj. J. Freeth, R. Staff Corps, As.
Qu. Mast. Gen. with rank of Lt. Col.
in army, vice J. Haverfield, who res.
11 July
- Hospital Staff.*
To be Assistant Surgeons to the Forces.
J. F. Nevison, from 5 F. vice Bigsby
placed on h. p. 6 do.
- To be Hospital Assistants to the Forces.*
T. Foss, vice Mackenzie, app. to 40 F.
15 June.
- S. Ingram, vice Downing res. do.
- To be Apothecary to the Forces.*
C. Hoyland, vice Stuart, dec. 6 July
- Unattached.*
To be Lt. Colonels of Infantry, by purchase.
Capt. C. A. Girardot, fm. Colds. F. Gds. 11 July
- Maj. R. M. Browne, fm. 8 F. do.
- F. Le Blanc, fm. 43 F. do.
- To be Majors of Infantry by purchase.*
Capt. J. W. Parsons, fm. 28 F. do.
- Hon. H. Dundas, fm. Colds. F. Gds. do.
- F. Macbean, fm. 7 F. 18 do.
- D. Macdowall, fm. 10 F. do.
- G. Baker, fm. 16 L. Dr. do.
- To be Captains of Infantry, by purchase.*
Lieut. Hon. R. Hare, fm. 8 F. 11 July
- E. B. Brooke, fm. 17 F. do.
- P. Dundas, fm. 3 Dr. Gds. do.

Lieut. C. C. Taylor, fm. 46 F.	11 July	Lt. Col. J. Dunne, unattached.	11 July
— H. Clinton, fm. 25 F.	do.	— J. M'Donald, ditto.	do.
— D. W. Barclay, fm. 56 F.	do.	— J. Haverfield, do.	do.
— J. Campbell, fm. 38 F.	do.	Maj. H. Hamilton, (Lt. Col.) 95 F.	do.
— C. F. Walond, fm. 29 F.	do.	Capt. Hon. J. Kennedy, indep. and unattached	do.
— W. Milligan, fm. 29 F.	do.	officers.	do.
— W. Milligan, fm. 2 L. Gds.	18 do.	— F. Francheasin (Major) York L. Inf. Vol.	do.
<i>To be Lieuts. of Infantry, by purchase.</i>			
Cornet L. Upton, fm. 4 L. Dr.	11 June.	— F. T. Thomas, 99 F.	do.
Ensign G. Lord Ramsay, fm. 26 F.	do.	Lt. J. Reid, 54 F.	do.
— H. D'Anvers, fm. 5 F.	do.	— T. White, 17 F.	do.
— T. R. Auldjo, fm. 18 F.	do.	Capt. C. J. de Francoisi, Portug. Officers,	do.
— S. R. J. Marsham, from 37 F.	do.	— Ernest, Baron de Schmiern, 7 L. Dr.	do.
— R. Grant, fm. 19 F.	18 do.	Lt. A. M. Shaw, 7 W. I. Regt.	do.
<i>To be Ensigns by purchase.</i>			
C. Teesdale,	11 July.	— A. W. Tining 1 Dr.	do.
W. Ward,	18 do.	— G. Drury, 53 F.	do.
<i>Allowed to dispose of their half-pay.</i>			
Cornet P. W. Buckham, Cav. Staff Corps.	11 July.	Capt. A. Shakespeare, 99 F.	do.
W. Burn, 4 Dr. Gds.	do.	Maj. Hans Baron Busche (Lt. Col.) 1 L. Inf. Bat.	do.
Capt. J. S. Byers, R. Artillery.	do.	— Germ. Leg.	do.
Maj. R. Timpson, (Lt. Col.) Ret. list R. Marines.	do.	— T. Dent, unattached.	do.
	do.	— W. Locker, ditto.	do.
		Capt. S. Hepl. 3 Ceyl. Regt.	do.
		Lt. G. Ball, 1 Gar. Bat	do.
		Corn. G. Falconer, 2 Dr.	18 do.

August.

R. H. Gds. Lt. Packe, Capt. by purch. vice Smith,	10	Lt. Hankey, Capt. by purch. vice Van-	10
prom.	1 Aug. 1826	deleur, prom.	15 Aug.
Cor. Hon. G. C. W. Forester, Lt. do.	do.	Ens. Powell, Lt. do.	do.
C. D. Hill, Cor. by purch. do.	do.	E. Lanause, Ens. by purch. vice Mus-	do.
Lt. Trent, Capt. by purch. vice Rid-	do.	grave, prom.	27 July
diesden, prom.	2 do.	J. H. Broom, Ens. by purch. vice	do.
Cor. Lord Russel, Lt. do.	do.	Powell	15 Aug.
1 Dr. Gds. S. A. Baynton, Cor. by purch. 20 July	11	Lt. Bolton, from 3 Dr. Gds. Capt. vice	do.
2 As. Surg. Campbell, from 64 F. Surg.	do.	Willshire, dead	3 do.
vice Ingham, 29 F.	27 do.	— Smith, from 47 F. Capt. by purch.	do.
4 Surg. Webster, from 51 F. Surg. vice	do.	vice Forbes, prom.	15 do.
Miclam, dead	3 Aug.	14 Ens. O'Halloran, Lieut. vice M. C.	do.
7 Lt. Elton, Capt. by purch. vice Pratt,	do.	Lynch, prom.	20 July
prom.	15 do.	J. Watson, Ens.	do.
Cor. King, Lieut.	do.	Lt. Higginbotham, from h. p. 62 F.	do.
1 Drs. Lt. Goodenough, Capt. vice Methuen,	do.	Lt. vice Evans (whose appointment	do.
dead	20 July	has not taken place)	3 Aug.
Cor. Petre, Lt. do.	do.	Lt. Ingall, from Veteran Comps. for	do.
— Stracey. Lt. by purch. vice Cur-	do.	Service in Newfoundland, Lt. vice	do.
teis	15 Aug.	Dewson, Quarter-Master,	do.
2 Lt. V. W. Ricketts, Cor. by purch. vice	do.	Lt. Dewson, Quarter-Master, vice Har-	do.
Hely, 7 Dr. Gds.	13 July	dy, h. p. New Brunswick Fenc.	do.
6 As. Surg. Knott, from 15 F. As. Surg.	do.	Ens. Lockhart, Lt. by purch. vice Bos-	do.
vice Campbell, dead	do.	cawen, prom.	1 Aug.
9 Lt. Wright, Capt. by purch. vice Som-	do.	2d Lt. Harvey, from 60 F. Ens. vice R.	do.
erset, prom.	1 Aug.	Graham, prom.	15 July
Cor. Vesey, Lt. do.	do.	Ens. Wood, from 27 F. Ens. vice Lock-	do.
A. Visc. Fincastle, Cor. do.	do.	hart	1 Aug.
11 Cor. Pearson, Lt. by purch. vice Bar-	do.	Lt. May, from 57 F. Capt. by purch.	do.
well, prom.	do.	vice Hely, prom.	do.
15 E. C. Hodge, Cor. vice Smith, dead,	do.	J. Semple, Ens. by purch. vice Grant,	do.
3 do.	do.	prom.	20 July
16 Capt. M'Alpine, Major by purch. vice	do.	J. Chambre, Ens. by purch. vice Scott,	do.
O'Donnell, prom.	15 do.	35 F.	27 do.
16 J. W. Torre, Cor. by purch. vice Blood,	do.	Lt. Bartley, from 50 F. Lt. vice Croby,	do.
prom.	27 July	ret. on h. p. (rec. die)	do.
Cold-F. G. Ens. and Lt. Codrington, Lt. and Capt.	do.	Ens. Boileau, Lt. by purch. vice Gough,	do.
by purch. vice Dundas prom. 20 July	do.	prom.	1 Aug.
— Wigram, do. do. vice Hall	do.	R. Bayly, Ens.	do.
1 Aug.	do.	Brev. Lt. Col. Anderson, from h. p.	do.
Lt. Dent, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice	do.	Maj. vice Dalmer, prom.	do.
Chaplin, prom.	15 do.		20 July
Ens. Forbes, from 53 F. Ens. and Lt.	do.	2d Lt. Seymour, 1st Lt. by purch. vice	do.
by purch. vice Codrington, prom.	do.	Tupper, prom.	1 Aug.
1 do.	do.	S. Powell, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Ottley,	do.
M. G. Burgoyne, Ens. and Lt. by	do.	prom.	15 July
purch. vice Wigram, prom.	2 do.	C. S. Benyon, 2d Lt. by purch. vice	do.
1 F. J. G. Wilson, Ens. by purch. vice Carr,	do.	Seymour	1 Aug.
prom.	1 do.	As. Surg. Smith, M. D. Surg. vice Weld,	do.
Ens. Ford, Lt. by purch. vice Carter,	do.	ret. on h. p.	13 July
prom.	3 do.	Hosp. As. Browne, M. D. As. Surg. vice	do.
2 Capt. Hunt, maj. by purch. vice Cash,	do.	Smyth, prom.	3 Aug.
prom.	15 do.	24 Ens. Young, Lt. by purch. vice Walsh,	do.
Lt. J. L. King, Capt. do.	do.	prom.	1 do.
3 As. Surg. Ivory, Surg. vice Anderson,	do.	T. Rowley, Ens.	do.
ret. on h. p.	20 July	Lt. Mackenzie, Capt. by purch. vice	do.
7 Ens. Bowles, from 59 F. Lt. by purch.	do.	Taylor, prom.	do.
vice Forbes, prom.	27 do.	Ens. Jackson, Lt.	do.

25	P. Osborn, Ens. by purch. vice Seton, 85 F. 20 July	84	J. Gravatt, Ens. 1 Aug.
	F. F. Leye, Ens. by purch. vice Jackson 1 Aug.		D. Laird, Ens. by purch. vice Dean, 71 F. 3 do.
26	Capt. Brooks, from h. p. Capt. vice Campbell, prom. 13 July	85	Ens. Coryton, from 65 F. vice Henry, 56 F. 20 July
27	E. O'Grady, Ens. by purch. vice Wood, 17 E. 1 Aug.	87	Ens. Doyle, Lt. vice Baylee, dead 5 Dec. 1825
28	Hosp. As. Bardin, As. Surg. vice Laven, 51 F. 3 do.		— Loveday, Lieut. vice Masterston, prom. 3d Aug. 1826
29	As. Surg. Ingham, from 3 Dr. Gds. Surg. vice Milton, h. p. 25 June	89	Lt. Barret, from h. p. 12 F. Lt. vice Gorse, 92 F. do.
33	Ens. Fiske, Lt. by purch. vice Kelly, 97 F. 13 July	90	Ens. Owen, Lt. by purch. vice Eyles, prom. 15 do.
	— Young, from 78 F. Lt. by purch. vice Deshon, prom. 20 do.	91	Capt. Fraser, Maj. by purch. v. Drewe, 73 F. 15 July
	— Stanford, Lt. vice Claudinean, dead do.	92	Lt. Gorse, from 89 F. Lt. vice Graham, R. Afr. Col. Co. 3 Aug.
	— Shortt, from h. p. 6 F. Ens. (paying diff. to h. p. Fund) do.	94	I. K. Pipon, Ens. vice Currie, 53 F. 15 do.
	Lt. Everett, Adj. vice Thain, prom. 13 do.		J. Cunninghame, Ens. by purch. vice Maclean, prom. do.
25	Capt. Hodgson, from h. p. 5 Dr. Gds. Capt. vice Anton, prom. 20 July	96	R. C. Lloyd, Ens. by purch. vice Part-ridge, prom. 27 July
	Ens. Scott, from 20 F. Lt. by purch. vice Tennant, 73 F. do.	98	Capt. Neame, Major by purch. vice Ruddsell, prom. 15 Aug.
37	Lt. Smith, from 35 F. Capt. by purch. vice Bowes, prom. 15 Aug.		Lt. Gregory, Capt. do.
44	Ens. M'Crea, Lt. vice Donaldson, dead 6 Dec. 1825		Ens. Vernon, Lt. do.
	— Dalway, Lt. by purch. vice Williams, prom. 13 July 1826		E. O. Broadley, Ens. do.
46	W. J. Yonge, Ens. by purch. vice Crompton, 65 F. 27 do.		Rifle Brig. 1st Lt. Dering, Adj. vice Falconer, prom. 20 July
48	Ens. Gibbs, Lt. by purch. vice M'Cleverty, whose promotion by purch. has not taken place 3 Aug.		Capt. Wellesley, from h. p. Capt. vice Logan, prom. 3 Aug.
	R. C. Hamilton, Ens. do.		2d Lt. Groves, 1st Lieut. by purch. vice Falconer, prom. 27 July
50	Lt. Wainwright, from h. p. Lt. (pay diff.) vice Bartley, 22 F. 20 July		E. H. Glegg, 2d Lt. 3 Aug.
	Ens. Hatton, from 66 F. Lt. by purch. vice Kennedy, prom. 27 do.		Cape Co. (Cav.) Lt. Sir A. T. C. Campbell, Bt. from 13 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Cox, prom. 1 do.
51	Lt. Mawdesley, Capt. by purch. vice Bayley, prom. 15 Aug.		R. Afr. Col. Corps Maj. Lumley, from 54 F. Lt. Col. vice Grant, ret. 1 Aug. 1826.
	As. Surg. Lavens, from 28 F. Surg. vice Webster, 4 Dr. Gds. 3 do.		Capt. Gregg, Maj. by purch. vice Hart-ley, ret. 20 July
52	Ens. Butler, Lt. by purch. vice Keily, prom. 1 Aug.		Lt. Kelly, from 59 F. Capt. vice Ram-say, prom. 11 do.
	C. W. Forester, Ens. by purch. do.		— Walsh, from 6 F. ditto, vice Cle-ments, h. p. 12 do.
53	H. Walsh, Ens. by purch. vice Forbes, Coldst. Gds. 3 do.		— Graham, from 92 F. do. vice George, 66 F. 13 do.
54	Maj. Moore, from h. p. 15 F. Maj. vice Lumley, R. Afr. Col. Corps do.		Vet. Comps. for } Lt. Small, from h. p. New. Bruns. Serv. in Newf. } Fenc. Lt. vice Ingall, 15 F. 3 Aug.
56	Capt. Mitchell, from h. p. Capt. (pay diff. to h. p. Fund) vice Grant, prom. 1 do.		
	Serj. Maj. Pollock, from R. Mar. Adj. with rank of Ens. vice Woulds, dead 3 do.		Ordnance Department.
57	Ens. Hill, Adj. with rank of Lt. vice Aubin, prom. do.		Royal Regiment of Artillery.
	E. Locker, Ens. do.		<i>To be Captains.</i>
58	Maj. Ford, from h. p. Maj. (pay diff. to h. p. Fund) vice Campbell, prom. 13 July		2d Capt. and Brev. Maj. Napier, vice Lane, prom. 2d Aug.
60	J. B. Sergeant, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Tucker, 41 F. do.		— and Adj. Wyld, vice Wilford, prom. 4 do.
62	Maj. Reed, from h. p. Maj. vice Roberts, prom. 27 do.		— Gordon, vice Straubenzie, prom. do.
64	Hosp. As. Brown, As. Surg. vice Camp-bell, 3 Dr. Gds. do.		— Maling, vice F. Gordon, prom. 5 do.
66	W. L. Dames, Ens. by purch. vice Coryton, 85 F. 26 do.		<i>To be Second Captains.</i>
	T. W. Jackson, Ens. by purch. vice Hatton, 50 F. 27 do.		2d Capt. Ford, from h. p. vice Napier, 2 do.
71	Ens. Seymour, Lt. by purch. vice Lord A. Lennox, prom. 1 Aug.		— Sandilands, from h. p. vice C. E. Gordon, 4 do.
	— Dean, from 84 F. Ens. vice Sey-mour, prom. 3 do.		— King, from h. p. vice Maling, 5 do.
72	C. W. M. Payne, Ens. by purch. vice Barton, prom. 1 do.		<i>To be Veterinary Surgeon.</i>
74	Maj. Drewe, from 91 F. Major vice Owen, whose promotion by purchase has not taken place 13 July		Vet. Surg. Coward, from h. p. vice Cor-deaux 8 July
79	Ens. Newhouse, Lt. by purch. vice Christie, prom. 1 Aug.		Commissariat Department.
	J. Isham, Ens. by purch. do.		<i>To be Dep. As. Com. Gen.</i>
81	Capt. Maclean, Maj. by purch. vice Horton, prom. do.		Commis. Clerk C. B. Dawson 15 July
	Lt. Creagh, Capt. do.		— T. C. B. Weir do.
	Ens. Blaydes, Lt. do.		— W. H. Locke do.
			— J. M'Farlane do.
			— J. H. Kennedy do.
			Medical Department.
			<i>To be Surgeons to the Forces.</i>
			Surg. Melville, M.D. from 25 F. vice Glasco, h. p. 3 Aug.
			As. Surg. Rogers, from 10 Dr. vice Panting, h. p. do.
			<i>To be Hospital Assistants to the Forces.</i>
			A. W. Murray, vice Lucas, Ceylon Regt. 6 July

J. Bryden, vice Bushe, prom. 6 July
 T. E. Ayre, vice Forde, prom. 17 do.
 P. O'Gallaghan, vice Brown, 1 W. I. R. 18 do.
 A. H. Cuddy, vice Murray, 33 F. do.
 T. Spence, vice Thompson, 78 F. 3 Aug.
 H. Marshall, vice Bardin, prom. do.

Unattached.

To be Lieut.-Cols. of Infantry by purchase.
 Maj. Horton, from 81 F. 1 Aug.
 Capt. Riddlesden, from R. H. Gds. do.
 Maj. Rudsell, from 98 F. do.
 — Cash, from 2 F. do.
 — O'Donnell, from 15 dr. do.
 Capt. Chaplin, from Coldst. Gds. do.

To be Majors of Infantry by purchase.
 Capt. Hely, from 19 F. do.
 — Cox, from Cape Cav. do.
 — Somerset, from 9 Dr. do.
 — Taylor, from 25 F. do.
 — Smith, from R. H. Gds. do.
 — Hall, from Coldst. Gds. do.
 — Adams, from 17 Dr. 15 do.
 — Bayly, from 51 F. do.
 — Bowers, from 37 F. do.
 — Pratt, from 7 Dr. Gds. do.
 — Forbes, from 12 F. do.
 — Dunn, from 49 F. do.
 — Vandeleur, from 10 F. do.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.
 Lieut. Christie, from 79 F. 1 Aug.
 — Boscawen, from 17 F. do.
 — Tupper, from 23 F. do.
 — Walsh, from 24 F. do.
 — Barwell, from 11 Dr. do.
 — Lennox, from 71 F. do.
 — Gough, from 22 F. do.
 — Kelly, from 52 F. do.
 — Curteis, from 1 Dr. 15 do.
 — Eyles, from 90 F. do.
 — Pole, from 17 Dr. do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.
 Ens. Carr, from 1 F. 1 Aug.
 — Barton, from 72 F. do.
 Cor. Lewis, from 11 Dr. 15 do.
 Ens. Mayne, from 5 F. do.
 — Maclean, from 94 F. do.
 — Shortt, from 33 F. do.
 — Gordon, from 89 F. do.
 Sub. Lieut. Peyton, from 1 Life Gds. do.

Exchanges.

Col. Sir R. Arbuthnot, K.C.B. from Coldst. G. with Lt.-Col. Girardot, h. p.
 — Gough, from 22 F. with Lt.-Col. Taylor, h. p.
 Lt.-Col. Conyers, from 82 F. with Lt.-Col. Valiant, h. p.
 — Belli, from 16 Dr. rec. diff. with Lt.-Col. Arnold, h. p.
 Major Sitwell, from 3 Dr. rec. diff. with Major Somerset, h. p.
 — Browne, from 36 F. with Lt.-Col. Rowan, h. p.
 — Rowan from 36 F. with Major Ford, 58 F.
 Lt. and Capt. Coote, from 3 F. G. rec. diff. with Capt. Berners, h. p.
 Capt. Beale, from 23 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Tupper, h. p.
 — Craddock, from 34 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Ruxton, h. p.
 Lieut. Shawe, from 23 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Ruxton, h. p.
 — Mason, from 56 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Nelly, h. p.
 — de L'Etang, from 87 F. with Lieut. Stanford, h. p. 34 F.
 — Sir G. G. Aylmer, Bt. from 1 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Poore, h. p.
 — Shiell, from 3 F. with Lieut. Scott, h. p. 60 F.
 — Sarsfield, from 37 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Marsham, h. p.
 — Wheat, from 81 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Spearman, h. p.
 Ensign Cooke, from 11 F. with 2d Lieut. Walsh, h. p. 90 F.
 — Hagart, from 26 F. with Ensign Munro, h. p. 1 F.
 — Kinlock, from 58 F. with Cornet and Sub-Lt. Bulwer, 2 Life Gds.
 — Morgan, from 94 F. with Ensign Maclean, h. p. 88 F.

Ensign Philips, from 94 F. with Ensign Lewis, h. p.
 — Bulwer, from 58 F. with Ensign Creagh, h. p.
 Dep. Insp. of Hosp. Fraser, from Hosp. Staff with Dep. Insp. Erly, M.D. h. p.

*Resignations and Retirements.**Lieutenant-Colonels.*

Col. Hicks, h. p. Unatt.
 — Peebles, do.
Majors.
 Col. Sir F. Hankey, h. p. 15 F.
 Lt. Col. Irving, h. p. Unatt.
 Major Fawcett, do.
 — Bartleman, h. p. R. Mar.
 — Boys, do.
 — Lynch, do.
 Lt. Col. Maxwell, h. p. Unatt.
 Major Carter, h. p. R. Mar.
 — Gray, do.
 — Inches, do.
 — Nicolson, do.
 Lt. Col. King, Unatt.
 — Sir H. Pynn, h. p. Port Off.
 Major Priddle, h. p. R. Mar.
 — Burke, h. p. Unatt.
 — Bernard, do.

Captains.

Cowley, R. Art.
 Jackson, h. p. R. Irish Art.
 Carabelli, h. p. R. Cors. Rang.
 Cavendish, h. p. R. Irish Art.
 Hooke, h. p. R. Art.
 De Franck, h. p. 15 Dr.
 Lee, h. p. Rifle Brig.
 Steiger, h. p. Watterville's Reg.
 Dunn, h. p. 26 F.
 M'Crohan, h. p. 3 F.
 Haasman, h. p. 2 Light Inf. Bn. King's Ger. Leg.
Lieutenants.

Goodwin, h. p. 69 F.
 Hill, h. p. 6 Garr. Bn.
 Peshall, h. p. 18 Dr.
 Kiermander, h. p. 22 F.
 West, h. p. 24 Dr.
 O'Hagerty, 4 Irish Brig.
 Napper, h. p. 54 F.
 Wathen, h. p. 4 F.

Unattached.

The under-mentioned Officers, having Brevet rank superior to their Regimental Commissions, have accepted Promotion upon half-pay, according to the General Order of 25th April 1826.

To be Lieut.-Cols. of Infantry.

Br. Lt. Col. Dalmer, from 23 F. 20 July, 26
 — Roberts, from 62 F. 27 do.
 — Gorrequer, from 18 F. 3 Aug.

To be Majors of Infantry.

Br. Maj. Owen, from 73 F. 10 July
 — Campbell, from 26 F. 13 July
 — Grant, from 46 F. 20 do.
 — Rogers, from 6 F. do.
 — Tovey, from 20 F. do.
 — Anton, from 35 F. do.
 Br. L. Col. Churchill, from Ceyl. Regt. 27 do.
 Br. Maj. Kenny, from 80 F. do.
 — Logan, from Rifle Brigade, 3 Aug.
 — Lane, from Royal Artillery, 2 do.
 — Wilford, from do. 4 do.
 — Straubenzee, from do. do.
 — Gotdon, from do. 5 do.

Deaths.

Col. Marb. of Waterford, Waterford Militia.
 Lieut.-Col. Bayer, h. p. 37 F. 4 July 1826
 — Ogilvy, late of 11 F. Bath, June
 Capt. Methuen, 1 Dr. 30 June
 — M'Kenzie 3 F. Ilfracombe, 26 July
 — Willshire, 11 F. do.
 — Barnett, 54 F. on passage from Chittagong to Calcutta, 4 Jan.
 — Bourne, late Invalids, Guernsey, 10 July
 — Keith, late 9 Vet. Bn. Chelsea, 18 June
 — Roland, h. p. Roll's Reg. Romainmotier, 22 Feb.
 — Tyler, Sligo Militia.
 — Smith, 39 F. London, 1 Aug.
 Lieut. M'Carthy, (Adj.) 47 F. drowned on board the ship Lady Campbell on passage to Europe, 11 Dec. 1825

Lieut. Bell, 58 F.	8 Aug. 1826	Lieut. W. H. Harvey, Invalid Art. Eltham	18 Aug.
Wyse, 84 F. Ennis,	26 June	Corn. Fraser, 6 Dr. Dorchester	28 May
J. C. Nicolls, 2 W. I. R. Bathurst, St Mary, Africa,	7 do.	Ens. Dodgson, h. p. Elford's Corps, Blackburne,	6 Jan.
Harrison, Cape Corps,	24 do.	Adj. Brown, Bedford Mil. Bedford,	7 Aug.
Anstice, h. p. 22 Dr.		Quart.-Mast. Simson, h. p. 3 Dr. Litchfield,	20 July.
Creighton, h. p. Indep. Nova Scotia,	28 May	Page, h. p. 7 Dr.	25 do.
Desire Dufief, h. p. Chasr. Britt. Paris,	15 Mar.	Burt, h. p. Romney Fen. Cav. Leominster	13 April
Bramer, h. p. 46 F. Hesse Casser, 27 Jan.		Surg. Coghlan, h. p. 81 F. Halifax, Nova Scotia,	17 Jan.
Worledge, late 1 Vet. Bn. Lambeth,	14 June		
Edwards, h. p. 98 F. Windsor,	23 April		

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

- April 8. At Miramichi, New Brunswick, the lady of Alexander Fraser, jun. of a son.
- July 14. At 17, St. Patrick's Square, the Lady of Captain Smith of the 37th Regiment, of a son.
- Aug. 3. At Cornhill, Aberdeenshire, the lady of David Young, Esq. of a son.
6. At Scarborough, the lady of John Sandwith, Esq. of a daughter.
- The lady of Charles Kinnear, Esq. Kinnear, of a son.
7. At Woodhall Park, Herts, the Honourable Mrs Alexander Leslie Melville, of a daughter.
8. At Greenock, Mrs Wm. Snell, of a daughter.
12. In Castle-street, Mrs Shortt, of a son.
14. At Castleton, Isle of Man, the Lady of Robert Cunningham, Esq. of a son.
15. Mrs Tod, Charlotte Square, of a daughter.
17. At Springhall, the lady of W. Forlong, jun. Esq. of a daughter.
18. At 12, Howard Place, Mrs Rennie, of a daughter.
21. At Edinburgh, Mrs Dundas of Arneth, of a son.
- At 23, Albany Street, Mrs Napier, of a daughter.
- At the house of her father, W. Egerton Jeffreys, Esq. Coton Hill, Salop, the Lady of Richard Smith, Esq. of the Mount, Liverpool, of a daughter.
22. At No. 3, Royal Circus, Mrs Walter Dickson, of a son.
23. At Burntsfield Links, Mrs G. Logan, of a son.
- At Bendrum, Fife, the lady of Captain Dufie, of a son.
25. At Inch House, Mrs Gordon of Hallhead, of a daughter.
26. At Borough-house, Kentish Town, the lady of James Wilson, Esq. advocate, and of Lincoln's Inn, of a daughter.
28. At Burntsfield Place, Mrs John Anderson, of a daughter.
- At the Relief Manse, Kelso, Mrs Pitcairn, of a son.
29. At Leith, Mrs Gordon Bell, of a daughter.
- At Aberdeen, the lady of the Hon. W. Forbes, of Brux, of a son.
- At 105 George Street, Mrs John Ronaldson, of a daughter.
31. At Edinburgh, the lady of Major Menzies, 42d regiment, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- July 25. At the Manse of Craik, John Marshall, Esq. advocate, to Margaret Tod, second daughter of the Rev. Andrew Bell of Kilduncan, parish of Craik.
- At Caitloch House, the Rev. R. Hunter, minister of the Scottish Chapel, Carlisle, to Janet, daughter of the Rev. William McCall, of Caitloch.
27. At Edinburgh, James Macallan, Esq. writer to the signet, to Cecilia, daughter of the late William Bertram, Esq. of Nisbet.
29. At London, Capt. George Hope Johnston, R.N. to Maria, daughter of Joseph Ranking, Esq. Ulster Place.
- At Edinburgh, Mr Alex. Lindsay, writer, to Miss Margaret Begbie, daughter of the late Mr Begbie, Leith.
31. At Gilmore Place, Dr Martin Sinclair, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late Edward Simpson, Edinburgh.
31. At No. 6, Castle Street, A. M. John Crawford, Esq. of the Customs, Greenock, to Margaret, eldest daughter of William Balfour, Esq. M.D.
- At Hope Park, Mr Graham Binny, writer, Edinburgh, to Marianne, eldest daughter of Thomas Kyd, Esq. of Exchequer.
- Aug. 1. At Glasgow, James Normand, junior, Esq. Dysart, to Miss Joanna Drew.
- At Moneydie, Mr James Cochrane, Elm Row, Edinburgh, to Margaret, daughter of Mr George Richmond, Moneydie.
- At Newington, the Rev. John Henderson, of Carmunnock, to Margaret Houston, daughter of the late Robert Forrester, Esq. treasurer to the Bank of Scotland.
- At Kelravock Castle, Cosmo Innes, Esq. advocate, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Hugh Rose, Esq. of Kelravock.
2. At South St James's Street, Mr Edward West, bookseller, Edinburgh, to Isabella, second daughter of Mr William Bathgate, merchant there.
7. Mr F. L. Beens of Dunkirk, France, officer of infantry, to Maria Grandeau, eldest daughter of Mons. Joseph Grandeau, Edinburgh.
8. At Slains Castle, James Wemyss, Esq. of Wemyss, M.P. to Lady Emma Hay, sister of the Earl of Erroll.
- At No. 6, Pitt Street, James Farnie, Esq. Burntsland, to Miss Margaret Paterson Cairns, daughter of the late Rev. Adam Cairns, minister of Longforgan.
- At Old Aberdeen, Arthur Thomson, Esq. Manager of the Aberdeen Sea Insurance Company, to Bridget, eldest daughter of John Anderson, Esq. late of Calcutta.
10. At 133, George Street, Stair Stewart, Esq. of Physgill and Glasserton, to Miss Helen Sinclair, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair of Ulster, Bart.
- At Dunans, Argyllshire, Charles Gordon, Esq. Depute-Secretary of the Highland Society of Scotland, to Helen, eldest daughter of the late John Fletcher, Esq. of Dunans.
14. At Kirkcudbright, Mr Donaldson, rector of the grammar school there, to Jane, second daughter of Mr Hope of the same institution.
- At Paisley, Captain Kirk, of his Majesty's 70th regiment, to Agnes, daughter of James Buchanan, Esq.
15. At Rosebank, Newington, Mr William Lawder, farmer, Inverleith Mains, to Helen, eldest daughter of Mr David Bishop, farmer, Rosebank.
16. At St Andrew's, Dublin, Captain W. Childers, 42d regiment, grandson of the late Lord Eardley, to Mary Elizabeth, relict of Robert Hume, Esq. 41st regiment.
17. At Kirkcaldy, Mr James Black, of Dysart, to Ann, daughter of Dr Black, Kirkcaldy.
- At Worthing, Lieut.-General Sir Richard Church, K.G.C. to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Wilmot, Bart. of Osmaston, in the county of Derby.
21. At South House, Andrew Carrick, jun. Esq. merchant, Edinburgh, to Margaret, third daughter of Mr Baigrie, farmer, South House.
22. At Aldenham, Herts, Capt. Macdougall, R.N. of Macdougall, to Elizabeth Sophia, only child of Charles Sheldon Timmins, Esq. of Oriet Lodge, Cheltenham.
- John Govan Stewart, Esq. to Ann, youngest daughter of the late Mr Archibald Robertson, Peebles.

22. At Arlary House, Kinross-shire, Lieut. Edward Bayley, R.N. to Mary, youngest daughter of the late David Walker Arnott, Esq. of Arlary.

24. At Leith, David Frazer, Esq. commander of the Arcturus West Indiaman, to Hannah, eldest daughter of Alex. Sime, Esq. ship-builder, Leith.

— At West Hurllet, Charles Farquharson, M.D. Lisbon, to Margaret, daughter of John Wilson, Esq. of Thornley.

25. At Craigie, Patrick George Skene, Esq. of Hallyards, to Emily, second daughter of the late John Rait, Esq. of Anniston.

31. At Burntisland, John Leven, Esq. W.S. to Janet, youngest daughter of the late Rev. James Wemyss, minister of that parish.

Sept. 1. Here, Mr James White, farmer, Kingsdale Mains, to Helen, daughter of the late James Chalmers, Esq. solicitor at law.

— At Glasgow, James B. Daubuz, Esq. lieutenant 1st royal dragoons, to Anne, daughter of Robert Hagart, Esq.

DEATHS.

Jan. 26. On his passage from India, Mr Peter Rose McIntosh, youngest son of the late Andrew McIntosh, Esq. merchant in Forres.

Feb. at Bombay, Lieut. Frederick A. Arnaud, of the 22d regiment of Native Infantry.

1. At Tobago, near Panama, on the 1st of February last, Captain James Ramsay, of the Columbian navy, eldest son of the late Rev. James Ramsay of Glasgow. The circumstance attending the death of this young officer is peculiarly distressing, having been assassinated by his gunner, while asleep in bed, aboard of his own ship, the Guayaquilna—the assassin instantly terminating his own existence.

Mar. 6. At Cudalore, Mrs Montagu Cockburn.

May 20. Of Cuba, Mr James Morice, Master of his Majesty's ship Pylades, aged 25, youngest son of the late Mr James Morice, manufacturer, Aberdeen.

July 4. At his residence, in Virginia, in the 78th year of his age, Mr Jefferson, late President of the United States; and on the same day, the late President Adams. It is a most singular coincidence, that those two venerable personages should have paid the debt of nature on the same day, and that the 50th anniversary of that independence which they so essentially contributed to achieve.

25. At New York, in the 74th year of her age, Catherine, daughter of the late Earl of Stirling, and relict, successively, of Colonel William Duer, and of William Neilson, Esq.

July 27. At Dollar, Major James Robertson of Cray, late of his Majesty's 76th regiment.

28. At Linlithgow, Miss Charlotte Baillie, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-General Matthew Baillie.

— At the Manse of Culter, the Rev. William Strahan, minister of that parish.

30. At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Wilson, relict of Mr Alexander Simpson, merchant, Dundee.

— At Greenside Cottage, Leith Walk, Mr Geo. Bristow, vintner, well known to the theatrical circles as a clown of considerable ability.

31. Lost off Rotterdam, by falling overboard, Alexander, second son of Alexander Deuchar, seal-engraver, Edinburgh.

— At his residence, Bromley Lodge, Kent, Stewart Erskine, Esq. in the 75th year of his age.

— At her house, 50, Royal Circus, Edinburgh, Mrs Montgomery.

— William Pearson of Harvieston, aged 78.

Aug. 4. John Lamb, Esq. younger of Templehall.

5. At her house, near Kirkaldy, aged 88, Mrs Martha Whyt, third daughter of the late Robert Whyt, Esq.

— At his house, at Singleton Brook, near Manchester, George Augustus Lee, Esq. of the house of Messrs Phillips and Lee.

— At Langton House, Berwickshire, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Gavin, mother of the Countess of Breadalbane, and sister to the Earl of Lauderdale.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Doig, wife of Mr John Kenmore, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At 17, Heriot Row, in his 51st year, Kenneth Macleay, Esq. of Newmore.

— At Hermitage Place, Mrs Magdalane Walker, wife of Richard Seougall, Esq. merchant, Leith.

6. At St Andrews, Mrs Helen Gardner, wife of Mr William Thoms.

— At Musselburgh, Marion-Eliza, aged 14 months, youngest daughter of Mr Matthew Weir, W. S.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Alison Swinton, wife of Dr John Maclean, physician.

— At Middlefield House, Leith Walk, John Swan, Esq. late of Holchouse, Dumfries-shire.

— At Edinburgh, aged 80, Mrs Euphan Honeyman, relict of George Taylor, Esq. of Thuro.

7. At Duddingston, Eliza Bell Aitken, youngest daughter of Mr John Aitken, Gayfield Square.

— At Whim, Charlotte Droz Montgomery, the infant daughter of Archibald Montgomery, Esq.

— At Innerleithen, William Gilchrist, Esq. merchant, one of the Magistrates of the city of Edinburgh.

8. At her brother's house, 4, Hermitage Place, Leith Links, Miss Dorothea M'Kean, daughter of Mr Andrew M'Kean, 2, York Place.

— At Greenhill, in the parish of Deskford, George Black, at the great age of 103 years and six months.

9. At Edinburgh, Adrian, fourth son of Lieut.-General Sir John Hope, G.C.H.

— At Edinburgh, Henrietta, daughter of the late Hugh Crawford, Esq. Greenock.

10. At Ballater, James Dickson, Esq. merchant in Montrose, aged 78.

— At No. 8, Nicolson Street, Margaret Boyd, wife of Mr William Morrison.

— At her house in Forth Street, aged 76, Mrs Boyd, relict of Thomas Boyd, Esq. Dumfries.

— At Morningside, near Edinburgh, Mary, wife of Mr George Pickard, merchant, South Bridge.

— At the Manse of Anstruther Easter, Andrew Johnston, Esq. of Pittowie, aged 82.

— George Ramsay, Esq. late of Inchrye.

11. At 116, George Street, Archibald C. Hope, third son of Lieut.-General Sir John Hope, G.C.H.

— At 60, George Street, Ann Warroch, the infant daughter of Dr Pursell.

— At Ayr, Lieut.-Colonel Robert Cameron, late of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At Bainsford, Mr Robert MacLaren, superintendent of smith work, Carron Iron Works.

12. At Aberdeen, Miss Jane Stewart, second daughter of the late John Stewart, Professor of Mathematics, Marischal College, Aberdeen.

— At Spring Garden, Jamaica, Mr James Somervail Bisset, son of Mr Adam Bisset, Leith.

— At Ayr, the Hon. Mrs Rollo.

13. At his house, Gayfield Square, Mr John Morren, late printer in Edinburgh.

14. At his apartments, No. 15, Rue Royale, Paris, the Hon. Mr Basil Cochrane.

— At Balerno, Mr James Kerr.

— At 6, Howard Place, Jane, second daughter of John Hislop, Esq. surgeon, London.

— At Stead Place, Leith Walk, Robert, the infant son of Mr John Paterson.

— At Leith, David J. Boyd, fourth son of Mr John Boyd, jun. merchant there.

— At Kirkaldy, Mr Simon Dempster, merchant there.

— At Greenock, Mr James Findlater, eldest son of Alex. Findlater Esq. Glasgow.

15. At her house in Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Moncrieff, relict of William Simpson, writer in Craik.

16. At Allan Park, Stirling, Charles Mercer, Esq.

— At Eyemouth, aged 71, Miss Isabella Wightman.

— At Comely Bank, near Edinburgh, Miss Matilda Mary Downie Cullen, youngest daughter of James Cullen, Esq.

17. At Arbroath, Mr William Muir, deputy-comptroller of his Majesty's Customs at that port.

— At Lugton, Miss Janet Pringle, daughter of the late James Pringle of Bowland, Esq.

18. At Inner Leven, Fife, David Anderson, Esq. late examiner of his Majesty's Customs, aged 87.

— At Salisbury Cottage, Elizabeth Jemima, infant daughter of Mr Douglas, accountant of the Commercial Bank of Scotland.

— At Loobore House, Fifeshire, Mrs Isabella Elder Husband Baird, wife of the very Rev. Dr G. H. Baird, principal of the University of Edinburgh.

— At Minto Street, Margaret Murray, daughter of William Gordon, Esq. of Evie.

— At Alloua, Mr John M'Lellan, road-contractor, and late farmer at Auchinbaird.

19. At St Andrews, Miss Euphemia Frazer, daughter of the late David Frazer, Esq. of Brig-ton.

20. At Burntisland, Miss J. Gulland.

— The Right Hon. Lady Sarah Napier, relict of the Hon. Colonel George Napier, and daughter of Charles, the second Duke of Richmond.

21. At the Manse of Crief, William, eldest son of the Rev. William Laing.

— At Pitcairn, Jane Elder Willins, wife of the Rev. William Willins.

— At London, Mr Peter Morrison, of Philpot Lane, Fenchurch street, leatherseller.

— At his house in Argyll Square, Dr John Barclay, for many years an eminent teacher of anatomy, and a distinguished ornament of the Medical School of Edinburgh.

22. At Naples, in his 80th year, the celebrated astronomer Piazz, of the order of the Theolines, discoverer of the planet Ceres.

— George Morgan, Esq. junior, of Kirkcaldy. He was shot in a duel with David Landale, Esq. of the same place.

23. At 1, Erskine Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Catherine Bruguiet, late of Hoddesdon, Herts.

— At Peebles, Mr James Brydon, surgeon.

— At Rothesay, George Alfred, youngest son of Lieut.-Colonel M'Neil.

— At his house, Bridge Street, Glasgow, Captain D. Macarthur, late 100th regiment.

— At Gorbals, Glasgow, Mr Alexander Campbell, aged 65. He was elder brother of the celebrated Thomas Campbell, the poet.

24. At Slateford, Lieut. George Lawrence Ro-

bertson, on the half-pay of the Hon. East India Company's service.

24. At Newington, Isabella Baxter, wife of James Bruce, hosier, Edinburgh.

25. At Camberwell, Surrey, Thomas Shortreed, Esq. Procurator Fiscal of the county of Roxburgh.

— At Southfield Cottage, William Kerr, Esq. merchant in Leith.

26. At Dalzell House, John Fenton Hamilton, only son of A. J. Hamilton, Esq.

— At his house in Hampstead, the Hon. C. H. Hutchinson, who was returned for the seventh time, at the last election, to serve in Parliament for the city of Cork.

27. Here, Miss Lindsay Douglas, youngest daughter of the late Col. William Ann Douglas of Strathendry.

— At Kirkwall, James, youngest son of Captain Balfour, royal navy, of Elwick.

28. At Dalkeith, Samuel Paterson of Lindsay-lands, in the 84th year of his age.

29. At the house of his son, Dr John Aitkin, surgeon and lecturer on anatomy, Edinburgh, Mr Robert Aitkin, formerly of Kirkpatrick Fleming, Dumfries-shire, in the 82d year of his age.

— At his house, No. 22, Queen Street, Captain Patrick Hunter, late of the Hon. East India Company's service.

Lately, At the Manse at Slains, the Rev. Dr George Pirie, minister of that parish, in the 68th year of his age, and 33d of his ministry.

— At Low Dunsforth, near Borough Bridge, Charles Stephenson, aged 102.

DEATH OF LORD GIFFORD.

Sept. 11. At his lodgings, Marine-parade, Dover, after only two days' illness, the Right Hon. Robert Lord Gifford, Master of the Rolls, Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords, &c. in his 48th year. The learned Lord's complaint was inflammation of the bowels, or cholera morbus.

We have great pleasure in transferring to our columns from the *Morning Chronicle* a very just and a very eloquent tribute to the memory of the late Lord Gifford. We feel no surprise at the *Morning Chronicle's* doing a handsome thing; but we have a particular pleasure in this instance of its good feeling and good taste, because it contrasts so honourably with the paltry and malevolent conduct of another morning paper *The Times*, upon the same melancholy occasion. Indeed, the respective lines taken by these liberal journals, in speaking of the deceased Master of the Rolls, furnish a very striking illustration of the different ways in which an object will be viewed by men of talents, and of generous feelings; and by men without either talents or feelings, though their politics may be the same. The first will forgive political differences, in consideration of the genius and the virtues of a political opponent. The other may also forgive the politics of a distinguished antagonist; but his genius and his virtue, dulness and selfishness find it impossible to pardon.—*St James's Chronicle*.

Few men will be more deeply deplored by their family, or more tenderly remembered by their friends. His own affectionate nature secured for him the warm regard of those who were near enough to see into his character. His mind, unstained by vice, had no need of concealment, and was at liberty to indulge its native frankness. He was unassuming, unaffected, mild, friendly, indulgent, and, in intimate society, gently playful. His attachments were constant, his resentment (for he had no enmity) was heard to provoke, and easily subsided. In his last moments he was sustained by the domestic affection and religious hope which had cheered his life.

His natural simplicity and modesty were unspoiled by rapid elevation, and splendid prospects of ambition; and if these retiring virtues could, without losing their nature, be generally known, they must have softened many of those ungentle feelings, which such an elevation is apt to excite.

It may with truth be said of him, that he rose by "fair means," and in his high station bore his faculties meekly. By the very diligent application of an uncommonly quick, clear, and distinguishing mind, he became so learned in his profession, that the late Lord Chief Justice Gibbs (himself one of the greatest lawyers of his age) assured the present writer, that since the death of Dunning, he had known no man equal as a general lawyer to Gifford. He had the gift of conveying the subtle distinctions and abstruse learning of the law, with a very rare union of perspicuity and brevity. He was soon distinguished on the Western Circuit, where the friendship of two such admirable persons as Horner and Lens, was an earnest of the esteem of wise and good men. He was sought out by Ministers, to all of whom he was personally unknown, to fill the office of Solicitor-General. Sir Samuel Romilly, a severe but most upright judge, in the House of Commons declared his satisfaction, that the appointment had been made on the fair principle of professional merit.

It was his lot to hold office in a stormy season, but all who knew him will bear a testimony now unsuspected that the performance of rigorous duties was ungenial to his nature. The most remarkable display of his talents was made on a splendid theatre, but on an occasion so painful, that to receive the remembrance of it more distinctly would not be in unison with his amiable temper.

He was appointed, with universal approbation, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, with a title of honour which seemed to be the pledge of higher advancement.

When the immense accumulation of Scotch Appeals was thought to require some alteration in the Appellant Jurisdiction, Lord Gifford was chosen for his unequalled knowledge of Scotch law to carry the new measure into effect, and for that purpose was appointed to the newly-created office of Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords. Various opinions existed about the necessity of the office, but there was no diversity of opinion about the fitness of the man, and it was universally owned that he was selected for his fitness.

The Journals of Parliament will attest the speed with which he removed the mass of undecided Appeals, and the unanimous applause of Scotch lawyers is the best evidence of the wisdom, learning, and justice, with which he accomplished that arduous task.

Among the numerous body who have risen from the middle classes to the highest stations of the law, it will be hard to name any individual who owed his preferment more certainly to a belief of his merit than Lord Gifford, or who possessed more of those virtues which are most fitted to disarm the jealous naturally attendant on great and sudden advancement.—*Morning Chronicle*.

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A GLANCE OVER SELBY'S ORNITHOLOGY.*

WHAT a splendid work! This is the kind of ornamental furniture, in which we, were we men of fortune, would delight. The tables in our passages, galleries, parlours, boudoirs, and drawing-rooms should groan—no, not groan—but smile, with suitably-bound volumes of Natural History, on the opening of any one of which, would suddenly gleam before us some rich and rare, some bright and beauteous, some wonderful and wild, some strange and fantastic, some fierce and terrible, some minute or mighty production of the great mother—Nature. But we are not men of fortune; and a magnificent folio like this would seem altogether out of its place among the permanent furniture of our sober-suited cell. Hither, notwithstanding, do such magnificent folios ever and anon find out their way, carried tenderly under the arm, or borne triumphantly on the shoulder, of some rich friend's confidential servant, wondering, as he ascends the spiral stair-case, how many flats really go to the composition of such a house. Then the College Library is at our service—for every year do we, like Dr Nimmo, matriculate;—the stores of the Wernerian Society are open to us as a member of that flourishing Institution; and not a bookseller in the city is reluctant to indulge us with a week's possession of the most costly and dazzling volumes,—often for our own sakes, but oftener for the sake of THE MAN—whose

friendship has been the chief blessing of our life—CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

What a treasure, for instance, during a rainy forenoon in the country, is such a gloriously illuminated work as this of Mr Selby, to a small party uncertain in what spirit they shall woo the hours! Let them assemble round a circular table, boy and virgin alternately taking seat, and let the most scientific undertake to illustrate the plates in a desultory lecture. As the professor proceeds, his audience will be inspired to speak by the delight of surprise and wonder—their own memories will supply them with many interesting anecdotes of the “gay creatures of the element,” and they will be pleased to discover how much of natural history is known to every intelligent and observant mind that has had any opportunities of living much among the woods and fields. Each individual in the circle—however limited the range of his experience—will have his own small—not insignificant—story to tell; a hint from one leads to a disquisition from another; the conversation becomes more erudite with the comparative biography of animals; and perhaps some female Bewick or Bingley may be there, who, with all the modesty of genius, in a voice soft as the light of her humble eyes, throws in a few discriminative touches of character, that bring out at once the nature of the creature contemplated, be it lo-

* Illustrations of British Ornithology. By P. J. Selby, Esq. F. L. S. &c. on Elephant folio. London, Longman & Co. Edinburgh, Lizars.

cust or leviathan, lamb or lion, eagle or dove.

Now and then it is our happy lot to take part in such conversaziones, with on each side a sweet docile maiden, commending our commentaries by a whisper or a smile; but at present we are all alone in our pensive citadel—not a mouse stirring, although it is midnight—the fire, when about to glimmer its last, restored to life by another mouthful of fuel—and our lamp, trimmed anew into a sort of spiritual lustre, seeming to enjoy the silence it illumines. That pure and steady light, which can be made to let fall its shadows as we will, is streaming on the plumage of phantom-birds, bright as the realities in the woods and on the mountains, and we shall beguile ourselves away into their solitary forest haunts, well pleased to be recalled by the rustle of the turning page, from our imaginary travels back again to the steadfastness of our beloved hearth,—“a dream within a dream!”

The GOLDEN EAGLE leads the van of our birds of prey—and there she sits in her usual carriage when in a state of rest. Her hunger and her thirst have been appeased—her wings are folded up in a dignified tranquillity—her talons grasping a leafless branch, are almost hidden by the feathers of her breast—her sleepless eye has lost something of its ferocity—and the Royal Bird is almost serene in her solitary state on the cliff. The gormcock unalarmed crows among the moors and mosses—the black-bird whistles in the birken shaw—and the coney erects his ears at the mouth of his burrow, and whisks away frolicsome among the whins or heather.

There is no index to the hour—neither light nor shadow—no cloud. But from the composed aspect of the Bird, we may suppose it to be the hush of evening after a day of successful foray by land and sea. The imps in the eyrie have been fed, and their hungry cry will not be heard till the dawn. The mother has there taken up her watchful rest, till in darkness she may glide up to her brood, and the sire is somewhere sitting within view among the rocks,—a sentinel whose eye, and ear, and nostril are true, in exquisite fineness of sense, to their trust, and on whom rarely, and as if by a miracle, can steal the adventurous shepherd or

hunter, to wreak vengeance with his rifle on the spoiler of sheep-walk and forest chase.

Yet sometimes it chanceth that the yellow lustre of her keen, wild, fierce eye is veiled, even in daylight, by the film of sleep. Perhaps sickness has been at the heart of the dejected bird, or fever wasted her wing. The sun may have smitten her, or the storm driven her against a rock. Then hunger and thirst,—which, in pride of plumage she scorned, and which only made her fiercer on the edge of her unfed eyrie, as she whetted her beak on the flint-stone, and clutched the strong heather-stalks in her talons, as if she were anticipating prey,—quell her courage, and in famine she eyes afar-off the fowls she is unable to pursue, and with one stroke strike to earth. Her flight is heavier and heavier each succeeding day—she ventures not to cross the great glens, with or without lochs—but flaps her way from rock to rock on the same mountain-side—and finally drawn by her weakness into gradual descent, she is discovered by grey dawn far below the region of snow, assailed and insulted by the meanest carrion, and a bullet whizzing through her heart, down she topples, and soon as she is dispatched by blows from the rifle-butt, the shepherd stretches out his foe's carcass on the sward, eight feet from wing to wing.

But, lo! the character of the Golden Eagle, when she has pounced, and is exulting over her prey! With her head drawn back between the crescent of her uplifted wings, which she will not fold till that prey be devoured, eye glaring cruel joy, neck-plumage bristling, tail-feathers fanned, and talons driven through the victim's entrails and heart,—there she is new-alighted on the ledge of a precipice, and fancy hears her yell and its echo. Beak and talons, all her life-long, have had a stain of blood, for the murderess observes no Sabbath, and seldom dips them in loch or sea, except when dashing down suddenly among the terrified water-fowl from her watch-tower in the sky. The week-old fawn had left the doe's side but for a momentary race along the edge of the coppice,—a rustle and a shadow,—and the burden is borne off to the cliffs of Benevis! In an instant the small animal is dead—after a short

exultation—torn into pieces—and by eagles and eaglets devoured, its disgorged bones mingle with those of many other creatures, encumbering the eyrie, and strewed around it over the bloody platform on which the young demons crawl forth to enjoy the sunshine.

O for the Life of an Eagle written by himself! It would outsell the Confessions of an English Opium-Eater; and how would it confound the critics of the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews! No Editor but North could do justice to it in a Leading Article. Proudly would he, or she, write of birth and parentage. On the rock of ages he first opened his eyes to the sun, in noble instinct affronting and outstaring the light. The great glen of Scotland—hath it not been the inheritance of his ancestors for many thousand years? No polluting mixture of ignoble blood, from intermarriages of necessity with kite, buzzard, hawk, or falcon. No, the Golden Eagles of Glen-Falloch, surnamed the Sun-starers, have formed alliances with the Golden Eagles of Cruachan, Benlawers, Shehallion, and Mar-Forest,—the Lightning-Glints, the Flood-fallers, the Storm-wheelers, the Cloud-cleavers, ever since the flood. The education of the autobiographer had not been intrusted to a private tutor. Parental eyes, beaks, and talons, provided sustenance for his infant frame; and in that capacious eyrie, year after year repaired by dry branches from the desert, parental advice was yelled into him, meet for the expansion of his instinct as wide and wonderful as the reason of earth-crawling man. What a noble naturalist did he, in a single session at the College of the Cliff, become! Of the customs, and habits, and haunts, of all inferior creatures, he speedily made himself master—those included, of man. Nor was his knowledge confined to theory, but reduced to daily practice. He kept himself in constant training—taking a flight of a hundred miles before breakfast—paying a forenoon visit to the farthest of the Hebride Isles, and returning to dinner in Glenco. In one day he has flown to Norway on a visit to his uncle by the mother's side, and returned the next to comfort his paternal uncle, lying sick at the Head of Dee. He soon learned to despise himself for

once having yelled for food, when food was none; and to sit or sail, on rock or through ether, athirst and an hungred, but mute. The virtues of patience, endurance, and fortitude, have become with him, in strict accordance with the Aristotelian Moral Philosophy—habits. A Peripatetic Philosopher he could hardly be called—properly speaking, he belongs to the Solar School—an airy sect, who take very high ground, indulge in lofty flights, and are often lost in the clouds. Now and then a light chapter might be introduced, when he and other youngers of the Blood Royal took a game at High-Jinks, or tourneyed in air-lists, the champions on opposite sides flying from the Perthshire and from the Argyleshire mountains, and encountering with a clash in the azure common, six thousand feet high! But the fever of love burned in his blood, and flying to the mountains of another continent, in obedience to the yell of an old oral tradition, he wooed and won his virgin-bride—a monstrous beauty, wider-winged than himself, to kill or caress, and bearing the proof of her noble nativity, in that radiant Iris that belongs in perfection of fierceness but to the Sun-starers, and in them is found, unimpaired by cloudiest clime, over the uttermost parts of the earth. The bridegroom and his bride, during the honey-moon, slept on the naked rock—till they had built their eyrie beneath its cliff-canopy on the mountain-brow. When the bride was, “as Eagles wish to be who love their lords,”—devoted unto her was the bridegroom, even as the cushat murmuring to his brooding mate in the central pine-grove of a forest. Tenderly did he drop from his talons, close beside her beak, the delicate spring-lamb, or the too early leveret, owing to the hurried and imprudent marriage of its parents before March, buried in a living tomb ere April's initial day. Through all thy glens, Albin! hadst thou reason to mourn, at the bursting of the shells that Queen-bird had been cherishing beneath her bosom! Aloft in heaven wheeled the Royal Pair, from rising to setting sun. Among the bright-blooming heather they espied the tartan'd shepherd, or hunter creeping like a lizard, and from behind the vain shadow of a rock, watching with his rifle the flight he would fain see shorn of its beams.

The flocks were thinned—and the bleating of desolate dams among the fleecy people heard from many a brae. Poison was strewn over the glens for their destruction, but the Eagle, like the lion, preys not on carcases; and the shepherd dogs howled in agony over the carrion in which they devoured death. Ha! was not that a day of triumph to the Sun-starers of Cruachan, when sky-hunting in couples, far down on the greensward before the ruined gateway of Kilchurn-Castle, they saw, left all to himself in the sunshine, the infant-heir of the Campbell of Breadalbane, the child of the Lord of Glenorchy and all its streams! Four talons in an instant were in his heart. Too late were the outcries from all the turrets, for ere the castle-gates were flung open, the golden head of the noble babe was lying in gore, in the Eyrrie on the iron ramparts of Gleno—his blue eyes dug out—his rosy cheeks torn—and his brains dropping from beaks that revelled yelling within the skull!—Such are a few hints for “*Some Passages in the Life of the Golden Eagle*,” written by Himself,—in one volume crown octavo—Blackwood, Edinburgh—Cadell, London.

O heavens and earth—forests and barn-yards! what a difference with a distinction between a GOLDEN-EAGLE and a GREEN GOOSE! There, all neck and bottom, splayed-footed, and hissing in miserable imitation of a serpent, lolling from side to side, up and down like an ill-trimmed punt, the downy gosling waddles through the green mire, and, imagining that King George the Fourth is meditating mischief against him, cackles angrily as he plunges into the pond. No swan that “on still St Mary’s lake floats double, swan and shadow,” so proud as he! He prides himself on being a gander, and never forgets the lesson instilled into him by his parents soon as he chipt the shell in the nest among the nettles, that his ancestors saved the Roman Capitol. In process of time, in company with swine, he grazes on the common, and insults the Egyptians in their roving camp. Then comes the season of plucking—and this very pen bears testimony to his tortures. Out into the houseless winter is he driven—and, if he escapes being frozen into a lump of fat ice, he is crammed till his liver swells into a four-pounder—

his cerebellum is cut by the cruel knife of a phrenological cook, and his remains buried with a ceartment of apple sauce in the patches of apoplectic aldermen, eating against each other at a civic feast! Such are a few hints for “*Some Passages in the Life of a Green Goose*,” written by himself—in foolscap octavo—published by Hunt and Clarke, Cockaigne, and sold by all booksellers in town and country.

O beautiful and beloved Highland Parish! in what district of the West I shall not say—for the wild passions of my youth, so charged with bliss and bale, have rendered thy name a sound that my soul hears at all times, even when silent and unpronounced—O beautiful and beloved Highland Parish! in whose dashing glens my beating heart first felt the awe of solitude, and learned to commune (alas! to what purpose?) with the tumult of its own thoughts! The circuit of thy skies, when they were blue, “so darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,” was indeed a glorious arena spread over the mountain-tops for the combats of the great birds of prey! One wild cry or another was in the lift,—of the hawk, or the glead, or the raven, or the eagle,—or when those fiends slept, of the peaceful heron, and sea-bird by wandering boys pursued in its easy flight, till the snow-white child of ocean wavered away far inland, as if in search of a steadfast happiness unknown on the restless waves! Seldom did the eagle stoop to the challenge of the inferior fowl; but when he did, it was like a mailed knight treading down unknown men in battle. The hawks, and the gleads, and the ravens, and the carrion-crows, and the hooded-crows, and the rooks, and the magpies, and all the rest of the rural militia, forgetting their own feuds, sometimes came sallying from all quarters, with even a few facetious jackdaws from the old castle, to show fight with the monarch of the air. Amidst all that multitude of wings winnowing the wind, was heard the sough and the whizz of those mighty vans, as the Royal Bird, himself an army, performed his majestic evolutions with all the calm confidence of a master in the art of aerial war, now soaring half-a-thousand feet perpendicularly, and now suddenly plumb-down into the rear of the croaking,

cawing, and chattering battalions, cutting off their retreat to the earth. Then the rout became general, the wounded and missing, however, far outnumbering the dead. Keeping possession of the field of battle, hung the eagle for a short while motionless—till with one fierce yell of triumph, he seemed to seek the sun, and disappear like a speck in the light, surveying half of Scotland at a glance, and a thousand of her isles.

Some people have a trick of describing incidents as having happened within their own observation, when, in fact, they were at the time lying asleep in bed, and disturbing the whole house with the snore of their dormitory. Such is too often the character of the eye-witnesses of the present age. Now, I would not claim personal acquaintance with an incident I had not seen—no, not for fifty guineas per sheet; and, therefore, I warn the reader not to believe the following little story about an eagle and child (by the way, that is the Derby crest, and a favourite sign of inns in the north of England,) on the alleged authority of the writer of this article. "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me," by the schoolmaster of the parish alluded to above, and if the incident never occurred, then must he have been one of the greatest and most gratuitous of liars that ever taught the young idea how to shoot. For my single self, I am by nature credulous. Many extraordinary things happen in this life, and though "seeing is believing," so likewise "believing is seeing," as every one must allow who reads the following pages of this Magazine.

Almost all the people in the parish were leading in their meadow-hay (there were not in all its ten miles square twenty acres of rye-grass) on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind,—and huge heaped-up wains, that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward beginning to get green with second growth, were moving in all directions towards the snug farm-yards. Never had the parish seemed before so populous. Jocund was the balmy air with laughter, whistle, and song. But the Tree-gnomes threw the shadow of "one o'clock" on the green dial-face of the earth—the horses were unyoked, and took instantly to grazing—groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and chil-

dren, collected under grove, and bush, and hedgerow—graces were pronounced, some of them rather too tedious in presence of the mantling milk-cans, bullion-bars of butter, and crackling cakes; and the great Being who gave them that day their daily bread, looked down from his Eternal Throne, well-pleased with the piety of his thankful creatures.

The great Golden Eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, stooped down, and away with something in his talons. One single sudden female shriek—and then shouts and outcries as if a church spire had tumbled down on a congregation at a sacrament! "Hannah Lamond's bairn! Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud fast-spreading cry. "The Eagle's ta'en aff Hannah Lamond's bairn!" and many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying towards the mountain. Two miles of hill, and dale, and copse, and shingle, and many intersecting brooks lay between; but in an incredibly short time, the foot of the mountain was alive with people. The cyrie was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rockledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Steuart the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain? All kept gazing, weeping, wringing of hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running back and forwards, like so many ants essaying their new wings in discomfiture. "What's the use—what's the use o' ony pair human means? We have no power but in prayer!" and many knelt down—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies—as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear!

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the eyrie. Nobody had noticed her; for strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the Eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eye-sight. "Only last Sabbath was my sweet wee wean baptized in the name o' the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!" and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death,—fearless as a goat playing among the precipices. No one

doubted, no one could doubt, that she would soon be dashed to pieces. But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams, clomb the walls of old ruins, and found footing, even in decrepitude, along the edge of unguarded battlements, and down dilapidated stair-cases, deep as draw-wells, or coal-pits, and returned with open, fixed, and unseeing eyes, unharmed to their beds, at midnight? It is all the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave; and shall not the agony of a mother's passion—who sees her baby whose warm mouth had just left her breast, hurried off by a demon to a hideous death—bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devouring den, and fiercer and more furious far, in the passion of love, than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends that with their heavy wings would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance before the eye of the all-seeing God!

No stop—no stay,—she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear, then, but once crossed her heart, as up—up—up—to the little image made of her own flesh and blood. “The God who holds me now from perishing—will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom?” Down came the fierce rushing of the Eagles' wings—each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. All at once they quailed, and were cowed. Yelling they flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract, and the Christian mother falling across the eyrie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child—dead—dead—dead—no doubt—but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay in a nook of the harvest-field. Oh! what pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart from that faint feeble cry,—“It lives—it lives—it lives!” and baring her bosom, with loud laughter, and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent once more murmuring at the fount of life and

love! “O thou great and thou dreadful God! whither hast thou brought me—one of the most sinful of thy creatures? Oh! save my soul, lest it perish, even for thy own name's sake! Oh Thou, who diedst to save sinners, have mercy upon me!” Cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old trees—far—far down—and dwindled into specks, a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary, or running to and fro! Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath?—and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands the cradle of her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot! Here must she die—and when her breast is exhausted, her baby too! And those horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, and wings, will return, and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead bosom that can protect it no more.

Where all this while was Mark Steuart the sailor? Half-way up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim, and his head dizzy, and his heart sick—and he who had so often reefed the top-gallant sail, when at midnight the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights. “And who will take care of my poor bed-ridden mother,” thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp that hope which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered, “God.” She looked round expecting to see an angel—but nothing moved except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye—by some secret sympathy of her soul with the inanimate object—watched its fall; and it seemed to stop, not far off, on a small platform. Her child was bound within her bosom—she remembered not how or when—but it was safe—and scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm root-bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below. With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by briar, and broom, and heather, and dwarf-birch. There, a loosened stone leapt over a ledge and no sound was heard,

so profound was its fall. There, the shingle rattled down the scree, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was callous as the cliff. Steep as the wall of a house was now the side of the precipice. But it was matted with ivy centuries old—long ago dead, and without a single green leaf—but with thousands of arm-thick stems petrified into the rock, and covering it as with a trellice. She bound her baby to her neck—and with hands and feet clung to that fearful ladder. Turning round her head and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish—so great was the multitude, on their knees! and, hush, the voice of psalms! a hymn breathing the spirit of one united prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain—but nothing dirge-like—breathing not of death but deliverance. Often had she sung that tune, perhaps the very words, but them she heard not—in her own hut, she and her mother—or in the kirk, along with all the congregation. An unseen hand seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy, and in sudden inspiration believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature. Again her feet touched stones and earth—the psalm was hushed—but a tremulous sobbing voice was close beside her, and lo! a she-goat, with two little kids at her feet! “Wild heights,” thought she, “do these creatures climb—but the dam will lead down her kid by the easiest paths, for oh! even in the brute creatures what is the holy power of a mother’s love!” and turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time she wept.

Overhead frowned the front of the precipice, never touched before by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamt of scaling it, and the Golden Eagles knew that well in their instinct, as, before they built their eyrie, they had brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this part of the mountain-side, though scarred, and seamed, and chasmed, was yet accessible—and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the Glead’s Cliff. Many were now attempting it—and ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides

a hundred yards, through among dangers that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another, and she knew that God had delivered her and her child in safety, into the care of their fellow-creatures. Not a word was spoken—eyes said enough—she hushed her friends with her hands—and with uplifted eyes pointed to the guides sent to her by Heaven. Small green plats where those creatures nibble the wild-flowers, became now more frequent—trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now the brush-wood dwindled away into straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath.

There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing, and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs—sublime was the shout that echoed afar the moment she reached the eyrie—then had succeeded a silence deep as death—in a little while arose that hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication—the wildness of thankful and congratulatory joy had next its sway—and now that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood. And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony? A poor humble creature, unknown to many even by name—one who had had but few friends, nor wished for more—contented to work all day, here—there—anywhere—that she might be able to support her aged mother and her little child—and who on Sabbath took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart for paupers, in the kirk!

“Fall back, and give her fresh air,” said the old minister of the parish; and the circle of close faces widened round her lying as in death. “Gie me the bonny bit bairn into my arms,” cried first one mother and then another, and it was tenderly handed round the circle of kisses, many of the snooded maidens bathing its face in tears. “There’s no a single scratch about the puir innocent, for the Eagle you see maun hae stuck its talons into the lang claes and the shawl. Blin’, blin’ maun they be who see not the finger o’ God in this thing!”

Hannah started up from her swoon

—and looking wildly round, cried, “ Oh! the Bird—the Bird!—the Eagle—the Eagle!—The Eagle has carried off my bonny wee Walter—is there nane to pursue?” A neighbour put her baby into her breast, and shutting her eyes, and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said in a low voice, “ Am I wauken—oh! tell me if I'm wauken—or if a' this be the wark o' a fever, and the delirium o' a dream?”

Hannah Lamond was not yet twenty years old—and although she was a mother—and you may guess what a mother—yet—frown not, fair and gentle reader—frown not, pure and stainless as thou art—to her belonged not the sacred name of wife—and that baby was the child of sin and of shame—yes—“ the child of misery, baptized in tears!” She had loved—trusted—been betrayed—and deserted. In sorrow and solitude—uncomforted and despised—she bore her burthen. Dismal had been the hour of travail—and she feared her mother's heart would have broken, even when her own was cleft in twain. But how healing is forgiveness—alike to the wounds of the forgiving and the forgiven! And then Hannah knew that although guilty before God, her guilt was not such as her fellow-creatures deemed it—for oh! there were dreadful secrets which should never pass her lips against the father of her child! so she bowed down her young head—and soiled it with the ashes of repentance—walking with her eyes on the ground as she again entered the kirk—yet not fearing to lift them up to heaven during the prayer. Her sadness inspired a general pity—she was excluded from no house she had heart to visit—no coarse comment—no ribald jest accompanied the notice people took of her baby—no licentious rustic presumed on her frailty, for the pale, melancholy face of the nursing mother, weeping as she sung the lullaby, forbade all such approach—and an universal sentiment of indignation drove from the parish the heartless and unprincipled seducer—if all had been known, too weak word for his crime—who left thus to pine in sorrow, and in shame far worse than sorrow—one, who, till her unhappy fall, had been held up by every mother as an example to her daughters, of sense

and modesty—and the meek unpretending piety of a Christian Faith!

Never—never once had she striven to cease to love her betrayer—but she had striven—and an appeased conscience had enabled her to do so—to think not of him now that he had deserted her for ever. Sometimes his image, as well in love as in wrath, passed before the eye of her heart—but she closed it in tears of blood, and the phantom disappeared. Thus all the love towards him that slept—but was not dead—arose in yearnings of still more exceeding love towards his child. Round its head was gathered all hope of comfort—of peace—of reward of her repentance. One of its smiles was enough to brighten up the darkness of the future. In her breast—on her knee—in its cradle, she regarded it with a perpetual prayer. And this feeling it was, with all the overwhelming tenderness of affection, all the invigorating power of passion, that, under the hand of God, bore her up and down that fearful mountain's brow, and after the hour of rescue and deliverance, stretched her on the greensward like a corpse.

The rumour of the miracle soon circled the mountain's base, and a strange story without names was told to the Wood-ranger of the Cairn-Forrest, by a way-faring man. Anxious to know what truth there was in it, he crossed the hill, and making his way through the sullen crowd, went up to the eminence, and beheld, just recovering from her final swoon, her whom he had so wickedly ruined, and so basely deserted. Hisses, and groans, and hootings, and fierce eyes, and clenched hands, assailed and threatened him on every side.

His heart died within him, not in fear, but in remorse. What a worm he felt himself to be, and fain would he have been to become a worm, that, to escape all that united human scorn, he might have wriggled away in slime into some hole of the earth! But the meek eye of Hannah met his in perfect forgiveness—a tear of pity—a faint smile of love. All his better nature rose within him, all his worse nature was quelled. “ Yes, good people, you do right to cover me with your scorn. But what is your scorn to the wrath of God? The Evil One has often been with me in the woods; the same voice

that once whispered me to murder her—but here I am—not to offer retribution—for that may not—will not—must not be—guilt must not mate with innocence. But here I proclaim that innocence. I deserve death, and I am willing here, on this spot, to deliver myself into the hands of justice. Allan Calder—I call on you to seize your prisoner.”

The moral sense of the people, when instructed by knowledge and enlightened by religion, what else is it but the voice of God! Their anger subsided at once into a serene satisfaction—and that soon softened, in sight of her who, alone aggrieved, alone felt nothing but tenderest forgiveness, into a confused compassion for the man who, bold and bad as he had been, had undergone many solitary torments, and nearly fallen in his unaccompanied misery into the power of the Prince of Darkness. The old clergyman, whom all revered, put the contrite man's hand in hers, whom he swore to love and cherish all his days—and, ere summer was over, Hannah was the mistress of a family, in a house not much inferior to a Manse. Her mother, now that not only her daughter's reputation was freed from stain, but her innocence also proved, renewed her youth. And although the worthy schoolmaster, who told me the tale so much better than I have been able to repeat it, confessed that the wood-ranger never became altogether a saint—nor acquired the edifying habit of pulling down the corners of his mouth, and turning up the whites of his eyes—yet he assured me, that he never afterwards heard anything very seriously to his prejudice—that he became in due time an elder of the Kirk—gave his children a religious education—erring only in making rather too much of a pet of his eldest born, whom, even when grown up to manhood, he never called by any other name than the Eaglet.

Let us shut the volume, and reopen it at hap-hazard. We have been fortunate in the plate, and so has Mr Selby.—The RAVEN! In a solitary glen, sits down on a stone the roaming pedestrian, beneath the hush and gloom of a thundery sky, that has not yet begun to growl, and hears no sounds but that of an occasional big rain-drop plashing on the bare bent; the crag high overhead sometimes ut-

ters a sullen groan,—the pilgrim, starting, listens, and the noise is repeated, but instead of a groan, a croak—croak—croak! manifestly from a thing with life. A pause of silence! And hollower and hoarser the croak is heard from the opposite side of the glen. Eyeing the black sultry heaven, he feels the warm plash on his face, but sees no bird on the wing. By and by, something black lifts itself slowly and heavily up from a precipice, in deep shadow; and before it has cleared the rock-range, and entered the upper region of air, he knows it to be the Raven. The creature seems wroth to be disturbed in his solitude; and in his strong straight-forward flight, aims at the head of another glen; but he wheels round at the iron-barrier, and alighting among the heather, folds his huge massy wings, and leaps about in anger, with the same savage croak—croak—croak! No other bird so like a demon;—and should you chance to break a leg in the desert, and be unable to crawl to a hut, your life is not worth twenty-four hours purchase. Never was there a single hound in all Lord Darlington's packs, since his lordship became a mighty hunter, with nostrils so fine as those of that feathered fiend, covered though they be, with strong hairs or bristles, that grimly adorn a bill of formidable dimensions, and apt for digging out eye-socket, and splitting skull-suture, of dying man or beast. That bill cannot tear in pieces like the eagle's beak, nor are its talons so powerful to smite as to compress,—but a better bill for cut-and-thrust—push, carte, and tierce—the dig dismal, and the plunge profound—belongs to no other bird. It inflicts great gashes; nor needs the wound to be repeated on the same spot. Feeder foul and obscene! to thy nostril upturned “into the murky air, sagacious of thy quarry from afar,” sweeter is the scent of carrion, than to the panting lover's sense and soul the fragrance of his own virgin's breath and bosom, when, lying in her innocence in his arms, her dishevelled tresses seem laden with something more ethereally pure, than “Sabeian odours from the spicy shores of Araby the Blest.”

The Raven dislikes all animal food that has not a deathly smack. It cannot be thought that he has any reverence or awe of the mystery of life. Neither

is he a coward; at least, not such a coward as to fear the dying kick of a lamb or sheep. Yet so long as his victim can stand, or sit, or lie in a strong struggle, the raven keeps aloof—hopping in a circle that narrows and narrows as the sick animal's nostrils keep dilating in convulsions, and its eyes grow dimmer and more dim. When the prey is in the last agonies, croaking, he leaps upon the breathing carcase, and whets his bill upon his own blue-ringed legs, steadied by claws in the fleece, yet not so fiercely inserted as to get entangled and fast. With his large level-crowned head hobbling up and down, and turned a little first to one side, and then to another, all the while a self-congratulatory leer in his eye, he unfolds his wings, and then folds them again, twenty or thirty times, as if dubious how to begin to gratify his lust of blood; and frequently when just on the brink of consummation, jumps off side, back, or throat, and goes dallying about, round and round, and off to a small safe distance, scenting, almost snorting, the smell of the blood running cold, colder, and more cold. At last the poor wretch is still; and then, without waiting till it is stiff, he goes to work earnestly and passionately, and taught by horrid instinct how to reach the entrails, revels in obscene gluttony, and preserves, it may be, eye, lip, palate, and brain, for the last course of his meal, gorged to the throat, incapacitated to return thanks, and with difficulty able either to croak or to fly!

The Raven, it is thought, is in the habit of living upwards of a hundred years, perhaps a couple of centuries. Children grow into girls, girls into maidens, maidens into wives, wives into widows, widows into old decrepit crones, and crones into dust; and the Raven, who wons at the head of the glen, is aware of all the births, baptisms, marriages, death-beds, and funerals. Certain it is, at least, that he is aware of the death-beds and the funerals. Often does he flap his wings against door and window of hut, when the wretch within is in extremity, or, sitting on the heather-roof, croaks horror into the dying dream. As the funeral winds its way towards the mountain cemetery, he hovers aloft in the air—or swooping down nearer to the bier, precedes the corpse like a

sable sauley. While the party of friends are carousing in the house of death, he too, scorning funeral baked meats, croaks hoarse hymns and dismal dirges as he is devouring the pet-lamb of the little grand-child of the deceased. The shepherds say that the Raven is sometimes heard to laugh. Why not, as well as the hyena? Then it is, that he is most diabolical, for he knows that his laughter is prophetic of human death. True it is, and it would be injustice to conceal the fact, much more to deny it, that Ravens of old fed Elijah; but that was the punishment of some old sin committed by Two, who before the flood bore the human shape; and who, soon as the ark rested on Mount Ararat, flew off to the desolation of swamped forests and the disfigured solitude of the drowned glens. Dying Ravens hide themselves from day-light in burial-places among the rocks, and are seen hobbling into their tombs, as if driven thither by a flock of fears, and crouching under a remorse that disturbs instinct, even as if it were conscience. So sings and says the Celtic superstition—adding that there are Raven ghosts, great black bundles of feathers, for ever in the forest night-hunting, in famine, for prey, emitting a last feeble croak at the blush of dawn, and then all at once invisible.

There can be no doubt that that foolish Quaker, who some twenty years ago perished at the foot of a crag near Red Tarn, “far in the bosom of Helvyllyn,” was devoured by ravens. We call him foolish, because no adherent of that sect was ever qualified to find his way among mountains, when the winter-day was short, and the snow deep, wreathed, and pit-falled. In such season and weather, no place so fit for a Quaker as the fire-side. Not to insist, however, on that point, with what glee the few hungry and thirsty old Ravens belonging to the Red Tarn Club must have flocked to the Ordinary! Without asking each other to which part this, that, or the other croaker chose to be helped, the maxim which regulated their behaviour at table was doubtless, “Every bird for himself, and God for us all!” Forthwith each bill was busy, and the scene became animated in the extreme. There must have been great difficulty to the most accomplished of the car-

tion in stripping the Quaker of his drab. The broad-brim had probably escaped with the first intention, and after going before the wind half across the unfrozen Tarn, capsized, filled, and sunk. Picture to yourself so many devils, all in glossy black feather coats and dark grey breeches, with waist-coats inclining to blue, pully-hawleying away at the unresisting figure of the follower of Fox, and getting first vexed and then irritated with the pieces of choking soft armour in which, five or six ply thick, his inviting carcass was so provokingly insheathed! First a drab duffle cloak—then a drab wrap-rascal—then a drab broad-cloth coat, made in the oldest fashion—then a drab waistcoat of the same—then a drab under-waistcoat of thinner mould—then a linen-shirt, somewhat drab-bish—then a flannel shirt, entirely so, and most odorous to the nostrils of the members of the Red Tarn Club. All this must have taken a couple of days at the least; so supposing the majority of members assembled about 8 A. M. on the Sabbath morning, it must have been well on to twelve o'clock on Monday night before the club could have comfortably sat down to supper. During these two denuding days, we can well believe that the President must have been hard put to it to keep the secretary, treasurer, chaplain, and other office-bearers, ordinary and extraordinary members, from giving a sly dig at Obadiah's face, so tempting in the sallow hue and rank smell of first corruption. Dead-bodies keep well in frost; but the subject had in this case probably fallen from a great height, had his bones broken to smash, his flesh bruised and mangled. The President, therefore, we repeat it, even although a raven of great age and authority, must have had inconceivable difficulty in controlling the club. The croak of "Order!—order!—Chair!—chair!"—must have been frequent; and had the office not been hereditary, the old gentleman would no doubt have thrown it up, and declared the chair vacant. All obstacles and obstructions being by indefatigable activity removed, no attempt was made by the seneschal to place the guests according to their rank, above or below the salt, and the party sat promiscuously down to a late supper. Not a word was uttered during the first half hour, till a queer-looking mortal, who had

spent several years of his prime of birdhood at old Calgarth, and picked up a tolerable command of the Westmoreland dialect, by means of the Hamiltonian system, exclaimed, "I'se weel nee brussen'—there be's Mister Wudsworth—Ho, ho, ho!" It was indeed the bard, benighted in the Excursion from Patterdale to Jobson's Cherry-Tree; and the Red Tarn Club, afraid of having their orgies put into blank verse, sailed away in floating fragments beneath the moon and stars.

But over the doom of one true Lover of Nature, let me shed a flood of my most rueful tears, for at what tale shall mortal man weep, if not at the tale of youthful genius and virtue shrouded suddenly in a winding-sheet wreathed of snow by the midnight tempest! Elate in the joy of solitude, he hurried like a fast-travelling shadow into the silence of the frozen mountains, all beautifully encrusted with pearls, and jewels, and diamonds, beneath the resplendent night-heavens. The din of populous cities had long stunned his brain, and his soul had sickened in the presence of the money-hunting eyes of selfish men, all madly pursuing their multifarious machinations in the great mart of commerce. The very sheeted masts of ships, bearing the flags of foreign countries, in all their pomp and beauty sailing homeward, or outward-bound, had become hateful to his spirit—for what were they but the floating enginery of Mammon? Truth, integrity, honour, were all recklessly sacrificed to gain by the friends he loved and had respected most, sacrificed without shame and without remorse—repentance being with them a repentance only over ill-laid schemes of villainy, and plans for the ruination of widows and orphans, blasted in the bud of their iniquity. The brother of his bosom made him a bankrupt—and for a year the jointure of his widow-mother was unpaid. But she died before the second Christmas—and he was left alone in the world. Poor indeed he was, but not a beggar. A legacy came to him from a distant relation—almost the only one of his name—who died abroad. Small as it was, it was enough to live on—and his enthusiastic spirit gathering joy from distress, vowed to dedicate itself in some profound solitude to the love of Nature, and the study of her Great Laws. He

bade an eternal farewell to cities, at the dead of midnight, beside his mother's grave, scarcely distinguishable among the thousand flat stones, sunk, or sinking into the wide church-yard, along which a great thoroughfare of life roared like the sea. And now, for the first time, his sorrow flung from him like a useless garment, he found himself alone among the Cumbrian mountains, and impelled in strong idolatry almost to kneel down and worship the divine beauty of the moon, and "stars that are the poetry of Heaven."

Not uninstructed was the wanderer in the lore that links the human heart to the gracious form and aspects of the Mighty Mother. In early youth he had been intended for the Church, and subsequent years of ungrateful and ungenial toils had not extinguished that fine scholarship, that a native aptitude for learning had acquired in the humble school of the village in which he was born. He had been ripe for College, when the sudden death of his father, who had long been at the head of a great mercantile concern, imposed it upon him as a sacred duty owed to his mother and his sisters, to embark in trade. Not otherwise could he hope ever to retrieve their fortunes—and for ten years for their sake he was a slave, till ruin set him free. Now he was master of his own destiny—and sought some humble hut in that magnificent scenery, where he might pass a blameless life, and among earth's purest joys, prepare his soul for Heaven. Many such humble huts had he seen during that one bold, bright, beautiful winter-day. Each wreath of smoke from the breathing chimneys, while the huts themselves seemed hardly awakened from sleep in the morning-calm, led his imagination up into the profound peace of the sky. In any one of those dwellings, peeping from sheltered dells, or perched on wind-swept eminences, could he have taken up his abode, and sat down contented at the board of their simple inmates. But in the very delirium of a new bliss, the day faded before him—twilight looked lovelier than dream-land, in the reflected glimmer of the snow—and thus had midnight found him, in a place so utterly lonesome in its remoteness from all habitations, that even in summer no stranger sought it without the guidance of

some shepherd familiar with the many bewildering passes, that stretched away in all directions through among the mountains to distant vales. No more fear or thought had he of being lost in the wilderness, than the ring-dove that flies from forest to forest in the winter season, and, without the aid even of vision, trusts to the instinctive wafting of her wings through the paths of ether.

As he continued gazing on the Heavens, the moon all at once lost something of her brightness—the stars seemed fewer in number—and the lustre of the rest as by mist obscured. The blue ethereal frame grew discoloured with streaks of red and yellow—and a sort of dim darkness deepened and deepened on the air, while the mountains appeared higher, and at the same time farther off, as if he had been transported in a dream to another region of the earth. A sound was heard, made up of far mustering winds, echoes from caves, swinging of trees, and the murmur as of a great lake or sea beginning to break on the shore. A few flakes of snow touched his face, and the air grew cold. A clear tarn had a few minutes before glittered with moonbeams, but now it had disappeared. Sleet came thicker and faster, and ere long it was a storm of snow. "Oh! God! my last hour is come!" and scarcely did he hear his own voice in the roaring tempest.

Men have died in dungeons—and their skeletons been found long years afterwards lying on the stone-floor, in postures that told through what hideous agonies they had passed into the world of spirits. But no eye saw, no ear heard, and the prison-visitor gathers up, as he shudders, but a dim conviction of some long horror from the bones. One day in spring—long after the snows were melted—except here and there a patch like a flock of sheep on some sunless exposure—a huge Raven rose heavily, as if gorged with prey, before the feet of a shepherd, who, going forward to the spot where the bird had been feeding, beheld a rotting corpse! A dog, itself almost a skeleton, was lying near, and began to whine at his approach. On its collar was the name of its master—now one heap of corruption. It was a name unknown in that part of the country—and weeks elapsed before any person could be heard

of that could tell the history of the sufferer. A stranger came and went—taking the faithful creature with him that had so long watched by the dead—but long before his arrival the remains had been interred in the churchyard of Patterdale; and you may see the grave, a little way on from the south gate, on your right hand as you enter, not many yards from the Great Yew-Tree.

Gentle reader! we have given you two versions of the same story,—and, pray, which do you like the best? The first is the most funny, the second the most affecting. We have observed, that the critics are not decided on the question of our merits as a writer; some maintaining, that we are strongest in humour; others, that our power is in pathos. The judicious declare that our forte lies in both,—in the two united, or alternating with each other. “But is it not quite shocking,” exclaims some Cockney, who has been knouted in *Ebony*, “to hear so very serious an affair as the death of a Quaker in the snow among mountains, treated with such heartless levity, as it is in a contemptible article in *Blackwood*, called ‘A Glance over Selby’s Ornithology?’ The man who wrote that description, sir, of the Ordinary of the Red Tarn Clab, would not scruple to commit murder!” Why, if killing a Cockney be murder, the writer of that—this—article confesses that he has more than once committed that capital crime. But no intelligent jury, who took into consideration the law as well as the fact,—and it is often their duty to do so, let high authorities say what they will,—would for a moment hesitate, in any of the cases alluded to, to bring in a verdict of “Justifiable homicide.” The gentleman or lady who has honoured us so far with perusal, knows enough of human life, and of their own hearts, to know also, that there is no other subject which men of genius—and who ever denied that we are men of genius?—have been accustomed to view in so many ludicrous lights as this same subject of death; and the reason is at once obvious—yet *recherchée*—videlicet, Death is in itself, and all that belongs to it, such a sad, cold, wild, dreary, dismal, distracting, and dreadful thing, that men will laugh!

But a truce with critical discussion, and let us remember, what we are al-

ways forgetting, that the title of this article is, “A Glance over Selby’s Ornithology.” Too-hoo—too-hoo—too-whit-too-hoo!—we have got among the OWLS. Venerable personages, in truth, they are,—perfect Solomons!—The spectator, as in most cases of very solemn characters, feels himself at first strongly disposed to commit the gross indecorum of bursting out a-laughing in their face. One does not see the absolute necessity either of man or bird looking at all times so unaccountably wise. Why will an Owl persist in his stare? Why will a bishop never lay aside his wig?

People ignorant of Ornithology will stare like the Bird of Wisdom himself on being told that an Owl is an Eagle. Yet, bating a little inaccuracy, it is so. Eagles, kites, hawks, and owls, all belong to the genus *Falco*. We hear a great deal too much in poetry of the moping Owl, the melancholy Owl, the boding Owl, whereas he neither mopes nor bodes, and is no more melancholy than becomes a gentleman. We also hear of the Owl being addicted to spirituous liquors; and hence the expression, as drunk as an Owl. All this is mere Whig personality, the Owl being a Tory of the old school, and a friend of the ancient establishments of church and state. Nay, the same political party, although certainly the most short-sighted of God’s creatures, taunt the Owl with being blind. As blind as an Owl, is a libel in frequent use out of ornithological society. Shut up Mr Jeffrey himself in a hay-barn, with a well-built mow, and ask him in the darkness to catch you a few mice, and he will tell you whether or not the Owl be blind. This would be just as fair as to expect the Owl to see, like Mr Jeffrey, through a case in the Parliament House during day-light. Nay, we once heard a writer in Taylor and Hessey call the Owl stupid, he himself having longer ears than any species of Owl extant. What is the positive character of the owl, may perhaps appear by and by; but we have seen that, describing his character by negations, we may say that he resembles Napoleon Buonaparte much more than Joseph Hume or Alderman Wood. He is not moping—not boding—not melancholy—not a drunkard—not blind—not stupid; as much as it would be prudent to say of any man, whether

editor or contributor, in his Majesty's dominions.

The eagles, kites, and hawks, hunt by day. The Owl is the Nimrod of the night. Then, like one who shall be nameless, he sails about seeking those whom he may devour. To do him justice, he has a truly ghost-like head and shoulders of his own. What horror to the small birds that rejoice in spring's leafy bowers, fast-locked we were going to say in each other's arms, but sitting side by side in the same cozey nuptial nest, to be startled out of their love-dreams by the great lamp-eyed beaked face of a horrible monster with horns, picked out of feathered bed, and wafled off in one bunch, within talons, to pacify a set of hissing, and snappish, and shapeless powder-puffs, in the loop-hole of a barn? In a house where a cat is kept, mice are much to be pitied. They are so infatuated with the smell of a respectable larder, that to leave the premises, they confess, is impossible. Yet every hour—nay, every minute of their lives, must they be in the fear of being leaped out upon by four velvet paws, and devoured with kisses from a whiskered mouth, and a throat full of that incomprehensible music—a purr. Life, on such terms, seems to us anything but desirable. But the truth is, that mice in the fields are not a whit better off. Owls are Cats with wings. Skimming along the grass tops, they stop in a momentary hover, let drop a talon, and away with Mus, his wife, and small family of blind children. It is the white, or yellow, or barn, or church, or Screech-Owl, or Gilley-Howlet, that behaves in this way; and he makes no bones of a mouse, uniformly swallowing him alive. Our friend, we suspect, though no drunkard, is somewhat of a glutton. In one thing we agree with him, that there is no sort of harm in a heavy supper. There, however, we are guilty of some confusion of ideas. For what to us, who rise in the morning, seems a supper, is to him who gets up at evening twilight, a breakfast. We therefore agree with him in thinking that there is no sort of harm in a heavy breakfast. After having passed a pleasant night in eating, and flirting, he goes to bed betimes, about four o'clock in the morning; and, as Bewick observes, makes a blowing hissing noise

resembling the snoring of a man. Indeed nothing can be more diverting to a person annoyed by blue devils, than to look at a white Owl and his wife asleep. With their heads gently inclined towards each other, there they keep snoring away like any Christian couple. Should the one make a pause, the other that instant awakes, and fearing something may be wrong with his spouse, opens a pair of glimmering winking eyes, and inspects the adjacent physiognomy with the scrutinizing stare of a village apothecary. If all be right, the concert is resumed, the snore sometimes degenerating into a sort of snivel, and the snivel becoming a blowing hiss. First time we heard this noise, was in a church-yard, when we were mere boys, having ventured in after dark to catch the minister's colt for a gallop over to the parish-capital, where there was a dancing-school ball. There had been a nest of Owls in some hole in the spire; but we never doubted for a moment that the noise of snoring, blowing, hissing, and snapping proceeded from a testy old gentleman that had been buried that forenoon, and had come alive again a day after the fair. Had we reasoned the matter a little, we must soon have convinced ourselves, that there was no ground for alarm to us at least; for the noise was like that of some one half stifled, and little likely to heave up from above him a six-foot-deep load of earth—to say nothing of the improbability of his being able to unscrew the coffin from the inside. Be that as it may, we cleared about a dozen of decent tomb-stones at three jumps—the fourth took us over a wall five feet high within and about fifteen without, and landed us, with a squash, in a cabbage garden, inclosed on the other three sides by a house and a holly-hedge. The house was the sexton's, who, apprehending the stramash to proceed from a resurrectionary surgeon mistaken in his latitude, thrust out a long duck-gun from a window in the thatch, and swore to blow out our brains if we did not instantly surrender ourselves, and deliver up the corpse. It was in vain to cry out our name, which he knew as well as his own. He was deaf to reason, and would not withdraw his patterero till we had laid down the corpse. He swore that he saw the sack in the moon-

light. This was a horse-cloth with which we had intended to saddle the "cowte," and that had remained, during the supernatural agency under which we laboured, clutched unconsciously and convulsively in our grasp. Long was it ere Davie Donald would see us in our true light—but at length he drew on his Kilmarnock night-cap, and, coming out with a bouct, let us through the trance, and out of the front door, thoroughly convinced, till we read Bewick, that old Southfield was not dead, although in a very bad way indeed. Let this be a lesson to schoolboys not to neglect the science of natural history, and to study the character of the White Owl.

OWLS—both White, and Common Brown, are not only useful in a mountainous country, but highly ornamental. How serenely beautiful their noiseless flight! A flake of snow is not winnowed through the air more softly-silent! Gliding along the dark shadows of a wood, how spiritual the motion—how like the thought of a dream! And then, during the hushed midnight hours, how jocund the whoop and hollo from the heart of sycamore—grey rock, or ivied Tower! How the Owls of Windermere must laugh at the silly Lakers, that under the gareish eye of day, enveloped in clouds of dust, whirl along in rattling post-shays, in pursuit of the picturesque! Why, the least imaginative Owl that ever hunted mice by moonlight on the banks of Windermere, must know the character of its scenery better than any Cockney that ever dined on char at Bowness or Lowood. The long quivering lines of light illuminating some sylvan isle—the evening-star shining from the water to its counterpart in the sky—the glorious phenomenon of the double moon—the night-colours of the woods—and, once in the three years, perhaps, that liveliest and most lustrous of celestial forms, the lunar rainbow—all these and many more beauteous and magnificent sights are familiar to the Owls of Windermere. And who know half so well as they do the echoes of Furness, and Appleshwaite, and Loughrigg, and Langdale, all the way on to Dungeon-Gill, and Pavey-Ark, Scawfell, and the Great Gable, and that sea of mountains, of which every wave has a name? Midnight—when asleep so still and silent—seems in-

spired with the joyous spirit of the Owls in their revelry—and answers to their mirth and merriment through all her clouds. The Moping-Owl, indeed—the Boding-Owl, forsooth—the Melancholy-Owl, you blockhead—why, they are the most cheerful—joy-portending—and exulting of God's creatures. Their flow of animal spirits is incessant—crowing-cocks are a joke to them—blue-devils are to them unknown—not one hypochondriac in a thousand barns—and the Man-in-the-Moon acknowledges that he never heard one of them utter a complaint.

But what say ye to an Owl, not only like an eagle in plumage—but equal to the largest eagle in size—and, therefore, named from the King of Birds, the EAGLE OWL. Mr Selby! you have done justice to the monarch of the Bubos. We hold ourselves to be persons of tolerable courage, as the world goes—but we could not answer for ourselves showing fight with such a customer, were he to waylay us by night in a wood. In comparison, Jack Thurtell was a ninny. No—that bold, bright-eyed murderer, with Horns on his head, like those on Michael Angelo's Statue of Moses, would never have had the cruel cowardice to cut the weazand, and smash out the brains of such a miserable wretch as Weare! True he is fond of blood—and where's the harm in that? It is his nature. But if there be any truth in the science of Physiognomy—and be that of Phrenology what it will—most assuredly there is truth in it, the original of that Owl, for whose portrait the world is indebted to Mr Selby, and Sir Thomas Laurence never painted a finer one of Prince or Potentate of any Holy or Unholy Alliance, must have despised Probert from the very bottom of his heart. No prudent Eagle but would be exceedingly desirous of keeping on good terms with him—devilish shy, i'faith, of giving him any offence—by the least hauteur of manner, or the slightest violation of etiquette. An Owl of this character and calibre, is not afraid to show his horns at mid-day on the mountain. The Fox is not over and above fond of him—and his claws can kill a cub at a blow. The Doe sees the monster sitting on the back of her fawn, and, maternal instinct overcome by horror, bounds into the brake, and leaves the pretty creature to its fate.

Thank Heaven he is, in Great Britain, a rare bird. Tempest-driven across the Northern Ocean from his native forests in Russia, an occasional visitant, he "frightens this Isle from its propriety," and causes a hideous screaming through every wood he haunts. Some years ago, one was killed on the upland moors in the county of Durham—and, of course, paid a visit to Mr Bullock's Museum. Eagle-like in all its habits—it builds its nest on high rocks—sometimes on the loftiest trees—and seldom lays more than two eggs. One is one more than enough—and we who fly by night, trust never to fall in with a live specimen of the *Strix-Bubo* of Linnæus.

But lo! largest and loveliest of all the silent night-gliders—the SNOWY-OWL! Gentle reader—if you long to see his picture—we have told you where it may be found;—and in the College Museum, within a glass vase on the central table in the Palace of Stuffed Birds, you may admire his outward very self—the semblance of the Owl he was when he used to eye the moon shining o'er the northern sea:—but if you would see the noble and beautiful Creature himself, in all his living glory, you must seek him through the long summer-twilight among the Orkney or the Shetland Isles. The Snowy-Owl dearly loves the snow—and there is, we believe, a tradition among them, that their first ancestor and ancestress rose up together from a melting snow-wreath on the very last day of a Greenland winter, when all at once the bright fields reappear. The race still inhabits that frozen coast—being common, indeed, through all the regions of the Arctic Circle. It is numerous on the shores of Hudson's Bay, in Norway, Sweden, and Lapland—but in the temperate parts of Europe and America, "*rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.*"

We defy all the tailors on the face of the habitable globe—and what countless cross-legged fractional parts of men, who, like the beings of whom they are constituents, are thought to double their numbers every thirty years, must not the four quarters of the earth, in their present advanced state of civilization, contain! We defy, we say, all the tailors on the face of the habitable globe to construct such a surtout as that of the Snowy-Owl! covering him, with equal luxury and

comfort, in summer's heat and winter's cold! The elements, in all their freezing fury, cannot reach the body of the bird, through that beautiful down-mail! Well guarded are the openings of those great eyes! Neither the driving dust nor the searching sleet, nor the sharp frozen-snow-stoure, give him the ophthalmia. *Gutta Serena* is to him unknown—no snowy Owl was ever couched for cataract—no need has he for an Oculist, should he live an hundred years; and were they to attempt any operation on his lens or Iris, how he would hoot at Alexander and Wardrope!

Night, doubtless, is the usual season of his prey; but he does not shun the day, and is sometimes seen hovering unhurt in the sunshine. The red or black grouse flies as if pursued by a ghost; but the snowy Owl, little slower than the eagle, in dreadful silence overtakes his flight, and then death is sudden as it is sure. Hawking is, or was, a noble pastime; and we have now prevented our eyes from glancing at Jer-falcon, Peregrine, or Goshawk, as we are keeping them for a separate Article—a Leading one of course. But, Owling; we do not doubt, would be noways inferior sport; and were it to become prevalent in modern times, as Hawking was in times of old, why, each lady, as a Venus already fair, with an Owl on her wrist, would look as wise as a Minerva.

But, oh! my soul sickens at all those dreams of blood! and fain would she turn herself away from fierce eye, cruel beak, and tearing talon,—war-weapons of them that delight in wounds and death,—to the contemplation of creatures whose characteristics are the love of solitude,—shy gentleness of manner,—the tender devotion of mutual attachment,—and, in field or forest, a life-long passion for peace!

Lo! and behold the RING-DOVE,—the QUEST,—or CUSHAT, for that is the very bird we have had in our imagination! There is his full-length portrait, stealthily sketched as the Solitary was sitting on a tree. You must catch him napping, indeed, before he will allow you an opportunity of colouring him on the spot from nature. It is not that he is more jealous or suspicious of man's approach than other bird; for never shall we suffer ourselves to believe that any tribe of the descendants of the Dove, that brought

to the ark the olive-tidings of re-appearing earth, can in their hearts hate or fear the race of the children of man. But Nature has made the Cushat a lover of the still forest-gloom; and, therefore, when his lonesome haunts are disturbed or intruded on, he flies to some yet profounder, some more central solitude, and folds his wing in the hermitage of a Yew, sown in the time of the ancient Britons.

It is the Stock-Dove, we believe, not the Ring-Dove, from which are descended all the varieties of the races of Doves. What tenderer praise can we give them all, than that the Dove is the emblem of Innocence, and that the name of innocence—not of frailty—is Woman? When Hamlet said the reverse, he was thinking of the Queen—not of Ophelia. Is not woman by nature chaste as the Dove? As the Dove faithful? Sitting all alone with her babe in her bosom, is she not as a dove devoted to her own nest? Murmureth she not a pleasant welcome to her wearied home-returned husband, even like the Dove among the woodlands when her mate alights in the pine? Should her spouse be taken from her and disappear, doth not her heart sometimes break, as they say it happens to the Dove? But, oftener far, findeth not the widow that her orphans are still fed by her own hand, that is filled with good things by Providence, till grown up and able to shift for themselves, away they go—just as the poor Dove lamenteth for her mate in the snare of the fowler, yet feedeth her young continually through the whole day, till away too go they—alas, in neither case, perhaps, ever more to return!

We dislike all favouritism, and a foolish and capricious partiality for particular bird or beast; but dear, old, sacred associations will *tell* upon all one thinks or feels towards any place or person in this world of ours, near or remote. God forbid we should criticize the Cushat. If ever we mention his name in Blackwood's Magazine, we shall, as usual, avoid all personalities, and speak of him as tenderly as of a friend buried in our early youth. Too true it is, that often and oft, when school-boys, have we striven to steal upon him in his solitude, and to shoot him to death. In morals, and in religion, it would be heterodox to deny that the will is as the deed. Yet in

cases of high and low-way robbery and murder, there does seem, treating the subject not in philosophical but popular style, to be some little difference between the two; at least we hope so, for otherwise we can with difficulty imagine one person not deserving to be ordered for execution, on Wednesday next, between the hours of eight and nine ante-meridian. Happily, however, for our future peace of mind, and not improbably for the whole conformation of our character, our guardian genius—(every boy has a guardian genius constantly at his side both during school and play hours, though, it must be confessed, sometimes a little remiss in his duty, for the nature even of angelical beings is imperfect)—always so contrived it, that, with all our cunning, we never could kill a Cushat. Many a long hour—indeed, whole Saturdays—have we lain perdue among broom and whins, the beautiful green and yellow skirting of sweet Scotia's woods, watching his egress or ingress, our gun ready cocked, and finger on trigger, that, on the flapping of his wings, not a moment might be lost in bringing him to the ground. But couch where we might, no Cushat ever came near our insidious lair. Now and then a Magpie,—birds who, by the by, when they suspect you of any intention of shooting them, are as distant in their manners as Cushats themselves, otherwise as impudent as Cockneys—would come hopping in continual tail-jerks, with his really beautiful plumage, if one could bring one's-self to think it so, and then sport the pensive within twenty yards of the muzzle of Brown-Bess impatient to let fly. But our soul burned, our heart panted for a Cushat; and in that strong fever-fit of passion, could we seek to slake our thirst for that wild blood with the murder of a thievish eaves-dropper of a Pye? The Blackbird, too, often dropt out of the thicket into an open glade in the hazel shaws; and the distinctness of his yellow bill showed he was far within shot-range. Yet, let us do ourselves justice, we never, in all our born days, dreamt of shooting a Blackbird,—him that scares away sadness from the woodland twilight gloom, at morn or eve; y'whose anthem, even in those dim days when Nature herself it might be well thought were melancholy, forceth the firmament to ring with joy. Once "the snow-white coney sought its evening

meal," unconscious of our dangerous vicinity, issuing with erected ears from the wood edge. That last was, we confess, such a temptation to touch the trigger, that had we resisted it we must have been either more or less than boy. We fired; and kicking up his heels, doubtless in fear and fright, but as it then seemed to us, during our disappointment, much rather in fun and frolic—nay absolutely derision—away bounced Master Rabbit to his burrow, without one particle of soft silvery wool on sword or bush, to bear witness to our unerring aim. As if the branch on which he had been sitting were broken, away then went the crashing Cusbat through the intermingling sprays. The free flapping of his wings was soon heard in the air above the tree tops, and ere we could recover from our almost bitter amazement, the creature was murmuring to his mate on her shallow nest,—a far-off murmur, solitary and profound,—to reach unto which, through the tangled mazes of the forest, would have required a separate sense, instinct, or faculty, which we did not possess. So skulking out of our hiding-place, we made no comment on the remark of a homeward-plodding labourer, who had heard the report, and now smelt the powder, "Cushats are gayan' kittle birds to kill," but returned with our shooting-bag as empty as our stomach, to the Manse.

But often—often did we visit, without thought of Cusbat, Lintwhite, or Goldfinch, the fragrant solitude of those hazel Shaws. There stood, embowered in birch trees, within a glade and garden cleared into a beautiful circle from the wood-edge, a cottage, that many came to visit, less for its own exceeding loveliness, than for the sake of the inmates who sat beside its hearth. Dear to the schoolboy is the stated or unexpected holiday, when away he goes with a beating heart to the angling in the burn flowing among its broomy braes with many a fairy waterfall—or in the moorland loch with its one isle of pines and old castle ruin. Such—sometimes in passion, sometimes in pensiveness—was the sole pastime of our youth. But often—even in holiday—did we use to steal away from our gleesome comrades, and sit till evening in that sylvan shieling. How hushed and humble in their simplicity were all the ongoings of that

lonesome household! The husband at work in the wood, changing the almost valueless hazel coppice, intertwined with briar-roses, into pretty patches of pasture, sheltered places for the new-dropped lambs—or felling, ere the sap had mounted into the branches, the ringing Forest Tree. The sound of his ceaseless axe was heard within—and his wife's face smiled as the clock gave warning of the hour of one or six—for in five minutes he was sure to enter the door. He was a labourer—not a slave. Ten hours was his spring and summer day's darg, in winter eight—for his mind deserved the time his body won for it, and he had likewise a heart and a soul to be fed. Had there been nothing for him to be proud of in his wife but her beauty, he might well have held up his head with her by his side at church or market. But he felt his happiness to be in her gentleness, her industry, her sense, and her faith—that through the week kept his house clean, calm, cheerful, ordered,—and on Sabbath serene with a holy rest.

But how—Oh how shall I speak of her—the lovely May—that all day long was wandering about her nest on little acts and errands of love, for which alone she seemed to have been born, so ready ever were her blue eyes to fill either with smiles or with tears! Gazing on her forehead, one might indeed easily have thought of the glistening of the threads of fine-beaten gold—or of the gossamer floating in the dew-drop in the morning sun—or of flower-rays dancing in the light to sudden breezes amid the woodlands dim—or some one star looking out in its brightness when all others were in mist. Yet when that fair child was alive—and a daily sight of her beauty given to my fraternal eyes—never once did such images gather round her head. There it was in the beauty of its own ringlets—the loveliness of those lips—the innocence of those eyes! When she spoke, it was her own voice alone that I heard—for it was unlike any other sound on this earth. Often as in her hearing her exceeding beauty had been praised—nor could delighted admiration, even by the thoughtful, be well repressed—she knew not that she was beautiful,—but felt that she was happy, and hoped that she was good. Yet when in the Bible she read of sin and sinners, and of Him who died that they might be

saved, rueful were the tears she shed, even as if her conscience had been disturbed, and trembled before her Maker. Early and deep in her soul were sown the seeds of Faith—that immortal flower which shall be perfected in Heaven. Fair blossoms and precious fruits it bore in her—watered sometimes—but not too often, by solitary tears!—But these were her Sabbath hours, or her hours of week-day prayers. Her life was cheerful—joyful in its blessedness—and all the grief, all the sorrow, all the shame, all the contrition she ever suffered—what were they all to the agony that, had she lived, might have been crowded into the ravaging darkness of one single day?

We have all read of children—touched by a light from Heaven—meditating with a power seemingly far beyond their infant years, upon a world to come. Thoughts and feelings—of which we can know not the full holy virtue—change them into saints, and make them sigh for Heaven. How sweetly have their little voices been heard in hymns, when they knew that they were lying on their death-beds! They have told their parents not to weep for them—and having kissed their brothers and sisters with such smiles as pass between those who love one another, when one of them is about to go away on a visit from which in a few weeks he is to return—they have laid down their heads, never to be lifted again till the judgment-day. Oh! scoff not at the wonderful piety you may not understand! Look into the eyes of your own daughter of seven years as she is saying her prayers—and disbelieve not the truth told of creatures young and innocent as she—whom God took unto himself—and ere he stretched out his hand to waft them from earth, showed them a glimpse of heaven!

The skies of ten summers only were ever seen by her, whom in those days I used to call my sister; but whose image, even as the image of a daughter whom I myself had lost, is now sometimes witnessed kneeling along with our children at their prayers. Such is the more than memory—the clear-returning presence of her death-bed. It never could be said that she sickened before she died. Dying she was—that was visible to all—nor did her parents seek to conceal it

either from her or themselves. To lose her—never after one certain day to see or hear her more—that was a sentence that, had it been pronounced of a sudden all in one word, would have killed them both. But what do the souls of us mortal beings know of what is in them, till He who made them reveal it all by a dreadful, but a holy light, held close to them in the hand of sorrow? Week followed week—Sabbath followed Sabbath—and all the while she was dying before their eyes. Those eyes could not cease to weep—no, no,—nature issued, in their affliction, no such decree. But there was at last little or no bitterness in their tears—there was no more sobbing—no more bursting of the heart—as far as beings like us, who see God's judgments dimly, can be resigned, they were resigned—and so said both the father and the mother, when, left alone in the house of death, they closed their Lucy's eyes, and took off gently—oh more gently far than if she had been asleep—a lifeless ringlet from her temples, to put within the leaves of the Bible at the very place she had read her last—that every morning, every mid-day, every evening, and many many a midnight too—they might see it, and kiss it, and weep over it—on, on, on, for ever—till they both were dead!

When their friends were asked to the funeral, I was not forgotten. Neither of them had any blood-relations, and some lived at too great a distance for poor men to come; so I was one of the chief-mourners, and stood close to her father, when we let her down into her grave. In the midst of my sore weeping, his pale face seemed to bid me restrain my tears; but when all was over, and we had reached the church-yard gate, it was my turn to be the comforter. Methinks I hear that groan at this very silent moment; but deep as it was, as deep a groan as ever rended a human breast, what matters it now, more than a sigh of the wind through a crevice,—for twenty long years have had their flight, since the heart that uttered it ceased to quake with any mortal passion.

By what inscrutable causes are we led to fasten thus upon some one long-ago event, that had lain year after year in utter oblivion? Why thus will some one single solitary idea, some momen-

tary event of our past life, all of itself flash upon us, and haply never be thought of more? A sweet voice once heard,—a face that past by,—a tune,—a rose-tree that bore a thousand blossoms,—a ship in full sail,—a sunset,—a tear,—a hope,—an agony,—an ecstasy,—the light of an assured virtue,—the shadow of an assured sin! Oh! my little Lucy—my beautiful, my beloved—thou who hast so long been dead—and often, for years at a time, by me utterly forgotten—Thou and the Morning are before me, looking just as did thy face, and Heaven's, when first I beheld thee at thy cottage-door!

Which is the best poem—Grahame's *Birds of Scotland*, or his *Sabbath*?—Both are full of pathos—but the "*Birds*" is the most poetical. "Why do the birds sing on Sunday?" said once a little boy to us,—and we answered him in a lyrical ballad, which we have lost, otherwise we had intended to have sent it—without solicitation—to Alaric Watts's *Souvenir*, for the pleasure (who is without vanity?) of seeing our name shining, or even obscured, in that splendid galaxy of stars. But although the birds certainly do sing on Sunday,—behaviour that with our small gentle Calvinist who dearly loved them, caused some doubts of their being so innocent as during the week days they appeared to be,—we cannot set down their fault to the score of ignorance. Is it in the holy superstition of the world-wearied heart that man believes the inferior creatures to be conscious of the calm of the Sabbath, and that they know it to be the day of our rest? Or is it that we transfer the feeling of our inward calm to all the goings-on of Nature, and thus embue them with a character of reposing sanctity existing only in our own spirits? Both solutions are true. The instincts of those creatures we know only in their symptoms and their effects—and the wonderful range of action over which they reign. Of the instincts themselves—as feelings or ideas—we know not anything—nor ever can know; for an impassable gulph separates the nature of those that are to perish from ours that are to live for ever. But their power of memory, we must believe, is not only capable of minutest retention, but also stretches back to afar—and some power or other they do possess

that gathers up the past experience into rules of conduct that guide them in their solitary or gregarious life. Why, therefore, should not the birds of Scotland know the Sabbath-day? On that day the Water-Ouzel is never disturbed by angler among the murmurs of his own water-fall—and as he flits down the banks and braes of the burn, he sees no motion—he hears no sound about the cottage that is the boundary of his farthest flight—for "the dizzying mill-wheel rests." The merry-nodding rooks, that in spring-time keep following the very heels of the ploughman—may they not know it to be Sabbath, when all the horses are standing idle in the field, or taking a gallop by themselves round the head-rigg? Quick of hearing are birds—one and all—and in every action of their lives are obedient to sounds. May they not, then, do they not connect a feeling of perfect safety with the tinkle of the small kirk-bell? The very jay himself is not shy of people on their way to worship. The magpie, that never sits more than a minute at a time in the same place on a Saturday, will on the Sabbath remain on the kirk-yard wall with all the composure of a dove. The whole feathered creation know our hours of sleep. They awake before us, and ere the earliest labourer has said his prayers, have not the woods and valleys been ringing with their hymns? Why, therefore, may not they, who know, each week-day, the hour of our lying down, and our rising up, know also the day of our general rest? The animals, whose lot is labour, shall they not know it? Yes; the horse on that day sleeps in shade or sunshine without fear of being disturbed; his neck forgets the galling collar, "and there are forty feeding like one," all well knowing that their fresh meal on the tender herbage will not be broken in upon before the dews of next morning, ushering in a new day to them of toil or travel.

So much for our belief in the knowledge, instinctive or from a sort of reason, possessed by the creatures of the inferior creation of the heaven-appointed Sabbath to man and beast. But it is also true, that we transfer our inward feelings to their outward condition, and with our religious spirit embue all the ongoings of animated and even inanimated life. There is always

a shade of melancholy, a tinge of pensiveness, a touch of pathos, in all profound rest. Perhaps because it is so much in contrast with the turmoil of our ordinary being. Perhaps because the soul, when undisturbed, will, from the impulse of its own divine nature, have high, solemn, and awful thoughts. In such state, it transmutes all things into a show of sympathy with itself. The church-spire, that rising high above the smoke and stir of a town, when struck by the sun-fire, seems, on a market-day, a tall building in the air that may serve as a guide to people from a distance flocking into the bazaars—The same church-spire, were its loud-tongued bell to call from aloft on the gathering multitude below, to celebrate the anniversary of some great victory, Waterloo or Trafalgar, would appear to stretch up its stature triumphantly into the sky—so much the more triumphantly—if the standard of England were floating from its upper battlements. But to the devout eye of faith, doth it not seem to express its own character, when on the Sabbath it performs no other office than to point to heaven!

So much for the second solution. But independently of both, no wonder that all nature seems to rest on the Sabbath. For it doth rest—all of it, at least, that appertains to man and his condition. If the second commandment be kept—at rest is all the household—and all the fields round it are at rest. Calm flows the current of human life, on that gracious day, throughout all the glens and valleys of Scotland, as a stream that wimples in the morning sunshine, freshened but not flooded with the soft-falling rain of a summer-night. The spiral smoke-wreath above the cottage is not calmer than the motion within. True, that the wood warblers do not cease their songs; but the louder they sing, the deeper is the stillness. And, oh! what perfect blessedness, when it is only joy that is astir in rest!

Loud-flapping Cusht! it was thou that inspired'st these paragraphs; and instead of being paid at the rate of fifty guineas a sheet, we have only to wish thee, for thy part contributed to this article, now that the acorns of autumn must be well nigh consumed, many a plentiful repast, amid the multitude of thy now congregated comrades, in the cleared stubble lands,—as

severe weather advances, and the ground becomes covered with snow, regales undisturbed by fowler, on the tops of turnip, rape, and other cruciform plants, which all of thy race affect so passionately,—and soft blow the sea-breezes on thy unruffled plumage, when thou takest thy winter's walk with kindred myriads on the shelly shore, and for a season minglest with gull and seamew,—apart every tribe, one from the other, in the province of its own peculiar instinct,—yet all mysteriously taught to feed or sleep together within the roar or margin of the main.

Sole-sitting Cusht! I see thee through the yew-tree's shade, on some day of the olden time, but when or where I remember not—for what has place or time to do with the vision of a dream? That I see thee is all I know, and that serenely beautiful thou art! Oh, pleasant is it to dream, and to know we dream. By sweet volition we keep ourselves half asleep and half awake, and all our visions of thought, as they go swimming along, partake at once of reality and imagination. Fiction and truth—clouds, shadows, phantoms, and phantasms—ether, sunshine, substantial forms and sounds that have a being, blending together in a scene created by us, and partly impressed upon us, and that one motion of the head on the pillow may dissolve, or deepen into more oppressive delight! In some such dreaming state of mind are we now; and, gentle reader, if thou art broad awake, lay aside the visionary volume, or read a little longer, and likely enough is it, that thou mayest fall half asleep. If so, let thy drowsy eyes still pursue the glimmering paragraphs—and wafted away wilt thou feel thyself to be, with Maga in thy hand, into the heart of a Highland forest, that knows no bounds but those of the uncertain sky!

Away from my remembrance fades the noisy world of men into a silent glimmer—and now it is all no more than a mere faint thought. On—on—on through briary brake—matted thicket—grassy glade—on—on—on farther into the forest. What a confusion of huge stones, rocks, knolls, all tumbled together into a chaos—not without its stern and sterile beauty! Still are there, above, blue glimpses of the sky—deep though the umbrage be, and wide-flung the arms of the

oaks, and of pines in their native wilderness, gigantic as oaks, and extending as broad a shadow. Now the firmament has vanished—and all is twilight. Immense stems “in number without number numberless,” bewildering eye and soul—all still—silent—steadfast—and so would they be in a storm. For what storm—let it rage aloft as it might—till the surface of the forest toss and roar like the sea—could force its path through these many million trunks? The thunderstone might split that giant there—how vast! how magnificent! but the brother by his side would not tremble—and the sound—in the awful width of the silence—what more would it be than that of the wood-pecker, alarming the insects of one particular tree!

Poor wretch that I am!—to me the unaccompanied silence of the solitude hath become terrible. More dreadful is it than the silence of the tomb; for there, often arise responses to the unuttered soliloquies of the pensive heart! This is as the silence not of Time, but Eternity!—No burial heaps—no mounds—no cairns!—It is not as if man had perished here, and been forgotten, but as if this were a world in which there had been neither living nor dying. Too utter is the solitariness even for the ghosts of the dead! for they are thought to haunt the burial-places of what once was their bodies—the chamber where the spirit breathed its final farewell—the spot of its transitory love and delight, or of its sin and sorrow—to gaze with troubled tenderness on the eyes that once they worshipped—with cold ear to drink the music of the voices long ago adored; and in all their permitted visitations, to express, if but by the beckoning of the shadow of a hand, some unextinguishable longing after the converse of the upper world, even within the gates of hell and the grave.

A change comes o'er the spirit of my dream!—Deep and still as is the solitude, I am relieved of my awe, and out of the forest gloom arise images of beauty that come and go, gliding as on wings, or, statue-like, stand in the glades, like the sylvan deities to whom of old belonged by birthright all the regions of the woods. On—on—on—farther into the forest, and let the awe of imagination be still farther tempered by the delight breathed even from any one of the lovely

names sweet-sounding through the famous fables of antiquity. Dryad, Hamadryad! Faunus! Sylvanus!—Now, alas! ye are but names, and no more! Great Pan himself is dead, or here he would set up his reign. But what right has such a dreamer to dream of the dethroned deities of Greece! The language they spoke is not his language; yet the words of the great poets that sung of gods and demigods, are beautiful in their silent meanings, as they meet his adoring eyes; and, mighty Lyrists! has he not often floated down the temple-crowned and altar-shaded rivers of your great Choral Odes?

On—on—on—farther into the Forest!—unless indeed, O my soul! thou darest that the limbs that bear on thy fleshly tabernacle may fail, and the body left to itself sink down and die. Ha! such fears thou laughest to scorn; for from youth upwards thou hast dallied with the wild and perilous; and what but the chill delight in which thou hast so often shivered in threatening solitude brought thee here? These dens are not dungeons, nor am I a thrall. Yet if dungeons they must be called,—and they are deep, and dark, and grim,—ten thousand gates hath this great prison-house, and wide open are they all. So on—on—on—farther into the Forest, even if to emerge from it into open daylight should take the whole of this night-like day.

Lo! the re-appearing sky!—and gloriously glittering with sunlight, a wooded mountain within the Forest! But who shall ascend to its summit? Eagles and dreams. Round its base we go, rejoicing in the new-found day, and once more cheered and charmed with the music of birds. Say whence came, ye scientific world-makers, those vast blocks of granite? Was it fire or water, think ye, that hung in air the semblance of that Gothic cathedral, without nave, or chancel, or aisle,—a mass of solid rock. Yet it looks like the abode of Echoes; and haply when there is thunder, rolls out its lengthening shadow of sound to the ear of the solitary shepherd afar off on Cairngorm.

On—on—on—farther into the Forest! Now on all sides leagues of ancient trees surround me, and I am safe as in the grave from the persecuting love or hatred of friends or foes. The

sun shall not find me by day, nor the moon by night. Were my life forfeited to what are called the laws, for murder by the knife or poison, how could the laws discover the criminal? How could they drag me from the impenetrable gloom of this sylvan sanctuary? And if here I chose to perish by suicide or natural death,—and famine is a natural death,—what eye would ever look on my bones? Raving all; but so it ever is with my soul in severest solitude,—her dreams must still be hideous with sin and death!

Hideous all, did I say, with sin and death? Thoughts that came flying against me like vultures, like vultures have disappeared, disappointed of their prey, and afraid to fix their talons in a thing alive. Thither—by some secret and sacred impulse within the soul, that often knoweth not the sovereign virtue of its own great desires,—have I been led as into a penitentiary, where, before the altar of nature, I may lay down the burthen of guilt and remorse, and walk out of the Forest a heaven-pardoned man. What guilt?—O my soul! canst thou think of Him who inhabiteth eternity, and ask what guilt? What remorse?—For the dereliction of duty every day since thou received'st from Heaven the understanding of good and of evil. All my past existence gathers up into one dread conviction, that every man that is born of a woman is a sinner, and worthy of everlasting death. Yet with the same dread conviction is interfused a knowledge, clear as the consciousness of present being, that the soul will live for ever. What was the meaning, O my soul! of all those transitory joys and griefs,—of all those fears, hopes, loves, that so shook, each in its own fleeting season, the very foundations on which thy being in this life is laid? Anger, wrath, hatred, pride, and ambition, what are they all but so many shapes of sin coeval with thy birth? That sudden entrance of Heaven's light into the Forest was like the opening of the eye of God! and my spirit stands ashamed of its nakedness, because of the foulness and pollution of sin. But the awful thoughts that have travelled through its chambers have ventilated, swept, and cleansed them,—and let me break away from beneath the weight of confession.

Ha! what has brought thee hither? thou wide-antlered king of the red-deer of Braemar, from the spacious desert of thy hills of storm? Ere now I have beheld thee, or one stately as thee, gazing abroad, from a rock over the heather, to all the points of heaven; and soon as my figure was seen far below, leading the van of the flight, thou went'st thundering away into the wilderness. But now thou glidest softly and slowly through the gloom—no watchfulness, no anxiety in thy large beaming eyes; and kneeling among the hoary mosses, layest thyself down in unknown fellowship with one of those human creatures, a glance of whose eye, a murmur of whose voice, would send thee belling through the forest, terrified by the flash or sound that bespoke a hostile nature wont to pursue thy race unto death.—The hunter is upon thee—away—away! Sudden as a shooting star up springs the red-deer, and in the gloom as suddenly is lost.

On—on—on farther into the forest, and hark a noise as of “thunder heard remote!” Waterfalls—hundreds of waterfalls sounding for ever—here—there—everywhere—among the remoter woods. Northwards one fierce torrent dashes through the centre of the forest—but no villages—only a few woodmen's shielings are on its banks; for it is a torrent of precipices, where the shrubs that hang midway from the cleft, are out of the reach of the spray of its cataracts, even when the red Garroch is in flood.

Many hours have I been in the wilderness, and my heart yearns again for the cheerful dwellings of men. Sweet infant streamlet, that flows by my feet without a murmur, so shallow are yet thy waters—wilt thou—short as hitherto has been thy journeying—wilt thou be my guide out into the green valleys and the blue heaven, and the sight once more of the bright sunshine and the fair fleecy clouds? No other clue to the labyrinth do I seek but that small, thin, pure, transparent thread of silver, which neither bush nor brier will break, and which will wind without entanglement round the roots of the old trees, and the bases of the shaggy rocks. As if glad to escape from its savage birth-place, the small rivulet now gives utterance to a song; and sliding now down shel-

ving rocks, so low in their mossy verdure as hardly to deserve that name—it glides along the almost level lawns, here and there disclosing a little hermit flower. No danger now of its being imbibed wholly by the thirsty earth—for it has a channel and banks of its own—and there is a waterfall! Thenceforward the rivulet never loses its merry voice—and in an hour it is a torrent. What beautiful symptoms now of its approach to the edge of the forest! wandering lights and whispering airs are here visitants—and lo! the blue eye of a wild violet looking up from the ground! The glades are more frequent, more frequent open spaces cleared by the woodman's axe—and the antique Oak-Tree all alone by itself, itself a grove. The torrent may be called noble now—and that deep-blue atmosphere—or say rather, that glimmer of purple air, lies over the strath in which a great river rolls along to the sea.

Nothing in all nature is more beautiful than the boundary of a great Highland forest. Masses of rocks thrown together in magnificent confusion, many of them lichened and weather-stained with colours gorgeous as the eyed plumage of the peacock, the lustre of the rainbow, or the barred and clouded glories of setting suns—some towering aloft with trees sown in the crevices by bird or breeze, and chequering the blue sky—others bare, black, abrupt, grim as volcanoes, and shattered as if by the lightning stroke. Yet interspersed, places of perfect peace—circles among the tall heather, or taller lady-fern smoothed into velvet, it is there easy to believe, by Fairies' feet,—rocks where the undisturbed linnet hangs her nest among the blooming briers, all floating with dew-draperies of honey-suckle alive with bees,—glades green

as emerald, where lie the lambs in tempered sunshine, or haply a lovely doe reposes with her fawn—and farther down, where the fields half belong to the mountain and half to the strath, the smoke of hidden huts—a log-bridge flung across the torrent—a hanging-garden, and a little broomy knoll, with a few laughing children at play, almost as wild-looking as the wanderers of the woods!

Turn your eyes, if you can, from that lovely wilderness, and behold down along a mile-broad valley, fed by a thousand torrents, floweth the noblest of Scotia's rivers, the strong-sweeping Spey! Let Imagination launch her canoe, and be thou a solitary steersman, for need is none of oar or sail; keep the middle course, while all the groves go by;—and ere the sun has sunk behind yon golden mountains—nay, mountains they are not, but a transitory pomp of clouds; thou mayest list the roaring, and behold the foaming of the sea.

Was there ever such a descriptive dream of a coloured engraving of the Cushat, Quest, or Ring-Dove, dreamt before? Poor worn-out and glimmering candle! whose wick of light and life in a few more flickerings will be no more—What a contrast dost thou present with thyself of eight hours ago! Then, truly, wert thou a shining light, and high aloft in the room gloaming burned thy clear crest like a star! During its midnight silence, a *memento mori*, of which my spirit is not afraid! Now thou art dying—dying—dead. My cell is in darkness. But methinks I see another—a purer—a clearer light,—one more directly from Heaven. I touch but a spring in a wooden shutter, and lo! the full blaze of day. Oh! Why should we mortal beings dread that night-prison—the Grave!

[The work which our truly eloquent, poetical, and philosophical friend and contributor has in the above article taken for his text-book, is perhaps the most splendid of the kind ever published in Britain, and will stand a comparison, without any eclipse of its lustre, with the most magnificent ornithological illustrations of the French school. Mr Selby has long ranked high as a scientific naturalist; and we are rejoiced to know, that, in conjunction with his friend Sir William Jardine, Bart. of Applegarth, he has made considerable progress in a still nobler undertaking—Illustrations of the Ornithology of all Countries. In the present work, not only are all the Birds, with a few exceptions, from Mr Selby's own pencil, but he has been also his own engraver. The plates (uncoloured) how numerous we do not exactly know, but forming a thick folio, are sold—by Longman, we believe—at the price of Ten Guineas—the coloured, at Thirty-five. It is needless to say anything more of the style of colouring, than that it is by Mr Lizars of Edinburgh, an artist of the finest feeling and genius, and who undertakes no task on which he does not bestow the most constant and conscientious care.—C. N.]

FACT AND FICTION.

“ Here be truths.”

“ WHEN the Heathen philosopher had a mind to eat a grape, he would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning, thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open.” These are “ Facts ;” and as such are detailed by Monsieur Touchstone the clown, “ a great lover of the same.” “ Shepherd,” quoth he, “ learn of me : To have is to have ;” another sage maxim, and much acted upon in these enlightened times. Touchstone’s relish, however, for “ matter of Fact,” is but the substratum of a vein of humour, which puts him a little out of the pale of your true and veritable matter-of-fact people. They—God help them !—don’t understand jokes. They would no more think of disguising a fact under a covering of fun, than an unsophisticated Costar Pearmain or Tummas Appletree would of metamorphosing a piece of fat bacon into a sandwich. They deal in simples, and love what’s what for its own sake, as a patron of the “ pure disinterestedness” system does virtue. In their vocabulary, “ whatever is, is right.” “ *Quicquid agunt homines, nostri est farrago libelli,*” might be their motto. They are of Sir Isaac Newton’s opinion, who thought all poetry only “ ingenious nonsense.” They ask, with the Professor of the Mathematics who read Homer, “ what does the *Iliad prove ?*” They are the precise antipodes to the lady who doated on Plutarch’s Lives until she unluckily discovered, that, instead of being romances, they were all true. With the Irish Bishop, they think Gulliver’s Travels a pack of improbable lies, and won’t believe a word of them ! Some of their favourite authors are David Hume, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, Pepys, Sir John Carr, Bubb Dodding-ton, Sir John Mandeville, and John Wesley. While they eschew, as downright fables, the Waverley Novels, The History of John Bull, Robinson Crusoe, The Annals of the Parish, Sinbad the Sailor, Adam Blair, and Humphrey Clinker. If they meet with a book that is dull, “ it is useful, for it contains matter-of-fact.” If they happen to meet with one that

is not dull, they say the same thing. They never, for a moment, as other worthies sometimes do, mistake their imagination for their memory ; for which there is perhaps a sufficient reason, “ if philosophy could find it out.” In short, all imaginative literature they call “ *light reading ;*” at the same time they are unaccountably shy of calling their own peculiar favourites *heavy*, which is odd enough, considering that they seem to estimate usefulness (upon which they lay mighty stress) a good deal by weight, and prefer, as in duty bound, “ a pound of lead to a pound of feathers.” They are most grieved by the metaphysics, of which they are rather at a loss what to make. They contrive, however, to avoid studying them, as being something “ not tangible.” To conclude—they write themselves under the style and title of “ Lovers of Fact,” and are yeleft “ matter-of-fact people” by the rest of Europe.

That

“ Facts are chiels wha winna ding,

An’ downa be disputed,”

is a truth which Burns has, after his own manner, long ago asserted, and which will not be readily controverted. But still this is no more a reason for loving them, than it is for a henpecked husband to love his better half, because he dare not contradict her. “ Facts are indisputable things,” quoth Doctor Dryasdust. Very true ; but so much the worse ; for, in that case, there is an end of the conversation. Rosalind knew better when she recommended “ kissing” as “ the cleanliest shift for a lover lacking matter ;” for if it be resisted, argues she, “ this breeds more matter”—a result the very reverse of the Doctor’s definition. It is a strange thing, but in all ages, divers potent, grave, and reverend Signors, seem to have got it into their heads that “ a fact,” as they call it, has a sort of intrinsic value, as a fact, *per se*. They attach a mystical and peculiar value to it, as mortals (before the new birth of the political economists) used to do to *gold*, without reference to its uses, its origin, or its adjuncts. Adam Smith and Peter

Macculloch have put the gold-doctrine to flight ; but the other, its twin brother, remains there still, "unbated and envenomed." "Facts," say they, triumphantly, "are true ; now Fiction is untrue." Very well, Doctor ; and suppose it were the reverse. Suppose the "Fact" was untrue, and the Fiction true—what then ? This is a sort of query that sometimes makes a man's head spin like a teetotum ; and what an effect were this to befall a head that never spun anything but Almanacks during life ? "Tilly Valley !"—The value of a Fact lies not in its being what it is, but in the effect it produces. An historical series is valuable, not because it is true, but because, being true, it, in consequence, produces certain effects upon the human mind. Could that same effect be produced by a fictitious narrative, it would be just as good. The same effect cannot be so produced, to be sure ; and what does this prove ? It proves that truth is capable of producing certain effects, of which fiction is incapable. This is all very well ; but it happens to be true also of fiction, and to a much greater extent. This is no joke ; but of it more by and by.

If we take a series of historical or other truths, its value seems to lie in this, that, being true, it forms, as it were, an extended experience. It serves as a rule of action for those who read it. To do this, the truth of the series is no doubt absolutely necessary. It is essential to the process. But it is in the effect upon the mind that the value really resides ; and the truth of the record is only one aid, amongst others, to the production of that end. The sagacious personages who are, for the most part, accustomed to dogmatize upon this subject, take it broadly for granted that Fiction is something directly the opposite of Fact. They make them out at once to be as light and darkness, virtue and vice, or heat and cold. This is shortsighted work. There are no Fictions absolute. None which do not in their essence partake of Fact. For all Fiction is, and must be, more or less, built upon nature. Nor have the most extravagant any very distant resemblance to it. We can only combine. It is beyond the power of man to invent anything which shall have no smack and admixture of reality throughout its whole. If it were possible, it would

be incomprehensible. The wildest inventions are only partial departures from the order of nature. But to nature they always look back, and must ultimately be referred. They are no more independent of her, than a balloon is of the earth, although it may mount for a while above its surface. The connexion between them may not be so obvious, but it is no less certain.

Fact, then, is the primary substratum—the primitive granite—upon which all Fiction is formed. And this being so, Fiction has always more or less of the advantages of truth, besides superadded advantages peculiar to itself. In its employment we have this privilege. We can, at will, produce such a concatenation of supposed and yet natural events, as may be requisite to bring about the effect, and teach the lesson we wish. We can always do *poetical justice*. We need never want an instructive catastrophe. We escape that want of result to which accidental series are so liable ; nor do we bring it about, as sometimes it happens in real life, through an unworthy instrument. The murderer who escapes at Newgate, is punished upon the stage. Historical ruffians become heroes in an epic ; and love, sometimes selfish in its origin, is ever pure in its poetry. The effect arising out of a good tragic or epic poem, springs from the same principle as if it were from history. The experience we derive from it, though nominally artificial, is essentially, and to all intents, real. Fiction only enables us to render the effect more direct and complete than events might have done. We *conduct* the lightning where we want it ; but it is not the less lightning. The "vantage ground" gained by this faculty is unquestionably enormous. We can not only command the sequence of incident and the tides of passion, but we can exhibit them, again and again, as often as we please. A century might have elapsed before the gradual progress of wickedness, and the torments of guilty ambition, were exhibited as fully, and as much to the life, as they are in Macbeth and Richard. A million of Italian intrigues might have been concocted and enacted before treachery and jealousy were so completely anatomised as in Othello. But this is not all. In real life, be the series of events what they

will, they are rarely manifested to any in their completeness. Dark deeds and intricacies of passion have few witnesses; and even these seldom witness the entire detail. They are only seen in their integrity, in newspaper narratives and judicial reports; and then the passions of the actors are buried and lost in the verbiage of an editor, or the dry technicality of legal inquiry. Now, in a theatre, Macbeth murders and repents three times a-week. Boxes, pit, and galleries are witnesses to the subtle poison of his ambition, and the terrible shrinkings of his remorse. The LESSON which in nature would have been imprinted but once, is *stereotyped* by the art of the poet, and diffused amidst thousands who else had never known either its import or its name.

In the circle of the sciences, the reign of Fact would, at the first blush, seem to be fully established. Fiction, there, would either seem to be an open usurper, or at best a sort of Perkin Warbeck—a pretender who can only hope to succeed by counterfeiting the appearance of another. They, however, who acquiesce in this, see a short way into the question. The exact sciences, beautiful and invaluable as they are, seldom embrace the whole, even of the subjects of which they profess to treat.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your—*Philosophy*.

The simplest natural objects have bearings which calculation does not touch, and appearances and relations which definition fails to include. They must have a poor conception of “this goodly frame the earth,”—of “this brave overhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire,” who think that these, in all their infinitude of variety and beauty, can be ranged in categories, and ticketed and labelled in definitions. Can we get an idea of the splendour and odour of the flower by looking out genus and species in Linnæus? Do we hear the roar of the waterfall, or behold the tints of the rainbow, in the theory of acoustics, the law of falling bodies, and the prismatic decomposition of the solar ray? Can we strain an idea of a storm at sea, out of an analysis of salt water, and the

theories of the tides and winds? Can we compass the sublimity of the heavenly vault, by knowing every constellation, and every star of every magnitude, of every name and of every character, Latin or Greek, upon the celestial globe? Can geography or geology show us Mont Blanc in his unapproachable majesty, or Chamouni in her beauty? It is in vain to ask these questions. Of the sublimer qualities of objects, science (so called) affords no ideas. It gives us substance and measurement, but for the aggregate intellectual effect, we must resort to imaginative description, and the painting of the poet. He who never saw Dover-cliff, will find it in King Lear, and not in the County History, or the Transactions of the Geological Society. To him who never beheld a shipwreck, Falconer and Alexander Stevens are better helps than the best calculation of the strength of timber, as opposed to the weight of a column of water multiplied into its velocity. If we want a full perception of the power of the beautiful, Professor Camper’s facial angle, and Sir Joshua’s waving line, sink to nothing before Shakespeare’s Imogen or Cleopatra, or Kit Marlowe’s description of Helen, in the play of Faustus. All the topographical quartos that ever were written, afford no such prospects as the Lady of the Lake, or Thomson’s Seasons. The true lover of flowers had rather read Lycidas, or Perdita’s description of her garden, than hunt for “habitats” in Herbals or Botanists’ Guides,—and whether Glencoe and Borrodale be primary or secondary formations, their sublimity and grandeur remain the same, in freedom and in contempt of systems, and scientific arrangements.

All this, however, is still not directly to the question. The point is—has Fact or Fiction produced the most important changes in society? This is the real *gist* of the matter, and as this is answered, so must the dispute terminate. It sounds perhaps somewhat like a paradox, yet the reply must be given in favour of the latter. Let us look at it. The exact sciences have, without doubt, most changed the outward and bodily frame and condition of society. But the great mutations of the world have not their origin in these things. They spring from those causes, whatever they may be, which

soften the manners, modify the passions, and at once enlarge and purify the current of public thought. The Spartan legislator who punished the poet for adding another string to his lyre, well knew this. A people are the most quickly affected through their imaginative literature. A few ballads have altered the character and destiny of a nation. The Troubadours were amongst the most early and most successful civilizers of Europe. The obscure writers of romances, fabliaux, and metrical legends, were the most potent changers of the face of society. Upon a barbarous and treacherous brutality, they gradually engrafted an overstrained courtesy, and the most romantic maxims of love and honour. Romance, the mother of Chivalry, at length devoured her own offspring. Don Quixote, and the Knight of the Burning Pestle, put down the errant knights and the Paladins; and what Archbishop Turpin and the author of Amadis began, Cervantes and Fletcher ended. Looking at the literature of England, it is certain that the plays of Shakespeare and his fellows have produced a greater effect upon the English mind than the Principia of Newton. Had the laws of attraction never been demonstrated, and the planetary system of Ptolemy remained uncontroverted, the general intellect would have been much as it is. These great truths come little into common use. They do not mix themselves with our daily concerns. We love, hate, hope, fear and revenge, without once considering, or caring, whether the earth revolves from west to east, or from east to west. Whatever stimulates or purges our passions; whatever gives a higher pulse to generosity, or a deeper blush to villainy; whatever has enriched Pity with tears, or Love with sighs; whatever has exalted patriotism and laid bare ambition; *that it is* which ferments and works in the mind of a nation, until it has brought it to the relish of its own vintage, be it good or evil. Such were the writings of Shakespeare and his great contemporaries, Spenser, Marlow, Fletcher, Chapman, Decker, and "the immortal and forgotten Webster." In all ages, the imaginative writers, when they had scope, have exhibited the same powers of changing and moulding the habits of a nation. The puritanical authors of

the Commonwealth turned England into a penitentiary; and the wits and poets of Charles the Second, by way of revenge, next turned it into a brothel—until the poetical satires of Pope, and the moral wit of Addison, Steele, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Gay, again helped to "purge it to a sound and pristine health." Look over the page of history where we will, and the footsteps of the poet, the dramatist, and the essayist, may be traced as plainly as those of the lawgiver and the philosopher. Amongst the light stores of the playwright, the novelist, and the ballad-maker, must the historian and the antiquary look for materials, as well as amidst the graver annals of their predecessors. He who wishes to ascertain Hannibal's route across the Alps, must read Silius Italicus as well as Polybius. He who wishes to behold the true features of the Rebellion of Forty-five, must read the "Jacobite Relics," as well as the "Culloden Papers." The antiquary who would illustrate the idiom, manners, and dress of Queen Elizabeth's reign, must go to Shakespeare, Lyly, and Heywood. Nay, even the politician who would construct a perfect commonwealth, must read Plato, More, Sir John Harrington, Swift, and Lord Erskine, as well as Montesquieu or Locke.

There is yet another view to be taken of this question, and that perhaps the most decisive. It is this—that Fiction has probably contributed in a double proportion to the sum of human delight. If then rational and innocent enjoyment be the end of life—and if it be not, what is?—there is little more to be said. There are, to be sure, certain worthy, and, upon the whole, well-meaning persons, who make a loud outcry about what they exclusively call "*Utility*." If, however, you happen to ask them of what use is utility, excepting to administer to the pleasure and comfort of mankind, they ("bless their five wits") are at a non-plus. They have confounded themselves and others with a notion, that things necessary, or which cannot be done without, are, therefore, more useful than things which can. This they take to be an axiom. It happens only to be a mistake. It arises out of a confused perception of the real scope and meaning of the term *Usefulness*. They forget that their sort of usefulness is negative and collateral, not positive and

intrinsic. It is only a consequence of the imperfection and infirmity of human nature, which requires certain things to enable it to enjoy certain other things. This, however, only is a negative merit, being the filling up a defect, and not the addition of a positive good. Necessaries are better than superfluities, *quoad* the infirmity of our nature—but *not in the abstract*. To supply, or rather avoid a defect, is a negation, as far as enjoyment is concerned. To obtain a positive pleasure, is “the very *Entelechia* and soul” of our being. Were this not so, we might as well assert that the child’s A, B, C, are better than all the learning to the acquisition of which they are necessary—that the foundation is better than the house, water than wine, oat-cake than ambrosia, a jakes than a summer-house. That the sum of intellectual pleasure afforded by Fiction is beyond that obtained from other sources, is tolerably plain. It is evident in this, that imaginative compositions will bear almost infinite repetition, whilst other descriptions of writing hardly endure repeating at all. We make ourselves acquainted with a series of facts, and having done so, are contented, excepting in as far as we may make them the means of arriving at other facts. The only passion to be gratified is curiosity, and that can only be *once* gratified. We take a pursuit, and having got as far as we can, the delight is for the most part at an end. Not so with works of the imagination. They address themselves in turn, to every feeling and passion of our nature; and as long as we retain those feelings, so long are we enchained by them. There are few minds by which they cannot more or less be felt and appreciated, and once felt, they never fail us. Poetry may be said to be the only thing of this world which is at once universal and immortal. Time obscures every other monument of human thought. History becomes obsolete, doubtful, and forgotten. Sciences are changed. But poetry, never fading, never dies. The events of Homer’s life are in irrecoverable oblivion. His very birth-place is unknown; and of his heroes, and his wars, not a trace remains to prove that such have ever been. Yet he and they live, breathe, and act as freshly in his poetry at this hour, as they did two thousand years ago. The hearts

that have leapt at the tale of his Achilles, would march ten thousand such armies; and the tears that have dropt over the parting of his Hector and Andromache, might almost make up another Scamander. Well may we exclaim with a living bard,—

— “ Blessings be on them, and eternal praise,

The Poets ——— ”

They whose courtesies come without being sought, who mingle themselves like friends amid our everyday pursuits, and sweeten them we scarcely know how—Who enhance prosperity and alleviate adversity; who people solitude, and charm away occupation—Who, like flowers, can equally adorn the humblest cottage or the proudest palace—Who can delight without the aid of selfishness, and soothe without the opiate of vanity—Please when ambition has ceased to charm, and enrich when Fortune has refused to smile.

If we glance over the everyday literature of the time, it is amusing to observe how the imaginative and metaphysical have gone on predominating. Turn to a popular treatise, or an essay in a popular periodical, and ten to one it contains reflections on the modifications of character, inquiries into the changes of the human mind, or an analysis of some one or other habit, mood, or passion. The tangible has given way to the abstract. Dry details of Druidical monuments, and openings of barrows and cromlechs; queries as to whether fairy rings are caused by lightning or mushrooms—Histories of old churches and market-crosses; annals of water-spouts and land-floods; heights of mountains and depths of lakes; meteors, fire-balls, and falling stars; lunar rainbows; *lusus naturæ*; elopements; deaths, births, and marriages—have all yielded to compositions in which the feelings such objects produce, form as large a portion of the subject as the things themselves; and what has been felt and thought is treated of as fully as what has been seen and done. This is the progress of the mind. Facts are only the precursors of abstractions; and thus may it proceed until, in the fulness of time, our very children may prefer setting afloat a metaphysical paradox to blowing an air bubble.

T. D.

BOOKS AND BANTLINGS.

It has often been observed, pathetically and satyrically, that the partiality of Authors for their works greatly resembles that of parents for their children. We mean to make some uncommon remarks upon this common-place position, and to establish its general truth by an induction of particulars.

First, we may notice that, in each case, the affection too often is not reciprocal. Books, indeed, if we may judge by results, are frequently the most ungrateful children in the world, exposing their parents' infirmities, "cooling their friends, heating their enemies," involving them in disgrace and beggary, not seldom bringing them to gaol or pillory; and often, ere now, to the torture, the stake, or the gallows. Some are said to have driven their authors mad; but here, it must be confessed, there has generally been an hereditary twist of insanity in the offspring. Some, like Regan and Goneril, sound high their parents' praise, and afterwards expose them to the pitiless world, and all its storms. A few, like good Cordelia, speak not of their fathers at all; and these are they that honour and protect their grey hairs.

Yet, such is the final perseverance of parental love, that no author was ever known to like his works the worse in his heart for all the calamities they had brought upon him, though many have been induced, from motives of fear or prudence, to disown them. Sometimes, too, the prolific are led, by the lucre of gain, to deck the childless with parental honours. Adopted books are as common as adopted children; many a work has been father'd falsely, many a one, in legal phrase, is *nullius filius*; and here and there it happens, that literary parents, as well as natural ones, endeavour to pass off their proper offspring for foundlings. Horace Walpole and Chatterton are cases in point.

The less a child is liked by the world, the dearer it becomes to its father and mother. Does not this hold good with regard to unpopular authors, who may be said, literally, to doat upon their productions? It is an awful thing to meet the mother of a spoil'd booby, whose insolence or idle-

ness have incurred condign punishment from master or school-fellow. We have seen writers as irrationally furious when the mooncalves of their brain have been undergoing the rod of criticism.

It is a great topic of censure with grandmothers, ladies of a certain age, and precise old bachelors, that the youth of both sexes in the rising generation are brought out too soon. Critics, ever since Horace's "nonum prematur in annum," and probably long before, have kept up the same outcry against the premature publications of authors, in as kindly a spirit, and with nearly the same effect.

Is there any anxiety greater than that of a young poet on the eve of appearing in print, when his darling effusions, are to throw off their nursery-attire of manuscript, in which they were only produceable at family parties, or, at most, to a few friends, and appear in type, a-la-mode, with fashionable margins, to the expectant public? None, certainly, within our male coelibate range of experience; but if looks, gestures, hints, expound the female heart, the anxiety of a mother at her daughter's first debut in rout or assembly, is at least equal. We are afraid these parental emotions meet with little sympathy in either case. The mother may have a husband, indeed, to share, while he chides her folly; but the luckless scribbler has no partner in his. A friend, a sister, or a wife, may wish him well, but none but a poet can conceive his feelings. And poets, the more the pity, feel very little for one another. We have been often told, that none but a parent can imagine a parent's joys, or woes, or fears—most heartily we believe it; but we know, that no soul that is innocent of inkshed, can conceive the unimaginable throes, the solicitudes, the eager anticipations, the nervous tremors, the day thoughts wild as dreams, the nightly visions, vivid and continuous as wakeful life, of a fresh candidate for literary fame.

But who, in these most educated and enlightened days, is, not such a candidate? Buonaparte called us a nation of shop-keepers; and it were as well if we were to remain so—but we are in imminent danger of becoming

a nation of authors and orators. For, in truth, every one who writes or speaks with design to produce *effect*, with a wish not merely to be understood, but admired, becomes *de facto* an author or an orator—a competitor for the fame of intellect. Now does not every schoolboy that contends for a prize, every apprentice that pens a valentine, every traveller that scrawls on an inn window, fall under this definition? Is not every advertisement a specimen of authorship, and every vestry meeting an arena of rhetoric? Can a toast be proposed at club or ordinary throughout this eloquent land, but calls forth more tropes and figures than grammarians have invented names for? Moreover, is there any essential difference between oratory and authorship? Do not both proceed from one impulse, and aim at one end? Words, uttered or written, are their common means, their common end is admiration—scribbler and spouter alike crave from their fellow-creatures a ratification of the opinion they entertain of their own powers—a sympathy with the delight they feel in displaying them.

And the gentle maiden, when, addressing her dear mother, or dear dear governess, or dear, dear, *very* dear friend and school-fellow, she crosses and re-crosses perpendicularly and diagonally her pretty feminine phrases, till the mere act of perusing the close-woven texture of tenderness becomes a complete refutation of the vulgar sarcasms against female patience, she, too, feels the fire of literary ambition, and somewhat of a maternal yearning; she too is an authoress. She has caught the epidemic of the age—an infection so universal, that we can scarce pick up a scrap of whitey-brown paper, a meagre collection of pot-hooks and hangers, sealed with a thimble, that is not composed in a *STYLE*.

Not only, indeed, will we maintain that Valentine writers, letter writers, &c. partake of the parental feelings of authorship, but that they possess them in much greater force and purity than many authors by profession, who are apt, like parents in slave-exporting countries, to consider their offspring as mere articles of traffic, and care little for them after they are sold. The love or the need of money can extinguish the natural affection even of an author for his lucubrations. The

genuine literary parent desires indeed that his offspring should be dear to others as to himself. Men cannot bear an undivided love, or joy, or sorrow. But he is a very different being from the mere mercenary of the press—for he is more anxious for readers than purchasers. He is also distinguished by a longing for posthumous fame rather than temporary eclat. So do affectionate fathers pray that their posterity may survive them, and hope to live after death in their children's children.

Some writers spoil their works by over-indulgence to their whims and fancies—others by extreme severity of correction, give them a harsh, stiff, ungenial character. The analogy will easily suggest itself. One more resemblance we will mention, the most pregnant of all. Every father and mother that have many children, however impartial they may deem it their duty to show themselves, will be better pleased with some than others. There is a pet in almost every family. So it is with the authors of many works. However well they may love them all, they will have some pet production, some favourite passage, some minion thought, some darling simile. One will prefer his first-born, another the child of his old age. Some the offspring of the hardest labour, and some the babe of easiest birth. Nor shall we be at a loss to find among these literary parental partialities—a strong similitude to the affection which mothers are said to feel for weaklings and idiots.

Extrinsic circumstances, pleasant or pleasing melancholy associations—local recollections—any one of the countless chains that bind the past to the present, may determine the preference. The verse or period which has been read in mellowing tones of love by mistress or by friend, will be precious, though all the rest were scorned or forgotten. But in general the parent will prefer the child, and the writer the book, which is likest himself, which bears the strongest impress of his individuality.

We have often thought that a most entertaining and instructive article might be written on the habits, propensities, and antipathies of authors, as they are betrayed in these favourite passages. It is true they do not always praise either the things or the persons

which they like best. No man is to be trusted when he is wilfully moralizing, and we are all apt to admire what we have not ourselves, unless we hope to gain admiration by despising it. Thomson, who was a notorious slug-a-bed, is peculiarly eloquent on the subject of early rising,

“Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour

To meditation due, and sacred song.”

Summer.

Poor Steele, who, like his namesake, Richard Brinsley, was worse haunted by duns and bailiffs, than any saint in the calender by evil spirits, writes indignantly upon the disgrace of being in debt, and solemnly on the advantages of economy. We fear he never was the better for his own doctrines; yet it is related, that he composed the “Christian Hero” with a serious purpose of reforming himself. Addison, in his character of Moralist, enforces sobriety with somewhat of an ungenial strictness, yet it hath been recorded, that he often proved by experiment—that good liquor will make a dumb man speak. It must be allowed, however, that the Spectator speaks with heart-felt satisfaction of his pipe, and seems to have entertained a sneaking affection for Brookes and Hellier. Otway was a great professor of Royalty; yet how forced and frigid are his obligations to the throne. We may surely suspect that a writer, who sympathizes so warmly with conspirators at Venice—who expounds with such experimental intelligence the very heart of treason—would have felt no small exultation at the overthrow of the order of things under which he was starving at home. Milton was a Republican—Massinger seems to have been a Whig—naturally enough, for he was poor. Beaumont and Fletcher, one of whom was the son of a Judge, and the other of a Bishop—who were probably, in their own right, companions of courtiers, and whose short lives passed away in gay prosperity—were courtly royalists. The high-church divinity

of Fletcher on the divine right and irresponsibility of kings, clearly indicates his episcopal origin, and contrasts oddly with the general laxity of his plots. Ben Jonson, so highly, and in general so justly praised, for his adherence to costume, and close observance of the peculiarities of times and countries, has committed a glaring anachronism in his Sejanus. He introduces the sentiments and reasonings of King James’s court into that of Tiberius. Ben’s loyalty, however, is strongly tinged with laureate-sack, though no doubt heightened by his natural aversion to the Puritans, whom it was morally impossible for any dramatic writer to love. But Otway—first among our poets, and till our own times, almost alone—was a Jacobin. If it be asked how we are authorised to predicate such a character of a writer, whose professed opinions verge to the opposite extreme—we reply, that a man’s opinions are not himself. It is not in the opinions of any author, verseman or proseman, that his heart is betrayed. Would any prudent chamberlain permit the representation of Venice Preserved in hard times? Is it in the expression of loyal or of treasonable sentiments that Otway shines—that he appears to have written *con amore* with heartfelt honest delight? By honest delight, be it understood it is by no means necessary to mean a delight in honesty. Hotspur speaks of “the sincerity of fear and cold heart;” and we have known people devoutly sincere in their love of roguery. For our own parts, we like a hearty self-complacent rascal of this sort infinitely better than the “hovering temporizer,” who is

“Half-honest, which is very much a knave,”

as Rochester has it.

We have wandered far from our original proposition—too far, indeed, to return this month. We purpose to resume the subject ere long, being at present engaged in searching the most famous poets for pet-passages.—Shakespeare shall first come under review—the moderns in due time.

POLITICAL HISTORY OF INDIA.*

THE history of the whole world, and the principles which regulate human nature, alike point out, that from the moment the bounds of an empire have passed beyond certain limits, any addition to its magnitude, so far from contributing to its strength, only weakens the tie which holds its separate parts together, and brings it nearer and nearer to utter dissolution. Under these circumstances, no truism can be more self-evident, than that, in exact proportion to the extension of their authority, ought the vigilance and attention of the rulers of great empires to be exerted. To govern a single province, whose inhabitants are all a-kin in feeling, religion, language, prejudices, and ideas, cannot be a task of any prodigious difficulty. If foreign danger be not to be provided against, its rulers can have little else to do than to sit still, and permit the people to regulate their own proceedings, by the most intelligible and safest of all modes, the customs of their fathers. Neither can it be a task of such comparatively Herculean labour, to direct the course of a single nation, even if that nation be as populous and enterprising as Great Britain. But when the influence of that nation has extended itself over other nations; when the success of its arms, or the depth of its policy, has brought in subjection to it, states lying at remote distances, and peopled by men essentially different from their conquerors, in all the points which distinguish human character; when these conquests far exceed the mother-country in extent of territory, and amount of population; and when it is admitted that the loss of them would not only reduce the mother-country to the condition in which she stood previous to their attainment, but sink her infinitely lower in the scale, then indeed the task of governing becomes one of awful responsibility, requiring all the ingenuity of those to whom it is formally committed, in all the aids which individual talent, from whatever quarter it may be collected, can supply.

There is nothing connected with the policy of this great nation more

remarkable, than the degree of apathy which her rulers, and indeed her people generally, appear to experience, with reference to the affairs of the most important of all our dependencies, the Eastern Empire. At a moment when the influence of Great Britain is felt and acknowledged over the whole continent of India; when an hundred millions of people, divided from our shores by the distance of half the globe, directly own our sway; when not three hundred millions only, but millions upon millions besides, who dwell under the nominal rule of their native Princes, look to us as the arbiters of their destiny, and the guardians of their happiness; and, above all, when it is avowed that the loss of this influence would affect us more materially than almost any other calamity which could occur, it is not more melancholy than surprising, to behold the utter neglect with which every question relative to the proper management of British India is treated, and the utter nausea with which the proposed agitation of such a question is met. There is not a single subject of political economy which seems not to be regarded both by the public and the legislature, as far more worthy of discussion. Do the Roman Catholics aspire at political power, their claims are patiently investigated, and the whole kingdom is kept in a state of ferment whilst the investigation is going on. Does some new freak for the regulation of any branch of trade or manufactures enter the head of the minister, it is brought forward, examined in all its bearings, argued *pro* and *con*, till we grow weary of arguing about it; and all this with a spirit certainly not to be condemned, but which is as certainly never displayed in the discussion of an Indian question. Nay, nor need we confine ourselves to points so important as these. A riot in one of the manufacturing districts, a seditious harangue or two from Mr O'Connell and his colleagues, an excursion of the White Boys, or the burning of a shieling in the sister isle; one and all of these topics, let them come on the tapis when they may, are treated as things

* Political History of India, from 1784 to 1823. By Sir John Malcolm, G. C. B., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Murray, 1826.

of infinitely more moment, than the gravest consideration connected with the affairs of India, or the welfare of its industrious, inoffensive, and most patient population.

We sincerely hope that matters will not be permitted to continue thus much longer. It is sufficiently disgraceful to us that we have allowed upwards of thirty years to elapse without any serious inquiry being instituted into this momentous subject; it will inflict a stain upon our national character, such as we shall never be able to erase, if we suffer many more years to pass by in a similar state of inactivity. For, not to dwell too much upon the selfish side of the picture, the vast importance of India, in a commercial and financial point of view, to Great Britain, we never ought to conceal from ourselves, that in the eye of Him who has given India into our hands, we are awfully responsible for the happiness of the people who inhabit it. If our government be, what it ought to be, calculated to advance them in the scale of civilization and prosperity, then shall we be able to boast, let our dominion end when it may, that at least it sought the object which all governments are bound to seek; if, on the other hand, it shall prove to have had a contrary tendency; if, either through prejudice, or mistake, or design, or even ill-directed zeal, we shall be found to have produced no good, and *therefore much evil*, then shall we fall, not only unpitied by others, but absolutely incapacitated for pitying ourselves.

It is, however, sheer folly to talk about the wisdom and humanity of speedily taking the Indian question into consideration. The Indian question will be considered, and must be considered, before long. Let our legislators shut their eyes against it if they please; let senators and people flatter themselves that, because the late mutinies have been suppressed, the late seditions appeased, and the late wars brought to a most unexpectedly successful issue, that therefore all is well throughout India; let them boast of our extended influence there, and infer from these premises, that our dominion has increased in stability as it has increased in magnitude; let this be done by all means; but if it be, then are Christopher North and his coadjutors no true prophets, if the delusion be not speedily dispelled, and

that with a vengeance. Our decided conviction is,—and we give it without any attempt at circumlocution,—that the empire of England in Asia never stood in so perilous a predicament as at present. Short as its duration has been, the seeds of decay have existed in its bosom for years; and these have only come the faster toward maturity, as the outward limits of the empire have been extended.

We are extremely happy, at such a juncture, in being able to introduce to the notice of our readers, a work so important in every point of view as *The Political History of India*, by Sir John Malcolm. The name of the distinguished author stands already too high to render it necessary that we should waste time in passing encomiums upon it. His high meritorious services in the country of which he has become the historian, have gained for him honour as a soldier, and reputation as a statesman; whilst his literary labours, since his return to his native country, have secured to him a high place in public estimation as a writer. An intimate acquaintance with his subject, moreover, attained under circumstances which come not in the way of one man out of a thousand, entitle his opinions, on all questions relating to India, to peculiar respect. Sir John Malcolm has not only possessed opportunities peculiar to himself, of judging concerning the true tone of popular feeling in India,—he has not only beheld with his own eyes the effect of the operation of different systems of government upon the widely differing tribes which inhabit that vast continent—but the fruits of the experience of others have been spread out before him, and of these he has not failed to take liberal advantage. Sir John Malcolm has, we can perceive, made good use of the voluminous documents preserved at the India House and the Board of Control. He has thus been enabled to compare the views of one man with the views of another,—the opinions of one party with the opinions of another party,—and each and all, with the scenes and occurrences which passed under the observation of his own senses;—and the consequence is, that he has produced a work, which cannot be too generally read, or too carefully studied.

The object, with a view to the attainment of which these volumes have been compiled, may be stated in the

author's own words, as they stand in the preface. After informing us, that the first five chapters of "A Sketch of the Political History of India," which was published by him about fifteen years ago, have been incorporated into his present work, Sir John Malcolm proceeds to observe, that "he has chosen this period, (the year 1823, when the administration of the Marquis of Hastings expired,) to close his labours, as the epoch at which the complete supremacy of the British power over all India was avowed and acknowledged. The necessity of adequately fulfilling the great duties which this condition imposes, combined as it is with other changes, may require some alterations in the form, if not in the constitution, of our government, both in India and England. On the character and extent of such alterations the author has ventured to express his opinions. Additional experience, and more maturity of judgment, have led to a confirmation of some of his former sentiments upon these subjects, and to a different view of others; but his object is more to give his readers the means of forming their own judgments upon the various and extensive matter treated of in these volumes, than to press his opinions upon their adoption. With reference to this object, he has added to the account of the administration of the several governments of India, since the passing of Mr Pitt's bill, a brief summary of the motives and principles which appear to have actuated those at their head, from the time of Lord Clive, and given his own observations and opinions upon every branch of the administration of our Eastern Empire; but the character and limits of this work have not permitted more than opening those subjects to that fair discussion and examination to which they are entitled, not only from their own magnitude, but their importance in relation to general principles of rule."

In prosecution of the plan here laid down, Sir John has, with great judgment, divided his history into two departments; the one consisting entirely of narrative, the other, of disquisition and speculation. Under the former of these heads, are included the seven chapters which compose the first volume, and, to a certain extent at least, the eighth, with which the second volume opens; under the latter

are comprised chapters nine, ten, and eleven. There is, moreover, an Appendix, which, though not very intimately connected, in some of its details, with the matter of the book itself, will nevertheless be read with avidity by all who take an interest in Indian affairs. We intend on the present occasion to imitate the arrangements of the author; and to lay before our readers, first a brief outline of the rise and progress of the British empire in the East, and next a few general remarks upon the nature of the machinery by which its operations are conducted.

The passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, being discovered in the year 1497, the merchants of Great Britain, who seem to have possessed in all ages much of the spirit of enterprise and daring which belongs to them now, made very early efforts to share in the rich trade which the Portuguese carried on through that channel, between Europe and the islands and continent of Asia. More than a century elapsed, however, before their efforts were crowned with any considerable success. The unfortunate results of certain voyages undertaken by individuals, checked, for a time, the enthusiasm which, on the first mention of the subject, had pervaded all classes of the community; and the establishment of a Turkish Company, for the overland conveyance of spices, &c. to Egypt and Syria, and their direct transportation to the Eastern countries, in English ships, to the ports of Great Britain, effectually turned public attention into a new channel. But the expectations formed, in consequence of the accomplishment of this object, were not fulfilled. From the number of hands through which the Indian commodities passed, before they reached England, the price put upon them was necessarily high; and the Dutch, who now established themselves in different parts of India, and vigorously prosecuted the trade thither by way of the Cape, easily undersold the Turkey merchants, even in the London market. The consequence was, that though the Turkey Company still continued its operations, certain spirited and wealthy individuals, at the head of whom was George Earl of Cumberland, resolved to unite their resources for the destruction of that monopoly which the rival mari-

time states had established, and to make England a participator in a commerce, of which the real value was certainly not underrated by any of the parties engaged in it.

An application was accordingly made to Queen Elizabeth, for a charter which should secure to the petitioners certain exclusive privileges, as a compensation for the risks which they proposed to run. The application was not rejected; and the Queen, without waiting to know the result of an embassy which she had dispatched to the Court of Delhi, for the purpose of soliciting the favour of the Emperor towards her subjects trading to his shores, erected the petitioning merchants into a body or corporation, under the title of "Governors and Company of Merchants of London, trading to the East Indies." This charter, which forms the groundwork of the present East India Company's rights, was granted in the year 1600. By virtue of it, the merchants were authorised to purchase lands in India without any limitations; their commerce was ordered to be conducted by a governor and twenty-four persons in committees; the first governor, Sir Thomas Knight, was even named; and they, their sons, when of age, their apprentices, servants, and factors, in India, were vested, for a period of fifteen years, with the privilege, to use the words of the act, of an exclusive trade "into the countries and parts of Asia, Africa, and into and from all the islands, ports, towns, and places of Asia, Africa, and America, or any of them, beyond the Cape of Bona Esperanza, or the Straits of Magellan, where any traffic may be used, to and from every of them."

Our limits will not permit us to enter, even cursorily, into a detail of the successes and misfortunes which alternately befell this company during the hundred and fifty years of their mere mercantile existence. Sometimes their affairs went on smoothly enough, under the protection of kings and parliaments, having even the good wishes of the people to back them; at other times popular clamour ran sorely against them, and even the ruling authorities withdrew their protection from them. During five years of the protectorate of Cromwell, indeed, all their privileges were done away, and the trade to India was thrown open to every adven-

turer. But in 1657 the usurper again placed them on their former footing of pre-eminence; nor was any attempt made to remove them from it after the Restoration. On the contrary, a number of additional prerogatives were granted to them, both by Charles the Second and his infatuated brother; which, not being used with moderation, served only to stir up against them so strong a feeling of hostility, that, in 1698, the interlopers, as the conductors of free trade were designated, contrived, chiefly by offering to advance towards the exigencies of the state the sum of two millions sterling, at an interest of eight per cent, to obtain for themselves that very right of exclusive commerce which had formerly been enjoyed by the company. Thus were there two East India Companies created, between whom, as may be imagined, the greatest degree of hostility prevailed, till, tired out at length by a struggle which threatened to bring ruin upon both, they united their stock under the charter of 1698, and assumed the title, under which they have since been incorporated, namely, "The United East India Company."

"The union of the two companies in England," says Sir John Malcolm, "had not an immediate effect in reconciling the servants either at home or abroad; and it was some period before their rooted animosities gave way to a feeling of common interest. It did at last; and in the year 1708 the united corporation obtained a bill most favourable to their commerce and privileges, which was granted on condition of their lending to government the sum of L. 120,000 over and above the two millions which had been lent when the new company was first established."

"That tranquillity, and consequent commercial prosperity, which the peace of Utrecht brought to Europe, was felt by the British settlements in the east; and these were, about this period (1713), under the rule of men of prudence and ability. But success created enemies. A very general clamour was raised against their monopoly, which was stated to be adverse to the general commercial interests of the kingdom; and they were obliged to agree to an arrangement, which was considered advantageous to the state, in order to maintain their right of exclusive trade to India. It is, however, but fair to state, that while we find in the first century of the history of the East India Company abundant proofs of their misconduct, we

also discover a spirit of bold enterprise and determined perseverance, which no losses could impede and no dangers subdue. To this spirit, which was created and nourished by their exclusive privileges, they owed their ultimate success. It caused them, under all reverses, to look forward with ardent hope to future gains, and if it occasionally led them to stain their fame by acts of violence and injustice towards the assailants of their monopoly, it stimulated them to efforts, both in commerce and in war, that were honourable to the character of the British nation."

We have quoted the first of these two paragraphs because it fell in exactly with our own details, and the last because it contains an equitable judgment on a much-disputed subject. Without all doubt, the East India Company did occasionally abuse the powers with which they were intrusted; both they and their servants being guilty of many acts of extreme harshness and injustice towards the interlopers. But it is equally beyond a question, that but for the establishment and continued maintenance of the Company, as a separate body, England would not have been, as she is at this day, mistress of those fertile provinces, which have been pronounced by one of our ablest statesmen, to form by "far the brightest jewel in the crown." But it is now high time to look beyond commercial affairs.

It is worthy of remark, that during the whole of this period, from the year 1601 down to the year 1744, the Company's territorial possessions were confined to a few forts and factories, planted at different points along the coast, with a small extent of country immediately adjacent to each of them. Some of these they had early been permitted to establish by the Emperor of Delhi; yet of the permission thus obtained they could not, for a considerable while, take due advantage, owing to the intrigues and hostile movements of the Portuguese, nor was it without an appeal to force that they succeeded in obtaining justice from that nation, which claimed, on the ground of prior possession, an exclusive right to the commerce of India.

The victories of Captain Bisset over a very superior force of the enemy, did much for the English in these regions. It not only raised their reputation among the native princes, but

it enabled them to erect a factory at Surat, under circumstances every way favourable to their future fortunes. To improve this advantage, Sir Thomas Roe's Embassy to the imperial court was undertaken, which, though in some respects baffled by the intrigues of the Portuguese, succeeded in obtaining for the Company, not only a confirmation of all former grants, but the extended privilege of maintaining resident agents at some of the principal towns of the empire. From that moment it may be said that the foundations of the East India Company's greatness were laid; for though the ceaseless opposition of the Portuguese served, for a time, to keep their pecuniary affairs in embarrassment, and the treachery of the Dutch at Amboyna and elsewhere brought their interests at one period to the very brink of ruin, still the consciousness of having established for themselves a character, and a spirit of perseverance not to be subdued, enabled them to hold up under all their reverses, and finally to triumph over them. We have said that the first factory established by the East India Company was at Surat. This continued till the year 1685 to be the seat of the Chief Presidency, when Bombay, which had been made over to the Company by Charles the Second, about eight years before, was erected into a regency. But besides Surat, the Company were in possession of an establishment at Bantam, through which a lucrative trade was carried on with the Spice Islands, and along the coast of Coromandel; and when Bantam fell into the hands of the Dutch, the Presidency of Madras arose to supply its place. On the other side of India likewise, the Company had obtained, so early as 1634, the privilege of a free resort to the port of Piplee in Bengal. This privilege was in 1645 so far extended, that several factories, the principal of them at Hoogley, were established in that province. But what is now the chief seat of English power in the East, continued long so inconsiderable, that up to the year 1682 it was accounted a mere appendage to the Presidency of Madras.

In this state, or nearly in this state, the affairs of this Company remained, till the eighteenth century was far advanced. As yet no direct efforts had been made by the English to take part in the politics of the native

Princes; whilst the authority exercised by their local governors extended no farther than over their own immediate servants at each of the factories. Yet were these factories making sure, though unseen steps, towards the relative stations which they now occupy in the East. A few unpretending merchants, settling here and there along their shores, excited no jealousy on the part of the Asiatics generally, nor gave umbrage to their sovereigns. On the contrary, they received every encouragement to prosecute their commercial pursuits; though subject, as all adventurers are subject, to occasional acts of tyranny and exaction. But the aspect of things gradually underwent a change. When the spirit with which these adventurers defended their property from spoliation, proved that they were no less skilful in the arts of war than in those of trade, they became by degrees objects of respect and admiration to the princes of India. As these quarrelled among themselves, the alliance of the European settlers was eagerly courted; and the marked success which invariably attended the party whose quarrel the Europeans embraced, caused them to obtain, every day, a firmer and more decided footing in the country. It required only some mighty political convulsion to throw the whole power of India into the hands of these strangers; nor did this fail eventually to occur.

Arungzebe, one of the most extraordinary descendants of the great Timour, died in the year 1707, leaving the empire to be fought for by his children, and governed by him among them who should prove successful in the struggle. After one of the most tremendous contests recorded in the annals of Asiatic successions, the fortune of war declared in favour of Mahomed Mauzim, the eldest surviving son of the deceased; who accordingly mounted the throne, with the title of Behader Shah, and wielded the sceptre with considerable ability during five years. But in the year 1712, Behader Shah followed his father, and the empire was again thrown into confusion, by the efforts of different members of the imperial family to succeed him. Meanwhile several Hindoo tribes, of the military cast, who had been reduced to a state of vassalage by the Mogul, revolted; and the

increased depredations of the Mahrattas aggravated the prevalent confusion. Different Viceroy's, Soubadars, and Nabobs, in various parts of the empire, began, too, to assert their independence; and quarrelling among themselves, to wage war one against the other. In these quarrels the English were compelled to take part, sometimes as principals, when their stations were threatened with destruction, and force alone could protect them; but more frequently as allies, and to hinder their rivals the Dutch from obtaining too decided a preponderance over them.

All this naturally tended to place the Company's agents in a position different from any which they had hitherto occupied. It does not, indeed, appear, that dreams of conquest and sovereignty had as yet arisen in the minds of any of them; for though they took part in the transactions of the states around them, they did so with no other view than that of securing to themselves and their employers the benefits of a free trade. But they had already overstepped the bounds which circumscribed their mere commercial existence, and to retreat was impossible.

The first European power which directly aimed at the establishment of an Indian empire was France. In the year 1672 a French force, under the command of M. de la Haye, landed at St Threvé, a sea-port contiguous to Madras, formerly in the possession of the Portuguese, but then held by the King of Golconda. This they carried by assault; but being themselves attacked in turn by his Majesty of Golconda, and his allies the Dutch, they were, after a gallant resistance, obliged to evacuate the place. From the wreck of the expedition a settlement was formed at Pondicherry; which went on quietly increasing in extent and importance, till, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, it was inferior in these respects to no European station in the East.

The war which broke out in 1745, between England and France, speedily spread to India. At this time the illustrious La Bourdonnais was at the head of the French establishment there; and being a man of enterprise and talent, he resolved to attempt the expulsion of the enemies of his country from Asia, whatever might be the

hazard attending it. Madras was accordingly besieged in 1746, and compelled to capitulate. But the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle put an end, for a space, to hostilities, and restored that important place to the English. In the course of these operations, it is worthy of remark, that the first decided proof of the superiority of European over Indian arms was given. The army of the Nabob of the Carnatic, in whose dominions both Madras and Pondicherry were situated, and who successively took part with the combatants on both sides, sustained a signal defeat from one weak battalion of French infantry.

Whether the last-mentioned circumstance may be considered as having in any respect operated upon the mind of Dupleix, or whether his own natural ambition tempted him to the measure, certain it is, that no sooner did that able and gallant Frenchman find himself at the head of the settlement of Pondicherry than he began to devise schemes for its creation into the capital of a great empire. The European force then under his command amounted to three thousand men; in addition to this, several large bodies of natives had been disciplined and armed after the European fashion, and these he sedulously increased. When, therefore, the dispute arose between Anwaradeen Khan and Chunda Sahib, touching their right to the Nabobship of the Carnatic, Dupleix found himself in a position to aim, without any concealment, at the acquisition, in behalf of his nation, of extensive territorial and political power; for such was the stipulated price at which he promised his support to the last-named pretender.

It is unnecessary to enter into the particulars of a struggle, which, after many vicissitudes, ended in the utter overthrow of the French along the coast of Coromandel. Enough is done when we state generally, that the schemes which Dupleix had formed were realized by Clive and his gallant coadjutors; and that the East India Company, in its efforts to ward off absolute destruction, was hurried into the assumption of supreme power. But this was brought about still more effectually by the revolution which took place, much about the same time, in the province of Bengal.

In 1741, Alaverdi, a Tartar by birth,

and a military adventurer, had usurped the Nabobship, or, as it was indifferently called, the Subahdary of Bengal, after deposing the family of his master. He defended his usurpation with great vigour; succeeded in obtaining a formal recognition of his claim from the weak Mogul, and died in 1756, leaving his Musnud to a grand-nephew, named Surajah Dowla.

This young prince, as weak as he was violent, entertained from the first a rooted abhorrence of the English. He neglected no opportunity of evincing his sentiments towards them, curtailing their privileges and embarrassing their trade on every occasion; till, finally, taking an umbrage at an attempt made to put Calcutta in a state of defence (though it was well known that the French entertained serious ideas of making a descent upon it), he marched against the Factory with a large army, and utterly destroyed it. Of the Company's servants some fell in the defence of the fort, others, to the amount of one hundred and twenty-three, perished in the famous black-hole, and the rest escaped in their ships.

To revenge the insult thus offered to the English flag, an expedition under Clive set sail from the coast of Coromandel, consisting of nine hundred Europeans, and fifteen hundred sepoy. It was successful in its efforts, and Calcutta was retaken. But Clive, not satisfied with this, resolved to strike a blow at the French power on that side of India; and accordingly, in spite of the Nabob's prohibition, actually invested Chandernagore, a fort upon the river, and reduced it. Such an act could not but prove the prelude to others. Though Surajah Dowla exhibited no open symptoms of indignation, it was well known that he only waited a convenient opportunity to wreak his vengeance upon those who had thus set his authority at defiance. It was discovered, indeed, that he was in correspondence with M. Bussy, who then commanded the French forces in the Deccan; and that the withdrawal of any part of Clive's army, would be the signal for both to advance upon Calcutta. Under these circumstances, the English readily entered into proposals made to them by certain of the Nabob's discontented grandees. By their united efforts the famous victory of Plassey

was obtained, and Surajah Dowla being deposed, Meer Jaffier was created Nabob in his room.

The events which followed this bold transaction, though doubtless very striking, and replete with interest, cannot be considered in any other light, than as the necessary consequences of other events which had gone before them. Without at all expecting or intending to fill so important a situation, the East India Company, through the engagements into which their agents entered with Meer Jaffier and his ministers, found themselves all at once, in point of fact, the arbiters of Bengal; and the destruction of the Dutch expedition by Colonel Ford; the faithful adherence by Clive to the Nabob, when threatened by the army of the Mogul, and the successful resistance of their troops to the Mahrattas, served but to confirm the influence which they had thus unwittingly obtained. Their behaviour towards the Nabob of their own creation, as well as towards his successor, Cossim Ali, cannot, indeed, in a moral point of view, be defended; it was perhaps, in some respects, the offspring of political necessity, as in others, it unquestionably sprung out of individual avarice. Be this, however, as it may, the impetus was now effectually given, and no alternative was left between a steady advance, or an absolute overthrow. The servants of the Company chose the former. After setting up one prince and then another, they finally established their employers, in the year 1763, as sovereigns of the rich provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, of the Northern Circars, of part of the Carnatic, and of all their old possessions on the Malabar coast.

We make no apology to our readers, for having drawn them into a consideration so minute, of the Company's progress from a state of absolute dependence upon the native powers, to their first assumption of royal authority. However calculated to dazzle the imagination the narrative of their after-proceedings may be, no part of their history is so full of sound instruction as its commencement. He who looks attentively to it, will not fail to discover, that our present influence in India has arisen from a combination of circumstances, on whose occurrence no human being could have

calculated before-hand, and whose course no human efforts were competent to control. Schemes devised for the safe prosecution of commerce, led the way to the attainment of political importance; and efforts made to defend factories from annihilation, ended in the assumption of sovereign authority. Nor is it the least remarkable feature in the picture, that every step taken towards the eminence on which they now stand, was taken by the servants of the Company, in direct opposition to the wishes and commands of their employers. The constant cry of the latter was, "Do not mix yourselves up at all in matters of state-policy; leave the management of these to the natives, and direct all your attention to trade." But to obey these injunctions was impossible; and behold the result.

Sir John Malcolm has so well expressed himself on this head, that we gladly quote his words. After noticing, as we have noticed, the eagerness with which the alliance of the strangers came in time to be courted, he continues:—

"A refusal of such aid was, perhaps, in many cases, impossible, or dangerous to their immediate security; while, by granting it, additional immunities and privileges, calculated to benefit and increase the trade of the Company, were often obtained; and thus the desire of promoting the security, and improving the prosperity of their commercial establishments, first led them to political connexions. From that moment the substance, though not the form, of their government was altered; and they were involved, beyond the power of retreating, in all the complicated relations of a political state. This important change was reluctantly admitted by the managers of the Company's concerns in England, as the profits derived from the early commerce with India, made the proprietors of that capital by which it was carried on, view with anxiety and alarm a revolution which seemed to increase their risk, without a prospect of adequate advantage. They consequently denounced, at every step, that progress which their agents made to territorial power in India; and with a view of checking this spirit of aggrandizement, they at last called for the aid of the legislature, which readily seconded their efforts, and gave the authority of law to their orders. But had those proprietors, or the English Ministry, been more fully informed, or

had they drawn their conclusions from plain practical reasoning, combined with a correct view of human nature (as it existed in the country for which they legislated), rather than from abstract principles of general policy, they might, perhaps, have been more moderate, and less dogmatical in their efforts to correct the system, and have discovered, that, though they might regulate, it was a vain attempt to endeavour to stop altogether, the career of a state, which was rising rapidly into greatness under the influence of causes that were irresistible in their force, and which it was not possible to control. The truth is, that from the day on which the Company's troops marched one mile from their factories, the increase of their territories and their armies became a principle of self-preservation; and at the end of every one of those numerous contests in which they were involved by the jealousy, avarice, or ambition of their neighbours, or by the rapacity and ambition of their own servants, they were forced to adopt measures for improving their strength, which soon appeared to be the only mode by which they could avert the recurrence of similar danger."

We have devoted so many of our columns to the history of the origin of the British empire in India, that we cannot pretend even briefly to follow its career of constantly increasing magnitude and greatness. It is sufficient to observe, that the causes which operated towards its first formation, have continued, and probably will continue, to propel it forward, till, like its predecessor, the empire of the Mogul, it fall to pieces through absolute unwieldiness. Each head of the local government has entered upon his office, under the fullest persuasion that the interests and honour of his country require an abstinence, as far as shall be practicable, from all interference in the affairs of the states which surround him. Peace has been in every one's mouth, and recommendations to remain at peace have never ceased to come from the highest authorities at home; yet hardly a year has elapsed without some war arising; and, whilst all men, whether connected with India or otherwise, are convinced that the policy which leads to further conquests is not the best, not a single administration has come to an end without some new province being added to our Eastern dominions. Nor is this all. It will be found, in glancing over the

history of British India, from the days of Clive down to the retirement of Lord Hastings, that the administrations of those governors who have most steadily striven to obey the wishes of the Court of Directors, and to keep the sword in its scabbard, have invariably proved the most injurious to the interests and prosperity of the Anglo-Indian government. A very slight survey of past events will suffice to prove the truth of this seemingly paradoxical assertion.

It is well known that Clive, though himself a soldier, and not less ambitious, perhaps, than any man who has ever sat at the head of the Indian government, whilst he uniformly expressed his conviction that the empire of England could not, with safety, stop short of the point at which it has actually arrived, nevertheless did his best to retard its progress, or rather to render that progress as gradual as circumstances would allow. Clive's first administration was, however, a warlike administration, and under him affairs, if not in every particular prosperous, could not be said to have presented a very perilous aspect. The case was widely different under his more peaceable successors. Internal discord and mutual jealousies, schemes devised, not for the public good, but to enrich individuals, brought the affairs of the Company, under Verelst and Vansittart, into such a state of disorder and weakness, that it required the commanding talents of Clive to restore them to their former condition. In like manner, Mr Hastings's administration proved a fortunate one, only when the peaceable policy with which it began was abandoned. But this matter is placed in a still clearer light, by looking at the different administrations which followed the act of 1784, when Great Britain may truly be said to have assumed a place among the principal nations of Asia.

By the act just referred to, it was expressly declared, that "as the pursuit of schemes of conquest was repugnant to the wishes, and to the honour and policy of the British nation, it was not lawful for the Governor-general of Fort William, without the authority and concord of the Court of Directors, or of the Secret Committee, either to declare or commence hostilities, or to enter into any treaty for making war against any of

the native Princes or states of India," &c. In plain language, both the commencement of hostilities and the termination of alliances, offensive and defensive, with the native powers, unless under circumstances of the most pressing and urgent necessity, were prohibited. No man ever went to India more resolutely determined to act up to the letter of the law than Lord Cornwallis, yet his lordship had not filled his office three years when he felt himself called upon to take up arms against Tippoo Sultan. Had he gone a little farther, and crushed Madhagee Sindia, then only rising into greatness, he would have saved his successors much trouble, and placed the Company's affairs in a far more advantageous position than that which they filled at the period of his resignation. This, however, he neglected to do, and the consequence was, that the power of Sindia's family became, in a few years, such as to bring the very existence of the Anglo-Indian empire into jeopardy. Nevertheless, Lord Cornwallis's was a warlike administration; and it cannot be denied, that its issues were, on the whole, extremely favourable to the interests of this country in the East.

Lord Cornwallis's successor was Sir John Shore, now Lord Teignmouth; a gentleman who, to use the words of Sir John Malcolm, "appears to have been uniformly actuated by a sincere and conscientious desire to govern India agreeably to the strict and literal sense of the act of the Legislature, and to the wishes of his superiors in England." In order to ensure success in his operations against Tippoo, Lord Cornwallis had entered into a treaty both with the Mahrattas and the Nizam; by the terms of which each contracting party became bound to assist the others in case of a future renewal of hostilities on the part of the Mysorean government. During the progress of the war, the Nizam had been our steady ally, and he continued, or desired to continue, faithful to us throughout. It so happened, that very soon after Sir John Shore's assumption of office, the Paishwa, or head of the Mahratta confederation, instigated to the measure chiefly by Madhagee Sindia, began to exhibit a disposition to break from this treaty, and to unite with Tippoo against the Nizam. There cannot be a doubt that both policy and good faith required that the Company

should interpose its strength to save an ally, who had so truly served it against an enemy who was too powerful for him. So strongly, however, was Sir John Shore impressed with the necessity of attending strictly to the terms of the act, that he contented himself with mere remonstrance, only retaining a powerful army on foot all the while, and suffered the Nizam to be defeated, and brought to the brink of ruin. No doubt this line of policy kept the British states at peace during six years; but what was the result? Both Tippoo and the Mahrattas increased their resources, whilst ours remained stationary; and the Nizam, disgusted at our conduct, threw himself into the arms of a French faction, of a nature the most dangerous that could be imagined to the British government. In a word,

"This inactive system of policy, so far from attaining its object, which was to preserve affairs upon the footing in which it had found them, had only the effect of making the British government stationary, while all around it advanced, and of exposing it to dangers arising from the revolutions of its neighbours, while it was even denied the power of adapting its policy to the change of circumstances. The ultimate consequences were such as might have been expected. A period of six years' peace, instead of having added to the strength or improved the security of the British dominions in India, had placed them in a situation of comparative danger. Though the British strength was not lessened, the power and resources of the other states of India had increased. The confidence and attachment of our allies were much shaken, if not destroyed; and the presumption and hostile disposition of the principal native powers in India too clearly showed, that it was to a principle of weakness or of selfish policy, and not of moderation, that they ascribed the course which had been pursued by the British government."—(Vol. I. 192.)

On the retirement of Sir John Shore, the Marquis of Wellesley, then Earl of Mornington, assumed the reins of government. This nobleman entered upon the duties of his office under circumstances of embarrassment and alarm, against which nothing short of the vigour and comprehensiveness of the talents with which he was endowed could have enabled him to bear up. He found the whole of India united, either openly or in secret, against us; Tippoo, the Nizam, and

the Paishwa, all preparing to fall upon us; the former in close correspondence with the French government of the Mauritius, and the two last completely under the influence of a French faction. On the other hand, the country of Oude, to which Sir John Shore had given a ruler, (and it was the only act of interference which distinguished his administration,) was ready to break out into rebellion; the state of the Carnatic, misgoverned and oppressed by usurpers, was useless as an ally; whilst Hindustan, threatened with invasion by Zemaun Shah, could depend only upon the British arms for protection. In such a state of affairs the Marquis of Wellesley instantly perceived, that to obey the letter of his instructions, and to remain at peace till the native powers should commence hostilities, would be to expose the British empire in the East to almost certain destruction. He, accordingly, resolved to anticipate the danger, and by striking some great blow, before the plans of the confederates had become matured, to hinder them from ever arriving at maturity.

The first step necessary to be taken was to detach the Nizam, if possible, from the engagements into which he had entered, and to cause the removal from his service of M. Raymond, with his well-disciplined corps of fifteen thousand men. It was not, however, an easy matter to persuade the court of Hyderabad again to place reliance upon British promises; indeed, had it not been for the kindly disposition of Azeem-ul-Omrah, the prime minister, that object could not, in all probability, have been attained. But Lord Wellesley scrupled not, at such a juncture, to assume towards the ancient ally of England a menacing attitude; and partly by threats, partly by remonstrances, and partly by pledging our government to defend his country against the Mahrattas, in case they should invade it, the Nizam was finally prevailed upon to dismiss the French faction so justly dreaded by the Governor-general.

The war with Tippoo immediately ensued, which again was followed up by an attack upon the Mahratta nations. They were all successful, and though expensive for the time, they brought in the end a vast accession of territory and resources to the British

Empire. A new treaty was likewise entered into with the Vizier of Oude, by which part of his country was ceded to the Company, in lieu of the monthly payments formerly made by him as subsistence for our troops, who kept him on his throne; whilst the entire management of the civil and military affairs of the Carnatic was taken at once into the hands of the English. Subsidiary alliances were, moreover, contracted with the new Raja of Mysore and the Paishwa;—Persia was prevailed upon to give so much occupation to Zemaun Shah, as would effectually divert him from his proposed invasion of Hindustan;—in a word, the cloud which Sir John Shore's pacific administration had permitted to gather round the Company's empire, Lord Wellesley's vigorous system of policy completely dispersed. Nor was this all,—districts, important not more from their wealth than from their local situation, were obtained, which connected the whole of the English Empire together; and above all, the very name of the Company commanded respect from the one end of India to the other. We are quite aware that we have done nothing like justice to Lord Wellesley's magnificent schemes; but our limits not permitting us to indulge our own inclinations farther, we must refer the reader to the fourth chapter of Sir John Malcolm's History, where he will find the subject treated as it deserves.

Glorious as Lord Wellesley's administration had been, there was raised in England a great and unaccountable outcry against it. They were alarmed at the magnitude of the fabric which he had raised, and at the nature of the influence which he had established; and the aged Marquis Cornwallis was in consequence dispatched to undo, as far as might be, all which his predecessor had been labouring to effect. During the short period of its continuance, Lord Cornwallis's second administration was pacific. The subsidiary alliances, upon which the strength of our power depended, were many of them dissolved; treaties were set aside, conquests restored, and aggressions tolerated. Such was likewise the course pursued by Sir George Barlow, with two memorable exceptions. First, he compelled the Vizier to retain a minister about him, who was friendly to our interests, and to

continue the maintenance of his subsidiary force which he had undertaken to maintain; and, secondly, he positively refused, in obedience to orders from home, to admit of any alterations in the terms of the treaty of Bassin. The consequences of such a continued line of policy were severely felt by Lord Minto, to whom, in 1807, the charge of ruling India was assigned.

It would be impossible, without swelling our paper beyond all reasonable compass, to attempt a detail either of this or the succeeding administration of Lord Hastings. Let it suffice to state, that Lord Minto, though a nobleman of extreme moderation, had not been in India one year before he felt and acted upon the necessity of returning to the policy of the Marquis of Wellesley. When he arrived, the countries of Mallwa and Rajpootan were overrun by hordes of plunderers, whom the new system of non-interference permitted to execute the most horrible excesses. The Rajah of Berar, an old and faithful ally of England, was reduced by them to the lowest extremity; the states of Odipore, Joudpore, Jypore, and other principalities which had flourished within themselves, and proved highly useful to England as long as England professed to be their guardian, were in confusion; indeed the following extract from Sir C. Metcalfe's (the resident at Delhi) dispatch, will suffice to convey a tolerably correct picture of affairs as they then stood:—

“I find it difficult,” says he, “when I reply to the application of those people for aid, to obtain even a confession that the moderate policy of the British Government is just. People do not scruple to assert that they have a right to the protection of the British Government. They say that there always has existed some power in India, to which peaceable states submitted, and, in return, obtained protection; that then their own governments were maintained in respectability, and they were secure against the invasions of upstart chiefs, and armies of lawless banditti. That the British Government now occupies the place of the great protecting power, and is the natural guardian of the peaceable and weak; but owing to its refusal to use its influence for their protection, the peaceable and weak states are continually exposed to oppressions and cruelties of robbers and plunderers, the most licentious and abandoned of mankind.”

“The administration of Lord Minto,” says our author, “presents us with a cautious but gradual return to the only principles by which our empire could be maintained. The tone in which he asserted the rights of the British Government, whenever these were threatened, corrected, as far as was possible, the impressions daily made by the growing insolences and excesses of those freebooters, to whom we had abandoned all the central provinces of India, as an arena in which it was vainly imagined that they would continue to war upon each other.”

The administration of Lord Hastings, again, was throughout conducted upon the principle of rendering England the guardian of the peace of India, and the great leading Eastern power. His lordship's policy was, however, not more bold than cautious. He never shunned a rupture at the expense of national honour, nor sacrificed an ally, however feeble, when menaced by an enemy; but he tried every method to bring his enemies to reason before the sword was drawn. The Nepal government committed many outrages ere his lordship determined upon chastising them; but having come to the resolution of waging war, no temporary checks prevented him from bringing the war to a successful issue. He renewed, moreover, all such of the subsidiary treaties as had escaped the eye of Lord Minto, and effected many others. Finally, the complete success of the war against the Pindarees and Mahrattas, led him to proclaim the paramount power of the British government, and to constitute it the arbiter of all disputes, and the conservator of the general peace of India. With the Burmese he found himself, latterly, involved in some disputes; but he contrived, without committing the reputation of his country, to ward off hostilities, and we speak from high authority when we assert, that he never would have engaged in offensive operations against that nation. His lordship's policy was, if war must ensue, to draw the Burmese troops within our own territories, where, with little loss on our part, they might have been destroyed.

But we must have done with this part of our subject. From the quotations which we have given, and our remarks upon them, it will be seen, that we are no friends to that system of external policy, which, affecting moderation, only brings the very ex-

istence of the British empire in India into danger. Circumstances, altogether uncontrollable, have given to us a sovereignty there, with which none other in the world can compare; it is not in our power to act towards the states which surround us, a part different from that which we acted during Lord Hastings's administration. The instant we lower our tone, the decay of our greatness commences; and when it does fairly commence, its dissolution will be rapid indeed. Let us have no more laws, therefore, to limit conquests or to forbid treaties; for these, in the very nature of things, must be a dead-letter. It were far more to the purpose, did Parliament institute a strict inquiry into the nature and constitution of the Indian government, both at home and abroad; for it is from the inapplicability of that, if it be inapplicable to the existing order of things, rather than from the station which we hold among the states of Asia, that the principal danger to our Eastern sovereignty arises.

There is an observation of Sir John Malcolm's, to the truth of which, one who has paid any attention to the events of the last fifty years, will bear testimony:—"The British legislature," says he, "has hitherto but slowly followed the progress of the power of the Company in Asia. It had legislated for factories on a foreign shore, when that Company was in possession of provinces; and when the laws were completed to govern those, it had obtained kingdoms."—Such, indeed, has been the course adopted from the beginning, and such, we are sorry to say, is the course still persevered in. For that the present system of government is inadequate; that the authorities to whom it is intrusted are incompetent, and the laws by which it is administered ill calculated to ensure the prosperity of a great empire, is a fact, which all who are acquainted with the subject must allow. We have already, in our sketch of the rise and progress of the Company's influence, noticed one glaring error in the laws enacted in England for the management of India; namely, that dogmatical principle on which they proceed, in the endeavour to fix that which is constantly changing. We proceed now to say a few words touching the composition of the power

which administers the laws, as well in this country as in Asia.

Few of our readers can be ignorant, that the affairs of India are managed, in England, partly by the Ministry, through the instrumentality of the Board of Control, partly through a Court of Directors, and partly through a Court, or General Meeting of Proprietors. The influence of the latter body is, however, rather negative than positive. From their number, and by their votes, vacancies in the Direction are filled up; and though, in the first place, they possess no right of dictating, nor even of originating any measure, whether commercial or political, still every act, both of the Directors, and of their servants abroad, which may affect, or appear to affect, the interests of the corporation, is liable to investigation from this body, after it has taken place. This privilege necessarily gives a wide and useful range to their debates; whilst the necessity of obtaining their confirmation to all pecuniary grants above a certain value, renders their opinion in all such measures extremely important. The chief error in their constitution appears to be, in the right of the minority, after a subject has been openly discussed in court, and carried, to call for a ballot; at which all proprietors, whatever be their sex or condition, are entitled to vote. With this exception, we are not sure that the Court of Proprietors comes not as near to perfection as need be; for, to use the words of our author—

"The utility of this body, as a check upon the abuse of power, should be calculated, like other parts of our free constitution, less with reference to what they do, than to what they prevent others from doing. A great majority of the proprietors stands alike independent of Ministers, and the Court of Directory, and this position gives them much value as a branch of Indian legislature."

The business of the Board of Control, again, which by the act of 1784 was committed to six privy councillors, with one Secretary of State for the time being as president, is now transacted by a president, two members, and a secretary; each of whom receives a liberal salary, and is presumed to devote his undivided attention to the details of his office. It is the province of this Board, "to check,

control, and superintend all civil, military, and revenue affairs of the Company." In matters of trade they take little or no concern, but every dispatch from the India House, having reference to the subjects above enumerated, must receive the sanction of the Board before it can be forwarded. Nor is the authority of the Board confined even to this. In all cases of political negotiation with native powers, involving questions of peace and war, and requiring secrecy, the Board of Control, on whom the entire responsibility devolves, is empowered by law to frame dispatches, which dispatches may not, however, be transmitted direct from the body which frames them, but must be forwarded through what is called the secret committee of the Court of Directors. We have said that the Board of Control consists of a president, two members, and a secretary; and, as far as efficient members are concerned, we said truly. By these four all the business is transacted. Other nominal members there doubtless are; but they receive no salary, and, of course, take no part in the labour.

The Board of Control is divided into departments; as the Political, the Revenue and Judicial, the Military, &c., to each of which an establishment of clerks is allowed. We shall take occasion to mention these again, after we have said something of the Court of Directors.

The Court of Directors is divided, according to the usage of long standing, into committees; to each of which a different class of duties is intrusted; the divisions having reference to seniority of standing in the direction, rather than to the qualification or fitness of individuals. The chairmen are almost invariably chosen from among the senior members; and the Secret Committee, of which notice has been taken above, consists of the chairman for the time being, and the member next to him in point of seniority. In like manner, the most important of all the committees, that of Correspondence, on which devolves the reading, examining, and answering of all dispatches from India, (those in the secret department alone excepted,) consists of eleven of the senior directors; the chairman, or deputy-chairman, included. With this committee almost all measures of importance originate;

indeed it may be considered as a guide to the court, the rest being occupied in matters of mere detail.

The Court of Directors retain the privilege of nominating to all the great civil and military situations in India, as the Governor-General, and Commander-in-Chief, and are subject to the approval of his Majesty. Should they fail to appoint within two months of a vacancy, then the right of appointing falls to the crown, which also enjoys the prerogative of recall. Minor appointments are all in the gift of the Directors; as cadetships, writerships, &c.; whilst the disposal of such servants as arrive in the country, is most wisely left to the local authorities.

From the preceding sketch it will be seen, that the Board of Control and Court of Directors are so constituted as to act in some measure as checks and balances, the one towards the other. No doubt the authority and influence of the former are in reality paramount; for the latter cannot forward any dispatches to India without the sanction of the Board; but though this be the case, and though the Board may send back such dispatches as have been submitted to its inspection, altered and improved till hardly one word of the original matter be left, still it is something gained, that there is one authority to be consulted besides that of the minister. The Court may not, indeed, refuse to forward the Board's instructions; from the Secret Committee, in particular, not even a written remonstrance is allowed; but should any step glaringly improper be taken, the Court may at once bring the matter before Parliament, and obtain redress. The objection taken, therefore, to the constitution of the Indian Government, by Mr Mill and his admirers, namely, that there is no real check upon the will of the Ministry, but one purely nominal, falls to the ground. Public opinion, and to public opinion the Court of Directors may at any moment appeal, forms the most effectual check which can be applied; in a free country like this, to every public measure, no matter from what authority it emanates.

But though we thus express ourselves, it is very far from our intention to assert that the Government of India in England is perfect, or even near to perfection. Quite the reverse. It is in fact a decided anomaly in its way—a

wheel within a wheel—an *imperium in imperio*. Nevertheless, as our author remarks,

“The merits of every species of government are comparative; and it can be no ground for rejecting any form or substance of rule, that it is incompatible with received ideas—that it is contrary to general opinion, or even inconsistent with common maxims of rule:—all these are good grounds for not establishing a particular government, but they are not conclusive for destroying one that is established. If we had to constitute an administration for British India as it now exists, the man would justly be deemed insane who should propose the present system; but the case is widely altered, when we recollect that it has grown with our empire—that the managing partners of a body of merchants have gradually risen from the details of a factory, to the charge of kingdoms—that their departments, in every branch of government, have kept pace with their enlarged functions—and that the result of the whole has been success and prosperity. Those, indeed, who are hostile to the Company, ascribe this result to the interference of the legislature, and the institution of a Board of Control. Much, no doubt, of the great reform that has been effected, is to be attributed to those causes; but because the Board of Control has proved a good instrument for the purposes for which it was instituted, we must not conclude that it is a safe depository for greater power. In the exercise of all with which it has hitherto been contrasted, it has acted under a restraint as great as it has imposed. The Court of Directors, rendered jealous and vigilant by their reduced condition, have scrutinized every proceeding of the Board, in a manner that has rendered them a very efficacious check against the abuse of its influence or authority.”—Vol. II. p. 70.

Laying aside, therefore, and begging our readers to lay aside, all those prejudices which the fashion of the day is too apt to excite against every institution of long standing, we trust that the Indian Government is a thing not to be rudely and forcibly set aside, but to be improved, as far as it is capable of improvement. Its errors ought to be exposed by all means, and remedies for these errors pointed out; but to go farther would be to produce confusion, not order.

We have no hesitation to say, that both the Board of Control, and the Court of Directors, as at present con-

stituted and arranged, are very incompetent to the management of those important matters which are intrusted to them. It has been already stated, that the active duties of the former Court are discharged, or are supposed to be discharged, by a president, a secretary, who is in Parliament, and two members, to each of whom a liberal salary is allowed. Now, as the appointment to these offices, though nominally in the gift of the Crown, is, like the Crown's other rights of nomination, really in the hands of Ministers, it is not going too far to affirm, that they will generally be bestowed, indeed they generally have been bestowed, rather upon individuals who support the views of the administration for the time being, than upon persons, whose acquaintance with the state of India, or the measures necessary for its proper management, renders them competent to fulfil the trust. Again, the office of president, though often filled by men of eminence, has never been accounted as among the first in his Majesty's Cabinet. The consequence has been, that very few persons have held it long enough to arrive at the knowledge requisite for the discharge of its momentous functions; indeed no fewer than thirteen presidents have been appointed since the passing of the Act of 1793. The same thing may be said of the secretary, and active members of the Board. These have not indeed been changed so frequently, because the present Ministry have kept their places during an unexampled length of time; but they have been daily liable to change, and would have suffered it, had a change of Ministers occurred. All this is bad. When we consider how complicated the affairs of India are—how totally different the entire science of Political Economy, which is applicable to the state of society there, from the science which is acted upon, and ought to be acted upon, here—when we farther look to the masses of documents which must be perused, ere a man is capable of forming any opinion on the questions, which in that Board are continually brought before him, we must admit, that a system which authorises, and even invites, the only efficient members of the Board to look upon themselves as mere birds of passage, is, and must be mischievous, inasmuch as it

furnishes them with a fair excuse for indulging in that indolence, to which all men are more or less naturally addicted. Nay, let the facts of the case speak for themselves.

Though the Board of Control was established so early as 1784, and though it assumed, in appearance at least, a very efficient attitude in 1793, nothing in point of fact was done by it, nor did the statesmen who composed it either know, or profess to know, anything of the interior management of India, till the year 1807. And whence came it, even then, to arrive at something like information, and to take something like an active part in the administration of Indian affairs? Not, good reader, on account of the diligence or zeal of any one of the officers on whom all responsibility rested, but because there chanced to be in the office, as a clerk, a gentleman, whose active and vigorous mind prompted him to struggle with a thousand difficulties, and whose perseverance overcame them. It is to the exertions of James Cumming, Esq.,—no commissioner holding high rank, and receiving a rich salary,—but a mere clerk, at the head of the Revenue and Judicial department, that the Board and the country are indebted for any knowledge which may now be possessed, and any useful interference which may now be exercised, by this controlling body, in the internal government of India. Till he took the matter up, no one dreamed of inquiring whether things were going on aright, or the contrary; and he was enabled to take it up, only because his situation, with that of other clerks, was not liable to be filled by a stranger, as often as the Minister might take it into his head to desire a change. But a system which thus compels the responsible officers to look to officers who are not responsible, for information and instruction how to act, is surely not one which any thinking person will defend.

The objections which we have to offer to the constitution of the Court of Directors, do not in some particulars differ very widely from the objections which we have urged against the constitution of the Board of Control; that is to say, they are formal. The extreme attention paid by that body to ancient usages and established modes of acting—its elaborate division into committees, the business intrusted to

each of which is to be adjudged, not according to talent or capability of carrying it on, but to seniority—these are the causes which operate, and whilst they last, must continue to operate, in rendering the Court a very incompetent power for the management of a great empire. Let it be borne in mind, that all affairs of consequence, everything relating to the politics of India, are managed by the Committee of Correspondence. Now, as a man must have been in the Direction eleven years, before he is of sufficient standing to be chosen a member of that Committee; and as his whole employment during the progress of these eleven years consists in matters of management and detail, and in superintending commercial arrangements, looking to invoices, &c., some idea may be formed how far he will be qualified, at the end of them, to conduct the government of such an empire as India, or to unravel the intricacies in which its whole administration is wrapped up. Nor is it only because his mind has been allowed to rust during eleven long years, that such a man will endeavour once more to exert it under circumstances of vast disadvantage. Whatever his knowledge of Indian affairs may have been when he first took his seat in the Direction, he will find himself, on entering the Committee of Correspondence, almost as much in the dark as if he were only then beginning to study the subject. Let us put this in a clearer light.

Suppose a gentleman shall retire from India, after having spent twenty or thirty years there, and spent them, not as they are too often spent, idly and unprofitably, but with a view to make himself useful hereafter, and well-informed in the meantime—suppose such a man returned from India—and suppose him chosen into the Direction immediately on his arrival in England, of what use is all his knowledge? Absolutely of none. He is condemned to act with persons, whose whole business consists in examining ledgers—the Committee of Correspondence will not condescend to consult him—he sees no dispatches—he is ignorant of the great changes which are every day taking place in the condition of the country where his youth was passed—and, finally, when he is placed in the only situation in which he could, had he been placed

there in time, have proved useful, his capability of being useful is gone. "Old things have passed away," and new things taken their room; and he finds, on bringing his original plans into view, that they are no longer necessary, nor indeed practicable. That man naturally and unavoidably adds one to the multitude of prejudiced, antiquated beings, whom one meets in all companies, and whose whole conversation is made up of anecdotes of men and places, whose very names are long ago forgotten.

It is hardly necessary that we should point out the remedies applicable to such errors as these. The very statement of the errors themselves must suggest a proper method for their removal. Let the connexion between the Ministry and the Board of Control be so far dissolved, that a president and secretary, once appointed, shall not be removeable, except for incapacity or malversation. Let the individuals chosen be made sensible, that they shall be held responsible, not in word, but in reality, for their proceedings—let an Indian budget be regularly called for in the House of Commons, and the utmost publicity given to the transactions of the Indian government—in a word, let the subject of India be treated, as it deserves to be treated by the Legislature, as one of the most important which is ever brought before it, and we will answer for things going on far better than they have gone on during the last half century. There is not under the Crown an office of weightier trust than that of President of the Board of Control. No individual ought to fill it who is not qualified, as well from experience as from a full sense of the nature of the Indian empire, and the consequent necessity which exists for managing it aright. Hitherto we have had at the head of the Board men of respectable, some of them of commanding talents, no doubt. The late Lord Melville, the late Lord Castlereagh, Mr Tierney, Mr Canning, and others, have all in their turns sat there; nor will any one deny to them the praise which is due to transcendent abilities; but it may be safely added, that not one of them possessed half the knowledge of India, which a President of the Board of Control ought to possess, or was able, in consequence

of the station which he filled in the country, to acquire it. We should like to see such a man as Sir Thomas Munro at the head of that Board, with Sir John Malcolm as one of his coadjutors.

With respect, again, to the Court of Directors, nothing can be more manifest, than that they do themselves, and the interests of their empire, infinite mischief, by their persevering adherence to ancient usages, merely because they are ancient. It ought to be borne in mind, that affairs far more intricate, and more important than those of trade, are now submitted to their management; and hence that an acquaintance with the forms of the Court is not now the only requisite for a member of the Managing Committee. The Committee of Correspondence, instead of being composed of eleven old and deeply-prejudiced persons, ought to be made up from the members whose knowledge of the state of the country arises from late experience, or whose general aptitude for the business of governing is confessed. Were this done, we should desire no better medium through which to manage the affairs of India.

There is yet another subject on which Sir John Malcolm, in his Review of the Indian Government in England, has enlarged a good deal, but to which we can only allude. In appointing to the high stations of Governor-General, Governors of Presidencies, Commander-in-chief, &c. it is much to be regretted that the Court of Directors look not more to the qualifications of individuals than to any other point. It has, for example, been too much the practice to reward services performed in other parts of the world, by a government, or place of trust, in India. Now, we know not any station which requires a greater combination of rare and peculiar talents in the man who fills it, than that of Governor-General of India. Local experience ought to accompany comprehensiveness of mind, and a thorough knowledge of human nature generally; for as a knowledge of human nature, as it elsewhere shows itself, and even brilliant political abilities, if unaccompanied by local experience, are often found inadequate to the proper conduct of matters in India, so is mere local experience found

to compensate in no degree for the absence of these other and most important qualifications. The same thing, only to a less extent, may be said of the talents necessary in the Governors of Madras and Bombay. These two presidencies were never better managed than they have been under men bred in the service of the Company; we allude to Sir Thomas Munro, and the Honourable Montstuart Elphinstone.

We are well aware that a considerable party exists, and that the party numbers among its adherents not a few men, and men of talent too, whose youth has been spent in India, which would remedy all the defects of the Indian government, by annihilating the Company's charter, and placing India on the same footing with our other colonies. We are not of that way of thinking. Were this done, the affairs of India would necessarily become even more secondary than they are at present, whilst the very worst consequences would unavoidably follow, from the vast mass of patronage which would hereby be thrown into the hands of the Minister. Should some question relating to the trade or interior arrangements of England, in carrying which the Minister had set his heart, be doubtful, places in India would be heaped upon his opponents, till all opposition had ceased. Thus would the independence of our senators be destroyed, whilst the Indian Empire, intrusted to the care of persons totally incompetent to manage it, would speedily fall into confusion. Nor is this all. It is not with India as with other colonies—with the West Indies for example, or Canada—there are no local colonial assemblies to protect the people against the consequences of misgovernment at home. Every act here, be it mischievous or the reverse, would be carried into execution without a remonstrance, till in the end India would be lost. Our opinion is, therefore, to be given in few words. Keep your Indian government as it is, only sweep away the cobwebs of prejudice which impede its progress, and let such wheels and springs be from time to time added, as the weight it has to support shall seem to require.

We regret extremely that the length to which this paper has already ex-

tended, will not permit us to devote more than a very narrow space to the consideration of the Local Governments of British India. It is true, that our sentiments on that head are already well known to the public; nevertheless, we feel so deep an interest in the subject, and we are so desirous of exciting a similar interest in our readers, that it is not without extreme reluctance that we abstain from once more treating it at length. We feel, however, that this may not be; and shall therefore content ourselves with merely touching upon a few topics, of which most will be found more fully and more ably discussed in the pages of our author.

The first regular attempt made to reduce the local government of British India to a system, was that which occurred during the first administration of Lord Cornwallis, and of which his Lordship has most unjustly obtained the credit. We say unjustly, because there are now lying beside us documents which prove, with the force of demonstration, that Lord Cornwallis was no more than a tool in the hands of a party; and that the real parent of the system of 1793, with all its excellencies and defects, was Sir George Barlow. The friends of Lord Cornwallis need not be angry with us for making this disclosure. Heaven knows, the perpetual settlement, the code of regulations, the general system of judicature and police, then brought into play, are not works of which any statesman need be proud.

By the operation of that system, it is known that a complete revolution in the landed property of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, took place. Not that such was the object of the system; for though it be generally said that Lord Cornwallis conferred the property in the soil on the Pergunnah Zemindars, no assertion can be more erroneous. The destruction of the rights of the Ryots,—the village Zemindars, or Maleks, as they are sometimes called,—grew out of the indolence and inattention of the authorities, whose business it was to inquire into the privileges of different classes in the community. It was hastened, indeed, by the carrying into force of that absurd and iniquitous regulation, which made the whole lands of each Zemindary saleable at the will of the government,

whenever the Zemindar, or Middleman, should fall into arrears with his collections; but it might have been prevented, had the administrators of the law done their duty. But a system which carried in its form such defects—which could permit individual ease to be preferred to the happiness of millions, is surely not one which any honest mind would covet the honour of having invented.

But if our revenue system has been productive of such effects, what shall be said of a system of police, of the consequences attendant upon which the following account is given by Mr James Stuart, one of the ablest functionaries in the Company's service:—

“In the department of the police, the review is no less mortifying. For a very long period our unhappy subjects have been the victims of atrocities of which language could offer only a feeble portraiture; and these horrors have been most prevalent in districts which *have been longest under the British authority, and are nearest to the metropolis of the empire.*”

The fact is, that our system, whilst it destroyed all the ancient institutions of the country, substituted nothing effective in their room; and though now we believe matters to be a degree or two better, inasmuch as an experience of forty years, whilst it has taught us to vary our mode of acting a little, has likewise operated in reconciling the people of Bengal to our policy, still we cannot say that we approve of any scheme of governing, which must first create anarchy in a country, and then by terrible measures reduce it to order.

Of our judicial system, likewise, there is not to be found one good authority, which speaks not in terms of absolute condemnation. In civil questions, our forms are so numerous, and the expense of conducting suits is so great, that, to use the words of Sir Thomas Munro, “the great body of the Ryots, who are the people most exposed to wrong, must suffer in silence, because they cannot afford to complain. Under every native government, though occasionally subject to the most tyrannical exactions, they could, in general, obtain redress free of expense. It is only under a new judicial code, framed expressly for their benefit, that they are utterly excluded from justice. Yet with all this, so inadequate are our establishments for the distribution of

justice, that the arrears of causes before the different tribunals in Bengal, on the 1st of July 1807, amounted to 121,453; and in 1815 were farther increased by 20,953.”

In criminal matters, again, our unaccountable adoption of the Mahomedan law, with the extreme attention paid to evidence, has been productive of the most ruinous effects. Nothing short of a statement upon oath will satisfy our punctiliousness; and women are, by the law of the Koran, excluded altogether from credit. The following anecdote, given by Mr Tytler, in his valuable work, “The State of India,” vol. I. p. 125, will serve to show how the machine works:—

“The leader of this notorious gang, (a gang of Duicts who had been guilty of the most fearful excesses,) whose cruelty in the instance of burning to death the poor peasant formerly mentioned, who was well known as the perpetrator of various murders, and who was tried, and, in my opinion, fully convicted, as the murderer of the Evinda above mentioned, was yet acquitted by the Court of Circuit, because the evidence did not satisfy the Mussulman Mulavee of the Court. There was not, in this trial, the slightest reason to suspect the testimony of the witnesses; but they had, as is customary in every Indian trial, exaggerated some facts; and, *most unfortunately, several of them were women.*”

But this, though a very serious evil, is the least of the evils produced by our system. The Mahomedan law was utterly unknown among the Hindoos till we introduced it. In all its points, it offends the most beloved prejudices; whilst even among the Mahomedans themselves, our modification of it, and the circumstance of having it administered by Christians, have taken away all respect for it.

Whilst such have been the results of our financial, judicial, and police regulations, in Bengal, it is melancholy to learn, that the greatest efforts have been made, and are daily making, to extend these regulations over every part of India subject to the British rule. Now, had they answered ever so well, which they did not, in Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, it is notorious, that the people of these provinces hardly differ more from their English rulers than they differ from the people of Deyra Doon, for example, or the inhabitants of any other province of Central

India. Yet upon the people of Deyra Doon would the Bengal system have been forced in the year 1817, had not the Board of Control interfered to prevent the measure; and sorry are we to observe, that the love of uniformity still guides the local authorities in their dealings with other states. Sir John Malcolm is right. Let our government force its code where it is not needed, and they will soon be without an empire to govern.

Sir John Malcolm has dwelt at considerable length upon the pressure of business imposed upon every functionary in India, from the Governor-General down to the assistant-judge of a Zilla Court. Sir John Malcolm is justified in so doing; they are overwhelmed with business. But why are they so? Because we will not employ, in any office of respectability and trust, our native subjects. Whether this proceeds from caution,—a diffidence of the trust-worthiness,—or a still more objectionable failing,—a disinclination to diminish the Company's patronage at home, we know not; but of one thing we are quite convinced, that no policy was ever more iniquitous, or more short-sighted. The Moguls employed Hindoos in all stations,—even in the command of armies,—and the Hindoos served them faithfully during many centuries; is it probable, that we shall continue masters of India, if our present depressing system last during half the time? Perhaps, indeed, there may be that in the nature of our discipline, or in the connexion which subsists between us and them, which will not authorize the intrusting of military command to a native; but we confess with Sir Thomas Munroe, that we "should like to see the day, when eminent and distinguished natives shall sit beside Europeans, even in the Supreme Council at Calcutta." At all events, there are a variety of offices, those of judges of districts, heads of police, local magistrates, &c. which they could fill far more advantageously to the country than strangers;—why are they not thus employed? Our author recommends that such native soldiers as have distinguished themselves in the field, shall be rewarded by appointments in the police department; and that the native officers shall, under similar circumstances,

be placed at their head. He further advises that the latter, in particular, shall have grants of waste land made to them, and so be elevated, after they retire, in the eyes of their tribe. Some such regulations are much wanted, for at present even faithful sepoy are but miserably remunerated for their fidelity in a profession, from rising to eminence in which they are for ever shut out.

The reader will find in these volumes many useful hints, respecting the education, the habits, and the mode of disposing of young men who enter the civil service of the Company. He will likewise read with deep interest, the section devoted to a consideration of the state of the native troops; whilst the author's observations on the subject of colonization, his suggestions as to the present and future employment of half-casts, his observations on the propagation of Christianity, and the freedom of the press in India, must, we are convinced, prove satisfactory to all unprejudiced minds. With respect to colonization, nothing can be more self-evident, than that we possess no moral right to intrude our superfluous population upon a country already overstocked with inhabitants; and that were we to attempt the measure, much mischief would result. Englishmen brought out, as our colonists would be brought out, and settling at random in the midst of a people, more tenacious of ancient prejudices than any other under the sun, would speedily throw the whole empire into confusion; whilst even supposing a colony to strike root, the effects of climate, of a promiscuous intercourse with females of the lower caste, would soon cause the men who composed it, to degenerate both in body and mind. Thus, that respect for our nation which the natives entertain, and which alone enables us to continue masters of India, would be destroyed, and with it would depart all our influence and authority. The late opening of the trade to India, and the permission granted to mechanics and handicraftsmen to settle in the capital, have not as yet been productive of any striking injury; but to sanction the purchase of land by Europeans, and the establishment of agricultural colonists in the country, could not fail to overset our empire.

On the subject of propagating the Gospel, and sanctioning a free press in India, Sir John Malcolm speaks the language of common sense. Let every effort be made to effect the first object, which is compatible with prudence and sound judgment. Whatever is done, let it be done, and seem to be done, not by the government, but by individuals; and as far as may be, let all missionaries speak the same thing. Rudely and officiously to rail against the superstitions of the natives, our author justly regards as a measure very unlikely to bring about their conversion; indeed, he manifestly recommends, not so much the public preaching of the Christian tenets, as the cautious and gradual development of the error of existing systems, by the promulgation of Christian morality. This, especially if done in schools, will, he conceives, lead much more effectually to the future conversion of the people of India than open disputations, which only irritate men's feelings, and through their feelings confirm their prejudices.

And lastly, with respect to a free press, our author justly shows, that to attempt to introduce any such engine into India, is in reality to seek the overthrow of the English empire there. Mr Buckingham has, indeed, made a prodigious fuss of late about his dismissal from Calcutta; and Lord John Russell, Mr Hume, and others, have made monstrous ninnies of themselves by espousing his quarrel. But even Mr Buckingham must know, that there really is no public in India whom a free press could materially benefit; whilst every exposure of our weakness to the natives, must have a tendency, more or less direct, to stir

up in them a desire to shake off our yoke. Besides, neither Mr Buckingham, nor any other editor of a journal, has the smallest right to complain, because he enjoys not the same liberty of writing or printing in India on all subjects, which is enjoyed by men similarly circumstanced in England. Whoever proceeds to a colony from the mother-country, consents to give up a number of advantages, which in the mother-country he has been accustomed to enjoy, and tacitly engages to submit to the local regulations, of whatever nature they may be. But it is a wise, because a necessary precaution, on the part of the Indian Government, to keep a strict surveillance over the local press; nor ought any one to put himself under its control, whose happiness depends upon his ability to publish his own remarks upon every subject which may happen to excite his interest.

But we must have done, having already far exceeded the bounds which we had prescribed to ourselves, and trespassed upon the patience of our reader, to a degree, for which the vast importance of the subject under discussion can alone plead our excuse. We thank Sir John Malcolm for his volumes,—they contain a very valuable addition to the stock of information already possessed by the public, and one very creditable to the author. Yet, a wide field remains behind. Many works must follow this, before the people of England shall be made to entertain tolerably correct notions concerning the condition of the Indian empire, or take any adequate interest in it;—we hope they will not be tardy in making their appearance.

A PHILISTINE IN THE COAL-HOUSE.

From Mansie Wauch's Autobiography.

Hoo cam this man here,
And hoo can it be?
Hoo cam this man here,
Without the leave o' me?

Old Song.

YEARS wore on after the departure and death of poor Mungo Glen, during the which I had a sowl o' prentices, guid, bad, and indifferent, and wha afterwards cut, and are cutting, a variety of figures in the world. Sometimes I had twa or three at a time; for the increase of business that flowed in upon me wi' a full stream was tremendous, enabling me—wha say't, that shoudna say't—to lay by a when bawbees for a sair head, or the frailties of auld age. Somehoo or ither, the claes made on my shop-board cam into great vogue through all Dalkeith, baith for neatness o' shape, and nicety o' workmanship; and the young journeymen of ither masters didna think themselves perfected, or worthy a decent wage, till they had creukit their houghs for three months in my service. With regard to mysell, some of my acquaintances tell't me, that if I had gane into Embrough to push my fortune, I could have cut half the trade out o' bread, and maybe risen, in the course of nature, to be Lord Provost himsell; but I just heard them speak, and keepit my wheisht. Every man has a right to be the best judge of his ain private matters; though, to be sure, the advice o' a true friend is often more precious than rubies, and sweeter than the Balm of Gilead.

It was about the month of March, in the year of grace anno domini eighteen hunder, that the hail country trummelled, like a man ill of the interminable fiver, under the consternation of Bonapartie, and all the French vagabonds emigrating ower, and landing in the Firth. Keep us a'! the folk, dytit bodies, pat less confidence than became them in what our volunteer regiments were able and willing to do; though we had a remnant amang us of the true bluid, that with loud laughter lauched the creatures to scorn, and I, for ane, keepit up my pluck, like a true Hielander. Does ony leeving soul believe that Scotland could be conquered, and the

like o' us sold, like Egyptian slaves, into captivity? Fie, fie—I could spit on siccan haevers. Are we no descended, faither and son, frae Robert Bruce and Sir William Wallace, having the bright bluid of freemen in our veins, and the Pentland hills, as weel as our ain dear hames and firesides, to fight for? The fief that wadna gie cut-and-thrust for his country, as lang as he had a breath to draw, or a leg to stand on, should be tied neck and heels, without benefit o' clergy, and thrown ower Leith pier, to swim for his life like a mangy dog!

Hard doubtless it is—and I freely confess't—to be called by sound o' bugle, or tuck o' drum, frae the counter and the shop-board, men, that hae been born and bred to peaceful callings, to munt the red-jacket, soap the hair, buckle on the buff-belt, load wi' ball-cartridge, and screw bayonets; but it's nae use talking; we were ever the free Breetish; and afore we would say to Frenchmen that we were their humble servants, we would till it, nieve to nieve, and either twist the very noses aff their faces, or perish in the glorious struggle.

It was aye the opinion of the Opposition-folk, the Whigs, the Black-nebs, the Radicals, and the Friends of the People, together wi' the rest o' the clanjamphrey, that it was a done battle, and that Bonapartie wad lick us back and side. All this was in the heart and heat of the great war, when we were struggling, like drowning men, for our very life and existence, and when our colours were nailed to the mast-head. These gentry wad fain have had us cry out, “spare us our paiks, turn our pouches inside out; then shake hands, and let us sit down and tak a glass thègither.” Ane wad hae thoct they were a set o' prophets, they were all sae busy prophesying—and never onything guid. They kent (believe them) that we were to be smote hip and thigh; and that to oppose the vile Corsican was like men wi' strait-jackets out of Bedlam. They

could see naething brewing around them, but death, and disaster, and desolation, and pillage, and national bankruptcy,—our brave Hielanders, wi' their heads shot aff, lying wi' bare houghs on the bluidy field o' battle, all slaughtered to a man,—our sailors, hand-cuffed and shackled, moosing in French prison on the by-past days of Camperdown, and of Lord Rodney breaking through the line, wi' a' their fleets sunk to the bottom of the salt sea, after being raked fore and aft with chain-shot,—and our timber, sugar, tea, and treacle-merchants, all fleeing for safety and succour down to lodgings in the Abbey-strand, wi' a yellow stocking on the ae leg, and a black ane on the ither, like a when mountebanks. Little could they foresee, wi' their spentacles of prophecy, hoo Bonapartie had be houghed aff his throne, like a gingebread cake at the roly-poly; or that a battle o' Waterloo wad ever be fought, to mak the confoundit fugies draw in their horns, and steik up their scraunching gabs for ever.

I dinna pretend to be a politician, —having been bred to the tailoring line syne ever I was a callant, and no seeing the Advertizeer Newspapers, or the Edinburgh Evening Courant, save and except at an orra time,—so I shall say nae mair, nor pretend to be ane of the thousand-and-ane wise men able and willing to direct his Majesty's Ministers, on a matters of importance regarding church or state. Ae thing, hoosomever, I trust I ken,—and that is, my duty to my King, as his loyal subject; to auld Scotland, as her unworthy son; and to my family, as their prop, support, and breadwinner; —so I shall stick to all three, (under Heevan,) as lang as I hae a drap o' bluid in my precious veins. But the truth is—and I will let it out and shame the deil—that I couldna help making these general observations, (as Maister Wiggle calls the spiritual-eezing of his discourses,) as what I have to relate might weil mak my principles suspekkit, were they no kent to all the world to be as firm as the foundations of the Bass Rock.—Ye shall nevertheless judge for yersell.

As I was saying,—afore I was gieing Frenchmen and Radicals their ditty,—it was sometime in the blasty month of March, the weather being rawish and rainy, wi' sharp frosty nights, that left a' the window-soles

whitewashed ower with frost-rind in the mornings, that, as I was ganging out in the dark, afore lying down in my bed, to gie a look into the hen-house door, and lock the coal-cellar, so that I might pit the bit key intil my breech pouches, I happened to gie a keek in, and, lo and behold, the awfu' apparition of a man wi' a yellow jacket, lying sound asleep on a great lump o' parrot-coal, in a corner!

In the first hurry of my terror and surprise, at seeing a man with a yellow jacket and a blue foraging-cap in sich a situation, I was like to drap the guid twopenny candle, and feint clean away; but, coming to mysell in a jiffy, I determined, in case it might be a highway rubber, to thraw aboot the key, and, rinning up for the firelock, shoot him through the head instantly, if found necessary. In turning round the key, the lock, being in want of a feather o' oil, made a noise, and waukened the puir wretch, who, jumping to the soles of his feet in despair, cried out in a voice that was like to break my heart, though I couldna mak out ae word of his paraphernally. It minded me, by a' the world, of a when cats fuffing and feighting through ither, and whiles something that sounded like "Sugar, sugar, measure the cord," and "dabble dabble." It was waur than the maist outrageous Gaelic ever spoken in the height o' passion by a Hieland shearer.

"Oho!" thinks I, "friend, ye canna be a Christian from yere lingo, that's ae thing poz; and I wad wager tip-pence yere a Frenchy. Wha kens, keep us a', but ye may be Bonapartie himsell in disguise, come ower in a flat-bottomed boat, to spy the nakedness of the land. So ye may just rest content, and keep your quarters guid till the morn's morning."

It was a wonderfu' business, and enouch to happen to a man in the coorse of his lifetime, to find Mounseer from Paris in his coal-nook, and hae the enemy of his country snug under lock and key; so, while he keepit rampaging, fuffing, stamping, and diabbling away, I gaed in, and brought out Benjie, wi' a blanket rowed round him, and my journeyman, Tammy Bodkin, wha being an orphan, I made a kind o' parlour-boarder of, he sleeping on a shake-down ayont the kitchen fire, to hold a con-

sultation, and be witnesses o' the transaction.

I got my musket, and Tammy Bodkin armed himself wi' the guse, a deadly wapon, whaever may get a clure wi't, and Benjie took the poker in ae hand and the tangs in the ither; and out we all marched briskly, to mak the Frenchman that was lockit up frae the light o' day in the coal-house surrender. After hearkening at the door for a while, and finding a' quiet, we gied a nock to rouse him up, and see if we could bring onything out o' him by speering him cross-questions. Tammy and Benjie trummelled frae tap to tae, like ashen leaves, but feint a word could we make common sense of at a'. I wonder wha edicates thae foreign creatures? it was in vain to follow him, for he just gab, gabbed away, like ane o' the stonemasons at the tower of Babel. At first I was completely bamboozled, and amaist dung stupid, though I kent ae word of French which I wantit to pit till him, so I cried through, "Canna you speak Frencha, Mounseer?"

He hadna the politeness to stop and mak answer, but just gaed on wi' his string of havers, without either rhyme or reason, which we could mak neither tap, tail, nor main o'.

It was a sair trial to us a', putting us to our wit's end, and hoo to come on was past all veesible comprehension; when Tammy Bodkin, gieing his elbow a claw, said, "Odd, maister, I wager something, that he's broken loose frae Pennicuick. We have him like a rotten in a fa'."

On Pennicuick being mentioned, we heard the foreign cratur in the coal-house groaning out, "och" and "ohone," and "parbleu," and "Mysie Rabble,"—that I fancy was his sweetheart at hame, some bit French quean, that wondered he was never like to come frae the wars and marry her. I thoct on this, for his voice was mournfu', though I coudna understand the words; and kenning he was a stranger in a far land, my bowels yearned within me with compassion towards him.

I wad hae gien half-a-crown, at that blessed moment, to hae been able to wash my hands free o' him; but I swithered, and was like the cuddie between the twa bundles of hay. At lang and last a thoct struck me, which was to gie the deluded simple creatur a chance of escape; reckoning

that, if he fand his way hame, he wad see the shame and folly of feighting against us ony mair; and, marrying Mysie Rabble, live a contented and peacefu life, under his ain feg and bay tree. So, wishing him a sound sleep, I cried through the door, "Mounseer, gooda nighta;" decoying away Benjie and Tammy Bodkin into the house. Bidding them depart to their beds, I said to them, after steiking the door, "Now, callants, we have the precious life of a fellow-creatur in our hand, and to account for. Though he has a yellow jacket on, and speaks nonsense, yet, nevertheless, he is of the same flesh and bluid as oursells. Maybe we may be a' obleeged to wear green foraging-caps afore we dee yet! Mention what we hae seen and heard to nae leiving soul; for maybe, gif he were to escape, we wad be all taen up on suspicion of being spies, and hanged on a gallows as high as Haman."—After gieing them this holesome advice, I dispatched them to their beds like lamp-lighters, bidding them never fash their thumbs, but sleep like taps, as I wad keep a sharp look-out till morning.

As soon, hoosomever, as I heard them sleeping, and playing on the pipes through their noses, I cried first "Tammie," and syne "Benjie," to be sure; and, glad to receive nae answer from either, I gaed to the aumrie and took out a mutton bane, gey sair pykit, but fleshy eneuch at the moose end; and, pitting a penny row aside it, crap out to the coal-house on my tip-taes. All was quiet as pussie,—so I shot them through the hole at the corner made for letting the gaislings in by; and, gieing a tirl, cried saftly through, "Halloa, Mounseer, there's yere suppera fora youa; for I dara saya you are yauppa."

The puir chiel commenced again to grunt and grane, and groan and yelp, and cry ohone;—and mak sick waefu lamentations, that heart o' man coudna stand it; and I fand the warm tears prap, prapping to my een. Before being putten to this trial of my strength, I thoct that, if ever it was my fortune to foregather wi' a Frenchman, either him or me would do or die; but, ifegs, ane shoudna crack sae crouse afore they are put to the test; and, though I had taen a prisoner without feighting at a',—though he had come into the coal-house of the Philistines of his ain accord as it

were, and was as safe as the spy in the house of Rahab at Jericho,—and, though we had him, like a moose aneath a firlok, snug under custody of lock and key, yet I considered within mysell, wi' a pitiful consideration, that, although he couldna speak weel, he might yet feel deeply; that he might hae a father and mither, and sisters and brithers, in his ain country, weeping and wearying for his return; and that his true love Mysie Rabble might pine away like a snap-pit flower, and die of a broken heart.

Being a volunteer, and so ane of his majesty's confidential servants, I swithered tremendously between my duty as a man and a seldier; but, dac what you like, nature will aye be up-fermost. The scale weighed down to the side of peety. I hearkened to the scripture that promises a blessing to the merciful in heart, and determined, come o't what would, to let the Frenchy tak his chance of falling into ither hands.

Having gien him a due allowance by looking at my watch, and thinking he would have had enouch of time to hae taen his wull of the mutton-bane in the way of pyking, I gaed to the press and brought out a bottle of swipes, which I also shoved through the hole; although, for lack of a tanker, there being nane at hand, he would be obleeged to lift it to his head, and guller't ower as weel as might be. To show the cratur didna want sense, he shoved, when he was dune, the empty plate and the toom bottle through aneath the door, mumbling some trash or ither, which nae leeving could comprehend, but which, I daur say, from the way it was said, was the telling me hoo muckle obleeged he was for his supper and puir lodging. Frae my kindness towards him, he grew mair composed; but, as he gaed back to the corner to lie down, I heard him gie twa three heavy sighs.—I couldna thol't, mortal foe though the man was of mine, so I gied the key a canny thraw round in the lock, as it were by chance; and, wishing him a good night, gaed to my bed beside Nanse.

At the dawn o' day, by cock-craw, Benjie and Tammy Bodkin, keen o' the ploy, were up and astir, as anxious as if their life depended on it, to see that all was safe and snug, and that the prisoner hadna shot the lock. They agreed to march sentry ower

him, half an hour the piece, time about, the ane stretching himsell out on a stool beside the kitchen fire, by way of a bench in the guard-house, while the ither gaed to and fro like the ticker of a clock. I daur say they saw thesells marching him, after breakfast time, through a mob of weans, wi' glouring een and gaping mouths, up to the tobouth.

The back window being up a jink, I heard the twa confabbing. "We'll draw cuts," said Benjie, "which is to walk sentry first; see, here's twa straes, the langest gets the choice." "I've won," cried Tammie; "so gang you in a while, and, if I need ye, or grow frightened, I'll beat leather-ty-patch wi' my knuckles on the back-door. But we had better see first what he is aboot, for he may be howking a hole through aneath the foundations; thae fiefs can work like moudie-wards."—"I'll slip forrit," said Benjie, "and gie a peep."—"Keep to a side," cried Tammy Bodkin, "for, dog on it, Moosey'll maybe hae a pistol; and, if his birse be up, he would think nae mair o' shooting ye as dead as a mawk, than I would do of taking my breakfast."

"I'll rin past, and gie a knock at the door wi' the poker to rouse him up?" askit Benjie.

"Come away then," answered Tammie, "and ye'll hear him gie a yowl, and commence gabbling like a goose."

As a' this was going on, I raise, and took a veesy between the chinks of the windowshutters; so, just as I got my neb to the hole, I saw Benjie, as he flew past, gie the door a drive. His consternation, on finding it flee half open, may be easier imagined than described; especially, as on the door dunting tae again, it being soople in the hinges, they baith plainly heard a fistling within. Neither o' them ever got siccan a fleg since they were born; for, expecting the Frenchman to bounce out like a roaring lion, they hurried like mad into the house, coup-ning the creels ower ane anither, Tammie spraining his thumb against the back door, and Benjie's foot ganging into Tammie's coat pocket, which it carried away wi't, like a cloth sandal.

At the noise of this stramash, I took opportunity to come fleeing down the stair, wi' the gun in my hand; in

the first place, to show them I wasna frightened to handle firearms; and, in the second, making pretence that I thocht it was Mounseer wi' his green foraging-cap, making an attempt at housebreaking. Benjie was in a terrible pickle; and, though his nose was bluiding, wi the drive he had come against Tammie's teeth, he took haud of my arm like grim death, crying, "Tak tent, faither, tak tent; the door is open, and the Pennicuiker hiding himsell ahint it. He'll brain some o'us wi' a lump o' coal."

I jealoused at ance that this was nonsense; judging that, by all means o' rationality, the cratur wad be aff and away like lightning to the sea-shore, and ower to France in some honest man's fishing-boat, down by at Fisherraw; but to throw stoure in the een o' the twa callants, I loaded wi' a wheen draps in their presence; and warily priming the pan, gaed forrit wi' the piece at full cock.

Tammie and Benjie cam behint me, while, pushing the door wide open wi' the muzzle, as I held my finger at the tricker, I cried, "Stand or be shot;" when young Cursecowl's big ugly mastiff-doug, wi' the bare mutton-bane in its teeth, bolted thro between my legs like fire and fury, and wi' sic a force as to heel me ower on the braid of my back, while I gled a dunt on the causeway that made the gun gang aff, and riddled Nanse's best washing-tub in a manner that laid it on the superannuated-list, as to the matter of holding in water. The goose, that was sitting on her eggs, amang clean strae, in the inside o't, was also rendered a lamiter for life.

What became of the French vagrant was never seen or heard tell o' from that day to this. Maybe he was catched, and, tied neck and heels, hurried back to Pennicuick, as fast as he left it; or may be—as ane of the Fisherraw oyster-boats was amissing next morning—he succeeded in gieing our brave fleets the slip, and rowing night and day against wind and tide, got hame in a safe skin; but this is a matter of surmeeze; nae human kens.

On making search in the coal-house, at our leisure afterwards, we fand a box-full of things wi' black dots on them, some wi' ane, some wi' twa, and four, and six, and sae on, for playing at an outlandish gaem, they ca the Dominoos. It was the handywark of the puir French cratur, that had nae ither

Christian employment, but making these and sic like, out of sheep-shanks and marrow-banes. I never likit gambling a' my life, it being contrair to the ten commandments; and mind of pitting on the back of the fire the auld pack o'cards, wi' the Jack o' trumps amang them, that the deboched journeymen tailors, in the shop wi' me in the Grass-market, used to play birkie wi', when the maister's back was turned. This is the first time I have acknowledged the transaction to a living soul; had they fand me out at the time, my life wadnae hae been worth a rotten wa'nut! But as to the dominoos, considering that the Frenchy maun hae left them as a token o' gratitude, and as the only payment in his power for a bit comfortable supper, it behooved me—for so I thocht—no to turn the wrang side o' my face a'thegither on his present, as that wad be unmannerly towards a puir stranger.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding all these reasons, the dominoos, after everything that can be said of guid anent them, were a black sight, and for months and months produced a scene of riot and idle-set after loosing-hours, that gaed far to render our housie, that was before a picture of decorum and decency, a tabernacle of confusion, and a hell upon yearth. Whenever time for stopping wark cam about, doun we regularly all sat, night after night, the wife, Benjie, Tammy Bodkin, and myself, playing for a happeny the game, and growing as anxious, fierce, and keen about it, as if we had been yearning the bread of life. After twa three months trial, I saw that it wad never do, for a' subordination was fast coming to an end in our bit house, and, for lack of looking after, a great number of sma accounts for clouting elbows, piecing waiscoats, and mending leggins, remained unpaid; a great number o' wauf customers crowding about us, by way of gieing us their change, but wi' nae intention of ever paying a single fraction. The wife, that used to keep everything bein and snug, behaving hersell like the sober mother of a family, began to funk on being taen thro hands, and grew obstrappulous wi' her tongue. Instead of following my directions—wha was his born maister—in the cutting and shaiping line, Tammie Bodkin pretended to set up a judgment o' his ain, and disfigured some ploughmen's jackets in

a manner maist hideous to behold; while, to crown a', even Absalom, the very callant Benjie, my only bairn, had the impudence to contradict me mair than ance, and began to think himsell as clever as his father. Save us a'! it was a terrible business, but I determined, come what would, to gie't the finishing stitch.

Every night being waur than anither, I didna wait lang for an opportunity of letting the hail o' them ken my mind, and that, whenever I choosed, I could mak them wheel to the right-about. So it chancit, as we were playing, that I was in prime luck, first rooking the tane and syne the tither, and I saw them twisting and screwing their mouths aboot as if they were chewing bitter aloes. Finding that they were on the point of being beaten stoup and roup, they a' three raise up frae the chairs, crying wi' ae voice, that I was a cheat.—An elder o' maister Wiggie's kirk to be called a cheat! Most awful!!! Flesh and bluid coudna stand it, mair especially when I thocht on wha had daured to presume to call me such; so, in a whirlwind of fury, I sweepit up twa nievefu's o' dominoes aff the table, and made them flee into the bleezing fire; where, after fizzaing and craking like a wheen squeeb, the hail tot, except about half a dozen, which fell into the parritch pot, which was on boiling at the time, were reduced to a heap of grey aizles. I shoont showed them wha was the tap o' the tree, and what they were likely to mak o' undutifu rebellion.

Sae muckle for a Mounseer's legacy; being in a kind o' doot, whether, according to the riot-act, and the articles of war, I had a clear conscience in lettin' him away, I coudna expect that ony favour granted at his hands was likely to prosper. In fighting, it is weel kent to themsells and a' the world, that they have nae earthly chance wi' us; so they are reduced to the necessity of doing what they can, by coming to our fire-sides in sheep's clothing, and throwing ram-pushion among the family broth. They had better tak care that they dinna get their fingers scaddet.

Having given the dominoes their due, and washed my hands free o' gambling, I trust for evermore, I turned mysell to a better business, which was the going, leaf by leaf, back thro our bit day-book, where I fand

a tremendous sowd of wee outstaning debts. I daursay, no to tell a lee, there were fifty o' them, frae a shilling to eighteen pence, and sae on; but sma and sma, reckoned up by simple addition, amount to a round sum; while, to add to the meesery o' the matter, I fand we were entangling ourselfs to work to a wheen ugly customers, skemps that had not wherewithal to pay lawful debts, and downright rascals, ragamuffins, and neerdoweels. According to the articles of indenture, drawn up between me and Tammy Bodkin, by Rory Sneckdrawer, the penny writer, when he was bound a prentice to me for seven years, I had engaged mysell to bring him up to be a man of business. Tho' now a journeyman, I reckoned the obligation still binding; so, tying up twa dockets o' accounts wi' a piece twinc, I gied ae parcel to Tammy and the ither to Benjie, telling them, by way of encouragement, that I wad gie them a penny the pound for what silver they could bring me in by hook or crook.

After three days toil and trouble, wherein they mostly wore their shoon aff their feet, ganging first up ae closs, and syne down anither, up trap-stairs to garrets, and ben lang trances, that led into dirty holes,—what think ye did they collect? No ae bodle—no ae coin o' capper! This ane was out o' wark;—and that ane had his house-rent to pay;—and a third ane had an income in his nose;—and a fourt was bedridden wi' the rheumatics;—and a fifth ane's mother's auntie's cousin was dead;—and a sixth ane's guid-brither's nevoy was gaun to be married come Martymas;—and a sevent ane was away to the back o' beyont, to see his granny in the Hielans; and sae on. It was a terrible business, but what woo' can ye get by clipping swine?

The only rational answers I got were twa; ane o' them Geggie Trotter, a natural simpleton, telled Tammy Bodkin, "that, for pairt-payment, he wad gie me a prime leg o' mutton, as he had killed his sou last week."—And what, said I to Benjie, did Jacob Truff the grave-digger tell ye by way o' news? "He just bad me tell ye, father, that hoo could ye expect he cou'd gie ye onything, till the times grew better, as he hadna buried a leeving soul in the kirkyard, for mair nor a fortnight."

GREECE.

No. II.

THE true author of the Greek insurrection was Ali Pasha. This man's ambition, intercourse with Europeans, and fierce and oriental catastrophe, have thrown all the circumstances of his life and character into public knowledge. His birth was honourable among his barbarian countrymen; he was the descendant of a long line of warrior robbers, lords of some of those small districts into which a mountain country is naturally divided. A remote ancestor, and robber, Muzzo, had made himself master of Zepeleni, a town on the left bank of the Voussa. Mouktar Bey, Ali's grandfather, was a distinguished soldier, and slain at the siege of Corfu. Veli Bey, the youngest of Mouktar's sons, and father of Ali, had been Pasha of Delvino, but, driven from his Pashalik, and reduced to his original lordship, he died of grief. At this period, Ali was but fourteen. He had been born at Zepeleni in 1748. The death of his father exposed the town to the rapacity of all the surrounding clans. Khamco, his mother, a true barbarian heroine, instantly threw aside the distaff, sword in hand rallied the dependants of the family, and repelled the invaders. In one of these attacks, she and her daughter Shunitza were taken prisoners by the people of Gardiki, who treated them with the indescribable insults of a robber's victory. They were released at the end of a month by ransom; but the insult sunk deep into Ali's spirit, and he treasured it for almost half a century, till it was wiped away in the blood and ashes of Gardiki.

Ali had all the restlessness and craft of the savage, mingled with the rapacity of the robber, and the native activity and bravery of the Greek mountaineer. From the age of sixteen he was a soldier and a plunderer, continually engaged in brief expeditions against the neighbouring tribes, carrying off cattle, or making descents among the richer population of the valleys. Success and defeat were for a while alternate, but at length he was on the point of ruin. An attack near the sources of the Chelydnus had been followed by the total disper-

sion of his wild troop, and Ali fled alone to Mount Mertzika, so reduced that he was compelled to pledge his scymitar to buy barley for his horse. He made the attempt again with a force of six hundred men, and was again beaten. Khamco, for whom he had always felt a singular homage, had commanded him, in almost the words of the Spartan mother, "Never to come back but dead, or a conqueror." As he gathered the remnant of his soldiers from this disastrous field, he went into the ruins of a church, near Valera, to rest and think over what was to be done. There, in his agitation, he stood, unconsciously, striking his stick into the ground. It at last struck upon something that returned a sound. He dug up the spot, and, to his astonishment, found a box filled with gold coin. He had now found the true way to barbarian victory. It would be a fine juncture for the pencil to seize upon the figure of this mountain warrior at the moment; the countenance lighted up with the wild exultation and fiery foresight of the whole long career of triumph, that burst upon him in the discovery. The accessories, too, of the picture would be powerful. The military equipments, stained and purpled by toil and battle; the sacred ruin round him, with its broken altars and weedy columns; the remnant of his defeated troops covering the hill side; the brilliant mountains and sky of Greece above all.

With this treasure, Ali raised an army of two thousand men, renewed the campaign, swept the enemy before him, and returned to Zepeleni, a conqueror, never to be repulsed again from the way to sovereignty.

On his triumphant return, he, by force or persuasion, induced his mother to resign Zepeleni. The heroine retired to the Harem, where she soon after died. Ali, now furnished with the means of indulging his natural impulses, indulged them to the utmost, and became the most renowned among the marauding chieftains of the hills. He threw troops into the principal passes of the chain of Pindus, and was thus master of the whole

traffic of Thessaly and Macedonia. Merchants, caravans, public convoys, all fell into the hands of this young and enterprising lord of the "Robbers." The slow vigilance of the Turkish government was at length roused, and Kourid Pasha, the Derwendji Pasha, or "Governor of the Passes," the officer appointed to protect the communications, was ordered to crush the less licensed plunderer. But Ali's dexterity evaded an open encounter with the Sultan, and the attack which was to have been his ruin, ended in an alliance with the Pasha, and a marriage with the daughter of the Turkish governor of Argyro Castro. A succession of mountain conquests rapidly raised him into higher notice, until the next "Governor of the Passes" found it the wiser policy to make Ali his deputy. The old craft of the Greek was not forgotten. The deputy, instead of extinguishing the Klephts, sold licenses for plunder to the amount of 150,000 piastres. The story reached Constantinople. The Pasha was recalled, and beheaded for his neglect or corruption. Ali, still dexterous and fortunate, bribed the ministers, and at once escaped punishment and fixed an interest in the Seraglio.

His character as a leader was now distinguished, and he was summoned to take the command of a body of Albanians in the war with Russia. Ali had now first come within the circle of European politics, and his ambition was suddenly awakened to the more brilliant object of independent power. The purpose of Russia was to assail Turkey at once on the north and south, to penetrate to Constantinople by an army from Moldavia and a fleet from the Mediterranean. To detach the Albanian chieftain became important. The capture of one of his nephews gave an opening for a correspondence with Potemkin, and it seems authenticated that there was a twofold conspiracy, by which Potemkin, at the head of the Russian army, was to make himself sovereign of Constantinople, and to confer on Ali the kingdom of Epirus. But the war ceased in the midst of Russian victories. Potemkin, the most powerful subject in the world, sunk into shade, probably from the detection of his designs, and Ali's dream vanished for the time. Yet his sagacity saw

where his own strength and the weakness of Turkey lay; and from that period he kept up a correspondence with Russia until he was master of Epirus without its aid; and if he had nothing to fear from its hostility, he had nothing to hope from its friendship.

Human nature may justly shrink from the mingled ferocity and cunning, the contempt of faith, and the furious passions, that characterise the career of this memorable barbarian. But it is impossible not to be struck by the display of vigorous and original ability, that throws a kind of sullen splendour over his whole gloomy and precipitous track. His purpose from the beginning is power; he is repeatedly baffled, but he rises again from the ground with fresh resolution; he hunts his prey through every difficulty with the fierce stanchness of a bloodhound. Treachery and valour, bribery and generosity, are alike unsparingly his instruments; where craft and labour will carry him through, he is perfidious without measure; but when he cannot wind round the rock, he tries some bold expedient, he blasts the rock, and finally makes a royal road to the throne.

By his conduct at the head of the Albanians, Ali had gained eminence as a soldier with both the Russian and Turkish armies. His reward was a Pashalik of two tails. He chose his new province with that political eye whose keenness never failed him. He was appointed to the government of Triccala in Thessaly. This appointment showed at once the habitual blindness of the Porte in its remoter possessions, and the unwearied sagacity of its new favourite. Triccala was chosen with the skill of a first-rate tactician. By its position on the Great Passes between Western Greece and Constantinople, it threw the corn-trade into its viceroy's hands. It equally intercepted the commerce of the districts of Joannina and the whole mountain country of the west. Ali was in fact master of Thessaly, the most productive province of Greece; and by the same step was raised within sight of the sovereignty of the whole western dominions of the Ottoman. He now lost no time in the consummation of his bold project.

The Beys in the neighbourhood of Joannina, whether from their native

turbulence, or, as is equally probable, excited by his intrigues, had burst into sudden tumult. Assassination, robbery, and open conflict, raged through the country. The people groaned under the multitude of petty tyrants, and grew ripe for the authority of one. In the midst of the perpetual sound of battle and misery, Ali's trumpets were heard from the hills. The civil conflict ceased, for the rival Beys knew that when he advanced all were equally a prey. They joined their troops, and fought a fierce battle with the invader at the head of the Lake of Joannina. The discipline of Ali's Albanians broke their irregular force, and after a long struggle, they were utterly defeated, and driven into the city. But it was among the characteristics of this extraordinary man never to run an unnecessary hazard. The walls of Joannina, garrisoned by a dispirited army, would probably have been mastered by his troops, however untrained to sieges. But he had a more secure, though a more circuitous way to victory. By threats and money he formed a party in the country, and induced them to send a deputation to Constantinople, proposing him for the government. The Beys, aware of the mission, instantly sent to deprecate the appointment. They succeeded. Ali's talents had already rendered him formidable at Constantinople, and his deputation returned with a Firman, commanding him to the bitter measure of withdrawing from the prize already within his grasp, and even disbanding his army. Nothing could have been more anxious than the alternative. Resistance would have been rebellion and ruin, soon or late. The dismissal of his troops would have been, on the Ottoman principles, probably followed by the loss of his head. But by an act of more than Punic skill, he evaded this formidable dilemma, and actually triumphed. He had received intelligence of his failure, and of the Firman, from an agent who had rode some days in advance of the deputation of which he was one. The agent was immediately sent back to rejoin it. The deputation was received in pomp by the Beys, who advanced beyond the gates of Joannina, to receive the Sultan's order with becoming homage. It was solemnly opened in the assembly, each Bey first touching

it with his forehead in token of that submission for life and death, which is due to the will of the great King of the Moslems. To the astonishment and alarm of all, the Firman declared Ali lord of the Pashalik of Joannina! This daring forgery was instantly exclaimed against; but the forger was not a man to leave time for the growth of opposition. He instantly marched upon the city, now thronged with his partizans, augmented by those who either believed the reality of the Firman, or looked for some personal advantages from the known profusion of the invader. Ali's conduct in this crisis was politic; he lavished money on his friends and the populace; he disclaimed all revenge, and pledged himself to the protection and advancement of the Beys, who still continued in the territory. His chief opponents had fled to the hills on the entrance of his army, and all was peace and popular acclamation. Yet, in the midst of this public revel, he provided against a reverse with the coolness of a veteran politician. He marched a strong force into the citadel, and thus placed himself out of the power of public change. But Constantinople was still to be propitiated. Without loss of time, he sent a deputation of the principal inhabitants to the Porte, bearing his own account of the transaction, and bearing the still more irresistible argument with a Turkish Ministry, of large means of corruption. It was felt too, that he was now in possession of a power which it must take a war to break down; the policy of the Porte, furious and vindictive as it is, has always been to temporise until it can destroy; and the Pashalik was finally confirmed to its dexterous and daring usurper.

Ali was now a King in all but the name, and his kingdom extended over a number of provinces that still touch us with noble classical recollections. The Pashalik of Joannina comprehended Locris (Ozolæ), Ætolia, Acarnania, Thesprotia, Molossia, Chaonia; and among the towns of those provinces were Actium, where the Empire of the Roman world was once decided; and Dodona, the great central oracle of ancient superstition. And this was the achievement of a barbarian, unfurnished with the knowledge or politics of civilized states; probably unable to read or write; unsustained

by alliance; and forced to fight his way foot by foot under severities of fortune worse than the storms of his own inclement skies, and still more perilous, under the remorseless and subtle jealousy of the Ottoman.

The great scale of European ambition—the magnitude of the triumph—the magnitude of the means, throw exploits like those of Ali among his mountain tribes into the shade. But, (throwing morality out of the question,) in the innate materials that constitute the superiority of the man as the conqueror and the ruler;—in the distant and eagle-eyed vision with which he fixed on his purpose from the beginning;—in the resistless activity of his pursuit;—the inexhaustible dexterity of his intrigue; and still more, in that unhesitating turn, from the most creeping subterfuge to the fiercest and most daring violence, the singular mixture of the wiliest craft that belongs to cowardice, with the boldest risk that makes the character of heroism; Ali, Pasha of Joannina, has had in our time neither equal nor rival but one—Napoleon, Pasha of the European world.

The Russian and Austrian alliance now issued in a war against Turkey. A secret treaty had been framed between Catherine and Joseph the Second, during the celebrated progress to the Crimea in 1787, for the dismemberment of European Turkey. The strength of the attack was to have been thrown on the western frontier; agents were dispatched to prepare the Greeks; engineers in disguise took plans of the country; and the people were taught to look up to Austria as their natural protector. The Turks, impatient of insults, struck the first blow, and plunged into the war. They lost Belgrade and Oczakow; but one of those interpositions which have so often and so signally saved the Porte, stopped the tide of Russian conquest; the Emperor Joseph died; Potemkin's views of sovereignty transpired, and Catherine, probably alarmed at treason so near the throne, suddenly checked her long-predicted march to Constantinople.

Ali had been commanded to join the Vizier with his Albanians; but he had gained his object. Hazard was now misplaced, and he had other views than those of mingling his blood with the nameless carnage of a

Turkish field. He is said to have seen scarcely more than even the smoke of the Russian outposts, when he returned to his dominions to indulge in safer conquests for the aggrandizement of his personal power.

To be master of the whole of Western Greece, was the grand object of his ambition. He attacked the Suliot tribe in 1791, and it is one among the many instances of the power to be found in poverty and valour, that those mountaineers resisted, and often defeated, the trained troops and regular and vast resources of the great Pasha. But twelve years of battle and privation, an extraordinary period for either attack or defence, at length wore out the brave population; and the remnant of the Suliot palikars, which had never exceeded three thousand soldiers, was reduced to capitulate in December 1803, on the terms of emigrating where they pleased. The conditions were atrociously violated, and the greater part of this valiant tribe were slain on the road to the coast. Some passed into the Russian service, and formed an Albanian battalion.

During this entire period Ali was exerting his restless sagacity in balancing between the various European interests that were alternately springing up along his borders. The victories of Napoleon made the Pasha a partizan of France for the time. The possession of the Ionian Isles by the Russians instantly converted him into a sworn friend of the Autocrat. The battle of Leipsic, and the hoisting of the British flag in Corfu, changed his policy once more, and his great passion was an intimate alliance with the Lords of the Seas. Difficult as it was to steer through those opposing interests, Ali continued his perilous navigation, perpetually obtaining some personal advantage, till he had placed himself in a state of power, which wanted only virtue to have made him monarch of Greece, in scorn of Emperor and Sultan. His knowledge of the Porte, and the skill with which he baffled its perpetual machinations against him, were admirable. In the campaign against Passwan Oglu, the Grand Vizier summoned Ali to meet him in full divan, for the purpose of receiving some signal honour for his services. The Pasha well knew what fatal honour the Porte would have conferred on a subject so prosperous.

But policy compelled him to attend the divan. He approached the Vizier's tent, but it was at the head of six thousand of his Albanians. The Vizier received this formidable guest with well-dissembled courtesy, and Ali returned to his quarters in open triumph, and secret scorn.

Another memorable instance of his eluding the vengeance of his suspicious court, occurred in 1812. He had seized the neighbouring Pasha of Delvino, and flung him into prison, where he soon died, as was presumed, of hunger. Ali had long been obnoxious to the Porte, and he doubtless felt that this new murder would not be forgotten in the register of his crimes. His expedient to prove himself the victim of evil reports, was incomparable. Ibrahim Pasha, an old rival, had fallen into his hands, and after some time had disappeared. Some obscure circumstances, and the character of his conqueror, made the report of his murder universal. Information of it had reached the Porte, and even the French Consul had sent the intelligence by a courier to his Minister at Constantinople. The Porte instantly dispatched a public officer to Joannina, commissioned to make inquiry into the assassination, and probably, as is the established Turkish custom, to bring back the head of the offender. On his arrival and introduction to Ali, the Pasha was all astonishment, and bade the officer follow him. He led the way to an inner apartment, where, to the utter surprise of the Turk, he showed him the supposed victim, sitting surrounded by Oriental luxury, in the midst of his family. Ali now triumphed in his turn. The refutation of all previous charges was of course included in the falsehood of this. The *Capidgi Bashi* returned to Constantinople, secured by bribes, and carrying with him the means of confirming the Pasha's interest at court; and Ali was more firmly seated than ever!

The British tourists through Greece have given us a more familiar knowledge of the habits and resources of this extraordinary man, than Europeans had hitherto obtained of any of the Turkish governors. It is honourable to the intelligent curiosity of our countrymen, that they alone should have, through all the opposing difficulties of distance, the ocean, and, more formidable than both, the war,

obtained for us within these few years a more complete knowledge of Continental Greece, and its sovereign, than had been acquired by the whole multitude of the French and German literati, military officers, or diplomatists, though planted on the very frontier of his dominions, embarked in public relations with his government, and even in some instances resident in his capital. How little do we know even now of the Turkish governments in the interior—from the borders of Hungary to the Black Sea! Paswan Oglu fought the Porte for twenty years of our time, and the sound of the cannon of Widdin was scarcely beyond the ears of the Austrians, yet his history was left in almost the obscurity of an Arabian tale. Even of the half-Christian provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, constantly as they were the seat of European battle and diplomacy, and constantly pervaded by French, Russian, and German agents, the only intelligible account has been given a few years since, and that by an Englishman. Of the vast line of country, lying on a parallel from the western frontier of Turkish Croatia to the shores of the Euxine, including Bosnia, Servia, and Bulgaria, we are almost totally ignorant, though they run along the edge of the Austrian kingdom of Hungary. Of the whole mighty mass of country lying to the southward from the Dalmatian frontier, and known by the barbarous names of Herzegovina and Rumelia, we are acquainted with scarcely more than a few miles inwards from the Mediterranean. To the Englishman, distance, loss of time, and ignorance of the language, must be serious obstacles to the inquiry. To the German, those must nearly vanish, overlooking, as he does, the immense region below, and able, by his various facilities, to traverse the whole country in little more than the time of the voyage from England. It is impossible to doubt, that there must be found in this huge and magnificent territory a vast unopened volume of human nature—fine qualities, however crushed by suffering and situation—curious pictures of superb Oriental caprice, mingled with the rugged virtues and bold defiance of the dweller among the deserts—the human mind, in that mingling of degradation and nobleness, which characterizes barba-

rian life—society, under that strange aspect of prodigal luxuriance, and abject privation, that belongs to the dominion of the Turk, and which, whether in the gold purple of the Pasha, or the nakedness of his vassal, makes one of the most striking contemplations of the philosopher.

Ali's career was now about to close.

Without penetrating into the deeper sources of the moral, we are often compelled to observe, how near the complete possession of human objects is to a change of prosperity. A Plutarch would have given this prosperous old man eloquently down to us as the parallel to Cræsus or Polycrates. But Ali deserved his fall. His career had been one continued progress of perfidy; even the proverbial treachery of the Porte had been outrun by the dexterous duplicity of the Greek; yet, while his genius was thus engaged, he might have been almost forgiven. But he loved blood. His havoc among his own gallant mountain tribes was merciless; his violation of all treaties with their remnant, was worse than barbarian, for savage life does not reject the principle of honour. The heart of all but a tiger in human shape must have shrunk at the sight of the catastrophe of Zalongo, where, we are told, that, a crowd of women and children flying from the ambush into which the Suliot exiles had been betrayed, and finding no resource but death from the insults and horrors of their pursuers, the mothers first flung their children down the rocks, and then joining hands, and screaming out some of their wild songs, whirled round and round in a dance of despair and madness, till they trod on the edge of the precipice, and all plunged below.

His slaughter of the Gardikiote clan had the stern and relentless perseverance, and the unsparing execution, of a spirit of darkness. He had laid up his resolution of vengeance for forty years. But it never slept. When his time of power came, he at length attacked the Gardikiotes in their citadel. They defended themselves like men who had no alternative but victory or extinction; but, after baffling the first besiegers, a large force was poured in, which carried the walls.

The greater part of the tribe perished sword in hand; but their conqueror's vengeance was not yet glutted. The prisoners, to the number of seven or eight hundred, were led to a large Khan on the frontier of their district. There they were murdered. Their bodies were left above ground, and the gateway of the Khan, their sepulchre, was walled up, with the inscription, the solemn Oriental curse, written on its front,—“Thus perish all the enemies of Ali's house!” Gardiki itself was levelled with the ground, and the fierce command issued, that “it should never again become the place of human beings.” It is a striking evidence of the love of gain, compatible with the most atrocious cruelty, that in the midst of this sweeping slaughter, the Pasha seized upon an expedient for raising money, which would perhaps have escaped any other sagacity than his own. The Gardikiotes had extensive commercial dealings with Greece. He seized their books, declared himself the general representative of the dead, and, in the name of the very men whose bodies were reeking under his scymitar, compelled payment of the money due to them to the last piastre. In 1819, Ali made his final acquisition of territory. The retreat of the unfortunate Pargiunotes left him without an enemy or a spoil. He was now at the summit of his ambition, and was master of Continental Greece, “from the Attic boundary of Parnes, to the rugged mountains of Illyricum.”*

The obscure rumours of a despotic court assign various causes for the immediate fall of this formidable chieftain. But his notorious assumption of power, was sufficient to have numbered him among those offenders whom the Porte marks for the dagger. Turkey must see with bitterness the Ionian Isles torn from her grasp, even though in the hands of her most honourable ally. The open intercourse of the Pasha with the Government of the Isles, and the knowledge, that in the event of a war with England, he would instantly sacrifice his allegiance for sovereignty and English connexion, might have hurried the blow. The Sultan Mahmoud, too, is a reformer; and the state of the European provinces might

well have called for some of that fierce energy which has not spared even the troops of his capital. But the immediate cause is said to have been that greediness for gold which has from the beginning disgraced and stimulated the Ottoman sword.

The palace of Topeleni had been burned down, whether by accident, or by the more probable means of some attempt at plunder. One of the Pasha's hoards was discovered in the ruins. The story of his immense wealth, of itself sure to bring down wrath on the possessor, was urged by an old enemy, Ismael Pasha, at the Seraglio. Ali had grown avaricious with age, and perhaps contemptuous of the Sultan, with increased power. He had diminished the amount of his bribes, and it was determined in the Divan, that he was ripe for the bow-string. Ali received at once the double and alarming intelligence, that his enemy was nominated Capigi Bashee, or Imperial Messenger, and that his second son Veli, was removed from the important Pashalik of Thessaly to the inferior one of Lepanto. Ali was now seventy-eight, but he had lost neither his early arts, nor his early activity. His first step was to send two Albanian horsemen to stop the Capigi's mission. They rode up to his door, under pretence of delivering a letter, and as he came to the window, fired at and wounded him. They were hotly pursued; one was taken sixty miles from Constantinople, examined, and after confessing the name of his master, was hung before the Seraglio gate. The Divan instantly issued an order for Ali to attend before "the golden threshold of the gate of Felicity, within forty days, on pain of the wrath of the Brother of the Sun and Moon, and Light of all the princes of the earth." A curse of excommunication was pronounced by the Mufti, and the more effective instrument of an army was set in motion, with Ismael Pasha at its head, declared Pasha of Joannina!

The old tyrant now felt retribution coming on him in a flood. At another time of life, he might have easily broken the attack even in Constantinople. But avarice had extinguished his prudence; and it had even enfeebled the haughty courage of the famous chieftain of the Albanians. He wavered in his declaration of open war, and was undone. A variety of bold

schemes crossed his mind, and he was said to have been once on the point of calling himself a Christian, taking the title of King of Greece, and summoning all the tribes to the renovation of their old glorious name.

Yet he had the means of resistance which might have encouraged a less sanguine spirit to defy the feeble and tardy power of the Porte. He had no less than twenty-five fortresses equipped and garrisoned. He had seventeen thousand of the bravest soldiers of the empire in the field, and one of the most difficult countries of the world for his grand fortification. The defeats of the Ottoman troops in their advances through the defiles of the Pashalik, during the six years of war since, have showed how formidable must have been their defence with a gallant and native army to guard them. But the cruelty and perfidy of the Pasha had alienated all his people; the "true honour, and troops of friends," were not to be found in the circle of his hazardous and polluted councils. As the Turkish armies ascended through the passes, all resistance melted away, like the snow under their feet; the Albanians, instead of defending their mountain ramparts, where a few hundred men might have given over the whole Turkish host to the wolves and vultures, came down and joined them. Omer Brioni, the favourite officer of Ali, carried over his whole division to the enemy. The towns opened their gates, even his own family fled or surrendered, and Ali saw himself, without a shot being fired, reduced to the solitary fortress of Joannina.

Still he retained the means of making a desperate and even a successful resistance. The castle and fortress mounted two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon; it was garrisoned by eight thousand Albanians, and provisioned for four years. The lake on which it stood was an additional entrenchment, and it was secured by a squadron of gun-boats. But the war was now pressing close upon him, and he had the mortification of seeing his city of Joannina pillaged and set in a blaze under his eyes. He had the still keener mortification of hearing the shouts of the Ottoman army for his old enemy Ismael, as, on the 20th of August 1820, he rode into the city yet burning, and was proclaimed Pasha! Ali

furiously answered the proclamation by a heavy fire from all his cannon.

Of all warlike nations, the Turks are the feeblest in the attack of fortified places. But, for the destruction of a rival, the new Pasha urged his troops to extraordinary vigour, and before the winter, upwards of five thousand bombs had been thrown into the place. Disaffection, and the habitual fickleness of the Greek soldiery, were now, however, working for the besieged. The levies retired to the hills, or quarrelled in the camp; winter set in, and the passes became impervious through snow, or were blocked up by Odysseus, that bold but dubious partizan who has since figured so largely in the patriotic war.

If Ali, in these hours of his fate, was gratified by the fall of a puissant enemy, the Porte indulged him with it in the dismissal and disgrace of Ismael Pasha. Despotism and democracy meet in their revenge on the unlucky; and the only distinction between Constantinople and republican Paris, was, that the defeated general of the Turk sometimes escaped with life; the guillotine was more prompt and unflinching. The delays of the siege of Joannina had overthrown Ismael's credit at court; and Kourchid Pasha was ordered to take upon him the almost desperate enterprise of reducing the "Old Lion," as Ali was termed with scarcely Oriental exaggeration.

But his den was not to be entered by such hunters as could be found within the dominions of the Turk, and the war lingered through the greater part of 1821. But an accident accomplished what might have been hopeless to force. In July, a fire had broke out in the castle of Joannina. It had spread to the magazines of provision; and in a wasted country, and in the presence of the enemy, the loss was irreparable. Kourchid Pasha returned with a large additional force, and in November it was announced that all was ready for the assault. The failure of provisions, and the evidence of increased activity in the besiegers, disheartened the garrison, who now saw no prospect but of dying by famine or the Turkish artillery. Desertion took place, and the garrison was soon reduced to six hundred men. A still more alarming omen occurred, in the desertion of the chief engineer, Caretta, a Neapolitan,

who increased the value of his treachery by directing the guns of the besiegers to the more vulnerable points of the castle. The island of the lake was soon after seized by a Turkish flotilla. Kourchid, now in sight of triumph, and stimulated by the immense wealth still buried in the fortress, pressed the siege with fierce vigour, until Ali was forced to abandon all the lower fortress, and shut himself up in the citadel with but sixty soldiers. Still the great prize of the war eluded the grasp of the Ottoman general. The countless gold of the "Old Lion" was in the citadel, covered with barrels of gunpowder, and the whole treasures, castle, and besiegers, might have been blown into the air at the moment of the storm. Ali's character, old as he was, forbade the idea that, if he were pressed, he would die but sword in hand, and in the midst of some fierce act of revenge. Kourchid shrank from this extremity, ordered the assault to be stayed, and tried the slower, but not less fatal, way of negotiation.

The last hours of Ali have been variously narrated; but the most authentic account is thus given by Mr Waddington, as the "Official Statement of the Turkish Secretary of State to the British Minister, Lord Strangford." It is worth preserving, even as a curious instance of a Turkish state-paper.

"Kourchid Pasha sent his Silikdar to Ali to propose to him to surrender at discretion; to restore that part of the citadel which he possessed, and to consign his treasures to this officer; for such appeared, in the extremity to which he was reduced, the only rational determination for him to adopt. He added, that he knew that a report had been spread, that Ali had resolved, in case he should be thrown into despair, to set fire to the powder, and blow up himself, his treasures, and all those who surrounded him; but that this threat did not frighten him, and that if Ali did not decide immediately, he would come himself and apply the torch. Ali Pasha replied to the Silikdar, that he was well assured that, in his situation, there was no other choice, and that he was determined to surrender as soon as he should be assured of his life.

"The Silikdar undertook to carry his answer to his master; and return-

ed soon afterwards to inform him, in the name of Kourchid Pasha, that the fulfilment of his request depended exclusively on the Sultan; that the Pasha would willingly give him his good offices with his Highness; but that he could not do it with any hope of success, unless Ali should previously deliver up all he possessed; that he proposed to him, consequently, to effect the surrender of the fort, the treasures, of the stores, &c. &c. and to retire and await the arrival of the resolution of the Sultan in the small island on the lake near the citadel.

“Ali Pasha asked time at first to reflect on the decision which he should make. At last, after several conversations with the Silikdar, he consented to leave the citadel; and he retired into the island with all his little troop, with the exception of one of his trusty friends, with whom he agreed on a signal, which would instruct him whether he was to set fire to the powder, or give up all that was intrusted to his care to the officers of Kourchid Pasha.

“The Silikdar received Ali Pasha in the island at the head of an equal number of men with that which accompanied the vizier. They paid him all the honour due to his rank; and, after having been treated for several days by Kourchid Pasha with the greatest respect, Ali had confidence enough to order the surrender of all that he had left in the citadel. They immediately made haste to transport the powder into a place of safety.

“Directly afterwards, Ali Pasha requested, that one of his officers, who commanded a small party of a hundred men in the environs of Joannina, might be permitted to join him in the island. Kourchid Pasha consented to this, but sent at the same time a detachment, composed of an equal number of men, to keep Ali's troops in awe.

“Different Pashas of inferior rank had been several times to visit Ali. On the 13th day of the moon Djemazial Awwel, (the 5th of February,) Mohammed Pasha, governor of the Morea, offered to procure for Ali every possible comfort, naming particularly provisions. Ali replied to this offer, that he desired nothing more than a supply of meat; he added, however, that he had still another wish, though his unwillingness to offend the scruples

of religion forbade him to give utterance to it. Being pressed to name it, he owned that it was wine that he wished for, and Mohammed Pasha promised that he should receive it. The conversation continued for some time in the most friendly manner, till at last Mohammed Pasha rose to take leave. Being of the same rank, they rose at the same moment from the sofa, according to the usual ceremony; and, before leaving the room, Mohammed Pasha bowed profoundly. Ali returned the compliment; but at the instant of his inclination, Mohammed *executed the will of his sovereign!* and put him to death, by plunging a poniard into his left breast. He immediately quitted the apartment, and announced that Ali had ceased to exist. Some men of Mohammed's suite then entered, and divided the head from the body. The former having been shown to the Sultan's troops, as well as to those who had embraced the rebel's part, a strife followed, in which several men were killed. But the minds of the people were soon calmed, and all discord was appeased by shouts of, ‘Long live Sultan Mahmud, and his vizier Kourchid Pasha!’”

Thus perished Ali, by an act of the basest treachery, not palliated by even any supposed necessity, but executed in the mere savage love of craft and murder, that makes, and has always made, the passion of the Turk. The conquest was already secure—the old man was on the verge of the grave—the separation of his revolt from the general Greek cause had long been complete. But no triumph gratifies the Turk in which he cannot dip his perfidious dagger. It must be an indulgence to every feeling of honour and humanity, that this infamous act produced nothing but the fruits of disappointment. The treasures were wasted on the subsequent disastrous campaigns of the Ottoman; they may have even tempted the Divan into those precipitate campaigns which sacrificed so many thousand Turks in the great defiles between Eastern and Western Greece. The Pashalik of Joannina was scarcely more Turkish in the hands of Omer Vrionis, the new Albanian Pasha. The Divan actually lost in Ali the man, who, of all others, if reconciled to the Porte, would have been the most effectual guard of Western Hellas against the insurrection; and

the only return for all those sacrifices, was the barbarian joy of seeing (February 1822) the head of an old man of eighty blackening over the gate of that *Aceldama*, the *Seraglio*.

In this conception we are strengthened by the testimony of that intelligent observer Colonel Leake, who remarks, "that though Ali may have thwarted all those measures of the *Porte* which tended to reduce his authority, and in general those which did not originate with himself, or transmitted a larger sum to *Constantinople*, in the shape of presents to persons in power, than in that of tribute to the imperial treasury; and, in the latter respect, he may never have sent as much as would satisfy the wishes of government, nevertheless, it is probable, that the *Porte*, during his reign, was more truly master of Greece than it had ever been before; and that it derived, upon the whole, as much revenue from the country. While it is certain, that by leaving Ali to oppose the armed Greeks to one another, and to suppress the spirit of revolt by the military strength of *Albania*, it most effectually secured itself against the bad consequences of foreign intrigues among the Christian subjects of European Turkey; that the concentration of power in Ali's hands was the best protection which the empire could possess on a frontier, where it was at one time endangered by the power of France, not less than the north-eastern side was menaced by the encroachments of Russia. Affairs, in fact, became less favourable to the future influence of the *Porte* after his fall, than they had been under Ali, or than they would have been under the government of his sons."

The death of Ali had been preceded by that of his sons. They had strangely given themselves up to the Turks at an early part of the contest, under promise of personal safety. Ali heard of this feeble act with, as may be presumed, a burst of scorn and indignation; and, declaring that they were unworthy of him, pronounced his soldiers to be "thenceforth his only children." The captives were taken to Asia, and fixed in temporary governments, probably with some expectation that they might influence their father's war. But the imperial dagger thirsted for their blood; and in a few months, under pretence of carrying on a cor-

respondence with the Pasha, they were murdered.

This man's career arrests the eye from its vividness, singularity, and success,—from its bringing into the regulated and formal presence of our later age, the barbaric pomp, eccentric grandeur, and fearful and precipitous catastrophes of the feudal times,—and last and most striking, from its having been the summoner to the great insurrection which is now shaking the throne of the Sultan. If the Greek war can be traced to the influence or act of man, the trumpet that called its spirit from the tomb was at the lips of Ali.

But the more remote causes are worthy of memory. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, the Greek islanders, and the other nations bordering on the Mediterranean and Black Sea, had been led to engage in commerce to a considerable extent. The advance of the Russians on the north-east, and their zealous patronage of the Greek merchants, had excited a strong inclination to those pursuits of which commerce is the parent. The knowledge of modern languages, general literature, and an acquaintance with the policy of the leading countries of Europe, were rapidly making way among the hitherto fettered and ignorant minds of the Greek population.

It has been providentially decreed, that, of all the stimulants to freedom, the most energetic, as the noblest, should be the enlightening of the public mind. The Greek advanced, the Turk was stationary. The Greek youth were studying in the foreign universities, or travelling through the continent, or mingling in the active and engrossing concerns of political life in Austria, Russia, and, more than either, in France, in her hour of dazzling and stormy excitement; while the opulent Turkish youth were enervating their understandings in the listless and licentious round of the most self-indulgent life on the globe. Some of the most enterprising foreign officers were Greek,—some of the most dexterous diplomatists, peculiarly of Russia, were Greek,—some of the most extensive commercial houses of Germany were Greek,—and it is to be recorded, as a striking proof of how much the vices of the national character are due to the national misfortunes, that the Greek houses were proverbial for ho-

nourable dealing. In the universities, the Greek students were remarkable for acuteness and brilliant facility of acquirement, and scarcely less for that comeliness of countenance and form, which seem equally the stamp of nature on the ancient land of genius and beauty.

The return of those classes of intelligent and manly minds to their fallen country, must have filled them with indignation. The utter ignorance of the Turk—his savage ferocity and brutal arrogance, must have made their souls burn within them. The time was of itself pregnant with thoughts of illustrious change. It is remarkable, that the first open attempt at awaking the Greek nation to a sense of their slavery, was almost simultaneous with the commencement of the French Revolution, when it was still comparatively guiltless, and France and Europe were alike dazzled by the rising splendours of that flame which was harmlessly to consume all abuses of kings, and all injuries of nations, but which so soon turned into resistless and fatal conflagration.

In all great public changes, there must be a multitude of strong circumstances, to each of which men will attribute the origin of the change, according to their opportunities of judging. There is no instance of a great catastrophe originating in a single motive, nor in one individual. The mighty stream which is to devastate or revive the prosperity of empires, is not to be fed from a solitary fountain. Yet if among the earliest sources of the Greek struggle we should fix upon the efforts of one man, that one would be the celebrated Rhiga.

This man's character, acquirements, and pursuits, comprehended, by a striking coincidence, those of all the classes to which have been attributed in these pages the final outbreak of the insurrection. He was a merchant, a philosopher, and a poet. His personal hazards, and the fearless intrepidity with which he encountered them in his noble course, showed what he might have been at the head of an army. Rhiga was a Thessalian, born in 1760; he travelled in his youth, and completed his education in various countries of Europe. He finally became a merchant; and from his connexion with German houses, took up his residence in Vienna. There he devoted the chief

part of his leisure and his wealth to the revival of literature in Greece. He made, with the assistance of some scientific men, a map of Greece on a large scale, which is to this day looked on as the most valuable, and which, when we consider the extreme suspiciousness and difficulty of the undertaking in a country freely traversed only by robbers, and domineered over by the Turk, is a wonder of perseverance, ability, and zeal. He formed a literary union of the most intelligent of his countrymen residing in Vienna; and in combination with them, translated into the Romain some of the chief modern works which touched on the antiquities, the original fame, and the opening prospects of their country. But his highest service was one which he shared with no associate—the composition of a number of impassioned poems and songs adapted to national music, and which are sung to this day. It was almost a crowning honour due to this brave and brilliant mind, that it should become an object of the fiercest wrath to the Ottoman, and that Rhiga should perish the martyr of liberty, as he had lived the hero and the bard. But it is to the endless dishonour of a Christian court, that he should have been delivered into the hands of the barbarians. The Turkish envoy at Vienna was ordered formally to demand him as a subject of the Porte. The demand was nominally refused. But Rhiga was privately enjoined to quit the city. There may be some palliation for this act, discoverable in the menacing nature of the time. It was in 1792. The French Revolution was already turning to that aspect of ferocity and blood which deepened hour by hour until it threatened the existence of civilized society. The phenomenon which in its rise might have been hailed by the philosopher and the philanthropist as the omen of new productiveness and beneficent splendour, had suddenly assumed a broader disk, and seemed rushing down with augmented fires to wrap the world in conflagration.

The seizure of the Royal Family of France, under the pretext of liberty, surrounded the name with terror and suspicion; and the songs of Rhiga for the freedom of his aggrieved country, startled the Austrian ministers as the echo of French Jacobinism. He was finally compelled to leave Vienna; and

from that period his fate is obscure. But it is certain that he perished by a premature and violent death. Whether by compulsion or treachery, he took his way towards the Danube. It has been said, that as he was about to pass that river, he and his little escort of friends were pursued by a troop of Turkish cavalry; that they fought, and after a long resistance, finding that escape was impossible, struck their daggers into each other's bosoms. Another and more probable statement is, that Rhiga was arrested by the Turkish authorities, and carried towards Constantinople; that on the way, an order was received to put him to death, and that he was thus basely and cruelly murdered.

But his spirit lived in his songs; and the modern Tyrtaeus—a name given to him by his countrymen—a name itself a glorious monument—has sharpened many a sword against the national oppressor. His “Confederation of Seven,” formed from the more zealous of his associates, was the first effort of combined council in the cause, and has probably served as the model for all that have followed.

The next burst of light came from the north. Russia had been the old protector of the fugitive Greeks, as instruments of that future conquest which has haunted her dreams since the days of the First Peter. Maurokordato, one of the exiled Hospodars of Moldavia, formed in 1802 the plan of a Greek Association. Its ostensible object was the general instruction and literary advancement of Greece. But the ground on which he stood must have filled his eye with projects of a bolder ambition. The hope of conciliating his powerful protector, personal aggrandizement, and the growing passion of his country for independence, all lay in the prospect beneath the exile's feet; and neither his penetration nor his principles were of a nature to shrink from the deepest results of his enterprize. But in 1814, death broke up his plans, and the association seemed to have withered away.

It is with the liberty of nations as with the day; its first advances are scarcely distinguishable from the night—even the lights of the darkness must perish before the true morning—the stars must fade before the sunrise. Maurokordato was scarcely in his

grave when a new confederation started into shape and vigour. The success of German secret unions, formed towards the close of the French war, had excited the Greeks resident in Germany and the north. The enthusiastic and mysterious tone of this warlike free-masonry accorded with the Greek imagination; and the oath of the confederacy was an extraordinary compound of aspirations after political change and personal morality, solemn principles of government, and fantastic ideology. The “oath” of the “*Εταιρεία Φιλική*” declared, in the presence of the true God, that the associate would never betray its secrets, nor ever acknowledge to acquaintance or friend a knowledge of them. That he would nourish in his heart an irreconcilable hostility to the tyrants of Greece—that he would ever be a virtuous man; tolerant in religious matters; the counsellor of the ignorant; the supporter of the feeble; the healer of the sick; the general reverencer of the tribunals and government of the country in which he lived—that he would increase the society by all obvious means, &c.; and, finally, that, “by his sacred and suffering country, her long-endured tortures, the bitter tears shed during so many hundred years, and the future liberty of Greece, that he consecrated himself wholly to her service; her honour to be henceforth the fount of his thoughts, her glory the impulse of his enterprise, and her triumph the reward of his toils and his blood.”

This singular oath was accompanied by the customary symbols of the German Secret Associations; private signs for mutual recognition; cyphers for their correspondence, and others of the frivolous yet suspicious formalities of those assemblages which may be so easily turned to the purposes of public disturbance. A general fund was established, and deposited in the hands of Greek houses in the Crimea—agents were dispatched through Europe, and peculiarly through Greece; but it was obvious from the position of the *Etaireist* Committee, and the location of their fund, that Russia was felt to be the great support, and that it was from the Russian frontier that the torch was to be flung, which was to set the Greek discontents in an inextinguishable blaze.

GALLERY OF THE GERMAN PROSE CLASSICS.

BY THE ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

No. I.—LESSING.

FOR the last twenty years, or perhaps we may say from the beginning of the present century, there has been a growing interest amongst us in the German literature. This interest has followed a direction, which upon the whole cannot be regarded as happy, having settled almost exclusively on the Poets, in whom, as a class, it may be boldly said that the originality and the strength of the German mind are *not* revealed. For these we must look to the Prose Authors, who in general have neither written under the constraint of foreign models, nor sought to manifest their emancipation from that constraint by the monstrous, or the blank affectations of caprice.

From the German Prose writers, therefore, of the classical rank, I purpose to present the English reader with a series of specimens; in selecting which I shall guide myself by this law, that on the one hand they shall be fitted for a general, and not a merely German interest; and, on the other hand, that they shall express the characteristic power of the author. I begin with Lessing, as the restorer and modern father of the German literature.

Lessing was born in January 1729, and died in February 1781. He may be said, therefore, to have begun his career precisely at the middle of the last century. At this time the German literature was sunk in meanness and barbarism. Leibnitz, who might have exalted the national mind, had been dead little more than 40 years: but he had no right to expect any peculiar influence over the German intellect, not having written at all in the German language; and Wolf, who *had*, was too much of a merely scholastic writer, and had besides too little that was properly his own, except his systematic method, to impress any deep sense of excellence, strictly national, upon the popular mind. Wanting all domestic models, and having no excitement from the events of that age, or the encouragement of the native princes, the German literature had fallen into a state of pitiable torpor, and exhibited, in the hands of Gottsched and his followers, a base travesty of Parisian levity, from which all spirit had evaporated, and alloyed, in its transfusion, with the quintessence of German coarseness. Against the French influence some stand had been made by Bodmer, but with little effect that could have reached a second generation. The intention was praiseworthy; but there was in Bodmer and his immediate party a radical want of original power.

Such was the inheritance to which Lessing succeeded. And, though it is difficult in any great intellectual revolution to measure the ratio of each individual contribution, still there can be no hesitation in ascribing to Lessing personally by far the largest share in awakening the frozen activities of the German mind; both because this effect followed so immediately in the wake of his earliest exertions, and because the direction which he impressed upon those exertions, was *à priori* so well adapted to that effect. What he did, was to apply philosophy—by which I would be understood to mean, in a large sense, the science of grounds and principles—to literature and the fine arts; an idea which expresses accurately what the Grecians meant by criticism. Lessing, who had in all things a Grecian eye, here also realized the Grecian ideal. He became the founder of criticism for Germany; and by the very idea of criticism, under this extension of it, he secured the combined advantages of a popular and a scientific interest. The English reader will make a tolerably just estimate of Lessing's rank in German literature, if he classes him, as to *degree* of influence, with Dr Johnson. Lessing and Dr Johnson presided over the literature of their several countries precisely at the same period; and it is a remarkable proof, by the way, of the imperfect literary organization of Europe at that time, that neither ever heard of the other. In the *kind* of their influence, there was, however, little resemblance between the two, as indeed there was little in common between them as to the composition of their minds or their attainments, more

than that both were well-built scholars, and both excelled in the application of a vigorous logic—Lessing to art, Dr Johnson to the opinions or prejudices of life, and both of them to literature. A more accurate parallel as to the *kind* of his pretensions, lies between Lessing and Lord Shaftesbury. Each had the same sensibility to the excellencies of art, and applied it especially to the antique; insomuch, that he who reads Lord Shaftesbury's Judgment of Hercules, might suppose himself to be reading the Laocoon of Lessing; and not there only, but scattered over the works of Lord S., are many just views, or undeveloped glimpses of truth, on the principles of art. Both had a strong bias to scepticism, which to Lessing, who fell upon times when a general ferment of opinions began to unsettle the human mind—and amongst a people who are always indulgent to that sort of license,—had no bad consequence; but which for Lord Shaftesbury, at home at least, has gradually had the effect of degrading him below the rank which he once held, and ought still to hold, in the literature of the country. Both were elegant writers, with a high standard of excellence in the art of composition, and careful that their own style should be wrought up to that ideal. In one point the parallel might be expected to fail: The age of Lord Shaftesbury was not the age of learning in his rank. Latin, as we know from Bishop Burnet and others, was then thought sufficient for the aristocracy of England; but Lord S. had been educated in the house of his grandfather, the Chancellor, and had been taught both Greek and Latin by a peculiar method, which gave him an unusual command of both literatures. Either this accomplishment, however, from the pleasurable sense of power which it gave, or else the original constitution of Lord Shaftesbury's mind, had one unfortunate result for the comprehensiveness of his taste, by carrying it too exclusively to the classical models of antiquity. There exist passages in his writings, which show that Milton, and even Shakspeare, by mere blank power of passion, or absolute weight of thought, had sometimes commanded him into sympathy; but he revolted from the *form* in which their conceptions were clothed. No one had ever suggested in that day, that the modern or Christian poetry, and the poetry of the antique, had each its separate law and character. Either, tried by the standard of the other, of necessity appeared to be imperfect; and as Lord Shaftesbury thought it a matter of course to try the modern by the ancient, he became unjust* in a puerile degree to the magnificent literature of his own country. He was in fact what in German is called *einseitig*, or one-sided, right in one aspect—but, from the limitation of his view, wrong in every other. Here is a second ground of this noble author's present unpopularity; his own injustice to others, has recoiled in the same shape upon himself. Far different in this respect from Lord Shaftesbury's, wiser and more comprehensive, was the taste of Lessing; and here the parallel between them fails. Yet Lessing might have had some colour of reason for despising modern literature; that of his own country, at the time when he commenced his career, presented little but ruins from a forgotten age, and rubbish from his own; and as to the French, in that department of it which is made the national glory, Lessing hated it "with an intolerant scorn;" and "it was his great right to do so;" for, precisely in that department, it raised itself into hostility with all other modern literature, and into presumptuous rivalry with the Grecian; and these were pretensions, of which nobody knew the hollowness† so entirely as Lessing. But with all this undeniable food for his satirical humour, a humour by the way which he had in common with Lord Shaftesbury, Lessing was too noble himself to refuse his sympathy to the really noble, in whatsoever form embodied. His acquaintance with the European literature was extensive; and this had taught him, that whilst one literature (as the French)

* Precisely the same blunder was made by Winkelmann with respect to Virgil, and was exposed (as the reader will find at the beginning of the Laocoon) by Lessing. Tried by the statue, the poem appeared to be wrong, as the statue might if tried by the poem; but Lessing, by suggesting that poetry and sculpture might have their several laws and principles, has exposed the fallacy, and justified Virgil.

† On this subject see the *Dramaturgie* of Lessing, occasional glances in the Laocoon, &c. The hostility of the French theatre to the English and Spanish was obvious; but Lessing was the first that detected its virtual hostility to the Grecian.

might, under a poor outside mimicry of the antique, conceal the deadliest hostility to its vital purposes, another (as the English) might virtually coincide with it in the supreme principles of nature, to which both appeal, though pursuing its common end under a different law of art. The English and the Grecian theatre differ as species and species in nature—the French and the Grecian as a true and a monstrous birth in the same species.

From this mention of the English theatre, it will be inferred that Lessing had paid some attention to our literature. He had; nor was there anything valuable in European literature to which he had not. In fact, his reading was too extensive; since in some degree, as he himself complains in one of his letters, it had hurt the spring and elasticity of his thoughts. Frederick Schlegel, in the introduction which he has prefixed to a little selection, in three volumes, from the works of Lessing, [*Lessings Geist aus seinen Schriften,*] on this subject, gives us a slight sketch of his studies, which, as it illustrates one or two other particulars insisted on in the comparison between him and Lord Shaftesbury, I shall here extract.

“Through all the periods of Lessing’s life, we have occasion to notice in him the spirit of a Polyhistor, and a lively curiosity about everything possessing, in the remotest way, any relation to literature, though it were but in that class of subjects which are interesting to the regular literator, or black-letter bibliomane, simply because they once have been interesting. We notice also with pleasure, the traces which are now and then apparent of the peculiar and anxious attention which he paid to the German language, and an intimacy with its ancient monuments, which even now is rare, and in those days was much rarer. At an early stage of his career, he had written a large commentary on the *Heldenbuck*, which, it is greatly to be lamented, has been lost; and later in life, and under the pressure of very different engagements, the epic romances of the Saint Graal, and of the Round Table, furnished him with favourite subjects of research. In short, the mind of Lessing was not cribbed and cabined within the narrow sphere of others amongst the learned, who are critics only in Latin and Greek, but in every other literature wholly at a loss. Lessing, on the contrary, handled every subject in a critical spirit—philosophy and theology not less than poetry and antiquities. Classical themes he treated with the popular grace and elegance which are usually restricted to discussions about the modern literature; and that again he examined with a rigour and precision which formerly were deemed unnecessary, except in the investigation of the antique. He studied, as I have said, the old domestic literature, and yet was sufficiently acquainted with the foreign literature of later growth—the English, for instance, up to the period of the French school, and next to that the Italian and Spanish—to point out the path accurately into which a student should strike, and to direct the choice of his studies. Comprehensive, however, as was the range of his research, the criticism which he built upon it is thoroughly popular in its style, and universally applicable. When a philologist of prodigious compass, like Sir William Jones, pursues the web of languages through the chain of their affinities up to their origin,—when a Wolf, (Schlegel means Wolf the commentator on Homer, &c.) through the labyrinth of prejudice, doubt, and misconstruction of facts obscured or overcharged, and the disguises or absolute falsifications of time, clears his road to the source and true genesis of the oldest monument of Grecian art—in the nature of things it is impossible that more than a few can take part in such investigations. Nor is it necessary there should. Enough if every age produce two or three critics of this esoteric class, with here and there a reader to understand them.—But the more popular spirit of Lessing’s criticism finds its proper field within the circle of the universally intelligible; a spirit of investigation so free and liberal, everywhere struggling after just ideas of art, everywhere rigorous and uncompromising, yet at the same time so ductile and quick in sympathy, ought to be diffused over the whole surface of literature; for literature presents nothing so great, nor anything so apparently trivial, to which it is not applicable.

“For Germany, above all, this were devoutly to be wished. We are a learned people—that praise is denied us by nobody—and if we neglect to lay a foundation for our literature—a literature as yet but in expectancy and reversion,—by the substratum of a learned spirit of criticism, on the model of Less-

ing's, it will not be long, I fear, before we shall lose the small stock of what is excellent that we have hitherto accumulated."

I have fixed upon the Laocoon, as the best fitted for my purpose, of any specimen that could have been chosen from the voluminous works of Lessing. It is perhaps the most characteristic of his mind; and it has this advantage for the general reader, that whilst the subject is one of popular interest, no great demand is made upon him for continuous attention,—every section, though connected with the rest, being tolerably complete in itself, and separately intelligible. By the quality also of its arguments, and of the principles unfolded, the Laocoon is sufficiently fitted for popularity; for whilst they are all strikingly acute, they presume no previous knowledge in the reader of the kind which he is there seeking. In the works of Lessing, as a whole, there is one defect which has often been complained of, viz. that his philosophy is fragmentary—too much restrained to particular applications—and incapable of combination, or perfect synthesis; another feature, by the way, in Lessing which connects him with Lord Shaftesbury; for *his* philosophy also is scattered and disjointed,—delivered by fits and starts,—and with many a vast hiatus. Both of them, in fact, had a leaning to a sceptical (that is, a negative) philosophy, rather than a positive philosophy of construction. Meantime, this particular defect is less felt in the Laocoon than elsewhere; and for this reason;—Schlegel has remarked, (or rather Kant, for it is his remark originally,) that merely to clear up the boundaries of the different species, which might seem a negative service, yields the greatest positive uses for the development of each species in its whole individualities. Now this is done in the Laocoon; and it will be shown in the notes, that some errors which have arisen in England, would at once have been forestalled by the principles of this essay.

LAOCOON.—*An Essay on the Fine Arts, and their Limits. From the German of Lessing. With Notes by the Translator.*

SECTION I.

WHAT is the most prominent characteristic of the Grecian master-pieces in painting and in sculpture?

It will be found, according to Winkelmann, in majestic composure of attitude and expression. "As the ocean," says he, "in its lower strata remains for ever at rest, let its surface be as agitated as it may, even so the expression in the figures of the Greeks, under the uttermost tumult of passion, indicates a profound tranquillity of soul. Such a tranquillity is shadowed forth in the face of the Laocoon though in extremities of suffering. And not merely in the face. Every muscle is instinct with anguish; torture is made palpable to the spectator in the dire contractions below the bust; yet this suffering does not express itself by any frenzy in the countenance, or distraction in the attitude. No hideous shriek is uttered, as in the poetic Laocoon of Virgil; the opening of the mouth is not enough to allow of this, nor in fact of any louder voice, as Sadolet notices, than the stifled sigh of anguish. Through the whole structure of the

figure bodily pain and grandeur of soul are distributed in equal measure, and are balanced into a noble antagonism with each other. Laocoon suffers, but he suffers like the Philoctetes of Sophocles. His misery pierces our hearts; but the presiding sentiment after all is a wish that we could support the situation of so miserable a being with the fortitude of so noble a one.

This remark of Winkelmann's, as to the fundamental part of it, that the suffering does not impress itself on the face of Laocoon, with that frantic agitation which might have been looked for from its violence, is perfectly just. And it is indisputable, that in this very point, in which a half-judge would pronounce the artist to have fallen below nature, and to have missed the true pathos of bodily pain, lies in fact the triumph of his wisdom. Thus far I assent: and it is simply as to the grounds which Winkelmann assigns for this wisdom of the artist, and as to the universality of the rule which he would derive from these

grounds, that I venture to disagree with him. Undoubtedly I was staggered at first by the oblique censure of Virgil, and by the comparison with

Philoctetes. From this point I will start, and will deliver my thoughts in the order of their actual development.

SECTION II.

“Laocoon suffers; but he suffers like the Philoctetes of Sophocles.” And how is *that*? Strange that the character of his suffering should have impressed us so differently. The complaints, outcries, and savage execration with which the torments of Philoctetes had filled the camp and disturbed the sanctity of the sacrifices, rang with no less hideous clamour through the desert island; and these, indeed, it was that had banished him to that solitude. Dread accents of rage, of anguish, of despair! which the Athenian theatre re-echoed in the mimic representation of the poet. It has been remarked that the third act of this drama is shorter than the rest. And why? Because, say the critics, little stress was laid by the ancients upon the equalization of the acts. This I admit: but I should prefer any other instance in support of it to the one before us. For the truth is, that the interrupted expressions of pain in this act of the Philoctetes, the abrupt ejaculation of *ἀ, ἀ, ὦ μοι, μοι, ἀταρται,* &c., with which it is crowded, must have demanded in the stage declamation, a prolonged volume of emphasis and of cadences very different from those which belong to continuous recitation: and hence, when represented, doubtless this act would fill as long a space of time as the rest. Measured by the eye upon paper it has a shortness, which it could not have had to an audience.

Crying is the natural expression of bodily pain. The Homeric warriors, gods or men, fell to the ground when

wounded, not seldom with loud outcries. Venus, on finding her skin raised by the point of a spear, utters a loud shriek: and that this is not meant by the poet as any expression of the effeminacy appropriate to her in the character of goddess of pleasure, but as the universal tribute to the claims of suffering nature, appears from this—that the iron-hearted Mars, when pierced by the lance of Diomed, shrieks as hideously as ten thousand men in distraction, so that both armies are thrown into consternation.

Much as Homer may otherwise have exalted the heroic standard, yet invariably in cases of bodily pain, or of insulted honour, when the question is about the expression of these feelings—whether by crying, by tears, or by abusive words, his heroes remain faithful to their merely human nature. In their actions they are beings of a higher order; in their feelings very men. We* Europeans, I am well aware, with our modern refinement and decorum, are better skilled in the government of our eyes and our tongue. Passive courage has with us displaced the courage of action, which characterised the raw ages of the early world. And this distinction we inherit even from our rude ancestors. Obstinate to dissemble pain and to stifle its expression—to face the stroke of death with steadfast eye—to expire laughing amidst the pangs of adders’ poison, and to disdain all lamentations for the loss of the dearest friend,—these are the characteristics of the old Northern heroism.

* Lessing is here upon untenable ground: the ancient and modern world are not under a different law in this respect: still less are we Europeans, as Lessing may be understood to mean, opposed to the rest of the world, and to the great rule of nature in our mode of feeling on this matter. Goth, Scythian, American Indian, have all alike placed the point of honour in the suppression of any feeling whatsoever of a purely personal or selfish nature, as physical suffering must necessarily be. It is the Greeks who are the exceptions, not we: and even amongst them, not all (e. g. the Spartans), nor in every age. As to the Homeric Greeks, they are downright children. The case of the funeral lamentation, however, is not in point: for this is a case of the *social* affections, to the expression of which it is true that nations are more or less indulgent as they are more or less cultivated.

Not so with the Grecian! *He* gave a loose to the expression of his pain or his grief, and felt ashamed for none of his human infirmities; with this one restriction, however, that they were never allowed to interfere with him in the path of honour, or in the fulfilment of his duties. A triumph over his nature, for which he was indebted entirely to moral principle; whereas in the barbarian, it arose from the mere callousness of uncultivated sensibility. On this subject there is a characteristic trait in a passage of the *Iliad*, which I am surprised that the critics have overlooked. The hostile armies, having agreed to an armistice, are occupied in burning their dead; a ceremony which, on both sides, is conducted not without tears. Priam, however, forbids his Trojans to weep. Now, why is it that Agamemnon does not issue a similar order to the Greeks? The poet would here intimate to us that it is only the cultivated Greek that can reconcile the martial character with the tenderness of grief; whereas the uncultured Trojan, to attain the distinctions of a warrior, must first of all stifle his human affection.

It is remarkable, that amongst the few tragedies which have come down to us from the Grecian theatre, there are two* which found no small part

of the distress upon the bodily sufferings of the hero; the *Philoctetes* already noticed, and the *Dying Hercules*: him also (in his *Trachinæ*) *Sophocles* represents as weeping, wailing, and shrieking. There is even a *Laocoon* amongst the lost tragedies of *Sophocles*; and, though it is impossible from the slight notices of this drama in the old *literators*, to come to any conclusion about the way in which it was treated, still I am persuaded that *Laocoon* cannot have been portrayed as more stoical than *Hercules* or *Philoctetes*. Stoicism in every form is undramatic: and our sympathy with suffering is always commensurate with the expression of it in the object of the interest.

And now comes my inference. If it be true that audible crying and shrieking, as an expression of bodily pain, is not incompatible (on the ancient Greek notion) with grandeur of soul,—in that case, *Winkelmann* cannot possibly be right in supposing such a grandeur in the sculptor's conception of the *Laocoon* to have stood in the way of the natural expression of the agony which invests the situation; and we are now to seek for some other reason why, in this instance, he has departed from his rival the poet, who has not scrupled deliberately to express this trait of the situation.

SECTION III.

There is a story which ascribes to the passion of love the first essays in the fine arts: this story, no matter whether a fable or a genuine tradi-

tion, is so far true in a philosophic sense, that undoubtedly this passion was the presiding influence under which the great masters composed,

* Every reader will recollect a third, the *Prometheus* of *Æschylus*. That *Lessing* should have omitted this, cannot be regarded as an oversight, but rather as the act of a special pleader, who felt that it would stand in the way of his theory. It must not be objected that *Prometheus* is the hero of a mysterious mythus, with a proportionate exaltation of the human character: for so was *Hercules*. Undoubtedly it must be granted that the enduring and (so to speak) monumental suffering of *Prometheus*, demanded on principles of proportion, a Titanic stability of fortitude, having no relation to time, and the transitory agitations of passion: so that even *Sophocles* might, upon a suggestion of good taste, *invitâ Minervâ*, have treated this subject differently. But, after all, the main ground of difference between the two poets lies in this—that *Æschylus* had a profound sympathy with the grandeurs of nature, and of human nature, which *Sophocles* had not. Now, between two extremes, (as in the management of this case they were,) it is not open to *Lessing* to assume either as the representative Grecian mind.

and which, in respect to the art of painting in particular, dictated the Grecian theory of its purpose and limits. For the wise Greek confined it within the narrowest bounds, and refused to paint anything but the Beautiful; and not that even when it belonged to a lower order; beauty, less than absolute, never except by accident furnished an object to the Grecian artist; at most, it might furnish him a casual study, or an amusement. It was the ambition of the Grecian painter that his works should enchant by the mere perfection of the object which they presented apart from his own workmanship; and his pride was too elevated to stoop to gratify the humble taste for a likeness skilfully caught, or to draw attention to himself by the sense of difficulty overcome.

“Who would choose to paint thee,” says an old epigrammatist, addressing a very deformed man;—“who would choose to paint thee, whom no man would choose to look at?” But many a modern artist would say—“No matter how deformed you may be, I will paint you. Grant that no man would willingly look at you,—what of that? Every man will gladly look at my picture, not indeed as exhibiting your person, but as exhibiting my

art in reflecting so faithful an image of an object so disgusting.”

Meantime it cannot be denied, that this propensity to an ostentatious display of address and sleight of hand, unennobled by any value in the object, has too deep a foundation in our nature to remain wholly inert under any condition of the public taste; and accordingly, even Greece produced her Pauson, who exercised his art exclusively upon the defects of the human form, through all its varieties of disproportion or distortion; and her Pyreicus, who painted such subjects as the ass, the whole tribe of culinary vegetables, dirty work-shops, &c., with all the zeal of a Flemish artist. But these painters suffered the penalty due to this degradation of their art—the first in squalid poverty, and both in the public disrespect.

Even the civil power itself was thought in Greece to be not unworthily employed in confining the artist within his proper sphere; and a Theban law, as is well known, punished the representation of deformity. We laugh when we hear of this; but we laugh unwisely. Undoubtedly, the laws have no pretensions to any control over the motions of science; for the object of science is truth; and *that* is indispensable.* But the object of the fine arts

* It is hardly possible to crowd together into one sentence a greater amount of error, or error of a more dangerous quality. First, the right of the state to interfere with the Fine Arts, is asserted upon the ground that they can be dispensed with, *i. e.* that they are of no important use; which ground is abandoned in the next sentence, where important influences upon the national condition are ascribed to one class of the Fine Arts, and more than this can hardly be involved in the character of “*indispensable*,” as attached to the sciences. Secondly, apart from this contradiction, the following dilemma arises; the Fine Arts have, or have not, important results for human happiness. In the first case, it is dangerous to concede a right of interference with them to the state (that is, a right to cripple or defeat them); in the second case, it is vexatious. The sole pretence, indeed, for such a claim, *viz.* that it cannot interfere with any important interests, because the Arts are no ways essential to the general welfare, carries with it a confession that any interference would be frivolous and impertinent. The moment that such an act can be shown to be safe, it will also appear to be without use or motive. Thirdly, unless the government are to *misdirect* the arts, it will be reduced to the following alternatives; either its members must dedicate themselves to that particular study, in which case they abandon their own appropriate functions; or they must surrender themselves to the guidance of a body of artists; in which case, besides the indecorum of making the state a tool for private intrigues, it is not in fact the government which prescribes rules to the arts, but one faction of artists through the government prescribing rules to another. Fourthly, it is not true that Science is in any other or higher sense “*indispensable*” than the Arts; the fact is, that the gifts of Science would be a most dangerous possession for any nation which was not guided in the use of them by a moral culture derived from manners, institutions, and the arts.

is pleasure, which is *not* indispensable. And therefore it must depend altogether upon the pleasure of the law-giver, to determine what kind of pleasure shall be allowed—and of each several kind what proportion. That class of the arts, in particular, which deals with forms, besides its inevitable influences upon the national character, is capable of leading to one result, which demands the special regard of the laws. The female imagination, impressed by the daily spectacle of grace and power displayed in the ideal beauty of pictures and statues, would gradually exalt the standard of the national form. Whereas with us moderns, the maternal imagination seems never to receive any effectual impressions but in the direction of the monstrous.

And hence I derive a notion which enables me to detect a latent truth in some old stories which have hitherto passed for fables. Six ladies of antiquity, viz. the mothers of Aristomenes, of Aristodamas, of Alexander the Great, of Scipio, of Augustus, and the Emperor Galerius, all had the same dream during pregnancy, the main circumstance of which was that they had an adulterous commerce with a serpent. Now, undoubtedly, there must have been some reason why the fancy in these cases had uniformly settled upon a serpent; and I explain it thus. The serpent was a symbol of divinity; and the beautiful statues or pictures of a Bacchus, an Apollo, a Mercury, a Hercules, were rarely without this symbol. And thus it naturally happened, that the fancy of these ladies having banqueted in the day-time on the marvellous perfections of the youthful god, reproduced in the confusion of dreams this symbolic image as an associated circumstance.

But this by the way. What I wished to insist on is—that amongst the ancients Beauty was the presiding law

of those arts which are occupied with Form. And this once established, it follows, that to the supreme object of Beauty, every collateral object in these arts must be sacrificed at once where it cannot be brought into reconciliation, and must, in any case, be subordinated.

Let me pause a moment to explain myself. There are certain modes of passion, and degrees of passion, which cannot express themselves on the countenance but by hideously disfiguring it, and which throw the whole person into such constrained attitudes, that all the beautiful lines which define its outline in a state of repose, utterly vanish. Now, from these passions the ancient artists either abstained altogether, or depressed them to a lower key, in which they might be so modulated as not to disturb the general beauty. Frenzy and despair, for instance, were not allowed to disfigure their pure creations. Anger they lowered into severity. By the poet, indeed, Jupiter might be exhibited in wrath and launching the thunderbolt; but the artist tranquillized this stormy passion into a majestic austerity. Anguish, in like manner, was tempered into sorrow.

But suppose such temperaments to be impracticable from the circumstances, how did the artist deliver himself from his embarrassment so as to express a due submission to the general law of his art (that is to say, the beautiful), and yet at the same time to meet the necessities of the particular case? We have a lesson upon this point from Timanthes. He, in his celebrated picture of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, had depicted the several by-standers, each with his appropriate expression of sympathy through the whole scale of grief; but, coming at last to the father, whose features should naturally have exhibited the passion in its extremity, what did he

Fifthly, the fundamental error lies in affirming the final object of the Fine Arts to be pleasure. Every man, however, would shrink from describing Æschylus or Phidias, Milton or Michael Angelo, as working for a common end with a tumbler or a rope-dancer. "No!" he would say, "the pleasure from the Fine Arts is ennobling, which the other is not." Precisely so: and hence it appears that not pleasure, but the sense of power and the illimitable, incarnated as it were in pleasure, is the true object of the Fine Arts; and their final purpose, therefore, as truly as that of Science, and much more directly, the exaltation of our human nature; which, being the very highest conceivable purpose of man, is least of all a fit subject for the caprices or experiments of the magistrate.

do? He threw a veil over his face. The story is well known; and many fine things have been said upon it. One critic thinks that the painter had exhausted his whole physiognomy of woe, and despaired of throwing a crowning expression into the countenance of the father. This solution is founded therefore on the *number* of the by-standers, and the consequent extent of the scale. But another is of opinion, that, apart from that consideration, and supposing no comparison at all, paternal grief is absolutely and *per se* inexpressible; and that this is what the painter designed to intimate. For my part I see no such thing: I do not admit the inexpressibility of paternal grief, neither in its degree, (according to the first opinion) nor in its kind (according to the second). I deny the supposed impossibility of adequately representing it, whether it respects the aptitudes of the art to allow of this, or the resources of the artist for effecting it. So far from *that*, exactly as any passion grows intense, the traits of the countenance which correspond to it, will deepen in emphasis and characteristic meaning; and just in that degree will the artist find the deepest passion easiest to express. The true solution is, that Timanthes is here paying homage to the limits which the Graces had prescribed to his art. *That* grief, which belonged to Agamemnon as a father, could not (he was aware) express itself but by distortions of countenance that must be in the highest degree repulsive. Up to a certain point the expression could co-exist with dignity and beauty; and so far he carried it. Beyond this the expression became more shocking in proportion as it was true to nature. Wholly to have omitted the paternal grief, or to have depressed its tone, would have been the painter's choice, had either been left free to him by the plan of his composition: not being so, what remained for him but to throw a veil over that which could not be expressed by the art of painting in consistency with its own end? In short, the veiling of Agamemnon is a sacrifice on the part of the painter to the principle of beauty; and is not to be interpreted as a dexterous evasion of the difficulties of his art for the sake of achieving indirectly an expression beyond the powers of the art itself to

have reached; but, on the contrary, as an example of submission to the primary law of the art, which law is Beauty.

Now then let all this be applied to the Laocoon, and the reason which I am investigating will be apparent. The artist was straining after the highest possible beauty, which, however, could not be reconciled with the circumstances of bodily pain exhibited in any form of degrading violence. This therefore it became necessary to moderate; shrieking was to be tamed into sighing; not, however, as though shrieking betrayed an ignoble soul, but because it convulsed and distorted the features. For conceive the mouth of the Laocoon to be opened so as to utter a shriek, and in a moment what a transfiguration! A countenance which had commanded our sympathy by the union of beauty and suffering which it embodied, is suddenly become hateful to us from the disgust associated with the blank aspect of pain unexalted by some mode of bodily perfection in the sufferer. Indeed, setting aside the hideous distortion which it impresses on the other parts of the face, a wide opening of the mouth is in itself a blot upon the harmonies of a painting, and in sculpture is such a descent into bathos as must always be in the last degree revolting. Accordingly, no artist, even in the decay of the arts, has ever figured the most uncultured of barbarians, though in the moment of mortal panic, with the victor's sword at his throat, as shrieking open-mouthed.

Let me add, that this depression of extreme bodily anguish to a lower tone of feeling, is unquestionably countenanced by several ancient works of art. The Hercules in the poisoned shirt, from the hand of an anonymous old master, was not modelled upon the Hercules of the Trachinæ; he was exhibited rather in gloom than in distraction; whereas, in the drama of Sophocles, he utters shrieks so piercing, that they are reverberated from the Locrian rocks and the promontories of Eubœa. The Philoctetes also of Pythagoras Leontinus is described as communicating a sympathetic pain to the spectator; an effect which would assuredly have been defeated by the slightest trace of the horrific.

SECTION IV.

But Art, it will be said, in modern ages, has released itself from the narrow limits of the antique. Its imitations now are co-extensive with the sphere of visible nature, of which the Beautiful forms but a small part. Truth and Expression, it is alleged, now constitute its supreme law; and as Nature is herself for ever sacrificing beauty to higher purposes, the artist also must now pursue it in submission to what is become the general and determining principle of his art. Enough, that by Truth and Expression the hideous of nature is transformed into the beautiful of art.

Suppose now, that, leaving these notions for the present uncontested, we were to look out for some principle quite independent of *their* truth and falsehood (which principle, therefore, it is free for us to use without thereby begging the question), and suppose that, starting from this principle, we could derive from it the two following canons of judgment; viz. that in the teeth of those objections (no matter whether otherwise true or false) the artist is bound,

First, to prescribe certain limits to himself in expressing passion; and thus to acknowledge some law paramount even to the expression.

Secondly, never to select the expression from what may be called the *acme* or transcendent point of the action.

I think then that such a principle, as we are in search of, will be found in one circumstance, to which the imitations of Art are necessarily tied by its more physical conditions—and *that* is its punctual restriction to a single

instant of time; which restriction alone seems to me quite sufficient to yield us the two canons above-mentioned.

Every process of Nature unfolds itself through a succession of phenomena. Now, if it be granted of the artist generally, that of all this moving series he can arrest as it were but so much as fills one instant of time, and with regard to the painter in particular, that even this insulated moment he can exhibit only under one single aspect or phasis,—it then becomes evident that, in the selection of this single instant and of this single aspect, too much care cannot be taken that each shall be in the highest possible degree pregnant in its meaning; that is, shall yield the utmost range to the activities of the imagination. But in the whole evolution of a passion, there is no one stage which has less of this advantage than its highest. Beyond it there is nothing: and to present the last extremity to the eye, is in effect to put fetters on the fancy, and by denying it all possibility of rising above the sensible impression of the picture or statue, to throw its activities forcibly upon the weaker images which lie below that impression. Let Laocoon sigh, and the imagination may hear him shriek; but, if he shrieks, the imagination will not be able to advance one step higher or lower without placing him in a more endurable, and therefore less interesting, situation. It must then represent him either in his earliest sigh, or resting from his agony in death.

So much for the second canon. Next, as respects the other, since art confers upon the moment which it selects the steadfastness of eternity, it must never undertake to express anything which is essentially evanescent.*

* "Essentially evanescent." The reader must lay especial stress on the word *essentially*, because else Lessing will be chargeable with a capital error. For it is in the very antagonism between the transitory reality and the non-transitory image of it reproduced by Painting or Sculpture, that *one* main attraction of those arts is concealed. The shows of Nature, which we feel and know to be moving, unstable, and transitory, are by these arts arrested in a single moment of their passage, and frozen as it were into a motionless immortality. This truth has been admirably drawn into light, and finely illustrated, by Mr Wordsworth, in a sonnet on the Art of Landscape-Painting; in which he insists upon it as the great secret of its power, that it bestows upon

—————"One brief moment caught from fleeting time
The appropriate calm of blest Eternity."

All appearances in nature, which bear the character to our understanding, of sudden birth and sudden extinction, and which, by their very essence, are fluxionary, become unnatural when fixed and petrified, as it were, into the unchanging forms of art; and, no matter whether otherwise agreeable or

Now, in this there might seem at first glance to be some opposition between Mr Wordsworth and Lessing; but all the illustrations of the sonnet show that there is not. For the case is this:—In the succession of parts which make up any appearance in nature, either these parts simply repeat each other, (as in the case of a man walking, a river flowing, &c.,) or they unfold themselves through a cycle, in which each step effaces the preceding (as in the case of a gun exploding, where the flash is swallowed up by the smoke, the smoke effaced by its own dispersion, &c.) Now, the illustrations in Mr Wordsworth's poem are all of the former class; as the party of travellers entering the wood; the boat

“For ever anchored in its rocky bed,”

and so on; where the continuous self-repeating nature of the impression, together with its indefinite duration, predispose the mind to contemplate it under a form of unity, one mode of which exists in the eternal *Now* of the painter and the sculptor. But in successions of the other class, where the parts are not fluent, as in a line, but angular, as it were, to each other, not homogeneous, but heterogeneous, not continuous but abrupt, the evanescence is *essential*; both because each part really *has*, in general, but a momentary existence, and still more because all the parts being unlike, each is imperfect as a representative image of the whole process; whereas, in trains which repeat each other, the whole exists virtually in each part, and therefore reciprocally each part will be a perfect expression of the whole. Now, whatever is essentially imperfect, and waiting, as it were, for its complement, is thereby essentially evanescent, as it is only by vanishing that it makes room for this complement. Whilst objecting, therefore, to appearances *essentially* evanescent, as subjects for the artist, Lessing is by implication suggesting the same class from which Mr Wordsworth has drawn his illustrations.

Spite of the length to which this note has run, I will trespass on the reader's patience for one moment longer, whilst I point his attention to two laws of taste, applied to the composition of epitaphs, (in Mr Wordsworth's Essay on that subject,) as resting on the same general principle which Lessing is unfolding in the text; they are these: 1st, that all fanciful thoughts, and 2dly, that all thoughts of unsubdued, gloomy, and unhopeful grief, are not less severely excluded from the Epitaph by just taste than by Christian feeling. For the very nature of the material in which such inscriptions are recorded, stone or marble, and the laborious process by which they are chiselled out, both point to a character of duration, with which everything slight, frail, or evanescent, is out of harmony. Now, a fanciful thought, however tender, has, by its very definition, this defect. For, being of necessity taken from a partial and oblique station, (since, if it coincided with the central or absolute station of the reason, it would cease to be fanciful,) such a thought can, at most, include but a side-glimpse of the truth: the mind submits to it for a moment, but immediately hurries on to some other thought, under the feeling that the flash and sudden gleam of colourable truth, being as frail as the resemblances in clouds, would, like *them*, un mould and “dislimn” itself (to use a Shakspearian word) under too steady and continued attention. As to the other class of thoughts, which express the agitations of inconsolable grief, no doubt, they are sufficiently condemned, even in point of taste, by the very character of the place where epitaphs are usually recorded; for this being dedicated to Christian hopes, should, in all consistency, impress a law of Christian resignation upon the memorials within its precincts; else, why inscribe them *there*? But, apart from this objection, such thoughts are also condemned, on the principle of Lessing, as too evanescent. In the hands of a dramatic poet they are of great use; for there it is no blame to them that they are evanescent, since they make parts, or steps, in a natural process, the *whole* of which is given; and are effaced either by more tranquil sentiments, or by the catastrophe; so that no attempt is there made to give permanence to the evanescent. But in an Epitaph, from its monumental character, we look for an expression of feeling, which is fitted to be acquiesced in as final. Now, upon general principles of human nature, we know that the turbulence of rebellious grief cannot be a final, or other than a transitory state of mind; and if it were otherwise in any particular case, we should be too much shocked to survey it with a pleasurable sympathy.

terrific, inevitably become weaker and weaker in the impression the oftener they are contemplated. Pain, violent enough to extort shrieks, either soon remits, or else destroys the suffering subject. Here then is a reason why the sculptor could not have represented Laocoon as shrieking, even though it had been possible for him to do so, without disturbing the beauty, or though in *his* art it had been allowable to neglect it.

This canon was understood and acted on by Timomachus, who, amongst the ancient painters, seems most to have delighted in subjects of intense passion. Two of his most celebrated pictures were the Ajax in Distraction, and the Medea. But, from the description which has come down to us of these pictures, it is evident that he has admirably combined an attention to both the canons laid down; having selected that point of the action in each case which rather suggested than represented its crisis or extremity, and that particular form of expression for the situation with which the sense of evanescence was not too powerfully connected, to make us revolt from the prolongation of it by art. The Medea was exhibited, not in the very act of murdering her children, but a few moments before, whilst the struggle was yet fervent between maternal love and jealousy. The issue is foreseen; already, by anticipation, we shudder at the image of the mother mastered by her murderous fury; and our imagination transports us far beyond any effect that could have been derived from the actual exhibition of this awful moment. And so little do we feel any offence at the eternity conferred by Art on the indecision of Medea, that on the contrary the mind submits to it gladly, and with a wish

that the conflict had in reality been eternal, or so long, however, that time might have been allowed for reflection, and for the victorious reflux of maternal tenderness. This treatment of the subject has obtained for Timomachus the warmest applause, and a great pre-eminence over a brother painter, who had in these points departed from his discretion. This artist had been injudicious enough to exhibit Medea in the very transports of her murderous frenzy; and thus upon a thing as fugitive as a delirious dream, had conferred a monumental duration, which is shocking and revolting to nature. A Greek poet, accordingly, when censuring his conduct in these particulars, with just feeling apostrophizes the principal figure in this way—"Ha! Medea, is then thy thirst after thy children's blood unquenchable? Doth there rise up for ever another Jason and another Creusa, to sting thee into madness?—If so," he adds, in indignation, "cursed be thou even in the painter's mimicry."

The management of the Ajax we may collect from the account of Philostratus. He was not represented in the height of his paroxysm, slaughtering the rams and the he-goats which he mistakes for his enemies; but in the state of exhaustion which succeeded to these feats—re-visited by reason, and meditating self-destruction. And this in strict meaning is the distracted Ajax; not that he is so now, but because we see his distraction expounded by its effects, and the enormity of it measured by the acuteness of his shame. The fury of the storm appears best after it is over, expressing itself by the wrecks and the ruins it has caused.

SECTION V.

I have argued that the sculptor, in setting limits to the expression of pain in the Laocoon, proceeded upon principle: On looking over the reasons by which this has been maintained, I find that they all resolve themselves into the peculiar constitution of his art, and its original and natural necessities. This being the case, it is scarcely possible that any one of these arguments should be applicable to the art of Poetry.

Without stopping to examine how

far the poet can succeed in representing personal beauty, thus much is indisputable—that, since the whole immeasurable field of perfection in every mode is open to his art, that particular manifestation, or (to speak learnedly) that incarnation of the perfect which is called Beauty, can never be more than one amongst many resources (and those the slightest) by which he has it in his power to engage our interest for his characters. Least of all, is it necessary in any single trait

of description, not expressly designed for the sight, that the poet should address himself to that sense. When Virgil's Laocoon shrieks, who thinks of the wide opening of the mouth that takes place in that act, and of its ugliness? Enough that the expression, "*Clamores horrendos ad sidera tollit*," is a grand trait for the ear, be it what it may for the sight. And he that looks for a beautiful image in this place, has wholly missed the true effect designed by the poet.

In the next place, nothing obliges the poet to concentrate his picture into one punctual instant of time. Any action whatsoever he is at liberty to take up from its origin, and to conduct it through every stage to the conclusion. Each one of these stages, which would cost the painter a separate picture, is dispatched by him in a single trait of description; and supposing this trait, separately considered, to be offensive—yet, by skilful position in respect to what precedes and follows, it may be so *medicated* (as it were) by the preparation of the one, and the reaction of the other, as to merge its peculiar and separate effect in the general impression.

Virgil, therefore, may be justified for departing from the sculptor in his treatment of the Laocoon. But Virgil is a narrative poet; how far, then, will the benefit of *his* justification extend to the dramatic poet? It is one thing to tell us of a shriek, and another thing actually to re-produce this shriek in a mimic representation: and possibly it may be the duty of the Drama, as a sort of living art of Painting by means of actors, to bind itself more severely than other kinds of poetry to the laws of that art. In the representation of the theatre it will be urged that we no longer *fancy* that we are seeing and hearing a shrieking Philoctetes; we do actually see and hear him: and the nearer to the truth of nature that the mimetic art of the actor is in this instance carried, so much the more sensibly should our eyes and ears be offended; for it is un-

deniable that they are so in the realities of nature, by all violent expressions of pain. Bodily pain above all is, in general, ill adapted to call forth the sympathy, which is given to other modes of suffering. It presents to our imagination too little of distinct features, for the mere sight of it to impress us with a proportionate feeling. *Primâ facie*, therefore, it is not absolutely impossible that Sophocles, in representing his suffering heroes as weeping and wailing, may have violated a law of decorum, not arbitrary or fantastic, but grounded in the very nature of human emotions. The by-standers, it is clear, cannot possibly take as much interest in their sufferings as this clamorous uproar of ejaculation seems to call for. They will, therefore, appear to us, the spectators, comparatively cold: and yet, we cannot possibly regard their sympathy as other than the fit measure for our own. Add to this, that the actor can, with great difficulty, if at all, carry the expression of pain to the necessary point of illusion.

How plausible, how irrefragable, would many an objection drawn from theory appear, had not genius succeeded in demonstrating its falsehood by mere blank argument of fact. None of the considerations alleged seems to be without some foundation; yet, for all that, the *Philoctetes* remains a *chef-d'œuvre* of the stage. The truth is, that one part of the objections glances wide of Sophocles; and with respect to the other, simply by managing the subject so as to throw it out of the level of their range, the poet has achieved beauties which the timid connoisseur, in the absence of such a model, could never have imagined to be possible.

Marvellously, indeed, has the poet succeeded in strengthening and exalting the idea of bodily pain. First of all, he selected for the ground of his interest a wound rather than an internal malady, however painful, as judging the former to be susceptible of a more impressive representation.* On this principle the internal fire which con-

* This is surely a very questionable position. To many persons the sickness of Orestes, exhibited with so much pathetic effect by Euripides, will appear better adapted to scenical purposes than any wound whatsoever. But *that* sickness, it will be said, was not a natural sickness; it was exalted by its connexion with the dark powers who had inflicted it, and the awful nature of the guilt which had provoked it. True; but the wound of Philoctetes was also of a supernatural character, and

sumes Meleager, in fatal sympathy with the brand which his mother throws into the fire as a sacrifice to her sisterly wrath, would be less adapted to the illusions of the scene than a wound. Secondly, the wound of Philoctetes was a judgment from Heaven. A poison, in which was more than a natural malignity, gnawed within the wound for ever; intervals there were none, except as regarded the extreme paroxysms; these had their stated periods, after which the miserable man regularly sank into a comatose sleep, in which nature rested from her agonies to restore him strength for treading the same round of torment again.

Dreadful, however, as were the bodily sufferings of his hero, Sophocles was sensible that these alone were not sufficient to sustain any remarkable degree of pity. With pain, therefore, he connected other evils; and these also taken separately might not have been particularly moving; but, connected as they were, they lent to the bodily torments a sad and touching interest, which again was reflected back upon themselves. These evils consist in hunger—in the inclemency of a raw ungenial climate—in utter solitude and the want of any *συντροφον ἄμμα*, together with the naked and calamitous

condition of life to which a human being is exposed under circumstances of such perfect destitution. When the Chorus is reflecting on the miserable condition of Philoctetes, the helpless solitude of it is the circumstance to which they direct their chief regard. In every word of this we recognize the social Grecian. For represent a man as oppressed by the most painful and incurable complaint, but at the same time as surrounded by affectionate friends who suffer him to want for no alleviation of his sufferings, and fail in no offices of consolation,—undoubtedly, we grant him our sympathy, but not of a deep or an enduring character. Figure him, on the other hand, under the double calamity of sickness and of solitude; figure him mastered as by a demoniacal possession, incapable of giving help to himself through disease, incapable of receiving it through his situation; imagine him throwing out his complaints upon the desert air, expostulating with the very rocks and the sea, and pouring forth his wild litanies of anguish to the heavens,—we then behold our human nature under the uttermost burthen of wretchedness that it can support; we clasp our hands over the poor suffering creature; and, if ever an image crosses our fancy, of our-

ennobled by the wild grandeur of the Lernæan poison, independently of the poet's art; so that the comparison is not an unfair one. On the other hand, with respect to the case of Meleager, referred to in the next sentence, any comparison between that and the case of Philoctetes would be an unfair one, if it were not in fact nugatory; for the combustion of Meleager was to the full as much a wound as a constitutional disease. But, waiving this, the true reason why we should be little affected by a scenical Meleager is—that the supernatural in this instance rests upon the basis of magic—a basis aerial and as little appealing to the profundities of our nature as the supernatural of a Fairy tale. Hence, if we are to take it with Lessing as a representative case of constitutional disease against wounds, it will be most unfair to oppose it to that of Philoctetes—in which, as a divine judgment inflicted through a physical agency, the supernatural rests upon the deep realities of our nature; for the notion of a 'judgment' is common to all religions. In this respect, again, the Orestes is the fair counterpart of the Philoctetes as to the *quality* of the interest; so that, if it be equal or superior in the *degree*, the remark of Lessing is groundless. By the way, of both the Orestes and the Philoctetes, as compared with the unsubstantial Meleager, it may be remarked that their power over the affections is held by a double tenure,—grounded equally in the natural and the supernatural. They rest in part upon the religious sense, and therefore, on the truths of the reason and the conscience, in which the "Dark foundations" of our nature are laid; upon shadowy, therefore, but still the sublimest of all realities. Yet, if this basis were removed, there still remains a sufficient one in the physical facts of the two cases. The gnawing of a serpent's venom, sickness, solitude, and the sense of deep injury, are adequate to sustain the passion of the Philoctetes: and the most irreligious man, who totally rejects the supernatural, must yet (as a mere psychological truth) admit the power of a wounded conscience to produce the frenzy, the convulsions, and the phantoms which besiege the couch of Orestes.

selves as standing in the same situation, we dismiss it with a shuddering horror.

Oh, that Frenchman! who had no sense to perceive all this, nor heart to comprehend it: or, if he had, was little enough to sacrifice to the beggarly taste of his nation everything that constitutes the passion of the situation!—Chataubrun, at one stroke, disperses the whole interest, by placing Philoctetes (*risum teneatis?*) in human society. He introduces upon the desolate island a certain princess, the daughter of Philoctetes; and not alone neither, for she has her duenna along with her—a sort of thing of which I am at a loss to know whether it were designed for the service of the princess or of the poet. Sophocles was aware that no compassion is stronger than that which is blended with images of despair: this it is which we feel for the situation of Philoctetes; and precisely this it is which the Greek poet carries to the uttermost limit, when he represents him as robbed of his bow—the sole stay and staff of his miserable existence. But the Frenchman knows a surer way to our heart: he alarms us with the prospect that Neoptolemus will be obliged to depart without his princess. This is what the Parisian critics call triumphing over the Ancients; and one of them proposed as a title for this very play of Chataubrun's, in relation to the supposed meagreness of interest in the treatment of Sophocles, *la Difficulté Vaincue*.

Next after this general *coup d'œil*, carry your eye to the particular scenes in which Philoctetes is no longer the afflicted Solitary, but has hopes soon to quit his savage wilderness, and to repossess his kingdom; in which scenes, therefore, his whole misery is reduced to the agony of his wound. At this point of the action he moans, shrieks, and suffers the most appalling convulsions. And precisely against these scenes it is that the objection of violated decorum is levelled. All passions and affections, it is said, become offensive when expressed with too much violence.—Nothing is so fallacious as prescribing general laws to our feelings, which lie in so subtle and intricate a web—that even the most vigilant analysis can rarely succeed in taking up a single thread clear of the rest, or pursuing it through all

the cross threads which arise to perplex it. And, suppose it could, to what purpose? In nature there exists no such insulation of feeling; with every single feeling there arise simultaneously thousands of others, the very slightest of which is sufficient to disturb the unity of the fundamental one—to modify—or utterly to change its character; so that exceptions accumulate upon exceptions; and the pretended universal law shrinks at last into a mere experimental deduction from a few individual cases. We despise, say the objectors, any man from whom bodily pain extorts a shriek. Ay, but not always: not for the first time; not if we see that the sufferer strains every nerve to stifle the expression of his pain; not if we know him otherwise to be a man of firmness; still less if we witness evidences of his firmness in the very midst of his sufferings, and observe that, although pain may have extorted a shriek, it has extorted nothing else from him,—but that on the contrary he submits to the prolongation of his pain, rather than renounce one iota of his resolutions, even where such a concession would promise him the termination of his misery. Now all this is found in Philoctetes. Amongst the ancient Greeks, moral grandeur consisted no less in persevering love of friends, than in imperishable hatred of enemies. This grandeur Philoctetes maintains under all his torments. Pain has not so withered his human sympathies, but that he has still some tears for the calamities of his ancient friends. Neither has pain so unnerved him as that, to escape from it, he will forgive his enemies, or lend himself to their self-interested purposes. And this was the man, this rock of granite, that the Athenians, forsooth, were to despise; because the billows, that could not shatter him, yet drew from him some sounds that testified his “huge affliction and dismay!”—I must confess that I find little to my taste in the philosophy of Cicero, scarcely anywhere indeed, but least of all in that part of it which he parades in the second book of his Tusculan Disputations on the endurance of pain. One would suppose that his purpose had been to form a gladiator, so zealously does he play the rhetorician against the external manifestations of pain.

"The poets," says he, "make us effeminate; for they introduce the bravest men weeping." Weeping? and why not? a theatre, I hope, is no arena. To the professed gladiator, sold or condemned to the Circus, it might be no more than becoming to act and to suffer with decorous apathy. He was trained, as to his first duty, to suppress all sound of lamentation, and every spasm of pain. For his wounds and his death were to furnish a spectacle of pleasure to the spectators; and thus it became the business of art to conceal all sensibility to pain and danger. The slightest expression of feeling might have awakened compassion; and that, frequently repeated, would soon have put an end to these cold-blooded exhibitions. But the pity, which was banished from the exhibitions of the arena, on the tragic stage was the sole end proposed: and this difference of purpose prescribed a corresponding difference of demeanour in the performers. The heroes of the stage were bound to show feeling; it was their duty to express pain, and to display the naked workings of nature. Any constraint or discipline of disguise would at once repel sympathy; and a cold expression of wonderment is the most that could be given to a prize-fighter in the Cothurnus. Such a title, in fact, and no higher, belongs to all the persons in the drama of Seneca; and it is my firm conviction, that the gladiatorial shows were the main cause of the indifferent success which the Romans had in tragedy.* The spectators in the bloody amphitheatre acquired a distorted taste in nature; a Ctesias, perhaps, but not a Sophocles, might have cultivated his art in that school. Once familiar with these artificial death-scenes of the arena, the genius of tragedy must have descended into fustian and rhodomontade. Now, just as little as such bombast could inspire genuine heroism, is effeminacy to be charged upon the lamentations of Philoctetes. These la-

mentations express him as a man; his actions express him as a hero. Both together compose the human hero, not effeminate on the one hand, not callous or brutal on the other; but this or that in appearance accordingly as he is determined by duty and principle, or by the impulses of his human nature. Philoctetes, in short, in reference to heroism, is the very ideal of what wisdom can suggest, or the powers of imitative art can realize.

Not content, however, with this general philosophic sanction to his hero's sensibility, Sophocles has taken pains to forestall every objection to which by possibility it could have been liable. For, notwithstanding we do not of necessity despise him who expresses his pain by shrieks, still it is undeniable that we do not feel compassion for him in that degree which shrieks may seem to claim. How then ought those to bear themselves who are brought into connexion with Philoctetes? Ought they to wear the semblance of deep emotion? That would be contrary to nature. Ought they to manifest the coldness and the alien eye which are common in such cases? That would be shocking to the spectators, from the harsh line of separation between two unharmonized states of feeling, and the consequent loss of unity in the impression. Here then is a dilemma; but this, as was said before, Sophocles has contrived to meet. And how? Simply through the separate interest collateral to the main one, which occupies the subordinate characters: not being neutral parties, but pre-occupied by their own objects, it implies no want of feeling that they cannot give an undivided attention to the lamentations of Philoctetes: and thus the spectator's attention is drawn off, from the disproportion between their sympathy and the shrieking of Philoctetes, to the counterbalancing interest to themselves of their own plan, and the changes it undergoes; changes that

* This is a very sagacious remark; and yet it may be doubted whether it is true in the extent to which Lessing here carries it. No doubt the taste of the amphitheatre would confirm and strengthen a spurious taste in tragedy. But it is probable that originally both were effects of a common cause, viz. the composition of the Roman mind. For the whole history and literature of the Romans make it evident, that of all nations, they had the highest ideal for the grandeur of the human will in resisting passion, but the very lowest ideal for the grandeur of human passion in conflict with itself. Hence the overpowering suspicion of a Greek origin for the *Atys* of Catullus.

are entirely due to the force of sympathy, whether weak or strong. Neoptolemus and the Chorus have practised a deceit upon the unhappy Philoctetes: they are witnesses to the despair into which this deceit is likely to plunge him; and just at this moment he falls into one of his dreadful convulsions. If this spectacle calls forth no remarkable external expression of their sympathy, it compels them, however, to reflection—to respect for the rights of human calamity, and to forbearance from all aggravation of it by treachery. This is what the spectator looks for; and the noble-minded Neoptolemus does not disappoint him. A Philoctetes, according to the Ciceronian conception, in full self-possession and master over his own pains, would have upheld Neoptolemus in his dissimulation; but a Philoctetes, whose sufferings transcend disguise, indispensable as that might seem to the purpose of intercepting any sentiment of repentance in the mind of Neoptolemus with regard to the promise he had given of taking him off the island,—a Philoctetes, in short, who is all nature, recalls Neoptolemus also to his nature. This revolution of mind in the young prince is of admirable effect; and the more touching, as it is brought about by no change in the situation of the parties, but by pure human sensibility. In the French Philoctetes, however, the “fine eyes” of beauty have their share in this revolution:—

“*De mes déguisemens que penseroit Sophie ?*” says the son of Achilles. *What would Sophia think ?* Faugh!

The very same artist-like contrivance of combining with the compassion due to the audible expression of pain, another and counterbalancing interest of a more selfish nature in the bystanders, has been employed by Sophocles in his Trachinïa. The suffering of Hercules is not one which tends to exhaustion; on the contrary, it

acts by irritation, and drives him into a frenzy-fit, in which he pants after revenge. Lichas he has already sacrificed to his fury, by dashing him to pieces against the rocks. The Chorus, therefore, composed of women, are naturally possessed by fear and consternation. This, and the agitation of suspense about the fate of Hercules,—Will some god come to his assistance, or will he sink under his agonies?—constitute the proper and presiding interest which is but partially relieved by the other interest of compassion. No sooner is the suspense at an end, and the issue determined by the oracle, than Hercules recovers his composure; at which point, admiration of his final in trepidity swallows up all other feelings.

In comparing the suffering Hercules, however, with the suffering Philoctetes, we are not to forget that the first is a demigod, and the other no more than a man. A being, entirely human, has no reason to be ashamed of his lamentations; but a demigod must naturally feel humiliated that the mortal in his composition could so far triumph over the immortal, as to extort tears from him and feminine complaints. We moderns profess to believe in no demigods; nevertheless, we demand of the pettiest hero that he should act and feel like a being of that order.

As to the objection, that no actor could carry the shrieks and spasms of pain to the necessary point of illusion, it is one which I will not presume to determine one way or the other. If it should appear that this is really impossible to our own actors, I should then be obliged to plead the perfection of the declamatory art amongst the ancients, and of the subsidiary aids in its mechanic apparatus; a perfection of which at this day we retain no sort of idea.

Note.—In this section, amongst other instances of skill in the Philoctetes, Lessing insists upon the means used for exalting the wound; but *there* the merit is confined to a judicious selection from the existing traditions. A far better illustration of Lessing’s meaning was once suggested to me from the Othello. The wretched La Harpe, it is well known, complains of the *handkerchief* as irretrievably mean. In the hands of a La Harpe we cannot doubt that it would have proved so. But Shakspeare has so ennobled it by the wild grandeur of its history,

————— “That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give,” &c.

that we can no more regard it as M. La Harpe’s *mouchoir*, than the shattered banner of a veteran regiment as an old rag.

IMPRESSMENT OF SEAMEN.*

THE gallant officer to whom we are indebted for this volume, is well known in the Royal Navy to be peculiarly qualified for such an undertaking; and being one of those who are *looked up to* in the naval service, to which he is an ornament, as an excellent officer, a prime seaman, and no less remarkable for his perseverance, than his independent spirit, which are manifest in his works already before the public, it is not to be wondered at, that his brother officers should be anxious to know the opinions and propositions of one held by them in such high estimation. Accordingly, this publication has been universally read and canvassed in that class of society. From what we have heard, we are assured that it has excited a lively sensation; and that it has generally, even with the greatest sceptics, carried with it a conviction, that the abolition of Impressment is actually practicable. We now venture to recommend the *patient* and dispassionate perusal of this treatise to those, who, though not so closely connected with the Royal Navy, are no less interested in the general cause, and on whom it is even more incumbent to take this important subject into their serious consideration. That the abolition of Impressment is a most desirable object, has been fully and universally admitted; and there is scarcely a respectable journal or review in the kingdom, that has not deprecated its practice; but whether, from want of information, or from party feeling, nothing was achieved, and the evil was exposed only to irritate the minds of those who are obnoxious to its operation. The remedies, where any were proposed, were supercilious or absurd, and comparisons were drawn of an invidious and often of an inflammatory nature, even by those whose respectability alone should have restrained them. Captain Griffiths, in his preface and introduction, seems to have been fully aware of the difficult task he had undertaken; and the sentiments we find expressed in them are worthy of a British officer. The modest and manly disavowal of all pretensions to elegance in style and composition, at once disarms the literary critic; and while we acknowledge that his

treatise is rendered tedious and heavy by the numerous repetitions which are found in its pages, we must recommend, with the author, to those who really wish to become acquainted with this important subject, to *wade* regularly through it from *beginning to end*, and we shall answer for it that they will be pleased with our advice.

Captain G. has very judiciously commenced, by exposing the *true* reason why sailors are discontented and dissatisfied with his Majesty's service, and which has hitherto been most unjustly attributed to the severity of naval discipline. In the fourth page we find—

“ Our proposition is the gradual abolition (*of Impressment*), and our purpose to show the inefficiency of enrolment or registry—to point out the causes why future impress will be far less efficient—to show the increased danger which may attend it—to remove the errors as to naval discipline being the occasion of the disgust—to trace the causes which have led to these feelings—point out the benefits which have been awarded to the seamen—compare the King's service with that of the merchants—the army with the navy, as to bounty—as to pensions—relative period of service—and to excitements and distinctions—to notice the present peace establishment—to evince that the merchant and shipping interest and King's are in unison—to trace out the cause of the very high wages of seamen in war time—*anecdotes of character, &c.*—to remove prejudices against them—conduct towards them at the commencement of another war—advantages of an extended leave—to suggest the necessity of forbearance in the hurried dispatch of ships from port, which much-increased facilities will render available—to suggest propositions to amend the evils—and to offer general reasoning on the whole.”

The first article contains observations on the registry of seamen, and obtaining men for the navy by conscription or quota. We would recommend a perusal of these to all who have been misled by the various publications which advocate these fallacious plans of manning the fleet; but the next two sections, which treat on the progressive inefficiency, and the difficulties which must attend future

* Impressment fully Considered, with a view to its gradual Abolition. By A. J. Griffiths, Captain, R. N.—Norrie and Co. London. 9s. in boards.

impressment, are not only worthy serious consideration, but in our opinion prove the absolute necessity of resorting to other means. In speaking of the different modes practised by the army and navy in raising men, our author says—

“In the mere influence produced by respectability of appearance, contrast the recruiting parties of the army; the cleanliness, the order, the little pomp of drums and fifes, &c. with the beastly dirty holes into which our Rendezvous are poked. The vilest sort of public-houses with a *something* that had *once* been an union jack, suspended from a pole, but, from filth and dirt, wearing the appearance of the black flag. What could be more absurd than associating Impress and Volunteer under the same roof—what could be less inviting, less calculated to induce the disposition? Contrast with the spruce respectability of the serjeant and his party, the dirty worthless gang; for men possessing self-respect would not be engaged in kidnapping their compeers. We need not advert to the class of persons employed as midshipmen of gangs, they are too generally known; and while in the army, success in the raising of men is held as a claim to notice, and has often been followed by promotion; the naval captain employed on the Impress Service cannot advance *this* his employ, as giving claim to his flag, when in due process of time he has risen in regular succession to the head of the captain's list: unlike the army, the employ is degraded by its *tending* to exclude him from his natural right: as without service afloat, however reluctantly the Impress has been accepted, this right is withheld.”

We come next to “*Erroneous opinions that the discipline or punishments in the navy are the causes of the disgust.*” As the severity of naval discipline has been held out by every scribbler who has meddled with the question, as the principal cause of dissatisfaction in the royal navy, we would wish the public to bestow particular attention on this article; for we are convinced, that if, by a mistaken interference, *any power* is taken away from the Captain of a man-of-war, there will soon be an end to our navy, for by superior discipline alone have its honour and glory been maintained; and this appears to be the opinion of our author, by the following quotation:

“The services for which men-of-war are fitted out, depend especially in their

execution, on order, sobriety, alacrity, &c., and the many dangers on lee-shores, gales of wind, going in and out of port, &c. &c., all call for *individual energy*. The loss of the ship and the lives of the crew may, in many cases, be the result of the simple negligence of *either letting go or keeping fast a single rope!!!* When can a man-of-war, floating on the ocean, or even at anchor, be said to repose? During the night, or in thick weather, or when running along the shore, &c., there can be no one moment, as regards the enemy, in which her thunders may not instantly be called into action, and for her protection and efficiency from the attacks and casualties of the elements, even daylight cannot insure impunity. By what means have these indispensables been assured? —BY DISCIPLINE ALONE!!!”

We now proceed to “*The causes of existing dissatisfaction and disgust.*” This part of the subject, which has been more misrepresented than any, and which will certainly command the attention of the reader, may be abridged into the following:

1. The unfeeling mode of impressment.—2. Obliging impressed seamen to associate with felons.—3. Drafting impressed seamen promiscuously with felons.—4. Long confinement of seamen.—5. Refusal of leave of absence.—6. Sending ships to a foreign station that had just been paid in bank-notes.—7. Unnecessary extension of cruizes.—8. Bounties.—9. Pensions.—10. Distinctions.—11. Periods of service.—12. Unfeeling treatment of seamen returned from a long voyage.—13. Droits of Admiralty.—14. Marked preference given to others in his Majesty's service.—It is impossible to do justice to these topics without reading them; we shall therefore only quote two of the facts which are given by the author, to establish the truth of his statements.

“In a long conversation with a fine dashing seaman last July (1825), at Troon, in Ayrshire, he stated he had deserted nine times from the navy, and would do the same nine times more. ‘Yet I was never ill used in any ship.’ Of the treatment he received in one ship he spoke in strong terms, and of her captain as a ‘nice, good, fatherly old gentleman;’ and of his regret for deserting from her, more especially as *he had been put in a boat, and thus effected it*; but he added, ‘Yet I would desert from my own father while I was treated like a convict, and never allowed to put my foot on shore.’

Give me leave—treat me like a man—(a favourite expression with seamen)—I would rather serve in a man-of-war than any vessel that swims.' That this want of liberty on shore is a most powerful source of disgust, it would be idle further to attempt to show; the slightest application of the system to *ourselves* decides the point. But even this confinement, this mistrust, derived more galling force from the ill-judged and mistaken conduct occasionally adopted; in *several* cases of boats' crews, watering parties, &c., guarded precisely as you see the convicts are when employed on your public works."

Treating of the losses seamen sustain by payment in bank-notes, our author says—

"When we commanded the *Topaze* frigate, we sailed from Portsmouth in 1807, after being paid wages, under orders 'most secret and confidential.' Not a soul but ourselves knew where we were going, and the ship remained absent from England about five years. The crew carried with them many bank-notes: some of these they sold at the rate of seventeen shillings for the pound, and others at Malta for fifteen! Having occasion officially to address Mr Rose, the then treasurer of the navy, we deemed it our duty to state the circumstance to him. In his answer, he noticed all matters but this; and this evil existed from 1797 to the end of the war in 1815. Sir Charles Penrose, in his pamphlet (p. 35), mentions this grievance. At the very moment the crew of the *Topaze* were thus losing 25 per cent of their pay by these notes, the army on the spot, *under their noses*, were, as is always the case, receiving the dollars *at par*, though costing the government various prices, up to about six shillings the dollar. The evil, however, went farther; their prize-money in England was also paid in notes, and consequently alike subject to these losses."

The comparisons drawn by the author between the navy and the merchant service, and the advantages which would be consequent on a change of system, are no less ably executed, and are worthy of attention. The character of seamen is well delineated and illustrated by some interesting anecdotes; among which, we find the following:

"In Sir James Saumarez's attack on the French squadron at Algeiras, during the action, the spring on the *Cæsar's* cable being shot away, and requiring a hawser run to the Audacious, her boats being unserviceable, one of the mizen-top lads, named Michael Collins, took

the end of the deep-sea line in his hand, and exclaiming, 'I'll give you a hawser!' jumped overboard, swam to the Audacious with the line, and thereby effected the object.

"Two or three days after, when the enemy, supported by a Spanish squadron, were leaving Algeiras, and Sir James Saumarez had hauled out of Gibraltar Mole, again to attack them, and was laying too off Europa Point, clearing for action, a small two-oared boat was seen coming off, and two men in her, with white night-caps on, and one muffled under the chin. They proved to be two of the *Cæsar's* crew, who had been sent to the hospital, wounded in the recent action. Their own story was, 'Seeing our ship get under weigh to have another touch at the fellows, we *axed* the doctor to let us come, but he would not; so we ran away, and took this boat from the Mole.' His Majesty's ship *Pompée*, being disabled, could not proceed to the renewed attack; as the *Cæsar* was hauling out, two of her crew clandestinely secreted themselves on board the *Cæsar*; and the following day, after the two Spanish first-rates were blown up, they made their appearance on deck, and solicited the Captain, Sir Jahleel Brenton, 'to speak a good word for them to their Captain.' Supposing them to be *Cæsar's*, he said, 'Why, am not I your Captain?'

"No, please your honour, we belong to the *Le Pompée*, and finding our ship could not come out, we stowed ourselves away here, and in the action we went to such a gun on the lower deck, and the officer will say how we behaved.'"—"In 1803, the *Minerve* frigate ran on shore in a fog on the Dike at Cherbourg; under great exertions and efforts to get her off, she sustained the fire of the batteries for ten hours, during which M'Donald, captain of the fore-top, lost both his legs, and was carried to the cockpit. Waiting his turn for his wounds to be dressed, he heard the cheers of the crew on deck, and eagerly demanding what it meant, was told the ship was afloat again, and would soon be clear of the forts. 'Then never mind the legs,' he exclaimed, and with his knife he cut the remaining muscles which attached them to him, and joined in the cheers. From its falling calm the ship was captured; and, when he was placed in the boat to be taken to the hospital, he determined not to survive his captivity, slacked the tourniquets, and bled to death!"

The author of this treatise has very judiciously directed his inquiries, *first*, into the causes of the evil complain-

ed of and admitted. In this he has shown much penetration, as well as perseverance; and he has been no less successful in showing how much it is the interest of the merchants and the shipowners to forward his views on this important subject. He then, at page 173, offers "*propositions*," which we cannot avoid giving in his own words—

"We fear that this article will, by a large portion of our readers, be the first perused; and, in this anticipation, we take leave to hint to them, that it will in some measure bespeak a mind half determined not to be convinced. In justice to the high importance of the subject, in justice to a class of men, to whose energy they owe the preservation of their independence, we entreat a consideration of the question in its regular course; repeating our remark in the preface, 'to do otherwise is to pass sentence without hearing the evidence.' Under a conviction that all unnecessary restraint, all attempts to *force* an additional number of seamen being employed in our merchant service, by compulsory enactments, are little beneficial; and in reliance on the milder system of inducements and encouragement, our propositions will be found perfectly simple. The conceptions of the human mind are very enigmatical. The reader, who would at once assent in the abstract, that if the odium and injustice of the impress, with the dangers which may attend it, could be removed, at the expense of a million, or even two millions a year, it ought to be done, will hesitate at any proposal, however plausible, however wearing the appearance of success, because of the expense; although that expense should in reality be far less than the sum he would consent to give for abolition. It is clear to a demonstration, that impressment cannot be put an end to without cost. The independence of a nation may be said to be virtually gone when it cannot offer sufficient inducements to secure its defence. Our national museum, our newly created picture-galleries, public buildings,* and various grants for such purposes, are all worthy a great nation; but if we are too poor to tender to our seamen that reward which shall ensure their services to the state, without taking them *exclusively* by force, and paying for their labour a price below that which they can earn elsewhere; then, on the principle,

'be just before you are generous,' let us, if the pressure on the finances of the state require it, forego the vanities we cannot afford. This, however, is in no degree the case. The nation has abundant means of being just; the dangers of war now sleep; but who can tell how soon the lion may be aroused? A state of peace and quiet is surely best calculated for inquiry, for revision. In the absence of present alarm, forget not the incertitude of all human events. Forethought, duly exercised, often guards us against the necessity of painful regrets. It is proverbial with what resignation men bear the injuries *done to others*: yet they would contend about a straw to which they deemed *themselves* entitled—and especially that which regarded the freedom of their persons. The more this latter feeling operates on the mind of the reader, the more imperative and powerful must be the appeal to his judgment, against a frail dependence on that force to which they look for manning our fleets. Believe that others possess like sentiments; believe that as ardent a desire for liberty of choice and freedom of action must pervade the minds of every Englishman; and let the resistance (he) himself would oppose to every violation of his own liberty, prove a salutary caution to him, not without the most unconquerable necessity to awaken it in others. On what principle can we hesitate to pay to the seaman as well as the soldier the price of his exertions and devotion in defence of our independence as a nation, our personal liberties, and our property? We cannot impress for the army, we must have soldiers, and we come into the market, give a fair and liberal price, and procure them. If, because of a law of custom of other days and other circumstances, we are enabled to seize upon the seamen whether they will or no; and, possessing this power, we hesitate on the expense which would be incurred, the question resolves, as we have said, into the simple compass of the pounds and pence; of the many spared, by the sacrifice of the liberties of the few; the twenty million against the hundred thousand.

"That the nation has a *right* to the services of the seamen during some period of their lives, as it has to that of the militia, must at once be admitted. The latter are for the home defence; the seamen are the outer bulwark: and while

* Parthenon,

the militiaman is called upon to defend his home, his property, and his family, there are no means of giving protection to the seaman himself but by naval force. He cannot carry on his vocation, cannot earn his bread, unless his path over the ocean, his *field of exertion*, be protected to him; it is self-evident no other species of force can secure him the results of his own labour, and, unlike the army, to whose numbers all classes can contribute, the seamen alone can supply the seamen's place. They alone can put in activity that force the country has provided; every man, therefore, using the sea, should be required to contribute his personal services to the state during some part of his life. The sooner he comes into play, the better for the nation, and the better for himself, because, if his servitude were exacted for a moderate period, so his whole time after he had completed it would be his own, excepting on extraordinary occasions of invasion, &c. the desire on his part to get rid of the claim on him, and his personal interest united, would powerfully induce him to come forward early. He would become anxious to get into the service; and when that service shall, by abolition of impress, by liberal leave, and various inducements, be endeared to him by considerations of *self-advantage*, it will possess such abundant benefits over that of any other service at sea, and the superior comforts of a man-of-war, the medical care, &c. &c., with the comparative play as to their *actual work*, that we can have no doubt, when the period of their exacted service should be complete, the majority would still prefer remaining in the navy; indeed, men who have been long in the navy, from these very causes have often become less fit for the merchant's hard work, &c.

“The first step necessary is to renovate that confidence which has been completely destroyed: to evince to the seamen, in a way which they cannot misunderstand, that the government are in earnest in their desire to do them justice, to make the king's service such as should change the disinclination to join it into a preference for it. There is a something in power which seems gratified by the submission it can enforce. The pride of our nature is pampered by the possession of authority. To explain, or to win to our purposes, is too apt to be mistaken as derogatory, while the obedience which follows a cold announcement of its commands, flatters this self-importance. Persons so exercising it are obeyed from fear of the penalties alone. A

knowledge of mankind at once decides for the diffusion of clear, plain, concise statements of existing and intended benefits. Forget for once that the power to impress exists, and in the general admission of the infinitely superior benefits to be derived from manning our fleets with volunteers, let all the arrangements and actions show a desire to promote this end.

“It would surprise to find what an ignorance prevails among the rising seamen who must man our ships in another war, (and who were too young, at the conclusion of the last, to have ever served therein,) on the subject even of the pensions, and indeed of all the advantages of the king's service. The impress, &c. &c., with the distorted view which disgust has given of the navy in their effects, have precluded them from contemplating serving therein; and, consequently, they have never attended to, or inquired into, the benefits it holds out. Nay, indeed, the very printed scale and rules for pensions, issued by authority, require a consideration clearly to comprehend them. The very applications which have been made to us by seamen who served under our command, show they do not fully understand their own claims. It would be well if power would condescend to circulate at the large sea-ports, a *plain, simple explanation*, and that every amendment should, as it takes place, be made known by every means to the seamen.”

Our author now proposes a Commission of Inquiry to visit the sea-ports, to ascertain the positive feelings of the seamen themselves; or, that a well-selected individual, or individuals, duly instructed, should be intrusted with this demi-official inquiry—that it should be “candid, open, and fair above-board.” He says, that, “whatever amendments were awarded, should, *as far as is proper*, be ensured them by acts of Parliament. Seamen have not the same confidence in Orders in Council. In 1797, when such an order was issued, in compliance with their demands, they stopped the fleet from sailing, and unequivocally called for an act of Parliament, expressing their trust in nothing short of this.”

The next four pages are occupied successfully in showing that expense would be saved to the country by adopting his plan of manning the fleets to the merchants, as well as the government. He then proceeds to point out, that amendments should be made with regard to *bounties, period*

of service, pensions, wages, gratuitous time, peace establishment, petty officers, marines, colonial seamen, births for seamen, discharging or turn-over men, local preferences, women and children, and leave.

The whole of these subjects appear to have been most laboriously investigated, and seriously considered by our author; they at once point out, that, owing to the existing regulations (and not to the discipline), our seamen have just causes for dislike to serve in the navy; and at the same time, that if these causes were removed, the services put on equal footing, and proper encouragement given, seamen would most certainly volunteer for his Majesty's navy in preference to any other sea service. We regret that our limits do not permit us to print the whole of these articles as they stand in the book, for they are all important; but we shall take the two first, which we deem sufficient to justify our opinion, and to induce the public to read the whole with attention.

"BOUNTIES.—Before the plea of state necessity can with justice be urged, a fair liberal bounty must be tendered. The portion of clothes the men are required to have on board his Majesty's ships is only sufficient for comfort and cleanliness. At the present price of all such articles, even the highest bounty hitherto given, five pounds to able, and far less the three pounds to ordinary seamen, were insufficient to fit them out. They generally come on board scantily rigged, and, if after shipwreck or capture, often destitute. When this pittance of bounty is expended, they take up slops and tobacco, and thus get into debt. Having to await a year before they receive pay, and then only that due the first six months (the last six being always retained); when this debt was deducted, even those who got the bounty had but little pay to receive; and impressed men not being allowed any, if not well clothed when they joined the ships, had still less; so that in fact the generality of seamen, in the way of remuneration, had a very long period to look forward to. The bounty should at least be sufficient not only to fit them out as to clothes, but to leave them a something for the little necessities of pots, kettles, &c. for their mess, with a trifle in their pocket. This reasoning on the quantum of bounty is upon the principle of *minor* justice. It is, however, clear, that in all, in every instance, national or individual, whatever is want-

ed must be paid for according to the pressure or desire for the article, the portion of scarcity, and the consequent local or temporary price, at which the possessor can be induced to part with it. The only exception to this otherwise universal principle is in the labour and services of seamen! When you can get a soldier for L. 3, you give no more—but your bounty rises to meet the required inducement to serve you. A Jesuit would be puzzled to frame even the semblance of an excuse why similar allurements should not in common reason be offered to the seamen. But any one may assign the cause why they are withheld; the power to take by force solves the riddle at once.

"From the reduced value of money, the lowest bounty which could be fairly offered would be ten pounds to able, seven pounds to ordinary seamen, and five pounds to landsmen; but unless you can go into the markets for soldiers at Manchester, Nottingham, Stroud, &c. &c. and procure men by such a bounty as you deem ample, without attention to the value they themselves set on their services, on what principle of justice can you exclusively deal otherwise with the seamen? We presume, the principle alone which upheld so long the feudal system, the Star Chamber, general warrants, &c. Why have these been given up? Because, instead of bearing hard on a very small portion of our population, they were felt by a large majority, and increasing knowledge, in aid of self-interest, procured their surrender. The bounty to seamen, in like manner, must eventually reach the market price. But we have no idea that that price will ever rise to be exorbitant. Under the positive admission of the *right of the state to their services during some period of their lives*, whenever the seaman's situation shall be made so desirable as not only to remove the present causes of discontent, but to insure to his services, both present and ultimate, benefits he cannot acquire in any other employ at sea, our conviction is positive, that large bounties would not be found necessary. Nay, we doubt, whether, if the right to that servitude were confined to a moderate period, so high a bounty would be required as for the marines. Our reason for this opinion is, that marines and soldiers have been brought up to some trade or occupation on shore, have acquired local habits; and commence a new career as soldiers after reaching manhood, when such habits have gained strength, and become a second nature. The new service in which they engage (especially the marines), both in restraints

and duties, is opposed to all prior experience, and consequently requires inducements to embark in it.

“Mark the difference in the seamen’s case. What habits or what change of life are they subjected to? *They begin as boys*: the sea is their element in all cases, whether in the king’s or the merchant’s employ; and the only difference under an amended system would be such, as, when once known and felt, could not fail to induce confidence among them; and where the advantages would so preponderate that in due time they must inevitably force conviction. To sea they must go; every experience has shown how restless they are on shore, so much so as to have become a proverb. In all reasoning on the Impress, the admission of an impossibility to do away with it has gained such possession of the minds of men in general, as to render it indispensable to lose nothing which can tend to remove these prejudices; we would therefore even prefer being tedious, to any lack of persuasive argument whatever. We ask, then, in confirmation of our views on this immediate part of our subject, whether the following reasoning be natural, does it flash conviction that it is so? Would the seamen thus reason with themselves? ‘As seamen, we are the only part of the community which can man our fleets; and as the nation has an undoubted and admitted right to the service of the militia, *from which servitude we are expressly exempt*, so we must assent to its right for ours to naval defence, more particularly, as on that very defence depends the security of our individual means of livelihood; without its protection we cannot earn our bread—cannot navigate the ocean. The period of this claim is now defined; and limited as it is, with the many advantages it holds out, and especially as regards the pensions in aid of support in old age, it will be to our individual benefit and interest to get rid of this claim upon us, and ensure these benefits as early as we can; because then our labour will be free the rest of our lives.’

“In the foregoing soliloquy, we have reasoned in anticipation of the present period of twenty-one years being considerably reduced.

“Pensions are not given out of pure gratitude for past services. No—they are held out *as the inducement to give that servitude*. Admitting this to be the principle on which they are granted, assent must at once be given to the probable and anticipated effect on the dispositions of the seamen to volunteer.

“PERIOD OF SERVICE.—We have already shown that, before 1806, that of the seamen was indefinite, comprised in so long as they were required, and so long as they were able-bodied. At that period the claim upon them was first limited, and that limit twenty-one years!—*At the very same moment*, to voluntary service in the marines, and the infantry, a choice was granted of enlisting for seven years. Taking twenty-six as the *average age* of seamen entering the navy, and admitting, what is little likely to be the case, owing to such reduced numbers being employed in peace, that they could serve twenty-one consecutive years, their age would then be forty-seven. Seamen are becoming old men at that time of life, and would have little to be thankful for *such* a limited period of claim on their labour, if under these considerations it could bear the name of limitation. To all who enter at or above thirty, it might almost be deemed a mockery. It may be said, let them enter when young; we reply, the vast difference in the numbers employed between peace and war render this early embarking in the navy not even a matter of choice. Of the number of men now employed, after deducting officers, marines, landmen, and boys, ten thousand *seamen* are the probable amount. If we could for one moment believe that such a long hill as twenty-one years, could offer such a prospect on gaining the summit, as to induce the desire to commence the ascent, still, however willing, they cannot be received. Since the year 1700, during a period of a century and a quarter, our wars have not extended beyond ten years duration; and until those of 1793 and 1803, have been followed by tolerable intervals of peace. The constantly-increasing means of more efficient warfare, by improvement in the science, &c. and of which steam appears likely to become a most powerful promoter, with the voice of public opinion, which has already acquired an increased ascendancy, all these are calculated to lessen the duration of future wars. Instead, then, of the services of the seamen being extended to 21 years, it would most materially promote the disposition to serve the king, were the time so reduced as to excite the desire. We will first canvass the probable benefits of the regulations as they now stand. The nation has been at peace above ten years. Suppose a war were to break out in two years time, we could scarcely find a man in the merchants’ service, at the age of 32, who had served in the late war, below that age certainly very, very few. From that employ you would

have instantly to procure 30,000 men. Let us ask ourselves, at the age of thirty-two, could it possibly operate as the slightest inducement to enter—to commence a period, which, if we lived to finish, would find us aged and worn out; nay, would not the effect be directly the reverse of inducing disposition, &c. to serve the king? Would not such men say, 'I have to commence a servitude which will extend beyond my powers of effectual labour; where is the inducement to enter upon it; where is the boon in relinquishing that claim upon me which I am no longer able to fulfil? I may as well take my swing, for I can but be impressed at last.' Surely there is nothing exaggerated in this reasoning, nor can its effects be lessened, by the circumstance of the marines, who, sharing in their toils and ever at their elbows, are admitted to so superior a benefit as that of the power of limiting their time to seven years, one-third only of the bill the seamen have to climb!!! Let us now look to the consequences were this twenty-one years materially reduced. If, arguing from experience, we may fairly look to any future war not lasting beyond ten years, without calculating on increasing powers further reducing their continuance, where is the necessity of fixing the period to twenty-one years? It annihilates hope, and without hope there can be no inducement! It cannot be of the slightest moment what period is fixed upon, if the dependence on the impress alone be still adhered to; but all attempt to abolish this will be futile without reducing the time most materially. In deciding on this *most important* part of our propositions, it must be viewed with a twofold reference. The first—to retain such a claim upon the seamen as shall in no way risk the possibility of wanting men for your fleets. The second—by giving every reasonable encouragement to ensure them. True, we cannot determine the extent of future wars; but if we hesitate to act because of this uncertainty, we must in like manner cease to legislate on *any* subject. *Eight years* would, we consider, answer all the purposes required, with power on the part of his Majesty to extend it to ten years, should the nation be at the time either actually at war, or under fair liability to be so. Whenever it was found necessary thus to extend the time, in consideration of the roving disposition of the seamen, so far as it could be done, they might be permitted a choice of a certain number of ships. Should they voluntarily continue to serve after the eight years, or should

it be so extended by proclamation, give them, like the soldier, an increase of pay; perhaps, like them also, a second bounty. Protections after full servitude to be inviolable, except in cases of actual invasion, the loss of a fleet, or other *unequivocal and indispensable necessity*. To guard against the chances of fraud, at the principal sea-ports, some person in the Custom-house should be appointed to be the inspector of protections, to certify their being good on the articles of the ship, the masters of merchant vessels being liable to heavy penalties for neglecting to obtain this verification. The protections themselves might be like the Mediterranean passes, and every man-of-war provided with a counterpart. It may be matter for consideration, if men serving in peace might not be allowed to reckon two years as one.

“So long as it may be necessary that the impress should continue in force, men not entering on proclamation being made, withholding the *unquestionable service they owe the nation*, and who in consequence were impressed, the period to them should be longer than to the volunteer; instead of eight years, say eleven or twelve. The difficulty of avoiding the impress, while its power continued, in aid of the proposed limitation, would operate as a very forcible auxiliary to volunteering; it would be, as it were, a self-acting inducement. The nation would feel such liberal conduct towards them as demanding a cordial acquiescence on their parts; and in whatever proportion it failed to produce it, thereby rendering recourse to the impress of such individuals necessary; an incalculable benefit would be derived, from throwing the onus from the shoulders of the government, and placing it on the seamen themselves, as it would be impossible to deny the nation's *right*; so the enforcing that right would rob impressment of all its odium; it would become the instrument of justice, instead of hardship. Restoration of confidence is indispensable in the amended machinery; to ensure this, it might be well to pass an act declaratory of the right to the seamen's servitude, &c. fixing the limitation of that claim, with the power of extending it as before proposed; and in order to induce a disposition to volunteer beyond the eight years, and thereby render the exercise of this latter power unnecessary, no pension to be awarded for that limited time. If the axiom which confines the probable duration of future wars to ten years be admitted reasonable, where would be the danger of the proposed limitation? The men who joined the

Navy the first year of such war, would see it out—of those in the subsequent years there can be no doubt. It is an important question, what would become of any men discharged by the expiration of their allotted time? Inducements to expatriation would be at an end as relates to such individuals; they would, if they quitted the navy, go to the merchants' employ, whence the many superior advantages of the king's service would in most cases again reclaim them, and thus it would work in a pretty constant circle. Every advance made towards freedom of labour and choice, could not fail to assimilate the wages of both services, and thereby remove the then only incitement to preference for the merchants' employ. Seamen *must earn their bread at sea*, and surely it is not unreasonable to calculate, that under the removal of existing pressure, and the introduction of the increased benefits proposed, those who had enjoyed, had felt them, would be little inclined to exchange them for harder labour. Above all, the certainty, as old age and infirmity came upon them, when worn out, they would have nothing to look to from the merchants' service but beggary: this, when contrasted with the prospective view of the comforts of Greenwich Hospital, and its out-pension in old age, would be far too cheering, we think, to admit of a doubt on the subject. With the masters of merchant vessels it is almost a proverb, that men-of-war's men are spoiled for them. They have been too long used to moderate work and ease, to buckle cordially to the severe labour of the merchant's service. A man-of-war of 400 tons has a crew of 121; a merchant vessel the same size twelve or fourteen in all."

Our author next treats of pensions for long service, and recommends a revival of the present regulations: that for ten years' service a seaman should receive fourpence—for fourteen years, sevenpence—for seventeen years, ninepence—and for twenty-one years, one shilling. This, he observes, would induce them to continue in the service after they had served their first eight years. It is not generally known, that pensions to seamen, for long servitude, were neither given nor anticipated before the end of the late war, therefore could not act in favour of the service; consequently it happened, that it was awarded, in many instances, to the most worthless of those who had served in the navy; for it very rarely occurred, that a *good man served four-*

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teen years in the navy without obtaining promotion of some kind; and therefore *only* those were left who, from drunkenness or other bad conduct, could not be promoted to any place of trust; and no register having been kept of their character, they, of course, became possessed of pensions for long service, perhaps only to enable them to hasten their end, by an indulgence in their evil propensities. But this cannot happen in future, as, no doubt, a strict account will be kept of the seamen's character and conduct during the whole time they belong to the navy.

With respect to WAGES, our author recommends more frequent payment and equalization, to which there can surely be no objection, and which cannot fail to do away with the present discontent on that account.

The next subject treated upon is the PEACE ESTABLISHMENT, which we view as one of the most important, and which we think must convince his readers, that if we are in earnest to abolish the impress, we must begin by altering the present system, and keep up a foundation, in petty officers and seamen, for at least twenty-five sail of the line. All who are conversant with naval tactics, must be aware, that ships half manned, as our men-of-war are now on the peace-establishment, can do nothing in the way of exercise as a man-of-war ought to do it; and that the consequences are, bad habits and relaxation, which are worse than no exercise at all, and do harm instead of good to both the men and officers who are employed, particularly those who have entered the navy since the peace; and, to use the author's own words,—

"One thing is self-evident, *That the abolition of impress and a small peace establishment are perfectly irreconcilable!!* The utmost inducement the nation is capable of offering, could not produce the numbers wanted on the commencement of a war, unless such numbers were materially lessened, by a considerable increase of those usually employed in peace."

We shall pass over the rest of our author's propositions, not because they are less worthy of our notice, for they are equally so, but because we must devote what space we have left to the Conclusion, and a few remarks of our own. In his Conclusion, the gallant

captain takes a spirited and independent view of the present state of naval affairs, and ingeniously draws inferences from the histories of other nations as well as our own. He complains bitterly of the treatment which old naval officers have received, and he feels sore, that (in common, however, with every other class) "the patronage which was wont to be awarded to admirals, and even to captains, is completely *swallowed up!*"

We are sorry that Captain Griffiths has condescended to notice what appeared in the 81st Number of the Edinburgh Review on the subject of impressment; for although the writer of that article could not but participate in the universal feeling against impressment, he displayed such consummate ignorance of the causes, and the nature of the dislike which seamen have to serve in the Royal Navy; and the methods he proposed to remedy the evil were so very supercilious and absurd, that they should have produced *only silent pity* in the bosom of a captain in the Royal Navy; but we acknowledge, that he richly deserved one of those "*whippings,*" which he so feelingly recommends should be abolished, for his imposition on the learned editor. The same observation is equally applicable to our author's "remarks" on a pamphlet, entitled a "Statement of certain immoral Practices," &c. and "Letters on the same Subject in the British Guardian;" but it appears, that Captain Griffiths had been called upon by name, in these disgraceful publications, and he has therefore done well to give us his high testimony against their veracity. We have only to add, that we have conversed on the subject of that accusation, with above fifty captains of the navy, but they have *all*, like Captain Griffiths, been

"fortunate enough to have escaped the scenes of infamy, and disgusting depravity, these *anonymous* authors so perseveringly charge us with sanctioning;" and they also give their "unqualified testimony, that such was not the general character of the naval service."

Before we take leave of this subject, it may be *à propos* to notice the wonderful progress which steam-navigation has made; and in contemplation of the entire revolution it must make in naval tactics,—*ask*, ought not a *class* of our naval officers to be instructed in the management and nature of this powerful engine? Ought not a pause to be made in the construction of our line-of-battle ships? Every officer who has been in action with a marteletto-tower, even in a ship of the line, will easily imagine that a steam-boat, made *shot or bomb proof*, even with only one gun, is superior in force to a three-decker, and can easily sink her! It is manifest that the blockade system is at an end—the next war will be carried on at sea entirely by steam. The chase will depend, not so much on the sailing of the vessel, as on the order and efficiency of the machinery—and *the stock of coals*;—if at any distance from land, the one vessel must overtake the other, and the battle must be decided *sword in hand!*

In conclusion, we beg to recommend Captain Griffiths's treatise, not only as containing the only true and fair view of the subject it treats of, but as a book of reference, containing much valuable and authentic information on naval subjects, which cannot be found elsewhere; and we think he deserves the thanks of his country, as well for the zeal he has shown on this occasion, as for defending it against its foreign enemies!

THE BACHELOR'S BEAT.

No. I.

Is there any reader of *Maga* (and to whom in the civilized world does that epithet not apply?) whose heart did not, as it were, leap within him, responsive to the voice of that article on "Birds," so "redolent of Spring," which ushered in and accompanied at that delightful season the notes of its leafy choristers, and which (thanks to Faustus and his *inky* devil) remains to console us with its delicious echoes, now that the music of the woods is for a season hushed?

Breathed there the man, "in populous city pent," whom the eloquent article "Cottages" did not send on a wild-goose chase after every circling wreath of smoke, or white-washed gable peeping through trees, which might seem to indicate such a blessed retreat from the "thousand ills that *toun* is heir to"?

Did not the meek, yet exhilarating spirit of old Isaac Walton suddenly revisit and animate thousands of his degenerate disciples, when the gush of "*Streams*" came o'er the ear through the busy hum of Prince's Street, like the voice of a brother in the wilderness, or the splash of a fountain in the desert? Did not one and all catch up line and basket, and "those *fish* now who never *fished* before"? till the trout in every burn and loch in Scotland breathed curses, not loud, but deep, on Christopher North and his myrmidons?

All this, and more, was achieved by the magic of words, suited not alone, as the Prince of Denmark would have it, to the *action* but to the *time*; to the suggestions of external nature, and their unerring echo in the breast of man. But Spring and its songsters have alike withdrawn their charms; the cottage woodbines have fallen prematurely into the "sear and yellow leaf;" and the patient angler, so lately vexed with cloudless skies and curlless pools, will ere long transfer his spleen to the chill breezes and drenching floods of autumn, as he stands shivering on the brink, in fruitless expectation of a glorious nibble!

There are sports, however, afoot, which laugh to scorn his sober and solitary pastime. Thousands of mighty hunters, from the veteran Thorntons of a former century, to the Cockney

novice, who starts at the sound of his own gun, are vowing vengeance deep and dire against the most timid and harmless of God's creatures. I blame them not;—it would ill become me; for time was, when I out-Nimroded the keenest of them all; but I neither envy them nor pity myself, because that time has for ever passed away.

The skill and energy which, had I been an elder brother, might have found glorious vent at the muzzle of a Joe Manton, and objects of legitimate ambition, in five-barred gates, were directed by stern necessity to more lucrative, though more ignoble pursuits; but let no squire, even from the back of his tallest hunter, look down with contempt on his brother-sportsmen of the Bar. Foxes and lawyers have been convertible terms ever since the days of Esop; and in those of Homer, he tells us, "when Greek met Greek then came the tug of war." To follow up the doublings and windings of a cautious legal adversary, is to paltry coursing what champaigne is to small beer; and levelling to the ground a whole array of plausible arguments by one well-directed hit, is finer sport (and I speak from experience) than bringing down, right and left, a whole covey of partridges at a shot. But, alas! I must speak in the past tense of both feats, though the latter is preter-pluperfect indeed! Othello's occupation, whether of biped or quadruped warfare, has long been gone, and yet the instinctive propensity which makes the life of man one perpetual chase, compels me at this congenial season to equip myself for the field, to partake of the excitement of my fellows; nay, even to distinguish myself by the superior dignity of the game, or rather quarry I pursue.

Well may I smile in derision on the noisy preparations and rabble rout of the fox-chase! Well may I view with supercilious disdain the scientific equipments and elaborate contrivances of the subtle circumventer of the feathered tribe! Well may I bstride, with all the conscious elevation of him of La Mancha, the humble Rosinante which performs for me the office of limbs, prematurely invalidated; for aiming right and left, as living folly

catches my mind's eye, or departed excellence rises on the wave of memory, I too will be to-day a sportsman, and my game shall be Man.

But it is best hunting characters in couples, and a bottle-holder is not more essential to a pugilist, than a listener to a valetudinarian who has got upon his hobby. Gentle reader! (if there be at this moment one wight north of the Tweed, whose gun is not at his shoulder, and his whip at his button-hole,) you have only to try and provide yourself with a pony as docile and tractable as Duple (own cousin, only seven times removed, to him of Charlie's Hope), and take a sober trot along the road with me; and as I know every man and boy in the parish, (myself excepted,) I'll tell you, as we go along, all that is worth knowing of every individual who crosses my path or my fancy. You are out of luck, if Fate does not send you an original in the first hundred yards; they are as plentiful in the parish as partridges.

But you are loitering behind already; and Duple likes ill to be checked in his usual firm though moderate pace. Oh! you have been listening to Tom Neerdoweel's pitiable tale; and I see I am too late to prevent the misapplication of perhaps the worst spent shilling you ever took out of your waistcoat pocket.

Had we been peripatetic, instead of equestrian philosophers, and aimed at doing things *selon les règles*, that fellow would have been a treasure in the construction of a climax; for we might have ranged the world without finding anything nearer *zero* in the scale of humanity.

That long lank compound of rags and filth, whose abject appearance renders him a sort of walking libel on the species, is, as his complexion indicates, of gipsy or tinkler origin, though he disdains to exercise even the equivocal industry of his tribe. Furnished with a helpmate from the same hopeful stock, he has brought into the world, and reared in absolute idleness and hereditary villainy, a brood of sturdy vagabonds, all efforts to reclaim whom have hitherto proved hopeless, and who, after being the dread and nuisance of half the parishes round, at length established themselves in ours by the system of *squatting*, so common in the

back woods of America. Taking possession, in the face of all prohibitions, of an uninhabited hovel on the estate of a good-natured laird, they stood their ground with laudable perseverance, till he was driven, by their flagrant misdemeanors, to serve on them the summary process of ejection peculiar to Scotland, viz. taking the roof off their heads! To a previous remonstrance on the score of their barefaced depredations, Tom, like the French libeller who had written against Choiseul, holdly answered, "Folk maun live;" to which, I am sure, the laird might have replied with the Minister, "I don't see the necessity."

To describe the scenes of brutal strife—of alternate starvation and intemperate indulgence, which render the abode of Tom Neerdoweel a disgrace to human nature, would neither be profitable to you nor myself; but it might read a lesson to some who think that nature carries within itself materials of perfectibility, alike independent of the laws of God and man.

But it is my turn to linger, for I must say a few words to honest John Walker, whom I am glad to see again at work, after a brief pause given to the most natural grief that ever saddened a father's heart.

If I had searched the parish through for a contrast to the painful character chance last threw in our way, I could not have found one more complete than accident has here provided. I shall be garrulous if I begin on the subject, for I love the poor, and their fire-side virtues, and their quiet home-bred joys and sorrows. Ay, and it is impossible not to respect a man like John Walker, who, with only the produce of his own industry as a labourer, and his tidy wife's incomparable management, has reared in cleanliness and comfort, and trained to honest usefulness, nay, educated with decent Scottish pride, half-a-score of promising children, most of whom live to look up to him with filial veneration, and, I trust, to repay to his grey hairs the toils and sollicitudes which made them what they are.

From the day that John Walker married his dear industrious stirring cousin, Mattie, his pick-axe was always the first heard in the adjoining quarry, and her wheel the earliest and

latest in the village; John's Sabbath suit the decentest and best brushed in the kirk, and Mattie's butter the nicest and most inquired for in the market. Few would have thought the rude quarry braes a field for a cow; but Mattie knew that if bread is the staff of life to manhood, milk is no less the panacea of infancy; and every summer night she might be seen in the gloaming with her cow's supper and far-fetched grass on her head; while John only threw down the pick-axe to take up the spade, which made his garden worth double those of his idler neighbours.

Children came, and with them new cares and redoubled industry. They were rosy thriving urchins, more forward at six years old than puny neglected starvelings are at nine. No sooner could they lisp or totter, than they learned to fear God, and be useful. The very youngest girl (always selected for the idle employment of herding the cow) would as soon have thought of going to herd without her breakfast, as without her hymn-book and her knitting. The elder ones were chiefly boys, and though they had all the spirit and love of amusement which the name implies, no one accused them of wanton mischief, and they were fitter to leave school and go to trades at twelve, than other lads are at sixteen. If openings did not immediately offer, they had at least the strong innate disposition to work which forms a poor man's best inheritance. In the harvest-field, or the quarry, John Walker's boys could earn men's wages, and if a steady lad was wanted for a distant errand, none were like them for never loitering on the road, and then foundering a poor dumb animal to atone for idle delay.

It was just at the critical period when John had wrestled through all the infancy of his family, and when apprentice-fees, and an impending, though unforeseen calamity, might have proved beyond his unassisted resources, that an event occurred, which, while it rewarded the manly exertions of his past life, set the character of my cottage here in a new and no less superior point of view. An almost forgotten sea-faring uncle died, leaving a large fortune to be divided according to the laws of consanguinity, between a host of needy relations, among whom John Walker and his wife, by being

cousins-german, came in for a double portion. This, by the by, I always considered as a piece of poetical justice for John's having preferred in early life his portionless Mattie to a richer damsel.

When John first came to show me the letter, announcing to him his probable succession (for there were difficulties which I of course removed) to upwards of three hundred pounds, I did not think the worse of him for a little natural exultation, and for an exuberance of joy, chiefly manifested in ejaculations of thankfulness to Providence. But when, on being put in actual possession of this unheard-of wealth, John, after reserving an apprentice fee for his eldest son, and a new gown which he insisted on buying for his wife, brought me the remainder to be carefully laid up for old age and infirmity; when the pickaxe of this village Cæsus, and the wheel of his diligent helpmate, were heard as early and as late as ever, while not the slightest change took place in their frugal and laborious mode of living, I set down John Walker for a philosopher, in the best sense of the word.

But John's Christian philosophy was soon destined to be tried in the tenderest point, and even there it has not failed him. He loved all his children, from his dutiful first-born, (who, though almost as tall as his father, was still the little Willy of his mother's fond remembrance,) to the child of his old age, the curly Benjamin, who climbed his knees when he came home at even from the toils of the day. But there grew at his fireside a creature whom few fathers could have looked on without predilection, or talked of without pride. Three chubby smiling rogues of sons had been followed into the world by a sweet gentle fairy of a daughter, whose noiseless step and quiet pastimes soon no less distinguished her, than her flaxen ringlets, and her small though well-turned limbs. From the hour that she could smile in his face with answering consciousness, this babe was never off John Walker's knee; till, in all the childish gravity of premature womanhood, she found a nestling-place on a stool at his feet, whence her fair hair gleamed in the firelight on the yet unopened boards of the large family Bible.

It is not fancy which invests beings

doomed to early dissolution with rare and mysterious qualities. Ellen Walker was never a child, save in the guileless simplicity and happy innocence of that bewitching character. In premature thought, in watchful domestic cares, in tender sympathy with all around her, she was from infancy a woman; and often has her mother sighed, she knew not why, and ceased a moment to ply her busy wheel, in admiration of the intuitive thrift and instinctive order of her childish deputy.

Her father claimed the earliest cares of Ellen's affectionate heart. It was she, who, ere the dew was off the grass, cautiously slid down the steep face of the quarry with the breakfast her hand had prepared for him; it was she, who at noon duly set his chair, and flanked the huge dish of potatoes with her own gay china jug of fresh drawn milk; and late late on Saturday night, when her mother, wearied with the toils of the week, had retired to rest, it was Ellen who groped in the ample *kist* and well-stocked *amrie*, and drew forth with filial anxiety her father's Sunday suit, repaired its casual blemishes, and displayed it on the high-backed elbow-chair, to meet his opening eye in the morning.

And did he not wake to bless the being thus sent for his solace and consolation? Did there not sometimes tremble in his eye

"Tears such as pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head?"

Yes! but ere long the character of these tears was changed, and painful anxiety mingled in every glance that rested on the earthly vessel that enclosed his bosom's treasure.

Ellen at fourteen was just blooming into womanhood. Her fairy form assumed a robustness beyond its early promise, the roses on her cheek a hardier and brighter tint, and (as she joined her first harvest field) the sober serenity of her smile sometimes gave place to the hearty, if not boisterous laugh of her companions. But it was the fallacious gleam of sunshine ushering in a cloudy and soon-closed day.

An insidious and fatal disease (for which human skill has seldom, if ever, been able to devise a remedy less terrible than the immediate loss of a precious limb) gradually confined Ellen

first to her chair, and then, for long months of protracted suffering, to a bed of languishing, where many a painful expedient was resorted to, by the medical skill John was now happily enabled to command, to avert, if possible, an operation, to which the prejudices of the wisest of that rank oppose an almost invincible barrier. If *I* could not behold without tears of sympathy the hectic flush that replaced Ellen's more expanded roses, what were a father's feelings, when he saw her growing, as he often said, "Ower bonny for a world o' sin and misery?" If *I*, with all my fearful sense of its importance, nay, of its being indispensable to save her life, could only urge, with reluctant importunity, her acquiescence in the cruel sacrifice of her limb, why blame too harshly the paternal scruples and maternal weakness which hesitated to enforce, till perhaps too late, a step, from which (though Ellen was a perfect model of passive fortitude) the heroism of fourteen might well be pardoned for shrinking?

I left, when setting out on a short excursion, John Walker's family in all the painful conflict arising from a sense of stern duty on the one hand, and the recoil of Nature from it on the other. The father in speechless anguish, the mother harassed and dejected, the poor sufferer alone, cheerful and resigned to all save an operation, of the necessity for which the strong sanguine spirit of youth could never be persuaded; while I, and every casual visitor, read in her emaciated, though still lovely, countenance, no alternative between an instant, and probably too long deferred, amputation, and a lingering death of exquisite pain and hourly decay.

How short-sighted is man in his fears, as well as in his hopes! During my brief absence, an epidemic, prevailing in the neighbourhood, entered John Walker's dwelling, and with a discriminating mercy, not the less unerring, though not always so distinctly visible, seized on the only member of his household in every sense ripe for immortality, if patient suffering and angelic resignation under long fatherly chastisement can contribute to maturity. Three days of comparatively trifling illness sufficed gently to extinguish a flame already quivering in the socket; and Ellen died as she had

lived, cheering and consoling all around her; speaking of death as one to whom life had never been much, and of Heaven as one whose conversation had, on her lone pillow, been for months past chiefly there.

The hand of Providence was so visible in the release of one so patient and so dear, that John laid his darling's head in the grave with the acquiescence of a Christian in a mightier Father's plan of mercy. He spoke of her sudden illness and edifying death-bed with manly composure; but there is in the breast of every parent, even the firmest and most pious, a nook, vulnerable as the heel of Achilles; and John wept like a child when he told me that his Ellen (the lowliness of whose stature threatened to be the only drawback on her beauty) had grown several inches during her illness, unobserved by any one, till she was measured for her coffin!

Oh! Labour! thou art a powerful medicine for the ills of life! What would the possessor of that princely mansion, which I see you are lingering to gaze at, give for the sound sleep and healthful appetite of my hero of the spade and pickaxe—for his contentment on earth, and his hopes beyond!

When I think on the wayward fate, the perverted talents, the blasted character of the gifted reprobate who owns that earthly paradise, and to whom it is as Eden to the apostate angel; when I know that, though rich in the possession of the tenderest of female hearts, and blest with the most promising of families, he spurned from him domestic felicity and parental enjoyment—broke that heart as a child does a neglected toy, and brought those beings into the world to mar their prospects, and add their errors to his own dread record of accumulated guilt; when I feel that his wealth cannot purchase him respect, nor his talents amusement, nor his couch of down repose, nay, nor his utter desolation and misery one sigh of human sympathy; when I see him living unbeloved and unhonoured, and know that he will ere long die unsoothed and unlamented, I feel more than ever anxious to have it known, that, if I too am a solitary and joyless individual, it has been my misfortune, not my fault to be so.

There are batchelors who shrink

with petty vanity from the inference, that want of success has caused their celibacy, and would rather have it thought their callous hearts had never beat high with hopes of man's primeval happiness, than that they should thus have beat in vain. Far be from me the degrading preference! I would rather endure, as even a *rejected* aspirant after rational felicity, the scornful pity of fools, than be branded by the wise as one who never owned enough of human feeling to sketch some bright vision of connubial bliss, or enough of manly daring to attempt at least its realization!

I did not intend to speak of myself, but we all love to do so, and the seldom-touched chord has already given that thrill, which, once over, I can go on. Mine is a tale, such as, I suppose, might be told by thousands of those younger brothers, who, born with the same tastes and aspirations after happiness as the "*fruges consumere nati*," are doomed either to have these aspirations early and irremediably crushed by poverty, or nursed on sickly hope, till their fruition becomes a matter of comparative indifference, or till a second blight, more deadly from the waning vigour of the affections, casts prematurely its sear and yellow tinge over the remainder of a joyless existence.

I was bred up in boyish intinacy and hourly contact with a dazzling creature, whom to see was to admire, and whom nature had lavishly endowed with every gift, save that wealth and rank, to which, however, she possessed an indubitable passport. I loved Caroline long before I knew that I had no right to do so; and I loved her long after I became aware of the reprobation stamped by custom and ambition on such unauthorized presumption. That she loved me beyond the unsuspecting cordiality of sisterly affection, I cannot positively affirm; but I felt, and feel now, that she could have done so, had not the whole force of parental authority, and the whole strain of maternal admonition, guarded her against the admission of so heterodox a sentiment. I never told her of my love, if the mute devotion of every thought and faculty to her service, to her convenience, to the anticipation of her unborn wishes, can be called silence.—I never dreamt of marrying her, and transporting her blaze of re-

gal attractions to the chambers of an embryo barrister, whose proverbial poverty, and congenial dulness, would have scared Love himself out at the window. I only spent the few fatal months of expiring liberty from the Cimmerian bondage of law in rivetting fetters not the less galling and hopeless, that youth and inexperience had covered them with roses. Invested with all the perilous privileges of supposed invulnerability, and penniless consanguinity, I rode, walked, and danced, with Caroline, on the flowery brink of a precipice, from which I was plunged headlong into an abyss of despair, and almost of guilt, by the simple circumstance of my elder brother's return from his grand tour.

His marriage with Caroline had never been hinted at, even in jest. No! it was too firmly planned, and too ardently desired, to be thus lightly spoken of, and its frustration thus idly hazarded! Things were left to their course. Alfred came, saw, conquered, or was conquered, it matters not which—the world applauded, parents triumphed, lawyers chuckled, rivals envied, and I—had a providential fever, which spared me the ceremony, and perhaps saved me from suicide.

Alfred, poor fellow! had not the slightest suspicion of my attachment, so no feeling of bitterness towards him mingled in my boyish agony. Everything boyish necessarily subsides, and on their return from a two years' residence on the Continent, I shook hands with the unconscious author of my misery, with brotherly regard, and spoke with wonderful self-command to his beautiful wife, though I did not venture to look at her, till we had met several times.

She became what her lively disposition, as well as her transcendent charms, peculiarly fitted her to be, a distinguished star in the galaxy of fashion. Alfred, naturally domestic, was either forced or insensibly attracted into her dazzling orbit. I gazed on it, as it drew all eyes and many hearts within its sphere, and wondered that mine no longer experienced its perhaps increased fascination. I ceased to envy Alfred, who shared its beams, cold and unimpassioned at best, with the giddy multitude; I perceived, with the scanty philosophy of three-and-twenty, that such a meteor blaze could ill replace the fireside joys even

of a man with ten thousand a-year; how could it then have fed the pale lamp, and cheered the painful vigils, of a labourer for fame and for bread? I lived to thank Heaven for many an ungranted prayer; to pity the brother I once madly envied, nay to be, under Providence, the instrument of rescuing my youth's idol from the brink of that bourne whence no female step has yet returned, of opening her eyes to the villainy of one who had nearly won her ear, by feigning all that I once felt, in short, of preserving to my happily unsuspecting brother the being of whom he had unconsciously robbed me five years before; humbled by penitence, softened by remorse, disposed by recent escape from imminent peril to cling for life to the protector from whom, like Eve, she had only strayed to render her weakness more conspicuous. Was I not happy?—happier than if Caroline in the delirium of youth and folly had shared my penury, had lived to upbraid me with it, probably to desert it, as she had nearly done the tasteful opulence of my brother?—

Yes! but I had now a home which I could fearlessly ask a being of an opposite cast to cheer for me; I had a hope at least of future competence, which I longed to share with some one who could understand that such a hope is the most vivid and least alloyed of human enjoyments. As well might the grey tints of an autumnal sky vie with the rainbow that lights up the passing cloud, as one cold reality of life emulate the colouring with which love, even the most rational and sober, invests the horizon of futurity!

In truth, the sharer of my home and heart, the being whose bright image was, like the illuminations of an ancient missal, to spread light and life over the barren pages of my daily and nightly studies, had been for some time unconsciously found; and the humble cousin of the dazzling Caroline, while she assisted with steady principle and admirable judgment in her friend's extrication from the snares of vice, cast over her willing and admiring coadjutor fascinations of a very different character.

Emma, born and bred amid the peace and seclusion of a rustic home, had resisted all her gay cousin's sollicitations to visit her in town, till expressions in the letters of her volatile

correspondent, combined with vague and mysterious surmises, to indicate to the wakeful eye of early affections, that a mentor, even of her own age, might be of service to Caroline. Emma no longer hesitated; and by her timely arrival and early influence over her cousin's mind, powerfully contributed to thwart the machinations of a profligate seducer, and snatch his victim from his grasp.

This, however, was not the work of a day; and in its benevolent prosecution, Emma had to make sacrifices of comfort, of inclination, nay, of health itself. To the arduous nature of the enterprise, were added forced dissipation, and hours ill according with a delicate constitution, and habits of regularity and repose. No sooner were our mutual labours crowned with success, than I myself was the first to urge Emma's removal to the country, though I now lived but in her presence, and had no rational hope of being able to follow her in less than four interminable months.

We did not part, however, without embodying in words, hopes and promises, which had been tacitly understood long before; but it was more for the pleasure of talking of them, than for making "assurance doubly sure." I did not need to ask if *she* could share and embellish the simple home of a devoted husband, whose youth had been cheerfully and unrepiningly dedicated to the helpless imbecility of a parent. *She* needed not to promise that her pure hand and heart should crown my mute devotion; for I knew as well as words could tell me, that had it been otherwise, that devotion would long since have been firmly though gently repressed, by one who would as soon have dreamed of trifling with religion! There was about our whole engagement "a sober certainty of waking bliss," which, whatever enthusiasts may say, leaves in the soul, when annihilated, a void, more fearful than all the devastating wrecks of passion. We parted, as those part whom a day's journey divides—whom daily correspondence is to unite in idea—and whom a few months are to bring together, never again to separate!

I toiled with tenfold energy in my now beloved vocation. I earned distinction—I earned the means of embellishing the home I was preparing for my Emma; and, dedicating to this

delightful employment the few short moments I could snatch from all-engrossing duty, I denied myself for two whole months the luxury of a trip to —shire. I went at last at a time of considerable legal pressure, from detecting in a second perusal of one of Emma's letters, symptoms of languor and despondence, which accorded ill with my sanguine anticipations. Her health had recruited greatly on first returning to her native air; and though since silent on the subject of further progress, not a hint of increased delicacy had reached me. I was therefore the more struck with something ominous in the tone of her affectionate reply to some minute inquiries as to her taste in books and furniture; and before the thrice read letter was again in my pocket, I was on the top of the —mail.

It was late on Saturday night when I set off, and I found the church-bell had just rung when I reached S—. I flew to the house where Emma lived with her aunt; both ladies had gone to church. Thank God! I exclaimed with a fervour which first showed me the extent of my previous fears. My natural impulse was to follow them; but as the decorum of the place, as well as regard for Emma's health and feelings, forbade the hazarding a scene by my unexpected appearance in their pew, I stationed myself in the back row of a gallery, whence I could distinctly see her motions, though not near enough to distinguish her features, even had they been less closely shaded by a white veil.

The deportment of my beloved was, as it had ever been, a model of unostentatious devotion; but it may be conceived with what intense anxiety I mingled observation of her slightest gesture, with heartfelt prayer for her preservation. There were trifles light as air, to all save a devoted bridegroom, (for lover is too profane a term to express my feelings,) which indicated delicacy. She rose with apparent difficulty; sat during a part of the service where I was sure she would, if able, have stood; and I listened in vain for her fine mellow voice in the hymn of thanksgiving. There was in the aunt who accompanied her an evident interest in her motions, little less intense than my own. I even fancied other eyes were bent on her pew with friendly solicitude; and when

the white-haired pastor, who had known and loved her from her cradle, gave out as his text, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," I felt as if he was anticipating her funeral sermon! Once during its continuance she threw aside her veil, evidently for air; and though her aunt's assiduous smelling-bottle and proffered arm spoke alarm, the radiance of beauty which lighted up her countenance transported me too much to inquire whether it was of this world or another!

The moment the service was ended, I flew back to the house, and sending the servant forward to announce my arrival, installed myself in the parlour. On a sofa, whose homely appearance showed it designed for use, not ornament, lay a volume, bearing equally the marks of daily familiarity. It was *Sherlock on Death!* and I let it fall, as if it had been a viper. Others lay near, and I instinctively opened them—*Les Pensées de Pascal*, *Baxter's Saint's Rest*, *Taylor's Holy Dying!*—No accidental coincidence—one awfully-engrossing thought alone—could have made these the habitual studies of a young and highly-gifted woman. The books themselves spoke daggers; but there were marginal notes, and passages marked for re-perusal, which sent a chill shudder of mortality through my frame. The piano, her favourite amusement when in health, had the dusty peculiar look of an instrument long unopened; and when I gazed out upon the little garden, there were weeds unremoved, and flowers untended, which I knew her love of order and of gardening would alike have forbidden, had strength permitted.

What boots it thus to recal gradations of mental torture?—She came in, and spite of all I had seen and felt, her buoyant step and radiant smile deceived even me for the moment. She saw it did, and with this thought seemed to come strong and sudden relief. She spoke so very cheerfully, entered so warmly into my affairs in town, and suffered me to revert so insensibly to my old habit of bright anticipations for the future, that my fears gave way beneath the magic of her smile, and I parted from her for the night almost gaily, and whispered to myself that all would yet be well.

We were to meet in the morning before I returned to town; but with

the kindest message words could convey, she excused herself, on the ground (which she knew I would at once yield to) of having rather over-exerted herself last night. The truth was, she durst not let me see the pallid spectre into which morning transformed the bright and blooming vision of feverish beauty, which had dazzled even the keen eye of affection; nor could she, consistently with her strong sense of duty and self-preservation, risk a personal farewell, during which she would have felt it alike impossible and sinful further to dissemble. I departed, therefore, under that control of imperious necessity, which everywhere, except in romances, governs the actions of men.

I had next day a difficult and complicated cause to plead; and that I did so with eclat and success, only proves how mechanically even the powers of *mind* may be exercised, and how little connexion may exist between a man's thoughts and his words. The success of this cause gained me a princely remuneration. Its instantaneous application was to send down the first physician of the day to S—; and I awaited his return in a state of mind which it were superfluous to waste words in describing. Dr M— devoted two days (an age in his professional life) to my beloved, and returned to grasp my hand with friendly fervour, with a tear on his care-worn cheek, to praise my angel's heroic fortitude, and to tell me with manly sincerity that her case was utterly hopeless, but that I might in all probability have the consolation of devoting to the solace of her gradual decline, the leisure of that long vacation, which puny mortal foresight had allotted for our bridal festivities! He was the bearer of a short note from Emma, so characteristic of her life and death, as to supersede all the fond garrulity of partial affection. It ran thus:—

"MY DEAREST FRANCIS,

While hope remained, I shrunk from afflicting you. Now that it has vanished, I long to comfort you. Come when you can, and let me try if I can reconcile you to live, by the same means, which, by the blessing of God, have taught me how easy it is to die!

Yes! she has taught me to live, but

if it has been to cherish her memory with undivided and unextinguishable affection, is there a heart that can blame, instead of pitying, the solitary bachelor?—Time dissolved the spell of youthful passion. The bonds of matured attachment were severed by the hand of Death; and if I had neither energy nor affections to embark in a new pursuit of happiness, I have at least the hallowed relics of departed joy to dwell on, and hopes of future reunion to look forward to.

But what has the proprietor of yonder mansion (from whose history a rarely-indulged vein of selfishness has for a moment carried me) to ruminate on in a solitude more joyless and less voluntary than that of the cloister, sweetened by no sense of duty, and cheered by no hope of reward? When you first came in sight of his princely seat, from the hill we have descended, its grand and noble features were alone visible; you are now nearer, and can distinguish its air of dilapidation; its neglected and decaying timber, its unshaven lawns, and grass-grown avenues; nay, the very forlorn aspect of its long line of front, with walled-up doors, and windows long unglazed, and that thin and solitary wreath of smoke issuing from its once hospitable chimneys. Be assured that the wreck within is at least equal to the external desolation; and, as time and neglect have told on the habitation, vice and remorse have preyed on the inhabitants!

I am old enough to remember Sir William Neville's debut in the world, and the applauses with which it was attended. I was then a schoolboy, and the name of the first scholar at Eton was a talisman not easily forgotten. His talents were of the first order, and had been diligently cultivated. Pride, and a natural taste for classical learning, combined to procure him a distinction which he yet contrived to unite with much of the dissipation his college afforded; thereby acquiring a reputation for spirit among his equals, while extolled by his superiors as a scholar.

His father had died early, and the weakest of weak mothers had idolized him from his birth. He entered at one-and-twenty on the uncontrolled possession of a noble fortune; and because he did not squander it at once amongst gamesters and jockeys, the

praise of prudence began to be added to his other merits. But though he had drank and played from fashion at Oxford, his real taste lay in neither. His mind was of too refined a cast to relish such ignoble sources of excitement; and it was from love (Oh that such profanation of the most exalted of human feelings should be tolerated!) that his life was destined to assume its darkest hues!

Rash, vain, and presumptuous, it was his fate to be early deceived by an experienced Syren; but the laugh of bitter mockery which waked him from his fool's paradise, was the knell of death to more than one confiding female heart. On some of these the village churchyard heaved its nameless turf; they were unknown and forgotten, save in the imperishable records of eternity. But in early youth, ere the "down of the soul" (as Sicard's dumb pupil finely called innocence) ought to have been hushed off by collision with the world, Sir William aimed at and achieved that "bad eminence" in the seducer's art which sacrifices to a momentary triumph the exquisitely tempered feelings and delicately fragile reputation of an equal. Heaven forbid that I should undervalue the simple innocence and unblemished character of a village maiden! but these are always in some degree compromised, when she first listens to the equivocal protestations of a man of rank; while the perhaps equally unsophisticated sharer of his station in society, dreams not of aught less honourable than his hand and heart, and is deeply and irrecoverably entangled, ere the cherished suitor sinks into the specious betrayer!

Sir William had chosen his ground with the consummate art of a fiend; and Agnes Vernon, the portionless but lovely daughter of a widowed mother, with neither father nor brother to "follow the bubble reputation to the pistol's mouth," was just the being whom it was luxury to betray, and sport to abandon. Elated with his notice, dazzled by his accomplishments, madly, devotedly attached to himself, Agnes's simple wonder that such a gifted being should have thought of marrying her at all, was easily reconciled to that purpose being for prudential reasons delayed. Of its ultimate fulfilment, no doubt ever crossed her imagination; and when in evil hour

she yielded to the sophistry which called her his in the sight of Heaven, she as firmly believed herself his bride, as if his vows had been ratified by the nuptial benediction.

I have no wish to dwell on the horrors which followed on the first suspicion of her lover's treachery. Every stage of the harrowing process has long since been laid open with an anatomical precision, which may satisfy the most callous amateur in mental torture. Suffice it that Sir William was said to have first learned from the maniac laugh of her who never smiled again, how much "sharper than a serpent's tooth" is the fang of the undying worm! The curse, not loud but deep, of a widowed mother has been accomplished; the betrayer of her child is forsaken of his own, and he who denied the softest and most affectionate of creatures his name, lived to be rejected with scorn by two high-souled objects of his pursuit!

The frantic laugh of Agnes died on the murderer's ear, or was drowned in the tumult of the world. That world, so tolerant of the vices of the great and gay, forgot her existence, and Sir William was again an "honourable man." Fathers, nay mothers, tendered their daughters to his acceptance, and lovely innocent creatures, to whom his vices were unknown, smiled on the assassin of Agnes.

Marriage was now his serious object; rank and wealth were both in his option, and for a while he hesitated between them. Sincerity and uprightness were foreign to his nature, and he trifled with two fair creatures till retreat became nearly impossible; till the ineffable scorn and threatened chastisement of a noble family, and the utmost legal vengeance of a wealthy one, impended alike over his guilty head. The latter he was most inclined to brave; but even this he thought to avert by a stroke of demoniac ingenuity and consummate baseness; extricating himself from his involvement with her whom he decided on resigning; by the sacrifice, the gratuitous unfounded sacrifice, of the reputation of the future mother of his children!

The plea was unanswerable, and unanswered by those to whom it was originally urged; but a providential indiscretion revealed it to her who

was its subject, and poetical justice was in some measure satisfied, when Sir William lived to be denied admittance to her, as she sat at the same open window with her scarce less indignant rival, while her proud father inflicted personal chastisement on him with a beggar's crutch, which he apologized for polluting; and her noble brothers refused him the satisfaction which gentlemen alone, they said, were entitled to claim.

The infamy of this transaction drove Sir William to the Continent, and for some years nothing was heard of him, but as a connoisseur and patron of the arts, for which his talents and education amply qualified him. Shunned by our few countrymen who then visited Italy, he naturally associated with the natives, and found, in the relaxed tone of their morality, congenial attractions. After a heartless round of unmeaning gallantries, however, the unsophisticated character and rare beauty of the daughter of a Milanese man of letters, who died at Rome, leaving her wholly unprovided for, seemed to fix Sir William's wandering inclinations. He became desperately in love with Bianca, attempted as usual to seduce, but failing, was married to her by a priest of her own persuasion. So at least it was rumoured at Rome, from whence Sir William had retired, before the ceremony, to a villa on the banks of the lake of Como. Here he lived for some time, deeply enamoured, as fame reported, of his fair bride; here were born to him a son and daughter, objects, it was said, of his doating fondness. His natural restlessness, however, soon manifested itself, in a desire to travel; and Bianca, having traversed with him almost the whole of Southern Europe, ventured at length to hint a hope of visiting that happy England of which she had heard so much, and of which her children at least were destined to be inhabitants. At this proposal Sir William became moody and irritable, (if indeed, as is doubted, he ever was otherwise,) long repelled it with unnecessary violence and indignation, then as suddenly and capriciously yielded with a smile of fiendish exultation on his lips, as he made the now scarce wished-for concession. They landed at length on the proud island, to which Bianca's thoughts

had long been fondly turned; but those only who have experienced the utter desolateness of London to the unknown or the forgotten, can picture with what sadness she soon gazed on its dingy streets and smoky atmosphere, or on the myriads who thronged past her windows with not a thought of her or her fortunes!

Her children began to droop, and Sir William removed them and her to a villa near town; where, though a few male guests occasionally resorted, no female visitant came to welcome the timid foreigner, or initiate her in England's courtesies, or England's customs. This excited some painful surprise; it became fearful reality when the decent English nurse (who had replaced, at their own desire, the shivering Italian attendants, pining to return to their own land of sunshine) announced, in terms softened by her evident sympathy for her gentle and interesting mistress, the impossibility of her remaining with one whose claim to the title of Lady Neville was more than suspected.

The veil fell at once from poor Bianca's eyes; a thousand inconsistencies in her lord's conduct, a thousand fluctuations in his still affectionate behaviour, a thousand meannesses that dissimulation is heir to, flashed on her memory, and confirmed the appalling statement. She neither fainted nor went into hysterics, but with a statue-like composure, more affecting, as the nurse said, than all the frenzy of despair, gazed on her unconscious children, and awaited Sir William's return. He read in her countenance that the truth had reached her, and was turning his impotent vengeance on the officious informer, when Bianca, calmly, though every nerve quivered with suppressed agony, requested him to hear, in presence of his humble but upright countrywoman, the decision of a not less conscientious foreigner. Though freed, she trusted, from past guilt in the sight of God, by her perfect confidence in the rite which joined their hands, nothing could reconcile her to remaining for a moment under the roof of one who could thus profane a sacrament to the ruin of a fellow-creature; and she threw herself on the compassion of the nurse, for an asylum for herself and the infant in her arms, from

whom, she trusted, he would not be barbarous enough to separate her.

This exertion of heroic spirit in one so habitually gentle and complying, revived, in its full force, the attachment which Sir William had in truth always felt towards the only being he perhaps ever really loved. The thought of parting with her was not to be borne; for once he felt that sophistry would be unavailing, and honesty the *only* policy, if he meant to secure to his waning years the solace he was little likely to meet elsewhere. He offered immediate marriage by priests of both communions; but when Bianca, turning from him with indignant silence, asked the nurse, if it would legitimize her darling children, and was answered in the negative, the forlorn mother raised her eyes in mute appeal to a higher tribunal, and rushed from the abode of her betrayer, with a determination which nothing short of absolute force could have withstood.

Sir William let this first torrent of just indignation expend itself, trusting that time and maternal affection would bring her back again. He was mistaken. Bianca found, through her humble friend, a respectable lodging, and employment for her talents as an artist; and it was not till he held out a lure the most irresistible to a mother's heart, that he could shake her steadfast purpose of never again admitting him to her presence.

He offered to transfer a large part of his property to Scotland, where his future residence would legalize his tardy nuptials, and legitimize his children. The last consideration prevailed, and Bianca consented for *their* sakes to endure, when the transfer should be completed, their father's society, and forfeit the self-respect which she hitherto justly cherished, by vowing honour and obedience to one whom she could not but despise. She loved him, however, still—she had loved him with a young heart's intense devotion, and the cruel circumstances of their separation, his heartless deception of her for so many years, the probable fate of her children with such a parent, all preyed on a constitution little fitted to brave the rigours of an English winter of uncommon severity. Consumption manifested itself, of that rapid and fatal kind which

in Italy is regarded as little short of pestilence; and the more doubtful it became whether she could ever reach Scotland alive, the more ardent grew her desire to accomplish this darling object, and the more vehemently did Sir William curse the tardiness of lawyers and the incapacity of physicians. The purchase was at length completed, the horrors of winter had somewhat subsided, and Bianca, to whom the journey by land was manifestly a matter of impossibility, was carried on board a vessel, fitted up by her agonized destroyer with every comfort the voyage could admit of. A storm, which arose on their first embarkation, proved a severe trial to the sufferer's scanty portion of strength and spirits; a yet more cruel one was inflicted by the calms which succeeded. It was on a day more resembling May than February that Bianca's expiring glance first rested on the blue hills of Scotland. She saw that a few hours would place within her reach the object to which she had sacrificed so much, felt that it was destined to be otherwise, turned an eye of meek reproach on him whose victim she had been in life and in death, clasped her children to her breast, and expired!

There was enough of selfishness in Sir William's sorrow to ensure its sincerity. He had lost the only being whom his faults alone would never have estranged; and after many fruitless sacrifices in the disposal of his property, he had failed in purchasing for the children, of whom he was justly proud, the place in society which, but for his own gratuitous villainy, would have been their indisputable right. The first vehemence of his grief expended itself in erecting a splendid mausoleum to his unostentatious Bianca, and in spoiling his children, whom, with his usual reckless selfishness, he prepared for a lot of probable future difficulty and trial, by the most unlimited and enervating indulgence. For a time they sufficed to amuse his solitude, but it ceased at length to be voluntary; and the same causes which affected his respectability in England keeping those of his own rank at a distance in Scotland, he was drawn, by mere inability to tolerate his own reflections, into admitting to his house and familiarity all that equivocal tribe of parasites and hangers-on whom in-

stinct draws, like birds of prey, around the disreputable rich man, excluded by his vices from the fellowship of his peers.

It was over this set that his eldest daughter returned from school to preside. Gay, giddy, and accomplished, as unlimited indulgence and lavish expense could make her, Wilhelmine (who, with her father's name, inherited many of the chief features of his person and character) went through all the routine of follies in which an unprincipled society, and the absence of maternal protection, could involve a high-spirited and thoughtless creature. The transcendent beauty, on which Sir William had reckoned for procuring her a brilliant alliance, narrowly failed to plunge her in an abyss of degradation, from which it was relief to have her extricated by one of the neediest and most worthless of his tribe of household flatterers. A princely portion was necessary to achieve the transformation of his idol daughter into the wife of a profligate adventurer. The price was paid, and enabled the grateful pair to breathe the congenial atmosphere of Paris, whence the distant sound of their follies and excesses alone visited the ear of Sir William, and with it a voice of deep upbraiding from the tomb of a mother!

While his eldest daughter was thus characteristically requiring the blind partiality which gave the reins to her every caprice, that pale and trembling child of sorrow and misfortune, whom Bianca had borne in anxiety and nursed in tears, and whose constitution partook of the delicacy, while her temper exhibited the shrinking timidity of her mother's, had grown up amid parental neglect and indifference, unspoilt by indulgence, if uncheered by kindness, and indebted to the honest English nurse, to whom her dying mother had bequeathed her, for lessons of simple piety and infant virtue which nothing could eradicate from her mind. She had no shining talents, and for sound judgment Sir William had no value. She was plain in person, and retiring in manners; and though, when gout asserted its hereditary claims on one not distinguished for patience, her unobtrusive services were duly appreciated; with returning health she was forgotten,

and, except at meals, her presence among the dashers of her father's circle was neither desired nor missed.

There was a large old library in the house, where Beatrice spent her time, unheeded and undirected. Her father's rage for education had soon passed away, and he had little toleration for the dulness of even his more gifted pupils; so when the only church-going member of the family was sometimes courteously invited by the minister's worthy mother to rest herself at the manse, courage was at last summoned to ask advice respecting her studies from the pious modest incumbent, whose quiet manners and gentle character were the counterparts of her own. The advice was given with honest satisfaction, and followed with patient diligence. It led to an intercourse, whose consequences may be anticipated; and Sir William, shortly before his gay daughter deserted him in triumph, shut his doors, as he said for ever, on his humble Beatrice, for avowing herself a Christian, and marrying a parson. He kept his word while health lasted; but twice, when racking pain and imminent peril have been his portion, a female form has hovered unsought, but unhidden, around his couch, and in his delirium he has been heard to call it by the name of Bianca!

Sir William's affections now centred on his son, who passed through every gradation of school and college with distinction, whose form blended his mother's beauty with his father's grace, but who in rectitude of soul too thoroughly resembled her to tolerate the equivocal existence his father had chalked out for him as the luxurious *enfant gâté* of a profligate coterie. "Were the fortune you can give me without injury to others," said he, "sufficient to support me in idleness, I would not vegetate in useless obscurity. You have given me an education which is of itself an inheritance; it remains with me to improve it, and carve for myself a name, which it is unhappily not yours to bestow."

The consciousness of talent, and the advantages of education, would have rendered Charles an ornament to the legal profession, and permitted him to aspire to the highest honours. But Sir William, indignant at his son's declining to sacrifice to his humour every hope of independence and dis-

tion; would lend no assistance; and an incipient barrister, with the self-denial of a stoic, and the frugality of an anchorite, cannot live on air. Broken-hearted with selfish opposition, sick of domestic discord, disgusted with orgies hideous to a mind delicate by nature, and stung by disappointment, Charles suddenly left home, no one knew whither; and his first letter to his father was dated from on board a man of war, the interest of a favourite schoolfellow having procured him an appointment in the navy.

Sir William, though affecting the utmost displeasure, would now have made any concession to rescue from the chances of war the hope and pride of his wayward heart; but Charles, like his poor mother, was firm in what he conceived a principle of duty; and a recklessness of life began to mingle with the excitement of his new profession, in keeping him steady to his purpose.

"It is a shorter, and perhaps surer road to fame, than the toilsome path of study," wrote he in answer; "there is glory to be aimed at, if I live, and an honourable grave at least, if I fall." The last words were prophetic. Prompted by that ardour for distinction, which, in a less perilous profession, might have achieved wonders, the gallant midshipman volunteered on a nearly impracticable service, performed it, and fell at two-and-twenty, with the colours of an enemy's fort twisted round his body; and the highest meed of his country's regret, which perhaps ever was earned by one so young.

Peace to his ashes!—I owe it to you and myself, to cheer our spirits after this long melancholy history; and it shall be by introducing you to another naval hero, more fortunate than poor Charles, and the very sight of whose bright sunny face, and little marine paradise, will put us in good humour with the world again.

Do you see the light wreath of smoke that rises from below that wooded promontory overhanging the sea? It is not, as you would fancy, some fisherman caulking his boat, or idle boys roasting periwinkles on the beach of the little sunny bay. It is a human habitation, ay, and one of the most ingenious and delightful ever achieved by human energy and industry.

You have now a full view of Jack

Noran's Folly, as it is called by some who do not know better, while a sagacious friend of mine says Jack is the only man who ever found the philosopher's stone.

Where rises that neat, nay elegant cottage, with its trellised verandahs, and chimneys half concealed by ivy, a few years ago stood a barren and shapeless mass of rock, against which the waves murmured and broke, almost half way up the present garden, where now may be heard the busy hum of Jack Noran's bees. The spot was a mere slip of rocks and sand, excluded by its worthlessness from the grounds of two noble proprietors, whose lofty and wooded promontories sheltered it on either side, and gave it an air of exquisite seclusion and repose.

Jack was born and bred in the neighbourhood, and had sat on these rocks when a boy; and often in after life, as his gallant bark skimmed along the coast of his native country, he had fancied how nicely a cottage would stand in that snug nook, were there level to put one down. Jack, in the meantime, traversed the wide world, a bold and enterprising sailor; was always in luck when there were blows going, but seldom, or never, when prize-money followed.

As long as Jack was heart-whole, this troubled him little; but he fell in love, according to the sailor's immemorial custom, and kept as bad a reckoning as usual, for the pretty Marion had not a shilling in the world. Jack was now, however, a lieutenant; and in the simplicity of his heart, would, on the strength of that imposing character, have married immediately; but Marion had luckily prudence for both. "Jack," said she, "I love you too well to marry you at present, but we can afford to wait; and sail where you may, you know I will never marry any one else. I do not bargain for a coach and six," added she playfully, "or a service of plate, but a house of my own I should like; and when you can find me one, Jack, come and claim me."

A house of his own! Jack, in the natural course of things, was as likely to have a gold mine; but fortune in a good-humoured moment sent a ship with some such precious freight in his way, and our lieutenant became master of L.500! He paid dearly for it,

however; for the Spanish prisoners rose in the night on their captors, a skirmish ensued, and Jack's right leg was the sacrifice. Half-pay and a pension were now Jack's portion for life, and these he was sure Marion would share with him, provided the precious L.500 were invested in a house.

Many decent dwellings might have been had for the money, but Jack was ambitious, and wanted an estate. Though social in the highest degree, he did not wish a neighbour on each side of him; he chose to say like Alexander Selkirk, "I am monarch of all I survey;" and to a sailor, invalidated at thirty, the sight and smell of the sea were indispensable. His thoughts immediately recurred to the little cove at F., and without saying a word to Marion, who was on a visit in Ireland, he introduced himself and his wooden leg to both the noblemen, whose debateable land the spot of his affections might have been, and obtained from each a charter of possession, as eagerly coveted as the investiture of a principality.

Jack set to work in divesting his new property of its only production, viz. the huge blocks of stone, (fortunately of a soft and easily-worked description,) part of which served to rear his dwelling, and the rest, which it might have puzzled him to dispose of, found vent in the repairs of a neighbouring harbour.

No sooner was a level spot procured, than Jack's house began to rear its head; and Jack had not traversed all climates without learning to join true British comfort with something of the picturesque air of a Sicilian or Provençal cottage. There were the substantial walls of the north; with the low spreading roof of the south; the snug chimneys for winter, and the shady verandah for summer, in a spot, where other shade was not of course to be expected. Crowned with Jack's little observatory, and flag-staff for days of rejoicing, the habitation was soon the very *beau idéal* of a sailor's paradise.

Marion had stipulated for a house, and here it was; but Jack was determined she should have a garden; and as nothing was wanting but space and soil, he forthwith set about usurping the former from his old enemy the rock, that still frowned contemptuously on his labours; and as fast as

huge blocks of the aforesaid rock got notice to quit Jack's premises, the rich diluvial earth which crowned their hoary summits, (where a sheep scarce ever scrambled, tempted by the sweet short herbage,) found its way to the kindlier aspect and humbler level of Jack's embryo garden. The harbour which Jack's stones went to enlarge, made a courteous return of some boat-loads of mud, precious as gold dust to the delighted horticulturist; and cabbages, the sailor's joy, and the first infant offspring of the art in most situations, soon flanked Jack's Sunday piece of beef.

Jack loved cabbages—but he was a florist and a lover, and nothing would satisfy him but roses—and they came with another summer. The same auspicious season brought Marion, in utter ignorance of Jack's purchase and creation, back to Scotland, after burying the old relation she went to attend, and inheriting a most seasonable supply of Irish linen, and a fortune (not *Irish* currency) of £.300! Here was wealth inexhaustible! and a mutual surprise; for Jack dreamt as little of hard cash, as Marion of house and land. The legacy was duly funded for a rainy day, Jack's *El Dorado* having sufficed to furnish, as well as erect the family mansion. People may talk as they please of pomp and pageantry; coronations and installations may be pretty things; but I would not have

given Jack Noran in his glory, the day when the manned and streamered barge of his late frigate landed Marion at her own threshold, amid three deafening British cheers, for the Autocrat of all the Russias.

Marion is just the wife to appreciate Jack, and make him as happy as he deserves. They have just family enough to keep the house merry, without making the penniless lieutenant sigh as he looks at them. One chubby boy shoulders Jack's crutch, and helps him to work in the garden; and Marion has one little staid girl to keep the chickens from the flower-beds, and water the roses with her fairy watering-pan.

There, there they are, the whole happy group in the garden! Jack, in shirt-sleeves and hatless, gathering his best of everything, and Marion surrounded by a knot of warm-hearted tars come to spend the day. I see their boat lying moored just below, and Jack's flag is up too—Is it for Howe or Duncan, the Nile or Trafalgar? No! I have it now—it is Jack's wedding day, and the old Florinde's men are come to make merry with him. I have a great mind to go—there will be sailor's fare, and a hearty welcome. Nay, we *must* go, for Jack has spied us out, and ere we can say "Jack Noran," he will be here with his press-gang, and land us both at the *Folly!*

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XXIX.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
 ΗΛΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

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.

SCENE—AMBROSE'S Hotel, Picardy Place, Paper Parlour.

THE SHEPHERD—NORTH—AND TICKLER.

SHEPHERD.

Do you ken, Mr North, that I'm beginning to like this snug wee roomy in Mr Awmrose's New Hotel, maist as weel's the Blue Parlour in the dear auld tenement ?

NORTH.

Ah no, my dear James, none of us will ever be able to bring our hearts to do that ; to us, Gabriel's Road will aye be holy and haunted ground. George Cooper is a fine fighter and a civil landlord, but I cannot look on his name on that door without a pensive sigh ! Mr Ambrose's worthy brother has moved, you know, up stairs, and I hobble in upon him once a fortnight for auld lang syne.

SHEPHERD.

I aften wauken greetin' frae a dream about that dear dear tenement. " But what's the use o' sighing, since life is on the wing ;" and but for the sacredness o' a' thae recollections, this house—this hotel—is in itsell preferable, perhaps, to our ancient howf.

NORTH.

Picardy is a pleasant place, and our host is prosperous. No house can be quieter and more noiseless.

SHEPHERD.

That's a great maitter. You'll recollect me ance lodgin' in Ann Street, noo nae langer in existence,—a steep street, ye ken, rinnin down along the North Brig towards where the New Markets is, but noo biggit up wi' a' thae new buildings—

NORTH.

That I do, James. 'Twas there, up a spiral stone staircase, in a room looking towards the Castle, that first I saw my Shepherd's honest face, and first I ate along with him cod's head and shoulders.

SHEPHERD.

We made a nicht o't, wi' twa dear freens ;—ane o' them at this hour in Et-trick, and the ither ower the saut seas in India, an Episcopalian chaplain.

NORTH.

But let's be merry, James. Our remembrances are getting too tender.

SHEPHERD.

What I was gaun to say was this,—that yon room, quate as it seemed, was

after the maist infernally noisy chawmer on the face o' this noisy earth. It was na far, ye ken, frae the play-house. Ae wunter there was an afterpiece ca'd the Burnin' o' Moscow, that was performed maist every nicht. A while afore twal the Kremlin used to be blawn up; and the soun', like thunder, wauken'd a' the sleepin' dougs in that part o' the town. A' at ance there was set up siccan a bar'in' and yellin', and youlin' and growlin', and nyaffin' and snaffin', and clankin' o' chains frae them in kennels, that it was waur than the din o' aerial jowlers pursuing the wild huntsman through the sky. Then cam the rattlin' o' wheels, after Moscow was reduced to ashes, that made the dougs, especially the watch anes, mair outrageous than ever, and they keepit rampau-gin' in their chains on till past twa in the mornin'. About that hour, or some-times suner, they had wauken'd a' the cocks in the neebourhood—baith them in preevate families and in poulterers' c Davies; and the creturs keepit crawin' defiance to ane anither quite on to dawn o' licht. Some butchers had ggem-cocks in pens no far frae my lodgings; and oh! but the deevils incarnate had hoarse, fierce, cruel craw! Neist began the dust and dung carts; and whare the mail-coaches were gaun, or comin' frae, I never kent, but ilka half hour there was a toutin' o' horns—lang tin anes, I'm sure, frae the scutter o' broken-winded soun. After that a' was din and distraction, for day-life begude to roar again; and aften hae I risen without ever having bowed an ee, and a' owing to the burnin' o' Moscow, and blawin' up o' the Kremlin.

NORTH.

Nothing of the sort can happen here. This must be a sleeping house fit for a Sardanapalus.

SHEPHERD.

I'll try it this verra nicht.—But what for tauk o' bed-time sae sune after denner? It's really a bit bonny parlour.

NORTH.

What think you, James, of that pattern of a-paper on the wall?

SHEPHERD.

I was sae busily employed eatin' durin' denner, and sae muckle mair busier drinkin' after denner, that, wull ye believe me when I say't, that gran' huntin'-piece paperin' the wa's never ance caught my een till this blessed moment? Oh sirs, but it's an inspeeritin' picture, and I wush I was but on horseback, following the hounds!

TICKLER.

The poor stag! how his agonies accumulate, and intensify in each successive stage of his doom, flying in distraction, like Orestes before the Furies!

SHEPHERD.

The stag! confoun' me gin I see ony stag. But yon's a lovely leddie—a Duchess—a Princess—or a Queen—whakeeps aye crownin' the career, look whare you wull—there soomin' a ford like a Naiad—there plungin' a Bird o' Paradise into the forest's gloom—and there, lo! re-appearing star-bright on the mountain-brow!

NORTH.

Few ladies look loveable on horseback. The bumping on their seat is not elegant; nor do they mend the matter much, when, by means of the crutch, they rise on the saddle, like a postilion, buckskin breeches excepted.

TICKLER.

The habit is masculine, and, if made by a country tailor, to ordinary apprehension converts a plain woman into a pretty man.

NORTH.

No modest female should ever sport beaver. It gives her the bold air of a kept-mistress.

TICKLER.

But what think you of her elbows, hard at work as those of little Tommy Lye, the Yorkshire Jockey, beginning to make play on a north-country horse in the Doncaster St Leger, when opposite the Grand Stand?

NORTH.

How engagingly delicate the virgin splattering along, whip in mouth, drag-gle-tailed, and with left leg bared to the kneec-pan!

SHEPHERD.

Tauk awa'—tauk awa'—ye twa auld revilers; but let me hae anither glower o' my galloping goddess, gleaming gracefully through a green glade, in a' the glorious grinness of a grove of gigantic forest trees!

TICKLER.

What a glitter o' gutterals!

SHEPHERD.

O that some moss-hidden stump, like a snake in the grass, wud but gar her steed stumble, that she might saftly glide outower the neck before the solitary shepherd in a flichter o' rainbow light, sae that I were by to come jookin' out frae ahint an aik, like a Satyr, or rather the god Pan, and ere her lovely limbs cou'd in their disarray be veiled among the dim wood violets, receive into my arms and bosom—O blessed burthen!—the peerless Forest Queen!

NORTH.

Oh gentle Shepherd!—thou fond idolater!—how canst thou thus in fancy burn with fruitless fires before the image of that beautiful Cruelty, all athirst and a-wing for blood?

SHEPHERD.

The love that starts up at the touch o' imagination, sir, is o' mony million moods.—A beautiful Cruelty! Thank you, Mr North, for the poetic epithet.

NORTH.

Such SHAPES, in the gloom of forests, hunt for the souls of men!

SHEPHERD.

Wood-witch, or Dell-deevil, my soul would follow such a Shape into the shades o' death. Let the Beautiful Cruelty wear murder on her face, so that something in her fierce eye-balls lure me to a boundless love. I see that her name is Sin; and those figures in the rear, with black veils, are Remorse and Repentance. They beckon me back into the obscure wi' lean uplifted hands, and a boney shudder, as if each cadaver were a clanking skeleton; but the closer I come to Sin, the farther awa' and less distinct do they become; and, as I touch the hem o' her garment, where are they gone?

NORTH.

James, you must have been studying the German Romances. But I see your aim—there is a fine moral—

TICKLER.

Curse all German Romances.—(*Rings the bell violently.*)

SHEPHERD.

Ay, Mr Tickler, just sae. You've brak the bell-rope, ye see, wi' that outrageous jerk. What are ye wantin'?

TICKLER.

A spitting-box.

SHEPHERD.

Hoots! You're no serious in sayin' you're gaun to smoke already? Wait till after sooper.

TICKLER.

No, no, James. I rang for our dear Christópher's cushion. I saw, by the sudden twist that screwed up his chin, that his toe twinged.—Is the pain any milder now, sir?

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sir! oh, sir! say that the pain's milder noo, sir!—Oh, dear me! only to think o' your listenin' to my stupid havers, and never betrayin' the least uneasiness, or wish to interrupt me, and gar me haud my tongue!—Oh, sir! oh, sir! say that the pain's milder noo, sir!

NORTH.

Wipe my brow, James—and let me have a glass of cold water.

SHEPHERD.

I'll wipe your broo. Pity me—pity me—a' drappin' wi' cauld sweat! But ye maunna tak a single mouthfu' o' cauld water. My dearest sir—it's poishin for the gout—try a soup o' my toddy. There! grasp the tumler wi' baith your hauns. Aff wi't—it's no strang.—Arena ye better noo, sir? Isna the pain milder noo?

NORTH.

Such filial tenderness, my dear boy, is not lost on——oh ! gemini—that was the devil's own twinge !

SHEPHERD.

What's to be dune ? What's to be dune ? Pity me, what's to be dune ?

NORTH.

A single small glass, James, of the unchristened creature, my dear James.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, ay—that's like your usual sense. Here it's—open your mouth, and I'll administer the draught wi' my ain hauns.

TICKLER.

See how it runs down his gizzern, his gizzern, his gizzern, see how it runs down his gizzern—ye ho ! ye ho ! ye ho !

NORTH.

Bless you, James—it is very reviving—continue to converse—you and Tickler—and let me wrestle a little in silence with the tormentor.

SHEPHERD.

Wha wrote yon article in the Magazine on Captain Cleas and Jymnastics ?

TICKLER.

Jymnastics !—James,—if you love me—G hard. The other is the Cockney pronunciation.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, then, GGGhhymnastics ! Wull that do ?

TICKLER.

I wrote the article.

SHEPHERD.

That's a damned lee. It was naebody else but Mr North himsell. But what for didna he describe some o' the fates o' the laddies at the Edinburgh Military Academy, on the Saturday afore their vacanse ? I never saw the match o' yon !

TICKLER.

What tricks did theimps perform ?

SHEPHERD.

They werena tricks—they were fates. First, ane after anither took haud o' a transverse bar o' wud aboon their heads, and raised their chins ower't by the power o' their arms, wi' a' the ease and elegance in the warld. Every muscle, frae wrist to elbow, was seen doin' its wark, aneath the arms o' their flannel-jackets. Then ane after anither mounted like so many squirrels up to anither transverse bar—(transverse means cross.)

TICKLER.

Thank ye, James,—you are a glossarial Index.

SHEPHERD.

Eh ? What ?—and leanin' ower't on their breasts, and then catching haud, by some unaccountable cantrip, o' the waistband o' their breeks, awa' they set heels ower head, whirligig, whirligig, whirligig, wi' a smoke-jack velocity, that was perfectly confoundin', the laddie doin't being nae mair distinguishable in lith and limb, than gin he had been a bunch o' claes hung up to frichten craws in the fields, within what's ca'd a wund-mill.

TICKLER.

I know the exercise—and have often done it in my own back-green.

SHEPHERD.

Ha, ha, ha, ha ! What maun the neebors hae thought the first time they saw't, lookin' out o' their wundows ; or the second aether ? Ha, ha, ha, ha ! What a subject for a picture by Geordie Cruickshanks—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

TICKLER.

Your laugh, Hogg, is coarse—it is offensive.

SHEPHERD.

Ha, ha, ha, ha ! My lauch may be coarse, Tickler, for there's naething superfine about me ; but to nae man o' common sense can it, on sic an occasion, be offensive. Ha, ha, ha, ha ! Oh dear me ! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

Lang Timothy whurlin' round a cross-bar, up in the air amang the rowan-tree taps, in his ain back-green at Southside!!! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I wush I mainna choke mysell!

TICKLER.

Sir, you are now a fit object of pity—not of anger or indignation.

SHEPHERD.

I'm glad o' that, for I hate to see ye angry, sir. It gars ye look sae unco ugly—perfectly fearsome. Weel, then, after the whirlin', then first ae laddie, and then anither, took a grup o' a lang rope hinging down to the grund frae a bar thretty feet heech; and then, haun' o'er head, up they swung, like sae mony prime seamen in a storm; and in a jiffey were seen sittin' aloft, arms a-kimbo, and legs across, the same thing as on chairs—a' the crood ruffin' the exploit, and the maisters o' the Academy walkin' weel-pleased about underneath, as they weel might be, wi' the proficiency o' their poopils. In a minute the active creatures caught haud first o' ae rape, and then o' anither; for some dizzen rapes were danglin' down frae the bar; and wad ye believe, they crossed in that mainer the hail breadth o' the court, just as if they were on the riggin' o' a ship?

NORTH.

It must indeed have been a pretty sight, James.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, Mr North! Is that your vice? I am glad to see you've come roun'. Then began the loupin' and ither ggghymnastics; and never saw I sic a set o' Robin-good-fellows, bouncin' ower hichts as heech as my nose.

NORTH.

Was there no danger, James, in all these exploits?

SHEPHERD.

None whatsomever. Captain Cleas tells us in his byuck, that among thousand's o' boys performin' their evolutions every day for years, not a single serious accident has ever occurred—and now I beleev't. It was curious to see the verra mithers o' the callants, and their bits o' bonny sisters, and aiblins, sweethearts, a' sittin on benches as in the playhouse, viewin' them gaun tap-selteerie in the lift, without a shiver or a shriek.

NORTH.

I understand the system has been brought into play at Heriot's Hospital—(now under excellent management, thanks to Mr Bookseller Blackwood, Mr Surgeon Wood, Dr Brunton, and others for that)—and next year it is to be introduced into the New Academy. I hope the High School will follow the example—for what other recreation at once so joyous and so useful? The credit of establishing the system in Scotland will then be due to that excellent nobleman and soldier, Lord Robert Kerr, and my worthy friend Sir Patrick Walker, whose zeal and knowledge in everything they have done about the Military Academy, is above all praise.

SHEPHERD.

It's an æra in edication—and I houp Captain Cleas'll come to Scotland some day. We'll gie him a gran' dinner at Aumrose's; and to Mr Voelkner too, wha's a capital Ggghymnast, likewise, they say, and a model o' a man for muscularity and baneiness, without an unce o' superfluous flesh, and balanced in a' his powers, to verra perfection. Major Downes, I'm sure, 'll accept an invetation, and we'll be a' glad to do honour to sic a clever and accomplished offisher; nor maun we forget honest Serjeant Lawson, wha has proved himsell a worthy disciple o' Cleas, and dune wonders wi' his poopils in sae short a time. We'll a' get fou thegither, and we'll hae a rape frae the ceilin' for a game at Ggghymnastics afore oysters. Mr Tickler's back-green practice will gie him a great advantage.

TICKLER.

- Ah! Jamie—Jamie—nac mair o' your satire-shafts, for like clf-shots they're no canny.

SHEPHERD.

Gie's your haun'. Ay, that's a hearty squeeze. Nane o' thae cauld-rife fore-finger touches for me, that fine folk are sae fond o'. I like a grasp that

gars the nails grow red, for then the bluid gangs back wi' birr again in circulation to the heart.

TICKLER.

Your right hand, my dear Shepherd, is like a vice, in friendship or in love.

SHEPHERD.

I'm out o' breath. Ane o' you tak up the thread o' the discourse, or rather spin a new yarn. Mr North, sir, gie's ane o' your gran' speeches. I want to fa' asleep.

NORTH.

Yes, Edina, thou art indeed a noble city, a metropolis worthy the Land of Mountain and of Flood, Glen, Forest, Loch, and long-winding arms of Ocean! Queen of the North! which of thy august shrines dost thou love the best—the Castle-Cliff, within whose hoary battlements Kings were born—the Green Hill looking down on deserted Holyrood—the Craigs smitten into grandeur and beauty by time and the elements—or the Mountain, like a lion couchant, reposing in the sky?

SHEPHERD.

Losh me! that's beautifu' language.

NORTH.

The glorious works of Nature everywhere overshadow those of man's hands, and her primeval spirit yet reigns, with paramount and prevailing power, over the region that art has made magnificent with spires and obelisks, towers, temples, and palaces!

SHEPHERD.

Nane o' your astmatic coughs—on wi' ye—on wi' ye—ye deevil.

NORTH.

Wheel round the city as on eagle's wing, skimming the edge of the smoke, and the din, and the tumult, in itself a world, yet bordered how beautifully by another world of plains, woods, and ranges of hills, and that glorious Frith—all silent, serene, sublime—and overhead a heaven swept into cloudless azure by the sea-blasts, and stretching out an ample circumference for the path of the sun!

SHEPHERD.

Eh? Was ye speakin' to me? Oo ay, it's a gude jug.

NORTH.

Eastward—those are ships hanging afar off between wave and weather-
gleam:—westward—those are not clouds, but snow-capt mountains, whose sides are thundering with cataracts, and round whose bases lie a hundred lakes.

SHEPHERD.

Whoo—ah—uch—awe!

NORTH.

The eye needs not, here, the aid of Imagination: but Imagination will not, in such a scene, suffer the eye to be without her aid. The past and the future she makes to darken or brighten on the present—the limits of the horizon she extends afar—and round “stately Edinborough, throned on craggs,” arises a vision of old Scotland from sea to sea!

SHEPHERD (*starting*).

Lord, sirs, I thocht I had coupit ower a precipice just then.

NORTH.

Thou hast been a great traveller, Tickler. Say, then, if ever thou didst behold a more splendid Panorama? Conjure up in competition the visions of great Capitals—for there is room enough in the mind's domain for them all—for all the metropolitan cities whose hum is heard in the centre of continents, by the flowing of rivers, or along the sounding sea-shore. Speak thou—and I shall be silent. Let those stone buildings fall into insignificance before mansions of marble—those domes sink to the dust beneath the height of Oriental cupolas—those puny squares disappear beside palace-bounded plains, on which a people might congregate—and those streets shrink up like a scroll, as fancy sees interminable glens of edifices, from which the music from the van of a mighty army would be emerging as the rear was entering the gate.

SHEPHERD.

Did ye say ye heard the bawn? Are the sodgers gaun by? If sae, I maun hae a look out o' the wundow. Hoots, ye gouk, it's only the watchmen crawling the hour to ane anither like sae mony midden-cocks. Dinna be angry gin I lay down my head on the table—for it's a lang ride, sirs, frae Mount-Benger, and the beast I hae the noo's an awfu' hard trotter, and his canter's a wearifu' wallop. Do ye think Mr Aumrose could gie me the lend o' a nicht-cap?

TICKLER.

Why, James, I have heard you talk in your sleep better than any other man awake, half-an-acre-broad. The best ghost story I ever shuddered at, you delivered one Christmas midnight, to the accompaniment of one of your very finest snores.

SHEPHERD.

Wauken me, Mr Tickler, when Mr North's dune. Whew—hoo—whew—hoo—whew—hoo—ho, ho—ho, ho—ho, ho—hro—hro—hro—hro—hro—hro!

TICKLER.

Had I never heard the Shepherd in his sleep before, North, I could have sworn from that snore that he played the fiddle. What harmony! Not a note out of tune.

NORTH.

Why he is absolutely snoring the Flowers of the Forest. A Jew's harp's a joke to it. Heavens! Tickler, what it is to be a man of genius!

SHEPHERD.

A man o' genius! Did ye never ken afore that I was a man o' genius? But I really feel it's no gude manners to fa' asleep in sic company; so I'll do a' I can to struggle against it. Gang on wi' your bonny description, sir. Just suppose yoursell speakin' to some stranger or ither frae England, come to see Embro—and astonish the weak native.

NORTH.

Stranger! wilt thou take us for thy guide, and ere sunset has bathed Bendi in fast-fading gold, thou shalt have the history of many an ancient edifice—tradition after tradition, delightful or disastrous—unforgotten tales of tears and blood, wept and shed of old by kings and princes and nobles of the land?

SHEPHERD.

O man, but that's bonny, bonny! Ye hae mair genius nor me yoursell.

NORTH.

Or threading our way through the gloom of lanes and alleys, shall we touch your soul with trivial fond records of humbler life, its lowliest joys and obscurest griefs? For oh! among the multitudes of families all huddled together in that dark bewilderment of human dwellings, what mournful knowledge have we from youth to age gathered, in our small experience, of the passions of the human heart!

SHEPHERD.

Dinna fa' into ony imitation o' that flowery writer o' the Lights and Shadows. I canna thole that.

NORTH.

Following that palsy-stricken crone to her lonely hearth, from her doom we could read a homily on the perishing nature of all this world's blessings—friendship, love, beauty, virtue, and domestic peace! What a history is written on that haggard face, so fair and yet so miserable! How profound a moral in that hollow voice! Look in at that dusty and cobwebbed window, and lo! a family of orphans, the eldest, not fifteen years, rocking an infant's cradle to a melancholy song! Stoop your head below that gloomy porch, and within sits a widow beside her maniac daughter, working day and night to support a being, in her malignant fierceness still tenderly beloved! Next door lives a woman whose husband perished in shipwreck, and her only son on the scaffold! And hark to an old grey-headed man, blithely humming at his stall, who a month ago buried his bedridden spouse, and has survived all his children, unless, indeed, the two sons, of whom he has heard no tidings for twenty years, be yet alive in foreign lands.

SHEPHERD.

O man! what for dinna ye write byucks? There ye hae just sketched out subjects for 'Tales in Three Volumms.

NORTH.

It is long, James, since Poetry became a drug, and Prose is now in the same predicament.

SHEPHERD.

Ye never sail a truer word in a' your life. Some o' thae late J. unnu stories garred me scunner. There's Treman, that Lockhart or some ither clever chield praises in the Quarterly—and there's Mawtildy, and there's Graunby, and there's Brambleberry-hoose, and there's the Death Fetch and Carry, and some dizzen ithers, whase teetles I hae forgotten—no worth, a' o' them pitten thegither, ony æ volumm of my Winter Evenings' Tales, that nae reviewer but yoursell, Mr North, (and here's to ye in a bumper,) ever either abused or panegaireezed—because, forsooth, they are not "Novels of Fashionable Life."

TICKLER.

Tremaine is a sad ninny. Only imagine to yourself the *beau ideal* of a Free-thinker, who is unable to give any kind of answer, good, bad, or indifferent, to the most common-place arguments urged against his deistical creed. The moment he opens his mouth, he is posed by that pedantic old prig, Dr Evelyn, and his still more pedantic daughter, on subjects which he is represented as having studied professedly for years. There he stands gaping like a stuck pig, and is changed into a Christian by the very arguments with which he must have been familiar all his life, and which, in the writings of the most powerful divines, he had, it seems, continued utterly to despise. Such conversion proves him to have been an idiot—or a knave.

NORTH.

The third volume is indeed most despicable trash. But you are wrong, Tickler and James, about the Doctor and his daughter, as they show themselves in the two first volumes. There we have really a pleasing picture of a fine, old, worthy, big-wigged, orthodox, and gentlemanly divine of the Church of England, and of a sweet, sensible, modest, elegant, and well-educated, lovely young English gentlewoman. Had it been my good fortune, James, to fall in with Miss Evelyn at the rectory, I would have bet a board of oysters to a rizzard haddock, that I should have carried her off to Gretna-Green, without any preliminary exposition of my religious principles, and, within the fortnight, convinced her of my being an orthodox member of her own church.

SHEPHERD.

O siccan vanity—siccan vanity! and it's me that you're aye lauchin' at for haeing sic a gude opinion o' mysell. I never thocht I could hae married Miss Evelyn, though I've aye been rather a favourite amang the lassies—that's sure aneuch.

NORTH.

Imitators—imitators are the Cockneys all. They can originate nothing. And in their paltry periodicals, how sneakingly they blaspheme that genius, from whose sacred urn they draw the light that discovers their own nakedness and their own impotence!

TICKLER.

Title-pages, chapter-mottoes even—stolen, transmogrified, and denied!

NORTH.

What a cadger crew, for example, are the Cockney chivalry! At a tournament, you think you see the champion of some distressed damsel holding fast by the pummel, that he may not be unhorsed, before the impugner of his lady's chastity does, from losing his stirrups, of himself fall with a thud, James, on the ground.

SHEPHERD.

And then what a way o' haudin' the lance! As for the swurd, they keep ruggin' awa' by the hilt, as if they were puin' up a stane wi' a soocker; but up it wanna come, rugg as they wull, ony mair than if it were glued, or clesped on wi' a muckle twusted preen. They're ackart as the Soor-milks.

NORTH.

Who the devil are they, James?

SHEPHERD.

No ken the Soor-milks? The Yomanry, to be sure, wi' the hairy-heel'd, long-chafed naigs, loosend' frae pleuch and harrow, and instead o' a halter round their noses, made to chow a snaffle, and free frae collar and breeching, to hobble their hurdies at a haun'-gallop, under the restraint o' a martingirl, and twa ticht-drawn girths, aneuch to squeeze all the breath owt o' their lean-ribbed bodies. That's the Soor-milks.

TICKLER.

Then, the store of ladies, "whose bright eyes rain influence, and dispense the prize," are such nymphs as may be seen in the slips of Drury-Lane or Covent Garden Theatre, having flocked in, at half-price, with fans, parasols, reticules, plaid-shawls, and here and there a second-hand ostrich feather.

SHEPHERD.

Scotland has produced some bad aneuch writers—but the verra waurst o' them hae aye a character o' originality. For if ony ane of our authors hae mannerism—it's at least mannerism o' his ain. The difference atween us and them, is just the difference atween a man and a monkey.

NORTH.

What think ye, James, of this plan of supplying Edinburgh with living fish?

SHEPHERD.

Good or bad, it sall never hae my countenance. I cudna thole Embro without the fish-wives, and gin it succeeded, it would be the ruin o' that ancient race.

TICKLER.

Yes, James, there are handsome women among these Nereids.

SHEPHERD.

Weel-faured hizzies, Mr Tickler. But nane o' your winks—for wi' a' their fearsome tauk, they're decent bodies. I like to see their weel-shaped shanks aneath their short yellow petticoats. There's something heartsome in the creak o' their creeshy creels on their braid backs, as they gang swinging up the stey streets without sweatin', with the leather belt atower their mutched heads, a' bent laigh down against five stane load o' haddocks, skates, cods, and flounders, like horses that never reest—and, oh man, but mony o' them hae musical voices, and their cries afar aff make my heart-strings dirl.

NORTH.

Hard-working, contented, cheerful creatures, indeed, James, but unconscionable extortioners, and—

SHEPHERD.

Saw ye them ever marchin' hamewards at nicht, in a baun of some fifty or threescore, down Leith Walk, wi' the grand gas lamps illuminating their scaly creels, all shining like silver? And heard ye them ever singing their strange sea-sangs—first half a dizzin o' the bit young anes, wi' as saft vices and sweet as you could hear in St George's Kirk on Sabbath, half singin' and half shoutin' a leadin' verse, and then a' the mithers, and granmithers, and ablins great-granmithers, some o' them wi' vices like verra men, gran' tenors and awfu' basses, joinin' in the chorus, that gaed echoing roun' Arthur's Seat, and awa ower the tap o' the Martello Tower, out at sea ayont the end o' Leith Pier? Wad ye believe me, that the music micht be ca'd a hymn—at times sae wild and sae mournfu'—and then takin' a sudden turn into a sort o' queer and outlandish glee? It gars me think o' the saut sea-faem—and white mew-wings wavering in the blast—and boaties dancin' up and down the billow vales, wi' oar or sail—and waes me—waes me—o' the puir fishing smack, gaun down head foremost into the deep, and the sighin' and the sabbin' o' widows, and the wailin' o' fatherless weans!

TICKLER.

But, James, I saw it asserted in a printed circular that there had never been a perfectly fresh fish exposed to sale in Edinburgh since it was a city.

SHEPHERD.

That's been in what they ca' a prospectus. A prospectus is aye a desperate

pack o' lees, whether it be o' a new Magazine or Cyclopedy, or a Joint-Stock Company, o' ony ither kind whatsomever.—A' fish stinkin'!—War the cod's head and shoulders, and thae haddies, and flukes, and oyster-sass, that Mr Awmrose gied us this blessed day, a' stinkin'?—Wad Mr Denovan or ony other man hae daured to say sae, and luckit me or you in the face when we were swallowing the fresh flakes that keepit fa'in' aff the braid o' the cod's shouthers as big as crown-pieces, and had to be helpit wi' a spune instead o' that feckless fish-knife, that's no worth a button, although it be made o' silver?

TICKLER.

Why, I must say that I approve Mr Denovan's enterprize and public spirit. A few days ago I saw a cargo of live fish, not one of which had been caught on this side of Cape Wrath.

NORTH.

So do I, James. No fear of the fish-wives.—But has any of you seen Murray's list? He has lately published, and is about to publish, some excellent works.

TICKLER.

I see announced, "Letters of General Wolfe."

SHEPHERD.

Is that fack? Oh, man, that wull indeed be an interesting and valuable work; which is mair than can be truly said of all the volumes sae yclepd by the Duke of Albemarle, in his gran', pompous, boastin' adverteseements.

NORTH.

Every Englishman, to use the noble language of Cowper, must be proud

"That Chatham's language is his mother-tongue,

And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own."

But, alas! as Wordsworth finely says,

"So fades, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,

All that this world is proud of;"—

and the glory even of the conqueror of Quebec has sunk into a kind of uncertain oblivion. These letters will revive its lustre. Wolfe was a man of genius and virtue as well as valour; and it will be a rousing thing to hear, speaking as from the tomb, him who so gloriously fought and fell, and in his fall upheld, against France, the character of England,—a service worth a thousand Canadas.

SHEPHERD.

Then there's Tam Moore's Life o' Byron. That'll be a byuck that'll spread like wild-fire.

NORTH.

That is to be a book of Longman's.

SHEPHERD.

I'm glad to hear that; for Longman's hoose is a gran' firm, and has stooden, amang a' the billows o' bankruptcy, like a rock. They aye behaved generously to me; and I wush they would gie me a trifle o' five hundred pounds for a rural romance, in three volumes.

NORTH.

Mr Moore's Life of Lord Byron will be a most interesting one. With all its too many faults, his Biography of Sheridan has gone rapidly through several large editions. But his Byron, we prophecy, will be far better than his Sheridan. Of that character there is no mistaking either the glory or the gloom; and as no one doubts or denies Mr Moore's feeling, fancy, and genius, how can he fail in the biography of his illustrious and immortal friend?

TICKLER.

I wish Oliver and Boyd would give us Allan Cunningham's Paul Jones. What are they about?

NORTH.

The publishing season has scarcely set in. That, too, will be an excellent thing, for Allan is full of the fire of genius.

TICKLER.

Hogg, what do you say?

SHEPHERD.

Whan he praises me, I'll praise him; but no till than.

NORTH.

No bad rule either, James. Torr-Hill too, Horace Smith's novel or romance, will be well worth reading, if it be at all equal to Brambletye House; for he is a manners-painting author, and brings character and incidents together in a very interesting style.

SHEPHERD.

What's the "Odd Volume," that a' the newspapers is praisin' sae?

NORTH.

A very lively and amusing volume it is, James; and the joint production, as I have heard it whispered, of two young ladies, sisters,—

SHEPHERD.

And no married?

NORTH.

Time enough, James. You are old enough to be their father.

SHEPHERD.

Whan wull a' the Christmas present volumes, wi' the bonny cuts, be out,—the Souvenir, and the Amulet, and the Friendship's Offering, and the Forget-me-Not, and the Aurora, and ithers?

NORTH.

Next month, my dear Shepherd, the horizon will be sparkling with stars. That most worthy and indefatigable Mr Ackermann was the first, I think, to rear a winter-flower of that kind, and its blossoms were very pretty and very fragrant. Alaric Watts then raised from the seed that bright consummate flower the Souvenir; other gardeners took the hint, and from the snow-wreaths peeped forth other annuals, each with its own peculiar character, and forming together a charming bouquet of rarest odour and blossom. I will bind them all up in one sweet-smelling and bright-glowing article, and lay it on my lady's bosom.

SHEPHERD.

I'm thinkin' you'll hae written some pieces o' prose and verse in them yoursell.

NORTH.

Such is the strange stupidity of the editors, that not one among them has ever so much as asked me to give his work a decided superiority over all the rest.

SHEPHERD.

Sumphs!

TICKLER.

Master Christopher North, there's Miss Mitford, author of "Our Village," an admirable person in all respects, of whom you have never, to my recollection, taken any notice in the Magazine. What is the meaning of that? Is it an oversight? Or have you omitted her name intentionally, from your eulogies on our female worthies?

NORTH.

I am waiting for her second volume. Miss Mitford has not, in my opinion, either the pathos or humour of Washington Irvine; but she excels him in vigorous conception of character, and in the truth of her pictures of English life and manners. Her writings breathe a sound, pure, and healthy morality, and are pervaded by a genuine rural spirit—the spirit of merry England. Every line bespeaks the lady.

SHEPHERD.

I admire Miss Mitford just excessively. I dinna wunner at her being able to write sae weel as she does about drawing-rooms wi' sofas and settees, and about the fine folk in them seein' themsells in lookin'-glasses frae tap to tae; but what puzzles the like o' me, is her pictures o' poachers, and tinklers, and pottery-trampers, and ither neer-do-weels, and o' huts and hovels without riggin by the way-side, and the cottages o' honest puir men, and byres, and barns, and stack-yards; and merry-makin's at winter-ingles, and courtship aneath trees, and at the gabel-ends o' farm-houses, atween lads and lasses as laigh in life as the servants in her father's ha'. That's the puzzle, and that's the praise. But ae word explains a'—Genius—Genius—wull a' the mctafhizians in the world ever expound that mysterious monysyllable?

TICKLER.

Monosyllable, James, did ye say?

SHEPHERD.

Ay—Monosyllable! Does na that mean a word o' three syllables?

TICKLER.

It's all one in the Greek—my dear James.

SHEPHERD.

Do you ken onything about Elisabeth De Bruce, a novelle, in three volumes, announced by Mr Blackwood?

NORTH.

Nothing—but that it is the production of the lady who, a dozen years ago, wrote *Clan Albin*, a novel of great merit, full of incident and character, and presenting many fine and bold pictures of external nature.

SHEPHERD.

Is that the way o't? I ken her gran'ly—and she's little, if at a' inferior, in my opinion, to the author o' the *Inheritance*, which I aye thought was written by Sir Walter, as weel's *Marriage*, till it spunked out that it was written by a Leddy. But gude or bad, ye'll praise't, because it's a byuck o' Blackwood's.

NORTH.

That speech, James, is unworthy of you. With right good-will do I praise all good books published by *Ébony*—and know well that *Elisabeth de Bruce* will be of that class. But the only difference between my treatment of his bad books, and those of other publishers, is this—that I allow his to die a natural death, while on theirs I commit immediate murder.

SHEPHERD.

Forgie me, Mr North. It's a' true you say—and mair nor that, as you get aulder you also get milder; and I ken few bonnier sights than to see you sittin' on the judgment seat ance a month, no at the Circuit, but the High Court o' Justiciary, tempering justice wi' mercy; and aften sentencing them that deserve death only to transportation for life, to some unknown land whence never mair come ony rumour o' their far-aff fates.

TICKLER.

Are "Death's Doings" worthy the old Anatomy?

NORTH.

Yes—Mors sets his best foot foremost—and, like Yates, plays many parts, shifting his dress with miraculous alacrity, and popping in upon you unexpectedly, an old friend with a new face, till you almost wish him at the devil.

TICKLER.

We can't get up these things in Scotland.

NORTH.

No—no—we can't indeed, Tickler. "Death's Doings" will have a run.

SHEPHERD.

That they wull, I'se warrant them, a rin through hut and ha', or the Auld Ane's haun' maun hae forgot its cunnin', and he maun hae gien ower writin' wi' the pint o' his dart.

TICKLER.

James, a few minutes ago, you mentioned the name of that prince of caricaturists, *George Cruickshanks*, pray have you seen his *Phrenological Illustrations*?

SHEPHERD.

That I hae,—he sent me the present o' a copy to Mount Benger; and I thoct me and the hail hoose wud hae faen distracted wi' lauchin. O sirs, what a plate is yon *Pheeloprogeniteeveness*? It's no possible to make out the peceese amount o' the family, but there wad seem to be somewhere about a dozen and a half; the legitimate produce o' the Eerish couple's ain fruitfu' lines. A' noses alike in their langness, wi' sleight vareeities, dear to ilka pawrent's heart! Then what kissing, and hugging, and rugging, and ridin' on backs and legs, and rockin' o' craddles, and speelin' o' chairs, and washing o' claes, and boilin' o' pirtawties! And ae wee bit spare rib o' flesh twurlin' afore the fire, to be sent roun' lick and lick about, to gie to the tongues of the contented crew a meat flavour, alang wi' the wershness o' vegetable maitter! Sma' wooden sodgers gaun through the manuel exercise on the floor—ae Nine-pin

stannin by himsell among prostrate comrades—a boat shaped wi' a knife, by him that's gaun to be a sailor, and on the wa', emblematical o' human Pheoloprogenitiveness, (O bit that's a kittle word!) a hen and chickens, ane o' them perched atween her shouthers, and a countless cleekin aneath her outspread wings! What an observer o' Nature that chiel is!—only look at the back of the Faither's neck, and you'll no wonner at his family; for is't no like the back o' the neck o' a great bill?

TICKLER.

“Language” is almost as good. What a brace of Billingsgates, exasperated, by long-continued vituperation, up to the very blood-vessel-bursting climax of insanity of speech! The one an ancient beldame, with hatchet face and shrivelled breast, and arms lean, and lank, and brown, as is the ribbed sea-sand, smacking her iron palms till they are heard to tinkle with defiance; the other, a mother-matron, with a baboon visage, and uddered like a cow, with thigh-thick arms planted with wide-open mutton fists on each heap of hips, and huge mouth bellowing thunder, split and cracked into pieces by eye-glaring rage! Then the basket of mute unhearing fish, so placid in the storm! Between the combatants, herself a victress in a thousand battles, a horrible virago of an umpire, and an audience “fit, though few,” of figures, which male, which female, it is hard to tell, smoking, and leering, with tongue-lolling cheek, finger-tip, and nose-tip gnostically brought together, and a smart-bonnetted Cyprian holding up her lily-hand in astonishment and grief for her sex's degradation, before the squint of a white-aproned fishmonger, who, standing calm amid the thunder, with paws in his breeches, regards the chaste complainant with a philanthropic grin.

NORTH.

Not a whit inferior is “Veneration.” No monk ever gloated in his cell with more holy passion on the bosom of a Madonna, than that alderman on the quarter of prize beef fed by Mr Heavyside, and sprig-adorned, in token of victory over all the beasts in Smithfield, from knuckle to chine. You hear the far-protruding protuberance of his paunch rumbling, as, with thick-lipped opening mouth he inhales into palate, gullet, and stomach-bag, the smell of the firm fat, beneath whose crusted folds lies embosomed and imbedded the pure, precious lean! Wife—children—counter—iron-safe—Bank of England—stocks—all are forgotten. With devouring eyes, and outspread hand, he stands, staff-supported, before the beauty of the Beeve, as if he would, if he could, bow down and worship it! Were all the bells in the city, all the cannons in the Tower, to ring and roar, his ears would be deaf to the din in presence of the glorious object of his veneration. For one hour's mouth-worship of this idol, would he sink his soul and his hope of any other heaven. “Let me eat, were I to die!” is the sentiment of his mute, unuttered prayer; and the passionate watering from eye-ball, chop, and chin, bears witness to the intensity of his religious faith—say rather his adoration!

SHEPHERD.

I wush Mr Ambrose had been in the room, that he micht hae tell't us which o' the three has spoken the greatest nonsense. Yet I'm no sure if a mair subdued style o' criticism would do for the warks o' the Fine Arts, especially for pictirs.

TICKLER.

George Cruickshanks' various and admirable works should be in the possession of all lovers of the arts. He is far more than the Prince of Caricaturists; a man who regards the ongoings of life with the eye of genius; and he has a clear insight through the exterior of manners into the passions of the heart. He has wit as well as humour—feeling as well as fancy—and his original vein appears to be inexhaustible.—Here's his health in a bumper.

SHEPHERD.

Geordy Cruickshanks!—But stop awee, my tummler's dune. Here's to him in a caulker, and there's no mony folk whase health I wad drink, during toddy, in pure speerit.

NORTH.

I will try you with another, James. A man of first-rate genius—yet a man as unlike as can be to George Cruickshanks—William Allan.

SHEPHERD.

Rax ower the green bottle—Wully Allan! hurraw, hurraw, hurraw!

NORTH.

The Assassination of the Regent Murray, my friend's last great work, is one of the finest historical pictures of modern times; and the Duke of Bedford showed himself a judicious patron of the art, in purchasing it. In all but colouring, it may stand by the side of the works of the great old masters. A few days ago I looked in upon him, and found him hard at work, in a large fur cap, like a wizard or an alchemist, on "Queen Mary's Landing at Leith." Of all the Queen Marys that ever walked on wood, the Phantom his genius has there conjured up, is the most lovely, beautiful, and majestic. Just alighted from her gilded barge, the vision floats along—

SHEPHERD.

Come, come, nae mair description for ae nicht. *Ne quid nimis.*

TICKLER.

It will shine a star of the first magnitude and purest lustre—

SHEPHERD.

Did you no hear me tellin' Mr North that there was to be nae mair description?

TICKLER.

The Cockney-critics will die of spite and spleen; for the glory of Scotland is to them an abomination, and the sight of any noble work of the God-given genius of any one of her gifted sons, be it picture, or poem, or prose tale bright as poetry, turns their blood into gall, and forces them to eat their black hearts.

NORTH.

But England admires Mr Allan—throughout London Proper—and all her towns and cities. His pictures will in future ages be gazed at on the walls of galleries within the old palaces of her nobles—

SHEPHERD.

I say nae mair description for this ae night—nae mair description—for either that, or else this tummler, that's far ower sweet, is beginning to mak me fin' rather queer about the stomach.

NORTH.

You alluded, a little while ago, to the Quarterly Review, James—What think you of it, under the new management?

SHEPHERD.

Na—I wud rather hear your ain opinion.

NORTH.

I may be somewhat too partial to the young gentleman, James, who is now editor; and indeed consider him as a child of my own—

SHEPHERD.

Was na't me that first prophesied his great abelities when he was only an Oxford Collegian, wi' a pale face and a black toozy head, but an ee like an eagle's, and a sort o' lauch about the screwed-up mouth o' him, that fules ca'd no canny, for they couldna thole the meanin' o't, and either sat dumbfounded, or pretended to be engaged to sooper, and slunk out o' the room?

NORTH.

I have carefully preserved, among other relics of departed worth, the beautiful manuscript of the first article he ever sent me.

TICKLER.

In the Balaam-Box?

SHEPHERD.

Na, faith, Mr Tickler, you may set up your gab noo; but do you recollect how ye used to try to fleech and flatter him, when he begood sharpening his keelavine pen, and tearing aff the back o' a letter to sketch a bit caricature o' Southside? Na—I've sometimes thocht, Mr North, that ye were a wee feared for him yoursell, and used, rather without kennin't, to draw in your horns. The Balaam-Box, indeed! Ma faith, had ye ventured on sic a step, ye micht just as weel at aince hae gien up the Magazine.

NORTH.

James, that man never breathed, nor ever will breathe, for whose contributions to the Magazine I cared one single curse.

SHEPHERD.

O, man, Mr North, dinna lose your temper, sir. What for do you get sae red in the face at a bit puir, harmless, silly joke; especially you that's sae wutty and sae severe yoursell, sae sarcastic and fu' o' satire, and at times (the love o' truth chirts it out o' me) sae like a sluith-hound, sae keen on the scent o' human bluid! Dear me! mony a luckless deevil, wi' but sma' provocation, or nane, Mr North, hae ye worried!

NORTH.

The Magazine, James, is the Magazine.

SHEPHERD.

Is't really? I've nae mair to say, sir; that oracular response removes a' diffeiculties, and settles the hash o' the matter, as Pierce Egan would say, at ance.

NORTH.

Nothing but the purest philanthropy could ever have induced me, my dearest Shepherd, to suffer any contributors to the Magazine; and I sometimes bitterly repent having ever departed from my original determination, (long religiously adhered to,) to write, proprio Marte, the entire miscellany.

SHEPHERD.

A' the world kens that—but whaur's the harm o' a few gude, sober, steady, judicious, regular, weel-informed, varsateele, and biddable contributors?

NORTH.

None such are to be found on earth—You must look for them in heaven. Oh! James! you know not what it is to labour under a load of contributors! A prosy parson who, unknown to me, had, it seems, long worn a wig, and published an assize sermon, surprising me off my guard on a dull rainy day when the most vigilant of editors has fallen asleep, effects a footing in the Magazine. O what toil and trouble in dislodging the Doctor! The struggle may continue for years—and there have been instances of clerical contributors finally removed only by death. We remember rejecting all the Thirty-Nine Articles, before we could convince a rural Dean of our heterodoxy; but, thank heaven, the controversy, for our epistles were polemical, broke his heart. He was a parson of rare perseverance, and could never be brought to comprehend the meaning of that expression so largely illustrated during the course of our correspondence, “A rejected article.” Back, in a wonderfully few days, the unrejectable article used to come, from a pleasant dwelling among trees, several hundred miles off, drawn by four horses, and guarded by a man in scarlet raiment, ever and anon blowing a horn.

SHEPHERD.

Dog on't, ye wicket auld Lucifer, hoo your e'en sparkle as you touzle the clergy! You just mind me o' a lion purlin wi' inward satisfaction in his throat, and waggin his tufted tail ower a Hottentot lying atween his paws, aye preferring the flesh o' a blackamoor to that o' a white man.

NORTH.

I respect and love the clergy, James. You know that well enough, and the feeling is mutual. Or, suppose a young lawyer who has been in a case with Mr Scarlet or Sergeant Cross, in the exultation of his triumph, indites an article for me, whom he henceforth familiarly calls Old Christopher, in presence of the block, which, in his guinea-per-week lodging in Lancaster, his wig dignifies and adorns. Vapid is it as a would-be-impressive appeal of Courtnay's, in mitigation of damages—Yet return it with polite and peremptory respect, and long ere the moon hath filled her horns, lo and behold there is again and again re-delivered from the green mail-cart the self-same well-known parcel of twine-entwisted whity-brown! The lawyer is a leach, and will adhere to a Magazine after you have cut him in two—but a little attic salt, if you can get him to swallow it, makes him relax his hold, and takes the bite out of him, or so weakens his power of jaw, that he can be easily shaken off, like a little sick reptile from the foot of a steed, which has been attacked unawares in passing a ford, but on feeling the turf beneath his hoofs, sets off in a thundering gallop, with red open nostrils, snuffing the east wind.

SHEPHERD.

Or suppose that some shepherd, more silly than his sheep, that roams in yon glen whare Yarrow frae still St Mary's Loch rowes wimplin to join the Etrick, should lay down his cruck, and aneath the shadow o' a rock, or a ruin, indite

a bit tale, in verse or prose, or in something between the twa, wi' here and there aiblins a touch o' nature—what is ower ower aften the fate o' his unpretendin' contribution, Mr North? A cauld glint o' the ee—a curl o' the lip—a humph o' the voice—a shake o' the head—and then, but the warld, wicked as it is, could never believe it, a wave o' your haun', and instantly, and for evermore, is it swallowed up by the jaws of the Balaam-box, greedy as the grave, and hungry as Hades. Ca' ye that friendship—ca' ye that respect—ca' ye that sae muckle as the common humanity due to ane anither, frae a' men o' woman born, but which you, sir,—na, dinna frown and gnaw your lip—hae ower aften forgotten to show even to me, the Etrick Shepherd, and the author of the Queen's Wake?

NORTH.

(*Much affected.*) What is the meaning of this, my dear, dear Shepherd? May the Magazine sink to the bottom of the Red Sea—

SHEPHERD.

Dinna greet, sir,—oh! dinna, dinna greet! Forgie me for hurtin' your feelings—and be assured, that fre my heart I forgie you, if ever you hae hurted mine. As for wishin' the Magazine to sink to the bottom o' the Red Sea, that's no possible; for its lichter far than water, and sink it never wull till the laws o' Nature hersell undergo change and revolution. My only fear is, under the present constitution o' the elements, that ae month or ither Maga will flee ower the moon, and thenceforth, a comet, will be eccentric on her course, and come careering in sight o' the inhabitants o' the yerth, perhaps, only auce or twice before Neddy Irving's Day o' Judgment.

NORTH.

Then, James, imagine the miseries inflicted on me, an old grey-headed editor, by fat and fubzy Fellows of Colleges, who are obliged to sit upright in the act of an article, by protuberance of paunch—whose communication feels greasy to the touch, so fat is the style—and may be read in its oiliness, without obliteration during a thunder shower!

SHEPHERD.

They're what's ca'd Classical Scholars.

NORTH.

Intelligent naval officers are most formidable contributors. They have been known to take possession of a periodical by boarding. No way of getting rid of them but by blowing up the Magazine.

SHEPHERD.

What! wou'd ye quarrel wi' sic clever cheels as Captain Basil Ha', and Captain Pawrie, and Captain Lyon, and Captain Griffiths, and Captain Maryatt, and a hunder ither naval heroes, gin ony o' them were to send you a sailing or a fechtin' article, or an account o' soundings taen aff the roaring coast o' Labrador, or the wolf-howling Oonalashka, or ony ither rock-bound sea-shore, where that fierce auld heathen, Neptune, rampages in faem and thunder, and lauchs to see the bit wee insignificant eighty-gun-ships, or pechs o' Forty-fours, dashed into flinders, like sae muckle spray, up and atower the precipices far on till the dry land, where the cannibals are dancin' round a fire, that they keep beetin' wi' planks and spars o' the puir man-o'-war!

NORTH.

No, James. I would not run my head against any such Posts as those. But the few contributors I do cherish must be volunteers. And since such Dons of the Deck regularly read, but seldom write in Maga, all I can do is, to avail myself of their publications, and occasionally enrich Maga by a masterly review of a Voyage to Loo Choo, or attempt to force the North-West Passage.

SHEPHERD.

Do you get mony grantis articles?

NORTH.

I seldom pay for poetry. In cases of charity and courtesy, that is to say, of old women and young ones, my terms are, a shilling for a sonnet, a dollar for a dramatic scene, and for a single book of an epic, by way of specimen, why, I do not grudge a sovereign.

SHEPHERD.

Heard ever onybody the like o' that? A book o' an epic poem, perhaps

immortal, rated nae higher than a sheep fit for the butcher! Mr Tickler, what's the matter wi' you that you're no speakin'? I houp you're no sick?

TICKLER.

I was thinking pensively, James, of the worthy old woman whom to-day we saw decently interred in Greyfriars' Churchyard; the ancient lady with the green gown, on whom the Shepherd was but too fond of playing off his jibes, his jeers, and his jokes. Peace to her ashes!

SHEPHERD.

She was indeed, Mr Tickler, an honest auld body, and till she got into the natural dotage that is the doom o' a' flesh, she wasna wantin' in smeddum, and could sing a sang, or tell a story, wi' nae sma' speerit. She was really an amusin' chronicler o' the bygone times, and it was pleasant now and then, on a Saturday night, to tak a dish o' tea wi' her, and hearken to her clish-maclavers about the Forty-five. Her and me had never ony serious quarrel, and I'm proud to think she has left me a murnin'-ring.

TICKLER.

I shall not strip crape before Christmas, in token of my respect for her memory. It was affecting to see the seven young men as pall-bearers.

SHEPHERD.

Puir fallows! what'll become o' them noo? They maun hae recourse to the Dumfries Magazine.

NORTH.

Have ye no flowers, James, to wreath over her tomb?

TICKLER.

"Her memory"—in solemn silence.

SHEPHERD.

Lend me your pocket-handketcher, Mr North. (*The Shepherd weeps.*)

NORTH.

It does one great good to see the flourishing condition of the Periodicals. Colburn has always some facetious town-articles; and although somewhat too exclusively adapted to the meridian of London, his Magazine is undoubtedly a pleasant miscellany. The very name of Campbell sheds a lambent lustre over its occasional dulness, and a single scrap of one of his Lectures on Poetry,—such is my admiration of his delightful genius,—redeems the character of a whole Number. Campbell is a fine critic, at once poetical and philosophical, full of feeling as of thought. The Prefaces to his Specimens—are they not exquisite? The Smiths are clever men—but why is not Hazlitt kicked out of the concern?

SHEPHERD.

'Cause Cammel kens he's hungry.

NORTH.

That may be a very good reason for sending an occasional loaf or fish to his lodgings, with Mr Campbell's, or Mr Colburn's compliments; but it is a very bad one for suffering him to expose his nakedness periodically to the reading public.

TICKLER.

It does not seem to me, from his writings, that Hazlitt's body is much reduced. The exhaustion is of mind. His mind has the wind-cholic. It is troubled with flatulency. Let him cram it with borrowed or stolen victuals, yet it gets no nourishment. It is fast dying of atrophy, and when it belches its last, will be found to be a mere skeleton.

NORTH.

I perceive he has lately assumed the character, in Colburn, of Boswell Redivivus. Why, Jemmy Boswell was a gentleman born and bred—a difficulty in the way of impersonation, which Billy Hazlitt can never, in his most sanguine moments, hope to overcome.

TICKLER.

Then Jemmy was in good society, and a member of the Club. Moderate as were his talents, he was hand-in-glove with Burke, and Langton, and Beauclerk, and Percy, and the rest. He of Table-Talk has never risen higher than the lowest circle of the Press-gang—Reporters fight shy—and the Editors of Sunday newspapers turn up their noses at the smell of his approach.

NORTH.

Jemmy had a sycophantish, but a sincere admiration of the genius, erudition, and virtue of Ursa-Major, and in recording the noble growlings of the Great Bear, thought not of his own Scotch snivel. Billy hates and envies all that he pretends to love and venerate, for the best of reasons, because his eulogiums on others are libels on himself.

TICKLER.

And, pray, who may N. the ninny be, whom he takes for his Samuel Johnson?

NORTH.

A wasp called Nash.

TICKLER.

How can Mr Campbell prostitute his pages so?

NORTH.

Indolence—indolence. The indolence of a man of genius, deepened by disgust, and getting rid of a loathsome dunce by admitting him within the sheets of the Magazine, just as a delicate boarding-school Miss has been known, in the impulse of pure horror, to marry a monster from Munster, in order to escape blindfold from his odious addresses!

TICKLER.

I like the Monthly much, since its incorporation with the European. Its fun and frolic is often capital; and, with a little more weighty matter, it will have success. It is free from bitterness and ill-nature. Gall is corrosive, and, like canker at the root of a flower, spoils the colour of the blossoms, and soon snaps the stalk. No man will ever be a satirist who has not a good heart. I like the Monthly much.

NORTH.

The London often contains striking articles. That Cantab was no small-beer in his bouncing. The Traveller on the Continent is terse, lively, and observant, and the Foreigner who writes about Greece must amuse the public. The editor has been frequently fortunate in his correspondents—then why so fretful in his temper, and discontented with the lieges?

SHEPHERD.

What gars the cretur keep yaumer—yaumerin'—yaumerin', as if he had aye the toothach, or a pain in his lug? Canna he clear himsell o' bile by a gran' emetic, keep his bowels open wi' peels, and wi' an unjaundiced ee look abroad over the glorious warks o' nature and o' art, till the sowl begins to burn within him, (for he *has* a sowl,) and generous sentiments come skelpin' along, thick and three-fauld, like bees out o' a bike, with stings, it is true, but stings keepit for severe occasions—happier far to murmur in shade and sunshine among the honey-dew, harmless as birds or butterflies, and leaving wasps and hornets to extract poison from the very flowers, distilling by the power of piercing proboscis, the odours and the balm o' paradise frae earth's common weeds!

TICKLER.

Confound me, if, with all my Toryism, which, were I bled to death, would glitter like a pearl of price in my last heart's drop—I do not take in the Westminster Review, instead of paying fourpence a night for it to a Circulating Library. In the ring, they hit hard, and go right up to their man's head.

SHEPHERD.

They're dour dowgs!

TICKLER.

Every party in the land should have its organ.

NORTH.

Even though it should be but a hand one.

SHEPHERD.

Ye're baith nae better than twa auld Leeberals. What for did the Westminster sneer at me? Because I'm ane o' the principal writers in Blackwood! Puir, puir spite. Then what a confusion o' ideas to be angry at me for what I say at Awmrose's! Maynae a man say what he likes in a preevat party? But it was just the same way in the Embro'.

TICKLER.

You squabashed Jeffrey, James, in that famous letter anent the Jacobite Relics.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, that I did, like the red arm o' a hizzle wi' a beetle champing rumblethumps. But it was no Mr Jaffrey himsell, yon. I hae a great affection and respect for Mr Jaffrey—but why should a real man o' letters like him—"a man of morals and of manners too,"—a man, proud, and justly proud o' the rank in literature that his genius has won him—why should he suffer ony o' his yelpin' curs to bite the heels o' the Shepherd—perhaps hound him on wi' his ain gleg vice and ee—when I was daunerin' amang the braes, wishin' ill to nae leevin' thing, and laith to tramp even on the dewy daisies aneath my feet?

NORTH.

By heavens, ignobly done!

SHEPHERD.

However, ye may knock out the brains o' a mangy mongrel, wi' a stick or a stane, without ony ill-will to the master that aughts him; and I'm sure that gin Mr Jaffrey comes ever ridin' ower into Yarrow, by the Grey Meer's Tail, or straught through Peebles, he shanna want a warm welcome at Mount Benger frae me and the mistress—cocky-leeky, or some hare-soop, a rump o' corned beef, and a muirfowl hen, a rice puddin' and a platefu' o' pancakes.

TICKLER.

'Pon my soul, James, I should like vastly to be of the party—an admirable selection!—What an absurd old beldame is Madame Genlis, in the last number of the Quarterly! Have you read her Memoirs, James?

SHEPHERD.

Me read her Memoirs! no me indeed! But I have read the article on the slut, French and a'. There can be nae doubt but that she would marry yet! Hoo the auld lass wad stan' paintin' her shrivelled cheeks at a plate-glass mirror, wi' a frame o' naked Cupids! Hoo she wad try to tosh up the rizzer'd haddies o' her breast—and wi' paddens round out her hainches! Hoo she wad smirk, and simper and leer wi' her bleered rheumy een at the marriage ceremony before a Papish Priest! and wha wad venture to say that she wadna enterteen expectations and houns o' fa'in' into the family-way on the wrang side o' aughty? Think ye she wad tak to the nursin', and show undue partiality to her first-born ower a' the ither childer?

NORTH.

Old age—especially the old age of a lady—should be treated with respect—with reverence. I cannot approve of the tone of your interrogations, James.

SHEPHERD.

Yes, Mr North; old age ought indeed to be treated with respect and reverence. That's a God's truth. The ancient grandame, seated at the ingle amang her children's children, wi' the Bible open on her knees, and lookin' solemn, almost severe, with her dim eyes, through specs shaded by grey hairs,—now and then brightening up her faded countenance wi' a saintly smile, as she saftly lets fa' her shrivelled hand on the golden head o' some wee bit haffin' imp sittin' cowerin' by her knee, and, half in love half in fear, opening not his rosy lips—Such an aged woman as that—for leddy I shall not ca' her—is indeed an object of respect and reverence; and beats there a heart within human bosom that would not rejoice, wi' holy awe, to lay the homage of its blessing at her feet?—But—

NORTH.

Beautiful, James!—Tickler, is not that beautiful?

SHEPHERD.

I was thinking just then, sirs, o' my ain mother.

NORTH.

You needed not to have said so, my dear Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

But to think o' an auld, bedizzened, painted hag o' a French harridan ripin' the ribs o' her wasted carcase wi' the poker o' vanity, to wauken a spark in the dead ashes o' her wonted fires, and tryin' a' the secrets o' memory and imagination to kindle a glow in the chitterin' skeleton—

NORTH.

Tickler, what imagery!

SHEPHERD.

To hear her gloating ower sins she can no longer commit—nay, ower the sins o' them that are flesh and bluid nae mair, but part o' the moulderin' corruption o' catacombs and cemetaries;—to see the unconscious confusion in which the images o' virtue and vice come waverin' thegither afore her een, frae the lang-ago history o' them that, in life, were her ain kith and kin——

TICKLER.

Stop, James!—stop, I beseech you!

SHEPHERD.

To harken till her drivellin', in the same dotage o' undistinguishing heartlessness, o' chaste matrons that filled the secret drawers in their cabinets wi' love-letters, no frae their ain husbands, but frae princes, and peers, and counts, and gentlemen, and a' sorts o' riff-raff, as plain as pike-staffs ettlin at adultery;—o' nae less chaste maidens blushin' in the dark, in boudoirs, in the grupp o' unprincipled paramours, let lowse upon them by their verra ain fathers and mothers, and, after years o' sic perilous rampaugin' wi' young sodgers, walin' out ane at last for her man, only to plant horns on his head, and lose a haud on the legitimacy o' ony ane o' her subsequent children except the first, and him mair than apocryphal;—o' limmers, that flang their chastity with open hand frae them like chaff, and, rolling along in flunky-flanked eckipages by the Boulevards o' Paris, gloried in the blaze o' their iniquity——

NORTH.

I must positively shut your mouth, James.—You will burst a blood-vessel in your righteous indignation. That's right, empty your tumbler.

TICKLER.

She had many good points about her, nevertheless, James. You are too stern a moralist. Her *petits soupers* were very piquant of old; and the worst thing I knew about Madame Genlis was her snub-nose, which, like a piece of weeping Parmesan, had generally a drop at the end of it. To me she was never loveable.

SHEPHERD.

I could hae fa'en in love mysell wi' Madam de Stawl,—and had she visited Scotland, I should have done my best to be with her *un homme à bonnes fortunes*.

TICKLER.

Why, Hogg, you pronounce French like a native. Idiom perfect too!

SHEPHERD.

I took half-a dozen lessons frae Hamilton; for I had a fancy for his system on account o' the absence o' grammar, which is waur than plague, pestilence, or famine.

TICKLER.

Do you think, James, you could teach Mr Hamilton Ettrick as expeditiously as he has taught you French?

SHEPHERD.

Ou aye. I'll undertake to teach him Ettrick in twal lessons, and the four volumes of Dr Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary—with three thousand additional words that I intend publishing in a Supplement forbye.

NORTH.

There is power in what is called, most absurdly and ignorantly, the Hamiltonian System; but Hamilton himself has shown the white feather before a manly challenger, and stands discomfited and dished.

SHEPHERD.

He's a bauld fallow that Mackay o' the High School. The Hielan' bluid o' him was a' in a low, and he wad hae foughten on to the last gasp. I'm nae great scholar, but I love speerit.

TICKLER.

After all his blustering, Jupiter Tonans ought not to have declined the combat with the Titan. Hamilton might have praised his own system, without so contemptuously treating every modification of every other, and, without doubt, he was himself the challenger. So that the big words he thundered before Mr

Mackay entered the lists, and that at the time might have been forgiven as the unmeasured vaunting of an enthusiast could only be described, after his craven refusal to meet his man, as the vapouring of a bully and a braggadochio.

NORTH.

The study of languages is a great mystery—but an itinerant like Hamilton is assuredly not the man to clear it up. Why does he roam about from town to town? Can't he bring his boat to an anchor, like any other conscientious teacher, and give his system the sanction of a series of successful years?

TICKLER.

If it be sound it will prosper—and the High School and the New Academy will follow the example of that chicken-hearted Institution at Baltimore, and shut their gates.

NORTH.

I take it upon me to give a challenge to Mr Hamilton, from two young gentlemen whom I have never had the pleasure of taking by the hand—the dux of the Rector's Class in the High School, and the dux of the Rector's Class in the New Academy. If both the one and the other of those most promising boys do not beat him blind in Greek and Latin—in a public competition, I will forfeit to the Hamiltonian bugbear a barrel of oysters, during every week of every month whose name contains the letter R, for the remainder of his existence.

SHEPHERD.

He daurna do't—he daurna do't. I'll back the laddies, to the value o' a score o' gimmers, in grammar, and syntax, and parsing, and prosody, and construin', and the lave o't; and my name's no Jamie Hogg, gin the great big muckle sumph doesna rin out o' the ring wi' his tail atween his legs like a lurcher, during Cæsar's Commentaries.

NORTH.

He should have had more pride and independence, more trust and confidence in himself and his system, than to come down to Edinburgh at the wagging of the little finger of the Edinburgh Review. There was heard in our streets the blowing of a penny trumpet, and forthwith appeared thereon the man with the gift of tongues. What made him leave Liverpool?

TICKLER.

Detection, discomfiture, and disgrace. There too he was challenged; and there too he took to his heels, with such headlong precipitancy, that we have heard he had nearly plunged into one of the wet-docks.

SHEPHERD.

Is that maitter o' fact, or metaphorical?

NORTH.

Metaphorical. Two clever scribes, Verbeiensis, and Cantabrigiensis, smashed him in argument all to shivers—showed up his utter ignorance and destitution of all scholarship—and hung round his neck a label inscribed with large letters—HUMBUG.

TICKLER.

I have the pamphlet in which the impostor is seen stripped, and flagellated, and writhing in the most ludicrous distortion of face and figure, without a leg to stand on, his tongue struck dumb in his cheek, and the vomitory of vociferation hermetically sealed. It would furnish material for a good article. Eh?

NORTH.

James, what were you going to say about Madame de Stael?

SHEPHERD.

That there were some things about her that I could not approve. But she was, nevertheless, what I would ca' a fine speerit, and her name will be enrolled, on account of her rare and surpassing genius, often nobly employed, among the great benefactors o' her specie.

NORTH.

Agreed. She was in many many things a noble creature. As for a certain gang of strumpets, they and their correspondence have escaped infamy in this noble island of ours, by dropping, with other outlandish filth and carrion, into the cess-pool of oblivion. Much was said, indeed, a few years

ago, by writers ambitious of a reputation for acquaintance with the literature of modern France, about their wit, and their elegance, and other accomplishments of those more than demi-reps; and their meretricious charms, it was hinted, might even, if too fondly contemplated, have the power to eclipse the soberer lustre of the character of our British female worthies.

TICKLER.

Whereas their dulness was nearly equal to their profligacy; and the learned lovers, Presidents of Philosophical Societies, and so forth, whom their insatiable licentiousness disgusted, their wearisome stupidity sent asleep.

NORTH.

Eternal contempt, Tickler, in spite of all the fulsome eulogies by their friends on this side of the channel, must pursue the memory of the few philosophers who are not already forgotten, that were not ashamed to submit their scientific speculations—aye, their moral reflections on conscience, and their inquiries into the origin of evil, and their conjectures on the mysteries of God's Providence, to the feelings, and opinions, and judgments of weak and wicked women, whose last favours were lavished with a profusion, in which freedom of choice was lost on their parts, and freedom of rejection on that of their favourites, on an endless series of grinning and grimacing Abbés, and Esprits Forts, and Academicians, all muttering, and mowing, and chattering, and scraping, and bowing, and shrugging their shoulders complacently to one another, with hatred and jealousy, and envy, and rage, and revenge, boiling or rankling in their hearts!

SHEPHERD.

Order—order—chair—chair! Tickler, tak North through hauns.

TICKLER.

What? James!

SHEPHERD.

Ae flash o' your ee sets me richt. Oh, sirs! what a glorious galaxy o' female genius and virtue have we to gaze on, with admiration pure and unproved, in our native hemisphere. There—that star is the large and lustrous star o' Joanna Baillie; and there are the stars o' Hamilton—and Edgeworth—and Grant—and Austen—and Tighe—and Mitford—and Hemans! Beautiful and beloved in all the relations of Christian life, these are the WOMEN, Mr North, maids, wives, or widows, whom the religious spirit of this Protestant land will venerate as long as the holy fires of a pure faith burn upon her altars. These are the LADIES, Mr Tickler, and thank God we have many like them, although less conspicuous, whom to guard from insult of look, whisper, or touch, what man, English, Scotch, or Irish, but would bare his breast to death? And why? Because the union o' genius, and virtue, and religion, and morality, and gentleness, and purity, is a soul-uplifting sight, and ratifies the great bond of Nature, by which we are made heirs of the immortal sky.

NORTH.

Timothy, you and I had really better be mum till morning.

TICKLER.

He beats us both at our own weapons—and I begin to think I stutter.

Mr AMBROSE enters.

SHEPHERD.

As sure's death, there's the oysters. O man, Awmrose, but you've the pleasantest face o' ony man o' a' my acquaintance. Here's ane as braid's a mushroom. This is Saturday nicht, and they've a' gotten their bairds shaved. There's a wee ane awa' down my wrang throat; but de'il a fears, it'll find its way into the stamach. A waught o' that porter gars the drums o' ane's lugs crack and play dirl.

TICKLER.

They are in truth precious powdoodies. More boards, Ambrose, more boards.

SHEPHERD.

Yonner are half-a-dizzen fresh boards on the side-tables. But more porter, Awmrose—more porter. Canna ye manage mair than twa pots at a time, man, in ilka haun'? For twunty years, Mr North, I used aye to blow aff the froth, or cut it, smack-smooth across wi' the edge o' my loof; but for the last ten or

thereabouts, indeed ever since the Magazine, I hae sooked in froth and a', nor cared about diving my nose in't. Faith, I'm thinkin' that maun be what they ca' BROON STOOT; for Mr Pitt and Mr Fox are nearing ane anither on the wa' there, as gin they were gaun to fecht; and either the roof's rising, or the floor fa'in', or I'm haffins fou!

TICKLER.

Mr Pitt and Mr Fox! why, James, you are dreaming. This is not the Blue Parlour!

NORTH.

A Psychological Curiosity!

SHEPHERD:

Faith it is curious aneuch, and shows the power o' habit in producing a sort o' delusion on the ocular spectrum. I wad hae sworn I saw the lang, thin, lank feegur, and cocked up nose o' Pitt, wi' his hand pressed down wi' an authoritative nieve, on a heap o' Parliamentary papers; and the big, clumsy carcass, arched een, and jolly chops o' Fox, mair like a master coal-merchant than an orator or a statesman;—but they've vanished away, far aff, and wee, wee like atomies, and this is no the Blue Parlour sure aneuch.

NORTH.

To think of one of the Noctes Ambrosianæ passing away without ever a single song!

SHEPHERD.

It hasna past awa yet, Mr North. It's no eleven, man; and to hinner twal frae strikin' untimeously,—and on a Saturday nicht I hate the sound o't—Mr Awmrose, do you put back, ae round, the lang hand o' the knock. Yese hae a sang or twa afore we part, Mr North; but, even without music, hasna this been a pleasant nicht? I sall begin noo wi' pepper, vinegar, and mustard, for the oysters by theirsells are getting awee saut. By the tramping on the stairs I jalouse the play-house is scalin'. Whisht, Mr North! keep a calm sugh, or Odoherty will be in on us, and gar us break the Sabbath morning. Noo, let's draw in our chairs to the fireside, and, when a's settled in the tither parlours, I'll sing you a sang.

[Curtain falls.]

* * * *Want of room obliges us to omit our usual Lists of Publications, &c.*

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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DI VASARI.—A TALE OF FLORENCE.

BY THE LATE CHARLES EDWARDS, ESQ.

CHAP. I

“ It is the Plague Fiend—the King of Fever !
Look ! at his garments of the grave ;
His bloodless lip, white cheek, and glassy eye !
See how he shoots, borne on his car of fogs, over our city !”

It was somewhere about the middle of the fourteenth century, or, to fix dates more precisely, in the autumn of the year 1343, that the great plague, described by various Italian writers, and especially by Boccaccio in his Decameron, for the sins or admonition of the Tuscans, fell upon the rich and beauteous city of Florence. The means by which this calamity, after spreading desolation through the Levant, and also through many of the maritime cities of Italy, was first introduced into Florence, have been matter of dispute. Some historians declare, that it first came in by the dealing of certain Jews ; who introduced into the town, and bartered with the inhabitants, large quantities of condemned apparel—clothes belonging to the dead—which they had bought privately, getting them at a low market, in the infected city of Ancona. And of this suspicion, whether it was well or ill founded, the ac-

cused in the end bore the consequences ; for, with only twelve hours allowed for preparation, in the fourth week of the disease, they were driven beyond the walls of the city ; the streets in which they had dwelt being levelled with the ground, and themselves adjudged to death in case they attempted to return. Other writers, however, assert, on the contrary, that the malady itself was never “ infectious ;” but merely “ endemic ;” and that it was not imported at all, but arose from some malaria, or general predisposition to disease in the atmosphere. And certain it is, which so far goes to set up the theory of these last speculators, that the weather, during the whole of the spring and summer preceding the visitation, had been unusually close and sultry. Foul and offensive exhalations had proceeded, in a remarkable degree, from all pools, and fens, and marshes, in the neighbourhood of the city. The

bed of the Arno, though afterwards replenished by sudden and heavy rains, had, at one period, sunk lower than the oldest citizen ever remembered to have seen it. Insects, moreover, in all fields and gardens, had appeared in numbers quite unprecedented; so as even, in many places, combined with the effect of the drought, entirely to destroy vegetation. And—a circumstance which still more attracted notice—the rats, both in the houses of Florence, and in the farms in the neighbouring villages, multiplied with such rapidity, and to such an excess, that, all temporal remedies being found unavailing, it was thought necessary to have recourse to the aid of the church, and formally to *excommunicate them*. The success of this extraordinary measure, or how far it operated at all, does not appear; but the fact of its being applied, is distinctly stated in all the chronicles of the time. Notice was formally read, in open church, against the rats; that, unless they withdrew from all houses, wheat-stacks, barns, or granaries, in Florence and the vicinity, within four days from the date of those presents, process of “deprivation” would be issued against them. And a curious feature in the superstition of the time, was, that the officer of the spiritual court, appointed to maintain the interests of all “non-appearing defendants,” interfered *for the rats*, and actually obtained leave to “enlarge the rule” for their departure, from four days to six, on the ground that the *cats* of the city, knowing of the order, would be upon the watch to intercept them.

During a considerable time, however, from whatever cause the distemper in Florence arose, it seems that the authorities of the state had presence of mind enough strenuously to maintain, that it was *not* the “plague.” The increasing deaths which occurred in the meaner and closer quarters of the city, were declared to proceed from the *Typhus Carcerum*, or putrid gaol fever. Cleanliness was recommended, and a cheap antiseptic process about all houses, and charitable distribution of wine and food by the richer citizens among the needy. Separation of the infected people from the sound, by removing them to distant hospitals, was,

in a few instances, accomplished by force; and those who contradicted the official statement, or expressed their own alarm too obtrusively, were thrown into prison, here and there, as public agitators. But the truth, even by these expedients, was not long capable of being concealed. Some of the offenders, who were sent to gaol for clamouring about the plague, died of it in confinement, without waiting for the formality of a trial. The physicians, who had attended the sick in the city, began themselves to be attacked with illness; and hurried through their visits at the fever hospitals, in spite of their published certificates that nothing serious was the matter. At length, Brother Gasparo Marcelli, a monk of the Dominican Convent of Santa Croce, who had been slightly indisposed on the night of the Feast of St Michael, was found dead in his bed on the next morning, and with appearances which admitted of no equivocation. The alarm quickly ran through the monastery; the prior and several monks were seized with sickness. The deceased had been one of the most popular confessors in Florence; and three of his penitents, who had never dreamed that fever might enter palaces, were dead,—almost between the next sunrise and sunset, in different directions of the city. Upon which, personal apprehension among the higher classes superseding every consideration of public policy, those who had most actively chastised the terrors of other persons, could now make no secret of their own. The rich began openly to provide for their safety. The seditious, always active in moments of danger, thundered against the government for its deception. The executive power gave up its doubts, whether real or pretended; and it was openly confessed that **THE PLAGUE WAS IN FLORENCE.**

The panic which spread through the city upon this admission, became, as might have been expected, an evil scarcely second to the original calamity. Almost all parties had been vehement in desiring to have the declaration. It could do nothing but mischief to any. When it came, by a strange seeming anomaly in the ordering of men’s minds, numbers began directly to question or discredit

it. While among the lower classes, (who had been the most anxious to get it,) doubt or belief made little difference, for few had any power to act upon it at all.

Day and night, as soon as the proclamation came out, the streets and squares of Florence were filled—the gates of all the palaces surrounded—with carriages and waggons, loading up household furniture, pictures, and treasure, and carrying it away into the country. Long trains of mules and horses, and companies even of persons on foot, were seen moving, first at night, to avoid too open publicity, but very soon in broad day, and without disguise, out at all the gates of the city. But still, these fugitives were chiefly from among the landed proprietors, and the small capitalists who had ready money at command; and the bulk of the population yet had ties, which, in spite of danger, confined them to the place. For the merchant was bankrupt if he gave up his trade. And the farmer paused where he had to leave ungathered crops behind him. The physician staid, for he hoped in some antidote; and, if he could live, the sickness was his harvest. The monks staid; most because their convent was their only home; some because they hoped its privacy would shut out danger. Public officers staid, to save the posts they had; or in the hope that their resolution would be the means of promoting them to better. The vast tribe that lived only by their daily labour, had no choice but to stay; for, to want the day's meal was to starve, and they had no way to gain it but by staying where they were, and going on to exercise their calling. So that, upon the whole, as soon as it became lawful to declare the extent of the mischief, vast hordes became very unwilling to confess it; and it was the progress of death itself, in the end, rather than the desertions, numerous as they were, occasioned by the fear of it, which brought the great crowd of the city of Florence, first to little, and then to nothing.

For the evil in the future is no evil, and this it is that laughs theorists and legislators to scorn! the reckoning which shall come hereafter ever is forgotten, against but a little measure of advantage offered in the present. The vengeance of Heaven, is it sure? we

trust that it is far off. The axe, and the gibbet? "Chance" may save us from them; and, though that deliverance hangs on the one ace cast with two dies, every sinner believes that it will be his own! The thief plans a robbery—executes it—escapes with the booty—and the "chance" that has saved him brings a hundred to the gallows! The projector trades against probability—wins in the teeth of principle—His very blindness—which could not see the risk—passes for sagacity, and crowds are beggared who follow his example! This "chance" it is—this "hope"—which makes fools—and fools are villains—of us all! Its seeds are rooted in the strongest minds; and in the weak they flourish even to insanity. The liar elects to speak, on "hope." The gamester arranges to live (in a castle) upon it. But Woman's brain—there is its chosen seat of quicksand empire!—where to desire an impossibility, and to account upon it, are but as one. Hope it is that makes her frail. Hope makes her false. Hope makes her the dupe of those who care not for her, and the curse of those who do. She fires a palace, and "hopes" that it will not burn. Casts herself into the sea, and "hopes" that the waters will quit their bed to leave her upon land. Her confidence—and this perhaps is the case with all of us—becomes invariably more unbounded in proportion with the real desperateness of her condition. And the worst of all is—that, as human nature is constituted, for nothing of all this is there any remedy!

And "Hope" worked strange wonders in the earlier stages of the plague; especially among those who had all to gain, and little to lose; a sort of persons, whose fearlessness, and spirit of reliance, since the world began, has always been proverbial. There is a point to which you civilize mankind; but beyond which education cannot go. You seem to tame the wolf, while he sees you hold the whip over him: but—blood will have its way—he flies at your throat at last, if you give him opportunity. Man's instinct makes him war on man! 'Tis trash! my strength *must* be my neighbour's weakness. The miller, when his granaries are full, laughs loud, and well he laughs—he buys a lordship—out of the ruined harvest. What is that

flood that wastes my neighbour's fields but blessing, so it doubles, in the common market, the produce of my own? Go to! they who gain by the dead, when did they love the living? When agues thrive, do not the sextons delve merrily? Does not the surgeon fatten on the miseries, the headman on the vices, of mankind? In no general blessing yet did all men ever find contentment; in no common infliction have there not always been some who saw a good. Battles and blood make soldiers generals. Revolts and revolutions peasants princes. Out of broken windows, as the adage tells us, do there not arise rich glaziers? And he who *wants* a fortune, may find one even in the PLAGUE.

And accordingly, among the most curious results of the visitation, when it first began to show its strength in Florence, was the extra quantity of actual rejoicing, as well as of mourning; the great increase of hilarity in the midst of tears; and the decided, immediate gain to individuals, which arose out of the thinning in the numbers of the community. Husbands, many, wept for the death of their wives; wives, often, for the death of their husbands; both, constantly, for the deaths of their children; for these were, generally, losses, at least in some sort, of present sources of happiness; disturbances of long habit, and existing arrangements; and no benefit (to balance) accruing to the survivor. But sons did not always mourn for their fathers—nephews for their uncles—younger brothers, destined to exertion and poverty, for their elders, who had shut them from title and estate: those who were the best disposed to do all this, often could not do it; their wants, in spite of themselves, were relieved, and their desires of pleasure administered to—they thought that they grieved for the fate of the dead—perhaps they did grieve: but, before the bell had ceased tolling, they would not have had him live again. For even the comparatively poor who died, had *something* to leave behind them, which was an object to those as poor, or poorer, than themselves. Very soon the constant occurrence of such falls of fortune, began to make men expect, and look for them. They could not help recollecting the fact, that there was *one* particular life stood between them and happiness. The possibility

of a change would just present itself—the wish, perhaps not yet. And, among the labouring classes too, the diminished number of hands at work in every calling, soon gave the remainder high rates of wages, which they spent in idleness and excess. The mere passage of wealth into fresh hands, always unthrifty, created an immense demand, out of the very general mourning and distress, for articles of cost and luxury. All who had been rich, had not drank choice wines, or maintained brilliant equipages. All who rose from poverty did so—often to the most prodigal dissipation of their means—on the instant. Until even the very same calamity which, in a few months, made the city absolutely a desert, in its outset actually gave a new and increased impulse to its pleasurable and commercial movements!

In the meantime, however, the shroud-maker plied his needle almost as rapidly as the maker of new robes; and, as the fury of the pestilence increased, all this jollity, which, at first, had some show of the mirth of madness about it, ran on till, like the merriment produced by wine in company, by degrees, it broke into bloodshed and misrule. In the beginning of the scourge, the succession to an estate or a title, had not carried with it—as of course—a notice that the inheritor was only tenant for an hour. But when the deaths had risen to more than a hundred a-day in the city; and, when the man who became heir to an estate in one twenty-four hours, left it to somebody else—or perhaps left it without a claimant—in the next, this general state of insecurity, added to the extraordinary description of hands into which property passed, seemed first to repeal all sanity and principle; and soon led to the wildest and most unheard-of outrages.

The successor to a splendid mansion—the fifth or sixth remove perhaps within a month—seized possession—it might be, with a title—but certainly without waiting for the forms of law to ratify it.

Great quantities of personal property, of houses and movables especially, were sometimes left in a few hours without *any* certain claimants at all; and ruffians and outcasts—the police of the city being virtually almost extinct, fought and scrambled for the

right of rifling such possessions in open day. Antonio Malespini, the servant of a goldsmith who had fled the city and died under the walls of Pisa, produced a will, alleged to have been left by his master, bequeathing to him the whole of his effects. On the very next day, this title passing undisputed, there were twenty claimants for similar successions! From inheriting after those who had fled and died, it was but one step farther to presume the death, and a man's flight then at once conveyed his effects to those who stayed behind. And, within the expiration of eight-and-forty hours farther, (no interference by the authorities taking place,) both lie and forgery began to be considered unnecessary; and the rights of health and strength became the only rights acknowledged in the new community.

It was then that the general tumult, and terror, reached its height; and that Florence appeared like a city delivered over to pillage, in which each man made his best of what came next him; or rather like a vast ship tost in a tempest, under which she could not choose but founder, and, where each man, according to the usage of desperate mariners, resolved to live, at common cost, the short while longer that existence lasted. Domestic, left in charge of their masters' houses, burst open the cellars and cabinets, and used the treasure as their own. The richest garments were seen worn by common beggars; the most costly wines intoxicated the lowest of the population. All safe people fled the city at every hazard, or shut themselves up, and refused to communicate even with each other; and a scarcity of food—in the very excess of valuables and money—began to aggravate the general distress. Those physicians who still lived, now made off, with one consent, to secure what they had gained. The monks barred the gates of their convents: some would say no mass; and scarce any would confess the sick any longer. Some men lay dead, or dying, in their houses, and none would come to aid, or bury, them. Others were found with marks of violence on their bodies, and their chambers rifled; and none could say, nor did any inquire, who had done it. The hired nurses, it was reported, poisoned their patients; and one beldam confessed af-

terwards, to having caused the death of five women, by administering the *eau forte* (*aqua fortis*) to them instead of common water. Brute strength, and freedom from the plague, became the only sources of power; and the slave spat in the face of his master. Those few who still dwelt within the city, or near it, watched armed, and shut their doors by day; for murders were done even in the broad light. The cemeteries now became choked, and there was more room in the streets and market places. Houses got cheap, and graves were hard to come by. The great *Fosse* which had been hastily opened, and consecrated, at the back of the Spedale St Martino, ran over with bodies, from all ranks, ages, and conditions, which, night after night, were cast promiscuously into it. And, to quote the words used by a writer of the time, in describing the state of Florence at the close of the malady—almost for fault of matter to feed upon—"Worth was useless; strength gone; glory sullied; title was buried; honours were forgotten; greatness humiliated; dignity scorned;—and, of the good, and of the evil, equally perished the memory!"

It was on one night, however, about this time, in the month of October, when the ravages of the plague were at their height; when no stranger, unless he were insane, or sought his death, could have been expected to enter Florence, nor any inhabitant any longer abided there, but such to whom it would have been ruin, as bad as death, to leave it;—it was on one night while affairs were in this condition—the night of the vigil of St Luke—that two horsemen, moving on a track once the most frequented of all Italy, but to which the tread of travellers had now become almost a thing forgotten, were seen rapidly stretching towards the city from the eastward, by the road that led from the direction of Arezzo.

The foremost rider was a cavalier scarce twenty years, apparently, of age; clad simply, but elegantly, in the travelling dress of a Tuscan gentleman of that day. His vest, which was of the richest velvet, slashed and embroidered in the fashion of the time, was covered, on back and breast, by the strong "Jazeran," or scaled

corslet, which was the armour then generally worn in Italy, and which, while it was less cumbrous than complete steel, was yet fully proof against the thrust either of lance or poniard. A belt of gold, four fingers broad, drawn tightly round the waist, and clasped by a jewel of price in front, marked the division between the bottom of the "Camiciuola," or upper garment, and the long breeches and stockings of woven silk,—the "Calzoni alla pantalona"—which, with yellow Morocco boots, and massy spurs of gold, terminated the lower portion of the figure. And the broad "mantello," or cloak, of ample extent—on foot or horseback, still the constant equipment of every Italian gentleman—gathered plaidlike round the body, clinging upon the bridle shoulder, and passing under the right arm, so as to clothe the bust and loins, yet leave the swordhand free—swelled with the damp and unwholesome "libeccio," which blew in the rider's face, and seemed to bring a death in every gust, as he lifted his strong horse, all dust and foaming—plunging with short springs, and gathered almost upon its haunches—down the last sharp pitch of hill which marked the boundary of the Appenines, and carried the traveller forward into the fair valley of the Arno.

The hard unbeaten road clattered hollow beneath the footsteps of the steeds, as both the strangers plied onwards, at a steady, yet rapid pace, in the direction of Florence. Did they know the peril to which they went? It seemed they did, or should do so: for the long arm of the calamity reaching to the distance, spoke already too plainly to be mistaken. The whole route along which they were passing, had but a short time back been lined with populous and flourishing villages: the houses yet remained, but every door and window now was barred and bolted; and the hare and the rabbit gazed on the passenger through the broken hedges in every garden. Three months since, and, if the moon shone bright, looking down from that raised road into the vale beneath, a hundred palaces were seen rearing their marble fronts amid the delicious woods and waters of the Val d'Arno! Three months since, and, if the night was dark, the very tapers that glistened in those mansions, from their

bowers and lattices, showed in the deep vale like a world of stars below the gazer's path, in mimic rivalry of those that reigned above! Now, all was solitude on the near approach, and gloom and darkness in the distance. The marble mansions, black and silent, stood like the sepulchres of former greatness, for the spirits that gave life to them had departed. No song, sung by Italy's voices, rose from the cot of the peasant; there was no music of dancing feet; no tinkling of the guitar or the theorba. There stood the village church! but its doors hung open, swinging on their hinges with every blast. The village inn remained: but no smoke poured now from its chimney; and the branch that should have invited the traveller, was dead and leafless. Here and there a few stray dogs, lean and masterless, who seemed to have grown wild as the hares and foxes had grown tame, barked, and sneaked off, as the strangers approached. The frogs croaked hoarsely in the marsh land; and the lizard rustled through the long rank grass that grew upon the tops of the cabins or loose stone wall. But other tokens of inhabitancy—or even of existence—in their path, the travellers found none.

In the realms of death, we look for solitude and silence; on the battlefield, when the fight is done, and in the lone church-yard; but not within the beat and haunts of men. The foremost horseman halted his speed one moment as he advanced deeper into the cheerless scene. With every point in that prospect his eye had been familiar! it could not be all death—all darkness—all ruin—in a few short weeks? Here and afar—at hand and in the distance—it could not be that all were gone! There was surprise and impatience in the stranger's look, rather than sadness:—alarm and incredulity, rather than woe or grief.

"Jacopo!" he exclaimed, turning hastily to his attendant—and speaking rather as a man who makes a comment than asks a question—"I see no light in the palace or gardens of the Orsini?"

The individual to whom this question was addressed, followed his master's eye slowly, as he raised himself from the pommel of his saddle. "Nevertheless, my lord," he said, "they should be here, for they have not fled,

although they retired beyond the walls of the city."

"But the Vitrani too—their villa is all gloom?"

The reply was given in a more subdued tone. "It is too true, my lord! The Marchioness, and both her daughters, were among the first victims of the disease."

"But it cannot surely be with all thus?" pursued Di Vasari, with increasing agitation. "This house—Cinthio da Pontelli's?"

"There are weeds, my lord, in its garden; and the pedestals of its statues are grown green with moss."

"But the Counts Di Bruno—Lord Vincent, and his brothers?" continued the alarmed inquirer.

"May be here, my lord; or may have fled; or may have perished," returned the party questioned, "the last of them. They were living, and safe, two days since, when I set out for Arezzo; but half that time has made strange havoc in many a noble house, since your lordship quitted Florence."

The stranger started, as the last words fell upon his ear, from his own inward thought, as though an asp had stung him! Striking his strong horse on both sides with the spur, as one who had already paused too long, and suddenly recollected himself, involuntarily at the same instant, he curbed the fierce animal with the rein, until it stood erect—striking at the air, and reared almost beyond the perpendicular! Then stooping low, with slackened bit, and signing to his companion to follow, the rider once more plied both scourge and steel, with the strong impulse of a man, who strives by mere motion to escape from his own sensations. With hoof of speed, he scattered into foam the shallow, brawling stream of the Mugnone. Dashed onwards, and looked neither to the right nor left, through the picturesque villages of La Loggia, and Benvenuto. At the convent of St Giovanni, the evening prayer was saying; but he bent on his steed's neck as he passed; crossed himself; and again rode forward. The nuns of Spirito Santo sang a requiem for a departed sister: but though the lights beamed on his path through the stained windows of their chapel, he still kept on his way. By the shrine of Our Lady of Florence, he pressed; and he saw

it not, for he uttered no vow. He crossed the "Giustiziere," or area of public execution; but had no time even to breathe an Ave for the souls of the thousands who had suffered upon it. Nor checked he in his long gallop, until entering the "Via di Querci,"—the wide, fair avenue of trees, by which Florence is approached on the road which leads from Arezzo. This point at length being won, he held in his well-breathed horse, who still obeyed the rein with difficulty; and soothed the gallant brute with voice and hand, as they turned more slowly towards the *Porta alla Croce*, or eastern gate of the city.

* * * * *

The narrow, ill-paved road, now known as the Via dei Mal-contenti, by which Florence is entered in the Quartiere Alla Croce, was, in the 13th century, a mere straggling suburb, inhabited by the meanest artisans of the city. At the particular time, however, to which our tale refers, it was altogether without occupants of any description; not so much because those who originally dwelt in it had been all cut off by the plague, as that better lodgings were to be had in the upper parts of the town, for taking, and therefore no one thought fit to remain in it. From this long street, or lane, which was in entire, unbroken darkness, some more reputable avenues branched on the right hand, the Via Ghibellina, the Via Jesu Cristo, and the Via di Mecca; and, looking up these, here and there, a dull light might be seen, glimmering through the lattices of an upper window; and, in such situations, low moanings, and sometimes shrieks of grief, were to be heard, as of some who lamented for the dead, or were themselves perhaps shortly to be so. But, for the greater part, the houses in all the streets within the city, like those in the villages eastward of the walls, bore the aspect of abandonment and desertion. Doors closely barred, and battened with spars on the outside; unless where they had been burst open, on suspicion of containing dead, or else in search of plunder. Casements open in abundance; flapping and swinging to and fro in the wind; but all wreck and disorder, or total emptiness, within, and, in some places, wide gaps, with heaps of half-burnt ruins, obstructed the way—the

remnants of fallen houses, with others falling, half destroyed, and blackened by smoke and fire; for, among the minor scourges which, during the time of the plague, had visited the city, conflagrations, wilful or accidental, had been frequent and extensive.

Familiar as both travellers were with this *locale*, they had yet difficulty in getting their horses forward, so completely dark were the narrow streets, and encumbered with rubbish of every description. They had looked for a light by the shrine of "Our Lady of Grace;" but even the hopes of the pious were fled; not a shrine in all Florence had a taper now burning before it. The splendid and extensive Palazzo di Borgo, the mansion of the family of Antilla, lay in their way; but its lords had left all, for life, and fled to Lucca; and the huge building, towering above all but ruin—frowned in dark and sullen silence. They passed, still amid the signs of emptiness and dilapidation, over the Piazza Santa Croce—the great area for gymnastic exercises of the city. Crossed the narrow bridge, with the rivulet and sewer, which ran under the walls of the Church of St Jacops tra i Fossi. But so fearfully was the population diminished, and so deep the dread which (except a few desperate wretches) the survivors had of each other, that the busiest streets of the city, and the most gorgeous squares and terraces, were all alike wrapped in gloom and desolation. Nor was it until turning northwards, and winding for some time in the direction of the river, they reached the Piazza Santa Maria—the square in which stood the "Spedale," or great hospital, of Florence—that any decided signs of life and activity, or, indeed, of human existence scarcely, presented themselves.

At this point, however, there was light and activity enough—and both riders instinctively tightened their reins, as a sharp turning at right-angles threw them in front of the "Spedale;" for so sudden a change, from the thickest darkness to a glare of illumination—as of a thousand lamps alight at once—might have startled many steeds, worse tutored, or less true.

The building itself was a bold and striking object; lofty, and well proportioned, though heavy in its style of

architecture; and so extensive as to form, with its tributary offices, one entire side of the quadrangle, or "Piazza," in which it stood. Under ordinary circumstances, the traffic and bustle of such an establishment, which was of capacity to furnish accommodation for all the charitable purposes of the city, must have been considerable and imposing; but, at this period, the immense accession of duty, and consequently of activity, which the calamity of the time had thrust upon it, rendered some of its features extraordinary and interesting in the highest possible degree. The overwhelming excess of patients poured into the house (vast numbers being still every day compelled to be rejected) had called every lobby—every crevice and corner—in addition to the ordinary apartments allotted to the sick, intorequisition; and the building being profusely furnished, up to the very fourth story, with windows and lattices of ventilation—from the immense additional array of lamps and candles in every quarter, which its increase of business and multiplication of inhabitants presented—the whole front of the edifice blazed like the face of an immense lantern; and, in spite of the damp breath of the sufferers within, which condensed in streams upon the glass window-panes, and dimmed their transparency, poured out a volume of light, not merely across the whole area of the Piazza, but into the very recesses of the houses on the farther side of it!

In the meantime, the hoarse roar, less of suffering or grief, than of hurry and trade, that went on within the edifice, rose at intervals so high as to be dumbly and indistinctly heard on the outside. Shadows upon the white-clouded window-panes were seen rapidly passing and repassing. And the space in the immediate vicinity of the Spedale, especially the ground and dwellings of the square of Santa Maria, which had long been deserted—for, at the very commencement of the infection, every hospital, as might well be expected, soon cleared a neighbourhood round it—presented a curious spectacle to the attention, even under the general appalling circumstances of the time. The Piazza, or square itself, which was unpaved, stood fetlock-deep in mire and filth; for the gravedigger had more than work enough to

do; and the duty of the scavenger was little heeded. In the earlier stages of the pestilence, clothes and bedding, the property of those who died, had been used to be burnt in the front of the hospital; that custom was now laid aside, either because there was no authority to enforce it, or because it had been found unavailing; but the original pile of half-consumed rags and ashes still remained, grown cold and mouldy, for man and horse to flounder through. All the houses in those three sides of the square which consisted of dwellings—the Spedale forming the fourth—without an exception stood open; they had been broken into and rifled by the hospital servants (who ransacked all before them in their nightly rounds) for what they contained; and the wood-work of the doors and staircases had gone to make fires to burn the bedding with. The area of the Piazza was strewn all over with matters of domestic litter: pots, pans, broken furniture, worn-out kitchen utensils, and remnants of apparel, cast forth from the hospital. In the centre of the square, there was a marble fountain playing; but to little purpose, for another rose within the walls of the Spedale; and no creature out of the building, though famishing, would have ventured to taste such water. Some evil jester, desirous, perhaps, to spend the last hour of his life in mischief, had thrown an old saddle into the reservoir into which the stream discharged itself; and broken away all the teeth of the couchant lion, from whose mouth the chief *jet* issued.

“And this immense house is full, then!” said the Chevalier Di Vasari, as he paused for a moment in front of the hospital. The speaker had interests enough of his own, and vital ones, to contend with; but—it was not in man—the very criminal who went to the scaffold, could not have beheld such a scene without wonder and curiosity.

“Put on, my lord, if you love your life, put on,” exclaimed Jacopo. “Full! Ay, it has been filled, and emptied again, into the great fosse behind it.—Your lordship shudders? Spirits of the blest! if you could but have seen that fosse when it was dug!—twenty times over in the course of the last month. Hark again, Signor!

—for Mercy’s sake put on!—to the roar of voices inside the building!—and those black shadows, how they flit to and fro again upon the windows, though the steam on the glass hinders our seeing what goes on within! Full? my lord, it is full now!—and the Hospital of St Roque is full!—and so is the Lazaretto—that was the gaol—Sancta Maria!—and the Church of the Padri Reformati is turned, besides, into an hospital!—and the Prigione delle Stinche is open for the sick; and——”

Farther yet would the enumeration have gone, but that a noise, as if of loosening bolts and bars in the hospital, interrupted it. In the next moment, one of the massy folding-doors at the great entrance was flung open; and, right hand and left, from its farthest extremity, as far as the eye could see, down to that very door, the common corridor of the house, appeared, on each side, closely set with pallets. Every bed was occupied, doubly, and even trebly; or rather the whole range of beds—for each touched the other—was formed into one great litter; crowded with sufferers, in all moods, and in all stages of disease. Some—they might be living, or they might be dead—all that could be seen was a strange shapeless lump, rolled in the wretched bed-clothes! Others, covered up in hoods and caps, incapable of speech, stared from the pillows, with their glassy eyes, and ghastly faces—that the viewer shrank to look on them! Some, furious and strong in agony, sat in their beds bolt upright,—raving, tossing their arms, and muttering horrible imprecations—hideous objects of misery. The most fearful of all were the most healthy,—those whom they called the “Convalescents;” and who glided about in their long, white, shroud-like hospital-gowns and dresses; looking and moving like creatures emerged from the grave—even more appalling to Nature than those who were ready to descend into it.

“This is too hideous!” exclaimed Di Vasari, turning his horse away. Pages are insufficient sometimes to convey that impression which the eye takes in in a moment. But a cry now arose of “Room, room!” and between the double row of beds, jolting carelessly

along the corridor, two hospital servants appeared, bearing a long tray—that looked like a shutter with handles to it—covered with a sheet. Out they came, swinging through the hall-door, and descended the steps in front of the building.

“Santa Madonna! it is one of the dead,—a corpse fresh of the plague,—and we stand here!” cried Jacopo.

“Twenty-five this makes!” said the hindmost bearer, stopping, as he came down the stairs, to trim the load in its descent.

“Twenty-seven it makes, if I can count,” returned the other; “and by this time last night, we had thirty-one.”

As he spoke, they reached the bottom of the stair-case. In turning the corner, one of the carved ornaments of the balustrade caught the cloth that covered the shutter; and, at the next step—the corpse lay naked!

It was the body of a man—and of a fine one. The plague had evidently made brief work with him. Still robust—almost florid—full of flesh and muscle—no victim of decay—no residue of age, or of consumption. The tree had been struck in its full strength! The limbs and the trunk were those of a living man still. But the face was distorted and discoloured;—and there was one broad dark badge upon the breast, that showed what it was had done the business.

The bearers never stopped to recover their wretched pall, but shouldered onwards to a small, low, grated door. Jacopo’s eye followed—he knew the place well—it was the door of the dead-house.

The key turned, and the door opened; there was no light within. The two men entered. There was a sound as of some heavy mass falling upon soft ground. It was the fall of a body of flesh and blood, which no other object in the creation falls like; and they returned, in a moment, freed from their burthen. And then a cry arose, to “make haste, and close the hospital gates again;” for the sick were gathering round them, and trying to escape—tumultuous—like lost spirits on the bank of the infernal river!

The crash as the heavy gates were slammed together, roused the Chevalier from the stupor in which the scene had plunged him. Slowly pressing his

horse with the spur, and followed by his attendant, he again rode forward. They left the ground upon the right hand, which now forms the Piazza di Granduca, passed the high towers of the Duomo, or chief Cathedral; and entered the great thoroughfares of the Porta Via de Repoli, and the Via della Scala, intending to cross the river at the Pont St Trinita. But the passage along the south or farther bank of the Arno (as the travellers stood) was now wholly impracticable. This portion of the town had comprehended what was called the Jews’ Quarter; and, on the expulsion of that wretched race, the whole neighbourhood in which they dwelt had been given up to destruction. Their houses had been torn down, and fire laid to their synagogue; and one of the last acts of authority on the part of the government, had been the barricading, as far as possible, and publicly forbidding all passage through, or entrance into, their demesne.

“Does your lordship wish to cross here?” asked Jacopo. “The north bank would be the best.”

“I know not that,” replied Di Vasari. “Our arrangement above may have failed; and this, if we can accomplish it—that is, the passage here—is certain.”

The moon, which just then began to rise, threw a dim and dasky light over the long, narrow, squalid lines of building, which had formed the abode of the banished Israelites. The sheds and stalls on which they had exposed their tattered ware for sale were torn down, and left lying in the streets. Heavier and inferior articles of property, such as in the general abundance of plunder had not been thought worth carrying away, were strewed up and down, and here and there, for sport, had been gathered in heaps and set fire to. Nothing living stirred but an amazing swarm of the black house-rats—which had gone on multiplying, in spite of Papal fulmination, during the plague—dark and obscene as the hillocks of litter over which they gambolled. It seemed a locality which, in such a time of terror and contagion, the boldest man might have felt a dislike to enter.

“We shall not have failed above, my lord,” said Jacopo. “And, at worst, it is but fording the river higher up, which would be safer a thou-

sand times than passing here. It is tempting fortune to approach a place like this."

"In Heaven's name, by the north bank be it then," returned Di Vasari; "for we already lose time." And, leading the way by the Piazza della Gracia, and through the Borgo Ogni Santo, in a few minutes the travellers had again cleared the city by the Porto Pisano, now the Porto el Prata. Resuming here their former rapid pace, they kept the high-road some half mile towards Cajano. Then turned southward once more where

the little rivulet, the Torrente Terzolle, crossed their path; and kept the edge of the stream as it darted through a copse of Alpine trees, to empty itself into the main river.

"This is the spot, my lord," said Jacopo, as they reached a point where the wood grew thickest; throwing himself from his horse, to clear the way, and assist the progress of his master.

The Chevalier sprang lightly down; he paused for no assistance; and, in a few moments, both travellers had halted upon the banks of the Arno.

CHAPTER II.

"It is late, and that castle seems lulled in sleep,
But within its walls are tapers gleaming;
And along its apartments the females creep,
With steps all hush'd, and eyes that are streaming."

FOR oh! softly glides that serpent, whose sting is the surest death; and smooth shows that dark water, which has blackest rocks beneath it. There is silence, and calmness, and all is still, without the walls of the Arestino Palace; but a volcano of fever and of passion—of fierceness, rage, and fury—flames within!

It is night, and the lady of that bright palace lies upon a bed from which she never more must rise! Is it the course of age—Nature's slow wane—that calls upon the lady?—No! She shows yet in beauty's fullest—loveliest—prime. Her youth has seen its spring, but scarce yet fallen into summer. July has yet to come, though May has passed from us! And all that was the opening blossom—bud of love—now revels in the glorious flower. Not age? Not age. Why then—the plague? Why ay—the plague! for there be other plagues—is it not so—than pestilence? There is the fire that burns, and the famine that pines us—the sunstroke that withers, the tempest to wreck—there is the mildew that blasts, and the quicksand that swallows—there are floods—lightnings—hurricanes—earthquakes—fear ye for these? Alas! for every one poor life that dies by such slight accidents—think!—think of ambition—envy—avarice—false honour—glory in arms—the lust of beauty—pride—the thirst of power—the zealot's triumph—and the soldier's dreams!—for every single wretch, since order

first arose, that perished, cut off by nature's shock or violence—how many thousands—say!—have drawn their timeless fates, from that worst spring of human woe, the human heart?

Alas! alas! Yet why is the lady thus passing—untouched by sickness—in the pride of youth? Enough—enough! she sleeps—or shortly shall do so. Oh, gentle Death, there is no sleep blest and secure but thine! Revenge! 'tis Heaven's prerogative, not ours." So say divines; but men think otherwise, when injury stirs them. Now, all her crimes, with all her charms, rest in eternal silence! Has the owl shrieked, or the bat struck on the window? No! these are the death-tokens of sterner regions. But the livelong night yon thistlefinch has sung under the casement—she sings the last dirge of the Lady of Arestino! Yet the lady's fault was common in the land where she lived. Common? Ay, common! Common as the penalty—she is dying—which has followed it.

She dies! and justly—let her meet her doom! She is the ruin of a name that never knew reproach before. The honour of a noble house is gone—Their shield is sullied! Blood may wash out the spot—but what the stain?—Scorn crooks her white lip, and says—"That shall endure for ever!"

And if, for such a crime, blood must be spilled—what slave is he denies, that blood should be the blood of woman?—For man—Ay, smile!

—He has wronged me. And, though his body were a poisonous plant that it were death to touch—I'd cast myself upon it! cut—carve it—to morsels—motes. He dies, though LIFE died with him—for I am suffering! but—in death—he shall have justice.

Man wars on man. It is his instinct—compact. He injures—stabs me! Granted. What should stay him? Is it love for his fellow—kindness—charity? What will—for “love” or “charity”—that “fellow” do for him? Will he honour in poverty? Defend in danger? Abstain to prey upon when time shall serve? No!—none of these, methinks. He may deride his weakness; insult his misery; publish for sport the tale that maddens him; maltreat and crush, as far as strength and law will serve! Away then with the jest of “Duty”—my “Practice” towards my neighbour is to eye him as my spoil!

Man breaks no faith with man, for he has pledged none. He casts away no fame, no reputation. He does not wreck the heart that blindly trusted—leaned upon—him. He does not, for an hour's indulgence—whim, or vanity—give up all honour—name—esteem—respect—rank—kindred—friends—the world—for ever! This is the sacrifice that woman offers. Let her demand it from her lover—see if he dares to make it? Ask him—let the mistress, that he sues to, ask him!—to lie—to beg—to steal—to take a blow—be branded as a wretch—shunned by the honoured of his own sex—scorned even by the worthy of the other? His answer is—that he can bleed—can die—can give up fortune—hope—nay, even her love—but may not lose his *caste*—live in the world's contempt—his own disgust—for ever.

Yet fate had dealt harshly with the lady of Arestino! She was a wife; but she was the unwooded, unwilling wife of a proud and unfeeling husband. Eight years she had been wedded; and eight years her heart had slept as dead; or, waking, waked but to swell with sullen bitterness against that power by which its rights had been despised. He who is wise, though his self-love may suffer, makes his wooing otherwise than this. He will not trust his all of hope in life, to one whose every hope in life himself has blasted! Ye who seek service—love—or safety—seek it with the free! Will ye have

chains—then look that they be chains of adamant! ye made a traitor when ye made a slave.

* * * *

Chained to the twisted roots of a tall willow, which hung its branches across the stream; and almost hidden from view by the drapery of weeping foliage that surrounded it; a light skiff lay pulling in the soft current of the Arno. Towards this point, the travellers made their way, with rapid and anxious steps, and, as if by common agreement, both in silence. The Chevalier, pressing strongly through the low copsewood, was the first that reached it; and when he saw the stream, and the small boat rippling upon it, he never spoke one word, but drew a long repressed breath, as of one relieved from much apprehension, and forthwith fell upon his knees, and returned thanks to Heaven. For a gleam of hope seemed to make it possible that his journey might yet be a fortunate one; and though the business was such as Heaven might scarcely countenance, yet the Chevalier had a kind heart, and was a good Catholic; and he could not help feeling that gratitude was due somewhere. And, for the rest, he had no nice scruples, or reserves of pride, that he should check his feelings in the sight of his domestic; for those were days in which the distinctions of rank made no question; they were understood and settled; and a nobleman might even pray to God by the side of his vassal, without looking for assumption, or supposing any infraction of his dignity.

But it was on the north bank of the river that the Chevalier and his attendant had halted. It was hard upon the hour of midnight now, and the moon was up, for she was near her full; and the prospect which, under her broad light, presented itself, southward and west of Florence, over one of the richest plains of Italy, was singularly opposed to the scene of ruin and desertion which had exhibited itself in the country eastward of the city. On their left, winding along the stream, lay the “City of Flowers” itself, glorious and rich as ever, even in that brief distance. The work of man remained entire, where man himself was fallen; and the tall spires of the Italian churches glittered with their gilded vanes in the cold moon-

shine, as they lightly shot upwards, towering into the clear blue sky. In front was the south bank of the Arno, scarce three bow-shots across—crowded with splendid palaces and villas—the chosen seat of half the great and gay of Florence. And this spot, by some wild hazard or caprice, the pestilence had scarcely touched on. It might be that the west winds, which had prevailed almost constantly since the commencement of the malady, had carried the city's infection in an opposite course; but certainly all here was safe—all lived and flourished.

The rich moonlight played among the trelliced vines, and trembled in the orange groves in the wide gardens of these mansions, which stretched themselves, sloping downwards, to the very margin of the river. The lilies that grew in the last flower-bed bent their white necks as they sprung to kiss the stream; and the perfume which they exhaled rose the sweeter from its cool freshness.

And the Arno itself was no tide-water, no stream for traffic here. Though bolder and deeper, then, at the bridge of Florence, than its current flows at present, yet the little draught that was carried upon it never came above the city. A light breeze from the southward had just swept the mist from the surface of the water; and the white fleeces of weed which floated on its shallows, gently waving with the motion of the stream, gave lustre by their contrast to the deeper blue tint of those calm, unruffled, basin-like, unfathomable pools, which seemed to drink up the strong light from above, rather than to reflect it, so glorious was the brightness of the scene. There was a calm, a repose, at that hour, on the banks of that bright river, as if peace and safety had reigned throughout the world. Yet the silence was not the silence of desolation—it was not the repose of death—but the repose of nature sleeping. The soul felt as though it could lie down for ever upon those green banks, content, and happy, and at rest; and a voice seemed to float across the bright still water, calling on it to come and dwell beneath its lucid deepness.

But there are minds to which repose must live a stranger; hearts which in the tomb alone can hope for slumber, or the folding of the hands

to sleep; the eye of the Chevalier di Vasari gazed on the mild scene before him, but in his soul there was a fever which defied its influence. Two months before, and at that same hour, he had stood, as he stood now, upon the banks of the Arno; he had crossed that river, then, to fly from Florence, pursued by danger, and struggling for his life. He now returned. For what?—for love, or vengeance? What was his hope—his wish? He scarce knew what. End as his errand might, it must be in perplexity, in wretchedness!

It was no time, however, then for thought. A task was to be done; the hour was arrived; and the way lay open before him. Passing his horse's rein to his attendant, he first loosened the long cloak from his shoulder, and cast it over the loins of the reeking, yet still untired brute. "Poor Bayard!" he said, patting the gallant animal's neck, who thrust his nose against his master's breast, as if acknowledging the attention—"you have striven hard to-night for a work in which you have but little interest! Look to him well, Jacopo," continued the Chevalier; "and—take my sword also—see that your own horse be well clothed up; for they are sweating both; and when the day breaks, the air from the river here will be cold and chilly."

"Your lordship will not go quite unarmed?" said the domestic, as he took the offered sword from his master's hand.

"I scarcely know that," returned the latter, in a melancholy tone. "A light foot, and the skill of a physician, would be the gifts most like to aid me now. But should I need defence, which Heaven avert, my poniard here, Jacopo, would be the better weapon, which lies as close and silent, till I want its service, next my own heart, as it would do the next moment within that of my enemy."

As he spoke, the Chevalier drew from its sheath (within his vest) a dagger, of unusual breadth and strength, and rich and costly workmanship. The handle of the weapon was of gold embossed; the sheath of the same metal, set with jewels: the blade of pure Damascus steel, but wrought with curious emblems. It was an heir-loom in the family of Di Vasari, brought from the East by their first ancestor, famous in the

wars of Spain and of the Crusades ; and, for eight score years, sleeping or waking, that dagger had never left the bosom of the leader of their house.

“ This is defence ; more than defence enough ! ” said the Chevalier, as he slowly replaced the instrument in its scabbard. The broad blade flashed as he waved it in the moonlight ; and the name of the first proprietor—“ DI VASARI ”—showed in cold, dull characters, like unpolished silver, worked upon the dark and burnished steel.

At that moment, the deep tones of the great bell at the Duomo chimed midnight. The Chevalier drew his boat shoreward, and cast off the fastening which confined it.

“ Sleep not, Jacopo, I charge you ! ” were his last words. “ Look to our horses carefully. It is three hours yet to day-light ; and within two, at farthest, expect my return.”

A long low neigh from the black horse Bayard, followed the skiff as it pushed off from the shore. Silently, yet swiftly, as it cut through the glassy water, the fish were scared, that fed, or sported at the bottom. Plunging from sedge and shallow, they turned their broad sides to the moonlight, as they shot along ; and showed, exaggerated in the liquid medium, as by a lens, to twenty times their real bulk.

Still the oars touched the stream lightly ; there was no splash, no rolling in the thowls ; they scarcely broke the water as they dipped. Jacopo marked his master’s progress steadfastly, till the boat gained the centre of the stream. A small islet, planted with willow and acacia, here broke the view across ; the little skiff shot round it like a swallow on the wing, but then could be discerned no farther.

“ Be quiet, knave ! ” exclaimed the valet, checking a second neigh of anxiety from the black horse, as the bark disappeared. “ I doubt I had better make thee fast yet, or thou’lt be off into the river after our master, and leave me here behind.” He unbitted both the horses ; loosened the girths of their heavy saddles ; and clothing them as well as he might, with the spare mantello and their own housings, fed them copiously with meal that had been brought along. Then, first feeling for the rosary within the breast of his garment, he drew

his good broad-sword from its scabbard, gave a last glance to see that his beasts were in safety ; and seated himself, with his face to the river, at the foot of the most convenient tree he could select. And, in this position, well on the alert to guard against surprise, and recommending himself especially to the protection of St Jago ; with his weapon in one hand, and his wine flask in the other, in silence, he expected the event.

* * * * *

It was a chamber for luxury to dwell in, that in which the Countess Arestino lay ; suited to tastes which knew no limit but their will ; and decked for climates to which winter was a stranger. The walls were hung with draperies of pale blue silk ; richly wrought carpets—the treasures of the East—were spread at intervals upon the floor of shining marble. Oil from the Tuscan olive, mixed with frankincense and myrrh, burned in silver lamps, whose pale flames lighted the lofty chamber, without sullying its delicious coolness. And, in every window, flowers disposed in vases of alabaster, each carved with the work of half an artist’s life, loaded the light breeze which whispered through the lattice with the richest odours of the season.

The painting of the roof—alone a master-piece!—was executed by such hands, as already—if not noble—claimed little less than noble’s deference, and showed more even than noble’s pride. The mattresses couches, ranged around the chamber, suiting in colour with its pale-blue tapestry, were of a satin, rich, and quaintly patterned, and bordered with embroidery of flowering silver. And those couches, with their pillows of down and velvet,—light and elastic as they bounded to the touch—were harsh and rude compared with the bed on which the Countess lay—but she slept not.

“ Giuletta ! Giuletta ! The twelfth hour is passed, and still comes he not ? Camilla—Girl, canst thou hear nothing !—is Camilla surely at the gate ? ”

“ What, nothing ! why then the messenger — ? Yet he had *not* failed ; it was impossible ! ”

“ The danger, perhaps ? ” doubtfully whispered a dark-haired girl, who watched beside the turret stair.

“Danger! When had Lorenzo di Vasari gone back for danger!”

“Sickness?”

“Why, sickness?—Yet, no—no—he was not sick—it was not that!—Once more, *Giuletta*—for mercy! How sayest thou! All is silent still? Then he would not come! He was false—faithless—perjured—fled to his new minion—wedded to another!—Why, rather than that, let him have died—have perished! by plague—by flood—by fire—by knife or poison! Was not she, the Countess, dying—(and did she shrink to die)?—dying for the love she had borne him? Let her behold him lifeless! Mark his last gasp! Hear his last sigh! Know that he died without help—without hope—but let her not know him the husband of *Perline di Francavilla*!”

Following on that last word, like its response or echo—raised, spell-like, by its utterance—a distant foot is heard upon the winding turret stair. Light as it falls, the Countess's ear has caught and recognised it! Low as it treads, the rush with which it comes is that of lightning. In one moment more, the tapestried door has flown open—a cavalier, hurried and travel-worn, flings himself by the Countess's bedside. The door is closed; the attendant has left the chamber; the Knight has redeemed his faith; and the lady and her lover—it is for the last time—are to be alone together!

The Chevalier di Vasari held his lady's hand clasped within both his own; and he so held it long, and spoke not. He pressed it to his burning forehead, not to his lips; his face was buried in the drapery of the bed by which he knelt; and his sobs, although repressed with pain, were deep and audible. Justly condemned by his mistress, or unjustly; false to his vows, or true; he was, at least, no lover of profession, no idler, who gained and flung away for pride: but what he felt, he spoke right on, whether from the heart, or from the senses; (which are nearer akin, perhaps, in the purest passion, than philosophers will admit;) and, if he had changed—why was it, but because, in love, there can be no such pledge as “Constancy?” because men can hold no control over an emotion, which is as involuntary as their laughter or their tears;—and because he who pro-

mises, but for one day, the continuance of his passion to a woman—if he were to promise the continuance of life, might as well have the power to perform!

And if Love, as sure he is so, be the child of accident—of situation; warmed in this hour, and cherished, by that which chills and wastes him, in the next; aided to-day by absence, which makes that precious which possession held too cheap; to-morrow, triumphing by that very presence which overcomes, when at a distance we might have denied;—if these be truths—as sure they are—take one truth more, and let who can gainsay it—love, born amidst zephyrs, lives but in a storm! Flowers may charm; but these have thorns; which—cease to pique—and he will cease to worship them. Pain is his food—of life—far more than pleasure! mistresses or wives, the women who goad us to distraction, are those ever from whom we have the hardest task to part. Di Vasari was of that age, and of that temperament, in which absence was likely to weaken a passion, rather than increase it. We sigh to *Eugenia* of *Sophia*'s coldness; and end in forgetting *Sophia* altogether! But the heart that wanders, is not lost for ever. He had quitted Florence with unwillingness—in horror—almost in despair. Quitted it only, at last, because, unhappily, his stay might have aggravated those dangers which were past his hope to aid. And, was it in man, now, that he could look upon that beautiful form—that form which he had so loved—so worshipped; and fancy but the possibility of its destruction—of its decay! See those dark eyes, into which he had so often gazed for hope and happiness—their lustre yet undimmed—but shining over a pallid cheek—and soon to shine no more! That long black hair which flowed in ringlets down a neck so full and white! Those fair round arms, and polished throat—these are charms to live, and still have power, long after the transient red and white, which charms the first observer, is familiar! Could he behold his mistress—so young and beautiful still—so soon to be resigned for ever—now before him; and not forget that any other woman lived, on whom he ever had bestowed a thought? not feel that,

without her life—her love—her safety—life—all the world—to him, would be no longer worth possessing?

The Countess gazed upon her lover as he knelt; and she, too, for a long space, gazed without speaking; for with her, far less than even with Di Vasari, was there that full indulgence of grief which soothes and satisfies the heart: but her thoughts were those of doubt—and fancied wrong—and wounded pride—and passion scorned, or slighted. Fierce as had been the paroxysms which that day had convulsed and shaken her; bodily pain, and mental suffering; her pride still towered over all; her beauty showed untainted! Scorning death in his triumph; hating his approach, yet smiling on it; never more carefully than in that hour—her last of life—had the Countess's toilet been adjusted. Her force of mind, and feverish heat of purpose, rose even above the anodynes which gave her a temporary release from personal suffering. Excited, as she already was, by passion, almost to frenzy, the very narcotics, which should have deadened the brain's action, turned to stimulants; and served only to add new fury to its purpose. Her cheek had lost its tint of freshness. Her eyes, that glistened with tears repressed, had something of wildness in their expression. And her lips had faded from their ruby hue. But, other than this, her beauty was still uninjured; all her features were full and animated; it was scarce possible to contemplate her as a being who in a few hours should cease to move—to think—to have intent—existence.

At length the Countess spoke. Her hand lay passive in her lover's grasp. But it was cold—damp—and nerveless—trembling;—it suffered, not returned, his ardent pressure. "You would see me once more then, Lorenzo?" she said! And her words were uttered with pain and difficulty. For, though her features remained unmoved, her eyes were blind with tears; and the tone of her voice was more terrible in its hollow, wilful steadiness, than if she had at once resigned the contest, and given way to the storm of grief that overwhelmed her.—"You have left Arezzo, and safety, and your new bride that shall be, to watch the last moments of one, who

can now no more be worth your thinking of; but who, whatever may be the faults she has to answer for, dies for one only, Lorenzo,—the fault of having loved you!"

The Chevalier's cheek was paler even than that of the Countess. His voice was drowned with sobs—he could not speak—the words choked him in their utterance. He lifted his face from the velvet covering in which it had lain buried—he clasped his hands together;—the hand of the Countess fell from his grasp.—"And is there then," at last he said, "oh God!—is there then, Angiolina, indeed no hope?"

"For me, Lorenzo," said the Countess, "there is no hope. Worlds could not purchase for me another hour's life. We meet now for the last time! You are ill, Lorenzo,—you have travelled far—I should not have sent to you—I trouble you too much. But I am going on a long journey—a travel from which I shall not return. I am a weak creature—too weak—but I am dying. Bless you, Lorenzo, for thinking of me this once! I shall die now content—content and happy. For I shall not have seen him, for whom I sacrificed both life and honour—while I still lived—devoted to another."

Avarice, ambition, terror, may have mercy; but there is one passion lurks within the human breast, whose very instinct's murder. Once lodged within the heart, for life it rules—ascendant and alone! Sports in the solitude like an antic fiend! it feeds on blood, and rivers would not sate its appetite. Minds strongest in worth and valour stoop to meanness and disgrace before it. The meanest soul—the weakest—it can give courage to, beyond the daring of despair! What is the sting which no balm can assuage? What is the wound that death alone can heal? What is the injury that—once done—can never be repaired? whose is the sword that, once when drawn, the scabbard must be cast away for ever? When is it that man has no ear but for the tale that falls like molten lead upon his brain; no eye but for the plucked-out heart of him he hates; no hand but for that clutch—that one last clutch—which earth may not resist—that gripes his dagger? Who is it that

bears about him a life, horri-
 himself, and dangerous to the world?
 Who has been wise, yet now will cast
 away reason? Was kind and pitiful,
 yet mimics the humanity of the wild
 dog? Who is it hews his foe to mam-
 mocks; writes "Acquittal" on his
 tomb—and dies? Who is it that
 stabs, yet will not blame: drinks—as
 his draught of life—another's blood;
 yet feels there is but one relief—to
 shed his own? That wretch is JEAL-
 OUS! Oh! talk not of remembrance—
 consciousness beyond the grave!—once
 sleeping, let the jealous never wake
 again! Pity him, whatever his crimes!
 Were they ten thousand fathom past
 the reach of mercy, they are punished.
 The gamester whose last piece is lost—
 the merchant whose whole risk the sea
 has swallowed up—the child whose air
 bubble has burst,—may each create a
 bauble like the former! But he, whose
 treasure was in woman's love; who
 trusted, as men once trust, and was
 deceived!—that hope once gone!
 weep—search—regret—despair—
 seek thyself blind—there is again no
 finding—no restoring it! Woman!
 symbol of woe, and nature's weakness!
 Gamester of hope and happiness! Thy
 love must be integral—single—perfect
 —or be nothing. Like the glass toy
 that has amused thy childhood, entire
 it sparkles, shining, bright, and pre-
 cious; but, from the farthest thread
 —the finest—break off but one fibre—
 it is gone—form—shape—design—
 material—substance! That flaw has
 shivered it to countless atoms; and,
 where the jewel was, a heap of dust—
 which men despise and trample on—
 alone remains!

"Lorenzo!" said the Countess, in
 a hurried tone,—“Lorenzo, a chill is
 creeping over me. It is cold now—
 cold as the grave—I feel that I am
 dying. It is terrible, Lorenzo, to die
 so young! You will pray for me—
 though you have ceased to love me?
 Think of me, once more—only once
 —when Perline di Francavilla is your
 happy bride. Do not let her triumph
 too far; but think of me, even on your
 bridal day—one moment, before you
 forget me for ever. For then, oh,
 Lorenzo—then—I shall be a thing fit
 only to forget. A poor, passive, name-
 less, thing, beyond the reach of me-
 mory or sensation. And the tears of
 my friends, and the triumph of my

foes, will be alike; for they will both
 be unknown and unnoticed by me.”

“Angiolina!” cried the Chevalier,
 “if you would not destroy me quite,
 have mercy!”

“Have you not now come from
 Arezzo, Di Vasari?”

There are moments in which—even
 to serve its need—the heart revolts
 from falsehood.—There was no an-
 swer. “Have you not daily seen Perline
 di Francavilla there? Have you not—
 perjured as you are—have you not
 pledged your false heart to her?”

“Then, never—by all my hopes in
 Heaven!” exclaimed the Chevalier,
 urged almost beyond self-control; and
 changing his tone from that of sorrow,
 almost into one of injury and recrimina-
 tion—for, if his conscience did not en-
 tirely acquit him of blame, yet neither
 was he guilty in the extent to which he
 was accused.—“Forced, by your own
 command—would I had never listened
 to it!—to quit Florence, chance more
 than purpose led me to Arezzo. If I
 have seen Perline di Francavilla there,”
 continued the speaker—and here his
 voice did falter something—“it has
 been only in that common intercourse,
 which the long connexion of our houses
 rendered unavoidable. But your token
 said, that you were in sickness—in
 danger—What was Perline, then, or
 all the world, to me? Am I not here
 to save—to perish for—Angiolina—to
 perish with you? For why should one
 live on, who now can live only to a
 sense of wretchedness! If I had
 wronged your trust—say that I had
 been light and thoughtless—he trifles
 with the richest gem in fancied safety,
 who hugs his treasure close, and feels
 its value when its loss is threatened.
 Angiolina, you have wronged me.
 You will regret to have done so; but
 my errand shall be fulfilled. I came
 to aid—to avenge—or perish with you.”

The words of the Chevalier were
 wild; but he spoke them heartily,
 and his manner was sincere. For the
 outward act too—it was at some ha-
 zard—and the Plague still raging—
 that he had returned to Florence. It
 was at some hazard that he stood,
 even at that moment, unaided, and
 almost unarmed, within walls where
 but a whisper of his name would have
 armed an hundred swords against his
 life. But Perline di Francavilla
 lived!—the Countess saw but that—

would live, and triumph—when she should be no more—despised—forgotten. The helplessness—the hopelessness—of all defence against such a consummation—the very sense of that helplessness seemed to exasperate her almost to frenzy.

Eagerly grasping her lover's hands, her action seemed to demand the repetition of his promise. But the words which should have expressed the demand were wanting. A sudden, but striking change was taking place in the lady's appearance—the poison had run its course; and the crisis of her fate was approaching.

Slowly drawing her hand across her brow, as if to clear the mist that made her vision indistinct, she seemed anxiously to search out some object, which the fading sight had scarcely strength enough to reach.

At that moment, a dial, which faced the feet of the couch on which she lay, struck, with its shrill bell, the first hour of the morning.

The stroke seemed to fall upon the Countess, and paralyze her remaining faculties.

“Angiolina!” cried the Chevalier, springing from the floor,—“Angiolina! speak, for mercy's sake! Angiolina!—she is dying!”

His attention was quickly called to his own safety: a footstep as he spoke approached distinctly through the corridor.

“Angiolina!” He started to the door by which he had entered. “Ruin and despair!” it was closed without—it would not open.

The footsteps came on still. Why, then, there was but one hope—his dagger was in his hand.

The Lady Angiolina heard—she saw what was passing. She moved—she pointed. No—it was wrong—not there! She made a last effort—she spoke, once more. “Yonder, Lorenzo—There—there!”

It was but the advantage of a moment. The curtains of the couch on

which the Countess was lying parted the coming and the going guest. The light fall of the swinging door by which the new visitor entered the chamber, echoed the heavy drop of that which had shut the Chevalier from view.

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It was not the Count di Arestino whose approach had created this alarm, but that which followed made the presence of his Lordship speedily desired. The female who entered the chamber found her mistress lying insensible, and in a state which left little doubt of her immediate dissolution. From that moment the Countess lived nearly two hours, but she never spoke again. Her confessor came. He pressed the cross to the lips of the expiring lady; and some said that she shrank from it; but the most believed that she was insensible, and the last absolution of the dying was administered. The Count Abaldi stood by his wife's bedside. He wore no outward semblance of excessive grief. It might be that his heart bled inwardly; but he scarcely dreamed who had knelt on that same spot so short a time before him.

“It was at the bell of one,” said Giuletta, in a low voice to her companion, “that my lady desired me to waken her. And when I came, as the clock struck, I found her even alone, and thus.”

As she spoke, the shrill tongue of the dial once more struck the hour of two. A slight struggle agitated the features of the Countess at the sound! she clasped her hands as if in prayer, or from some suddenly excited recollection.

In another moment the source of all the anxiety expressed around was at an end. The domestics yet wept;—the confessor still bent with the sacred image over his penitent;—the Count Arestino still gazed coldly on—upon what? It was not upon his wife—for the Countess Arestino was no more.

CHAP. III.

“ For though he ’scaped by steel or ball,
 And safe through many a peril pass’d,
 The pitcher off goes to the well,
 But the pitcher comes home broke at last.”

THE judges of Florence were met, and there were crowds round the gate of the Palazzo di Governo; for a criminal, sentenced to death that day, was to suffer the torture before he underwent his final doom.

Of what crime had the prisoner been guilty? He was a common robber, guilty of a hundred crimes, for any of which his life was forfeit. But there was one charge to which, guilty, or not guilty, he refused to plead; and, as a disclosure was important, he was to be racked to induce him to confess.

On the morning of the Vigil of St Luke it was that Lorenzo di Vassari had quitted Arezzo. His journey had been taken on the sudden, and no one had been acquainted with its object. Various circumstances in the manner of his departure led to the inference that his absence was to be a short one; and yet two months had elapsed since he had so departed, and intelligence of his course, or of his safety, his family had none.

It was strange—and men declared it so—where the Chevalier Lorenzo could be hidden. He had been traced to Florence. On that dark night, and in those deserted streets, when he felt most sure no eye beheld him, he had nevertheless been seen, mounted on his black horse, and followed by his servant, first passing the column of Victory in the Via di Ripoli, and afterwards halting in conference upon the Ponta St Trinita.

But those who had seen the travellers as they paused upon the bridge, were themselves night prowlers, digging after hidden spoil in the Jews’ Quarter, and they had not watched them, for they had business of their own, more urgent, to attend to. It was recollected that they had at length ridden off westwards, in the direction of the Porto Pisano; but, with that movement, all traces both of master and attendant ceased.

Now this disappearance was strange; and, except that there had been foul play in some quarter, what other solu-

tion could be imagined for it? Why had the Chevalier Lorenzo first quitted Florence? It was not from fear of the plague, for he had returned in the height of it. And, when was it that he had so returned—himself to disappear so strangely? when but on the very night, and almost at the very hour, that the Countess Arestino had died! The belief of all made the duty of none. Men might suffer wrong, and never know they suffered it; or they might be wronged, and yet sit down contented. But yet the Count Ubaldi, by those who knew him, was scarcely numbered as one who would so sit down; and there had been a rumour once—though it had passed away—which joined the name of the Chevalier di Vasari too closely with that of the Lady Angiolina.—And had Lorenzo’s true kinsman, the soldier Carlo, lived—less doubt had drawn his sword, for vengeance, or for explanation.

But “true Carlo” was dead—your honest men are ever so;—dead in the wars of Germany and Spain. And Gonsalvo di Vasari, the last relative and next heir, seemed less curious to revenge his kinsman’s death than to inherit. No man in Florence doubted Gonsalvo’s courage; but still his dagger slept in its sheath. It might be he believed his cousin had taken no wrong; or it might be that—take the worst to be proved—his conscience whispered he might have juster cause of quarrel. But week after week elapsed; and even month after month; and, though all concluded the absent Lorenzo to be dead, yet no certain tidings, even of his death, could be obtained, so that the title to his large estates remained in abeyance. The disappearance of the servant, Jacopo, too, seemed more puzzling to many people than any other part of the affair. When one morning, about ten weeks after the absentees had been lost sight of, and while men were still debating whether they had been swallowed up, horses, arms, purses, and all, by some local earthquake, or translated

suddenly to the skies, and there converted into constellations, as a great mob was sweeping over the piazza Santa Croce, conducting a robber, who had just been condemned, to the place of execution, a citizen, whom accident or curiosity had drawn close to the person of the culprit, suddenly exclaimed, that "he wore a cloak which had belonged to Lorenzo di Vasari!"

"Holy Virgin! will you not hear what I say?" insisted the person who thus stopped his fellow-creatures on their passage to the other world.—"Should I not know the cloak, when I made it myself?" he continued. Which was at least so far likely to be true, that the spokesman was a tailor.

"But the man is going to be hanged, and what more can you have if he had stolen fifty cloaks?" replied the superintending officer; giving the word that the cavalcade, which had halted, should again move forward.

The chief party (as one would have thought) to this dispute—that is the prisoner who sat in the cart—remained perfectly silent; but the interruption of Nicolo Gozzi bid fair, nevertheless, to be overruled. For the culprit was no other than the famous Luigino Arionelli, or, as he was surnamed, "Luigino, the vine-dresser," who had been the terror of all Florence during the period of the plague; and a great many people had come out to see him hanged, who were not disposed to go home disappointed of the ceremony. And the provost, too, who commanded, was well disposed to get rid of the interference, if he could; for since the law had resumed its powers, dispatch (in matters of justice) was rather the order of the day. The disorders which had to be regulated were many and dangerous; and the object being to get rid of such as suddenly as possible, a good many of the delays which were used to lie between the commission of crimes and their final punishment, had been agreed to be dispensed with. So that, upon the whole, Signor Gozzi's remonstrances were generally treated as impertinent; and it was a moot point, whether he did not seem more likely to be personally added to the execution, than to put a stop to it; when luckily there came up a servant of the house of Di Vasari, attracted by the uproar; who identified the cloak in question, not merely as having belonged to the Che-

valier Lorenzo, but as being the same which he had worn on the night of his disappearance.

This strange declaration—backed by a recollection that Gonsalvo di Vasari's interests must not be treated lightly—decided the commander of the escort in favour of delay; and the culprit, who had been observed to pay deep attention to all that passed, was re-conducted to prison. When questioned, however, both casually in his way back to the gaol by the officer of justice, and formally, afterwards, by Gonsalvo di Vasari himself, he maintained a determined silence. A sort of examination—if such it could be called when no answers were given—was prolonged for several hours; but no farther facts were discovered; and not a word, either by persuasions or menaces, could be extorted from the prisoner. In the end, the chief judge, the Marquis Peruzzi, to whose daughter Gonsalvo di Vasari was affianced, suggested that time should be given for consideration, and that—Arionelli being retained in close confinement—all proceedings should be staid for four days. This recommendation was agreed to; not because it was the course which any one desired to take, but because it was the only course, under the circumstances, which seemed open. Arionelli was then shut up anew under close caution. Gonsalvo di Vasari, and his friends, betook themselves to study, how they might hunt out fresh evidence; or, against the next day of examination, work upon the prisoner so that he should confess. And the gossips of Florence had enough of employment in discussing the singular providence which had at last led to the detection of the Chevalier's murderer; puzzling what could be the object of his present silence; and disputing whom his disclosures would impeach.

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"Bring in the prisoner," said the presiding judge.

The day of examination was come, and the judges had taken their seats in the Palazzo di Governo. The Gonsalvicre, the Marquis Peruzzi, sat as president, with Gonsalvo di Vasari and the Count Arestino, both as members of the Counsel. Two secretaries, with writing implements before them, sat at the head of a long table placed below the president's chair; and a few

ushers and inferior retainers of the Court, distinguished by their robes and wands, waited in different quarters of the apartment. But no other members of the Council than those already described were present, for the affair was one rather of individual than of general interest; and the heads of Florence were still too much engaged with private calamities and difficulty, to have any more leisure to spare than was absolutely necessary for the service or direction of the public.

“Let the prisoner be brought in!” said the Marquis Peruzzi.

One of the secretaries signed to an attendant, who rang a small hand-bell which stood upon the table.

Upon which the folding doors at the lower end of the hall were thrown open, and a guard of soldiers marching in, ranged themselves—(a precaution temporarily adopted in that stormy period)—on two sides of the chamber. The prisoner, Arionelli, came next; handcuffed, and heavily ironed; followed by six or seven unpleasant, but not formidable-looking persons, the servants of the executioner. The doors were then again closed, and carefully fastened, as if to prevent the possibility of intrusion from without; the soldiers rested their lances, but remained in an attitude of attention; and a curtain was drawn aside by some unseen hand, from a recess in the south side of the apartment, which showed the rack and its appurtenances prepared, and the machinery for the water torture.

“Luigino Arionelli!” then said the chief secretary, “do you yet repent you of your contumacy; and will you confess to this tribunal that which you know touching the fate of Lorenzo di Vasari?”

The culprit, to whom this demand was addressed, had he been forty times an outlaw, was a man of excellent presence. Of a stature sufficient to convey the impression of much bodily command and strength, yet boldly and handsomely, rather than very robustly, proportioned; the rich cavalier’s dress in which he had been disguised when he was first taken, and of which he still wore the faded remains, accorded well with a deportment as high and unconstrained as that of any noble in whose presence he was standing. His countenance was pale, and something worn as with fatigue; perhaps it was

with anxiety; for a dungeon, and the prospect of being hanged on quitting it, are not the best helps to any man’s personal appearance. But he looked at the rack straight forward and steadily, not as with a forced defiance, but as at an object for which he was prepared, if not with which he was familiar; and when he spoke, there was neither faltering in his voice nor apprehension in his feature.—“Carlo Bennetti!” he said, when the chief secretary had done speaking—“Nay, never bend your brow, my lord, for I have worse dangers than your displeasure to meet already. I am at the point of death, when men in most ranks are equal. Have nothing left to lose, so may make shift to bear the heaviest farther penalty you can inflict. Therefore write down—and see you blur it not—that unless upon terms, and not such terms as the rack to begin, and the gibbet to conclude with, neither you nor your masters shall have any information from me.”

The Gonfaloniere turned his eye slowly on the instruments of torture. “Do you not fear,” he said, “to die upon that wheel? Reflect! it is a fate to which you have not yet been sentenced; and it is one, compared with which, the death you have to suffer will be as the pleasures of paradise set against the torments of purgatory.”

“When I became a robber,” returned Arionelli coolly, “I looked for some such fate. I reckoned with myself, that I could scarcely live gaily, and not die irregularly. I wished to rein a fleet horse in the field, rather than wait on one in the stable. To sing and thrum on my guitar in idleness half the night, rather than hold the plough, or ply the hatchet, in labour all day. In short, I wished to feed luxuriously—drink freely—have a brave mistress—spurn at law and honesty—in brief, my lord, become a nobleman, not having been born one;—and I was content to pay something, at a long day, for the change.”

The prisoner’s demand was for his own life secured, and for pardon of two of his comrades, who were not yet brought to trial. The disclosures which he could make were desirable; but these were terms on which the State could not purchase them.

“Between the rope and the wheel,” added Arionelli, “it is but an hour’s endurance—which troubles me little.”

“We will try the strength of that endurance,” said the President, turning to Gonsalvo di Vasari, who slightly assented.—“Executioner! do your duty. Let the prisoner strip.”

The executioner, and his assistants, then proceeded immediately to strip the culprit naked to the waist; which they did almost in silence, and very temperately, without any show of violence or roughness; but yet the cold, ready, business-like civility of their manner—the expeditiousness with which they stripped a man for murder and agony—as they might have stripped him for the bath—chilled the heart with more sickness than a demeanour would have done of coarseness or ferocity.

The outlaw smiled bitterly; but it was a smile of confidence and impatience, rather than insolence.—“Gonfaloniere!” he cried, “once more, beware! One moment’s haste may kill your hopes for ever. Crack but a sinew; strain but a single limb; let your blind rage but do the smallest act that makes Arionelli’s life not worth preserving; not all the wealth that Florence holds shall ever buy your secret: I die, and it dies with me.”

No notice was taken of this menace, except by an order to complete the necessary preparations. The criminal was bound to the rack. An attendant had brought the pot of water which stood by to wet the lips of sufferers in their extremity. And the cords were tightened, ready for the first pull, which was commonly followed by a dislocation of both the wrists and shoulders.

At this point many gave way; and it was the custom to try the resolution of culprits under it by a moment’s suspense. But Arionelli uttered no word, nor gave any look, which could be construed into an appeal for mercy. His cheek was flushed—hands clenched—the lips strongly drawn in—the teeth set firm together—but in the whole countenance there was but one expression—that of defiance and disdain—and all eyes were fixed, and all ears were open, for the moment of allowance had expired. When, just as the Gonfaloniere’s hand was raised to give the last sign for which the executioner waited, and the prisoner was collecting his strength to meet the impending shock—Gonsalvo di Vasari, who had watched the whole scene in

silence, but with the closest attention, made a movement to interfere.

A consultation of some length ensued between the judges, or rather between the first two of them, Gonsalvo di Vasari and the President Peruzzi; for the Count Arestino, although many had been curious to think whether he would, or would not, be present at the process, seemed merely to have taken his seat as an ordinary member of the council, without feeling any peculiar interest in it. The discussion at the table was carried on in a low tone; but the prisoner watched its progress with an eye of keen and penetrating inquiry. Presently (as well as might be judged from his gestures) the Gonfaloniere appeared to yield to some proposal from Gonsalvo di Vasari; and the latter wrote a few words on a slip of paper, and handed them to an usher, who bowed and left the room. After which, the President made some communication (which was not heard) to the Count Arestino; and Gonsalvo himself took up the examination.

“You demand, then,” said Gonsalvo di Vasari, addressing Arionelli, “your own life, and a pardon for two of your associates who are in custody, as the price of the confession which you are to make relative to the disappearance of the Chevalier Lorenzo di Vasari?”

“As the price of my full answer to all your questions on that subject, as far as my knowledge goes, my lord,” was the reply. “Provided, in the meantime, your lordship causes these cords to be loosened, which give me pain something unnecessarily; and which another turn would have drawn too tight for the advantage of your lordship’s objects, or of mine.”

“And these associates, for whose lives you covenant?” continued Di Vasari, when the prisoner’s request had been complied with.

“Are my friends, my lord; men of my own band. They came, indeed, after I was taken, to rescue me at the scaffold; and the least I can do now is to let our cause go together.”

“And what if your obstinate silence (to repay that intended obligation)—should cause them to die a death of torture, as you are like to do yourself?”

“They will be as able to endure such a fate as I am. I play for the higher stake, our lives. And, if the die goes against me, we must suffer.”

“And when their turn upon the rack comes,” interrupted the Gonfaloniere, “then *they* will disclose your secret.”

“That they will tell you no word of it, my lord, I have the best security—they know nothing of it themselves.”

“You are called,” said Gonsalvo di Vasari, “Luigino Arionelli. Are you not that Luigino Arionelli who is known by the name of ‘The Vine dresser?’”

“I am known by an hundred names, and seen in an hundred shapes,” returned the robber. “Ask your officers how many they have seen me in, in this last month, and in this very city? I am the Venetian Monk from Palestine, who was preaching at the Cross in the Piazza dei Leoni, while the three great houses beyond the square were emptied, on the fifth day of the plague. And I was the Austrian officer who came with his long retinue to the inn of ‘The Golden Flask,’ (the host will remember what fell out in that lodging,) bringing letters and dispatches to the Gonfaloniere from Cologne. I was the Genevese physician, who got good practice, and some money, by the ‘infallible remedy against the plague;’ and your lordships see, whatever I did for others, I had skill enough to keep clear from it myself. And it was I who ransacked half the houses in the Quartiere St Giovanni, in only one night; robbing in a bull’s hide, disguised with horns; when two fathers of the Order of Mercy met me, and ran away, mistaking me for the devil.”

“Have you not a wife, or a mistress, who is called Aurelia la Fiore?”

“I have. Close with my proposal!” said the outlaw, who seemed excited by the conversation. “I would live, and be once more at liberty, for her sake!”

“Is she your wife, or your mistress only?”

“As chance will have it, not my wife according to the usages of our church. But she might have been. As far as affection is worth—passion, devotion—the asking in vain no prize which hand can win, or sacrifice which heart can make; as far as to have no rival—never to have had a rival—in the heart of her husband, so far she is my wife! There are women, perhaps, worse treated, and wives—the wives of princes—worse deserving.”

“Was not this Aurelia the daughter of an oil farmer near Ferrara?”

“She was. Then you have heard the tale? I stabbed the noble who thought her worth dishonouring, and would have borne her from me. Fortune had shared her stores more evenly between us than he imagined. To him she gave the wealth to purchase pleasure; to me the hand to win it. I was a vine-dresser then; and, but for that event, might have been one still.”

“Does Aurelia know this secret, which you would sell to us?”

“That you shall know, my good lord, after you have bought it from me.”

“Where is Aurelia now?”

“If you inherit not your kinsman’s patrimony, Gonsalvo di Vasari, till you learn that, your patience, as well as your purse, shall fare the harder.”

“What if she were in our power?”

The robber smiled contemptuously at the supposition.

“What if I should tell you that she is *here*—in chains and peril—and that every insolence you utter added to her danger?”

“That would be almost a false assertion, Gonsalvo di Vasari; and the mouths of your race should be clear from dishonour.”

“Why, let him then see!” exclaimed Di Vasari, starting from his seat.—A door opposite to the recess in which the prisoner stood was thrown open. And a female—it was Aurelia herself—bound, and guarded by Gonsalvo’s servants, stood before him.

The recoil of the outlaw burst his bonds like threads; the cords that tied him seemed to fall off by witchcraft more than to be broken. But the effort was involuntary; it was followed by no movement, and indicated no purpose. For one moment, the hands of the guards were upon their swords; but a single glance was enough, and showed the precaution was needless.

The shadow of that passing door, as it swung slowly to, upon its muffled hinges, seemed to sweep every trace of former expression from Arionelli’s countenance. Familiar with objects of danger and alarm, a moment sufficed him to perceive that the ground on which he had stood—as on a rock—was gone. One convulsive shudder ran through his frame, as the high clear voice of Aurelia pronounced, in treat-

bling agony, the name of "Luigino!" He bowed his face, as one who abandoned further contest, and seemed to await what was to come.

"Luigino Arionelli," said Gonsalvo coldly, and in the measured tone of conscious power, "do you yet repent you of your obstinacy; and will you make confession as to the fate of Lorenzo di Vasari?"

A pause ensued, and the robber attempted to rally his faculties; but the effort was unsuccessful. At length he spoke, but not as he had before spoken; there was a difference in the steadiness of his tone, and a still wider in the carelessness of his manner.—"You know, my lords," he said, "that the power is now yours. There was but one creature on earth for whom I could have wept or trembled, and she is in your hands. The struggle is over; I and my companions have lived like men; and I trust we shall die like men. Let my wife depart; she has done the state no wrong, and has no knowledge of that which you desire to learn. And, as soon as she shall have passed the boundaries of the Florentine territory, I will confess the whole—much or little—that I can disclose of the fate of the Chevalier di Vasari."

The very deep, though repressed, anxiety with which the speaker put this proposal, seemed to imply a doubt how far it could be accepted. He was not mistaken; those who held the power, knew the tenure by which they held it; and that tenure they were not disposed to part with.

"Trifle not with the sword and with the fire, if you are wise, Arionelli!" said Gonsalvo di Vasari. "Press not too far upon the patience of this court. She whom you call your wife stands, no less than yourself, within the scope of our danger. Whatever mercy is extended to her, must be upon your full and unconditional submission; and not until all questions which may be put to you have been answered satisfactorily. Therefore, I caution you once more, speak instantly, and without reserve; and press no longer on the forbearance of this tribunal; for you guess not the fate which you may draw down upon yourself if you do so."

The outlaw's passion rose in his fear's despite. "And press me not too far, my lords," he exclaimed, "if you

are wise. For once remove the temptation of Aurelia's safety—and ten thousand times the torments you command shall never win an answer from me. Take heed, good Gonfaloniere, what you do! Ask your slaves here, if, at the foot of the gibbet, I shrink from the death which was before me. You have the power; beware you strain it not too far. I am in your chains—defenceless—helpless. Those arms are bound, whose strength, if they were free, perhaps the stoutest soldier here might find too much to cope with. But go one point only too far—To tear the hook from your fish's entrails is not to land him! You cannot kill the robber Luigino, though you kill him in extremest tortures, but you kill the secret which you want—the secret for which he dies—at the same moment."

If there be truth in threats like these, it is a truth for which no man (until they are executed) ever gets credit. He who will die, and die content, for his own vengeance, is the exception to the common rule. Arionelli was bound again to the wheel, and with cords which were stronger than before. Up to that moment his wife had never spoken. Her eyes had remained fixed upon the earth, and there were no sobs accompanied the large drops which fell from them; nor signs scarcely that she wept, beyond the convulsive heaving of her bosom. Once, when the dark attendants surrounded her lover, her lips opened to speak; but she only sank upon her knees—the lips were closed again—and one long shriek issued from them, that seemed to cleave the very roof of the palazzo. And then came the command from Gonsalvo di Vasari—not that which she dreaded, but another—cool, distinct, calculating, and delayed until the confinement of Arionelli was complete.—"Official, bind Aurelia la Fiore, and let the question by water be administered to her."

An obvious effect was perceptible upon the countenances of the soldiers in the hall when this command was uttered. The outlaw himself was bound—this time his bonds did not give way—and when he heard the words, they seemed to paralyze—to engender a doubt that he miscomprehended—rather than to alarm him. He turned his eye rapidly from his kneeling wife to the judges. Its expression was not of humility; and

scarcely that even of entreaty. His appeal was not that of a culprit to the mercy of a judge; but the demand which man makes upon man—upon the common feeling of his fellows.—“In the name of God!” was all that he exclaimed, “You cannot mean it?”

Nevertheless, however, the men in black surrounded Aurelia, who stood motionless, neither attempting effort nor remonstrance. And, having raised her from the ground, were proceeding to cut the laces which held her bodice; for a part of the horrible system was, that all who suffered, male or female, were stripped naked before the application of the question. The soldiers, though, from their cold silence and averted looks, they evidently disliked their duty, showed no disposition to flinch from it; and a passionate flood of tears burst from the eyes of the unhappy Aurelia, as the first infamous preparations for adding degradation to the tortures which she was to endure, were completed.

The cold sweat poured in streams down Arionelli's forehead.—“In the name of Heaven,” he cried, “hold but one moment! If you are men you will not do this deed! Gonfaloniere! My Lord Di Vasari! Count of Arestino! Will you—as your souls may answer it—will you degrade this helpless and innocent female—and in the presence of her husband? Villains! Cowards! Slaves!” pursued the outlaw, violently, seeing that his words produced no cessation of the proceedings,—“Have you not this frame, more noble than your own, but on which you may trample—still unbent and unbroken? Cannot you burst these sinews with a nod? Rend, and destroy, with but a word, these limbs, whose force—naked as they are—and even in bonds—your pale hearts quail at? Am I not bound before you? Will not these miscreant agents delight to crush a frame to ruin, which shames, and shows their own too mean and insignificant? and yet will you—dare you—touch such a piece of Heaven's handywork as that woman! My Lord Gonfaloniere—you have daughters—Man—if you are one—look at her! Is she more fit than they are for a deed of blood?—Di Vasari!—Gonsalvo!—Villain!—Usurer!—you are a man—young—passionate—can you look upon such a form as hers—and

if she had sought your very life a thousand times—would you see it mangled—disgraced, and ruined?—Gonfaloniere!—Count Arestino!—Mercy! This wretch I waste my words on. If he can do the deed—no matter with what cause—my words must be too useless to dissuade him from it!”

“Luigino Arionelli!” said the Gonfaloniere more mildly; “why, if this female's safety be so precious to you, do you not secure it, and answer the questions which we propose?”

“It is because—” The outlaw hesitated.—“Now, Gonfaloniere—you are a human creature—make that toad-like wretch take his base hands from her! Now she has fainted—let her not be bound! Villain! rogue! bare but one spot of her fair flesh; and you shall yet expire in tortures!—Marquis! Now thanks and blessings! Let the villains stand from her. Captain! Gentleman of honour! You wear a sword—I have seen you use it in the fight—support her—and may your own wife or sister never ask the same assistance, or lie in the same need!—All who know me—robber as I am—know that I never inflicted injury, or insult, on a woman. I sent back the Podesta of Trieste's daughter to her father safe, and without ransom, when the villain churl refused to pay it. Why, thanks! Aurelia! Wife! Look up! Oh treat me—robber as I am—but as a man! Let me be free—only to sustain her; and command or question what you will.”

“Luigino!” said the Marquis Arestino, who seemed something affected by the outlaw's passion; though reasons perhaps prevented his doing anything which might be construed into the showing him favour,—“The court in mercy has granted this momentary delay; why is it that you do not use it to confess?”

“It is because—because,” continued Arionelli, passionately, but not violently, “my hope is over—I have nothing to confess. It is because—as I stand in this danger—as I have a soul—I have nothing that can assist you in what you desire to know. When I was stopped and brought back to prison from my way to execution, I was ignorant even of how it arose that I was suspected of this crime. I saw your anxiety for the information which you thought I possessed; and would, if I could, have gained a promise of

life for myself and my comrades, before I declared the truth. You will not blame me for this effort? It was not quite base or selfish; for, win or lose, it included those who had put themselves in danger to aid in my escape. But it is over now. I give it up. The cloak which your people recognize, may, or may not, for aught I know, have been taken from the Signor Lorenzo di Vasari. But it was the property—this is all I know—of a robber of my band, who died ten days before my apprehension.”

The countenances of the judges darkened. “Where is this man?” asked the secretary Benetti; “How did he obtain this spoil, and is he one of those already in our power?”

“He is dead, as I have declared already,” said Arionelli—“dead of the plague. I have proof of this. Send for the visitors of the Ospedale St Sulpice, and ask whether two of them did not find, fourteen days since, in the upper floor of a deserted house in the Rua Pulita, a man dead of the plague; and, in the same apartment, a garment of bull’s hide, curiously fitted with a mask and horns? This last garment was mine—I named it before—and it was left there by accident. By the farther token, that the directors of St Sulpice commanded the finders to burn it privately, lest its profane exhibition should scandalize the church.”

“That is true, my lord,” whispered the chief secretary to the Gonfaloniere; “the fact was known to us when it happened.”

“The man who was found in that apartment,” continued Arionelli, “was called Dominico Torelli; and he died with the cloak which you now challenge in his possession. How he obtained it I know not, for I saw little of his pursuits. We were on ill terms, because, at other times, he had concealed his booty, instead of bringing it fairly to division. Those who follow our profession think but little about forms of burial; when he was dead, his arms and money were shared by such of his associates as were at hand. This rich mantle and the doublet that I wear fell to another’s lot; but they struck my fancy, and I purchased them.”

Gonsalvo di Vasari listened patiently till the outlaw had concluded, but it was with the air of a man who

was not unmoved by anything that was saying.

“We are approaching the truth,” said he coldly; “but we must have it fully. Mark me, Arionelli! Your object is seen, and you deceive yourself to hope it can prevail. This dead robber, whom you would palm upon us, if ever he had existence, was your comrade, your follower. The crime for which you would make him answerable no single hand ever committed; and the spoil obtained was too large to have been so lightly disposed of, as you would persuade us, or concealed. Now listen to me. There are some in Florence know I am not used to trifle. The clue which lies in my hands now to my kinsman’s fate—whether of life or death—words will not induce me to give up. Therefore be wise, and speak at once; for, by the great Heaven, there is no hope that fraud or obstinacy will avail you! If you should find resolution enough to die silent under this torture, I will try whether your wife here has strength to be equally contumacious.”

The rage of the hunted wolf was in the robber’s countenance. He saw his danger—saw that he was caught in his own toils. The very error of his judges (more than their mercilessness) led inevitably to his destruction.

“Gonfaloniere!” he cried furiously—“Gonsalvo di Vasari! Hold once more! Reflect—there is a line beyond which human suffering does not pass! The meanest wretch in Florence, who cares not for his own life, holds the fate of the highest among ye at his mercy. You feel that you dare not, for fifty times your titles and possessions, commit this villainy you meditate, and let me live. There are others—companions—friends—reflect on it!—who will be left behind; and whom an act like this will rouse to certain vengeance. You have no fault to charge on this helpless woman. You can gain nothing of that you seek from her. You sacrifice her to gain that which cannot be gained—for, so help me Heaven in my last hour, I have it not!—from me. Beware! for no deed like that of tyranny and baseness ever passed unpunished. Do not drive a trodden-down wretch to desperation! Do not rush uselessly upon an act which will stand alone in the annals of infamy and crime!—Or, tell me at least,”

continued Arionelli, passionately, “if there is indeed no hope—no chance—of mercy! Before you ruin your own objects, and mine, past helping—Signor di Vasari—I know whom it is I have to deal with—Definitively—what is it that you demand?”

“For the last time,” said Gonsalvo di Vasari, “that this Court will deign to question—full confession as to the fate of my cousin, the Chevalier Lorenzo.”

“If he be dead?”

“A token of his death; and the story of its manner.”

“And though he be dead, shall Aurelia then be free?”

The Gonfaloniere replied—“Of that, you have our pledge.”

The outlaw paused for a moment, anxiously, and in thought.—“My Lord di Vasari,” he said, “I have already sworn that I had no share in your cousin’s fate. I believe that he has fallen. But means of inquiry I have none, except by message to those who are beyond your warrant; and who knew more of *Dominico Torelli’s* latter course than I know. Who, but myself, can do an errand such as this? Who else can search out those who hold life only while they are not found? And me you will not part with? There is but one resource. Aurelia knows the haunts of my band; she can seek those whose aid I need, and will be trusted by them as myself. Let me then be carried back to prison; and let her depart whither I direct; and if in twenty-four hours, she return not with some intelligence, my life shall answer the event.”

“Would it not be safer to reverse that arrangement?” said Gonsalvo, significantly,—“to retain Aurelia here in prison; and suffer you, Arionelli, in whom I trust, more than you credit, to depart?”

A long silence followed, which was broken, at last, by the robber; but the tone in which he spoke, and his manner, was, for the first time, strangely contrasted with the expression of his features. “My Lord!” he said, interrupting the Gonfaloniere, “let us close this conference.” (And his voice was steady, even to seeming unconcern; though his countenance was deadly pale, and his eye was livid and glassy, and his lips seemed to perform their office with an effort—as if some swelling in the throat

choked up the utterance.) “The proof which Signor Gonsalvo demands may be furnished more easily than I had recollected. Two men of my band are now in your jails of Florence. One of them is named *Vincenzio Rastelli*: he is the lesser offender—set him free. Let Aurelia and myself then be carried back to prison—only one demand *must* be conceded—that our dungeon shall be the same. Let Rastelli have free access to me at will, and free passage to go and come, unfollowed and unwatched, wherever I shall send him. Promise that, my bond being kept—before I die—I shall see Aurelia at liberty. And before midnight to-morrow, Signor Gonsalvo shall have that put into his hands, which shall for ever set his mind at rest as to the fate—whatever it has been—of Lorenzo di Vasari.”

* * * * *

It was the hour of midnight on the morrow; and Gonsalvo di Vasari sat in his library alone; and he rejoiced in the fortune of his arrangements. The robber Rastelli had been set at liberty. He had visited Arionelli in his prison. He had gone upon one mission and had returned as unsuccessful; but at once again, he had sped forth upon another. Was it possible that the outlaw might yet fail? Scarcely so! for Aurelia’s sake, his strength would be put forth to the utmost. Would the agent make sure of his own safety and escape? This was not likely, for already he had once returned; and the fidelity of such people, generally, to their friends and leaders, was as well known as their enterprise and ferocity.

It was not likely neither that Arionelli would have taken his course, without feeling a strong reliance upon its success. A few hours then—nay, a few moments now—were to put him in possession of that evidence, which would end all doubt as to his cousin’s rich inheritance. For Aurelia—her safety was promised; but her liberty—this evidence obtained—might be a matter for consideration. The outlaw himself would die upon the scaffold. It was pity that so much beauty as Aurelia’s should be cast away.—Meantime Gonsalvo di Vasari sat alone in his palace; and the hour of midnight was past, and yet there was no messenger. He arose and opened

the lattice—the moon shone brightly—but the streets of Florence were at rest. Was it possible that he should be trifled with! A servant was summoned. But—no!—no person had appeared.

At that instant, a man, wrapt in a dark cloak, was seen stealing across the Piazza of St Mark. His form was robust, and his step firm; it was the figure of the robber—of Rastelli. He paused a moment under the shadow of the church of St Benedick, as if to watch if any one observed him; then crossed the square—the portico concealed him;—but it was the hour—the very moment—it must be the messenger!

There was a hasty tap at the door of the cabinet—

“My lord—he has come.”

“Admit him.”

He did not stay.

“Where is his message?”

“My lord, it is here.”

The servant placed a small iron casket in the hands of his master; a folded packet accompanied it; and retired.

Gonsalvo broke the seal of the packet. There was not a word—the paper was blank. But it contained a small key, apparently that of the casket, of a singular form and workmanship.

The letter was a blank! The chest then, which was in his hands, contained the secret? Gonsalvo hesitated. Was it fit that the deposit should be at once opened? Was it not more fit that the disclosure (whatever it was) should be public—in the presence of the Gonfaloniere, and in the apartment of the Senate?

And yet it might be that the casket contained matter hostile to his desires,

rather than tending to assist them. It might be that the proof even of Lorenzo's death failed wholly; and, such truth, once openly declared, could never be got rid of.

He poised the chest in his hands. It weighed heavily. What could be its contents? Perhaps the written confession of Arionelli, or some of his companions. At all events the course of a private search was safe: a public one might be made formally, in the morning, if convenient.

He took the key, secured the door, approached the taper, and cautiously examined the lock of the casket.

The key entered freely. It turned in the lock. The bolt shot. The hand that lay upon the lid tightened its grasp to lift it open.

At that moment the magazine within exploded. The chest, with a report that shook the apartment, burst into a thousand atoms. The household of Di Vasari was alarmed. His domestics rushed in a body to their master's chamber. They tried to enter; but the door was fast. They knocked; but no answer was returned. While they stood irresolute in horror and alarm, an officer of justice, attended, came thundering at the gate. The prison of the Seralio had been alarmed in the night. The robber Arionelli, and his wife, were dead by poison, and the Gonfaloniere in council, desired the presence and assistance of Signor di Vasari. The affrighted domestics burst the door open. The message from the State was answered by the spectacle within. On the floor lay Gonsalvo di Vasari—dead; his garments scorched; his face and hands discoloured; his body mangled with a shower of balls; and the shell of the fatal casket at his feet.

CHAPTER IV.

“Then lay us together for ever to rest,

For the grave ends all strife, and all sorrow:

As the sun, which, at eve, sinks in blood to the west,

Rises calm and serene on the morrow!”

Forty years had passed over from the date of these events; and the horrors of the plague of Florence were forgotten. The tale lived in the recollection of a few old people who had escaped the wreck; but their accounts wavered between fiction and reality; and were

held as exaggerations among the juniors. Times had changed, and things had changed with them. The plowshare passed over that ground which had been the site of palaces, in the time of the pestilence; and churches stood, and streets, where cemeteries

had been glutted with the remains of thousands. Those who listened to the stories of mortality—of five hundred dead in one week, and three hundred in another—counted the numbers, as men hear of thousands dead upon a field of battle: they believed the fact, because it was avouched, but scarcely could understand the possibility.

And, with the traces of the plague, other wonders of the time had disappeared. The mystery of Lorenzo di Vasari's fate was forgotten. The desperate revenge of the outlaw Arionelli, lived only in the songs of the lower classes, or in the legends of those who still exercised his dangerous profession. The Count Arestino had long paid the debt which all men owe. His sins might, or they might not, be forgiven; but he was gone to his reckoning;—had briefly indeed followed her whom his vengeance had sent thither perhaps too soon. The great crowd who had lived in that earlier day were now departed, or departing; they gave up the post of action and existence to those who had been children in their day.

And in the Chateau Arestino now, there was feasting and all delight. It was the autumn again, and the hedges of myrtle on the banks of the Arno gave out their most delicious scent. The roses that hung faint with the noon day's heat, gathered new life in the cool of the twilight, as they drooped their heads to drink of that fresh stream; and the last rays of the sun fell with a mellowed brightness upon the red and yellow leaves of the chestnut tree, or lingered, where the eye paused with less effort, among the dark green branches of the olive.

And, in the halls of the Castle too, there was a sound of music, and of dancing, and of revelry. And gay forms flitted lightly along its lofty corridors, or dashed in mimic pursuit, with the light step, and lighter laugh, of youth, through its water-side arbours and gardens. And there were gallant forms of cavaliers, their crests nodding brightly in the sun; and fair, transparent, sylph-like figures of females, their flowing drapery catching in the light breeze, and but adorning the form it seemed to hide, sported gaily through hall and bower. That day was the new lord's wedding-day. He had wandered long abroad, un-

knowing of his rich inheritance. But all since his return was splendour and fitting and decoration. For he had sighed sometimes at the thought of that palace when he had little hope to possess it. And now it would become his favourite seat—he kept his day of bridal there.

And his bride was come, and her fair bride's-maids; and she was welcomed by the grey-haired domestics who hoped to live yet in ease and comfort from her bounty. And all was gaiety and sparkle. There was the light boat plied upon the river, filled with such freight as showed as though the nymphs fabled to dwell in ocean's depths had risen to glide upon its surface. And the speckled trout checked at the long line, or snapped the brittle wand, while shouts of triumph or of laughter—equally gay—hailed his appearance above water, or his escape.

And in the midst of all this tumult, the bride and her attendants, with girlish curiosity, wandered through the rich saloons, and even through every chamber in the castle. The pictures—the china—the statues—nothing was spared from their curious view. “And what was this? And whence came that? This painting, was it from Venice or from Rome? That armour, was it of the French or of the Danish workmanship? Those jewels too—and those rich plumes, now of past fashion, that filled the Garde-robe,—whose had they been? from what great ancestor of Theodore's had they descended?”

The attentive Governante's answer was always ready. She had the knowledge and the memory fitting to her station. The china was from one illustrious house—the statues, in succession, from another—the armour had belonged to the first, or to the third Lord of Arestino, famous for his conduct in the wars of Charlemagne, against the Saracens, or elsewhere. But the jewels and plumes had been the property of the Lady Angiolina Arestino, the wife of the last Count Ubaldi, and one of the handsomest women of her time;—“Who died,” said the ancient governante, “on this very day forty-four years, even on the very night of the Vigil of St Luke; and on the same night that the young Chevalier di Vasari, whom some—

Heaven pardon them!—accounted her lover, was basely murdered. How my lady met her death, some doubted, for the Lord Arestino was of an unfor-giving temper, and severe! But it was a strange business, at least for the Chevalier and his attendant, who disappeared on that night, and no traces were ever heard of them more!”

“But the Chevalier’s body was found, was it not, good Beatrice?” said a fair Florentine girl; “I am sure I have heard that it was; and that he was one of the noblest cavaliers of his time. And that is a beautiful bust—if it was like him—which stands in the Church of St Marco, on the tomb erected to his memory!”

“His body was found, with your ladyship’s leave, three months after he was missing; but never the persons by whom he met his death. And up to this time, the servant who waited on him, and who I always thought had a share in his murder, has never been heard of. Some say that there were signs of his escape to France; and that his master’s famous black horse, Bayard, was many years afterwards recognised in the capital of that country. I do not know how that was; but I just recollect the finding of the Chevalier Lorenzo’s body, poor gentleman! He was found dead in a ravine, scarce four miles from the city; stripped of everything—naked—no doubt by those who had robbed and murdered him; and would never have been recognised, but for his sword; which was found beside him, lying broken within a few yards of the spot where he fell!”

“But the Count Ubaldi——, my Lord Theodore’s ancestor—he died, too, early—did he not?” said the fair Lady Amina.

“He did, by your ladyship’s pleasure—alas! he did: Soon after his lady, and her death was sudden—it was said that she was poisoned. It was all in the dreadful time of the plague; before the eldest of you, fair signoras—before your mothers almost, I might say—were born. Poor lady! it was in this very chamber, this chamber we now stand in, that she died.”

“Good Heaven!” said the Lady Amina, “in this chamber? Surely this was not the Countess Angiolina’s bed on which I am leaning?”

“Not the bed, your ladyship,” said Beatrice, “but all the other furniture

of the room is exactly the same. These are the pictures which used to hang in it; and the marble busts; and those fine flower vases, of which my lady was so fond. This cabinet contained her jewels, and many of them remain still. Some of the diamonds his lordship, the count, presented to the nuns of St Agnes la Fontagna. But the turquoises are here, that my lady wore nightly, for they became her complexion. And the pearls, too; but they are spoiled, quite black with age and want of wearing! That robe-chest, too—I pray your ladyship’s pardon for the dust upon it—this house has been unused and empty so long—and servants will neglect where one is not always—that chest was her ladyship’s, and I dare say contains choice fineries, for it stood always in her chamber, and has never been opened since she died.”

This last fact seemed more extraordinary than any of the wonders which had preceded it. “Has it really never been opened!” said the young Lady Olympia. “But what a pity that such beautiful ornaments should have been left to decay!”

“Never opened, may it please your ladyship, nor could it, but by violence,” returned the governante. “For it is a Spanish piece of work, and was sold to my lady by a foreign merchant, who told the secret of opening it only to her. It opens, your ladyship sees, with some spring—Heaven knows where! but there is neither lock nor bolt. Nobody could open it ever but my lady; and I am sure, since I lived in this house, I have tried a hundred times.”

There could scarcely fail, in such an assembly, to be some desire, as strong as the governante’s, to see the fair Countess’s hidden treasure; but the having to open the chest by force was a difficulty too formidable rather to surmount. To have performed such a feat (independent of any other objection) would apparently have required strong assistance; and therefore, whatever anxiety curiosity felt, modesty checked its expression; and the gay party proceeded on their rambling review, amidst various strange conjectures as to the manner of Di Vasari’s death; or comments upon the conduct of the Count Ubaldi, and the unhappy fate of his fair lady.

But, at the close of the evening,

when the song rose loudest, and the feast was still enlivening the hall, there were two female forms seen to glide with lighted tapers along the oaken gallery, and enter the light blue chamber;—it was the beautiful bride—the Lady Amina—and her favourite companion, Olympia Montefiore.

The Lady Amina led the way, laughing; but there was a touch of apprehension mingled in her smile.—“For Heaven’s sake,” said she, pausing in the doorway, “let us go back!”

“What folly! what can we have to apprehend!” was the reply.

“But Theodore may have missed us.”

“And if he has!—Is it not his wedding-night, and can anything you do displease him? Besides—to-morrow he will cause the chest to be opened himself.”

“Then let us wait until to-morrow; and we can then see it.”

“Yes! and then everybody will have seen it—and it will not be worth seeing!”

As the beautiful tempter passed her companion, and knelt beside the case, her figure looked like that of Psyche, bending on the couch of Cupid.

“If we should not be able to open it after all!” said the bride, half fearful, half laughing.

“We will—depend on me,” said

the other, anxious and excited. “I know the secret of these Spanish chests. My father has one—they are common now in Venice—the spring is concealed—but once know the situation of it—as I do—and it is simple.”

“But—I tremble all over!”

“Why, what nonsense!”

“But—I’ll go away, if you don’t stop.”

“But only think how we shall laugh at Lavinia and Euryanthe! Now—hold the taper. It is but one touch. Now—I have it. There!—do you see?—Now—Amina—now—hold here—help me while I lift the lid—”

Within the chest there lay a skeleton—stretched at its length, and bleached to whiteness. There was a jewel mocked one of the bony fingers; and a corslet of mail enclosed the trunk. And the right hand clutched—as though yet in question—a long and massive dagger. Its handle was of gold embossed; its blade was of the manufacture of Damascus. And, on that blade, though rusted here and there, were characters which still appeared distinctly. Their pale brightness flashed, as the light of the taper fell upon them; they formed the name—and they told the fortunes—of DI VASARI.

GREECE.

No. III.

Russia has for a century looked to the seizure of Constantinople. It has been her object in war, in peace, and in that anxious and unsteady interval between peace and war that has so often kept, and keeps at this hour, Turkey and Russia like two tigers couching at each other. The whole policy of Russia, from the day when Peter broke the power of Sweden at Pultowa, and fighting no longer for life, felt himself strong enough to fight for ambition—through the brilliant and warlike reign of Catherine, down to the perplexed and struggling system of Alexander, was the possession of European Turkey. The wars on the vast and various limits of the empire—an empire even then extending over almost a third of the old world, and touching at once the Baltic and the Sea of Japan—have all borne a final reference to this paramount possession. Turkey was the great meridian by which all their places in the map of Russian aggrandizement have been calculated.

In the cessation of European war, Russia has habitually prepared for hostility by the double measure of keeping a vast army in the exercise of war, and of pressing down her frontier towards the empire of the Sultan. In the gradual seizure of the northern provinces of Persia, and even in the establishment of a corps of troops on the shores of the Aral, it is impossible to conceive that her romance should have extended to the conquest even of Persia. India must be altogether beyond her grasp as a permanent possession. She has a more solid and splendid treasure nearer home. But Persia, as an ally, might operate a most powerful part in the fall of Turkey. A vigorous invasion of Asia Minor would paralyse at the instant the whole active force of the Asiatic Beys; they must remain with their levies to repel an old enemy, excited against them by old religious and political hatred; and now probably directed by the skill of Russian officers. The whole southern coast of the Black Sea lies open; and in six months after the first shot was fired, there might

not be an Asiatic in arms in the European dominions of Turkey. This is more than conjecture. On the late menace of Russian war, the Sultan was startled on his throne by the trampling of the Persian cavalry. Every Pashalik, from the Euphrates to the Bosphorus, was in alarm; and if the invasion had poured into the open plains, it might have left the Vizier on the banks of the Danube, without an army. But the Russian diplomacy at the Porte was checked by a superior influence. England had interposed—a feeble and dubious treaty was made—and the Persian auxiliaries submissively turned their bridles back to Teheran.

To repress the interference of England has been the palpable purpose of the Russian establishment on the north of India. Final possession of the "Golden Peninsula" would be impossible. But a Russian invasion must produce hazard and havoc incalculable. No native Russian army could meet the powerful and disciplined force which holds British India. Pitched battles would rapidly show the inferiority of the Russian serf to the British soldier, or even to the Indian led on by British bravery. But it would be a war not of science, but of universal confusion; not of brave men meeting brave men in the fair field, but of barbarians untameable as their own storms and snows, overwhelming the whole territory in one vast wave. The troops of Gengiz and Timour are lying idle in the desert. But India is their natural prey. The sound of the Russian trumpet, that called them in our time to even the remote and iron struggle with France, and was echoed from both sides of the Ural, would be obeyed with still fiercer exultation, when it called them to the near and luxurious spoil of India—the land of their hereditary triumphs, and bound up with all their remembrances of the great chieftains who had made the Tartar spear the terror of the world. An inexhaustible population, of which every man was a soldier, would be poured into the bosom of India. The country now lies like a great sea in a

reluctant calm. But its nature is agitation; and the first plunge of the Tartar tribes from the ridge of the Himmaleh, would rouse every clan and province, from the mountains to Cape Comorin, into a clash and convulsion of war, indescribable and immeasurable.

To keep England from the field of Turkish battle by the fear of an invasion of India, has been the almost acknowledged policy of Russia during the last thirty years. With the ally thus withheld, and the assailant thus urged, with the mass of the Russian army constantly cantoned on the frontier of the neutral ground of Wallachia and Moldavia, ready to overflow it at a signal from St Petersburg, and pour into the Turkish provinces before any European court could throw itself between the Sultan and ruin—with the ancient passion of the Russians for the conquest of Constantinople; and with “*The road to Constantinople*” inscribed on the gate of their capital, it must be singularly difficult to doubt that the cabinet of St Petersburg looked with at least peculiar favour on the auspicious patriotism which chose a Russian province for the formation of its plans against the Ottoman.

It is remarkable, that at the period when the committee of the Hetaïra were already in full activity, and on the point of putting the whole insurrection to hazard by precipitating their revolt, they should have been checked in their way to ruin by a Russian Minister; a man high in the Imperial confidence, and at that moment *accidentally* visiting his relatives in Corfu. The evidence is made still clearer by the fact, that this Minister, the Count Capo d'Istria, drew up a public document—“*Observations on the Means of meliorating the Condition of the Greeks*,”—dissuading them from rashness, and advising the most complete connexion of all political objects with the interests of the Greek Church, as the grand deposit of the popular influence. It is not less striking, that the fiery indignation of Greek patriotism instantly returned the sword into the sheath, in submission to this monitor; and that, for a year and a half, there was no attempt at insurrection.

But the whole materiel was ready; and in the year 1821, the Hetaïrists, inspired by the tumults in the Rus-

sian frontier provinces, the menace of Russian war, and the rebellion of Ali Pasha, raised the standard, and, disregarding alike the advice of Russia and the power of Turkey, rushed headlong into war. Ypsilanti, the son of a Fauariot Greek, who had been governor of Wallachia, was the leader. Ypsilanti himself was a Major-General in the Russian service, and had obtained two years leave of absence, which he had devoted to laying the foundation of the revolts. But the time was unlucky; it broke out during the sitting of the Congress of Laybach. It was presumed by the assembled diplomatists that there was a connexion between the Neapolitan Carbonari and the Hetaïra. It was said that correspondence had been detected; it was notorious that the Hetaïrists had publicly exulted in the temporary triumphs of the Carbonari. As a Conservator of the Continental System, and as an ally of Austria, Alexander had no alternative. He instantly issued a formal disclaimer of Ypsilanti's enterprize. This was the deathblow. The Greek force had taken possession of the capitals of Moldavia and Wallachia. They were abandoned; Ypsilanti's troops, after a fruitless attack upon a division of the Turkish army, were forced to retire; they disbanded themselves, and their Chief, flying across the Austrian frontier, was seized and thrown into a dungeon.

It is one of the great lessons of history, that a government can scarcely be ruined but by itself; it is equally a solemn truth that injustice and cruelty are sure to be deeply avenged. The northern insurrection had perished. Ali Pasha, deserted by the Greeks, was inclosed in his castle, never to leave it with life. The tumult in the Western Hellas had sunk into trivial and passing disturbance. But the spirit of the Ottoman was still to have its old offering of carnage; and it was heightened with all the circumstances of infidel insult and profanation that could embitter the crime. To this gratuitous bloodshed, Turkey owes the revival, the extent, and the desperate perseverance, of the Greek insurrection. On Easter-day, the chief festival of the Greek Church, the order was issued for the seizure of Gregorius, the Patriarch of Constantinople and Primate of the Church. He had been

appointed by the Porte, and was altogether unconnected with politics. But the purpose was to terrify the Clergy, and through them the people. This man, at seventy years of age, was, with three Archbishops, hung up at the gate of the church in which he had just performed divine service. To add to the ignominy of this execution, if possible, the Primate's body was given to the Jews to be dragged through the streets! This most atrocious act was followed up by the demolition of several of the churches, and a series of attacks on the Greek towns, in which thirty thousand lives are said to have been sacrificed!

But the policy of blood is always short-sighted. The Greeks, recovered from their first terror, were roused into determined resistance by the belief that their extermination was decided on in the councils of the Porte. But the fount of the insurrection was in the priesthood, who saw in the death of their Primate their own sentence. They were powerful with the people, and they exerted their power. They declared, that the utter ruin of the National Church was the resolve of the Infidel. They pointed to the wrecks of their temples; they invoked the injured sanctity of their dead Patriarch; they repeated, with the rude but deep eloquence of wrath and despair, the innumerable insults, the haughty excesses, the long train of oppressions borne by the legitimate successors of the heroes and saints of Greece; and they sowed the realm with that seed of inveterate hostility, which no time and no triumph will ever be able to extirpate; which will cover the soil on the first withdrawing of the foot that tramples it, and is become a living principle in the bosom of the land.

The insurrection had already broken out, and the three islands, Hydra, Ipsara, and Spezzia, were preparing to take a part in it. They had grown into naval power by trade, and the necessary monopoly of the Turkish and Mediterranean conveyance of corn during the French war. Their ships were slight and of small burthen, but they were not unfitted for the peculiar navigation of a sea abounding in islands and narrow channels, and liable to those sudden bursts of tempest which drive a small vessel into

the first creek that it can find, but drive a large one on shore. The force of the islands amounted to nearly ninety vessels, of the general burthen of two hundred and fifty tons, and carrying seldom less than twelve guns. The Turkish navy is composed of some of the finest ships in the world; and a single seventy-four would have blown the island fleet out of the water. But it is a striking instance of the impotence of mere strength against courage and dexterity, that the smallest vessel of the islanders has since been a terror to the Turks, and that the whole naval force of the Sultan has been unable to make any impression on their feeble flotilla. The Turkish fleet had put to sea on the commencement of the insurrection. It was followed and manœuvred round by the Hydriots. One of the two-deckers was accidentally separated from the squadron off Lesbos. The Greeks attacked it; the Turks fight their ships boldly, but they were now assailed by a new and fearful shape of war. A small vessel ran in under their guns. Before they could sink it, a volume of flame burst through its decks. To cut it away was now impossible, for it clung by cramp irons to the sides of the two-decker. The flame soon shot up the rigging of the Turk. In a few minutes more the vessel exploded—the fire enveloped the enemy, and before daylight, nothing remained of both but ashes. This system of *brulots*, or fire-ships, has been since practised on a more extensive scale, and the Turkish fleet has experienced many a deadly blow from the intrepidity with which the gallant incendiaries have hunted their floating castles through the Mediterranean.

On the 7th of March 1821, Alexander Ypsilanti had marched into Moldavia, and issued his proclamation to the Greeks to rise. On the 22d of April the Turks had perpetrated the butchery of the Greek Primate and Priests at Constantinople. In May, the Turkish squadron had sailed to sweep the Levant; and in June, the insurgents were already masters of the Morea, and almost the entire of the open country of Northern Greece. The Turkish military, governors, and people, had taken refuge in the towns, and the war had become a war of sieges. Molvasia, on the eastern coast of Laconia; and Novarino, on the site

of the ancient Pylos in Messenia were invested, and severely pressed. The Turks, exhausted by famine, at length demanded to capitulate. But now the murders of Constantinople were to be avenged. The garrisons, half disarmed by an imperfect capitulation, and yet partially resisting, were attacked by the troops, reinforced by the armed peasantry of the hills, who came down infuriated by the slaughter of their priests. The forms and faith of civilized war, but little known to either the besiegers or besieged, were unhesitatingly disregarded—the Greeks saw only their oppressors in their captives—they rushed through the gates and fell upon them with the double fury of old hate and recent vengeance. Some hundreds were saved from this slaughter by the humanity of the Greek leaders; but if the death of the Patriarch was to be atoned by blood, on those days it was prodigally atoned.

A still more memorable and melancholy triumph distinguished this first year of Greek Independence. Tripolitza was the chief city of the Turkish Government in the Morea; its population was between twenty and thirty thousand; it was fortified, though with a rudeness that might have made it an easy capture by European science; it presented a most formidable obstacle to the inexperience and naked assault of the native force. But success had raised the national boldness, and with an army inferior in numbers to the garrison, and with but half a dozen cannon, the Greeks advanced to the siege of a fortress seated on a commanding position, crowded with Turks determined to fight to the last, and with a disciplined force of about four thousand troops, chiefly Albanians, the whole under the command of the Kihaya, or Lieutenant of the Pasha. Its position, on the border of one of the largest plains of the Morea, kept the Greeks at a distance, while the Turkish cavalry could sweep the level country. But the decay of forage soon destroyed the cavalry, and then the Greek marksmen descended from the ridges of Mount Mænolus, and after a long succession of skirmishes, established themselves in the vineyards and suburbs. Famine began to be felt in the city. The habitual waste, grossness, and insubordination of the Turkish armies, increased the evil. The

autumnal fevers broke out; and after sustaining indescribable miseries, the Kihaya proposed to capitulate. The absence of Demetrius Ypsilanti and his European officers, and the want of confidence in Greek faith, retarded the negotiation; but, in the meantime, the Greek troops in garrison had made terms for themselves, and marched out in the face of day. Both armies were now impatient of the lingering conferences between their chieftains, but the catastrophe was totally unexpected; it came like a thunderbolt. In the cessation of hostilities, the Greeks had been, in the volatile spirit of their nation, accustomed to approach the walls, and converse with the sentinels. The conversation had at length turned to traffic, and they bartered fruit and provisions for the less useful money of the besieged. On the fifth of October, a party of Greek idlers had been thus suffered to come up to one of the gates with fruit. Some of them were lifted up on the ramparts with a basket of grapes, to conduct their barter with more ease. The Turks probably having nothing else to give, rashly gave their arms. Whether there was a quarrel, or whether the temptation of seeing their old torturers in their power was too strong for the Greeks, the unfortunate sentinels were seen suddenly attacked and thrown from the walls. Their assailants themselves now in imminent danger, called to their countrymen who were gazing at the foot of the rampart;—at last the standard of the Cross was seen waving above. The sight was irresistible—the cry that Tripolitza was taken, ran like electricity through the camp. The whole army rushed full-speed to the gates, and the city was instantly a scene of desperate battle and unrestrainable slaughter. The Turks fought with characteristic fierceness, and continued the fire of cannon and musketry from the ramparts, until they were trampled down by multitudes. The battle of scimitar and musket continued through the streets and houses for many hours. All obedience to officers was at an end, national injuries, personal wrongs, love of plunder, the thirst of blood inflamed by wounds, and the furious fever of long-delayed possession, drove the Greeks like a raging torrent over the broken strength of their enemies. The expectation of the fall of Tripo-

litza had been long diffused among the mountaineers, and it is said, and may well be believed, that many fathers and husbands had been drawn down to share in the triumph over those walls, which reminded them of so many days of misery. It is a striking proof of this feeling, that the great object of peasant vengeance was the palace of the Bey. It had been the chief place of the tyranny which had so often torn their wives and children from their cottages: and they determined that not a vestige of this citadel of blood and barbarian voluptuousness should remain. A Turkish troop of some hundreds had taken refuge in the palace. It was set on fire, and burned down. Even with this the peasantry were not to be appeased. They crowded round the ruins with shouts of exultation, and razed the very ruins to the ground. This scene of retribution lasted two dreadful days. On the second evening the number of the slaughtered Turks amounted to no less than six thousand. The city was one tremendous spectacle of ravage and burning, of the dying from famine, and the dead from pestilence and the sword.

The success of the armies now led to the establishment of an administration, and the chief names which have since become familiar, were now first brought forward. The august Alexander Mavrokordato had joined the army—he was a Greek of the Fanar, had lived much in France; and, if diplomatic dexterity, and knowledge of courts, could save a country in the day of war, might have done good service. Demetrius Ypsilanti had joined the army before Tripolitza, under a commission from his brother, and had obtained the command under the impression that he had brought money and stores with him. Yet the chief ground of his popularity may have been his presumed connexion with Russia, obviously strengthened as the idea was by the presence of two Russian agents in his suite, one of whom, Condiotti, had been in the household of the Russian minister. But Ypsilanti was only twenty-two years old, and his habitual mildness, and cultivated habits, increased the disqualification of his years for the conduct of his wild and fickle nation. A third leader, Mavromikhali, formerly appointed Bey of Maina by the Porte,

soon sunk into obscurity. But the fourth was the true warrior of Greece, in habits, passions, and powers; of daring courage—of fierce resentments—of wily sagacity, and of that irrestainable love of possession which defeats all the noble qualities of the national mind—Constantine Kolokotroni.

This man was cast in the mould of the Homeric age. It is impossible to contemplate the Iliad and Odyssey without doing homage to the almost miraculous power with which they stamp truth on scenes and characters. It has been long known that the traveller might take them as guides through Greece at this hour. But the verisimilitude of human character was reserved to be brought out by our own stirring time. The sullen and stagnant despotism that had overwhelmed Greece, has been, at least, shaken, and we can catch glimpses of the strange yet noble ruins, covered by those waters of death from the eyes of our fathers.

The boundless admiration lavished on Homer, has been, perhaps, more distinguished for its profusion than its judgment. The true ground of the great poet's praise has been neglected in comparison with the splendour of his incidents, the living rapidity of his narrative, the rich and yet simple grandeur of his language. Yet these may be but the higher displays of means common to all poetic genius. In the sudden opening of the grand theatric vision, we may be dazzled by the painting, the gold, and the architecture—all the inferior glories of the scene—to the forgetfulness of the sublimer working of life and passion upon the stage.

It is his conception of character that gives to us the most resistless evidence of his genius. How a man living three thousand years ago—when civilization was almost confined to a corner of Asia, and had but touched on the border of Greece, and when that civilization was so palpably imperfect, mingled with so much of the coarseness of barbarian life, with the menial services of women, even of rank; with piracies by the highest chieftains; with human sacrifices; and with the most fatal obstruction of all, perpetual predatory war—should have been empowered to transmit to us so various and noble, yet so distinct

and characteristic a series of humanity, is among the most singular problems.

Plutarch makes the nearest approach to his bold minuteness of detail, yet Plutarch is romantic and improbable to him. Even the distinction between the Ionian and the Greek of the main and islands, is marked with a force and beauty imperishable. The generous bravery of the Hectors and Sarpedons, less the fierce courage of the soldier than the lofty fortitude of the king; the high-minded devotion to a cause marked with ruin; and the firm perseverance in a patriotic struggle through all hazards, and under the full consciousness that it was to cost their blood; are conceptions that might seem to belong to the highest refinement of an age of philosophy and cultivation. But this calm and lordly nature of the Ionian Greek, for Homer's Trojans are evidently Greek, speaking the same language, adopting the same customs, and connected by the same lineage, is to be equalled in vigour and animation only by the Greek enemy. The army of Agamemnon exhibits a train of colossal characters, conceived with the individuality, yet impressed with the general grandeur of the sculpture of Phidias. The majestic consciousness of supremacy of the king and leader of the host; the bold, short-sighted, laborious courage of Ajax; the mixture of intrepidity and skill; the true Greek spirit of Diomedé; the habitual dexterity, subtlety, and self-possession of Ulysses, less a warrior, or perhaps even a statesman, than a man of exhaustless stratagem in field and council; and last, and most living of all, the hero of the war, the Achilles, the perfection of beauty, fiery valour, swift passion, and filial and friendly tenderness. The inimitable power that conceived the character, may be in some degree judged from the error of Horace, even in the most refined age of the ancient world. The "*jura sibi neget nata*," and the "*nil non ar-roget armis*," are coarse, compared to Homer's creation. Achilles does not deny that laws are made for him, for he acknowledges the severe right of Agamemnon; and though he murmurs at the privation of the captive won by his own sword, yet makes no resistance. He shows his displeasure

only in the legitimate way of withdrawing from the field; and quietly and contemptuously leaving it to time to teach the injurious king the value of the ally whom he has insulted. His reception of the mission sent to solicit him back, is in the finest tone of manners. The distinction which he makes between the envoys during the conference, his gentle remembrance of his old guardian, and the line which he draws between the business of the mission and the persons, could have no superior in the most cultivated public life of the present day. His resentment is justifiable, and he has a right to vindicate himself from the overstrained exercise of the king's powers. But he at length starts forth, abandoning not his resentment, but his inactivity for a single purpose, made paramount by his religion and his affection; and thus, in obedience to the two most exalted impulses of our nature, rushes to the field. His sacrifice of the Trojans in the battle, and his insults to the body of Hector, are the results of mingled superstition and feelings wrought up to fury. But his tears at the sight of the father of his dead enemy, and his surrender of the body which he had reserved as the last atonement to the memory of his friend, are true to passion in a noble nature. But the finest touch of Homer is the melancholy of Achilles, the tinge of lofty disconsolateness that subdues the whole colouring; the proud, yet sad consciousness of premature death, that fills the spirit of the hero with a sense of perpetual, yet resolved sacrifice; that grandeur of resignation which makes him see glory as a phantom, yet a phantom which it is his high duty to pursue, in scorn of the enjoyments of humbler existence; feeling every triumph but as a more rapid advance to the grave, as a man sees the sun burning out in broader pomp as it goes down. The Achilles of Horace would be a barbarian, headlong, ferocious, and disdainful of the necessary forms of society, a rude trampler on the laws, and altogether a shape of rapine and revenge. Still the truth of nature has been preserved in the characteristics of the Ionian and the Greek. The Asiatic of Homer is magnificent, prodigal of his blood, careless of stratagem. The Greek is dexterous in de-

vice, clever in overreaching, (as in the bargain of Glaucus and Diomedæ,) prone to division in council, and as willing to gain his purposes by subtlety as by the sword. His only superiority is in military discipline.

But throwing aside details; the genius of Homer will not receive its due homage, but by a contrast with the conceptions of character in the great tragedians of his own country; with the generalization, the comparative feebleness, the ferocity and habitual want of graceful and gentle qualities in the heroes and heroines of the stage of Athens, even when Athens was in its hour of supremacy, of arts and arms, when the treasures of the islands poured into it a tide of gold, when its temples were crowded with the trophies of Persia, when the public spirit was elevated to the summit of exultation and brilliant activity; and when Pericles, "The Olympian!" as he was called by his countrymen, looking up to his eloquence and wisdom as scarcely mortal, gave laws to Greece from palaces and temples built by Phidias.

Still Homer must have conceived from Nature. For to follow Nature, avoiding all that makes the repulsive peculiarities of life, yet retaining all its essentials, is the task and the triumph of the most illustrious poetic faculty. He must have seen Asiatics bold in the field, and magnificent in the palace; heroic men starting up from their loose-robed and ornamented indulgence of domestic life, and rushing to set all upon the hazard, with a haughty and generous disregard of personal suffering. The sovereigns of half-armed vassals, many and clamorous and fugitive as the flights of summer-birds; the lords of studs of horses of matchless speed and beauty, of the sculptured chariot, and the purple robe, and the armour blazing with jewels and gold. He must, on the other hand, have seen in Greece the subtle spirit, the men of more persevering enterprize, the long-treasured and deeply-atoned resentment, the fickleness, the eloquence, the pliant, yet daring ambition, the liability to ruin the most prosperous successes by personal motives, yet the whole character grounded on a base of bravery, love of country, and intellectual vigour, that forbade it to die; or that makes all nations feel that its rising

would be the rising of a new star to the world.

The most natural deduction from all this is, the slowness of the change that time seems permitted to work in the original distribution of national qualities. In all the chief points, the same country always produces the same mind. The Frenchman of this day might sit for the portrait that Cæsar drew of his ancestors almost two thousand years ago—light, fickle, brave. The German is still the German of Tacitus, whether peasant or soldier—plodding, intractable, brave, and fond of home. Thousands and millions of barbarians from all the innumerable tracts of the North and East have poured into France and Germany—yet still the national mind is unchanged. The people of England had been overrun with hosts of strangers from the time of the Roman invasion until the Norman. Even the repulse of the natives into a remote district has not changed the popular temperament from that which armed the nation against an invader; and after defying the invincible legions of the first warrior of the Republic, made it emulously adopt Roman civilization, and finally become the chief foreign depository of the arts and literature of Rome.

In the modern Turk and Greek, there are formidable diminutions of the glories of the old lords of Ionia and Hellas. Yet the power of situation may be brought even here into the strongest evidence. The barbarian of the Imaus, who in his own country would have been the Tartar living in squalidness, and not merely living in it, but enjoying it, priding himself on his contempt of splendour, and scorning the costly luxuries of the East, has become the splendid Turk, the most luxurious of all the enjoyers of life, and superior to all Europeans in the combination of magnificence with grace. The Turkish dress is proverbial for pictorial effect. The dress of Europe is contemptible in its presence; and as the Turks well say, "seems to have been invented by beggars;" for the whole skill of the design seems to have been exerted to save corners and fragments of the materials. The flowing robe, the turban, the arms studded with gems, the brilliant horse furniture, the whole exterior of Turkish equipment, is stamped

with tasteful magnificence. Beside the Turk, the man of Europe, with all his taste, looks like a pauper. The interior of Turkish life is magnificent in a still higher degree. Such are the wonders of the gentle airs and brilliant suns, and picturesque soil of Greece and Ionia. Yet the Turk is pressed back into his old barbarism by many instruments of fear and power,—A fierce religion mingling in all the details of life, prohibiting all acquisition of knowledge, all equal intercourse with more enlightened nations, and binding down in a sanguinary yet cold fanaticism all the native tendency of the human mind to perfection.—The utter insecurity of life under the government of the Sultan—the conviction that opulence and power are the sure means of bringing down the sword of the government on their possessor; the habits of slavery—all below him and all above, slaves—himself a slave to the most furious, blind, and unquestionable of all despots, and even that despot holding his life only at the pleasure of the surrounding circle of slaves. No national mind could pass through this dungeon without being darkened, and bearing the signs of the rack. The Turk is, therefore, still a barbarian—this he owes to his birth and to his government, but he is of all men the most splendid in his barbarism—this is the miracle of his position.

Greece has long been a reservoir of fugitives from nations differing in habits, language, religion, and blood. The Albanian from the marshes of Dacia; the Italian, planted during the western invasion under the Venetians; the Norman; the dispersed families of Constantinople and Asia Minor; with, in the midst of her mountains, a precious and scarcely mingled remnant of the ancient blood of Hellas; yet all those characters have rapidly given way, and been moulded into one by the power of position. The sullen, the brutal, the slow, have been transmuted into the vivid, the dexterous, the eloquent; their virtues have changed like their vices, and the rough fidelity of the north, the solid industry, and the steady fortitude, have been humiliated into the inconstancy, the gay love of enjoyment, and the transient intrepidity of the Greek. The original form of the national

mind is indestructible. The arts and accomplishments of the Homeric age may have disappeared, and we may have no sovereign holding council with the kingly grandeur of Agamemnon, nor statesman eloquent with the eloquence of Nestor and Ulysses, nor warrior solacing his retirement with the harp or recitation of poetry. Sorrow and a thousand years of slavery have torn away those ornaments from the brow of Greece. But the form survives it in sackcloth and ashes, and a few years may at once achieve the freedom and restore the honours of the Grecian mind.

The slaughters of Tripolitza were magnified into a charge against the whole nation, as treacherous and cruel beyond redemption. But deeply to be deplored as all useless shedding of blood is, justice is not done while we forget the national provocation, the accidental breach of the treaty, the natural ignorance of peasantry as to the laws of civilized war, and above all, the deep arrear of ruin due from that peasantry on the heads of the robbers and murderers who had so long trampled on their province. The tiger was in the toils at last; and we can scarcely feel surprise that the indignant pursuer should have delved him with many a spear.

The atrocities committed by the garrison of Tripolitza had been an old source of abhorrence and revenge. As the seat of government, it was the chief place of the cruelties committed on individuals, as well as the spot from which those orders which laid waste the country emanated. The Turkish mode of collecting the tribute and taxes of the Morea, was in the bitterest spirit of tyranny. It was by large bodies of soldiery sent through the country—a succession of predatory expeditions, scarcely to be distinguished from open war. The Turks, on reaching a village, lived at free quarters, and plundered, murdered, and violated without restraint. One of the complainants to Kolokotroni, after the assault of the town, was a woman who had come down to demand vengeance for her husband, murdered by a Turkish soldier, as an obstacle to his getting possession of her! “While walking over the immense ruins of this once stately pile, the palace of the Bey of Tripolitza,” says an eye-witness of a large

portion of the war,* "with my friend Alexis Lucopulo, he suddenly stopped on a platform of flags, opposite to a part of the palace where there had once been a balcony, from which the Bey used to review his troops, and witness executions. 'It was here,' said he, 'that the virtuous Lundo, Primate of Vostizza, lost his head in the Autumn of 1813.' On further inquiry I found that Lundo had been a man of great talents, and not only beloved by his own countrymen, but very popular among the infidels. He had rendered highly important services to the Porte, and was the confidential friend of Cheli Bey, who ordered his assassination. Suspected of some partiality for his own countrymen, in a question between the inhabitants of a small town near Tripolitza and the Bey, Lundo was one day invited to take coffee with him at the palace. Mounting his horse, for he was allowed to ride one, the unsuspecting Primate proceeded to obey the summons, and on reaching the platform, was dragged from the saddle; when the usual sign of the hand being given by Cheli, who sat smoking his pipe in the balcony, the head of Lundo was instantly severed from his body, put into a sack, and forwarded to Constantinople. With transactions like this to remember, and this was but one of a thousand acts of perfidy and blood, who shall wonder at the daggers of the peasantry?"

A description by the same narrator of the state of Tripolitza, gives a strong conception of the ruin produced by war. Demetrius Ypsilanti made his entry into the captured city a short time after the siege. "Nothing could be more deplorable than the appearance of the town. Not a single door-lock, and scarcely a nail was left; the Mainotes having carried off everything of this description. The plunder was taken home on the backs of their wives, who came down in great numbers for this purpose from their native fortresses. Ypsilanti had intended to appropriate the lead which covered the Mosques to the public service, but it had been all stripped off. When every other portable article was gone, peasants were seen driving away their asses loaded with doors and window-

shutters. Of the immense booty, nothing was assigned to the exigencies of the nation except the artillery; everything else became private property. Most of the Chiefs and Primates enriched themselves. The Prince alone sternly refused to convert anything to his own use. The streets were encumbered with dead bodies; even the houses were filled with the slain of either party; while the mountaineers and shepherds, accustomed to dwell in rocks and woods, had now established their bivouacs amidst the broken fragments of oriental luxury. Fires broke out in the town every night; and the Prince himself was burnt out of his quarters a few days after his arrival."

The Greeks, now masters of the Morea, formed a representative body. They assembled to the number of sixty, exclusive of the government in Epidaurus, in the Gulf of Egina. On the 1st of January 1822, they issued a Declaration of Independence. "In the name of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity. The Greek nation, wearied by the dreadful weight of Ottoman oppression, and resolved to break its yoke, though at the price of the greatest sacrifices, proclaims to-day, before God and man, by the organ of its lawful representatives, but in a national assembly, ITS INDEPENDENCE!"

On the 27th of the same month, the Provisional Constitution was promulgated. This constitution, which was never effectively the law of Greece, is yet interesting from its evidence of the views of those who took upon themselves the task of regenerating the people. It established a religion—that of the Greek Church; and it gave full toleration to all others. It appointed a Government, consisting of an Executive and a Senate. The Executive to consist of five members taken from the legislative body, with an *annual* president and vice-president. The Senate was to be *annual*. The judicial power consisted of eleven members chosen by Government, and independent of both the Senate and the Executive. The civil and criminal law was to be that of the Greek empire, the Basilics, formed by Basil I., Leon, and Constantine Porphyrogenita. The com-

* "The Greek Revolution." By E. Blaquiére. P. 150.

mercial law was to be that formed by France in 1817, in the seaports of the Levant. Mavrokordato, who had taken an active part in drawing up this document, was placed at the head of the Executive. The president's chair of the senate was offered to Demetrius Ypsilanti, but declined by him, as entitled to the Executive. It was then given to Mavromikhali. Theodore Negri was made secretary of state. This document does but little honour to the sagacity of its inventors. An annual president and vice-president, and an annual senate, must have been a perpetual source of abortive politics, of public weakness, and of popular confusion. The minor features of this erroneous and feeble system are scarcely worth delineating. The power of peace and war, and all treaties, was taken from the Executive. Military promotion, and the mint, were in the hands of the senate; and by an extraordinary provision, on the reception by the senate, of a charge against one of the Executive, he was to be considered as stripped of his office. Thus the predominant fear was not of the enemy, but of the Executive; and to preserve their oligarchy, the congress deprived the country of all the advantages to be found in singleness and decision of council; in the wisdom of experience, and in the safeguard of the government from the frequent and ruinous violences of popular passion. That Mavrokordato should have accepted office on such terms, argues either that he was incapable of seeing its inevitable failure, or that he contemplated that public necessity, which would compel the deposit of more substantial powers in the hands of the First Magistrate.

Thus closed the first year of war between Turkey and the Greek Commonwealth. It was, on the whole, highly prosperous. The Morea had been freed from the incursions of the enemy. A succession of bold encounters had proved the gallantry of the Greeks. The capture of the principal fortresses had at once broken the spirits of the oppressor, and awakened the national energies. The few Turkish garrisons that still held out, were perishing by famine. A form of legislature had been established for the first time, since the days of Rome. The nation had, for the first time, drawn the eyes of Europe upon it,

and united the generous aspirations of philosophers and patriots of every land in its holy cause. The declaration of INDEPENDENCE was itself a victory. It was the sound of a word that had not been heard in Greece for two thousand years. It was a ray of sunlight admitted not through the bars of the dungeon, but through its broken and beaten-down walls that were never to be rebuilt by the power of man. And this was not the fantastic offspring of an impatience of all rule, the temptation of a reckless and fiery spirit of evil to a godless and heartless people, pampered with prosperity, and, in their weariness of all less criminal indulgence, soliciting the fierce excitement of the game of plunder and massacre. It was not generated in clubs and civic riot—in the drunken enthusiasm and naked profaneness of great cities, whose cup of crime was already flowing over—nor fostered in the weakness of an imbecile court, a profligate nobility, and a licentious populace. It was the sacred work of necessity and despair; the cry arose from caverns, forests, and prisons; from wild shores; from cottages violated by murder and robbery; from the incalculable mass of misery and shame, of hopeless suffering, and slavery where the chain was well exchanged for the grave. In a strong faith founded on the declared will of Providence, we will believe that such an adjuration has never been uttered in vain; that no cloud or wind of casualty can intercept it on its way; that it will be heard, and that it will be answered, when perhaps in our carelessness we may think that it has been forgotten; answered by the red right arm of the God of Justice and Vengeance.

A dreadful act of Turkish ferocity signalized the commencement of the campaign of 1822. In European war, the only slain are the victims of the field. In Turkish war, the slaughter of the battle is but a trivial foretaste of the slaughter in cold blood. The whole population are the true objects of the scimitar. The number of Greeks murdered, or carried into slavery, during the few years of the Albanian occupation of the Morea, after the Russian war of 1774, amounted to not less than one hundred thousand! Yet the Russian treaty of Kainardji had stipulated for their pro-

tection. Even this horrid waste of life was mercy to the original intention of the Sultan. "A deliberate proposal was made in the Divan, to slaughter them all in cold blood, innocent and guilty, of whatever age or sex. This proposal, however, was resisted by Gazi Hassan. His chief argument, and which alone carried conviction to his hearers, was—'If we kill all the Greeks, we shall lose all the capitation they pay!'

"Even without the provocation of a Russian war, Sultan Mustapha, predecessor and brother of Abdulhamid, on his accession to the throne, proposed to *cut off all the Christians in the empire*, and was with difficulty dissuaded from it."*

The Ottoman sword was still thirsty as of old; but it had been baffled on the Continent. It now sprang from its scabbard on a safer victim.

Scio was one of the finest islands of the Levant, lying off the shore of Asia, near the Gulph of Smyrna, in the direct course of trade between Constantinople and Smyrna, and in the most delicious of all climates. Its aspect was lovely, its merchants were opulent, and its population civilized, orderly, and intelligent. "What with its palaces, country houses, and gardens, its colleges and general state of improvement, Scio presented so striking a contrast to the other islands of the Archipelago, that travellers could hardly be persuaded that it was under the same dominion."† Scio was the chief seat of Greek education of the higher rank, its college contained from six to seven hundred students, and was possessed of the finest collection of modern literature in Greece. The source of this prosperity was the exclusion of the Turks from public interference, as, by the opulence of the people, they were enabled to buy off the active Turkish superintendence, and give the virtual government to "Elders" chosen among themselves.

But opulence is a crime in the eyes of the Divan; and the government, which sends the bowstring to its own ministers whenever they are wealthy enough to be worth plundering, could have had but slight reluctance to lay its grasp upon a Greek island. The

insurrection on the Continent had been the signal for commencing a series of cruelties in the Levant. Mytilene, Rhodes, and Cyprus, had been already placed under a kind of martial law. Scio was vigilantly watched; the appearance of a small Ipsariot squadron off the coast furnished the pretext, and the Aga immediately broke through the old convention, seized on the government, and threw forty of the bishops and elders into the Castle as hostages. Troops now flowed in from Asia, and those barbarians, to whom the European Turk is civilized, ravaged the island for a year. Assassination, plunder, and the seizure of provisions for the use of the fortresses, were unrestrained, until at length some attempts at resistance were made by the peasantry, headed by two unauthorized adventurers who had landed from Samos. The Pasha instantly seized an additional number of the higher class, and shut them up in the Castle. The elders and principal inhabitants, conscious of the result, had from the beginning implored the peasantry to remain in their habits of obedience. The two adventurers, Burnia and Logatheti, now ventured to attack a division of cavalry. The Turks flew to the gates of the Castle, the insurgents became masters of the open country, a hurried government was formed, and the peasantry poured in, full of their wrongs, and undoubtedly willing to throw off the Turkish yoke. But it was impossible to provide them with arms, and, on the approach of the fleet from Constantinople, they dispersed. The Samian adventurers fled, and the insurrection, after little more than a month's existence, from the 17th of March to the 23d of April, was at an end. The severest justice would now have done no more than punish the ringleaders, and perhaps impose a fine upon the island. But the policy of the Divan is of a deeper hue—massacre!

The Turks landed and marched unopposed into the city. Their first act was an order for the slaughter of every human being, man, woman, and child, in this large and flourishing town. Their next was to set fire to it, and it was totally burnt down, with the ex-

* Eton's Survey of the Turkish Empire.

† Blaquiere.

ception of the Consuls' houses. This work of desolation being done, they marched into the country. A portion of the peasantry had taken refuge in the mountains, and the Turks dreaded to face their despair. But the plain of Scio was full of a harvest of vengeance. In the language of the prophet, describing the fury of another Asiatic spoiler, "The land before them was as the garden of Eden, and behind them a howling wilderness."—"O God," says a spectator of this frightful ruin,* "what a spectacle did Scio present! On whatever side I cast my eyes, nothing but pillage, murder, and conflagration. While some were occupied in plundering the villas of rich merchants, and others in setting fire to the villages: the air was rent with the mingled groans of men, women, and children, who were falling under the swords and daggers of the infidels. The only exception made during the massacre was of the young women and boys, who were preserved only to be sold as slaves. Many of the women whose husbands had been butchered were running to and fro frantic, with torn garments and dishevelled hair, pressing their infants to their breasts, and seeking death as a relief from the still greater calamities that awaited them!" The number of those slain or dragged into slavery on those dreadful days was not less than forty thousand.

But no Turkish achievement is complete without perfidy. It was important to extinguish the hostility that might be organized in the mountains. The troops dared not follow the peasantry who had fled into their fortresses. To induce them to quit those native fortifications, a general act of oblivion was proposed under the guarantee of the foreign consuls. How those public officers, in their full experience of the Turkish disregard of all oaths, could have suffered themselves to be deluded into the actual instruments of betraying the unfortunate Sciotes, is inconceivable. But the deed was done. The peasantry came down, relying on the pardon thus sanctioned; they gave up their arms, and at the same instant they were surrounded by the troops. The

bullet and scimitar did their bloody work. Seven thousand human beings were butchered in heaps upon each other.

On the arrival of the Hydriot fleet, which had been most unfortunately retarded till the end of May, the shores were found still covered with the dead. Most of the fugitives who reached the ships had been wounded, and looked more like spectres than human beings. "An unhappy fugitive," says Mr Blaquiere,† "told my friend that he was one of two thousand who took refuge in a cavern on the coast, in the hope of concealing themselves. As, however, there was not space enough within for half the number, the rest remained outside, obliged to stand up to their knees in water. While they were contending with each other to get into this imagined place of security, a party of Turks appeared on the rocks above their heads, and began firing down upon them. Having thus dispatched those who stood without, they rushed into the cave, and killed all whom they could seize.

"The situation even of those who succeeded in getting to Ipsara, was deplorable; reaching that place without having had sustenance for many days, and almost naked, there were no means of providing for their wants in the island; so that thousands were obliged to sleep in the open air, until they could obtain a passage to some other place. The separation of wives and husbands, brothers, sisters, and children, which occurred in almost every family, was not the least agonizing part of the calamities now endured."

Thousands of the Sciote women, remarkable throughout the Archipelago for grace and beauty, continued to be exposed for sale both in the island and at Constantinople, with all the grossness and insults to which the helpless condition of those females exposed them in the presence of barbarians. In the island it is said to have continued for some months; in Constantinople an order was given in the middle of June for its cessation. The circumstances were singular, and peculiar to the East. Scio had been granted at a distant period as an ap-

* Quoted by Blaquiere, p. 193.

† "The Greek Revolution," p. 200.

page to one of the Sultanas, from which she derived a revenue, and rights of interfering in the administration of the island. The sister of the reigning Sultan was the present possessor, with an income of two hundred thousand piastres annually, besides presents. On hearing of the massacre she was indignant in the extreme, and appealed to the Sultan against the injustice of exposing her people for sale in the public markets. The Capudan Pasha in vain attempted to propitiate her by a present of sixty of the handsomest of his captives. She refused the offer with disdain, and persevered in her demand until an order was issued to put a stop to this savage trade.

The ruin of the peasantry and general population was not enough to satiate the Turks. They still had the principal inhabitants as hostages in the castle. Many hundred prisoners had also been sent on board the fleet, after the women and children had been dispatched to the slave market of Constantinople. Of these prisoners five hundred were gardeners, taken up on pretence of ascertaining where their masters' money was buried. The executions now began on board; and the whole of the prisoners were hung! The hostages still remained in the castle, and often they had undergone the bitterness of death a thousand times, in the hearing of the utter ruin of their properties, friends, families, and country,—those men, the first individuals in the island, were hung, to the number of seventy-six, on gibbets in the citadel.

To the horror of those gratuitous, ruthless, fiendish murders, what words can be adequate! The resistance was totally at an end. Of the whole population, not above two thousand had ever joined the insurgent standard. The higher orders, whatever might be their inclinations, were pacific, had remonstrated against all popular tumult, and had without resistance given themselves into the hands of the Turks, as securities for the good behaviour of the people. But murder—we loathe the eternal necessary repetition of the word—murder, in its foulest wantonness, in its thirstiest fever for human gore, in its incarnate evil, must be let loose, and a people of

peace, of gentle civilization, of eminent natural beauty of body and mind, of accomplishment distinguished in the most intelligent and learned portion of all Greece, must be butchered in the midst of their own lovely hills and vallies, by a host of barbarians, rioting in blood with an appetite to which the rage of the wolf and the tiger was tame.

We will not believe that those things can be passed by like vapours and dreams. If there be a cry that has force to penetrate to Heaven, it is the cry of the "brother's blood that cometh up out of the ground." We may in our worldliness refuse to hear it; an intricate policy, forgetting that holiness and humanity are the best guides of national council, and that no alliance with guilt can be strong, may pervert our natural understandings, and turn us into the abettors of the criminals; an irreligious neglect may make us pass over the ground teeming with sacrifice; and scorn the denunciation, "that he who uses the sword shall perish by the sword." But the time will come when for those things there shall be retribution; when Europe shall be ashamed of having stood by and looked upon the continued and reckless havoc of Christian life; and when even our own generous and sympathizing country will lament from her soul the scandal of having contented herself with entreaties and deprecations, when the thunderbolt that had already smote one empire of infidelity and massacre was still blazing in her hand.

The history of the last days of Scio was not yet concluded. The earliest act of the Divan had been to seize on the most opulent Sciote merchants in Constantinople. They were all *impaled alive!* The slain in the island were computed at twenty-five thousand; thirty thousand women and boys were taken away into captivity. Of those who escaped the sword, thousands wandered through the hills without food or clothing, perishing of famine, wounds, and broken hearts. Some had fled on board their vessels. A few were saved by the Consuls, whose weakness in leading them into danger was but feebly atoned by this tardy humanity. An eye-witness, who landed in the island four months after,

describes it as still one wide scene of desolation.* "I could not have conceived," says he, "that destruction could have been so complete. We walked through the town, which was handsome and built entirely of stone, and found the houses, the churches, the hospitals, the extensive college, one mass of ruins. On every side were strewed fragments of half-burned books, manuscripts, clothes, and furniture; and, what was most shocking to the feelings, numerous human bodies were mouldering on the spot where they fell. Nothing that had life was to be seen but a few miserable half-starved dogs and cats. The villages have shared the same fate, and of a population of one hundred and thirty thousand Greeks, there remain, perhaps, eight hundred or a thousand, scattered through the most distant villages! In the town nothing has escaped but the Consuls' houses, and a very few immediately adjoining them, which could not be burned without burning the Consulates."

Revenge is a feeling altogether prohibited to Christians; but it is not prohibited to them to admire and do homage to the visitations of the Great Avenger of human wrongs. The immediate perpetrators of this unspeakable catastrophe felt the first blow. The Hydriot Admiral Miaulis came off the island. He fitted up two fire-ships, and sent them among the Ottomans lying in the roads of Scio. They were conceived to be Smyrnesse merchantmen, and suffered to approach. They instantly grappled the Capudan Pasha's ship, and another of the line. The latter broke loose and escaped the flames. But the Admiral's ship, grappled by the celebrated Canaris, was suddenly in a blaze from stem to stern. She blew up with almost the whole of her crew. The chief miscreant, the Capudan Pasha, had got into a boat, and was hurrying from the conflagration, when he was overtaken; a fragment of a mast fell on him and crushed him to death.

A retribution on a larger scale was to follow, still connected with this vengeance.

The two great objects of the Turkish campaign of 1822 were the extinction of the small Greek army in Western

Hellas, whose chief place of strength was Missolonghi, since so renowned; and the possession of the Morea, the seat of the Government. For the latter conquest the Porte exerted its utmost vigour, and formed the greatest army that had yet been poured into Greece. It was of fifty thousand men, of whom twenty thousand were cavalry. In July this immense body, commanded by Mahmoud Pasha, was put in motion. The cavalry took the advance, and moved down rapidly from the north of Thessaly. They found the whole long succession of the mountain passes deserted. From the summit of Mount Eta, they saw the plains of Phocis and Bœotia at their mercy, and poured upon them like an inundation. They thus swept on, filling the land with robbery and bloodshed, until they reached the Isthmus. Corinth had been taken by the Greeks in the year before; but the garrison, ill provided and disheartened, abandoned it at the sight of the Turkish standards. They next stretched into the Argolis to relieve the blockade of Napoli. The whole Eastern plain was instantly laid open before the invader. The besiegers of Napoli fled, and the Morea seemed undone.

But from this hour the campaign turned. Ypsilanti had gallantly thrown himself with thirteen hundred men into the dilapidated town of Argos in their rear. The Argolis forms a kind of peninsula, out of which retreat is difficult, but by Argos deeper into the Morea, or through a line of formidable defiles crowned with the citadel of Corinth. The open country had been soon exhausted by the ravages of the Turks. Without the arrival of the Pasha's fleet, which had been ordered to attend the army after the fall of Scio, the conquest must be evacuated. But the destruction of the Capudan Pasha's ship had terrified the fleet; they dared not venture into the narrow seas round Argolis, and the army was by this single blow abandoned to the alternative of flight or famine. But the defiles were now sealed. A line of living hostility was drawn from Lerna on the western head of the Gulph to Corinth. What a multitude of classic recollections spring up at every step on the illustrious soil of this war! In the

* Correspondence of Mr Leceves.

rear of Lerna lay the land of the Arcadians and Spartans. In the centre of the Turkish march lay the kingdom of Agamemnon. On the right lay, what to the invaders was the kingdom of a mightier potentate, the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

The army, pressed by famine, at length began its fatal march. History disdains to record the mental sufferings of barbarians, and is satisfied with rejoicing over their ruin. But perhaps its highest imaginations could combine no more fearful picture of mental and bodily horrors than were realized in the devoted army of Kourshid Pasha on the day that saw it retrace its steps to the Isthmus. The disgrace of their leader; the fate that threatened him and his officers in the wrath of the Sultan; the baffled avarice that makes the perpetual passion of the Moslem's soul; the scorn and theme of sudden flight, when Greece seemed already in their grasp; the physical inflictions, of wounds, stormy skies, and wasted soil that strewed their march with the dying and the dead of hunger and disease, the wild excesses and foul despair of savages in arms, were the scourges that reached all, from Mahmoud down to the lowest asmanli in his squadrons. The poetic spirit of the ancient Greeks would have seen the air darkened by avenging Deities, and Nemesis stooping from her clouds over this army destined to fatten the wolf and the vulture.

The heads of the Turkish columns had scarcely entered the hollows of the high country to the north of Lerna, when they were attacked. At every new advance, the mountains seemed to pour out fresh crowds of armed men, until at length the whole rear-guard was brought to a stand. The slaughter from the fire of the Greeks, who poured showers of balls securely into the valley, now became dreadful. Kolo-kotroni had abandoned the blockade of Patras on hearing of the intended retreat, and was in their front lining the passes from Argos to the Isthmus. After two days of hopeless battle, the Turkish rear-guard was totally dispersed or destroyed, leaving upwards of five thousand men on the field. The advanced-guard had been attacked at the same time, and its loss in the first engagement was not less than four thousand five hundred men, with a vast quantity of baggage. This battle

was fought in the Dervenoki pass on the high road from Argos. The enemy, as if a sudden infatuation had smote them, exposed themselves to the fire with scarcely an attempt at resistance. In the letter from Nicetas, the Greek commander, to Odysseus, this is described in finely characteristic language: "The Turk rode into the passes, with his sabre in the sheath, and his hands before his eyes, the victim of *Destiny!*" From these defeats, which took place between the fourth and seventh of August, the remnant halted to recover under the walls of Corinth. The Greeks still crowned the hills, and were seen ready to pour down on the first movement in retreat.

The Turks at length advanced again, with the apparent intention of returning upon Argos, but with the real object of drawing the Greeks from their position. But the manœuvre was baffled; and the Turkish commander, to his surprise, found that the gallant and indefatigable enemy had marched by his flank through the hills, and were actually masters of the positions between him and Corinth. He had now no resource but to drive them back at all hazards. He attacked the hills, but was repulsed with severe loss. The attack was renewed next day with the fury of despair. The Turks at length broke through the passes, but with the loss of their second in command, a most distinguished officer, and two thousand men.

Still destruction was to follow them. The troops collected round Corinth found provisions begin to fail them; they must leave the ground, and a movement was made with the double object of subsisting them, and relieving Patras, which had been long blockaded. They pushed through the broken country on the shore of the Gulph of Lepanto, a force of three thousand men. They had advanced near Vop-tizza, when a Greek detachment came upon them. The Turks were found halting in a valley at the foot of one of the steepest gorges of the mountains. Their experience of the campaign in the Morea, had probably disheartened their native bravery. They made no attempt to charge the Greeks, but, with the fatalism of their nation, at once resigned themselves to the disposal of events. The Greeks took advantage of the time to send notice to all the partizan Chiefs. Troops crowded

in, and the only way of retreat was suddenly closed. The enemy still made no attempt on the position, and the mountaineers, now secure of their prey, waited like men looking down on a mighty grave, to mark the progress of decay. The Turks evidently gave themselves up to death. Their provisions were first used, they then devoured their horses, then the herbs round them, then the leather of their saddles and equipments, then the bodies of the dead! They thus continued perishing for three weeks, the Greeks still guarding the brink of the sepulchre above, the Turks filling it with hourly corpses below. The annals of war, abundant as they are in sights of horror, never exhibited a horror so strange, so stern a mixture of apathy and ruin. The arrival of Odysseus put an end to this revolting spectacle. He had formerly known one of the Beys in command; he proposed a negotiation to his old friend. The enemy surrendered their arms and baggage, and were suffered to go on board some vessels in the Gulph. The dead, who had thus perished without drawing a sword, amounted to two thousand! The survivors were scarcely living. The Beys were sent to a fortress until exchanged. The Porte has no feeling for the unsuccessful, and they were never exchanged. Napoli and Corinth capitulated. Thus closed in ruin the memorable invasion of the Morea!

The operations in Western Greece were limited to an attack on Missolonghi, into which Mavrokordato had thrown himself with a few troops. The Turks are unfit for the attack of fortified towns, and though Missolonghi scarcely deserves the name, the bravery and perseverance of Mavrokordato, who on this occasion deserved great praise, and the steadiness of the garrison, repelled the enemy after a succession of assaults, attended with formidable loss, and finally flight, and the capture of the besieging artillery.

This campaign was on the whole eminently cheering to the Greek cause. And it ought to form for the friends of that most illustrious and sacred cause, a ground for the solid establishment of their hopes of its ultimate triumph. It showed a natural strength of country almost unconquerable by any human force; and a variety of resources in the climate, in the dexter-

ity of the people, the national bravery, and the habitual hatred of the Turk, that form so many unanswerable pledges of victory. Whenever the armed Greeks met the enemy, they either, fighting behind their rocks, or the walls of their half-dismantled fortresses, repelled them; or descending into the plain, fairly fought and defeated them. The only element necessary for effective conquest, then and now, was union. An element unhappily rare in the history of the Greek mind, but not beyond the easy possibility of revival. The hour that sees some powerful and patriotic influence, some one of those magnanimous and colossal characters, that are sent from time to time by Providence for the birth or regeneration of empires, standing in the front of the Greek cause, will see her oppressors scattered like chaff before the wind, finally, and for ever.

It is extraordinary to conceive with how small a force the war has been carried on. The actual Greek soldiery are calculated never to have exceeded from fifteen to twenty thousand men; and those spread in fragments over an immense and strongly separated territory, a huge expanse of mountains, bays, rapid rivers, and plains subject to the keenest severities of winter; their leaders and themselves equally ignorant alike of the art of war, and of providing the usual means of escaping the last extremities of military famine and the seasons; no plan of campaign—scarcely any combination even in the field, or common rule of discipline;—no obedience to a general head—no perseverance in success—the soldiers, after victory, habitually disbanding, and retiring with their booty to their homes. The aspect of politics still more irregular if possible. A feeble constitution, first despised, and then suddenly trampled down by the military chiefs; divided council—suspicions of treachery among some of the principal servants of the state—open defection among others—bickerings, ignorance, mutual fear, and general irresolution among all. To add to this catalogue of disabilities, a bankrupt treasury, while, as if some strange blight was to fix upon everything belonging to this administration, the influx of money was so far from healing the public evils, that it was to add a new source of inflammation to

the unnumbered distresses of the national cause.

Yet a mighty Empire, whose full strength, perhaps, no European knowledge can yet measure, but which has stood, like a lion with its fangs bared, before the face of Russia and Austria, daring them to advance a single step upon its desert, was utterly baffled by this handful of troops, strong in the natural strength of their country. This fortification is indestructible, whatever may befall its defenders. A new enemy may have for the moment paralysed its Chiefs, or new corruption may have made way for the successes of a new race of barbarians. But there will be the grave of the Turkish armies, and there may be the grave of the Turkish empire.

We are as fully alive as the most violent scorers of the Greek cause, to the follies, nay, to the crimes of the people, both before and since this war. But with all our abhorrence of the crimes generated by all war, with our regret for the remaining ferocity which disgraces the Greek soldier, and with our deep shame for the scandals which have been brought upon England by the polluting avarice and base speculation of its loud-tongued boasters of patriotism, we feel the irresistible impression, that this is the Cause of truth, human nature, and sound policy. The wise caution of English Council may justly shrink from the possibility of awaking war again among the Christian States. But there is a time when caution becomes tardiness, and if there ever was a crisis in which the mighty strength of England could most justifiably and safely interpose, it is the present, when the war is actually breeding disturbance in the cabinets of the great powers, and when it wears the new aspect of a war of extermination, headed by an African barbarian, a new subsidiary, who comes not for the purpose of restoring the territory to its old sovereign, but of making it a wilderness to all nations. In the interview of Ibrahim Pacha with Captain Hamilton of the Cambrian, in September 1825, this barbarian declared that it was his intention "to burn and destroy the whole Morea, so that it should be profitable neither to the Greeks, nor to him, nor to any one!" What would those infatuated men, the dupes of their own imbecile government, do for provisions in the winter? He knew that his own sol-

diers must suffer, that they too must perish. But his father, Mehmet Ali, was training forty thousand men, and he was in daily expectation of a reinforcement of twelve thousand. If these were cut off, he would have more, and he would persevere until the Greeks returned to their former state. One of the castles in Heplai had just been taken by assault, and the garrison put to the sword. He repeated, "I will not cease till the Morea be a ruin!"

The African will make good his promise of slaughter, so long as he shall be successful. In his progress across the Morea he butchered every straggler, and burned every village! And is it under the dagger of this butcher that we, a Christian people, are suffering hundreds and thousands to perish, who use the same Scriptures, pray to the same God, and are struggling against the same privation of the common rights of our nature, against which it is the safety and the glory of England to have struggled sword in hand? And this deplorable scene is passing, not in some remote land, condemned to the neglect of civilized nations, but in the very centre of Europe; not at a distance from our interests or our power, but under our very eye, and within the grasp of our hand, in the sight of English garrisons, and under the guns of English ships. We may feel due deference for the wisdom of our Governors, but have we not a human right to ask the question, why should those things be? why should atrocities that but heard of curdle the blood, that but recited in history would stamp eternal ignominy on the nation by which they were perpetrated, that at this hour fling scorn on our boasted age of philanthropy, be suffered in the face of day? We would not allow an Egyptian or a Tunisian fleet to darken the waters of our seas, why shall they be permitted to rove the Mediterranean, filled with troops and the implements of destruction, to overwhelm a poor but gallant people, fighting not for imaginary privileges, but for life, for the purity of their wives and children, for the spot that gave them birth, for the whole train of generous and noble impulses that make man better than the brute, and give the evidence that there is something within him destined to survive the grave? A single English gun fired over the Egyptian

fleet, would instantly extinguish all its ferocity; there is not a power in Europe that would dare to question the act, and England, proud of having conquered for the right, might laugh to scorn the secret bitterness if it should exist, as she might fearlessly crush the open hostility.

In the campaign of 1822, the Greeks had fought two campaigns at once. Their triumph over the army of Mahmoud Pasha in the Argolis, totally disabled the Porte from effective operations in the year 1823. An army had been formed with the double object of attacking Western Hellas, and invading the Morea from the Isthmus. But after a feeble attempt to penetrate the mountain ridges in front of Corinth, and a desultory advance towards Missolonghi, the commanding Pashas felt the hazard of their position, retreated, and closed the useless campaign. One exploit of a gallantry that reminds us of the heroic age of Greece, threw added lustre upon the national arms. Mustapha Pasha, chief in command of the invasion of Western Greece, was marching down on Acarnania, to form a junction with the troops on the shore of the Corinthian gulph. Marco Botzaris advanced to stop his passage. He found him encamped on an extensive plain. The name of Karpenisi ought to be henceforth among the memorials of Greek valour. Botzaris mustered but two thousand soldiers. The camp before him contained fourteen thousand, and those not Turks, but the bravest troops of the Sultan,—Albanians. Undeterred by this appalling disparity, he still determined to attack them; but like Leonidas, he waited for the night, and, like him, he selected a band of three hundred to penetrate to the centre of the camp. His speech had the Spartan brevity and the Spartan fire, "If you lose sight of me, come and seek me in the Pasha's tent." The whole achievement has the spirit of Thermopylæ. Botzaris ordered that the remaining troops should attack the camp in different quarters, but that not a shot should be fired until his bugle sounded. At the appointed hour he advanced towards the enemy's sentinels with his three hundred. On being challenged, he answered, that he came with a detachment from the Pasha Omer Vrioni. In the next moment he was in the

camp. He sounded his bugle, the attack commenced on every side, and the enemy, overpowered with fatigue and sleep, were slaughtered without intermission. At the dawn of day the Greeks found themselves in the midst of a silent camp, the enemy were slain or had fled, leaving their baggage, munitions of war, and horses, to the victors. But this brilliant success was dearly purchased by the loss of its hero. In the midst of the rout, and when he was on the point of making the Pasha his prisoner, Botzaris received a bullet in the loins. He still fought; he received another in the head, this was mortal, and he fell into the arms of a soldier. He died on the field, but in the glorious consciousness of victory. The troops, as the noblest tribute to the memory of their Chieftain, immediately elected his brother to the command.

The year 1824 opened with larger prospects for the Greeks than any of the past. The power of their enemy had been tried to the utmost. Army after army destroyed, fleets burned or baffled, Generals disgraced, the Ottoman treasury impoverished, and Greece still in arms, still master of the great fortresses, and still animated with the same gallant spirit which had been to it fortresses, wealth, and arms. These were the splendid auguries of her new birth to fame and freedom. But a still broader light was now opening on it, from the great source of light and liberty to struggling nations. The contest had awakened the sympathies of England, and the public voice was at once loud in praise of the persevering valour of the Greeks, and loud in regret at the reluctance of the leading Cabinets of Europe to put a stop to the calamities of a European and Christian people. Large private contributions were sent to the Greek Government, and at length the more effective measure of loan was adopted. Of this we shall speak hereafter. But the most remarkable feature of the time was the arrival in Greece of Colonel Stanhope and Lord Byron. The former reached Missolonghi in December 1823, as accredited agent of the London Greek Committee—as a volunteer the latter in the month after.

Ill success is often mistaken for ill conduct, and Colonel Stanhope's mission has fallen under long and severe censure. Yet it would be but justice

to require more solid proofs of his errors than have yet been given. To all appearance, no man could have been more fitted for the service. A man of birth, a gallant officer, an intelligent scholar, and an enthusiast in the cause, a cause in which enthusiasm has a right to be the feeling of honour and virtue. In his conduct of the mission, he appears to have been indefatigable, traversing the country in all directions, and sometimes at personal hazard, visiting the chiefs in their mountains and caves, with the view of reconciling their quarrels, and labouring, in the midst of perpetual political irritations and public confusion, to lay the groundwork of those solid institutions on which freedom can alone be raised. The principle of his conduct was right beyond all controversy. The establishment of a public press for the purpose of uniting the Greeks by an immediate communication of their public necessities, dangers, and duties, was the most natural expedient of a mind that had seen the wonder-working powers of printing in England. It is fortunately idle in Englishmen to enter into the panegyric of those powers. We are aware, too, of their abuses. But if England's liberties were first fought for by the sword, it is by the press that they have been defended, that the fearful arbitration of the sword has been made unnecessary, that the natural tendency of all human rule to error and violence has been stayed, that the minutest oppression in society finds instant detection, that the most subtle intrigue of corrupt authority is hopeless of escape, that the feeblest being that treads the English soil needs not fear the frown of the highest, that peace finds us the most enlightened, opulent, and free of all nations since the beginning of time, that war found us before, and will find us again, armed with a strength indivisible and indestructible, one spirit, one body, one cause, and one unrivalled glory.

The failures of this mighty instrument in Greece, can be only matter of lamentation. Much pardon may be allowed to a soldier's inexperience in those things. But the first act of wise patriotism will be to establish a press in Greece, kept clear of weak partizanship, local quarrels, and gratuitous offence to the European governments, and limited to the manly and essential

purpose of awaking the people to a sense of their true situation, to the duty of humanity, to the importance of an improved civilization, to their increase in political and military science, to the abandonment of those impurities which ages of ignorance, poverty, and tyranny, have grown over the sacred Monument raised in their midst by the hands of the Apostles, the religion of their fathers, the gospel.

The institution of schools has been equally misinterpreted. But it is from the intelligence of the rising generation alone that the true hope of Greece must spring. A thousand years of triumph would not place her existing people, if they could live through them all, in the rank of coequals with Europe. Their wild and darkened prejudices—the fierce nature of men reared among the stern excesses of predatory life, or in the commission of the still more stern excesses of Turkish tyranny—the alternation of the robber and the slave, are not the materials for secure freedom. They may be well fitted for their time—for the rough work of the contest—for the bold attack, and the fierce pursuit, and the remorseless execution. The savage of the forest must be dragged down by the hounds scarcely less savage. But other times and other men must cover the soil with peace and knowledge. The gunpowder may blast the rock, but agents less terrible must rear the fabric in which Greece can worship without reproach and without fear. But among us, the object to be avoided is that of offence to men whose motives are still above suspicion. We must not alienate those friends of Greece who have shown themselves fearless, ready, and active for her sake. Zeal may be misdirected, but without zeal, nothing great or good is to be done on earth; and when men run the utmost hazard for honour and patriotism, let them not be defrauded of the only reward that they will condescend to receive—the respect of their country.

Lord Byron's arrival in Greece gave to the cause all the lustre that could be shed upon it by literary fame. His most distinguished poem had been dedicated to her loveliness, her misfortunes, and her renown; and his setting foot on the soil of his earliest labours, was looked on as the commencement of a long course of noble exer-

tions, that were to realize all the visions of his powerful mind. No individual could have gone forth on this illustrious enterprise with advantages fuller of promise. Rank, genius, wealth, local knowledge, fame, a bold spirit, and, more than all, something of an ominous consciousness that there he was to strike a blow that was to fix or unfix all his fame—that there he was to be immortal, or to perish—a consciousness than which there is not in the deep treasury of the human heart an impulse that has oftener roused to great actions.

But all was destined to the bitterest disappointment. Disaster sat upon him from the moment of his reaching the shore. He landed in an unlucky place, in an unlucky season, in an unlucky period of public affairs. The animation of victory had subsided, and he found the chiefs quarrelling about the distribution of the money from England, which, with their natural ignorance of loans, they seem to have

looked on as legitimate plunder. These, with the severity of the mountain winter, and the discomforts of a dilapidated town, lying between a morass and a desert, were dangerous trials to the bodily and mental vigour of a man accustomed to the intellectual ease and personal indulgencies of rank in Europe. The numerous narratives of his unfortunate residence in this spot, preclude our enlarging on a topic now past, and at all times painful. But after a variety of attempts to urge the government into activity, and expending large sums on a regiment of Suliotes, and the preparation of some siege artillery for Lepanto, he found that he had not yet learned the art of stirring up wayward and headlong men to a sense of the value of political union. His health sank under this continual irritation. He was seized with distemper; and on the 19th of April, this splendid light was extinguished in the marshes of Missolonghi.

Sketch of the Seat of War in Greece.

Without frequent recourse to the Map, it will be scarcely possible to follow the complicated campaigns of Greece. But the generality of the maps only increase the confusion. The best on a small scale is Colonel Leake's. And from this we have sketched a few of the principal points.

The great object of the Turkish campaigns has been the conquest of the Morea; for this purpose they have generally formed an army in Thessaly, from which one body has marched eastward over the mountains towards Missolonghi, while another has moved down upon the Isthmus. The capture of Missolonghi was important chiefly for the purpose of allowing the debarkation of its captors on the opposite shore of the Corinthian gulph at Patras; thus to enter the Morea in two directions. The armies were then to unite and subdue the country. The Ottoman fleet was to move along the shore with supplies, &c.

In our Papers on Greece we have looked occasionally to the works of the individuals on whose fidelity and knowledge we had most reason to rely. But for the reader's purpose of obtaining a view, at once general and minute, animated and important, we can name nothing superior to the two little numbers of "Greece," contained in the MODERN TRAVELLER,* a publication which, amounting to but ten or a dozen pocket volumes, already contains more information of the *actual* state of the world, than perhaps any other in existence. Its merit is, that it is not a compilation of the writings of modern travellers, but a *combination* of their various knowledge, checked and often increased by the accuracy and information of the intelligent editor. It deserves a place in the library of every inquiring person, who desires to become acquainted with the latest state of nations, without the trouble of turning over a multitude of voyages and statistical works, naturally imperfect and partial, and, of course, sometimes contradictory and untrue.

* James Duncan, Paternoster-Row, London.

GILLIES'S GERMAN STORIES.*

WE remember an anecdote in Mungo Park's Travels, to this effect—that, riding one fine day through a forest in Africa, all at once he felt his horse trembling as with an ague-fit beneath him; and, on looking round for the cause, what should he perceive at a few yards' distance, but the comfortable sight of a Bilidulgerid lion, reposing majestically in the shade, and fixing his knowing old eyes full upon him. This was an awkward moment both for horse and rider; they were “delicately situated,” and we may presume that each of them, for some time after,

“Advanced in fear and dread;
Nor ever, as he went along,
Durst once turn round his head;
Because that evermore there might
A fiend behind him tread.”

Now, what possible concern has this anecdote of Mungo Park with anything before us?—Understand us, sweet reader, by way of figure. Speaking under types and similitudes, *we* are that same African lion, reposing under the ample umbrage of Blackwood's Magazine; and many a jolly author do we see pacing softly by us into the pathless forests of literature. Laurels from the banks of the Joliba and the Niger are all that the sweet young greenhorn is thinking of, when suddenly a turn of the road brings him in sight of us; we “hold him with our glittering eye;” and the caitiff straightway becomes sensible of his enormous folly in leaving the snug delights of home, for a vain phantom of glory in the howling wilderness of literature. He stops—looks at us ruefully—begins to tremble—would go back, if he could, or forward, if he durst—now and then vainly conceits that the great forest of books will hide him from our panoptic view, though his prevailing thought is that we mean to eat him at one mouthful. However, it is notorious, that too often we do not, but, like the lion above-mentioned, unconcernedly allow him to escape. And what do we get for such mercy? With respect to Mr Park's lion, there are naturalists still in existence, who are ninnies

enough to set down *his* forbearance to the account of magnanimity. And how do they account for *ours*? They do not stick to say that we show mercy only when we have dined ambrosially. “Now, such nonsense!” as Mr Martin of Galway says. To talk of the milk of human kindness in a male tiger from Hyrcania, or in a lion from Bilidulgerid; and to question it in us, the blandest of God's critics! But just to see the perversity of this wicked world!—Mr Park's lion, they pretend, spared his man because he was magnanimous, and we because we have dined. Now, on the contrary, it was Mr Park's lion that had dined, and, with submission, it is we that are magnanimous. Our brother of Africa, you may depend upon it, had been recently invited to a collation of cows and bulls, or his stomach would never have declined to find entertainment for man and horse. We, on the other hand, conduct our mercies upon mere abstract principles of philanthropy; and amongst the many absurd “turn-outs” that we daily see in the world of letters, knowing how much they must have cost, and how inevitably the majority will be capsized, we do not think it right to put their poor drivers to any particular torment in our pages—quite satisfied with that general torment which awaits them all, of breaking their own necks in an early part of their career.

Mercy, however, like all other good things in this world, must have its limits. And accordingly we would have people take notice that we shall not long continue to exhibit that amiable weakness of our character towards the dealers in German translation. These sinners must be roused to a proper sense of their enormities; and *that*, we fear, will never be, until a judgment falls upon them. Some critical bomb will assuredly plunge amongst them one of these days, and exploding to the right and left, leave them all shattered in a way that would be particularly painful to the friend of humanity. Anxious to prevent matters coming to such a crisis, we shall

* German Stories; selected from the Works of Hoffman, De la Motte Fouqué, Pichler, Kreuse, and others. By R. P. Gillies, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London. 1826.

now read them a short homily, from which they may collect why it is that the world are beginning to be weary of them. And this it gives us great pleasure to do in connexion with the three volumes of Mr Gillies, whose generally judicious choice of stories, and truly admirable style of translation, step in opportunely to furnish a commentary on the suggestions which we shall throw out. Under his example, we trust that a great improvement in this department will speedily take place, and that we may soon have to look back upon him rather as the leader and inaugural essayist in a new era, than as a rare and almost solitary instance of immunity from those particular defects with which we are now going to tax the general corps to which he belongs.

A translator of German Tales stands in a situation differing, as to one capital circumstance, from all other translators whatsoever. He is loaded with a responsibility double of theirs. They are responsible as translators, and in that character only; he as a translator, and a selector besides. In every other department of literature, except that of novels, the original motive for translating one book rather than another, is, that the public curiosity has been already attracted to it, either directly on its own account, or from some personal interest which has settled upon its author. This curiosity, this interest, well or ill founded, exonerates the translator from all responsibility as a selector. Not I (he is entitled to say) not I, that pointed out this book to the public, but the public who pointed it out to me. Sismondi, for instance, has at present a sort of fashionable notoriety in England, as a historian. This notoriety is already a sort of invitation or challenge to the translator, who in such a case is not to be considered as a guide to the public judgment, but as a mere agent for fulfilling their avowed wishes—and no more undertakes to guarantee the reader against disappointment, than the manager of a theatre when he imports a great opera-singer, Pasta or Catalani, on the general warrant of their reputation. But with respect to novels and romances, the case is very different. Here the public is in search of pure amusement; of *that*, and that only. It is in vain, therefore, to allege any interest ex-

trinsic to that of the book itself. No one would willingly consent to read a dull or extravagant story, merely because the book had been confiscated by the Prussian government, or because the author had died the death of a patriot. And he, who translates a novel upon any such irrelevant plea, unless he advertises the fact in his title-page, dupes and misleads the public as much, and as idly abuses the confidence reposed in his power of selection, as the man who should force "blue ruin" upon us at dinner, under the pretence that, as men of letters, we must be supposed to feel a deep interest in a liquor which had once been patronized by Lord Byron. Take an instance in the Tales of Arabia. A body of these, under the title of the Arabian Nights, had delighted all Europe for a century: young and old had been under the same fascination; in the words of Sir Philip Sidney, they had "kept children from their play, and old men from the chimney-corner." Upon this hint, some dusty Orientalists have presented us with new selections; and Von Hammer bores us with his proofs that they are genuine. For a Von Hammer that may be quite sufficient; but "*nous autres*," the world of men and women—boys and girls, that have warm red blood in our veins, but speak no Arabic or Cufic, put quite another question:—Are they good, we ask, are they juicy, and do they resemble our old friends the Sinbads, the Ali Babas, the Prince Camaralzamans, and all those immortal people? We read them, and forthwith kick the meagre shadows down stairs as impostors. That they are come of high blood—makes their degeneracy the more conspicuous; and we are all of us incensed at hearing a miserable crab, harsh and sour as verjuice, pleading for toleration, because it grew in the same orchard that once produced the *nonpareil* or the *bon chrétien*.

Now, if the Tales of Arabia, with all their titles from high antiquity, from romantic associations, and so forth, can plead no available privilege in bar of convicted dulness, how much less can a German breed of tales pretend to any claim upon our notice extrinsic to that of absolute merit? A shawl from Thibet, or a sabre from Damascus, though but a bad one, has still an air of classic grace about it;

but an inferior Norwich shawl, or an inferior sword from "Brummagem," no charity requires us to put up with. Tell us, therefore, no more of Hoffmann, that should have been persecuted by kings, or of Körner, that died like a hero. All we can do for them is what "the captain bold from Halifax" did for the "unfortunate Miss Bailey"—we will give them a one-pound note; but read their infernal stories we will not. So far as subscription goes, subscription we mean for their families, we dare say that many people in this country would be willing to express their sympathy with the misfortunes or the heroism of any true German patriot; but, because a man is a patriot, shall he therefore have a right to bore us with his dullness, or to insult us with his lunacies? Is our disgust towards him as an author, the appropriate mode of conveying our approbation of him as a man?—Or again, because a crazy German novelist has found a critic as crazy as himself, to confer upon him a fugitive distinction in some fugitive journal, shall that be a justifying reason for transplanting his monstrous crudities to this country, without waiting even to ask whether they are likely to prosper in his own? These are questions which are continually suggested to the English public by the mass of rubbish which is forced upon them from the German; and the fact cannot be concealed, that, finding themselves so often swindled out of their time and their money by those who undertake the task of selection, they are now rapidly withdrawing their confidence from the whole body of German translators, and from the German literature itself, the last relics of respect or interest.

A precedent is now set by Mr Gillies, in the three volumes before us, for liberating us from such degradation, and for raising the standard in this department of literature; and, by way of contributing to the same end, we make the following suggestions:—Recurring to what we have said above of the two-fold character borne by the naturalizer of German novels, let us begin by saying a few words on the principles which should guide him as a selector.

First, Let him abstain altogether from German novels of manners; this for two reasons; one—that German manners are in a bad taste, mean and

coarse; the other—that of manners generally, whether coarse or not, the Germans are coarse delineators. We do not wish to say offensive things; but it is undeniable, that on the whole outside of German life and manners, there is impressed a stamp of what is best described by a German neologism, as *kleinstädtigkeit*, or country-townishness. Speaking of ignoble things, one must use ignoble words; and the word *hugger-mugger* is about the appropriate expression for the style of German domestic life. *Snuigness* is the highest mode of German luxury; and every *paterfamilias* in Germany seems to us essentially what in vulgar English is called a *Molly-cot*, or in the language of Shakspeare, (as applied to old Capulet,) a *cot-quean*. Even the young men are *cot-queans*; familiar with the arrangements of the pantry; austere exactors of cheese-parings and candle-ends; and vigilant gamekeepers in the domestic preserve of the store-room. One of Smollett's naval heroes, Commodore Truncheon we believe, is made to swear always, "by the honour and dignity of a man." Now, by the honour and dignity of a man, we adjure the reader to say, whether it is possible for the spirit which presides in oath to be worse outraged than by the spectacle of a great big German sentimentalist, two or three and twenty years old, with the tears running down his face, in sympathy with some maudlin scene he has been reciting from Iffland, suddenly upon a household summons from the cook, whisking out of the abysses of his unfathomable pocket a huge armful of keys, and bouncing off with the curvet of a startled rhinoceros to serve out mace and sugar to Jenny, or ketchup to Dolly. Again, let us request the reader to conceive the unutterable effect which would follow upon introducing, amongst a well-bred party of English people, such a topic of conversation as the best mode of pickling walnuts, or of choosing Muscovado sugar. Assuredly, the circle in St James's drawing-room would not be more confounded by the sight of a lady kneeling down to garter her stocking, or pulling out a pocket-comb to adjust her locks. Yet such goodly matter of housewifery and domestic economy is often introduced as in keeping with the manners and conversation of the people of distinction, the *vornehme Leute*, of the German novelist; even those of Von Goëthe, although

Von Goethe has undeniably lived in a court. From all this, it may well be supposed that the general tone of miscellaneous society in Germany is bad, and emphatically, what we mean in this country by the word, underbred. Such a thing as a German gentleman we conceive to be a *non-ens*. Bouterweck, in his History of Literature, observes, that the English word 'gentleman,' (as applied to manners and deportment, not as designating a particular rank or station,) is absolutely untranslatable, by any German equivalent. We believe it; and we are no less persuaded that the thing itself, according to the highest and ideal conception of it in this island, is quite as much as the word without any German representative. Perhaps the nearest approach to the character in Germany is found occasionally in the travelled Baron; only that too often he has the tarnish of the gambling 'hells' upon him, and the air of a Black-legs or an adventurer.

Now, what is the reason of all this? Why should German society be in worse tone than that of other countries? Some people may account for it by the want of any capital city—metropolitan to all Germany. Others might find the cause, and more philosophically perhaps, in the want of that close interfusion of all the classes of society which in England is accomplished by the popular form of our government, and of our civil institutions. With us, the attraction between the lowest and the highest orders is great, consequently the repulsion; both of which tend to exalt the national standard of manners. The sons even of a ducal family come amongst the people at school—at college—on the hustings, and in infinite varieties of public business; by this means the purest form of high breeding is exhibited as it were on a stage; and the spirit of their manners descends through the many gradations of rank which connect them with the very lowest. On the other hand, as the patrician ranks are aware of this continuity of gradation, and that they are divided from the plebeian orders, by no such abrupt line of separation as exists on the continent, they are prompted by the jealous pride of high blood to construct for themselves such a line of separation in distinctions of manners and refinement. And hence it happens, that whilst the highest tone of

manners is secured in England by aristocratic feeling, it is afterwards diffused by the necessity of bending to the democratic spirit of our institutions. The very repulsion between the different orders, furnishes the means of producing that which can be afterwards circulated and propagated only by means of their mutual attraction. Now in Germany all is reversed; there is no repulsion between the different parts of the social body, simply because there is no attraction. Attraction there can be none, when public spirit and enterprise languish, and the people have no influence upon the administration of public affairs—nor repulsion where the exclusive privileges of one class create a legal barrier between itself and every other, which extinguishes all occasions of jealousy. The *haute noblesse* of Germany, amongst whom the ideal standard of manners should naturally be looked for, are entirely insulated from the body of the people, and exercise no sort of influence upon the general tone of social intercourse.

These considerations do something to explain the German manners, but not all. Whosoever looks into German life, though it were but in the mirror of German novels, will soon become aware that the constitution of the German mind itself is in a great degree answerable for the bad taste of this social intercourse. The household affections of the German are warm and amiable, but they are not in a noble style: and it is impossible to deny that the same false tone prevails in their feelings, and the expression of them which prevails in their manner. In what nation, for example, but the German, does a daughter address her father as her "dear little fatherling?" All nations, it is true, adopt diminutives as the appropriate language of love; but of love under what modification? Of love speaking from a station of equality, or of tender condescension; not surely as it exists under the somewhat awful restraints of filial duty. This single instance might suffice to convince us that there is a radical effeminacy in the German mind, a defect of that masculine tone in their sensibilities, without which there can be nothing noble in the style of manners which they influence. But the same sort of paralytic weakness runs through the whole of German life. Nowhere is the contemptible puerility

so common of forming marriage connexions upon the first random impulse of casual desire or momentary fancy. Does a young German dine at a table where there are two or three pretty young women—straightway the coxcomb is “in love;” he spends the whole night in endeavouring to ascertain which of the three he loves best; and the next morning waits on papa, flings himself at his feet, draws out a pistol, and swears he will shoot himself unless he consents to bestow upon him in marriage the charming Miss —; and there he pauses to determine with which name he shall fill up the blank. Connexions, formed with such childish haste and levity, are as capriciously dissolved. Nowhere in the world is married life so much disfigured by the base and degrading passion of jealousy. This fact at once proclaims the mean footing on which the relations between the two sexes are established. How opposite to that which prevails in this country, where no one circumstance in our manners throws such dignity upon the aspect of social life as the large and magnanimous confidence which husbands repose in their wives, (not cancelled, let it be remembered, by that spirit of indifference for the honour of married women which prevails in France;) a confidence which, whilst it does so much honour to the man, is the cause as well as the effect of a corresponding nobility in the woman.

From this effeminacy in the German character, combined with the pettiness of provincial towns and the absence of an influential aristocracy, we are persuaded that it would be possible to explain all that is peculiar in German manners. Meantime, let us not be understood to mean that the Germans are a sensual people; that would be doing them great injustice—it is not in their appetites, but the amiable emotions of our higher nature, that the Germans discover the emasculation of their minds. Parental love, for instance, constantly puts on that ricketty and half-childish character, which with us it seldom wears but amongst grandfathers and grandmothers in their dotage. Pretty much of the same quality is the bearing of a German village pastor to his flock. Something analogous there is in German bodies. Many worthy German friends of ours carry about with them large hulking persons that seem to be

mere heaps of flesh without bone. Not uncommonly our male friends have vast milky faces, as white as leprosy, with a tender suffusion of girlish rosi-ness, eyes of the sweetest light blue, and such an expression of baby innocence and paralytic amiableness, as absolutely puts us out of countenance, in a man of forty. Then to hear them laugh! It is impossible to give any idea of it in a page of Blackwood's Magazine; but if we had the reader in a room, we could convey some faint echo of the helpless giggle—the infantine *he, he, he*, of a right amiable German, which contrasts so ludicrously with the mighty *haugh, haugh, haugh*, of some jolly Scotch or English squire who happens to be passing at the moment. But by this time the reader begins to think that perhaps we are making game of our German friends. By no means—we have a sincere pleasure in flagellating them, it is true, but still we respect their just pretensions highly. They have some excellent gifts in their intellectual dowry which we in England have not. But they have no *bone*—no balance of masculine good sense in their sensibilities, for all that. The fact is, that there is some principle of resistance from the will and the understanding, which, amongst ourselves, gives strength and dignity to the domestic affections; and this principle the Germans want. To the same paralytic incontinence of sensibility we ascribe in part their incapacity for realizing the gentlemanly character. Surrendering himself without restraint to the noisy and boisterous expression of his most transient feelings—yelling his admiration, screaming his surprise, howling his dissent, and clenching his approbation with a great thump upon the table, how should a German attain the calm self-possession and dignity of a British gentleman? And, where there are no gentlemen, the key-note in a system of manners is wanting.

From this sketch of domestic life in Germany, which, we protest, is not an ill-natured one, the reader will see how impossible it is that a German novel of manners should present any agreeable subjects for contemplation. Independently of which, and supposing the manners to have been better than they are, we repeat, that the Germans have not the talent for painting them. Their touch is not light enough; and no writer amongst them has yet made

the least approach to the grace with which such subjects are treated by some of the French writers of memoirs, and by our own novelists, dramatic writers, and essayists. Indeed, had this been otherwise, it can seldom be advisable to attempt transplanting any work, novel or otherwise, which is too radically steeped in exotic manners. For example, in the *Canterbury Tales*, the *Man of Law's Tale*, the *Knight's Tale*, and that of the *Lady Abbess*, might be transferred to any language which was capable of doing them justice; for they depend upon nature and universal passion. But in the comic part of the same work, (as the *Miller's Tale*, the *Reeves*, &c.) the exquisite colouring of English life with which Chaucer has invested them would be an effectual bar to their translation. Cowper, for the same reason, would be found generally untranslatable. His allusions, tone of feeling, images, rural and domestic pictures, are all intensely English. Where is the foreigner, for instance, with a taste for spending his evenings at a theatre, his villainous love of coffee, and his indifference to the legislative proceedings of his nation, that could feelingly comprehend the description of an English fire-side in the country on a winter's evening—the curtains drawn, “the bubbling and loud-hissing urn,” the sound of the post-boy's horn, entering the village over the bridge—the unfolding of the newspaper, full of a Parliamentary debate, and all the other circumstances of the description, which throw back many an English heart upon living and abiding remembrances! Burns, again, in the majority of his writings, would become a dead-letter in a translation: if not absolutely a sealed book to the continental world, it is certain, at least, that foreigners must come to him, for he will never go to them.*

With this view of the case, we must denounce Augustus la Fontaine, Langbein, and all their followers, as utterly unfit for importation into our market. Besides their extravagant silliness, which, perhaps, in a tale that was otherwise good, we might overlook,

they are often such mere home-spun Germans—so intensely local, that positively to make some of their tales intelligible, it would be necessary to import the whole parish in which the scene is laid; and universally indeed they pre-suppose too much knowledge of German manners. Mr Gillies has done wisely to give us but one tale in which the interest depends upon the manners, and even there it depends latterly upon the incidents: this is the tale of *George Selding*, by *Caroline Pichler*; and, so far as it goes, it tends to confirm what we have said of German domestic life. Mr George is a banker at Vienna; and having accidentally the good fortune to render a service to some ladies in a situation of danger, he becomes a privileged guest at their house. One of the ladies being very handsome and accomplished, as a matter of course, he falls in love with her; and pays her such attentions, that she herself takes “care to mark by her conduct that she looks on Selding as her accepted wooer—almost as a betrothed husband.”—(P. 193, vol. ii.) It is impossible, therefore, for Mr George to pretend ignorance of the expectations which he is encouraging; and in fact he takes a position in the family, which is not warranted unless by those expectations. Yet, in defiance of all this, and without any change in the circumstances, except a discovery (interesting, no doubt, to the mind of a housewife) that Miss Louisa had not made with her own hands a certain dress which she wore, Mr George thinks himself entitled to transfer his attentions to Miss Louisa's cousin, who had. Not satisfied with this, he has the abominable brutality to propose employing his first mistress as the go-between, for conveying tender messages to the second. Now we affirm, that in any country, where manners had been sufficiently matured to become auxiliary to the laws, and to enforce those rights of individuals which the laws could not, Mr George, though a banker and a sentimentalist, would have been abundantly kicked. The story goes on to say, that Mr George marries the

* Perhaps the only exception to the spirit of this remark is Colonel Townley's French translation of *Hudibras*; but it requires a more rigorous examination of it than has yet been made, to be sure that it is an exception.

dress-maker; whom, however, he soon dismisses, for no reason that can be understood out of Vienna, and whom, not long after, he resumes with as little show of argument as he could have pleaded for either marrying her or dismissing her. In this series of conduct, which in all poetical justice should have conducted Mr George very rapidly to a horse-pond, we are surprised to find him held up by Mrs Pichler as a fit subject for enlightened sympathy. This Mrs P., by the way, the reader must understand to be a very celebrated person in Germany, and perhaps equal in authority with our Miss Edgeworth. Whatever be her other merits, which, for our parts, we never could discover, the reader will find that she has no great power in a novel of manners; and we are happy to assure Mrs Pichler that she enjoys one distinction in Mr Gillies's collection, viz. that of having furnished by far the worst story which he has adopted. All the others are tales of incident and action: and this leads us to the second caution we have to suggest for the benefit of those who are going into the German market.

II. Dismissing, for the reasons we have alleged, that class of tales which rests the interest upon manners, there remain two others, tales of sentiment, and tales of action. The first class, as regards the purpose of the translator, may be set down as a mere blank in the German literature. John Paul Richter stands absolutely alone in this department, and he is all but untranslatable. He only, of all his contemporaries, has united great strength and originality of feeling to a very masculine understanding; and has applied both to the contemplation of the life which lay around him in his native country, whether in the cottage or the palace, in the quiet fields and woods, or in the guilty strife of cities. Perhaps of no other writer than John Paul will it ever be possible to say, that from his works there might be culled a rosary of sentiments, fitted to every aspect of human joy or sorrow, a manual of maxims for the sagacious man of the world, and a body of philosophical aphorisms, equally subtle and original, for the meditative recluse. This most brilliant writer, and great master of tears and laughter, has, however, one drawback upon his *Catholic* pretensions as a Eu-

ropean classic, in the fantastic and dreamy colouring of his pathos, which it too often requires something of German *Schwärmerei* to comprehend. It is not that his tenderness is ever in reality chargeable with affectation; but no man who understands the tone of English literature, can doubt that it would occasionally appear so in an English translation, unless the translator had any resources of art for modifying the naked and direct expression of the sentiment in the way that we see effected at times by the use of the Scotch dialect. But, as this would be impracticable in a work that was not, in part, at least, dramatic in its form, and that could not at pleasure take such a form to suit the movement of the sentiment, a translator would have to struggle with greater difficulties in adapting a work of John Paul's, than in a version of the Greek drama, tragic and comic, of Pindar, or even of Horace; a section of the classical literature, which is, and will be, the opprobrium of the translator in every language in Europe. Meantime, the immensity and the miscellaneousness of the knowledge which is presupposed in the allusions, images, and side glances of J. Paul, is far beyond what would be requisite to equip a commentator on any half dozen of the classical authors of antiquity. At first sight, indeed, one might suppose that his very purpose had been

Aux Saumaises futurs préparer des tortures;

and, though it soon becomes evident that this amazing wealth of cryptical allusion is never wantonly nor ostentatiously employed, still it cannot but be a serious obstacle to the popularity of an author, that his works require a *variorum* edition to make them generally intelligible. An adequate English adaptation of the Titan, the Hesperus, the Palingenesien, or the Comet of John Paul, would, in our judgment, be the ultimate triumph of translating skill; beyond which, no greater is possible. Such a conquest of art we hold to be all but desperate, or, at least, in the language of Longinus, as the *πολλῆς πείρας τελεύταιον ἐπιτένημα*. Such being our conviction, we are the less disposed to feel any surprise that Mr Richard Holcraft, after acquitting himself very well as a translator from Hoffmann, should have broken down

so painfully under two short specimens from Richter. One of these is the *Death of an Angel*, and the other is *The Moon*. He has not pointed out the immediate source from which he drew, but both are originally taken from the *Quintus Fixlein*; and certainly two more injudicious selections could not have been made, nor more lamely translated. Even the mere outline of the sense is too often missed,* and the diction is rank with unweeded German idiom; so that, even when John Paul is not absolutely disguised and masked, he is grossly disfigured; and the whole has the air of a rich and fanciful tapestry turned wrong side out. We say not this by way of reproach to Mr Holcraft, whose own native style has a strong tendency to become good, with a little more pains and cultivation. His error was to attempt an author so anomalous and unique as John Paul, without previous study, and with no greater reverence for his principal to animate and sustain his labours. He who thinks worthily of John Paul, must not talk of "showing up his merits and demerits." (Pref. p. 9.) This is sad levity of language applied to the most original man of genius that Germany has produced. And so differently do we feel on this matter, who have had the benefit of a sixteen years' acquaintance with his works, that, in our opinion, the man who shall succeed in adapting a translation of John Paul Richter to the English taste,

will deserve the honour which is given to *original* composition in that department; and for this reason—that he must undergo all the labour which belongs to the most difficult species of composition, and must possess a good deal of the genius which belongs to the highest. With this remark, we dismiss the subject and the whole class of German sentimental novels; in speaking of which, a cynical disgust comes over us on recollecting that, except J. Paul himself, there is nothing in this department to remember with pleasure, nor, since his death, to anticipate with hope. This theatre is emptied of its splendour; the great performer has quitted the stage; the lights are dying in the socket; the music and the festal joy are silenced; and nothing is left behind but mockery, babble, and impertinence.

III. There remains, therefore, for the English selector, as the only quarry in which he can labour with much promise of success, the novels of incident and regular plot, in which the interest turns in part perhaps upon the character—in part upon the dramatic liveliness of the situations—in part upon the perplexity of the intrigue, and the skill with which it is disentangled; but in any case, upon the suspense, with regard to the final catastrophe. This is the forest in which he must beat about for game; and luckily it is inexhaustible. Here, however, there is one great danger besetting the selector, against which we wish to put him

* Thus, for instance, in the very outset of the latter specimen, we find this sentence: "*Wir kamen vor einem neubemalten sarg vorbei, auf dessen fusbret stand: ich gehe vorüber.*" This is rendered by Mr H. as follows: "*We came opposite to a newly-painted sarcophagus standing on its pedestal.*"—"Standing on its pedestal!" Why, how else, in the name of sobriety, was it to stand? It must have been the most drunken of sarcophagi that would have stood on its head. And by what syntax is any such sense to be elaborated? And what becomes of the three last words? On examination, we find that the *vorüber* is carried forward to the next sentence, (with some little damage to the meaning in that quarter also;) and the *ich gehe* is peremptorily dismissed and ordered off the premises, as matter not fit for the public ear. The meaning of the passage is obviously this: "Our walk led us past a newly-painted sarcophagus, on the base of which was placed this inscription—*Ich gehe vorüber.*" What has contributed to mislead Mr H., is the colon after the word *stand*, which, in the English usage, would imply a fuller separation between the two members of the sentence than actually exists; but this is the German punctuation, which always uses a colon to mark a suspension of this kind, which we English should express by a dash. By the way, we remark that Mr Holcraft appears by his Preface (p. 8, 9,) to suppose that he is himself that adventurous person who has broken the ice, as English translator of Paul Richter; but this is a misconception, as he will find upon inquiry. Under this impression, however, he calls his translation "a curiosity." In another sense, we are disposed to think it so ourselves.

especially on his guard: it is the rock on which many a translator has split. What we allude to, is the monstrous in every mode of manifestation, which tyrannizes over the German novel of this class, especially in the management of the supernatural. The Red Sea might appear to have been unsealed and emptied of its tenants, for the service of German fiction. Some years ago, we took lodgings at a German circulating library, and read "a matter" of three thousand tales, long and short; and we are perfectly confounded to recollect how many of these were spoiled for direct translation by machinery, not supernatural merely, but preternatural, resting upon no basis of popular tradition, and with which the whole course and habits of superstitious feeling, as it exists in Christendom, had unfitted us to sympathize. The public voice* directed us naturally to the Baron de la Motte Fouqué; and with his *Kleine Romane* and other works we began. There is an impression amongst those who have known anything about the Baron, that he is "an inspired idiot." About the "inspiration" the learned demur a little; that he is an "idiot," we suppose all of us are agreed. Take his *Undine* for instance:—here is a young lady who is daughter to the Mediterranean Sea, (if we remember, by a fish-pond,) with a score of brooks and rivulets amongst her country cousins, and an old villain of a waterfall to her uncle, one Kuhlborn by name, who goes about cascading in the most unpleasant way possible upon every gentleman he meets. As to *Undine* herself, so far as her "wee-bit" character is developed, she is not uninteresting. But the way in which we settle the pretensions of every lady who figures in a novel, is to lay our hand upon our hearts, and seriously to ask ourselves, how we could like her for a sweetheart. Now, how shocking in the month of January to find your love slipping out of your arms in a shower-bath! Pleasant it is, no doubt, to drink tea with your sweetheart, but most disagreeable

to find her bubbling in the teapot. Charming, in the month of May, to take a walk with her through the meadows; but, how disgusting, at a moment when one dreams of no rival in her heart, to see her ogling the Grand Junction Canal!

In fact, the good Baron plays off his water-works upon us, simply to his own injury; for the result is to strip *Undine* of the whole flesh-and-blood interest which would else attach itself to her character. As an *Ariel*, collateral to the main movement of the story, and connected by no tie with its human passions, such a being would do very well; but the Baron insists upon throwing the whole *human* interest upon these watery or aerial phantoms. Some indeed of his creations are still more fleeting and impalpable, born apparently of Cobweb and Moonshine, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; less ponderous than an echo, less substantial than a dream—long, thin, allegoric fellows, that have no more business in gentlemen's company than "a cow has with a side-pocket." These baseless apparitions (for the idea of which, by the way, the Baron is indebted to a story in the *Phantasia* of *Tieck*) usually turn out to be a man's own passions, or irregular propensities, made external to himself, and running by his side like a *valet-de-place*. The prevailing sentiment in the reader's mind with regard to these gentry, and their eternal intrusion into situations where no mortal has invited them, is disgust and regret at the limited powers of cudgels and horse-whips, which are ill adapted to meet the impertinences of a ghost, and still less of an allegory. In fact, everybody must feel how hopeless is the task of caning an abstract idea. Yet these impassive beings, if they are as baseless as a fable of *Ovid*, have sometimes an *Ovidian* grace about them. But there are worse monsters ranging about in the pages of German fiction—shadowless men, for example, thick as leaves in *Vallambrosa*—not the *Asci* of the geographer, who are so only

* Of Germany, we mean; for we are astounded to hear Mr Roscoe saying (Vol. II. p. 306), that "few modern writers of Germany have become greater favourites with the English reading public," than the Baron. One of his tales has been a good deal read, chiefly in connexion with the *Outline Illustrations* of it, in the manner of those which accompanied the *Faust* of *Goethe*; but the Baron's name is wholly without power in England, except amongst our German literati.

in relation to a vertical sun; but unfortunate people who are absolutely disinherited of their own shadows under *any* position of the sun, having been swindled out of them on one pretence or another. What became of these shadows, or who pocketed them, was long a question with us; but at length we met with a novel which cleared this matter up. In that novel, one of the most interesting characters is the shadow of a pair of legs, which passes the window of a summer-house every evening, and is seen by reflection upon the opposite wall, at the very moment when the lady of the house is expecting her husband home to tea. She looks out of doors, and ascertains beyond a doubt that this shadow is wandering up and down without any owner: whence it appears that the shadowless bodies in this world of ours are compensated by the bodiless shadows. Pure logical entities, mere privations, absolute negations, have reality enough for German machinery: the ghost of an old parabola from the 16th century, or the apparition of a defunct cube-root, furnishes a sufficient *mormo*. Physical or parapsychical; logical or paralogical; nay, even metaphysical or parametaphysical; nothing comes amiss to a German romancer. Of this latter species of agency, we have an example in the *Doppelgänger*, or cases of double identity—where a man runs in a curricle, as it were, with a repetition or duplicate of himself: all the world is duped by the swindling fac-simile; and even the poor injured man is not always able to distinguish between his true and his spurious identity, but is hoaxed, like other people, by his own rascally counterfeit. At this point of German phantasmagoria, we begin to find ourselves no longer under any law of creation, but amidst the anarchy of chaos: the dreams of dyspeptic lunacy can go no further: and in fact, it seems the product not so much of a gloomy fancy as of night-mare and indigestion; indigestion, such as we may conceive to be bred by a diet composed of vermin—of spiders, beetles, earwigs, and cockroaches. In reality, the books of this class do not fall so much within the province of criticism, as of medicine or police; they are preparations to be administered by the physician as emetics, or

to be prohibited by the lawgiver as occasions of epilepsy and abortion.

Yet even these monstrosities of the preternatural are not so far removed beyond the pale of our sympathy, as the monstrosities which are sometimes engrafted upon human nature. Our limits forbid us to accumulate examples, but one there is which we must positively give. The hero of the tale is the son of a Scotch nobleman, and by profession a surgeon; facts which it is not our business to reconcile. Why or wherefore, we cannot at this moment recollect, but so it is that he goes into Germany, where he pursues his botanical studies, for which he has a remarkable taste; as also for another pursuit not quite so amiable, viz. the amputation of human heads. With a view to the cultivation of this latter talent—upon a vacancy occurring, he offers himself a candidate for the situation of public executioner in some German city, and is fortunate enough to obtain it. Now commences a most amiable picture of the life led by our hero, who is everywhere held up as a model of goodness; his two studies go on harmoniously together—in the morning he decapitates, and botanizes in the afternoon, or (according to circumstances) simples in the morning and cuts throats in the afternoon; and all with a suavity—a sentimental grace—and a skill, which made him an object of envy to remote Jack Ketches, and of admiration to the Linnæan Society. At length a lady falls in love with him—for which of his accomplishments we do not know, but matters go on smoothly enough, until one morning it happens that an elderly gentleman, for some offence against the State, is to have his head cut off. Who should this prove but the lady's father? And who should be the man to cut it off but of course our amiable botanist? And, sure enough, the botanist does it—he amputates with his usual skill; the lady sees the whole ceremony from a window, and has nothing to allege against his professional character; but still she resolves that it would not be decorous in her to bestow her hand upon the man who had (however neatly) cut papa's head off. What follows upon this resolution we do not remember; whether the botanist cuts his own head off, and puts it into his own *hortus siccus*; but some

catastrophe there is, and, we doubt not, worthy of the tale.

In this sketch of German novel-writing, drawn from remembrances of several years back, we would not insinuate that all the writers of this class lie within the scope of our censure. Such a thing as a good novel of regular proportions, there certainly is not in the German language; nothing that can pretend to take its place by the side of *Le Sage*, *Fielding*, *Smollett*, or *Mrs Inchbald*; but there are vast magazines of well-conceived tales, where the interest revolves within a short compass, which either are already very effective, or by a little skill in adaptation might easily be made so. *Frederick Laun*, in particular, (*i. e.* *Dr Schulze*), is a writer of inexhaustible fertility, and (allowing for his haste) of great ability. Even his tales of manners, where the interest is a comic one, are sometimes excellent; and it marks his great versatility of talent, that no German writer has managed the marvellous and the supernatural with so much skill. In the tale (not the drama) of the *Freyeschütz*, which was written we think by him, (a friend at our elbow says—No, by *Apel*), the devil is managed with great skill; and with still greater in the tale of *The Dice*, which is undoubtedly by *Laun*. The whole of that story, indeed, with the exception of one or two incidents at the latter end, shows a writer capable of the very greatest effects; and *Tromlitz*, from whom *Mr Gillies* has given us an admirable story, is not at all behind him. Still, where extravagance and outrages upon nature and good sense, like those we have noticed, are sown so thickly, we must urge upon the English selector the absolute necessity of far greater care and discretion, if he has any regard for public favour, than have hitherto been shown in any *body* of tales previously to that of *Mr Gillies*.

In this collection, of which we must now speak more circumstantially, the three tales of *The Sisters*, *The Spectre Bride*, and *The First of May*, which deal with the supernatural, we must in candour say it, are liable to some of the objections we have made to this class; the two first we remember within our circulating-library experience; and we think them the least

objectionable of the kind which could have been chosen; but the last we can hardly think fitted for English sympathy, at any age beyond that of childhood.

Mademoiselle de Scuderie, and *Rolandsitten*, are by the far-famed *Hoffmann*. A writer, for whom *John Paul* condescended to write a Preface, must have merit; and those who remember the monstrosities of his *Meister Floh*, his *Phantasiën*, &c., will feel surprised at meeting with two specimens so well calculated, by their general freedom from the "wildness and bizarrerie," which the translator justly charges upon his usual style, to bring his merit in a favourable shape before the English public. *Hoffmann*, however, is still *Hoffmann*; and he breaks loose once or so in each tale, probably to authenticate them as his own. In particular, we recognise his devil's hand in the account of *Old Daniel's* scratchings against the wall, and in the way he explains *Old Cardillac's* passion for diamonds, which really is not so unaccountable a passion as to call for any preternatural solution: "*Non dignus vindice nodus.*" His fits, however, are not long in either case; and both tales, which turn upon the interest of secret murder, are powerfully attractive.

The same appalling interest of secret and mysterious murder supports the three tales of *Oath and Conscience*, *The Crystal Dagger*, and *The Warning*. The two first are by *Professor Kruse*, and are excellently conceived, except in what relates to the trials of the prisoners, which are managed rather too much in the same clumsy way in which the Germans manage such cases in real life. A judicial trial in Germany is a sort of game at hair-splitting and chopping logic on the doctrine of probabilities, in which the court and the accused person play the parts of opponent and respondent at a polemical disputation, rather than the usual ones of judge and prisoner at the bar: and unfortunately, as the latter has by much the greatest interest at stake, he generally shows very superior talents for controversy, and has by far the best of the dispute. Allowance made for this one defect, the stories are exceedingly well conducted. The situation of the principal character in the first of the three is most happily imagined for effect; he is urged by conscience

and gratitude to discover a murder which he had accidentally witnessed when a child, but is restrained by a superstitious reverence for an oath of secrecy which had been administered to him at that time, and by pious regard to the memory of his father, who had been a participator in the murder, but had since died repentant. A situation of greater trial for a conscientious mind can hardly be imagined; and the struggle between these conflicting obligations is strikingly developed through a rapid series of incidents. In the *Crystal Dagger* there is no one character occupying so interesting a situation as that which we have just noticed: but, in compensation for this, the mystery and utter perplexity which surrounds the murder, both as to the agent and the motive, are much deeper, and for a time apparently impenetrable. Except the tardy movement of the trial, there is nothing in this story to weaken the effect; our own feelings are indeed a little offended by the adulterous connexion subsisting between a carpenter lad and the wife of a state counsellor—a woman of station and refinement; but this we set down to the old account of German coarseness, and judge it accordingly. In the *Warning*, there is one situation which is nearly equal in effect to the famous scene in Count Fathom, and (though much less laboured) superior to some of the same kind in *Maturin*:—A merchant has been warned, by more than one dream of his wife, that he will run the risk of being murdered on a journey which he is speedily to undertake. On his return homewards, laden with gold, at an inn where he sleeps, he is again warned in a mysterious way, to avoid the house of an old friend, Waldheim, from whom he had been separated for many years. Being benighted, however, he misses his road; and in the hurly-burly of a thunder-storm, finds himself at the gate of the very house he was seeking to avoid. He turns away; but, his horse being knocked up, is obliged to dismount and grope his way on foot. Hearing the sound of a mill-race, he pursues its course in hope of coming to the mill; at length, says he,

“A gleam of lightning showed me a large building of that description, but the ruinous sluice, over which the water now played idly, proved that it was in disuse; therefore, probably, there were no inhabitants. On farther search, I discovered

an old tottering bridge, leading across the mill-race; which I passed, and ran towards the building for shelter, while the rain fell in torrents. Suddenly it occurred to me that this place might be the resort of robbers, in which case I should absolutely throw myself into their hands; but my fatigue was so great that it overbalanced my apprehension. I found the door open—(a sign that no one lived there)—I groped about with great caution in the darkness, and advanced till I touched the platform of the inner mill-wheel. Quite worn out, yet terrified by the thoughts of falling perhaps through a hole in the floor, or stumbling over some murdered victim, I seated myself at last in a corner, and resolved to wait there for daylight. Scarcely had I composed myself for rest, when a most overpowering sense of horror came over me. What could be the real history of this building, which stood so desolate and forsaken? If robbers, as it seemed probable, haunted the place, would I not certainly be found out and murdered?—What if the midnight spectre should again appear to me?—These, and other harassing thoughts, forced themselves on my mind; and I was the less able to combat them, when, reclining on the floor, I became aware of a most detestable atmosphere, as if from a charnel-house, which became so unsupportable, that I would have left my hiding-place, if my fears had not rendered me powerless. After I had remained for about an hour in this torment, voices were audible at the door; and as I had no doubt that the new comers were banditti, my death seemed now irrevocably decreed. I could hear that there was some wrangling among them as to the cause of the door being found open, after which four men came in with a lantern, and bearing a sack that was filled evidently with some cumbrous and heavy load. They drew near without observing me, lifted up some boards in the flooring, and opened the sack. It contained the bloody corpse of a man, which they threw down under the floor, then closed up the aperture as before.

“My hair now stood on end. I shook as in an ague fit, and nearly fainted; for, in addition to the other terrors of this scene, I recognised Waldheim's eldest son among the murderers. ‘So much for that fellow!’ said he, when they had thrown down the body; ‘if we had met with E——,’ (here he mentioned my name,) ‘and disposed of him in like manner, it would have been better worth our trouble.’—‘I am afraid,’ said another, ‘we have no chance of seeing him to-

night.'—'Well,' answered a third, 'if he comes not to-night, he will to-morrow;—at all events, he shall not escape us.'—Perhaps I had unconsciously made some noise; for the ruffian Waldheim remarked—'The door was left open; let us search the house, that we may be sure no one is watching us.'"

Scharfenstein Castle is by the Baroness de la Motte Fouqué, whom, with submission to an accomplished female friend of ours well acquainted with both, we must think as far superior to her crazy lord as a chesnut horse to a horse chesnut. We dare say we are horribly in the wrong; but the chances are that we shall die in this faith; for we find nothing in *Scharfenstein Castle* that tends to disturb it. The interest is founded upon the case of a young woman of rank, perfectly inexperienced in the world, who becomes a maid of honour to a Dowager Grand Duchess of a German State, and in that situation attracts the notice, and finally the persecutions, of the reigning Grand Duke. At this crisis, a younger brother of the Duke's makes his appearance, to whose addresses she gives a favourable ear, and at length marries him in private. From this marriage, and the malignant jealousy of the Grand Duke, flow a long series of suffering and misfortunes, which are at length wound up by a catastrophe, somewhat perhaps too smooth and oily in its movement, but satisfactory to the reader's wishes. As a specimen of this lady's grace in the arrangement of a *scena*, and her sensibility to visual beauty, we allow ourselves to make one extract from the heroine's diary: it is from that part of it where she describes her first meeting with the young Prince her lover.

"5th October. After the Ball.

"What an evening was that of yesterday!—In the grand illuminated hall, amid the rose-coloured light, and the crowd of masks, was I not altogether changed, not only in dress, but even in feelings and character, and are such changes allowable?—I fear not; for even now, I can scarcely recollect myself and become again what I was or what I ought to be. How did it happen then? Ay,—the Duchess had transformed me into a kind of Indian fairy-queen, and I was to play the part of Titania. My ornaments were fantastic enough. I had a diamond crown in my hair, and over this was thrown a light purple veil, so long, that

it extended from the crown of my head to the ground. My other dress, which I thought was cut much too short in the skirts, was of a bright sparkling silver stuff. I had, besides, a pearl necklace and ear-rings, a golden sceptre twined round with lotus flowers in my right hand, and, in the other, a fan of palm-tree leaves from the banks of the Ganges. In this grand attire, they placed me before a large mirror, and with shame I must confess, that my heart beat quickly with a feeling of triumph, at the brilliant figure which I made there. At last the waiting-maid brought me the small half mask of black silk, which, though it cannot in reality prevent our being recognized, yet gives to the wearer a feeling as if she were under a veil of mystery, and renders one's spirits, therefore, more bold and buoyant. The Duchess examined my dress carefully before I left my room, and expressed satisfaction at my appearance. Yet I know not how it was,—all at once she seemed to hesitate, and the tones of her voice changed as if some painful apprehension had come over her; till, as if determined to resist such an untimely mood of mind, she hastened away to her carriage.

"Arrived at the rooms, how astonished and confounded was I at first, by the infinite variety of figures, many graceful and attractive, but far more that were beyond description hideous and absurd! I was glad to cling for protection to Gabrielle's arm, who walked proudly and confidently through the saloon in an antique Spanish dress. The Grand Duke had disdained the trouble of assuming any character, appearing in a black Venetian mantle, with a mask indeed, though every one knew him, and his humour seemed a strange mixture of gaiety and chagrin. From the first moment of my appearance, his regards were directed to me, and continued fixed in such a manner, as to rob me of all self-possession. 'Why then, beautiful Julia,' said he, 'have you assumed an empire only over the fabulous spirits of the air? Would you thus appear to mortals only by fits and starts, in your uncertain wanderings? Yet beware!—for fairies sometimes fall under the power of more potent spirits, and there are influences in the world of which you know not yet.'—"

"While the Duke thus spoke, and I wished heartily that I could escape from him, there arose through the ball-room a strange murmuring of voices, and involuntarily we were obliged to move as the crowd drove us on, till I perceived that all this attention had been excited by the

figure of a tall graceful Bramin. He had just then made his entree, and was looking round on the motley groups. At last his eyes lighted on me, and he immediately hastened up, took my hand, and led me towards the Duchess. 'This brilliant fairy queen,' said he, 'calls me from my own land of dark superstitions into a new sphere of light and joy. For her sake, then, I cast off, along with these garments, my old faith and all the prejudices of my country, in order to bend submissively beneath the sceptre of this gracious and beautiful empress.' With these words, throwing aside his Bramin attire, he presented to us the figure of a young handsome knight, with the eastern insignia of the order of St John. 'CHARLES—CHARLES!' exclaimed the Duchess, and he threw himself at the feet of his enraptured mother. She could say no more, but that single tone of her voice, as she pronounced his name, had deeply moved every heart in the assembly. 'The Prince—the Prince returned from India!' was now called aloud, and echoed through all the rooms. In her great joy, the Duchess kissed and embraced me as well as her son. 'Dear little enchantress!' said she, 'thy appearance to-night with thy diamond crown, and palm-tree leaves, was a kind of foreboding what happiness would come to me from the shores of the Ganges.'"

There now remains one tale, *The Siege of Antwerp*, (by Tromlitz, we believe,) which we have purposely left to the last. We will not do it injustice by an imperfect abstract, and we have no room for a specimen; but we shall say emphatically, that this is the best story, the most effective, and in the noblest tone of feeling, which has yet been translated from the German. Mr Gillies thinks that it is suited to an expansion into three volumes. We do not agree with him: in our judgment, the interest gains much by the present rapidity and concentration of the narrative. We think, however, that, if the catastrophe could be suitably managed, it would furnish the finest melo-drama for scenical effect that has yet been brought upon the stage.

We have spoken so much at large of German translators in their character of selectors, that we have left ourselves but little room to press upon their attention the absolute necessity there is for reform in the style and execution of their translation. When a multitude are involved in the same fault,

it would be invidious to single out individuals by name; and the fact is, that the great majority of German translators are so villainous in point of style, that no gentleman or man of taste can bear to read their books. To command a good style is indeed no matter of choice, but every man has it in his power to avoid slovenliness and downright errors of indolence. We might also perhaps look for some knowledge of the German language; for instance, that in translating the expression *es wäre denn*, or any phrase in which *denn* occurs in the sense of *unless*, he should not suppose it to mean *for*; that he should know the meaning of *jenseitige* and *diesseitige*; and thousands of other little things, from mere ignorance of which in the translator, we saw some time back a celebrated German writer hideously mangled. Still, though a little German is undoubtedly useful to a translator from the German, that is not what we would here insist upon: English, English, is the thing. For Heaven's sake, let every translator emancipate himself so far from thralldom to the book before him, and put forth so much activity of mind, as to think in English, and not passively to reproduce the phraseology of his German original. Let him scour out the vile stain of the German dye, and colour it with the racy idiom of the nation he addresses, before he presumes to introduce his book into good company. One may read Mr Gillies's three volumes, from one end to the other, without ever suspecting from the style that the whole was not originally conceived and executed in English; so fluent is the diction, cast in so native a mould of elegance, and so carefully weeded of all exotic phrase, or structure of sentence.

Considering also how much there is in German novel-writing of what is only partially good, let us call the attention of translators to the necessity of applying, on a much larger scale, that principle of adaptation, *risfacciamento*, or *remaniement*, which Mr Gillies has so repeatedly suggested. Why, let us ask, has this been so timidly practised? From a complete misconception, as we take it, of the duties of a translator of novels,—and under the very same servile conceit of fidelity which, combined with laziness and dyspepsy, has so often led

translators to degrade themselves into mere echoes of the idiom and turn of sentence in the original. Fidelity is a good thing; none better: but what is it we mean by fidelity? Fidelity, we presume, to what is good in our model; not to the accidents of his particular language, which must be transfused into ours upon a principle of compensation, not by exchanging like for like, but equivalent for equivalent: still less fidelity to his errors, his dulness, or his self-counteractions: for *that* is the fidelity of the Chinese tailor, who, on being told to take an old pair of trowsers as a pattern for the new, copied the superannuated vesture with all its rents, fractures, darnings, and weatherstains. But shall I not stick to my author? Is it lawful for me to swerve from a German Professor's novel?—Undoubtedly it is: be faithful to the Professor, where you cannot improve his plot, or inspirit his characters: wherever you can, betray the Professor—betray him into a general popularity in England, and the Professor will be the first man to send you a gold snuff-box for so doing.

The principle we are contending for, respects novels as distinguished from works of higher classical pretensions; and it may be illustrated thus:—If we send out an artist to take a view of Niagara, or of the Pyramids, we expect that he shall bring back a portrait—a mere copy, in which the slightest departure from the original is treated as a defect; not that he might not improve them in form, colour, proportion, or arrangement; but these great objects have an individual interest about them which transcends all considerations of beauty. They are great features, as it were, of our planet. But in a humble waterfall of Wales or Westmoreland, or an obscure ruin, we not only allow, but we require the artist to practise composition in his picture; that is, to add—to take away—or to recombine, according to his sense of beauty; for these are objects which no sense of power, magnitude, or antiquity, has clothed with any individual consecration; they are viewed as general representative objects of that class; and there is nothing, therefore, to restrain the artist from calling out and assisting their general tendencies to beauty, so long

as it is done in submission to their presiding character. Now, a great classical author, Æschylus suppose, or Dante, stands to the translator in the relation of Niagara, or the Pyramids, to the artist. The whole human race have an interest in the integrity of their works, sacred from touch or change, as monuments of human power. But a novel, unless it be very elaborately sustained, a tale of mere incident and situation, or a piece of pleasantry, we read for pure amusement, not to raise or sustain the mind, but simply to unbend it from the tension of business or study: this being the object, and the whole object, who would suffer it to be defeated, though it were but in the smallest proportion, by any consideration for the author, and the integrity of his works? That would be the silliest of superstitions. It is not Laun we want, but Laun's fun, and pleasant extravagance, mirth, and jollity. Give us what we seek, and we ask no questions about the proportions in which author and translator have contributed to that result.

This matter we have endeavoured to place in a just light, from our anxiety to see the character of German translated literature rescued from the state of degradation and disrepute into which it has sunk through the carelessness, or incompetence, of many among the translators. To stir in this service with any effect, it is necessary to stir soon; for one great evil of the present state of things is this—that when the most incompetent of translators has laid his brute paws upon a first-rate author of Germany, he has thereby foreclosed the road to any better version; since the existence of any one translation, unless its worthlessness is more generally exposed than is very possible at present, effectually bars the road to any second attempt, though a thousand times superior. What we want, is greater care and greater zeal; but specifically, in regard to novels, we want three things—better selection, better adaptation to the English taste, and better translation. The second of these, Mr Gillies had no occasion to practise; but for the two others, we cannot refer to a better model than the very interesting collection of German Stories which has led us into these speculations.

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

BEFORE this paper will meet the eye of the public, the new Parliament will have met, and a session which will take its place amidst the most important ones of our history will have commenced. Momentous will be the decisions of this session. The question—whether public prosperity shall be restored, or public ruin shall be completed, hangs upon them. It may be curious and not altogether useless to inquire what Parliament will in plain English promulgate and do, if it adopt the opinions which have been put forth by the different party leaders and newspapers.

The newspapers have suddenly discovered, that the fearful distress under which the country has so long groaned, is calculated to bring the New System into disrepute and jeopardy; therefore they are labouring to under-rate and conceal it. Parliament of course must decide that no distress exists worth speaking of. It must declare, that, because a portion of those cotton and woollen weavers who have been nearly twelve months idle, have obtained temporary employment for a few weeks, the cotton and woollen trades have entered upon a permanent course of prosperity; and that it is only in these trades that distress can ever exist. It must declare, moreover, that what Agriculture, the Shipping Interest, the Silk Trade, and various other interests, are suffering; and the immense numbers of husbandry labourers, and mechanics, and artisans of all descriptions, who are destitute of employment—furnish no evidence that the country is not in a prosperous condition.

If, however, circumstances render it impossible for Parliament to deny that almost every interest is in bitter suffering, it must scrupulously refrain from casting any blame upon the New System. Changes were lately made in our trading laws of the most gigantic character; and it is alike unquestionable, that they have had very great operation, and that they have not operated for good. Nevertheless it must not inquire into their effects; but, on the contrary, it must solemnly decide that they were made on unerring principles

by men who could not err—that they have yielded great public benefit—and that every change whatever, devised by the present Ministers, and sanctioned by the present leaders of the Whigs and Radicals, must of necessity be most wise and beneficial.

We, as our readers know, judge of things after the fashion of our fathers; we follow the ancient, antiquated, bigotted mode in discovering causes by the examination of effects. Not all the knowledge and philosophy in the world can convince us that the summer rain curses the earth with drought, and that the sun pours upon us darkness. This led us to predict, when these changes were made, and when nothing was heard in the land save the boasts of prosperity, that they would yield a plentiful crop of calamities; and it leads us now to believe that they had the chief share in producing that distress, which began precisely when they began to operate, and which has ever since sat upon the community.

A year ago the silk manufacturers were suddenly deprived of the orders of their customers. What was the cause? Notoriously and confessedly the opening of the silk trade. For several months before the admission of foreign silks, the dealers refused to buy on account of it; in the first week after these silks were admitted, three or four hundred thousand pounds worth of them, and in the first three months, one hundred and twenty-nine thousand pieces of them, were thrown upon the market: they are still largely imported.

In the first instance, very many masters were ruined, and immense numbers of workmen were thrown out of employment by the suspension of trade; then the foreign silks drove a large portion of the English ones out of consumption, and nearly destroyed several branches of the English manufacture; they, besides, reduced prices one third almost throughout the trade. In consequence, the masters who escaped ruin, are carrying on business almost without profit, and the workmen who are able to procure employment, can merely earn bread and water. Without this loss of legiti-

mate profit, and this starvation, the silk manufacture of this country would be destroyed.

Gentle reader, granting that we are full of prejudices, and, moreover, excessively illiberal, still, will not that common reason which distinguishes man from the brute, justify us in believing that the changes did prodigious injury to the half million of our fellow-subjects employed in the silk trade? Parliament, however, must solemnly decide, that if the admission of foreign silks have not benefited our manufactures, it has not injured them; that although the importation of Swiss prints must of necessity force a like quantity of British ones out of consumption, the admission of foreign silks cannot possibly diminish the consumption of British ones; and that our manufacturers would not have sold a yard more, nor have employed a single workman more, nor have gained a penny of profit more than they have done, if foreign silks had been still prohibited.

The Shipping Interest has been for some time in great distress, and it is demonstrable that the distress has been chiefly produced by the changes. Taking into account the import of corn, there has been perhaps about as much employment for shipping between this country and foreign ones, in the last twelve months, as there was previously; and it is matter of direct proof, that the reason why such numbers of British ships are rotting in idleness is—they cannot possibly compete with foreign ones. It is likewise matter of direct proof that their inability to do this has caused a glut which has sunk freights below their proper level in almost every branch of the carrying trade, and that the changes alone created the inability. It is, moreover, matter of direct proof, that this distress of the Shipping Interest has grievously injured, not only those whose employment it is to build and fit out ships, but also the timber, iron, and various other trades. Will not then that common reason, which distinguishes man from the brute, justify us in believing that the changes have done mighty mischief to the Shipping Interest, and the vast numbers of our fellow-subjects depending upon it for subsistence? Nevertheless, Parliament must solemnly determine that these changes have done no injury to the

Shipping Interest whatever, and that, if they had not been made, freights and seamen's wages would have been as low as they now are, and as many ships, sailors, ship-carpenters, &c. would have been idle, as are idle at present.

The changes admitted into the market, more or less of foreign prints, muslins, cambrics, gloves, shoes, china, iron, copper, lace, &c. &c., when it was profusely stocked with home-made goods. These foreign articles forced a like portion of British ones out of consumption, and created glut, stagnation, and a pernicious depression of prices in every trade they acted upon. If only a trifling quantity of an article were imported, still perhaps the liberty to import it, and the low rate at which it could be sold, were sufficient to compel a whole trade so to lower its prices as to deprive the masters in a great degree of profit, and to place the workmen on wages that would scarcely supply them with food. The worst mischief was not done by the importations, although these necessarily stripped numbers of workmen of employment: the liberty to import, of itself, swept away almost half the profits and wages of various trades.

The new colonial system permitted the colonies to buy of other nations various of those articles with which they had previously been supplied by this country. In consequence, they bought considerable quantities of cottons, cordage, nails, millinery, salted provisions, &c. &c., of foreigners, which they would otherwise have bought here. This was a subtraction from a regular trade; and of course it not only threw numbers of workmen out of employment in various trades, but contributed greatly to increase the destructive glut in these trades.

The changes operated directly upon full two millions of the community, and perhaps upon a far greater number. They ruined many of the masters, and subjected those to immense losses whom they did not ruin; they deprived vast numbers of workmen of employment, and reduced the wages of those they left in employment to bread and water. They plunged part of the two millions into actual want, and the remainder into penury.

Was this to have no effect on the rest of the community which was not

directly touched by the changes? Yes, cry the Economists, it would benefit it greatly—the rest of the community would profit mightily from the cheapness of silks, ships, &c. Did then the silk-manufacturers, weavers, ship-owners, shipbuilders, sailors, &c. &c. buy as much of the rest of the community in their distress as they had bought in their prosperity? No! their purchases were reduced one half, and this operated powerfully to bring the rest of the community into glut, stagnation, and distress.

The changes touching the currency directly affected the whole nation. When they were made, it was universally proclaimed in Parliament, and out of it, that they would reduce greatly the price of every thing which was not already at a ruinous price. This was universally believed in: and, if the changes had been in all other respects perfectly inoperative, the belief would have been quite sufficient to cause a great reduction of prices. Every individual, from the labourer upwards, was convinced that all articles would immediately fall greatly, and this suspended all, save “hand to mouth” buying. No one, consumer, retailer, or wholesale-dealer, would purchase beyond what necessity required, except at greatly reduced prices. While the buyers could thus hold back, various of the sellers were compelled to sell for whatever they could obtain. The inevitable consequences were stagnation, glut, a destructive scarcity of money, inability to meet payments, bankruptcies, and such a fall of prices as subjected every member of the community to grievous loss in one way or another.

But the currency-changes had other effects. They deprived the country banks of stamps, and severely injured their credit. In consequence, an enormous mass of capital which had previously been employed in the support of trade, was withdrawn; and this, in the peculiar circumstances of the country, had naturally the most fatal operation.

In addition to all this, the changes created so much uncertainty, that people in business knew not what to do; and this contributed to interrupt and derange general trade very greatly. The changes that were threatened, as well as those that were made, had their share in producing mischief. It

was confidently expected that the Corn Laws would be abolished in the last session, and it has since been confidently expected that they will be abolished in the present one. This depressed materially the price of land and its produce, and it interfered perniciously with the letting, mortgaging, and selling of land; it paralysed the operations of agriculture. These effects had baleful influence over trade and manufactures.

Upon the whole, then, these things are incontestable. Putting out of sight all other causes, these changes in the first place, by the abolition of prohibitions and restrictions, brought down prices so much amidst perhaps two millions of the community, that the masters could scarcely obtain any profit, and the workmen could hardly procure bread and water. In the second place, by this and their effects on the currency, they brought down prices in nearly the same degree amidst the rest of the community. In the third place, by giving a part of the home and colonial trade to foreigners, and producing the universal fall of prices, they filled the land with stagnation and glut; ruined very many masters, deprived vast numbers of workmen of employment, and brought grievous loss and injury upon almost every member of the community whom they did not actually reduce to beggary. Doubtlessly the over-trading and speculations added considerably to these effects, but still these effects would have been precisely the same with the exception of being somewhat less destructive, if there had been neither over-trading nor speculations.

Why have we dwelt thus long on these hackneyed topics? Because it is proclaimed on all hands that the changes have had nothing to do with the distress: even many of those who condemn them, declare, that it would be very absurd to charge upon them any portion of the distress worth mentioning. Ask those silk manufacturers who still retain a part of their business, why they do not raise their prices sufficiently to gain a fair profit for themselves, and allow fair wages to their work-people, and they will reply, If we do, the foreigners will undersell us, and strip us of trade altogether. Ask those branches of the silk trade, which are in ruin, what ruined them, and they will reply, Inability to com-

pete with foreigners. Ask the ship-owner why his vessel is rotting in idleness, and he will reply, I cannot compete with the foreigners. Ask the ship-builder why he cannot buy timber, &c. and employ his workmen, and he will reply, Because the carrying trade is engrossed by foreigners. Ask some other trades and branches of trades, why they barely allow bread and water to their workmen, and they will reply, These low wages are our only resource for keeping foreigners out of the market. Ask the workman, why he and his family do not expend so much in clothes and luxuries as formerly, and he will reply, My low wages prevent us. Ask the master the same question, and he will reply, Diminished trade and low prices are the causes. Ask the merchant, manufacturer, tradesman, farmer, or land-owner, why he is worth so much less now than he was sixteen months ago, and he will reply, My loss was caused by the fall of prices. Ask any free-trade champion in the kingdom, what the changes, particularly those relating to the currency, were calculated to produce, and he will reply, A great fall in prices; this was what they were intended to produce, and it was inevitable. Yet, forsooth, we are to believe that these changes had no share in creating the distress!

Once more, gentle reader, granting that we are prejudiced, illiberal, and everything else that the Philosophers in their crazy infallibility may think fit to assert, still will not that common reason which distinguishes man from the brute, justify us in believing that the distress in regard to the country at large, has been chiefly generated and continued by the changes? Parliament, however, must solemnly determine that the admission of foreign manufactures could not cause stagnation and glut; that the consumption of these manufactures at home and in the colonies could not diminish the consumption of British ones, or throw British workmen out of employment; that the opening of the market could not affect the profits and wages of whole trades so as to render them inadequate, and that the fall of prices could not derange trade, or reduce the value of property, or do injury to any one. It must charge the distress upon over-trading and wild speculations.

While we willingly admit that these

had a considerable share in producing the distress, we still must look at these considerations. We will assume that a manufacturer's whole business lies in one city, which buys exclusively of him, and to which he sends ten thousand pounds' worth of goods monthly. His capital increases, he sets to work more hands, and sends to the city thirteen thousand pounds' worth of goods monthly, though its powers of consumption remain unaltered. By this he gluts the market; he is compelled to curtail his business and dismiss his workmen until the overstock is worked off. This is over-trading. If, however, the city's powers of consumption be so far reduced that it can only buy seven thousand pounds' worth of goods monthly, this yields exactly the same consequences to the manufacturer, and still he cannot be charged with over-trading. He employs only the same number of workmen, and sends only the same quantity of goods, yet he gluts the market. He is compelled to suspend his business, and discharge his men, solely by the city's reduced consumption. This applies to the merchants and manufacturers of this country as a body. They may glut their market by bringing into it an unusual quantity of goods, while consumption remains the same; or it may be glutted by a reduction of consumption, when they only bring into it the usual quantity.

Taking this test as our guide, there certainly was over-trading, but it was by means general. There was none in corn; that gigantic portion of the community, the agriculturists, did not over-trade. There was none worth mentioning in colonial produce. The cotton speculation had spent itself before the distress began. There was no mischief done in tobacco. The tallow speculation could not have any extended operation. Much has been said of the great imports of silk, timber, wool, and wines. The consumption of silks had increased enormously, and this justified a great increase in the importing of the raw article. The great stimulus that had been given to the building of ships, houses, &c. called for a very large increase in the imports of timber. Foreign had, to a very great extent, supplanted English wool, with the manufacturer; it was worked up, while the English article was left on the hands of the farmers,

and this justified an enormous increase in the imports. The reduction of duty and the general prosperity increased mightily the consumption of wine, and this called for greatly increased importations.

With regard to the manufacturers, their aggregate exports did not exceed in any material degree those of the preceding year. Their losses in several foreign markets evidently proceeded from other causes than their excessive exports. When the distress began, they had no extraordinary quantity of stock on their hands, and they had not many more hands than had previously been necessary to supply consumption. Some important interests up to that moment had scarcely been able to supply the demand. We will, however, concede, that every interest, save the agricultural one, had in some degree over-traded—had brought more goods into the market than consumption, if undiminished, could have taken out of it.

And now, looking at our test, did consumption receive no injury from the changes? When the consumers of, and dealers in silks, suspended their purchases in anticipation of the opening of the trade, did not this diminish consumption to the silk manufacturers, and the importers of raw silk and dyes? When foreign ships drove British ones out of the carrying trade, did not this grievously injure consumption to the ship-builders, and to the timber, iron, copper, and various other trades? When the glove, lace, and some other trades, or branches of trades, were almost wholly deprived of orders by the uncertainty which prevailed touching what the effects of the changes would be, did not this deprive them, and likewise the trades dependent upon them, in a great degree, of consumption? When the colonies began to buy largely of foreigners cottons, nails, candles, soap, cordage, millinery, &c. &c. did not this injure consumption greatly? Did not the importation of foreign prints, laces, &c. diminish consumption to our manufacturers? When numbers were thrown out of employment, and whole trades were compelled to reduce profits and wages to the lowest point by the changes, did not this injure consumption? When almost every member of the community was subjected to a heavy loss by the fall of prices,

did not this cause him to consume less of merchandise and manufactures?

We may here observe, that we admit the operation of the panic and the failure of the banks; but these were effects flowing from the first causes. Our object is to reach these first causes.

Granting then that there was over-trading, and that it injured consumption, still it is manifest that if there had been none whatever, the changes would have reduced consumption so far as to have produced nearly as much distress as the nation has suffered, although it might have proceeded more gradually.

The distress, if it had been caused solely by over-trading, would have vanished with the winter. The diminution of imports, and half-time working of the manufacturers, would soon have brought down supply to the proper amount, raised prices, and restored consumption. But the distress caused by the changes was of a permanent and increasing description. Several months ago the demand for most articles somewhat revived, prices got up a little, and more or fewer of the idle workmen were taken into employment. This proved that the glut was over, and, had nothing else operated, all would soon have been well again. But to the suspension in the silk and some other trades, succeeded the regular importation of foreign silks and other manufactured goods; foreign ships kept increasing the losses of the shipping interest; the colonies kept increasing their purchases of other nations; the trades which had been compelled to reduce their prices and wages by the opening of the market, could not raise them again; and the low prices and loss of accommodation to trade caused by the currency-changes continued. These were evils which could not be remedied by a reduction of stock; they constituted a vast permanent reduction of consumption and trade; of course, when the overstock was got rid of, the distress continued.

We ought here to say, that this diminution of consumption in merchandise and manufactures necessarily diminished our imports of merchandise, and that the latter diminution necessarily diminished our exports of manufactures.

Nevertheless, Parliament must solemnly decide that the distress was solely caused, and has been solely con-

tinued, by the over-trading and mad speculations. It, of course, must regulate its remedies by what it deems to be the causes.

In regard to the currency, if it follow certain of the Philosophers, it must decide that the issue of paper is still perniciously excessive. It must decide on the single fact, that certain of the London capitalists have a great superabundance of unemployed capital on their hands. In the common sense of the phrase, the scarcity of money has seldom been greater than it is at present in both town and country. The labourer has great difficulty in procuring even an inadequate portion of money; the farmer knows not how to pay the claims against him; the retailer knows not how to meet his payments; the wholesale dealer cannot get in his accounts, and complaints of the scarcity of money are general throughout society. The only exception is, the fact we have stated. Parliament, however, must determine that this excess of capital amidst a few of the London capitalists, is a conclusive proof that there is an excess of circulating medium amidst the population generally; and it must compel the banks to call in a large part of their paper, in order to prevent those capitalists from having more money than they can employ, and to apply a remedy to the distress.

To constrain the banks to reduce greatly the narrowed accommodation which they still afford to the manufacturer, tradesman, and farmer, and thereby to multiply bankruptcies, destroy credit, run down prices and wages, and diminish employment for labour, must therefore form one of the remedies which Parliament must employ for the restoration of public prosperity.

There are, however, people who maintain that increased issues of bank-notes would alone be a sufficient remedy. To this we cannot subscribe, although, as our readers know, we are not enemies to bankers and their paper. We cannot believe that any issue of bank-notes would restore to the shipping interest what it has lost, or prohibit the importation of foreign silks, prints, &c. or compel the colonies to buy of the mother-country as they were wont to do, or enable those trades which have been constrained by the opening of the market to reduce

their wages to bread and water in order to escape ruin, to raise these wages to the proper standard. We cannot believe that if the corn-laws be abolished, any issue of bank-notes will keep corn from falling below a remunerating price. We cannot believe that if trade were made free in everything, an unrestricted paper currency would give us high prices. We believe that the removal of the restrictions on the country banks would yield great benefit if no further extension were given to free trade, but we cannot go beyond this. Our conviction is, that the monopolies which law and accident gave us, had always a far greater share in giving us our high prices than the paper currency; and that without them, a currency consisting entirely of paper, could not protect us from low prices.

If, however, Parliament follow party leaders and newspapers, it must decide that a large issue of bank paper is the cause, and not the effect, of high prices; and that if the banks have liberty to make such an issue, this alone will produce such prices, independently of everything else. Acting upon this, and assuming that an increased issue of bank-notes is all that is wanted to remove the distress, it must decide that this issue would raise prices infinitely more in other countries than in this country—that this issue of English bank-notes in England would raise prices so mightily throughout the world, as to prevent the foreign agriculturists, ship-builders, ship-owners, silk manufacturers, &c. from competing with the British ones.

But the abolition of the Corn-Laws, must be, in the eyes of Parliament, the grand panacea. In deciding on this question, Parliament must roundly assert, that ten millions of the British population are employed in trade and manufactures. To substantiate so startling an assertion, it must decide that the land yields subsistence only to those families which are actually employed in cultivating it; and that the landlords, the clergy, the mortgagees, the fundholders, the army and navy—in a word, all the members of the community who are not employed in cultivating the soil—are employed in, and draw their subsistence from, trade and manufactures. Even this will not be sufficient to furnish the ten millions of traders and

manufacturers ; it must therefore proclaim that the number of the people who draw their subsistence from the cultivation of the soil, is one million less than it really is, and it must add this stolen million to the rest of the population.

If Ireland be actually an integral part of the United Kingdom, even this mode of reckoning will not suffice for giving the majority to the traders and manufacturers. Ireland is an agricultural island, and the great mass of its inhabitants depend for subsistence upon the cultivation of the land. Taking those who thus depend upon the land, in both Britain and Ireland, as a whole, they equal in number the rest of the population, even though the landlords, &c. be reckoned among the traders and manufacturers.

Parliament will not be able to get over this, therefore it must not notice Ireland at all in the calculation. It must assert that two-thirds of the population are employed in trade and manufactures, in such a way as to lead the world to believe that two-thirds of the combined population of Britain and Ireland are so employed. It must discuss the question as though Ireland had no interest in it. If Ireland's miseries be pleaded, it must declare that the abolition of the Corn Laws will remove them—that the importation of foreign corn will give prosperity to the tenant, and employment and good wages to the husbandry labourer—that to ruin the market of the great mass of the population will effectually banish Ireland's idleness, want, and starvation.

Parliament must proclaim, in the words of the philosophical Daniel Hardcastle, that "the sooner we get rid of rents the better," and that "a country is in the best position when its land will yield no rent." This will require some explanation, because the land of a country may be, as is the case in Poland and other parts of the world, chiefly cultivated by its owners; and consequently may pay no rent, though corn be enormously dear. Again, cultivators who feed and dress like various of the Irish and foreign ones, would be able to pay a rent from land on which English ones could not live if they had it rent-free. If land be worthless in respect of letting, it

must be worthless in respect of selling; for if it would yield interest, not only for the capital employed in cultivating it, but for capital employed in buying it, it would yield rent. Parliament must, therefore, decide, that if the land of this country were perfectly worthless, in respect of both letting and selling—if it would neither let nor sell, for a farthing per acre—if its produce were so low as to prohibit the cultivators from extorting anything from it beyond what would keep body and soul together—this country would be in "the best position" that a country could be placed in.

In bringing the nation as near as possible to this brilliant "position," Parliament must act with much address towards the agriculturists. It must persuade the landlords that the import of foreign corn will not reduce their rents more than ten or fifteen per cent; and that this sacrifice of one-tenth, or one-seventh, of both income and property, will be nothing. It must persuade the farmers that the whole loss will fall upon the landlords; in proof, it must show them that the fall in corn of the last twelve months has been borne entirely by the landlords, and has not touched in the least the profits of the tenant, and earnings of the labourer. It must convince them that, if the opening of the ports reduce the value of agricultural produce one-third, the landlords will not only lower rents in proportion, but give to every tenant as much as he may lose by the depreciation in the value of his stock. For instance, if a farmer's stock be reduced in value from L.1500 to L.1000, his landlord will not only reduce his rent, but make him a present of L.500.

To the manufacturers and traders, Parliament must declare that the opening of the ports will cause a regular and immense import of foreign corn—an import so immense as to give employment to all our idle ships, sailors, manufacturers, artisans, and labourers—an import of the annual value of at least ten millions. It must tell them that the agriculturists buy little or nothing of them, and that if this enormous import ruin the agriculturists, it will still benefit them hugely, because they depend principally, if not solely, upon foreigners for the sale of

their goods. It must convince the masters, that the import will enable them to make a vast reduction in wages, and thereby to sell their goods much cheaper; and it must convince the workmen that they will gain prodigiously by a trifling reduction in the price of bread, although their wages be reduced in the same moment in an equal degree.

Parliament must, moreover, convince the manufacturers that the corn we import will be paid for solely with manufactures—that France, Russia, and Prussia, as well as other countries, will take nothing but our manufactures in exchange for their corn. It must declare that, although some of the continental nations prohibit the import of our manufactures, and others subject them to heavy duties, capable of being increased at pleasure, still nothing but free trade in corn is wanted to enable us to supply the whole continent with manufactures. It must decide, that such a free trade would cause France, Germany, Russia, Prussia, &c. to permit our manufactures to ruin their own, without taking a step to prevent it; and that no import of corn could prevent our agriculturists from buying as much of the merchants and manufacturers as they buy at present.

While Parliament is impressing all this upon the manufacturers and traders, it must convince the agriculturists that it would be impossible for such an import of corn to take place as would sink their prices below remunerating ones. It must tell them that foreign nations could only send us a very trifling quantity of corn—a quantity barely sufficient to keep prices steady at what they ought to be for the sake of the farmer. It must assure them, that if we should import ten millions' worth of foreign corn annually, the manufacturers would consume all this corn in addition to what they now consume; and such an import would merely keep prices from rising. In proof, it must show them how enormously our large import of corn in the present year has increased the export of manufactures and the consumption of corn amidst the manufacturers; it must place before them the fact, that the import of foreign oats is sufficient to keep the price from rising, when scarcely any English ones

are brought to market, and when the crop is a very deficient one, and demonstrate from it that this import would not have lowered the price had English oats been an average crop.

In speaking to the farmers separately, Parliament must assure them that farming has always been a ruinous trade since corn and cattle rose to good prices, and that it was a most prosperous one when both were exceedingly low—that the less they obtain for their produce, the richer they will be. It must convince them that the import of foreign corn will enable them to sell far more produce. If they call for proofs, it must show them that this import, by depriving them of the means of buying manure and labour, will increase prodigiously the fertility of their land.

In speaking to the husbandry labourers separately, Parliament must assure them that the poorer the landlords and farmers are, the higher their wages will be; and that the import of foreign corn, by stripping the landlord of rent, and the farmer of property, and by throwing a vast portion of land out of cultivation, will insure to them abundance of work and good wages. It must place before them the abundance in which the husbandry labourers of the continent riot, to show what mighty benefits cheap corn would shower upon them.

If the agriculturists plead, as doubtless they will, that wheat is even now at a lower price than they can produce it for, and that any material reduction would plunge them into ruin, Parliament must pay no attention to this whatever. It must say, that if by accident the import of corn should lower prices, so much the better for them, that the costs of production are not to be looked at; and that if wheat were at forty or twenty shillings the quarter, its production would yield them as much profit as it does at present.

In spite of all that is said of our being a manufacturing nation, and of the boasts that are put forth touching the number of the traders and manufacturers, we are confident that if the population of the United Kingdom were looked at as a whole, and if every individual whose income is drawn from the land were separated from the remainder, it would be found that full

two-thirds of the population were indebted to the land for their subsistence. Without going farther amidst the traders and manufacturers, the carpenter, blacksmith, saddler, &c. whom the farmer sets to work, are as much employed by the land as the ploughman. We will not, however, insist upon the two-thirds, but we will insist that the agriculturists, to wit, those whose income is drawn solely or mainly from the land, form the majority of the population of the United Kingdom.

This majority draws its subsistence from the sale of bread, and if it cannot get an adequate price for what it sells, this will render the bread which it eats exceedingly dear. Why is bread at present so dear to the cotton-weaver? Because his wages are so inadequate. And why are his wages so inadequate? Because his master obtains so low a price for his goods. This will apply as well to agriculture as to the cotton trade. If the farmer's prices be bad, he cannot afford adequate wages to his workman, and this makes bread dear to the latter, no matter how cheap corn may be. In Poland, and some other parts, corn and cattle are so cheap that those who are employed in their production cannot afford to taste animal food and wheat bread. To those who are thus employed, bread is practically so dear, that they can scarcely procure any; and it is rendered so by the low price of corn. The agricultural population of this country never in reality found bread so dear in their lives, as they did a few years ago, when corn was at the cheapest. Bread can only be really cheap to a nation when those who produce it have a sufficiency of money to buy it as food, as well as the rest of the community. But if corn be so low that the farmer can obtain no profit, and his labourer can only obtain the most inadequate wages, it makes bread enormously dear to the agriculturists, however cheap it may render it to the rest of the nation.

To make bread cheap to the minority, Parliament must raise it to famine prices amidst the majority. It must decide that the producer of beef and mutton ought not to have the means of tasting either—that the producer of wheat ought not to have the means of eating it, or of eating anything save barley-bread and potatoes. It must determine, that to reduce the majority

to beggary and starvation, is the only way to give cheap bread and prosperity to the nation at large.

Amidst the minor remedies, Parliament—without inquiring what sum is necessary for paying the public creditor, and defraying the unavoidable expenses of the State—must determine that the Government can and shall strike off eight or ten millions from the public expenditure. If this should have the effect of emptying the Cabinet, so much the better. The newspaper people and Greek Committee could doubtlessly be prevailed upon to become the Ministry, and under their government the country could never be other than prosperous and happy.

Parliament must clamour for economy and retrenchment; it must insist that to add a number of clerks, soldiers, and seamen, to the idle and starving part of the nation, would yield prodigious benefit to the working classes.

Another of the minor remedies, must be the repeal of the laws against the exportation of machinery. Parliament must decide that, as most other nations are now manufacturing for themselves—are rapidly gaining upon us in manufactures—are able in various articles to compete with, and undersell, us in open markets—and are able to send large quantities of goods into our home markets, notwithstanding our protecting duties—it is essential for enabling us to retain our superiority and trade, and to crush the manufactures of other countries, that foreign manufacturers should have full liberty to purchase our machinery. It must insist that the more other nations manufacture, the greater will be our export of manufactures.

As very vague opinions seem to prevail, touching the precise nature of restriction and free trade, Parliament must state what these really are. It must declare, that a law which gives to this country the carrying trade between itself and Prussia, is a baleful restriction upon its trade; and that one which expels English ships from this carrying trade, and gives it to Prussia, confers free trade on England. It must declare, that for this country to sacrifice its silk manufacture for the benefit of that of other nations, is to free its trade from a pernicious restriction. It must declare, that the

laws which gave to this country a monopoly over the market of its colonies, formed a destructive restriction upon its trade; and that the giving away of this market to foreign nations gave free trade to England. It must declare, that for this country to give to foreigners the trade of its farmers, ship-owners, ship-builders, silk-manufacturers, cotton-manufacturers, woolen-manufacturers, linen-manufacturers, lace-manufacturers, glove-makers, shoe-makers, &c. &c. is to rid its trade of ruinous restrictions, and to give itself FREE-TRADE.

As people cannot very well discover how the minimum of prices is to yield general riches and prosperity, Parliament must detail the process by which it will reach such magnificent results. It must state, that when agricultural produce is brought so low that the landlord can obtain no rent, the farmer cannot meet the claims upon him, and the husbandry labourer can only earn potatoes and water, the consumption of merchandize and manufactures on the part of the agriculturists will reach its maximum. In proof, it must point to the enormous quantity of merchandize and manufactures which is consumed by the agriculturists of Poland, and other countries, where agricultural produce is the cheapest. It must show that when silks, cottons, &c. are brought so low that the masters can obtain no profit, and the workmen cannot earn a sufficiency of the coarsest food, putting clothing out of the question, the consumption of merchandize and manufactures on the part of both masters and workmen will be the greatest. In proof, it must point to the gigantic quantity of merchandize and manufactured goods which is at present consumed by the silk and cotton weavers. It must maintain that the consumption of the shipping interest will be the greatest, when the ship-owner cannot sail his vessel, save at a loss. In proof, it must point to the present vast expenditure of the ship-owners, and to the huge mass of colonial produce, clothes, &c. which the sailors and their families are enabled to buy, from their having nothing to subsist on but the poor-rates. It must argue, that when every article is brought to the very lowest price it can be produced at—that when every master, be he landlord, farmer, manufacturer, or trades-

man, throughout the country, is stripped of profit to the utmost point practicable—that when every workman, be he mechanic, artizan, ploughman, or labourer throughout the country, is ground down to wages that will scarcely keep him and his family from perishing of hunger—the country will reach the highest point of riches and prosperity. It must maintain, that from this individual poverty, starvation, and misery, must inevitably flow national wealth, abundance, and felicity; and that when the consumption of every member of the community shall be thus restricted, with the few to a bare sufficiency of plain food and clothing, and with the mass to what will not supply nature with a sufficiency of the coarsest necessaries, then the consumption of the nation, as a whole, will be so stupendous, that other countries will scarcely be able to supply us with goods, and, of course, we shall scarcely be able to supply them with manufactures.

As very confused ideas seem to prevail, touching, whether the agriculturists have any right to interfere with the management of their own property, Parliament must settle the question. It must decide that they have no such right, and that what they call their property, is in truth the property of any one save themselves. It must declare, that if the newspaper philosophers, and the poor miserable weavers, whom they delude, call for what would really be a confiscation of one-third, or one-half of both the property and income of every landowner and farmer throughout the realm, they ought to be obeyed; and that the agriculturists would have no right to complain of the confiscation. If a landlord be at great expense in planting and stocking a portion of his land as a preserve of game, it must decide that he has no more right to the game than any other person who may think good to kill it. It must declare, that if the landowner prohibit people from stealing his nuts, breaking his fences, injuring his plantations, and subjecting him to a heavy loss, he interferes most tyrannically with the rights of others by so doing;—that if a farmer charge as much for a few roods of potato-land to a labourer, as the latter is willing to pay, he is guilty of unjustifiable extortion;—that our good sized farms are a frightful source of

evil, and that, of course, England's boasted yeomanry is a plague and disgrace to it—that the inestimable benefits which have flowed from the subdivision of land in Ireland prove, that the landlords ought forthwith to be compelled to divide their land into potato gardens, in order to secure abundance to the working classes, and guard against future excess of population.

If petitions be presented to Parliament complaining of distress, it must hold them to be unworthy of notice, on the ground of their being dictated by interest. If the landed interest, the silk trade, the shipping interest, or any other interest, complain to it that its measures are bringing, or have brought it to ruin, it must hold, that as the complaints are prompted by interest, they ought not to be listened to. If the whole nation petition it for relief from distress and starvation, it must not, from the same reasons, attend to the petitions. It must hold, that those petitions only are deserving of notice which are presented, either by those who have no interest in them, or by those who pray for the ruin of others, that themselves may be benefited. If the manufacturers petition for a free trade in corn, on the ground that it will enable them to reduce their wages and increase their profits, they may be listened to; but if the agriculturists petition against such a free trade, on the ground that it will plunge them into ruin, their petitions must be disregarded as proceeding from interest.

As the country cannot see the benefits which have flowed from free trade, Parliament must divest these benefits of their invisibility. It must declare, that trade cannot possibly exist amidst restrictions and monopolies; and that our old system of restrictions and monopolies destroyed it utterly. In proof, it must cite the fact, that when this old system commenced, trade was in the most flourishing condition—that as it extended itself, trade declined—and that when it was perfected, trade vanished altogether. It must maintain, that when the New System was brought into operation, the nation had lost every vestige of its trade through the old one; and it must point to the brilliant condition of the shipping interest, the silk trade, and every interest on which the New System has

been brought to bear—it must appeal to the unexampled prosperity enjoyed by the community generally—as furnishing incontestable evidence of the miraculous benefits which free trade has yielded.

We must now turn to the New System, which has been adopted in Ireland.

The Irish Catholics have lately manifested the most inveterate hostility to England, its church, its religion, and various of the essentials of its constitution and freedom. They have trampled upon the laws—heaped the most foul abuse upon the Heir Presumptive to the throne—proclaimed the Church to be a curse to Ireland—insisted upon its robbery and destruction—declared that what they call emancipation, would be nothing without the complete annihilation of Protestant influence—insisted, that neither the Aristocracy nor the Democracy ought to have any political rights and influence independently of the Popish priesthood—asserted that this priesthood ought to deprive the elector and the subject of every political and religious right that may be obnoxious to it—and stripped to the utmost of their power their Protestant fellow-subjects, of all religious and political rights and privileges whatever. The Irish Protestants cannot meet among each other for the purpose of distributing the Scriptures and establishing schools, without being insulted by Catholic demagogues, and having their lives endangered by Catholic mobs. The Protestants of some parts of Ireland are compelled to fly from their country, to preserve their lives and property from the fury of the Catholics. Parliament must solemnly decide that all this furnishes an unanswerable proof that the Catholics ought immediately to be admitted into the Ministry and the Legislature—that they ought instantly to have a very large portion of the general government surrendered to them.

Parliament must solemnly decide that all this in the Catholics, proves incontestably that they ought to be supported by the weight and influence of the Irish government—that they ought to be supported by the Protestant friends of this government—that they ought to be supported by the press of this government—and that

whatever illegal, seditious, and treasonable conduct they may exhibit, they ought not to be molested by this government.

It must, moreover, decide that if, by accident, it be necessary for the Irish government to frame laws against the Catholics, or to prosecute a Catholic or Catholic newspaper, it must at the same time frame laws against the Protestants, and prosecute a Protestant or Protestant newspaper. It must maintain, that it is impossible for the Catholics to be guilty of misconduct, without the Protestants being guilty of equal misconduct; and that a Protestant must of necessity violate the laws whenever a Catholic violates them. It must declare, that to legislate against the Catholics, and not the Protestants, to prosecute a Catholic, and not a Protestant, is a heinous offence against the laws and constitution—against British rights and liberties. It must assert, that so long as the Protestants furnish nothing that can serve as the ground for coercing and prosecuting them, it is impossible for the Catholics, do what they may, to furnish any such ground.

Parliament must proclaim, that it is as wicked and criminal for the Protestants to form themselves into societies, for the protection of the Church, Protestantism, and the Constitution, as it is for the Catholics to form themselves into societies for the purpose of rebellion, plunder, and assassination—of filling Ireland with sedition, treason, tumult, and crime.

Our readers are aware that Ireland forms a part of the United Kingdom, and that it possesses the same constitution and the same rights and liberties which England and Scotland possess. They are aware, moreover, that in regard to the elective franchise, taxation, and concessions to the Catholics, it enjoys a much greater extent of privilege than is enjoyed by either England or Scotland. Parliament, however, must decide, that England oppresses and enslaves Ireland; that Ireland is deprived of its liberty and rights—is ground to powder by tyranny and bondage. To prove this, it must show that the Irish Protestants form no part of the Irish people, but are aliens, who are an intolerable nuisance to Ireland; that these Protestants, by holding their Bible and school meetings, and by distributing

the scriptures and establishing schools, destroy the rights and liberties of Ireland; that the existence of the Church enslaves Ireland; that because the Catholics are not allowed to strip the Protestants of every religious and civil right, to banish or exterminate them, Ireland is in fetters.

Parliament of course must decide, that in order to give the constitution and British rights and liberties to Ireland, the Church must be destroyed—the Protestants must be prohibited from holding religious meetings, distributing the Bible, and forming schools, from exercising the elective franchise, and from saying or doing anything that the Popish priesthood may disapprove of—and the will of this priesthood must be substituted for the constitution and laws which Ireland now enjoys.

Parliament must declare that it is highly unconstitutional and criminal for any Irish nobleman or gentleman to be opposed to the Catholics, or to exercise any influence over his tenants at elections against the will of the Popish priesthood; and it must bestow its solemn approbation upon this priesthood for its meritorious exertions at the late elections. It must decide that it is highly unconstitutional and mischievous for the Irish government to protect and nurture the Church and Protestantism; that this government ought to direct its animosity against all who evince affection for either, and that it ought to confine its favour and patronage to those alone who take the part of the Catholics against the Protestants.

And Parliament must solemnly decide, that the resolutions which the Catholics have lately passed, that the Marquis Wellesley is a most fit and proper person to be the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and has always discharged his duties in the most upright manner, form an unanswerable proof that the noble Marquis is such a person, and has so discharged his duties.

In all that we have said, we have merely translated into plain and honest English, what has been again and again put forth by those who call themselves Political Economists and Philosophers. If Parliament follow these people, it must in reality say and do what we have stated. Our readers know, they will not admit that they can err, or that those who differ from

them can ever be right. To finish all, therefore, Parliament must solemnly decide that they are endowed with the attributes of the Deity—that they are infallible—that everything which they say is truth and wisdom, and everything which is said against them is falsehood and folly—that the distress and misery which their schemes have produced, only prove the unerring character of these schemes,—and that, if they involve the empire in complete ruin, it will be ruined by Political Economy and Philosophy, and therefore ought to be ruined, in order to reach the fulness of riches, greatness, and felicity.

We cannot bring ourselves to believe in the truth of the opinions we have detailed; and therefore, much as we have been abused for it, we shall persevere in the display of our incredulity. We will adhere to old English common sense to the last. We know that those from whom we differ, proclaim all their opponents to be both fools and knaves; but for this we care not, for the place where we were cradled, gave us a frame not to be blown over by a blast of bitter sayings. Let us be branded as bigots and Ultra-Tories,—let us be stigmatised by the tools and toad-eaters of Mr Huskisson, as men destitute of intellect, information, and principle,—but, in Heaven's name! let us be spared the damning disgrace of being called **POLITICAL ECONOMISTS** and **PHILOSOPHERS**!

The abuse of our opponents, and the fact, that we cannot see things as they see them, are by no means sufficient to prove to us that we are in error. We have too much legitimate evidence before us, to prove the contrary. We have, from the first, been convinced, that we were fighting a righteous battle, and that our triumph was certain; and every hour adds strength to the conviction. Whatever unpardonable guilt we may have committed, we have not yet been convicted of having put forth false principles and predictions. Time and experiment have been for some time actively employed upon the subjects on which we have written; they have scattered refutation and shame around them in the most unsparing manner, and still, us they have not injured. We can point to them, in vindication of every Article we have put forth against the New System,—we can ap-

peal to them against every accuser,—and we can yet show our face in society with as much honest boldness as any free-trade advocate whatever. If time and experiment had dealt with us as they have dealt with those from whom we differ,—if they had heaped the overwhelming shame and refutation upon us which they have heaped upon Mr Huskisson, Mr Brougham, and the rest of the New System people, down to the humblest of the newspaper philosophers,—we would have cut off our fingers sooner than have written another line on the question,—we would have fled from our country, to have escaped the merited derision and contempt of our countrymen.

But then we are guilty of the enormity of opposing the Ministry. Well, unprincipled as we are represented to be, we are not sufficiently knavish to support the Ministry in everything; we leave the knavery of doing this to the knaves who blackguard us. We are Tories in respect of principles, and not of persons; and our faith is not to be twisted and changed at the pleasure of a Prime Minister, or Secretary of State. Ministers declare that they are acting on principles directly the reverse of those on which they previously acted; the whole world knows this to be the fact; and when the case stands thus, we may oppose them, and still be no apostates. The Whigs and Radicals abuse us as Ultra-Tories, and the menials of Ministry abuse us as Ultra-Tories; this makes us quite easy in what respects our consistency. The poor Ministers—the fallen, degraded associates of Pitt—to be compelled to apply a name like this to opponents in the way of reproach! We have stood by our Sovereign and his royal house—by our church and religion—by the constitution, laws, and institutions of our country—we have done this unasked and unthanked, and the knowledge that we have done it prevents us from thinking ill of ourselves because we have opposed the Ministry. We cannot caper about from creed to creed, and system to system, because a capering Minister may set us an example. Old English fare has given us so much heaviness of motion, as to disable us for acting the mountebank along with our rulers. We have followed in general through life the principles of Pitt, and we will still follow them, no

matter who may renounce them. These principles will very soon be the principles of the British Ministry, though they may not be those of the present Ministers.

But then, forsooth! we have spoken with too much severity of certain official people. We grant that a warmth, which in us is constitutional, may have led us into the use of strong language; but we are plain Englishmen, and cannot abandon the language of our fathers. We cannot separate a man from his conduct, and worship the one while we execrate the other. If our pocket be picked, we cannot say to the pickpocket,—Your deed, sir, is a most roguish one, but nevertheless, you are a right honest person, and we will make you our banker. But, confessing our guilt to the full extent, whom have we attacked? The Ministers of this empire—Ministers, who have been supported by every party, the Benthamites and Radicals included—Ministers, who have been supported by a unanimous parliament, and by an almost unanimous press. We have attacked the exalted and the mighty—those whom we could not injure; and we have done it to

defend, however feebly, the humble and the powerless—the millions of our fellow-subjects who were threatened with beggary and distress. We have not originated or supported changes and innovations that have overwhelmed our country with misery—the silk-weavers, agriculturists, ship-owners, and seamen, will not charge any of their sufferings upon what we have written on the silk trade, agriculture, and the shipping interest—upon us, the curse of the ruined master and the starving servant will not fasten—we shall have no account to render to the present generation for having plunged it into ruin, and to posterity for having wasted its patrimony. If our opinions had been acted upon, this might at the worst have sent a few Ministers into retirement on heavy pensions, but it would not have reduced a single trader to bankruptcy, or deprived a single industrious family of bread—it would not have converted the prosperity, happiness, and harmony of our countrymen, into distress, despair, and dissension—it would not have gathered round the empire the awful tempest of revolution.

CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA.—SIERRA LEONE.—LIBERATED AFRICANS.

To R. W. HAY, Esq. *Under Secretary of State, &c. &c.*

SIR,

YOUR recent appointment to the high office which you now hold, and which you are so well qualified to fill, with honour to yourself and advantage to your country, brings under your immediate cognizance and control, everything connected with those attempts which Great Britain is, and has long been making to introduce knowledge, civilization, and industry, into the western shores of Africa. This consideration induces me at this time to lay before you a few facts connected with this important subject, and while these will point out the fatal errors which have been committed in all our previous plans and proceedings, connected with, or which had in view, African improvements, they may at the same time help to show the course, which, if adopted, is more likely to succeed.

On a subject so important, I shall endeavour to be as brief as possible, that I may not intrude too far on your

patience, nor take up too much of your valuable time.

In order to secure the introduction of light and liberty, industry and civilization, into the dark and the demoralized continent of Africa, where that continent is peopled by Negro tribes, it was judged necessary to plant a British colony, or settlement, on the western coast. SIERRA LEONE, situated on the extreme point of the southwest coast of that continent, and in N. Lat. 8° 22', and W. Long. 12° 17', was pitched upon as the most eligible spot for that purpose.

A few philanthropists were the first projectors and the undertakers of this praise-worthy scheme. The first attempt was made in 1787. Improper characters as settlers having been chosen, they, from insubordination, sickness, and the hostility of the neighbouring tribes, were almost entirely swept away. The settlement was again attempted, or rather recommen-

ced in 1791, by a company of private merchants and philanthropists, furnished with ample resources; and in this joint-stock concern were included the names of many individuals of high rank and character. From this period, the settlement became permanent, and the eyes of the British nation were intensely fixed upon the place, as the harbinger of peace and prosperity to Africa, governed and directed as its affairs were, by men of such talents and integrity as were numbered in the ranks of the Sierra Leone Company. The capital of the Company was £250,000. An additional sum, 100,000*l.*, was subsequently obtained. Both sums, and also large grants from government for the civil and military establishments of the place, were quickly swamped, and still nothing effectual was done. In 1807, the slave-trade was abolished by Great Britain. A new era and better days were in consequence anticipated to have dawned upon Africa. Bankrupt in resources, the Sierra Leone Company, in 1807, succeeded in turning over their bantling into the hands of Government, from whom the Company succeeded in obtaining the second advance of capital, and also repayment of considerable sums expended, or alleged by them to have been expended in erecting buildings, &c. In the hands of Government the place has since remained, encouraged, fostered, and supported by the unlimited application of the vast resources of Great Britain, and protected by her powerful arm. The same unfortunate machinery, however, which had ruled and directed the place under the Company, were allowed to direct and govern it while under the responsibility of Government; and the consequences have been loss, disgrace, and defeat, as complete as it is possible to conceive. The discomfiture stands unparalleled in the history of any national undertaking during any period, or in any country whatever.

In order to understand the matter aright, it here becomes necessary to state the particular objects avowed and kept in view by the projectors of the plan, and the directors of the place. The first and great object was the sup-

pression of the external African slave-trade, which it was calculated, and even boasted, would be destroyed by the influence and the example of the place. The other objects were, *First*, To enlighten the minds of the Africans with regard to their true interests, and to teach them how to "substitute a beneficial commerce in the room of the slave-trade." *Secondly*, "To introduce amongst them the improvements and the useful arts of Europe." *Thirdly*, "To promote the cultivation of the African soil," by substituting voluntary for compulsory labour. *Fourthly*, To make Sierra Leone "A SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY, in which African youths might be instructed both in letters and AGRICULTURE, and the arts connected with agriculture,"—to teach them, and to induce them to cultivate sugar, coffee, cotton, indigo, &c.; and, finally, to introduce, by means of this settlement, CHRISTIANITY into the surrounding, and benighted, and demoralized districts of Africa.*

Such were the objects for which this settlement was formed, and for which all the *depots* of liberated Africans were collected in different quarters of our dominions. The national resources were at the command of Sierra Leone, and everything connected with it; the prayers of the nation went up for its safety and prosperity, and blessings were invoked upon the heads of all descriptions of men connected with the holy place.

Ever since 1791, but more especially since 1808, this nation, year succeeding year, and day succeeding day, has been amused and buoyed up by encouraging and dashing accounts about the rapid advances which the settlers and the surrounding natives were making in knowledge, in industry, in morality, and in religion. Through the pages of the African Institution Reports, and those columns which were guided or influenced by what those Reports sent forth, the nation was inundated and delighted with tales of Sierra Leone industry, trade, and prosperity, till even the Edinburgh Review, which is not readily put to the blush, grew sick of the subject, and ashamed to publish and to comment upon them.

* See First Report African Institution, p. 69—71; and Macaulay's Letters to the Duke of Gloucester, 1815, p. 18.

Before proceeding to point out, by the adducement of facts and references which cannot be denied or disputed, the melancholy details of our complete failure in Africa, it becomes necessary to show what this settlement and our labours on the African Coast, and in other quarters which are inseparably connected with it, have cost this country.

And first, I may state that the extent of the settlement is TWENTY-SIX British miles by TWENTY! The population at present consists of about SIXTY Whites, exclusive of the European troops in garrison who may be in existence, a few Mulattoes, and about 16,000 Blacks, above three-fourths of whom are what is technically called "LIBERATED AFRICANS," the remainder being Maroons, Nova Scotian Blacks, and disbanded soldiers of the West Indian regiments. The Mulattoes are the produce of "GENUINE FREE LABOUR," and the only produce which it has ever raised in the place. Such are the component parts of the half savage group with which Sierra Leone is peopled!

Inseparably connected with this settlement, as I have observed, and with the subject under review, are the depots of liberated Africans scattered over our colonial possessions, and supported by this country, in order with them to commence that system of free labour cultivation of colonial produce in our tropical possessions, which, it is asserted, will transform them into mines of wealth, and render them an honour, a boast, and a praise to this country. The expense which these depots of free labour have occasioned, and are daily occasioning to Great Britain, can scarcely be credited. The amount I shall attempt to place before you and before the public, from the best sources of information which I can obtain, and as I find the various items scattered throughout those Parliamentary returns which have come in my way. These returns, however, are imperfect and incomplete, and in consequence I have been compelled to take the average amount of those years wherein the returns are so far complete, in order to determine the amount in those years for which I find no returns. The whole returns connected with all these establishments were particularly moved for by Mr Hume in 1825, and though com-

manded by the House of Commons to be produced, still scarcely any of them have been so, and in the few that have been presented, not one is produced complete, or as required.

Also when those Parliamentary returns were moved for in the House of Commons, which, if produced, would have "exposed the secrets of the Prison House," the exposure was warded off for a time by the appointment of Commissioners to go out and examine into the state of the place. The labours of that Commission are now very nearly closed, and without doubt the Commissioners have discovered many very surprising things, though from dead men they could draw no information. Bound by their official instructions, however, the Commissioners, or at least their Report, will necessarily be confined to these instructions. Unfortunately, these do not embrace a single point of inquiry on which the main question depends. No inquiry is directed to be made regarding the agriculture and the Tropical produce raised in the place, nor is it directed to inquire whether the Negroes there settled engage in labour voluntarily or by compulsion, nor how many hours each day these people do labour, either from choice or by compulsion, in order to obtain the subsistence which they covet, or which they require. Nor is any inquiry directed to be made whether those who do labour are engaged in agriculture or otherwise—and when I say agriculture, I mean that agricultural labour which raises, or which might raise, those Tropical productions which Europeans seek in exchange for their commodities. Yet, till these important points are investigated and cleared up, it is obvious, so far as this commission is concerned, that we may remain as ignorant as we now are about Africa or Africans—their wealth or their woe, and that the Commission may probably only act as a blind to deceive this country further, and lead it into a greater loss both of money and of lives, in pursuit of objects which never can be attained by the means which we at present adopt to attain them.

In justice to myself, and in justice to my subject, I consider it necessary to offer these explanations, and to state these facts, in order to show that where proper official references are wanting,

it is because these have not been obtained from those whose business and whose duty it is to produce them. It is possible, therefore, that in some instances, the expenditure may be over-estimated, while it is equally probable,

may, I believe, more probable, that in others, it is under-estimated. Those points, however, the full and the fair official returns can soon determine, if these are only produced.

No. I.

The Quarterly Review, which will readily be admitted as good authority, has, under two heads, saved me much research and trouble. The last Number of that publication states the expense which our naval force stationed on the Coast of Africa, the head-quarters of which is Sierra Leone, together with the expense of the Slave Commission Courts, cost this country, to be L.500,000 annually. This, I am certain, is not over-estimated, but the reverse. Dating the commencement of this expenditure from the abolition of the Slave Trade by Great Britain in 1807, the amount for nineteen years is L.9,500,000!!

No. II.

The above, though a startling item to begin with, is scarcely a moiety of the *black* account. But, not to fatigue the reader with numerical details, I shall select the expenditure only under a few heads, and for a few years, as these have been copied from the Journals of the House of Commons, (Vols. 57, 61, 63, and 66,) with other Parliamentary papers, as particularly mentioned.

Sierra Leone.—Civil Establishment.

Annual Estimates from 1800 till 1807, (Jour. H. Com. vol. 66, App. 659.)	L.90,000	0	0
Ditto, other extra Parliamentary grants from 19th Feb. 1800, till 5th August 1805, (Jour. H. Com. vol. 61, p. 826,)	64,362	9	8
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	L.154,362	9	8

January 1, 1808, Government took the place.			
Estimates annual civil establishment, from 1807 to 1825, inclusive,	L.316,074	19	0
Other extra Par. grants, from 1808 till 1811,	70,535	0	0
Ditto estimate 1826, Mis. Est. No. 5,	15,462	0	0
	<hr/>		
	402,071	19	0

Civil establishment from 1800, L. 558,433 8 8

Of the expense which the settlement of Sierra Leone occasioned to Government, from its establishment in 1791 till 1808, I can find no detailed account. According to the Report of "the *Committee of the House of Commons*," in 1804, the expense to Government then was; for its civil establishment, L.14,000 per annum. Taking the average expenditure from 1791 at L.10,000 annually, the amount for nine years, ending 1800, will be L.90,000 to be added to the foregoing sums; making together, under this head, L. 648,433 8 8.

No. III.

Military Establishment.—Army Extraordinaries.

Par. Pap.			
1810, No. 113 of 1811, p. 4, sundries,	L.36,291	13	3
1811, — 234 of 1812, p. 4, —	41,549	8	9
1312, — 147 of 1813, p. 4, —	55,330	3	4
1813, — 150 of 1814, p. 4, —	66,968	7	5

1814, —	177 of 1815, p. 5,	—	51,820	15	11½
1815, —	318 of 1816, p. 5,	—	58,951	15	2
1816, —	319 of 1817, p. 4,	—	94,219	17	6
1817, —	245 of 1818, p. 4,	—	68,475	2	8
1818, —	286 of 1819, p. 4,	—	66,313	7	10
1819, —	105 of 1820, p. 3,	—	41,644	16	0½
1820, —	187 of 1821, p. 3,	—	54,799	14	9¼
1821, —	73 of 1822, p. 3,	—	67,130	0	9½
1822, —	125 of 1823, p. 3 & 4,	—	34,291	10	7
1823, —	59 of 1824, p. 3,	—	39,294	13	9
1824, —	61 of 1825, p. 3,	—	60,699	13	0
1826, —	of 1826,		105,047	0	0

L. 940,828 0 10

Sixteen years' average, L. 58,801 15 0½

The years 1808, 1809, and 1825, are still wanting, as also the whole period from 1791 till 1808; but taking the three years first mentioned at the same rate, the expenditure under this head will be L. 1,117,261 5 11½.

No. IV.

In the year 1821, the British settlements on the Gold Coast were, by the advice of Zacharay Macaulay, Esq. and other influential members of the African Institution, taken into the hands of Government, and made subservient to the Government of Sierra Leone, according to the counsels of the afore-named gentleman. (See App. Letter to Duke of Gloucester, 1815.) [Previous to this change, these settlements were maintained by the African Company, with the assistance of a grant of L. 25,000 annually. Since the period mentioned, and under the new regime, the expense has fearfully increased, while every advantage previously obtained has decreased, and is, in fact, almost entirely obliterated. The expense which these forts now cost us is, since the period alluded to, not so easily got at, blended, as this expense is, with other sums; but the following references may serve to give us some idea what it really is.

1822.	By Commissariat account,	L. 8,641	18	1½
1823.	Par. Pap. No. 62 of 1824, p. 61, by Commissariat accounts,	45,155	2	10
1824.	Par. Pap. No. 61 of 1825, p. 3, by Army extraordinaries,	26,423	19	1
	— by civil establishment,	45,930	7	0
1826.	Miscellaneous estimates, Par. Pap. No. 156, p. 5, by civil establishment,	45,110	0	0
—	Under Army estimates,	18,562	0	0
—	Par. Pap. No. 60, Commissariat accounts for 1824,	49,642	15	4¾

L. 239,465 2 5½

No. V.

Military Establishment.—Ordnance Estimates.

Par. Pap. No. 81 of 1812, p. 10,	L. 2,348	2	9
Senegal,	L. 12,425	5	4
Par. Pap. No. 91 of 1819, p. 8,	6,596	0	0
— 42 of 1821, p. 8,	6,337	14	3
— 28 of 1822, p. 9 and 17,	3,724	17	6
— 69 of 1823, p. 10 and 19,	2,757	7	6
— 61 of 1825, for 1824,	11,050	16	10
1826,	31,852	0	0

L. 53,666 16 10

Six years' average, L. 9,328 2 2

Which, from 1808, 19 years, is, under this head, L. 175,523 2 2¾.

No. VI.

Military Establishment.—Commissariat Pay.

Par. Pap. No. 128 of 1812,	L. 2,018	0	0
————— 250 of 1816, for 1815,	3,654	7	6
————— 118 of 1816,	4,200	0	0
————— 47 of 1821,	1,528	0	0
————— 18 of 1823,	1,660	15	0
————— 10 of 1824,	1,565	6	0
————— 23 of 1825,	2,669	1	3
————— of 1826,	2,751	1	0
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	L. 20,146	10	9
Eight years' average,	L. 2,518	6	4
Which, for 19 years, is L. 47,848	0	4	under this head.

No. VII.

Public Buildings.—Expense.

Sums drawn by Sir C. Macarthy, from 1st December 1821 to 16th April 1824.—*Finance Report* of 1825, p. 282, L. 26,701 12 11½
 Annual average is L. 11,459, which, for 19 years, gives, under this head, L. 217,711. During the last three or four years they have been building one large church in the capital of the place, which stands completed only in the walls and the roof, and which, in that state, has cost above L. 50,000! The building appropriated for the captured Negroes is extensive, and cost a very large sum; and the numerous other public buildings (including "FOURTEEN CHURCHES" finished!) were all of the most expensive kind, without any regard to elegance, neatness, or durability.

No. VIII.

Sierra Leone.—Miscellaneous Accounts.

Paid for recruiting service in 1812 and 1814.—Journal House of Commons, vol. 69,	L. 4,465	18	6
Removing Maroons from Halifax to Sierra Leone.—Journal House of Commons, vol. 57, p. 991,	5,903	19	8
Ditto black troops, in 1793.—Journal House of Commons, vol. 66, app. p. 659,	15,643	4	6
Claimed by Sierra Leone Company for settling Maroons in that place.—Macaulay's letter to Duke of Gloucester, p. 58. L. 18,000 paid,	24,474	2	5
Subsistence of Maroons cost L. 10,000 per annum.—John King, Esq. to Committee of House of Commons. Say only for five years,	50,000	0	0
African Institution Special Report, app. p. 139. Company, in three years, granted Nova Scotians, for provisions alone, L. 20,000.—Macaulay's letter, p. 39, says Government was to pay this; and, no doubt, it has been paid,	20,000	0	0
Claimed by Sierra Leone Company, and paid by Government.—Macaulay's letter, same page,	33,432	0	0
Ditto received for buildings, extra claim,	2,000	0	0
Company received from Government, extra advance capital,	100,000	0	0
Original capital, all lost,	240,000	0	0
Mixed Commission salaries, say for eight years,	40,000	0	0
Rio Pongas.—Damages paid for Governor Maxwell,	20,000	0	0
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Sundry heads,	L. 555,919	6	1

No. IX.

Sierra Leone.—Liberated Africans.

Drawn from Sierra Leone. Governor Macarthy, 1st January to 30th June 1814, Par. Pap. No. 64, p. 347, of 1817,			L.23,630	7	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
A. Grant, 1st July to 31st December 1820,			18,913	4	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Do. 1st January to 30th November 1821,			31,619	16	0
Gov. Macarthy, 1st to 31st December 1821,			2,594	9	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Do. 1st January to 31st December 1822,			35,250	7	9 $\frac{1}{4}$
Do. 1st January to 31st December 1823,			40,907	4	9 $\frac{3}{4}$
Do. 1st January to 31st December 1824,			31,065	0	0
Miscellaneous estimates, 1825, No. 4.			45,000	0	0
For 1826, Miscellaneous estimates, No. 4,			35,000	0	0
Seven years—average, L.37,711, 11s. 3d.			L.263,980	9	9
Supplies sent from this country to Sierra Leone.					
Estimates, 1825,			L.10,000	0	0
Do. 1826,			12,000	0	0
Average two years, L.11,000,			L.22,000	0	0
Average Annual expense, L.48,711, 11s. 3d. which, for nineteen years, gives under this head an expenditure of			L.925,509	13	6

No. X.

Liberated Africans.—West Indies.

Under this head it is difficult to get at the accurate amount. By Par. Paper, No. 73 of 1821, the liberated American negroes in Trinidad cost this country L.2102, 11s. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. annually. By Par. Pap. No. 325 of 1823, the Winkel establishment in Berbice cost this country L.2250 sterling for that year; and according to the miscellaneous estimates and votes of the present year, that establishment cost this country L.3986—take the average expenditure, L.3118, as the correct outlay. From Major Moody's Report, it appears that L.40,000 has been expended in this way in the Virgin Islands. In Antigua, the rate of expenditure for about 260, is at present L.4000 per annum. In the Bahama Islands, the expenditure is also very great, as well as a considerable expense in other colonies. I believe I am greatly under the mark, when I state the annual expenditure for the liberated Africans in these parts to be L.10,000 per annum. Take it at this, however, and let us state the total sum.

Liberated Africans, West Indies, 18 years,			* L.180,000
Liberated American negroes, 14 years,			29,000
Winkel establishment, Berbice, 15 years,			46,770
Parliamentary Commissioners' salaries, 6 years,			18,600

Under this head, L.274,370

* By Par. Pap. No. 389 of 1826, the expense which each of the liberated Africans cost (including the supplies sent from England) was L.10 sterling. Certainly there never have been fewer than 2000 in the West Indies on an average. These, at the same rate, would cost L.20,000 a-year,—or for 18 years, L.360,000. As a proof that this is the most probable sum, I find in Major Moody's Report (Par. Pap. No. 215 of 1825, p. 65) that the expense of maintaining the slaves on board of five vessels, condemned in Tortola in 1808, cost Government, *before apprenticing out*, L.13,565, 15s. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; and, unless I mistake the same report, page 59, the additional

No. XI.

Disbanded Africans.—Pensions.

The following, from the Financial Accounts, are the sums paid for the respective years, throwing out the fractional parts in the particular details, but adding these to the general sums.

	1820.	1824.	1826.
Trinidad,	L.2,700	2,149	2,788
Bermuda,	16
Barbadoes,	577	668	777
Demerara and Berbice,	624	624	565
Tobago,	143	118	129
Grenada,	1,036	787	732
St Vincents,	655	581	593
St Lucia,	1,213	1,093	1,193
Dominica,	1,107	801	830
Antigua,	912	852	889
St Kitts,	92	122	131
Jamaica,	2,723	2,346	2,220
Mauritius,	279
Bahamas,	16	7	151
Sierra Leone and Gambia,	9,038	9,901	10,378
Cape Coast,	71
Honduras,	5,772	5,061
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	L.21,139	L.25,829	L.28,332

Average, L.25,096, 13s., which, taking it only 10 years, gives L.250,966, 10s. under this head.

No. XII.

Paid for Captured Negroes.

Portugal Loan remitted, 1815,	L.601,774	7	9
Do. by Treaty 1815, for captures previous to 1814,	348,904	2	2
Do. by Treaty July 28th, 1817, to pay for captures subsequent to 1814, Par. Pap. 95 of 1820,	300,000	0	0
Do. by grants in 1822, 1823, 1824, and 1825,	213,000	0	0
Spain by Treaty 1817,	400,000	0	0
Bounties on captured slaves paid by Treasury,	54,728	16	8
Do. by Navy Pay-Office,	273,670	0	0
Do. paid for do.	65,000	0	0
Head money, Par. Pap. 289 of 1824	56,017	0	0
Negroes captured in Demarara and Essequibo, Par. Pap. No. 177 of 1815, p. 24,	15,795	6	8
To United States slaves, carried away, and value awarded, by the Emperor Alexander,	380,329	6	0
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Total—under this head,	† L.2,689,219	16	0

sum of L.15,000 Sterling was laid out for them between 1808 and 1815, exclusive of all that the remainder of them have cost since the latter period. By Par. Pap. No. 442 of 1824, I find that the liberated Africans in Antigua cost Government in 1819 the sum of L.1107, 18s. 6½d. One medical account of L.168 was chiefly made up of items for *antivenereal* medicines!! In fact, there is no limits to such expenditure, and such foolery, and such folly.

† Par. Pap. No. 531 of 1821—No. 177 of 1822—No. 43 of 1823—No. 389 of 1824—No. 95 of 1820—No. 272 of 1825—and Journal of the House of Commons. Still under this head, heavy sums are wanting.

Sierra Leone.—Expense Establishment.

Under this head, the various estimates presented to Parliament for the present year, give us the following results:—

Ordnance estimates,	L.31,852
Navy do. salaries,	900
Army do. sundries,	4,008
Army Extraordinaries,	105,047
Commissariat Par. Pap. No. 57,	2,751
Liberated Africans, Par. Pap. No. 4,	35,000
Slave Commissioners' salaries,	6,000
Civil establishment,	15,462
Liberated Africans supplies, sent from Great Britain,	12,168
Disbanded black soldiers—Pensions,	10,377
Customs received, 1825, expended in the place,	8,730
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Annual expense,	L.232,695

Exclusive of the proportion of the pay of troops in garrison, at least L.12,000, altogether about L.250,695 yearly, for such a horrible place.

Besides this, there is the expense for its dependencies, the forts on the Gold Coast. Some of the items for which stand in the estimates for the present year thus:—

Navy estimates, a salary,	L. 200 0 0
Army do. various items,	18,567 0 0
Civil establishment,	45,100 0 0
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	L.63,867 0 0

Of which must be deducted L.12,000, the pay of troops at Sierra Leone included in the last sum, and to the balance L.51,877 remains to be added, the whole military expenditure of the place, which, considering the war there carried on, must have been very great. What it is, however, I have no means of ascertaining with any degree of accuracy.

The sales of captured vessels and property, (many of the one, and much of the other unjustly condemned, and subsequently paid by this country,) condemned at Sierra Leone, are almost incredible. To get at the amount accurately, however, is at present out of the question. The returns of such captures and condemnations since 1807, were moved for by Mr Hume early last session; and though ordered, not one of them has yet been produced. Many of the vessels captured, justly and unjustly, had on board, besides Negroes, valuable cargoes of merchandize, particularly those outward bound. I know from certain authority, that the merchandize on board outward bound vessels, condemned and sold at Sierra Leone, amounted to L.4000, L.5000, and even as high as L.6000 sterling; and the vessels engaged in the Slave Trade, were some years ago many of them very large and very valuable. HUNDREDS of such vessels and cargoes have been condemned and sold at Sierra Leone, but what has become of the proceeds? Of those for which this nation subsequently paid, this nation has most unquestionably a right to demand an account. It is now nearly nineteen years since the system began, and in order to show you to what the value of property thus condemned and sold may amount, I adduce you the following Parliamentary return, which embraces only a few years of that period, and which, moreover, embraces only those cases brought under adjudication and appeal in London, immediately after the institution of a Court for that purpose in the metropolis.

Account, No. 1—Showing the number of Cases decided by the Commissary Judge in London.

Name of Ship.	Amount claimed.			Amount awarded.		
	L.	s.	d.	L.	s.	d.
San Joaquim,	28,491	7	3	14,992	0	5
Boa Uniao,	10,084	19	9	3688	10	0
Dous Amigos,	20,160	19	6	11,237	6	0
Same ship,	245	10	5	245	10	5
Senhor do Canno Verde, <i>alias</i> Cinzente,	14,019	1	9	5708	13	1
Caveira,	18,341	4	7	12,777	15	3
Dido,	18,127	15	3	11,646	14	2
Bom Sucesso,	25,562	17	8	13,287	3	2
Same ship,	856	10	8	856	10	8
Scipao Africano,	13,088	17	3	9382	8	1
Santa Anna,	14,739	2	11	6556	6	3
Espirito Santa Gavao,	33,604	1	3	15,833	10	6
Nova Frigatinha,	24,070	5	5	13,916	1	6
Same ship,	31	10	0	31	10	0
Same ship,	190	5	0	190	5	0
Same ship,	426	11	1	426	11	1
Boa Sorte,	8949	2	4	4864	11	6
Conceicao e St Anna,	12,443	19	4	6279	8	6
Abismo,	9695	7	1	7691	17	10
Ceres,	17,033	9	1	10,355	13	2
Conçeaço,	23,359	16	4	12,853	7	4
Triunfo African,	27,735	7	0	11,285	4	2
Raynha dos Anjo,	29,166	0	0	13,334	16	0
Monte do Carno,	11,998	15	7	5103	10	3
Rodeur,	18,025	18	4	6429	13	0
Lial Portuguz,	49,234	18	8	8300	0	0
Correio,	36,301	1	11	5000	0	0
Pacquette Real,	5998	19	0
Flor do Bahia,	Not stated		
Africa,
	L.471,983	14	5	L.211,774	17	4

Account, No. 4—Showing all the Cases now pending before the Commissioner of Arbitration.

Name of Ship.	Amount claimed.		
	L.	s.	d.
General Silveira,	36,389	0	3
St Antonio Milagroso,	33,467	9	1
	L.69,856	9	4

Par. Pap. No. 226, of 1822.

Let us now bring the expenditure under the respective heads into one General Table, thus:—

No I.	L.9,200,000	0	0
No. II.	648,433	8	8
No. III.	1,117,261	5	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
No. IV.	239,466	2	5 $\frac{1}{4}$
No. V.	175,523	2	2 $\frac{1}{4}$
No VI.	47,848	0	4
No. VII.	217,771	0	0

No. VIII.	565,919	0	0
No. IX.	925,509	13	6
No. X.	274,730	0	0
No. XI.	250,996	10	0
No. XII.	2,689,219	16	0

L.16,342,675 19 1½

In this enormous sum, it is necessary to state, that the expense of a small establishment, settled within these few years, on the river Gambia, is included. On the other hand, many returns are wanting and not taken into account. Thus the military expenditure is taken from the head Army Extraordinaries alone, while that included under the head Army Estimates, cannot be ascertained or separated in the general returns. Besides all these sums, an enormous expense has been incurred in lawyers' bills for prosecutions and condemnations of vessels and negroes in different parts. One reference may suffice. In Parliamentary papers, No. 442, 1824, the condemnation of *five* negroes at Tortola, who came from St Croix in 1821, cost the Crown L.280, 8s. 4d. Sterling; and, at page 27 of the same paper, the condemnation of twenty at Dominica, in 1822, cost L.292, 18s. What must such expenses have amounted to in Sierra Leone, in London, and in other places during the last twenty years! In fact, the national expenditure under this system is interminable, and runs in enormous sums through every public account, and every financial estimate, during the last thirty years. All the clerks in the Treasury could not, I believe, collect the real amount. Nearly the whole of these enormous sums pass in one way or another through the hands of ONE MERCHANT IN LONDON!!

Look at this enormous expenditure, and say what Great Britain and Africa have obtained in return. The reply must be made in one word—NOTHING!

We have not obtained one object. We have not succeeded in any one undertaking which we had in view. We have done no good whatever—we have removed no existing evil, and we have, by our proceedings, tended greatly to aggravate and to extend evils which exist, and which have always existed, in Africa.

A studied system of deception, im-

position, and delusion, has been practised upon this country by those connected with Sierra Leone, and who also assumed to themselves the whole direction and control of African affairs during the last thirty years. The length to which this system has been carried, almost exceeds credibility, and yet it can be substantiated by undeniable facts. It is time the veil was torn asunder.

It would be an unnecessary, as well as an unproductive task, to wade through all the publications which Sierra Leone sophists have sent forth since the year 1791, to adduce their flattering and pompous statements regarding the flourishing condition of the place and its concerns, in proof of their concealment of the truth. In every one of them, and in every page of them, these deceptions abound, and are to be found. Let the following, however, suffice:—In their 16th Report, page 412, the African Institution in 1822 tells us—“It will be seen by a communication from Sir C. Macarthy to Earl Bathurst, dated in January last, that he has been employed since his return to the colony, in visiting the different towns and villages in the PENINSULA; that he found the people happy, contented, and INDUSTRIOUS; that CULTIVATION had continued to advance during his absence, and MORALS AND RELIGION TO IMPROVE; in short, that its interests were in a state of *satisfactory* progression;” and, say they, the Members of the Church Missionary Society stationed in the place, write, that “their Christian labours have been crowned with success *which has exceeded all expectation.*”

This in part is their side of the question, and with one reference more, I shall turn to the other, and the correct side of the picture. On the 15th March 1824, a writer (Mr Macaulay, I believe) put forward a long leading article in the *New Times*, in support of the place, in which, as a contrast against the West India colonies, and in proof of the prevalence of religion

in Sierra Leone, he stated, and in the most pointed and exulting terms, that there were at that time "FOURTEEN CHURCHES, and another one building," in the place. I hold in my hand a Parliamentary Return, No. 520, of 1825, by which it appears that there are three stone churches, and four stone chapels, *such as they are*, in the place. The remainder of the twenty-four, not *fourteen*, are school-rooms! The church then building is not yet finished, and perhaps never will. It stands with the walls and roof upon them, but no more, after having cost this country upwards of L.50,000 Sterling!

Let us turn from the side of imposition to the representations of truth; and first, as to its morality, and religion, and good example. "Considering the special purpose for which Sierra Leone was originally formed," says that intelligent traveller, Major Laing, (pages 397 and 398,) who knew the place well: "the length of time since its formation, and the influence which it has acquired amongst the nations of Western Africa, it is a remarkable fact, that not a SINGLE MISSIONARY is to be found BEYOND the precincts of the colony; and that even WITHIN the Peninsula itself, on which Freetown is built, are several native villages, in a PECULIARLY DEPLORABLE STATE of barbarism, which have never had the advantage of EVEN BEHOLDING a Missionary. It has happened to myself to have seen one Missionary DRUNK in the streets, to have known a second living with a Negress, one of his own parishioners, and a third tried for the MURDER of a little boy whom he had FLOGGED TO DEATH." At Toma, a distance of only 45 miles from Freetown, Major Laing was the first white man ever seen. As he advanced into the Timanee country, which almost borders upon the gardens of Freetown, "he could not avoid expressing the greatest surprise on observing that it had gained so little by its vicinity to Sierra Leone. At Yeba, situated in the western part of the Timanee country, where we stopped a night, the people appeared to be hardly a remove from the BRUTE CREATION, and even called forth the pity of the companions (negroes) of my journey;" and he sums up the Sierra Leone character, (pages 388 and 389,) when he says of SOOLI-

MANA, where he was the first white man ever seen, that it "is at present higher than it is likely to be after they have had much intercourse with Sierra Leone. The strangers from the interior who visit it, carry away with them a strong impression certainly of our ingenuity and our riches, but by no means a favourable one of our manners, customs, and RELIGION!" "The natives of Kissi," a country situated round the sources of the Niger, are so extremely barbarous and ignorant, that, "without the least compunction, they will dispose of their relations, wives, and even children." (p. 281.)

Thus Major Laing wrote in 1824:—Mr RABAN, a missionary from the Church Missionary Society, writes thus of the religion and morality, and about the number of the churches in the place, in 1826:—"It must," says Mr Raban, "be a matter of lamentation to all who know the value of a place of public worship, that a SUITABLE PLACE has not been prepared for this purpose, capable of containing a number somewhat more answerable to the increasing population of the parish. At some of the stations a degree of indifference to the public means of grace which was manifested for a time could not be observed without pain. The instances of decided piety which have been brought to light during this period are COMPARATIVELY FEW;—those who publicly and solemnly profess themselves the disciples of Christ, are BUT FEW compared with the mass of the people. At Kissy town a considerable portion of them live as without God IN THE WORLD. In fact," continues Mr Raban, "of the lamented cases of irreligion and immorality which at present prevail amongst the black population, probably not a little may be ascribed to the UNCHRISTIAN LIVES of too many of the EUROPEANS RESIDENT in the colony, whose example, were they Christians indeed, would have an influence on the minds of the natives which might be incalculably beneficial." And the same report (*Missionary Report for May last*) from which the preceding extracts are taken, adds, and upon the same authority, "It appears by late letters received from the Rio Pongas, that the miseries under which the inhabitants of that fine river have so long suffered are increasing instead of diminishing. It is stated that Yandi Conee has

burned alive a man belonging to *Ormond*, that he might make a *greegree* (charm) of his ashes, and that *William Lawrence* threw a man, with a stone tied to his neck, into a part of the river dedicated to the DEVIL!"

But this is not all. In this country we have heard much about the Sierra Leone schools, and the rapid march of education in the place. I assert that the whole is a delusion, and a wilful deception played off upon this country. Some of these liberated Africans are taught, not to read, but to repeat by rote, like a parrot, particular pages of a book. But this is the extent of their education—this the extent of their acquirements. Beyond this they know nothing. If they are turned to another page, they know not a single word or a letter, nor do they know whether they have the right end or the wrong end of the book to them, or which is the inside or which is the outside of it. Such exhibitions have been witnessed in Sierra Leone; such exhibitions, if I am not misinformed, were lately put to the proof by the Parliamentary Commissioners; and such exhibitions and acquirements have been, year succeeding year, palmed upon the credulous and the deluded people of this country as education, and advance in education! Where is the African youth that is to be found in Sierra Leone, or that has issued from it, qualified to teach another?

With regard to religion, the state of things is equally gloomy. The only appearance of it is to be found amongst the Maroons from Jamaica, and the Nova Scotian Blacks, who brought with them, and have retained, though I can scarcely say improved, the civilization which they had learned from their acquaintance and connexion with civilized life, in those quarters of the world alluded to. These attend sermon on Sabbath with some degree of attention and decency, but the conduct of the liberated Africans is wild, and giddy, and thoughtless, and irreverent in the extreme. They are totally ignorant of the real meaning and duties of religion, and to hear them haranguing in the streets on coming from the church on Sabbath, to which they are *compelled* to go, jeering and accosting each other, as is quite common, thus:—" *Me de catch God Almighty—me de hold him fast!*" is positively frightful, and sufficient to make

the reasonable mind tremble. With regard to the whites; the troops and some gentlemen in the government employment, regularly attend church; but what may be called the resident inhabitants of the place, more especially those of the higher ranks, generally march off on the Saturday evening, and spend their Sabbaths at a station up the river, or on the *Boollam* shore, amidst seraglios of black females there established and maintained; and I know where in more instances than one, *godly* men of consideration in that settlement, have purchased from the surrounding natives black females to keep as concubines. General Turner was scarcely, I may say, laid in the dust, when the house he had inhabited swarmed with inmates of this description.

The liberated Africans in general do just as they please, and retain, to their utmost extent, all their immoral country customs. Marriage is entered into by many because they are required to do so, and because they hope to derive some pecuniary advantage from it; but its ties are totally disregarded, and the African retains, secretly, as many wives, as he calls them, as he pleases. Punishment does not deter him. The customs of his country, and the depravity of his nature, are too strong and inveterate for the whip or the chain, both of them unsparingly applied to frighten or to retain him; and notwithstanding all the love and affection which the superior race of whites in the place, or connected with it, pretend they bear for the African, still not one of them has thought proper to venture into the holy bands of matrimony with any of them. Lust and avarice may occasionally break through the barrier which nature, and the God of nature, has raised between the two races of men, but on such a foundation a Sierra Leone sophist only would ever dream of erecting the fabric of social order.

With regard to the trade, industry, and agriculture of the settlement, everything that has been said about them is a complete delusion. They are, I may state, unknown in the place *beyond what they always were* before a white man pitched his tent in that quarter. It is true, there are some exports from the place; but it is equally true, that these are to a very small amount, while every article of

which these exports are composed, it is notorious, are the produce of the surrounding districts of country, nearer or more remote, and are articles similar to those which have been produced in, and exported from, those parts of Africa since ever Europeans became acquainted with them. Not one single article exported is the *bona fide* produce of Sierra Leone. The timber trade is one of the principal branches of the export trade of the place. It is at all times unsteady and precarious, and in a few years it will be completely exhausted. It is, moreover, all cut beyond the bounds of the settlement, and by the HANDS OF SLAVES, the minor chiefs claiming whom, are paid by the Sierra Leone sophists with tobacco and rum,* with which these chiefs purchase slaves from the nations in the interior, and sell them afterwards to European slave-traders in sight of Freetown.—From the fertile and well-cultivated district of *Formare*, the indolent inhabitants of Sierra Leone, says Major Laing, are principally supplied with rice and other provisions; and it is they, adds he (p. 76 and 77), “who undertake the laborious and fatiguing work of cutting, squaring, and floating to the trading stations the immense bodies of heavy *teak timber* exported from Sierra Leone;” and in like manner, the natives on the banks of the upper *Kooranko* cut and float down that river, and the *Rokelle*, the *camwood* exported from Freetown. The migratory *Kroomen* put these woods on board the ships, the gentlemen blacks in Sierra Leone being above touching a log of it even with their little finger.

Simple country provisions, such as yams, Indian corn, and other tropical roots and vegetables, such as from time immemorial have been cultivated by every native of Africa, form the extent of the simple agricultural labour of Sierra Leone, amongst the smaller number of its population who engage in it. But the greater part of this population do nothing. They are fed and clothed at a vast annual expense by the British government, and the supplies of provisions necessary to do so, are either imported from Great Britain, or from other parts of the

African coast, belonging to native powers, where the labouring population are all slaves. “From want of a farther acquaintance with agriculture, the more intelligent of the African population of Sierra Leone,” says Mr Raban, “confine themselves to the growth of a few articles, the supply of which becomes SUPERABUNDANT;”—consequently, “they do little more than obtain a SUBSISTENCE!” Such is Sierra Leone industry! Such is the sum of Sierra Leone agriculture!!

But I produce still more invincible authority, in proof of the total want of agriculture and commerce in the place. Messrs GREGORY and MOLLOY, slave commissioners, May 5th, 1824, write Mr CANNING, thus:—

“The timber trade is the *only* trade which can give sufficient employment to the natives in the upper part of the river. Rice, cattle, poultry, *vegetables*, and also *COFFEE*, which is said to be of an excellent quality,” are brought from the Rio Pongas. “We confess, we think that to commerce only with the neighbouring African nations, and with the nations more distantly situated, must the colony look for the means of acquiring wealth for years to come. AGRICULTURE DOES NOT AFFORD WITHIN THE LIMITS OF THE COLONY, any article which may be given for *exportation* to the merchant, in exchange for his European commodities.” In obedience to the commands of the House of Commons, returns were produced, (Parl. Papers, No. 520, 1825, p. 40,) which are announced thus:—“Copies of the returns of the collector of the exports, from 1817 to 1823, are transmitted, prior to which former period no returns appear to have been regularly kept, NO PORTION SCARCELY OF THESE EXPORTS are the *produce* of Sierra Leone, to the exception of the *shingles*, cut in the liberated African villages; unless the timber which is *grown in the country of the natives* upon the banks of the river, is so considered;” and, adds the document, “there is no means of ascertaining” the number “of persons of the colony,” who support themselves by voluntary labour.

But GENERAL TURNER’S despatch,

* The bounty-money of these would amount to L.24,000!

and the only one on this subject which has been produced, dated January 25, 1826, comes still more closely to the point. After stating that more than 20,000 negroes had been landed in the colony, and 2400 of these in 1825,* the General proceeds thus:—"Under the arrangements *hitherto prevailing*, they have been distributed amongst the villages, where they have been FOR YEARS SUPPORTED IN IDLENESS BY THE GOVERNMENT; but the villages and the *poor land* in the mountains where they are situated *already begin to refuse them a scanty subsistence*, and they have begun to *wander* in search of BETTER SOIL and easier subsistence; the evident tendency of this is, that they will RETROGRADE IN THE WOODS INTO A STATE OF NATURE AND BARBARISM, or become vagrants about Freetown, and the more populous villages. In cases where they have been located in the villages, and received gratuitous maintenance, *they can with difficulty be induced to give a day's labour even for good wages*. At present, there are in the colony but ONE church missionary (*Mr Rabun*), and three Lutheran clergymen, five schoolmasters, and four superintendants. Amongst these there is NOT ONE person who has the SLIGHTEST KNOWLEDGE OF AGRICULTURE, nor can I learn that *there ever has been any person employed in the colony who had any acquaintance EITHER WITH EUROPEAN OR TROPICAL AGRICULTURE*. Europeans CANNOT accomplish such objects here, and there are *no native people capable of CONDUCTING* such matters. It would but lead to disappointment to imagine that a large mass of poor ignorant people, WITHOUT CAPITAL, SKILL, or INDUSTRY, could be brought to maintain themselves, and to raise articles of *export without the assistance of labour,*" &c.

Who after this will venture to stand up and attempt to deny that this nation has been for upwards of *thirty years* deluded and deceived in everything connected with Sierra Leone and Africa! Yet these damning, these incontrovertible documents, disclose only a portion of the truth. More remains to be told. There is in fact neither soil nor cultivation in the place.

The thin *stratum* of mould on the surface of the ground on the lower part of the hills becomes worn out almost as soon as the woods and brushwood on its surface are cleared away, when a perfect *caput mortuum* only remains. In the narrow belt of low land that lies along the margin of the sea, the thin *stratum* of soil which had been formed by the remains of putrid vegetation, becomes, soon after it is cleared, dried up by the sun, leaving only a thin unproductive dust upon rock. The clouds which hang upon the summits of the adjoining mountains, render the atmosphere exceedingly moist, and which, joined with the great heat of the sun, renders the place like a vapour-bath, and the most enfeebling and destructive to animal life which can possibly be conceived. On the west side of the Lagoon, or inlet, lies the low *Boollam* shore, covered with swamps and mangroves, which generate, in abundance, effluvia which no human constitution can withstand. On both sides, on every hand, the demon of pestilence and mourning has fixed his abode, nor is it possible for the skill or the labour of man to root him out. "Nature," as a Commissioner justly and forcibly observed, "has been a stepmother to the place."

General Turner, in his despatch alluded to, no doubt tells us about what he had done in the reduction of the extravagancies and the expenditure of the place, and about the great good which he expected to perform by pursuing a different course to that which had always been pursued; and also he tells us about the fame which the place had acquired amongst the natives of Africa, and the terror which our power there established had created. But alas! these, like the speculations of others, were the dreams of the moment. I hold in my hand Sierra Leone Gazettes of different dates, (April and May last,) subsequent to the premature death of that gallant officer, in which we are decidedly informed by the authorities of that place that all the General's expectations, formed from the terror of our arms and the fame of the place, had vanished; and that at the Sherbro, and into the interior, things had returned to

* The import of these articles in 1824 were, Rum, above 90,000 gal's.—Tobacco, 1,874,714 lbs.

their former state of jealousy, and insecurity, and opposition, by the native powers. The fame which the place had acquired in the interior of Africa is properly stated by Major Laing, and which is to be mentioned with ridicule and contempt by the natives about 200 miles inland, who observe of it, "*Dat country no good—dat woman's country—dat no man's country.*" The way that the expenditure was for the moment reduced, was, the General compelled the liberated Africans to labour in order to support themselves. Without compulsion, they would not labour. Indeed, any labour which ever was performed in the place was compulsory. The whip is used upon the gangs of liberated Africans with unsparring hands; and hundreds of these miserable beings have been seen chained together by the necks, TEN IN A CHAIN together; and the devastation which disease occasions amongst them during the rainy season—huddled together in buildings, without much attention being paid to their health or their comfort under such circumstances, (though accounts may be swelled as to the attention *said to be bestowed,*) is most distressing and most horrible.

Except in Government employment, but very few liberated Africans are engaged in voluntary labour, nor can those engaged in the Government service be accounted voluntary labourers, as of late they have been compelled to work. The migratory *Kroomen* also do all the work about the town and the shipping. In his sanguine expectations of producing the cultivation of tropical produce, by the liberated Africans engaged as hired labourers, but compelled to work, General Turner was most signally disappointed. He took out a person acquainted with agricultural labour from England. He purchased an extensive farm, and got a white man belonging to the Royal African corps, who had been in the West Indies, and who knew something about the cultivation of colonial produce, to superintend it. He attempted to engage cultivators from all classes of the Africans, but he finally failed, and after having lost much money, he gave up the object as hopeless. A gentleman named GILES—aged fifty-seven years, twenty-three of which he had resided in the West Indies, and other parts within the tropics—inoculated with

the charm and the love of FREE LABOUR SUGAR and Sierra Leone, went out from London at the close of last year, taking with him about NINE TONS of agricultural implements, in order to establish the cultivation and the manufacture of sugar. He arrived at Sierra Leone in January last—was appointed superintendent of *Kissey* town, a station for liberated Africans, and there he attempted to commence his operations. He completely failed. No effort, no hire, could induce the Africans to work; and in March last, he died of a *broken heart*, the same disease which in reality cut short the days of General Turner. Still this country lives in, and indulges in the delusion—still she clings to the phantom, and attempts to hug it to her breast!

The ravages of disease amongst the European troops, men and officers, are frightful. The burying-ground around the fatal PLUMB TREE, extending to three acres of ground, is so thickly studded with graves, without a stone (three excepted) to tell the names of the inmates, that the half-decomposed dead are frequently exposed in the contracted space laid open for the new comer. The dead British soldier is frequently buried in his blanket, for want of boards to make a coffin! In the short space of eighteen months, ending June 1826, twenty-five officers, and five or six of the medical department of the detachment of the African corps stationed there, died, and mostly all the privates were cut off. The few survivors became walking skeletons, and whose appearance would melt the hardest heart. At present there is not, I believe, a white female in the place above the rank of soldiers' wives. The few of the former who came out died miserably, or were compelled to leave the country, after being deprived of the husbands of their hearts. The situation of the soldiers' wives is frequently most pitiable. Deprived of their husbands, and left amidst death and disease, unable to do anything for themselves in that climate, and surrounded by pampered, idle, and savage Africans, who glory in the degradation of the former, and who look upon them as *beings of an inferior species*, they betake themselves to the use of ardent spirits, the chief import of the place, and too frequently termi-

nate their wretched days in the lowest and most degraded state of vice, misery, and despair. Yet for them not a tear of compassion flows, nor a sigh of pity is heard, nor is inquiry into their state made in Great Britain! Why? because they are *white*, and our own flesh and blood.

The situation of European officers here, when attacked by sickness, is deplorable and distressing in the extreme. The barracks for the troops were during the rainy season ankle-deep in mud! The attendant on the sick officer is a stinking liberated African savage, a male or a female, whose chief care is to watch with the most callous indifference the struggles of expiring nature, cogitating and contriving how much of the officer's effects they will be able to carry off when life becomes extinct. For such attendance the lieutenant, with only 6s. 6d. per day, has 7s. 6d. per day to pay the attendant—the wages for such *free labourers* as will condescend to labour in the place!

With regard to the trade with Africa, and with this place in particular, it is blended with the general returns of the trade to the African coast; and notwithstanding a separate return has again and again been required, still no attempt has been made to produce it, although it would be very easy to do so. The exports from the place

are of small value compared to the imports, but no value has ever been attempted to be fixed upon them. According to Parliamentary Papers, No. 520, of 1826, the following are the imports at Sierra Leone for the years mentioned:

1817	.	L.72,516	7	2 $\frac{3}{4}$
1818	.	94,799	14	5 $\frac{3}{4}$
1819	.	80,863	6	11 $\frac{1}{4}$
1820	.	66,725	9	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
1821	.	85,350	14	8
1823	.	121,442	18	4 $\frac{1}{4}$
1824	.	80,917	12	8

which, compared with the whole exports to the coast of Africa from Britain,* show what a small proportion the trade of Sierra Leone bears to the whole; and, at the same time, it shows that two-thirds of these imports into the place, and exports from this country to it, are exclusively for the support of the captured negroes, which annually amounts to L.50,000!

The value of the African trade, as it is at present carried on, and more especially of the trade with Sierra Leone, to the revenues of this country, is best shown by the following reference (Par. Pap. No. 232. of 1826) to the sums received for duty on timber imported, and the exports and imports of colonial produce to and from the coast of Africa.

Timber duty 1823,	.	.	L.23	2	3
1824,	.	.	11	6	9
1825,	.	.	14	7	0

Not one-half of timber which was brought from Sierra Leone.

	Brit. Plant.	Foreign.
	Cwt. qrs. lbs.	Cwt. qrs. lbs.
Sugar imported from
Do. exported to	113 1 24	2900 1 5
Coffee imported from	9 2 13	114 1 16
Do. exported to	15 3 17	66 3 7
Rum imported from	0 0 0	0 0 0
Do. exported to	139,000 galls.	

1821	.	L.321,019	7	2
1822	.	360,511	12	0
1823	.	302,213	0	9
1824	.	399,238	2	7

which shows that the exports to Sierra Leone, are scarcely one fourth of our trade to the Coast of Africa. The remaining three-fourths of the trade, and by far the most profitable of it, are carried on with those parts of the Coast where this nation is not subjected to *one shilling* of expense for establishments of any kind.—*Par. Pap.* Nos. 269 and 248 of 1826.

Such is the trade of Sierra Leone, and of Africa from *Cape Nun* to the Cape of Good Hope, decreasing, not increasing, under our present system. It stood after the abolition of the Slave Trade, and it now stands, thus:—

<i>Imports from Africa.</i>			
1808,	L.374,306	1822,	L.114,969
1809,	383,926	1823,	132,292
*1810,	535,577	†1824,	115,250

We have seen the industry, the morality, the religion, and the commerce of Sierra Leone. Let us, for a moment, turn to contemplate similar matters amongst the Africans liberated in our various other Colonial possessions. The state of one *Depôt* may serve as a specimen of the whole. Let us take Antigua. In that Island there is at present about 260 of them of all sexes and descriptions. The expenses attending their maintenance during three months of the present year, amounted to about L.1000 Sterling, whilst the proceeds of their labour amounted only to L.36 currency! They not only do nothing, but they are such a scourge to themselves, and a nuisance to the country, that, in order to keep them from murdering each other, and from setting fire to their dwellings, and to the town, the Collector of the Customs, under whose charge they are, has been compelled to hire a vessel of 200 tons burden, at the rate of L.20 Sterling per month, and place the whole, male and female, on board of her, and to moor her in the harbour, at a distance from all other vessels! In his despatches to Earl Bathurst, dated September 2d, 1825, COLLECTOR WYKE states thus:—They are never out of mischief; “rioting, the men and the women *stabbing* each other. My task, in the care of 200 of those Africans, is a most arduous and truly distressing one to me. It frequently happens, that if I order them to be locked up, when they are drunken and violent, they *kick* the door open, and LAUGH AT ME! From the known licentious and riotous conduct of the men, I cannot hope to succeed in the desirable object of putting them out; and I feel it now more than ever necessary, that some employment for the men should be contrived, to save them from UTTER RUIN!”

Such is the manner that these people are watched and guarded, that the unfortunate Collector trembled to put one of the number (a man) into the stocks, who stood accused of *robbery and rape* on the highway, lest, said he, “I should make myself liable to a *second vexatious* complaint to my Earl Bathurst against me, for putting an African in irons!”

Incredible as such narratives may seem, still they are not the less true. In every island such persons swarm—in every place they are idle and a nuisance to the public, while they are maintained at a vast annual expense to this country, which never derived, in any way, the value of one shilling from their exertions or their labours. Nor is it possible it could. By the order in Council of 1808, it is most pointedly commanded and declared, that “the Collector, or chief officer of the Customs for the time being, is to take especial care that the *female Negroes* are not to be employed in the labours of agriculture ON ANY ACCOUNT whatsoever;” and in the indentures drawn up in London by some Sierra Leone sophist, it is specially provided, that the males also apprenticed, shall not be employed in the labours of agriculture “on any account.” Such are the laws, and such are the people, with which it was proposed and anticipated, and is yet proposed and anticipated, that we should cultivate Africa and all our tropical colonies; and produce by that cultivation, Sugar, Cotton, Coffee, Cocoa, &c. sufficient to supply the wants of the whole world!

Is it possible for this country to contemplate such a scene of extravagance, loss, disgrace, deception, and delusion, as has been placed before it, without feelings of shame, regret, and indignation? From all our exertions and all our expenditure, Africa has

* These returns from Mr Macaulay's Letter.

† These from official returns for the respective years.

received no benefit whatever. We have improved no place and no people—nay, by our conduct, our power has declined—is endangered in Africa, and our useful and comparatively healthy possessions on the Gold Coast are almost annihilated. Nothing remains to us in Africa but a spot which is the “grave of Europeans,” and which produces nothing, and never will produce anything. The Slave Trade, instead of being lessened, is QUADRUPLED in extent; and by the system which we have driven it into, its horrors are aggravated in a tenfold degree!

But why, it may be asked, condense all these evils upon the head of Sierra Leone? Why, but because the whole are occasioned by our attempts made to settle and to maintain it. Without the Slave Trade, Sierra Leone had been to-day abandoned. Its population is almost entirely composed of Africans which foreign slave-traders attempt to carry away, but which we seize in the passage, and then plant in the place. Without this supply Sierra Leone would have been destitute of population, for it is a fact notorious, that not *one native* from any corner of Africa has ever come voluntarily and placed himself under our protection in the place; while it is equally notorious, that many of those whom we have planted there, have run away from our dominion, and shunned our sway. To Sierra Leone, therefore, and to its system, this country is indebted for all the preceding waste of money and lives, and for the disgrace and failure of all our attempts to relieve and to instruct the negro, and to enlighten and to reclaim Africa. The few whites who settle about it, do so in order to collect cash from a nation’s credulity, and they would long ago have abandoned it, had the Slave Trade been extirpated, by the existence of which only they obtain the grist which they seek, and which they want for their mills, and their mouths, and their pockets.

A studied and deliberate system of imposition and deception, I repeat, guides every representation made from this place to Great Britain, in all things connected with its affairs. The miserable Gazette of the place is chain-

ed by, and to the authorities. Nothing dare appear in it *but what they write, or they sanction*.* No man in the place, or connected with it, or dependent upon it, dares to tell the truth, or to make a complaint. To do so, is to subject himself to remorseless persecution, and the utter ruin of his prospects for life. If any one, bolder and more honest than the rest, and whose manly mind disdains imposition and injustice, ventures to complain, and attempts to arrest the march of injustice, as was once attempted by an officer, the son of a gallant general, then authority, in exercise of its prerogative, quickly *commands* them, as it commanded him, to a place of danger, where there is little chance of friends or country seeing them any more. The credulity of the people of Great Britain forms the subject of many a joke, over the glass of Madeira after dinner, by the great in the settlement. They calculate upon the influence which planted and which maintains them there, if not to silence every complaint and accusation brought against them, at least to turn aside or neutralize every investigation that may be attempted. General Turner, before his death, began to feel that he should ultimately be compelled to yield to the system, or renounce his situation. He would, I doubt not, have done the latter. The retrenchments which he made in the Liberated African establishment, which is really the *government* of the place, dissatisfied blacks, and curtailed and cut off the emoluments of whites; and the consequences of which were, that the former were instigated to transmit a complaint against him to the Colonial Office, but this was rendered unnecessary by his lamented death.

Inquire in upright and disinterested quarters, and you will find what I tell you to be the truth. When the British Government shall show that it will, and can, protect the men who honestly give them correct information, then, but not till then, Sierra Leone will be laid bare, and appear as hideous and deformed as the demon of pestilence, which has chosen the miserable Lagoon as his abode. I know,

* See Sierra Leone Gazettes, March 3, 1824, and of 1826.

and I state, that upon his arrival in the place, General TURNER both expressed himself, and wrote, that he found the place, and everything connected with it, in a much worse state than its bitterest foe could possibly represent things to be.

Let us open our eyes to the truth. We have failed in our attempts to render Africa any essential service, because we have rejected the advice of men practically acquainted with her true state and character, and listened only to the advice of weak theorists and interested individuals, or of men who gave their opinion to please the latter.—We have failed to do any good in Africa, because we have planted, and are still attempting to plant, our settlements amidst the most sickly of all the sickly swamps of that, to Europeans, sickly continent.—We have failed in Africa, because, in a country where there are no roads, we have kept away from those quarters which afford the best and the only substitute for roads, namely, NAVIGABLE RIVERS. In short, in a geographical, in a commercial, in an agricultural, and in a political point of view, we have hitherto planted our settlements in the least commanding, and in the worst chosen spots in all the extended coasts of Africa; and we have also chosen, as the spots on which to fix our settlements, those quarters which are the most ignorant, the most barbarous, the most rude, the most anarchical, and the idlest and the poorest of all the Northern Division of that Continent, instead of attempting to seek out and to mix, as we ought to have done, with the nations and the natives, where these are comparatively intelligent, commercial and industrious, and civilized, or by which we could most easily and readily open up a communication with nations which are so.

Unfold the map of Africa—look at it, and say if this is not the fact. Look at our neighbours and our rivals the French. They have planted themselves upon a river, the *Senegal*, which is navigable into the interior nearly 900 miles. In no part of the Coast of

Africa south of the Gambia, until we reach the Bight of Benin, is there any river which is navigable, I may say, even for *one* mile. Besides, the prevailing winds and currents render a voyage up from the Bight of Benin, where the Slave Trade is at present most extensively carried on, and where the number of vessels captured is greatest, often impracticable, and when effected, it requires a voyage of ten or twelve weeks. The mortality on board the slave ships captured, and which *by law must be sent to Sierra Leone*, from deficiency of provisions, and other causes, is, in consequence, frightfully great. Months frequently elapse before at Sierra Leone they can hear what is passing at Cape Coast; and it frequently happens, that the earliest intelligence which the former place obtains from the latter is obtained by way of the West Indies and England.* Is such a station a proper or a judicious one, to make the capital of all our African dominions—of those which we at present have, and which we may in future acquire? Surely not!

In Africa we can never succeed till we learn what Africa is. There, improvement, to be sure, must be slow. The elements of human society—of social order, are there scattered and broken to a frightful degree; and to aggravate those in our attempts to remove them, we put the effect for the cause. We take Slavery and a Slave Trade as the cause of African ignorance, barbarity, and degradation; whereas the former evils are the effects of the latter. Till we legislate and proceed on this latter principle, we will go, and we will legislate wrong, and consequently we will fail in all that we attempt to perform.

But leaving, as Great Britain ought long ago to have left, Sierra Leone and its dependencies and its precincts, let us turn our eyes for a moment to the Bights of Benin and Biaffa. There the navigable mouths of the mighty and the NAVIGABLE NIGER enter the sea through a rich, a populous, a cultivated, and comparatively civilized country—THE NIGER! that stream

* In proof of this, I refer to the leading article of the first Gazette, printed in January last. It is actually the same as the despatch, transmitted by General Turner to Earl Bathurst, and published by command of the House of Commons, viz. Par. Paper, No. 389, of 1826.

which lays open Northern Central Africa to its deepest recesses. Opposite to the mouths of this river, and about *thirty-six miles* from the largest of these, stands the island of FERNANDO Po, fertile and healthy, excellent anchorage, easily fortified, and isolated, so long as Great Britain commands the ocean, from the attack of every foe. There, is the proper, the commanding spot for a British settlement! Nature has planted it there for that end. There, if the British standard is unfurled and fixed—there, amidst health and security, instead of being, as it is at present, planted where “*the pestilence walketh at noon-day*”—there, if that standard is unfurled and fixed, it commands the trade and the commerce of Northern Africa. From that point, commerce, industry, civilization, knowledge, and true religion, would rapidly diverge and diffuse themselves over Africa, and by its influence and by its power, the Slave Trade would be cut up and destroyed, and ultimately slavery itself disappear from the adjacent continent of Africa. Only let the settlement, and such as may emanate from it, be governed and directed by practical statesmen, instead of weak hot-headed fanatics; and excluding “*THE LEAVEN OF THE PHARISEES*” from every connexion with the place; the results would be certain—most advantageous to Africa, and profitable to Great Britain.

To this point remove the head-quarters for our navy cruising on the African coast, the *dépôt* for the captured

negroes, and the whole of that class of people at present placed in our African settlements and in our West Indian colonies. There, let them be fixed, and there let them be made as General Turner made them in Sierra Leone, to labour, and the work is done with infinitely less expense than our present system costs, and must always cost us.

That the NIGER terminates in the sea at the points mentioned, is no longer doubtful. Captain CLAPPERTON, who, in his second journey, set out from *Badagry* to proceed to *Sackatoo*, writes, under date February 26, 1826, from KATUNGAH, the capital of *Yarba* or *Yarriba*, and where he had then been resident two months: “*THE CELEBRATED RIVER NIGER is only two days’ journey to the eastward of this, and its course to the sea at Benin is no longer doubtfull.*” If we look where Katungah is, (9° 12’ N. L. and 6° 10’ E. Long.) and refer to the map, which, in Blackwood’s Magazine for June last, accompanies an article on the “*Geography of Northern Central Africa, and the course and termination of the Niger,*” the point is certainly no longer doubtful, even if we had no other information, as to the fact being so, than what Clapper-ton thus shortly, but emphatically, gives. The GLORY of effecting all this may be *yours*, the lasting—the immense advantages will belong to your country. I am, &c.

JAMES M’QUEEN.

GLASGOW, Nov. 11, 1826.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.*

HERE they are, all lying temptingly before us, and on which dish shall we begin to regale? Let it be the Literary Souvenir. "GIRL IN A FLORENTINE COSTUME OF A. D. 1500!" Mr H. Howard has a fine feeling of the beautiful. Were this Phantom alive, it would be well worth any man's while to marry her about Christmas. Her countenance, cheerful yet sedate, bespeaks a good temper, and that is almost everything in a wife, whatever it may be in a mistress. Lovers' quarrels may be very delightful, but wedded folks' quarrels are anything but delightful, and reconciliations become flat and wearisome. Yet, was her temper ever tried? Was her equanimity ever put to proof? What merit in having so smooth a forehead, if no care, no anxiety, no vexation, has ever agitated her bosom? Those eyes that "seem to love whate'er they look upon," have never looked but upon the innocent luxuries of art and nature. What might their expression become, were they made familiar with sights of wretchedness, and poverty, and vice, such as will force themselves upon the notice of all who mingle with the ways of this world? Her hair is indeed braided on her brow with the grace of an exquisite simplicity, and the clusters hang down luxuriantly—say triumphantly—till the rich ringlets die away in the snow-white gleam, amidst which her delicate neck is lost

in the fair breadth of her budding bosom. But what would become of all that burnished silkiness, were her father's hall to be desolate, and sun and storm to beat on her head as they have often beaten on heads even more radiant, till all their lustre was extinguished? That jewel on her forehead, supported by what seems a band of pearls, star-bright though it be, eclipses not the eye-light in which her whole countenance reposes; yet what is it but a toy, a bauble, a gaud, and oh! less lovely far than a tear trickling down the pale cheek of one who, "with a hand open as day to melting charity," is relieving in some lonely hut the wants of the widow and the orphan. This is the glowing, the glorious picture of youth, beauty, innocence, joy, all untouched by temptation, or by so much as even the very shadow of grief. She is the favourite alike of nature and of fortune; both are delighted to minister to her beauty and her bliss, and were all her sisterhood happy as she, there could nevermore be tribulation, trouble, or tears, on the face of this distracted earth!

We could go on in this way for a whole article, but our excellent friend Mr Alaric A. Watts' poetry is preferable to our prose, and we must give his version of the story, that is to say, his reflections on the Girl in Florentine costume. There are no finer verses in the volume.

A GIRL IN A FLORENTINE COSTUME.

From a picture by H. Howard, Esq. R. A.

By Alaric A. Watts.

ART thou some vision of the olden time,—
Some glowing type of beauty, faded long;
A radiant daughter of that radiant clime
Renown'd for sunshine, chivalry, and song?

Was it for thee that Tasso woke in vain
The love-lorn plainings of his matchless lyre;
Was thine the frown that chill'd him with disdain,—
Crush'd his wild hopes, and quench'd his minstrel fire?

* 1. The Literary Souvenir; or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance. Edited by Alaric A. Watts. Longman and Co. and J. Andrews, London.

2. The Amulet; or, Christian and Literary Remembrancer. W. Baynes and Son, and Wightman and Cramp, London.

3. Forget Me Not; a Christmas and New-Year's Present for 1827. Edited by Frederic Shoberl. Ackerman, London.

4. Friendship's Offering; a Literary Album. Edited by Thomas K. Hervey. Lupton Relfe, London.

Or art thou she for whom young Guido plined ;
 Whom Raffaele saw in his impassion'd dream ;
 The ray that flash'd, in slumber, on his mind,
 And o'er his canvass shed so bright a beam ?

No, no ;—a masquer in its gay attire,
 A breathing mockery of Ausonia's grace—
 Thine is a charm as fitted to inspire,
 With more than all their sweetness in thy face.

I see thee stand, in beauty's richest bloom,—
 In youth's first budding spring,—before me, now,
 A shade of tenderest sadness, not of gloom,
 Tempering the brightness of thy jewel'd brow !

Thy dark hair clustering 'round thy pensive face,
 Like shadowy clouds above a summer-moon ;
 Thy fair hands folded with a queenly grace ;
 Thy cheek soft blushing like a rose in June.

Thine eyelid gently drooping o'er an eye
 Whose chasten'd light bespeaks the soul within ;
 Lips full of sweetness ;—maiden modesty,
 That awes the bosoms it hath deign'd to win.

There stand for aye ; defying Time or Care
 To make thee seem less beautiful than now !
 Years cannot thin that darkly flowing hair,
 Nor grief indent thy pure and polish'd brow.

Whilst unto her from whom these lines had birth,
 A briefer span but brighter doom is given ;
 To wane and wither like a thing of earth,
 And only know immortal bloom in Heaven.

A PORTRAIT OF BYRON! we wish it had never been painted, even although Mr Hobhouse and Mr Leigh Hunt both declare that it is a strong and a striking likeness. The forehead is high—higher by a couple of inches at least, than the forehead of the noble original. Yet still it has the same character. But the face is not the face of Byron. It is a comely and clumsy face, with a slight sneer, just sufficient to make it disagreeable, without being either cynical, sardonic, or misanthropical. It is not even so much as an aristocratic sneer. It is not the sneer of pride, but of dispepsy, and speaks not of scorn but of indigestion. The eyes are not unpleasant, but they are unmeaning ; the nose is exceedingly poor, the cheeks what in Scotland we call *brosey*, and the chin rounded off with a sort of vulgar effeminacy. Altogether, it is the head of a commonplace man—such a man as would sit, Sunday after Sunday, in his pew at church, without seducing any young woman from the psalm or the sermon.

Of course the shirt-collar is thrown back ; but the neck is sadly deficient in massiveness, and seems stuck upon a huge brawny pair of porter-like shoulders, most inelegantly enveloped in a mantle without folds, and held together affectedly by a hand that does not seem to belong to the nobleman in question, but to somebody in the back-ground. The stanzas that accompany it, although from the pen of L. E. L., are about as feeble as may be, and prattle away as prettily about Greece, and Marathon, and Thermopylæ, as if they had been written on a bit of bride's cake about to be placed below the pillow of a love-sick virgin, to inspire pleasant dreams. L. E. L. is a most amiable and ingenious creature, and often composes verses very sweetly indeed ; but she ought not to write about the Portrait of Lord Byron.

The CONTADINA ! This is the most delightful engraving in the volume—nor shall we endeavour to describe its exquisite and surpassing loveliness. Mr C. Eastlake has surpassed himself

in this picture of all most quiet, composed, serene, contented, beauteous, and joyful, in domestic life. But although we shall not endeavour to describe the scene, brought to love and life by the artist's truly poetical imagination, there is a friend who will do

so for us—our own admirable Delta, who has not only caught the spirit that must have animated Mr Eastlake's pencil, but thrown over the picture a still finer and tenderer light from his own genius.

THE CONTADINA.

By Delta.

1.

Most cheerful Contadina!—thy lapsing years glide o'er,
Serenely, like the elfin waves that melt on Nemi's shore ;
Thy heart is full of pleasant thoughts ; thy tongue is void of guile ;
The eloquence of purest truth effulges in thy smile ;
No dark malignant passions break thy bosom's chaste repose,
But softest sleep and sweetest dreams thy tranquil spirit knows ;
Through sunny day and starry night, propitious fates decree
Whate'er of blithest, blithest, best, the world contains for thee !

2.

Most lovely Contadina !—in thy sparkling, speaking eye,
Gleams the purity and depth of thine own Italian sky ;
In rings of glossy brightness, thy raven locks hang down ;
And what although the day-star's glow hath tinged thy cheek with brown,
It takes not from thy beauty's dower, but seems to lend a charm,
When stealthily a glimpse we gain of thy snowy neck and arm ;
For in thy locks, and lips, and eyes, and witching form, we see
That earth has shower'd, with lavish hand, her choicest gifts on thee !

3.

Most generous Contadina !—thy hospitable home
Still, with its open porch, invites the passer by to come :
The kneaded cake, the fragrant milk, the vegetable store
Of herbs and fruits thy garden yields, and vine-encircled door,
What though they deck a humble board,—he lays his welcome head,
A light and cheerful supper o'er, upon his rushy bed ;
And when beneath the opal morn, the wild birds carol free,
Thou speed'st him on his path, while flows his blessing back to thee !

4.

Most gentle Contadina !—thou breath'st Ausonian air,
Where Nature's face is, like thine own, serenely fresh and fair ;
Thou sitt'st by azure lakelets, where the sportive fishes leap,
Around thee groves, above thee vine-clad ruins on the steep ;
Thou sing'st, and twirl'st thy distaff, while beside thee sleep or play,
Thy loveliest children, pleasure tired, in the blue light of day ;
While on the turf the household fawn, beneath the threshold tree,
Turns, listening to thy syren notes, her floating eyes on thee !

5.

Most simple Contadina !—although around thee lie
Pride's scatter'd wrecks, and o'er thee glows the Roman's classic sky ;
Although thou know'st not Arria's fate, how home-sick Clelia fled,
In purity how Portia shone, and how Lucretia bled,
Yet is thy duty daylight task, for Nature's torch within
The beauty and the blot displays of sanctity and sin ;
And what to most is weary toil, as perfume leads the bee,
Silent, spontaneous feeling tells, and kindness teaches thee.

6.

Most pious Contadina!—from earth-caught errors shriven,
 The steadfast anchor of thy hope, through faith, is fixed on heaven :
 Thou know'st that He who bled for man can for thy faults atone ;
 Thou feel'st that He thy soul can free with ransom not its own ;
 In the calm of peace thou kneelest down, out-pouring songs of praise ;
 Or if the storm of sorrow comes to overloud thy days,
 Unto thy rock of refuge still 'tis thine for aid to flee,
 And, if denied on earth, still shines Heaven's star of bliss for thee !

AULD ROBIN GRAY ! There is considerable merit in Mr R. Farrier's design ; but the subject is not, we verily believe, fit for painting. Even Allan has failed in it, or at least he has not succeeded, which is almost the same thing in a picture. In Lady Mary Lindsay's most beautiful ballad, the story is steeped in pathos—all is tenderness, affection, sorrow, hopelessness, and a resigned despair. But in a picture it is not possible to avoid telling the tale too broadly ; at least both Allan and Farrier have done so ; and we confess that we cannot look on the parents selling their child, or on the old villain who buys her, without indignation, contempt, and disgust. The parents in this picture look very odious, especially the father, whose arm is in a sling, apparently formed of a shawl of his wife's, and his hand in a poultice. He is pointing to the door, behind which is seen stumping along Auld Robin Gray, a monster with enormously thick legs, and a green goose in his hand, as a present to the old people, or a love-gift to his Jean ! Auld Robin, we are confident, would weigh eighteen stone, without the goose, and would measure round the thigh with the Lincolnshire youth, now or lately exhibiting in this city. The plate is illustrated by a story, which, we regret to say, is from the pen of Delta. A very disagreeable and well-written story it is—in every way suitable to the engraving—and it passes our power of conjecture to imagine on what principle, or from what motive, he could sit down to do all that in him lay to destroy the charm hovering, and for ever to hover, round the inimitable ballad. We observe that in the story, Delta mentions two ducks, whereas in the engraving there is one goose. This reminds one of the humane chimney-sweeper.

ROSALIE—an airy and a splendid creature, worthy to be wooed and won by the pen and sword of some poet-knight ! But Oh ! Mr Alaric A. Watts,

what could induce you to employ as an illustrator of Mr Green's dream of untamed and exulting beauty, one of the vilest scribblers of all the Cockney crew ? It is indeed a mean and base composition ; and we beg leave to tell Mr Watts, with that sincerity that belongs to all we say, that if such another loathsome lump of low stupidity disgraces his next Souvenir, its name shall never be mentioned by us again in this Magazine.

But here is a gorgeous and magnificent Creature, a SPANISH LADY, singing, in a fine fit of enthusiasm, to the celestial touches of her guitar ; and the inspired voice smooths the raven-down of the darkness of our displeasure, till it smiles. Newton, the American, is a painter of great and original power. How different that superb Spanish Beauty from the simple Contadina ! Fit bride would she be for Prince, Conde, or Grandee. Pearls, jewels, lockets, rings, chains, and bracelets, profuse and massy as they are, yet overload not that queenlike figure. She beareth nobly all that weight of decoration, which her native loveliness needs not, suitable although it be to the high-born Lady in whose every look, attitude, posture, breathes the spirit of the old nobility of Castille !

But we must lay down the Souvenir, else we should sit up all night long, gazing on its embellishments, so rich in fancy and imagination—showing the very perfection of the painter's and the graver's art. The compositions in prose and verse are, we think, with some exceptions, superior to those in the last year's volume ; and there is a charm about the work altogether, which not only disarms criticism, but would make criticism look and feel like an impertinence.

We now lay our hand on the AMULET, or Christian and Literary Remembrancer. We see no great use of the term Christian ; for a Heathen Literary Remembrancer is a thing out of the question in this country. But why

quarrel about a word? If the worthy Editor is afraid of being esteemed a Heathen, he is right in advertising himself to be a Christian. We have never been able very distinctly to understand what portion of the inhabitants of this island constitute the "religious world." Some writers insist upon it that people in general are indifferent about their souls. We suspect not. Life and death are serious matters, and it is not fair to accuse our brethren of being indifferent about either, merely because they may have their own way of showing the interest they take in a here and a hereafter. Most people, in a Christian land like ours, do solemnly, profoundly, and passionately meditate on their present duties and future destinies. The records kept by conscience should not be read aloud, in open daylight, to a miscellaneous audience. Sinful spirits (and what spirits are not sinful?) seek the hush of solitude for confession and repentance, and wounded spirits retire thither to take medicine from the hand of the Great Physician. Before the world, there are millions of devout people, who wear careless aspects, and mingle seemingly with too intense anxiety with the bustle of this transitory life, but who nevertheless do bow down and prostrate themselves in humblest religion before the all-seeing Eye. Can the religious world do more?

But although we do not altogether like the title-page of the Amulet, we like the volume itself, and are glad to find that it is an excellent work, both in spirit and execution. Its essays, both in prose and verse, are of a grave, but not of a forbidding or austere character. The editor is manifestly an amiable and intelligent man, and all his contributors write with the best intentions, many of them ably and to the purpose. Indeed, making due allowance for some heaviness and some common-place prosing, the contents of the Amulet are equal in literary merit to those of any other of the Winter Annuals. Mr Montgomery, Mr Croly, Mrs Hemans, the author of Lights and Shadows, Mrs Opie, and other well-known writers, have contributed some pieces in their very best manner; and so have some ladies and gentlemen with whose names we are not so familiar, but of whom, from the specimens of their talents contained in this volume, we entertain very

great respect. We were much pleased, and so will our readers be, with the following beautiful lines from the pen of Mrs Opie.

A LAMENT.

By Mrs Opie.

THERE was an eye whose partial glance
Could ne'er my numerous failings see;
There was an ear that still *untired*
Could listen to kind praise of me.

There was a heart *Time* only made
For me with *fonder* feelings burn;
And which, whene'er, alas, I roved,
Still long'd and pined for my return.

There was a lip which always breathed
E'en short farewells with tones of
sadness;
There was a voice, whose eager sound
My welcome spoke with heartfelt
gladness.

There was a mind, whose vigorous
powers
On mine its fostering influence threw;
And call'd my humble talents forth,
Till *thence* its dearest joys it drew.

There was a love that oft for me
With anxious *fears* would overflow;
And wept and pray'd for me, and sought
From future ills to guard—but *now*

That eye is closed, and deaf that ear,
That lip and voice are mute for ever!
And cold that heart of faithful love,
Which death alone from mine could
sever!

And lost to me that ardent mind,
Which loved my varied tasks to see;
And oh! of all the praise I gain'd,
This was the dearest *far* to me!

Now I, unloved, uncheer'd, alone,
Life's dreary wilderness must tread,
Till He who loves the broken heart
In mercy bids me join the dead.

But, "Father of the fatherless,"
O! thou that hear'st the orphan's cry,
And "dwest with the contrite heart,"
As well as in "thy place on high!"

O Lord! though like a faded leaf
That's severed from its parent tree,
I struggle down life's stormy tide,
That awful tide which leads to Thee!

Still, Lord! to thee the voice of praise
 Shall spring triumphant from my
 breast,
 Since, though I tread a weary way,
 I trust that *he I mourn* is BLEST!

“The Cross in the Wilderness,” by Mr Hemans, is in every way worthy of her delightful genius, and nothing but want of room prevents us from quoting it entire. Mrs Hemans is, indeed, the star that shines most brightly in the hemisphere; and, in everything she writes, there is along with a fine spirit of poetry, a still finer spirit of moral and religious truth. Of all the female poets of the day, Mrs Hemans is, in the best sense of the word, the most truly feminine, no false glitter about her—no ostentatious display—no gaudy and jingling ornaments, but as an English matron ought to be, simple, sedate, cheerful, elegant, and religious.

The decorations of the Amulet are much inferior to those of the Souve-

nir, yet some of them are excellent. The cottage-girl by Howard, and Sir Arthur Woodgate by Stephanoff, are, in our opinion, the best. The first is very simple, very natural, and very touching; the last extremely spirited and well-composed, as indeed every picture is that we have seen of that distinguished artist. The Children of Ravendale, by Stothard, the original painting of which we remember admiring in Edinburgh some years ago, is one of the very best compositions of that great master. In short, the Amulet is worthy of a place on any drawing-room in the land, whether of serious people, or people not apparently serious, and unites instruction with amusement more successfully than some volumes we could name, with far loftier pretensions.

The Old Maid’s Prayer to Diana, by the late Mrs Tighe, is a very clever trifle.

THE OLD MAID’S PRAYER TO DIANA.

By the late Mrs Henry Tighe.

SINCE thou and the stars, my dear goddess, decree,
 That Old Maid as I am, an Old Maid I must be;
 O, hear the petition I offer to thee—

For to bear it must be my endeavour:
 From the grief of my friendships all dropping around,
 Till not one whom I loved in my youth can be found—
 From the legacy-hunters that near us abound,
 Diana, thy servant deliver.

From the scorn of the young and the flaunts of the gay,
 From all the trite ridicule rattled away
 By the pert ones who know nothing wiser to say,
 Or a spirit to laugh at them give her:

From repining at fancied neglected desert,
 Or, vain of a civil speech, bridling alert,
 From finical niceness or slatternly dirt,
 Diana, thy servant deliver.

From over solicitous guarding of pelf,
 From humour uncheck’d—that most obstinate elf—
 From every unsocial attention to self,
 Or ridiculous whim whatsoever:

From the vapourish freaks or methodical airs,
 Apt to sprout in a brain that’s exempted from cares,
 From impertinent meddling in others’ affairs,
 Diana, thy servant deliver.

From the erring attachments of desolate souls,
 From the love of spadille, and of matadore voles,
 Or of lap-dogs, and parrots, and monkeys, and owls,
 Be they ne’er so uncommon and clever;
 But chief from the love (with all loveliness flown)
 Which makes the dim eye condescend to look down
 On some ape of a fop, or some owl of a clown,—
 Diana, thy servant deliver.

From spleen at beholding the young more caress'd
 From pettish asperity tartly express'd,
 From scandal, detraction, and every such pest—
 From all, thy true servant deliver :
 Nor let satisfaction depart from her cot—
 Let her sing, if at ease, and be patient if not ;
 Be pleased when regarded, content when forgot,
 Till the fates her slight thread shall dis sever.

THE FORGET ME NOT next gently woo's our regard ; and in spite of the grim looks of a discontented Printer's Devil, who has been all night haunting our chamber, we shall take a glance over its pleasant pages. Perhaps our eyes have got rather dimmish, so long gazing intently on the Spanish Lady, and the Contadina of the SOUVENIR, or perhaps we are sated with visual beauty, and now more hard to please. Certain it is, that the embellishments of the FORGET ME NOT do not delight us—yet we cannot pointedly say why—for they are by excellent artists, and many of the persons and scenes are in themselves sufficiently interesting or celebrated. THE STAG, by R. Hills, is wild and spirited ; but the belly of the animal is like that of an alderman after a civic feast. The lines accompanying the plate are by L. E. L., and among her most fortunate and felicitous productions. But the final coup-

let is absurd. The Stag " plunges in the main," and then says L. E. L.

Seeks and finds beneath the wave
Safety, freedom, and a grave ! !

LOVE AND DUTY is a somewhat silly plate, accompanied by, we are sorry to say, a somewhat worse than silly copy of verses. In the plate, a pretty girl is standing with her finger in her mouth, and a lack-a-daisical expression of countenance, while a dog of the cur kind, altogether at a loss to comprehend the tantrums of his mistress, sits howling in her face as if it were the face of the moon in a frosty night. Miss in her Teens is not, it seems, much better than she should be ; and is waiting in the wood till a young red-coat comes to carry her off to active service. Nothing can exceed the unconscious spirit of levity with which Mrs C. Baron Wilson has treated a subject, which nevertheless we have no doubt she looks on as a very serious matter.

" At that still hour,

When nothing save the nightingale was heard,
 Breathing her lonely lay, the maiden came,
 With noiseless step, gliding unmark'd along,
 To join her soldier-lover ! He was one,
 Who to the " pomp and circumstance of war,"
 And the fond eloquence that women prize,
 Owed many a village conquest : nobly born,
 And ranking with the lofty ones of earth,
 Yet would he stoop to pluck a lowly flower,
 And having snatch'd it from the parent stem,
 To blossom in his heartless breast awhile,
 Leave it to droop and perish.—Light of mood,
 Light too of love, was he ; and oft would make,
 With gay companions, o'er the festal board,
 Such griefs a theme for merriment.—This eve,
 The last that would behold him in these shades,
 (For War had waved her crimson banner high,
 And call'd her sons to arms), this very eve,
 Ere the chaste moon should look upon the world,
 Blushing to mark its follies, she had sworn—
 She who now stands beneath the woodbine boughs
 That drop their honey'd blossoms on her head—
 To share a soldier's fortunes ; though she knew,
 For " quickly comes such knowledge " to the heart,
 She could be his by none but guilty ties—
 Ties Virtue may not sanction."

This is not the tone in which female writers should compose verses on seduction. The lady means well—but the whole tone of the composition is, to our taste and judgment, to the last degree vulgar and reprehensible.

Now that we have had our little fit of spleen, let us enjoy some admiration. The following lines are in Mr Croley's very best style.

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.

From a celebrated picture by Claude Lorraine.

By the Rev. George Croley.

The sun is on his western throne ;
The Heaven is like a crimson zone ;
The crimson cloud lies deep and still,
A crown upon the mighty hill ;
The ancient forest, down its side,
Gleams like a rolling crimson tide,
Till fade its fires in misty gray,
Where the deep vale winds far away.

But from the centre of the lake
Back shoots the splendour, flake for flake,
There, girt with tower and crested wall,
Stands in its pomp a palace-hall.
But all is proud, pale, desolate,
As smitten by the hand of fate—
As if some potent voice had said,
" Be thou the palace of the dead !"

Before its portal sits alone
A woman, pale, and fix'd as stone !
You would have said, some weighty hand,
Some vex'd enchanter's sudden wand,
Had, when the highest of the high,
Her heart beat full with sovereignty,
Laid the dark curse upon her brow
At once, and that wild moment now.

She sits, high, haughty, unsubdued,
In majesty of solitude ;
Yet, breathing, beautiful and young,
As when the princes round her hung.
Still from her eyelash, deep and dark,
Flashes the light—a diamond spark ;
Her cheek—the ruby of the morn ;
Her lip—like loveliness in scorn ;
All, all the beautiful disdain,
That makes us hate, yet bless the chain,
She sits the very witchery,
That bade her lovers gaze and die,
On the wild weed she sits alone,
Yet looks a sovereign on her throne.

Deserted now, her brave and fair
Long slumber with the things that were ;
The deer beside her crops the bloom ;
The bird beside her shuts the plume ;
The wild duck, from the waveless flood, ;
Leads round her feet the unscared brood.

A hundred years have sun and storm
Past o'er this monumental form—
For wrath and power were in the spell
Which on that haughty lady fell ;
And till has struck the fated hour
Shall cling the spell of wrath and power.

No barge shall stem the azure lake ;
No minstrels bid the bowers awake ;
No eye do homage to the rose
That on her cheek of beauty glows ;
No banner glitter from the wall ;
No princely footstep tread the hall ;
But all be silent, strange, and lone,
Till the deep vengeance is undone—
Till, past the punishment of pride,
She smiles a sovereign and a bride !

Mrs Hemans must forgive us for quoting another of her lays. But why will she write so much better than the other contributors?

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

By Mrs Hemans.

Rocks of my country ! let the cloud
Your crested heights array ;
And rise ye like a fortress proud,
Above the surge and spray !

My spirit greets you as ye stand,
Breasting the billow's foam ;
Oh, thus for ever guard the land,
The sever'd land of home !

I have left sunny skies behind
Lighting up classic shrines,
And music in the southern wind,
And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers
Have floated o'er my way,
The pilgrim's voice at vesper hours
Hath sooth'd me with its lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,
The purple heavens of Rome—
Yes, all are glorious ; yet again
I bless thee, land of home !

For thine the Sabbath peace, my land,
And thine the guarded hearth ;
And thine the dead, the noble band
That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze,
Their steps are on thy plains ;
Their names, by old majestic trees,
Are whisper'd round thy fanes.

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
Of thine exulting sea ;—
Oh, be it still a joy, a pride,
To live and die for thee !

We wish that we had a few pages for the red-nosed Lieutenant ; but the

Editor of the FORGET ME NOT will see that this month's *Maga* is a sheet and a half beyond her usual size. "The red-nosed Lieutenant" is out of all comparison the best article that has this season appeared in any of the Winter Annuals. It is full of a sly quaint humour, truly pleasant; and the author, whoever he is, must be a most admirable fellow. Why was it not illustrated by a plate? The Editor should try to keep this contributor to himself, for he is a jewel. Yet there can be no objection to his sending an occasional article to *Maga*, and he may trust to receiving a warm welcome in Picardy Place any night between ten and two on one of our *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

Miss Mitford always writes well; for she always thinks and feels before she takes a pen into her hand. The little story of "Grace Neville" is good, and, like most of Miss Mitford's stories, ends well, and with a marriage. Common-place occurrence as a marriage is, this lady manages somehow or other to make the bride generally interesting, and that too without whining and sobbing over the ring, as if she were going to be put to death in lingering torments. A very few tears, on such an occasion, are enough in all conscience, either from feeling or for effect, unless, indeed, in cases where the bride thinks the jointure and pin-money shabbily small and Joe-Humish. Then she may cry till her eyes are like red-herrings.

Ten thousand copies of last year's FORGET ME NOT were sold before Christmas, and we hope that the worthy Mr Ackermann will sell fifteen thousand of this; for he was the first man, we believe, to set those pretty annual volumes agoing in England, and, one thing with another, the FORGET ME NOT need not shrink from a comparison with any of its compeers.

We come now to FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, and are truly sorry to learn from the Preface, that, during the progress of the work, the very ingenious editor, Mr Hervey, was taken ill, and that his duties devolved on another gentleman. His deputy has acquitted himself extremely well; but some loss must have occurred to the volume from the removal of its original editor. We fear that, owing to that mishap, there are a greater number of indifferent compositions in the

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING than in any other of the annuals. Some so very poor indeed, that to read them is absolutely impossible. We hate hurting anybody's feelings, and therefore mention no names; but Mr Hervey, on his recovery, must dismiss a few scribblers of both sexes, and look more sharply after some whom he may retain in the service. We quote with much pleasure the following pathetic lines of the Rev. T. Dale. That gentleman always writes eloquently, and with great feeling.

A FATHER'S GRIEF.

By the Rev. Thomas Dale.

To trace the bright rose fading fast
From a fair daughter's cheek;
To read upon her pensive brow
The fears she will not speak;
To mark that deep and sudden flush,
So beautiful and brief,
Which tells the progress of decay—
THIS is a Father's grief.

When languor, from her joyless couch,
Has scared sweet sleep away,
And heaviness, that comes with night,
Departs not with the day;
To meet the fond endearing smile,
That seeks, with false relief,
Awhile to calm his bursting heart—
THIS is a Father's grief.

To stand beside the sufferer's couch,
While life is ebbing fast;
To mark that once illumined eye
With death's dull film o'ercast;—
To watch the struggles of the frame
When earth has no relief,
And hopes of heaven are breath'd in vain—
THIS is a Father's grief.

To listen where her gentle voice
Its welcome music shed,
And find within his lonely halls
The silence of the dead;
To look, unconsciously, for her,
The chosen and the chief
Of earthly joys—and look in vain—
THIS is a Father's grief!

And not when that dread hour is past,
And life is pain no more—
Not when the dreary tomb hath closed
O'er her so loved before;
Not then does kind oblivion come
To lend his woes relief,
But with him to the grave he bears
A Father's rooted grief.

For oh! to dry a mother's tears,
 Another babe may bloom;
 But what remains on earth for him
 Whose last is in the tomb?
 To think his shield is blest above—
 To hope their parting brief,—
 These, these may soothe—but death alone
 Can heal a Father's grief.

Giving the go-by to many obscure persons, who ought to confine their lucubrations to MS. Albums, we come upon our friend Mr Croly. We have no wish to quote Mr Croly; and would greatly prefer noticing something beautiful from the pen of some less distinguished writer: But as nothing beautiful immediately meets our eye, why, what else can we do, than fall in love with a CONTADINA OF FRASCATI DICTATING TO ONE OF THE SCRIBES WHO FLY IN THE STREETS OF ROME? The plate is engraved by W. Humphreys, from a painting by J. P. Davis; and never was a story more characteristically and naturally told. Mr Croly, in his verses, has caught the very spirit of the picture, and penetrated into the Contadina's heart.

THE CONTADINA,

Dictating her Love-Letter.

COME, thou old, unloving scribe,
 Thou shalt have a noble bribe:
 Choose it,—medal, coin, or gem,
 Topaz ring or coral stem;
 Take thy pen and tell my love,
 How, to earth, and heaven above;

How, to every sainted maid,
 I have watch'd, and wept, and pray'd,—
 O'er him, with his wings to stoop,
 Where he steers his bold chaloupe;
 O'er him, in the sullen night,
 When the storm is in his might;
 O'er him in the fearful day,
 When the lance and sabre play;
 And the soldier's hour is knoll'd,
 Stretch'd upon the sanguine mould;
 Him on surge, or him on steed,
 Still to spare, and still to speed!
 Listen now?—'Tis vain, 'tis vain;
 What can read the burning brain?
 What can tell the thousandth part
 Of the agonies of the heart,
 Secrets that the spirit keeps,
 Thoughts on which it wakes and weeps;
 To the mortal ear unknown,
 Kept for night and heaven alone!
 Old man, tell him of the tale
 Written in this cheek so pale:
 Wild and often has the tear
 Wash'd the rose that once was there.
 Tell him of my heavy sigh,
 Deep as from the lips that die;
 Of my eyes' decaying beam;
 Life, departing like a stream.
 Tell him of my weary day,
 Bid him, Oh! do all but stay:
 If he would not see my tomb,
 Bid him come, and—swiftly come!

What have we got here? An Inscription by the Laureate. Inscriptions require a very peculiar genius; but it is not the genius of Mr Southey. That he is a true poet—and a poet of various powers, nobody doubts; but surely there should have been a little more martial spirit in such an inscription.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT AT ARROYO, IN MOLINA.

By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureate.

HE who may chronicle Spain's arduous strife
 Against the Intruder, hath to speak of fields
 Profuselier fed with blood, and victories
 Borne widelier on the wings of glad report:
 Yet shall this town, which from the mill-stream takes
 Its humble name, be storied as the spot
 Where the proud Frenchman, insolent too long
 Of power and of success, first saw the strength
 Of England in prompt enterprise essay'd,
 And felt his fortune ebb, from that day forth
 Swept back upon the reflux tide of war.
 Girard lay here, who late from Caceres,
 Far as his active cavalry could scour,
 Had pillaged and oppress the country round.
 The Spaniard and the Portugal he scorn'd:
 And deem'd the British soldier all too slow
 To seize occasion, unalert in arms,
 And, therefore, brave in vain. In such belief
 Secure, at night he laid him down to sleep,

Nor dreamt that these disparaged enemies
 With drum and trumpet, should in martial charge
 Sound his reveille. All day, their march severe
 They held through wind and drenching rain: all night
 The autumnal tempest, unabating, raged,
 While, in their comfortless and open camp,
 They cheer'd themselves with patient hope; the storm
 Was their ally, and moving in the mist,
 When morning open'd, on the astonish'd foe
 They burst. Soon routed, horse and foot, the French
 On all sides scattering fled, on every side
 Beset, and everywhere pursued, with loss
 Of half their numbers captured, their whole stores,
 And half their gather'd plunder. 'Twas a day
 Of surest omen, such as fill'd with joy
 True English hearts. No happier peels have e'er
 Been roll'd abroad from town and village tower,
 Have gladden'd, then, with their exultant sound,
 Salopian vales; and flowing cups were brimm'd
 All round the wrekin, to the name of Hill.

Our last quotation shall be from Mrs Hemans. It has often puzzled us to conjecture why that Lady has never, to our knowledge, written for this Magazine. But perhaps it is better so,—for our praises might otherwise seem to be coloured by a selfish feeling; whereas now they will be acknowledged by all to proceed from the sincere admiration of genius.

THE BRIGAND LEADER AND HIS WIFE.

(From a picture by Eastlake.)

By Mrs Hemans.

DARK chieftain of the heath and height,
 Wild feaster on the hills by night!
 Seest thou the stormy sunset's glow,
 Flung back by glancing spears below?
 Now, for one strife of stern despair!
 The foe hath track'd thee to thy lair.

Thou, against whom the voice of blood
 Hath risen from track and lonely wood,
 And in whose dreams a man should be,
 Not of the water, nor the tree;
 Haply, thine own last hour is nigh,
 Yet, shalt thou not forsaken die.

There's one, that pale beside thee stands,
 More than all thy mountain bands!
 She will not shrink, in doubt and dread,
 When the balls whistle round thy head;
 Nor leave thee, though thy closing eye
 No longer may to hers reply.

Oh! many a soft and quiet grace
 Hath faded from her soul and face;
 And many a thought, the fitting guest
 Of woman's meek, religious breast,
 Hath perish'd, in her wanderings wide,
 Through the deep forests, by thy side.

Yet, mournfully surviving all,
 A flower upon a ruin's wall,
 A friendless thing, whose lot is cast,
 Of lovely ones to be the last;
 Sad, but unchanged, through good and ill,
 Thine is her lone devotion still.

And, oh! not wholly lost the heart,
 Where that undying love hath part;
 Not worthless all, though far and long
 From home estranged, and guided wrong:
 Yet, may its depths by Heaven be stirr'd,
 Its prayer for thee be pour'd and heard.

Should the editor or publisher of "FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING" think that we have not praised it according to its merits, let him console himself with the assurance that we have given four copies as presents, to four as fair virgins of sweet sixteen as in all Scotland, and that they are all delighted with the gift. That is better praise than the language of any old musty critic of threescore.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. Lord Byron, are announced as in preparation from the pen of Mr T. Moore.

Letters and Miscellaneous Prose Works of the Right Hon. Lord Byron, are also announced for publication, in 2 vols. 8vo, and 4 vols. foolscap 8vo.

The History of the Dominion of the Arabs in Spain; taken from the Spanish of Senor Conde, and the French of M. de Marles. With Notes, Historical and Literary, by the Editor.

Materia Indica; or some Account of those Articles which are employed by the Hindoos, and other Eastern Nations, in their Medicine, Arts, Agriculture, and Horticulture; together with Lists of Scientific Books, in various Oriental Languages, &c. &c. By Whitelaw Ainslie, M.D.

Sams' Annual Peerage of the British Empire, in 2 vols. 12mo, elegantly Embellished. Publishing under the special patronage of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

The Georgics of Virgil, with Translations into Six Languages:—English, by William Southeby—Spanish, Juan de Guzman—Italian, Francesco Soave—German, Johann Heinrich Voss—French, Jacques Delille—and in Modern Greek, by —. Edited by William Sotheby. In one volume, folio. Only 250 copies are printing.

Mr William Phillips announces a New and Improved Edition of the Outlines of Mineralogy and Geology.

A Complete Collection of Memoirs relative to the History of Great Britain, with Notes and Illustrations.

Proposals have been issued for Publishing by Subscription, a New Edition of a Treatise on Music, by the late Mr Jones, in Imperial 8vo.

Napoleon dans l'Autre Monde. Relation écrite par lui-même, et trouvée à Ste. Hélène aux pieds de son tombeau. Par Xongo-tee-Foh-tché, Mandarin de 3me classe. Editions in French and English.

The Irish Pulpit, a Collection of Original Sermons, contributed by Clergymen of the Established Church of Ireland.

A Work entitled the Cabinet Lawyer; or, Popular Digest of the Laws of England; with a Dictionary of Law-Terms, Maxims, Acts of Parliament, and Judicial Antiquities.

Captain William Henry Smith, R.N. is about to publish a Sketch of the Present State of the Island of Sardinia, with numerous Plates.

A Second Edition of Mr Campbell's Specimens of the British Poets; with Biographical and Critical Notices, and an Essay on English Poetry, will soon appear.

Two volumes of Inedited Correspondence of Bernardin St Pierre have appeared in Paris, and two more are announced. The Letters are chiefly addressed to an intimate friend, and to the first and second wives of the writer.

Chronological and Historical Illustrations of the Ancient Architecture of Great Britain. By John Britton, F.S.A. &c. In medium and imperial 4to, to correspond with the Architectural Antiquities, of which this work forms the Fifth Volume.

Sir Thomas More.—A Series of Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. By Robert Southey.

Synonyms of the Spanish Language Explained and Elucidated, by Copious Extracts from the most approved Spanish Poets, intended as an Appendix to English-Spanish Dictionaries. By L. J. A. M'Henry, a native of Spain.

Dr Graham has in the press a Treatise on Cancer.

Appendix to Captain Parry's Second Voyage of Discovery, containing the Natural History, &c. will be ready early in November.

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.

Thoughts on Domestic Education; the Result of Experience. By a Mother, author of "Always Happy."

The Old Paths, a Sermon delivered in the Parish Church of St Mary Stoke, Newington. By the Rev. John Teeson, B.A.

Shortly will be published in One Volume, a History of the Charities of the City of London, selected and arranged from the Reports of His Majesty's Commissioners. With a Copious Index. Printed uniformly with the Parliamentary Debates and State Trials.

Travels of the Russian Mission through Mongolia to China. By George Timkowski, with Notes, by M. J. Klaproth. In 2 vols. 8vo, illustrated by Maps, Plates, &c. &c.

A Complete Index to Howel's State Trials, brought down to the present time, is just ready for publication.

Lyrics of the Heart; with other Poems. By Alaric A. Watts.

Recollections of Ceylon, including Descriptions of the Pearl Fisheries and Elephant Hunt, and a Journal of a Tour by Land round the Island. By an Officer.

Edward the VI. and his Times, an Historical Story for Young Persons.

The Second Volume of Dr Southey's History of the Late War in Spain and Portugal, is on the eve of publication.

Captain the Honourable George Keppel is about to publish a Personal Narrative of a Journal from India to England, by Bussorah, Bagdad, the Ruins of Babylon, Curdistan, the Court of Persia, the Banks of the Caspian Sea, Astrakhan, Nishney, Novogorod, Moscow, and St Petersburg; in the year 1824.

Voyages of Discovery, undertaken to complete the Survey of the Western Coast of New Holland, between the years 1817 and 1822. By Philip Parker King, R.N. With Maps, Charts, Views of interesting Scenery, &c.

A Second Edition of the Letters of Horace Walpole (afterwards Earl of Orford) to the Earl of Hertford, during his Lordship's Embassy in Paris. To which are added, Letters to the Rev. Henry Zouch. In one vol. 8vo.

Mr Charles Butler has in the press a Second Volume of Reminiscences, with a Correspondence between the late Doctor Parr and the Author. 8vo.

Mr Hawkesworth announces a History of France, from the earliest period to the present time.

Protestant Union; or, a Treatise of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and what best means may be used against the growth of Popery.

A second Edition of Ellis's Tour through Hawaii or Owhyhee.

The Fifth Volume of Mr Stewart Rose's Orlando Furioso of Ariosto is announced.

A Volume is in the press, to be entitled "The Living and the Dead." By a Country Curate.

Shortly will be published, The Second Decade of Livy, literally translated into English, with Notes Critical and Explanatory.

A Volume, to be entitled, "Whims and Oddities," by Mr Wood, one of the authors of Odes and Addresses to Great People, is announced, to consist of pieces in Prose and Verse, with Illustrative Designs by the Author.

A new Novel, to be entitled "Almack's," is preparing for the press.

In the press, A Vindication of Certain Passages in the History of England. By the Reverend Dr Lingard. In answer to certain Strictures which have appeared in some late Publications.

A Volume of Original Tales is announced under the title of "Tales for New Year's Eve."

A Work is about to appear under the title of "Three Months in Ireland, by an English Protestant."

The author of "The English in Italy" has transmitted to the press a new work, entitled "Historiettes; or, Tales of Continental Life." It may be expected in about a fortnight.

A Treatise on the Steam Engine, Historical Practical, and Descriptive. By John Fary, jun. Engineer. 1 vol. 4to, with Illustrative Plates and Cuts.

A Chronological History of the West Indies, is announced.

The Tale so long ago announced, to be entitled "The Revolt of the Bees," is just ready.

A Series of Fables by Northcote, illustrated by Wood Cuts from his own drawings, is in preparation.

Travels in the East, a work in two volumes, is announced.

EDINBURGH.

A New Edition of Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, by Professor Jameson, with large Additions, is nearly ready.

The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte. By the author of "Waverley." 7 vols. post 8vo.

The Wolfe of Badenoch, an Historical Romance of the 14th Century. By the author of "Lochandu." 3 vols. 12mo.

Edinburgh Annual Register for 1825.

Memoirs of Muhammed Baber, Em-

peror of Hindustan, written by Himself, and translated, partly by the late John Leyden, Esq. M. D., and partly by William Erskine, Esq. With Notes and a Geographical and Historical Introduction, together with a Map of the Countries between the Oxus and Jaxartes. 1 vol. 4to, nearly ready.

Paul Jones, a Romance. By Allan Cunningham, Author of "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ANTIQUITIES.

A Collection of Fragments, illustrative of the History and Antiquities of Derby. By R. Simpson, A. M. 8vo. 2 vols.

No. X. of the Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland, with descriptive Illustrations by Sir Walter Scott, Bart.; containing Views of the Bass Rock—Fast Castle—Craigmillar Castle—the Entrance to Leith Harbour—and the Interior of Roslyn Chapel, with an engraved Title for each volume, from Designs by Turner, and directions for placing the Plates. On royal 4to, price 16s.; Proofs, imperial 4to, 30s.; India paper, 42s.; India paper and Etchings, 52s. 6d.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY.

B. Beckley's Catalogue of Books, New and Second-hand, in the English, Spanish, and French Languages.

Richard Baynes's General Catalogue of New and Second-hand Books for 1826. Part II. comprising Select Portions from the Libraries of three eminent Divines lately deceased, and several other recent purchases; containing an excellent Collection of Theology, Foreign and English, Sermons, Classics, History, &c. &c. with a number of Volumes of rare and curious Tracts.

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Rye 34 to 38	Fine ditto 28 to 30	Eng. 5 6 to 6 0	Irish 36 0 to 42 0
Barley 35 to 37	Poland ditto 26 to 29	Scotch 0 0 to 0 0	Bran, p. 241b. 1 3 to 1 5
Fine ditto 37 to 39	Fine ditto 30 to 33	Irish 5 6 to 6 0	Butter, Beef, &c.
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3 ¹ / ₂ per cent. consols,	—	—	86 ¹ / ₂	81 ¹ / ₂
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METEOROLOGICAL TABLES, 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.

September.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Sept. 1	M.47 A. 57	29.575 .708	M.60 A. 60	Cble.	Aftern.thun. & lightning	Sept.16	M.46 A. 55	29.886 .762	M.58 A. 59	SW.	Sunshine and fair.
2	M.45 A. 56	.685 .675	M.60 A. 61	Cble.	Morn. dull, day sunsh.	17	M.51 A. 59	.671 .816	M.61 A. 61	SW.	Sunshine, very warm.
3	M.45½ A. 58	.655 .706	M.61 A. 61	SW.	Ditto.	18	M.46 A. 49	.891 .999	M.54 A. 55	E.	Dull, but fair.
4	M.42½ A. 58	.656 .664	M.60 A. 60	W.	Sh. morn. day fair.	19	M.46 A. 53	.861 .892	M.57 A. 55	E.	Ditto.
5	M.42 A. 56	.675 .725	M.59 A. 57	W.	Dull, but fair.	20	M.44 A. 51	.896 .890	M.55 A. 53	E.	Morn. dull, day sunsh.
6	M.42½ A. 54	.581 .225	M.57 A. 56	SW.	Dull, with shrs. rain.	21	M.45 A. 51	.819 .919	M.56 A. 54	NE.	Rain morn. aft. sunsh.
7	M.44 A. 54	.302 .360	M.56 A. 55	N.	Cold, sunsh. rain night.	22	M.39 A. 52	.905 .986	M.54 A. 54	SE.	Morn.frosty, day sunsh.
8	M.44½ A. 50	.134 .317	M.58 A. 56	SW.	Morn.h.rain day fair.	23	M.38 A. 47	.810 .709	M.54 A. 55	SE.	Ditto.
9	M.44 A. 47	.281 .298	M.55 A. 56	W.	Sunsh. and heavy shrs.	24	M.41½ A. 52	.602 .660	M.55 A. 54	SE.	Foren.sunsh. aftern. cold.
10	M.44 A. 54	.325 .692	M.54 A. 55	W.	Day sunsh. even. cold.	25	M.40 A. 52	.520 .601	M.54 A. 55	SE.	Dull, but fair.
11	M.45 A. 54	.726 .738	M.58 A. 58	W.	Sunshine and fair.	26	M.49½ A. 47	.412 .398	M.60 A. 60	Cble.	Morn. rain, day showry.
12	M.46½ A. 55	.669 .602	M.56 A. 57	SW.	Morn. shrs. day sunsh.	27	M.51½ A. 56	.390 .529	M.60 A. 57	W.	Morn. rain, day fair.
13	M.49½ A. 56	.519 .506	M.58 A. 61	W.	Sunshine and fair.	28	M.46 A. 55	.725 .884	M.58 A. 58	W.	Dull morn. day sunsh.
14	M.46 A. 51	.476 .926	M.58 A. 56	W.	Ditto.	29	M.45½ A. 54	.734 .491	M.57 A. 57	S.	Fair, with sunshine.
15	M.59 A. 49	.973 .989	M.56 A. 58	W.	Sunshine, very warm.	30	M.52 A. 65	28.999 29.420	M.65 A. 65	SW.	Ditto.

Average of rain, .747.

October.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Oct. 1	M.48 A. 57	29.564 .670	M.59 A. 60	SE.	Morn. rain, foren.sunsh.	Oct. 17	M.40 A. 52	29.476 .722	M.54 A. 55	SW.	Dull, but fair.
2	M.41½ A. 50	.596 .575	M.57 A. 59	SW.	Rain morn. fair day.	18	M.40 A. 48	.788 .822	M.50 A. 52	SW.	Sunshine, and mild.
3	M.46½ A. 53	.491 .404	M.58 A. 54	W.	Fair, sunsh. very cold.	19	M.38 A. 47	.918 .918	M.52 A. 50	Cble.	Fore. sunsh. dull aftern.
4	M.37 A. 45	.396 .396	M.54 A. 52	Cble.	Foren. sunsh. rain aftern.	20	M.45 A. 48	.813 .742	M.50 A. 55	SE.	Morn. rain, day fair.
5	M.35 A. 44	.505 .640	M.52 A. 50	W.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.	21	M.48 A. 54	.675 .637	M.54 A. 55	SE.	Dull, but fair.
6	M.51 A. 49	.676 .602	M.50 A. 52	SW.	Ditto.	22	M.49½ A. 54	.602 .682	M.55 A. 55	SE.	Dull, shwrs. rain.
7	M.35 A. 58	.389 .368	M.59 A. 56	SW.	Dull, with shwrs. rain.	23	M.49½ A. 56	.516 .516	M.56 A. 56	S.	Fair, with sunshine.
8	M.37½ A. 47	.481 .284	M.56 A. 48	S.	Foren. fair, aftern. rain.	24	M.50 A. 54	.394 .136	M.57 A. 56	SW.	Day fair, rain even.
9	M.58 A. 40	.220 .106	M.47 A. 48	W.	Showery, and cold.	25	M.45 A. 49	28.804 .804	M.55 A. 51	SW.	Dull, but fair.
10	M.58½ A. 44	.120 .320	M.47 A. 51	NW.	Foren. rain, aftern. fair.	26	M.57 A. 45	.998 29.280	M.48 M.48	SW.	Sunshine, even. cold.
11	M.45 A. 51	.484 .36	M.51 A. 52	NW.	Fair, with sunshine.	27	M.38 A. 50	28.955 29.450	M.54 M.58	SW.	Morn. rain, day fair.
12	M.41 A. 50	.590 .398	M.51 A. 50	NW.	Dull, with shwrs. rain.	28	M.37½ A. 45	.455 .560	M.47 M.49	NW.	Fair, and cold.
13	M.41 A. 49	.412 .928	M.50 A. 51	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	29	M.37 A. 49	.725 .875	M.50 M.48	NW.	Dull, but fair.
14	M.40 A. 49	.827 .721	M.52 A. 50	SW.	Ditto.	30	M.36 A. 46	.650 .684	M.48 M.48	Cble.	Shwrs. rain.
15	M.40½ A. 54	.485 .339	M.55 A. 56	SW.	Ditto, rain night.	31	M.35 A. 42	.650 .556	M.42 M.48	SW.	Foren. rain, aftern. fair.
16	M.49 A. 36	28.999 29.200	M.58 A. 56	SW.	Foren. dull, rain aftern.						

Average of rain, . . . 1.207.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

- 2 Life Gds. Capt. W. Miligan, from h. p. Capt. vice J. R. Broadhead, who exch. rec. dif. 22 July
Cor. and Sub-Lt. G. T. Bulkeley, Lt. by purch. vice Milligan prom. do.
T. Hare, Cor. and Sub-Lt. vice Davidson prom. 3 do.
M. Ricardo, Cor. and Sub-Lt. vice Bulkeley, 22 do.
- R. H. Gds. Cor. and Riding-Mast. T. Brunt, rank of Lt. 31 July
T. O. Gascoigne, Cor. by purch. vice Lord C. J. F. Russell prom. 31 Aug.
- 1 Dr. Gds. Capt. W. C. Smith, from h. p. Capt., vice C. Randall, who exch. rec. dif. 31 Aug.
- 2 Lt. T. E. Campbell, from h. p. Lt., vice T. Collins, who exch. rec. dif. 17 Aug.
Paymast. C. J. Furlong, from 96 F. Paymast. vice T. Hay, who reverts to his former h. p. 10 Aug.
- 3 Capt. G. Todd, from h. p. Capt., vice C. Frost, who exch. rec. dif. do.
Lt. G. Meham, Capt. by purch. vice Mercer prom. 19 Sep.
Cor. T. Arthur, Lt. by purch. vice Meham. do.
F. J. W. Collingwood, Cor. by purch. vice Arthur do.
- 7 H. W. Atkinson, Cor. by purch. vice King prom. 15 Aug.
Lt. C. Hickman, Adj. vice Daniel, who res. Adjty. only 17 do.
- 1 Drs. H. Trafford Cor. by purch. vice Stracey prom. do.
Cor. J. S. Pitman. Lt. by purch. vice Markham prom. 31 do.
W. R. Sands, Cor. by purch. vice Petrie prom. 17 do.
- 2 G. Watts, Veterinary Surg. vice Trigg dec. 11 May
- 6 Cor. J. Waddington, Lt. by purch. vice Gillies prom. 29 Aug.
Cor. W. J. Hooper, from 15 L. Dr. Cor. by purch. vice Waddington prom. do.
- 3 Lt. Drs. Lt. C. Philipps, Capt. by purch. vice Jackson, who rets. 10 do.
Cor. G. H. Lockwood, Lt. by purch. vice Phillipps do.
W. J. Downes, Cor. by purch. vice Phillipps do.
Serj. Maj. F. Jackson, Adj. with rank of Cor. vice Baker prom. 2 do.
- 4 Cor. R. Gumbleton, Lt. by purch. vice Agnew prom. 24 do.
E. Ellis, Cor. by purch. vice Upton prom. do.
- 9 Lt. Hon. G. Vaughan, Capt. by purch. vice Browne prom. 29 do.
Cor. A. C. Williams, Lt. by purch. vice Vaughan do.
Lt. J. A. Fullerton, Capt. by purch. vice Mallory prom. 19 Sep.
Cor. N. Weekes, Lt. by purch. vice Fullerton do.
J. H. Grant, Cor. by purch. vice Williams prom. 29 Aug.
J. Menzies, Cor. by purch. vice Weekes 19 Sep.
- 10 Lt. G. L. L. Kaye, Capt. by purch. vice Harvey who rets. 24 Aug.
Cor. S. C. Oliver, Lt. by purch. vice Kaye 31 do.
As. Surg. J. Riach, from 65 F. As. Surg. vice Rogers prom. 24 do.
- 12 Lt. W. Parlbry, Capt. by purch. vice Lane prom. 19 Sep.
Lt. J. A. M'Douall, from h. p. Lt. vice W. Hyde, who exchs. rec. dif. 7 do.
Cor. E. Pole, Lt. by purch. vice Parlbry 19 do.
- 13 T. J. Parker, Cor. by purch. vice Brown prom. 10 Aug.
Cor. T. Benson, Lt. by purch. vice Maitland prom. 24 do.
- Lt. and Qr. Mast. R. Taggart, from 55 F. Qr. Mast. vice Minchin, who exch. 7 Sep.
- 14 Lt. Drs. Cor. C. Delmé, Lt. by purch. vice Rooke prom. 29 Aug.
Cor. E. Tenison, Cor. by purch. vice Delmé do.
- 15 Lt. G. P. Rose, Capt. by purch. vice M'Alpine prom. do.
Cor. A. F. Blyth, Lt. by purch. vice Rose do.
C. H. T. Hecker, Cor. by purch. vice Blyth prom. do.
- 16 Cor. E. B. Bere, Lt. by purch. vice Collins prom. do.
- 17 Lt. G. T. Greenland, Capt. by purch. vice Adams prom. 15 do.
Cor. C. Forbes, Lt. by purch. vice Greenland do.
Cor. H. Witham, Lt. by purch. vice Pole prom. 17 do.
W. H. Percy, Cor. by purch. vice Forbes 15 do.
W. R. Sands, Cor. by purch. vice Witham 17 do.
W. H. Tonge, Cor. by purch. vice Sands, whose app. has not taken place do.
- 1 or Ft. Gs. Ens. and Lt. J. R. Craufurd, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Clive prom. 19 Sep.
Sub. Lt. Hon. G. H. Ongley, from 2 Life Gds. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Craufurd do.
- Cold. Ft. G. I. Hobhouse, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Dent prom. 15 Aug.
Lt. Col. T. Chaplin, from h. p. Capt. and Lt. Col. vice H. Dawkins, who exch. 31 do.
- 1 Ft. H. A. Kerr, Ens. by purch. vice Ford prom. 17 do.
- 2 Lt. W. Cockell, from 14 F. Capt. by purch. vice Mitchell prom. 29 do.
Ens. N. H. J. Westley, Lt. by purch. vice King prom. 24 do.
J. Walton, Ens. by purch. vice Westley do.
- 3 Capt. W. T. R. Smith, from 12 F. Capt. vice Paton, who exch. 16 do.
- 5 Lt. F. G. Dewry, Capt. vice Mackenzie, dec. 10 do.
Ens. E. H. Dodd. Lt. vice Dewry do.
J. Atkinson, Ens. by purch. vice Mayne prom. 17 do.
Lt. W. C. Mayne, from h. p. Lt. paying dif. vice Dodd, app. to 29 F. 7 Sep.
R. Foot, Ens. by purch. vice D'Anvers, prom. 11 July
- 6 Lt. C. L. Martin, Capt. by purch. vice Eden prom. 29 Aug.
Ens. C. Crofton, Lt. by purch. vice Martin do.
W. Johnson, Ens. by purch. vice Crofton do.
- 7 Capt. Lord F. Lennox, from h. p. Capt. vice Brine prom. 19 Sep.
- 9 Lt. P. R. Browne, Capt. by purch. vice Fraser prom. 29 Aug.
Ens. H. R. Duff, Lt. by purch. vice Cox, app. to 35 F. 15 Aug.
Ens. B. H. Heathcote, Lt. by purch. vice Browne 29 do.
J. A. Woolls, Ens. by purch. vice Duff 17 do.
L. Fyler, Ens. by purch. vice Heathcote prom. 7 Sept.
- 10 Lt. J. Goode, from h. p. 3 W. 1. R. Lt. vice W. N. Thomas, who exch. 10 Aug.
Ens. J. Wilmot, Lt. by purch. vice Hemmings prom. in 23 F. 8 Sep.
E. Cates, Ens. by purch. vice Wilmot 7 do.
- 11 Ens. H. O'Neill, Lt. by purch. vice England prom. 29 Aug.
G. H. Eddy, Ens. by purch. vice O'Neill do.

12 Ft.	Capt. J. Patton, from 3 F. Capt. vice Smith, who exch. 16 Aug.	J. W. Battie, Ens. by purch. vice Guthrie prom. 29 Aug.
15	Ens. W. Chambre, Lt. by purch. vice Wingfield, promoted 17 do.	Maj. E. Witty, from h. p. Paym. vice H. Pollock 7 Sep.
14	W. Rawlins, Ens. by purch. vice Chambre do.	27 Lt. M. C. Johnston, Capt. by purch. vice Bogue prom. 19 do.
14	Gen. T. Lord Lynedoch, from 58 F. Col. vice Gen. Sir H. Calvert, dec. 6 Sep.	Ens. W. Butler, Lt. by purch. vice Johnston do.
15	Lt. H. Gage, Capt. by purch. vice Bannister, who rets. 17 Aug.	E. Nash, Ens. by purch. vice Butler do.
	Ens. J. Lawson, Lt. by purch. vice Gage do.	28 Lt. J. A. Messiter, Capt. by purch. vice Gilbert prom. do.
	Ens. C. Cooke, Lt. by purch. vice Thorold prom. 19 Sep.	Ens. J. E. Acklom, Lt. by purch. vice Garnell prom. do.
	G. Pinder, Ens. by purch. vice Lawson prom. 24 Aug.	Ens. B. Broadhead, Lt. by purch. vice Messiter 20 do.
	As. Surg. J. M. Bartley, from 71 F. Surg. vice Punshon who rets. on h. p. 51 do.	G. Symons, Ens. by purch. vice Broadhead do.
16	Ens. J. Lane, from h. p. 3 R. Vet. Bat. Ens. vice Croker prom. in 91 F. 24 do.	29 Paym. N. Farwell, from 19 F. Paym. vice Wild, who rets. on h. p. 25 May
17	Lt. C. Forbes, Capt. by purch. vice Campbell prom. in 19 F. 29 do.	Lt. E. H. Dodd, from 5 F. Lt. vice J. C. Sullivan who rets on h. p. rec. dif. 7 Sep.
	Ens. J. Henry, Lt. by purch. vice Forbes do.	31 R. Norman, Ens. by purch. vice Wetenhall prom. do.
	J. H. Allez, Ens. by purch. vice Henry do.	32 Lt. E. Shewall, Capt. by purch. vice Molyneux prom. 29 Aug.
	Capt. W. Eccles, from h. p. Capt. vice J. Hawkins, who exch. rec. dif. 7 Sep.	Ens. T. C. Crawford, Lt. by purch. vice Shewell do.
18	Brev. Lt. Col. W. Riddall, from 99 F. Maj. vice Goorequer prom. 10 Aug.	R. M. Warwick, Ens. by purch. vice Crawford do.
19	Capt. D. Campbell, from 17 F. Maj. by purch. vice Pipon app. to 26 F. 29 do.	33 Lt. W. Payne, from 75 F. Lt. vice Elliot prom. 10 do.
	Capt. J. H. Slade, from 2 Ceyl. Regt. Capt. vice May app. to 41 F. 10 do.	35 Lt. D. L. Cox, from 9 F. Lt. vice Smith prom. in 37 F. 15 do.
	Capt. W. Black, from h. p. Capt. vice Raper prom. 17 do.	Lt. N. R. Tomkins, Capt. by purch. vice Hodgson prom. 19 Sep.
	Lt. C. Yeoman, from h. p. R. Artill. Lt. vice A. G. Morehead, who rets. on h. p. 10 do.	Ens. T. Christmas, Lt. by purch. vice Tomkins do.
	Lt. C. C. Hay, Capt. by purch. vice Gordon prom. 19 Sep.	36 Ens. P. Murray, Lt. purch. vice Cross prom. 29 Aug.
	Lt. J. Edwards, from 76 F. Lt. vice Michell who exch. 24 Aug.	Lt. G. Wynne, from h. p. Lt. vice F. Liardet, who exch. rec. dif. 20 Sep.
	Lr. J. F. Wilson, from 4 Ceyl. Reg. Lt. vice Tydd, who exch. 7 Sep.	F. Nugent, Ens. by purch. vice Murray prom. 7 do.
	Ens. T. Atkins, Lt. vice Hay 19 do.	37 Capt. T. Eastwood, from h. p. Capt. vice Browne 29 Aug.
	R. Stansfield, Ens. by purch. vice Atkins do.	J. Burke, Ens. by purch. vice Burke who rets. 24 Sep.
	Lt. R. Chambers, adj. v. Tydd, who resigns adjtcy, only 7 do.	J. Worth, Ens. by purch. vice Romilly app. to 90 F. do.
22	Capt. J. Stewart, Maj. by purch. vice Fleming prom. 19 do.	38 Capt. C. Grant, from h. p. 6 W. I. Reg. Capt. vice Blackett, whose app. has not taken place 10 Aug.
	Capt. T. Harrison, from h. p. Capt. vice Stewart do.	39 Ens. R. Douglas, Lt. vice Smith dec. do.
23	Capt. W. Ross, Maj. by purch. vice Anderson prom. 29 Aug.	Ens. J. L. Ormsby, from 1 W. I. Reg. Ens. vice Douglas do.
	Lt. T. Matheson, Capt. by purch. vice Ross do.	L. Maule, Ens. by purch. vice Foote, whose app. has not taken place 24 Sep.
	2d Lt. R. K. Elliot, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Matheson do.	40 Lt. J. B. Oliver, from h. p. Lt. vice R. Olpherts, who exch. rec. dif. 20 do.
	J. Lindsay, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Elliot prom. do.	H. R. Connor, Ens. by purch. vice Oliver prom. 19 do.
24	Ens. N. Leslie, Lt. by purch. vice Campbell prom. 19 Sep.	41 Capt. J. F. May, from 19 F. Capt. vice J. Corfield, who rets. on h. p. 2 Ceyl. R. 10 Aug.
25	Maj. D. Denham, from h. p. Maj. vice Macdonell prom. do.	Lt. A. Glen, from h. p. 1 F. Lt. vice A. Tucker, who exch. 17 do.
	Capt. B. Morris, from h. p. Capt. vice Massey, app. to Cape Corps of Cav. do.	Ens. W. A. Horne, from 98 F. Lt. by purch. vice Childers prom. do.
	Lt. W. Hemmings, from 10 F. Capt. by purch. vice Holford, prom. do.	42 Capt. W. Middleton, Maj. by purch. vice Brander prom. 15 do.
	As. Surg. C. Whyte, from 61 F. Surg. vice Melville prom. 24 Aug.	Lt. R. D. Macdonald, Capt. by purch. vice Middleton do.
26	Maj. G. Pipon, from 19 F. Maj. vice Pringle prom. 29 do.	Capt. W. Murray, from h. p. Capt. vice Doherty prom. 29 do.
	Lt. W. H. Sitwell, Capt. by purch. vice Brookes app. to 62 F. 30 do.	Ens. D. A. Cameron, Lt. vice Macdonald 15 do.
	Ens. J. Maule, Lt. by purch. vice Sitwell do.	A. Inglis, Ens. vice Cameron do.
	C. W. Combe, Ens. by purch. vice Maule do.	43 J. Ford, Ens. by purch. vice Burslem prom. in 44 F. 7 Sep.
	Capt. T. Park, from 71 F. Capt. vice Stewart, who exch. 31 do.	G. G. B. Lowther, Ens. by purch. vice Dalway prom. 17 Aug.
	Lt. J. Guthrie, from h. p. Lt. vice C. W. Thomas, who exch. rec. dif. 30 do.	44 Lt. W. T. P. Shortt, from h. p. Lt. vice H. J. Shaw, who exch. 51 do.
		Ens. G. J. Burslem, from 43 F. Lt. by purch. vice M'Crea, whose prom. by purch. has not taken place do.

- 45 Ft. Ens. F. Pigott, Lt. by purch. vice
Trevelyan prom. 19 Sept.
W. Elliott, Ens. by purch. vice Pi-
gott do.
- 46 Capt. M. Wilcock, from Vet. Comps.
in Newfoundland, Capt. vice Chal-
mers, whose app. has not taken
place 7 do.
- 49 Lt. C. M. Burrows, from R. Afr.
Col. Corps Lt. vice Eastwood
dec. 17 Aug.
Capt. W. H. Ball, from h. p. Capt.
vice Dunne prom. 19 do.
- 50 Lt. H. Gill, Capt. by purch. vice
Shaw who rets. 7 do.
- 51 U. Williamson, Ens. by purch. vice
Auldjo prom. 29 Aug.
- 52 G. M. Yorke, Ens. vice Forbes prom.
in 7 F. 10 do.
- 53 Ens. E. Delme, Lt. by purch. vice Hill
prom. 29 do.
R. S. Orlebear, Ens. by purch. vice
Delme do.
Qu. Mast. W. Minchin, from 13 L.
Dr. Qr. Mast. vice Taggart, who
exch. 7 Sept.
- 54 Lt. J. Clarke, Capt. by purch. vice
Agnaud prom. 29 Aug.
- 55 Maj. C. Mills, Lt. Col. by purch. vice
Skerrett, who rets. 10 do.
Capt. P. E. Craigie, Maj. by purch.
vice Mills do.
Lt. R. Ficklin, Capt. by purch. vice
Craigie do.
Ens. C. C. Ebrington, Lt. by purch.
vice Ficklin do.
M. Wilson, Ens. vice Bowles, prom. in
7 F. 9 do.
W. Thorpe, Ens. vice Ebrington
10 do.
- 56 Ens. T. Egar, from. h. p. Ens. vice J.
Smith, who exch. rec. dif. 7 Sept.
- 57 Ens. A. Robertson, Lt. by purch. vice
May prom. in 19 F. 31 Aug.
R. Alexander, Ens. by purch. vice Ro-
bertson do.
- 58 Ens. D. Robertson, Lt. vice Dell, dec.
17 do.
W. F. Campbell, Ens. vice Robertson
do.
Maj. Gen. Lord F. Bentinck, Col. vice
Lord Lynedoch, app. to Com. of 14
F. 6 Sept.
- 59 Ens. G. N. Harwood, Lt. by purch. vice
Arnold, who rets. 24 Aug.
C. Hare, Ens. by purch. vice Harwood
do.
- 60 Capt. C. Chichester, Maj. by purch.
vice Pearse, prom. 29 do.
Lt. G. Fothergill, Capt. by purch. vice
Chichester do.
Lt. H. Crosby, fm. h. p. Lt. paying dif.
vice J. T. Evans, app. to 69 F.
7 Sept.
R. Atkins, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Hay
prom. in 41 F. 24 Aug.
- 61 Capt. J. Wolfe, Maj. by purch. vice
Greene, who rets. 10 do.
Lt. G. T. Parke, Capt. by purch. vice
Wolfe do.
Ens. R. H. O'R. Hoey, Lt. by purch.
vice Parke 17 do.
R. Gloster, Ens. by purch. vice Hoeydo.
Lt. E. H. Chawner, from. h. p. Lt. vice
W. Sayers, who exch. rec. dif. 7 Sept.
- 63 J. G. Philipps, Ens. by purch. vice
Wynne, prom. 19 do.
Capt. T. H. Grubbe, from. h. p. Capt.
vice W. Penefather, who exch. rec.
dif. 31 Aug.
E. Willis, Ens. by purch. vice Kington,
prom. 19 Sept.
- 65 Capt. J. B. Thornhill, from h. p. 4 W.
I. Reg. Capt. vice Dawson, prom. do.
- 69 Capt. C. Lowrie, Maj. by purch. vice
Leslie, prom. 29 Aug.
Lt. B. Pigot, Capt. by purch. vice Low-
rie do.
Capt. R. Brookes, fm. 26 F. Capt. vice
Towers, prom. 30 do.
- 69 Ft. Ens. H. W. Blachford, Lt. by purch.
vice Pigot 29 Aug.
H. C. Hallifax, Ens. by purch. vice
Blachford do.
Lt. J. T. Evans, fm. 60 F. Lt. vice L.
Dickson, who rets. on h. p. rec. dif.
7 Sept.
- 71 Capt. W. Stewart, fm. 26 F. Capt. vice
Park, who exch. 31 Aug.
Lt. H. A. Connor, Capt. by purch. vice
Dashwood, prom. 19 Sept.
- 72 Lt. G. Murray, Capt. by purch. vice
Mason, prom. 29 Aug.
Ens. W. H. Robinson, Lt. by purch.
vice Mason do.
G. Kirkaldy, Ens. by purch. vice Ro-
binson do.
Lt. H. Jervis, Capt. by purch. vice Lord
E. Hay, prom. 19 Sept.
- 74 Ens. H. Godfrey, Lt. by purch. vice
Jervis do.
J. M. Oliver, Ens. by purch. vice God-
frey do.
Lt. M. Adair, adj. vice Jervis do.
Lt. B. Burnet, Capt. by purch. vice
Wilson, prom. do.
- 75 Ens. and Adj. A. F. Ansell, Lt. by purch.
chase, vice Burnet do.
Ens. A. Eyre, Lt. 20 do.
G. W. Phillipps, Ens. by purch. vice
Ansell do.
- 76 Ens. R. B. Brown, Lt. by purch. vice
Payne, app. to 53 F. 10 Aug.
H. G. Jarvis, Ens. by purch. vice Brown,
prom. 24 do.
Ens. W. Macpherson, from h. p. 90 F.
Qu. Mast. vice J. Dandy, who rets.
on h. p. 7 Sept.
- 77 Capt. W. Bampton, Maj. by purch. vice
Coles proma. 19 do.
Capt. J. H. Grubbe, fm. h. p. Capt. vice
Bampton do.
Lt. P. H. Michell, fm. 19 F. vice Ed-
wards, who exch. 24 Aug.
- 78 Lt. T. O. Partridge, fm. h. p. Lt. vice
T. Porter, who exch. 7 Sept.
Lt. R. T. Hawley, fm. h. p. 14 F. Lt.
(repaying dif. to h. p. fund), vice A.
Sword, who exch. 17 Aug.
- 80 Ens. F. N. Toole, Lt. by purch. vice
Leche, who rets. do.
Capt. G. Falconar, fm. h. p. Capt. vice
Kenny, prom. 31 do.
- 81 Capt. J. J. Hamilton, fm. h. p. Capt.
vice Cole, prom. 17 do.
Capt. C. B. Brisbane, fm. h. p. Capt.
vice Pratt, prom. 29 do.
H. S. Peter, Ens. by purch. vice Jones
prom. 29 do.
- 82 Lt. J. J. Slater, Capt. by purch. vice
Starkie, who rets. 17 do.
Ens. C. F. Maxwell, Lt. by purch. vice
Slater do.
- 84 Ens. H. B. Clarke, Lt. vice Wyse, dec.
do.
T. G. Veitch, Ens. by purch. vice
Clarke, prom. do.
Capt. H. Vaughan, Maj. by purch. vice
Cruise, prom. 19 Sept.
Lt. S. S. Sealy, Capt. by purch. vice
Vaughan do.
Ens. Hon. M. St Clair, Lt. by purch.
vice Sealy do.
P. Craufurd, Ens. by purch. vice St
Clair do.
Capt. J. Nicholson, from h. p. Paym.
vice Prendergast, who rets. on h. p.
of Cant. 7 do.
- 86 Lt. R. B. Usher, Capt. by purch. vice
Gammell, prom. 29 Aug.
- 89 Ens. W. C. Caldwell, Lt. by purch.
vice Usher do.
Lt.-Col. J. W. Mallet, from 89 F. Lt.-
Col. vice M'Caskill, who exch. 31 do.
Lt.-Col. J. M'Caskill, from 86 F. Lt.-
Col. vice Mallet, who exch. do.
W. Glover, Ens. by purch. vice Gor-
don, prom. 23 do.
- 90 Ens. F. Romilly, from 57 F. Ens. vice
Owen, prom. 17 do.

- 90 Ft. Lt. S. W. Popham, Capt. by purch. vice Bleane, prom. 19 Sept.
Ens. A. Mackenzie, Lt. by purch. vice Parker, prom. 20 do.
J. James, Ens. by purch. vice Mackenzie 19 do.
- 91 Ens. E. Croker, from 16 F. Lt. vice Hughes, dec. 24 Aug.
- 93 Lt. J. Burgh, Capt. by purch. vice R. Cannon, prom. 19 Sept.
Ens. J. R. Johnson, Lt. by purch. vice Burgh do.
J. Neilson, Ens. by purch. vice Johnston do.
- 96 Capt. W. Fern, from h. p. 66 F. Capt. vice P. Mitchell, who exch. 10 Aug.
- 97 Capt. J. G. M. Moseley, from h. p. Capt. vice J. P. Maher, who exch. do.
Capt. A. H. Pattison, Maj. by purch. vice Woodhouse, prom. 19 Sept.
Capt. J. B. Berkeley, from h. p. Capt. vice Moseley, whose app. has not taken place 7 do.
Capt. J. Twigg, from h. p. Capt. vice Pattison 19 Sept.
- 98 J. M' Cabe, Ens. by purch. vice Horne, prom. in 41 F. 17 Aug.
- 99 Maj. W. Bush, from h. p. Maj. vice Riddall, app. to 18 F. 10 do.
Ens. J. Murray, Lt. by purch. vice Phibbs, prom. 19 Sept.
A. Warren, Ens. by purch. vice Murray do.
- Rifle Brig. Lt. R. Irton, Capt. by purch. vice Ricketts, prom. 29 Aug.
2d Lt. W. Crosbie, 1st Lt. vice Irton do.
2d Lt. T. W. Nesham, 1st Lt. vice Beckwith, prom. do.
W. B. Sparrow, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Nesham do.
J. H. Esten, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Crosbie 30 do.
Lt. G. B. Mathew from h. p. Lt. vice A. Milligan, who exch. rec. diff. 20 Sept.
- R. Staff. C. Capt. F. W. Mann, Maj. vice Sir J. R. Colleton, prom. 17 Aug.
Lt. E. Boyd, Capt. vice Mann do.
Lt. D. O'Brien, from 43 F. Lt. vice Boyd, prom. 31 do.
- 1 W. I. R. Urquhart, Ens. vice Ormsby, app. to 39 F. 10 do.
Ens. J. A. Thoreau, from h. p. Ens. vice F. Boyd, who exch. 17 do.
Capt. J. J. Pounson, from h. p. Capt. vice Macdonald, app. to 5 F. 31 do.
Lt. O. H. Wemys, Capt. by purch. vice Molyneux, prom. 19 Sept.
Lt. W. Webster, from h. p. Paym. vice S. Kent, whose app. has been cancelled 7 do.
- Ceylon Reg. Lt. T. L. Fenwick, from Qu.-Mast. Lt. (rep. diff. he rec. from h. p. fund) 10 Aug.
- Serj.-Maj. J. Black, from 1 F. Qu.-Mast. vice Fenwick do.
- Cape Cor. (Cav.) Capt. Hon. N. H. C. Massey, from 25 F. Capt. by purch. vice Massey, prom. 19 Sept.
- Afr. Col. Cor. Lt. G. Maclean, from h. p. Lt. vice Burrows, app. to 49 F. 17 Aug.
- Regt. of Artil. 2d Capt. B. Willis, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Webber, prom. 28 do.
2d Capt. and Brew. Maj. D. M. Bouchier, Capt. vice Miller, prom. 29 do.
2d Capt. B. H. Vaughan, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Bouchier do.
- Staff.*
Paym. T. Small, from late 1 R. Vet. Bat. Paym. of a recruiting district 25 June.
- Commissariat.*
Dep. Coms. Gen. I. Routh and T. P. Luscombe, Commissaries-General to forces, 15 Aug.
- Brevet.*
Col. H. H. Dillon, late of Irish brigade, rank of Maj.-Gen. on Continent of Europe only 10 do.
A. Peebles, late Lt.-Col. on h. p. Lt.-Col. on Continent of Europe only do.
- J. M. A. Skerret, late Lt.-Col. of 55 F. Lt.-Col. on Continent of Europe only 10 Aug.
S. Sankey, late Maj. on h. p. 9 F. Maj. on Continent of Europe only do.
J. H. Fitzsimon, Esq. late upon h. p. of York Chasseurs, rank of Lt.-Col. on Continent of Europe only 7 Sept.
- Garrisons.*
Lt.-Gen. Hon. Sir A. Hope, Lieut.-Gov. of Chelsea Hospital, vice Sir H. Calvert, dec. 6 do.
Lt.-Gen. J. Hay, Lieut.-Gov. of Edinburgh Castle, vice Sir A. Hope do.
Lt.-Gen. W. Thomas, Lieut.-Gov. of Tynemouth, vice Lt.-Gen. Hay do.
- Hospital Staff.*
To be Assistant Surgeons to the Forces.
C. R. Boyes, vice Browne, prom. in 25 F. 17 Aug.
W. Wallace, vice Daykin, prom. in 71 F. do.
P. Anglin, vice Davey, prom. in 7 F. 31 do.
G. Ledingham, vice Hyde, prom. in 19 F. do.
R. Tuthill, vice Crichton, prom. in 35 F. do.
R. Uligot, vice Ryan, prom. in R. Afr. Corps do.
J. Poole, vice D. Brown, prom. in 1 W. I. Regt. do.
H. Carline, vice Ass. Surg. Walsh, who rets. on h. p. do.
- Unattached.*
To be Lt. Colonels of Infantry, by purchase.
Maj. J. Brander, from 42 F. 15 do.
Brev. Col. J. Pringle, from 26 F. 29 do.
Maj. W. Pearce, from 60 F. do.
— J. Leslie, from 69 F. do.
Brev. Lt. Col. A. Anderson, from 23 F. do.
Maj. R. Cruise, from 84 F. 19 Sept.
— J. Fleming, from 22 F. do.
— R. B. Coles, from 76 F. do.
Capt. E. Clive, from 1 or Gr. F. Gu. do.
Br. Lt. Col. P. Woodhouse, from 97 F. do.
- To be Majors of Infantry by purchase.*
Capt. B. C. Browne, from 9 L. Dr. 29 Aug.
— P. Pratt, from 81 F. do.
— W. H. Eden, from 6 F. do.
— T. L. Mitchell, from 2 F. do.
— G. Brown, from 57 F. do.
— W. Gammell, from 86 F. do.
— G. Mason, from 72 F. do.
— G. Doherty, from 42 F. do.
— Hon. H. R. Molyneux, from 52 F. do.
— F. Towers, from 69 F. do.
— A. Fraser, from 9 F. do.
— C. Ricketts, from Rifle Brig. do.
— J. Arnaud, from 54 F. do.
— J. Wilson, from 74 F. 19 Sept.
— R. Connop, from 92 F. do.
— W. D. Mercer, from 5 Dr. Gu. do.
— C. C. Blane, from 90 F. do.
— H. Mallory, from 9 L. Dr. do.
— T. Molyneux, from 1 W. I. Regt. do.
— A. W. Dashwood, from 71 F. do.
— W. Hodgson, from 35 F. do.
— J. Bogue, from 27 F. do.
— R. Garret, from 20 F. do.
— A. Lane, from 12 L. Dr. do.
— Hon. J. Massey, Cape Corps (Cav.) do.
— R. P. Gilbert, from 25 F. do.
Br. Lt. Col. Hon. G. L. Dawson, from 65 F. do.
Capt. Lord E. Hay, from 72 F. do.
— J. P. Holford, from 25 F. do.
— R. W. Gordon, from 19 F. do.
- To be Captains of Infantry, by purchase.*
Lt. G. Rooke, from 14. L. Dr. 29 Aug.
— J. H. England, from 11 F. do.
— C. Markham, from 1 Dr. do.
— P. Hill, from 53 F. do.
— T. S. Beckwith, from Rifle Brig. do.
— C. G. R. Collins, from 16 L. Dr. do.
— P. B. F. C. Gillies, from 6 Dr. do.
— W. J. Cross, from 56 F. do.
— M. Dalzell, from 60 F. 19 Sept.
— J. A. Campbell, from 24 F. do.
— W. Trevelyan, from 45 F. do.
— O. Phibbs, from 99 F. do.
— A. Gammell, from 28 F. do.
— H. C. Tathwell, from 41 F. do.
— G. E. Thorold, from 15 F. do.
— W. Dungan, from 17 L. Dr. do.
— J. R. Hay, from 6 Dr. Gu. do.
— J. Parker, from 90 F. do.

<i>To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.</i>					
Ens. J. Guthrie, from 26 F.	29 Aug.	Maj. J. B. Fletcher, ditto		19 Sept.	
— H. S. Jones, from 81 F.	do.	— W. Thomson, ditto		do.	
— J. Auldjo, from 51 F.	do.	— J. Campbell, ditto		do.	
2d. Lt. A. Webber, from 21 F.	19 Sept.	— E. H. Garthwaite, ditto		do.	
Ens. G. Wynne, from 61 F.	do.	— P. L. Perry, ditto		do.	
— G. B. Mathew, from 52 F.	do.	— E. Jones, ditto		do.	
— J. B. Oliver, from 40 F.	do.	— C. Epworth, ditto		do.	
— J. Lawford, from 63 F.	do.	— M. M'Pherson, unattached		do.	
<i>To be Ensigns by purchase.</i>		— A. Creighton, ditto		do.	
E. L. Bulwer, vice Madden, whose app. has not		— W. Haley (Lt.-Col.) Nova Scotia Fenc.		do.	
taken place	29 Aug.	— A. Campbell, unattached		do.	
T. W. Thompson	do.	— W. Rowe, marines		do.	
G. K. Corfield	19 Sept.	— A. Shairpe, ditto		do.	
<i>Allowed to Dispose of their Half-Pay.</i>		— B. O. Loane, 4 Ceyl. Regt.		do.	
Lt.-Gen. O'Loghlan, as Lt.-Col. 27 F.	15 Aug.	— R. Foy (Lt.-Col.), marines		do.	
Lt.-Col. W. Barry, marines	29 do.	— H. W. Cresswell, ditto		do.	
— F. Jones, unattached	do.	Capt. W. Clifford, 3 F.		do.	
— W. M. Coombie, marines	do.	— G. de Chassepot, York Hussars		do.	
Maj. W. Parke (Lt.-Col.) 66 F.	do.	— C. Reynell, 4 W. I. Regt.		do.	
— J. Jameson, unattached	do.	Lt. A. Johnston, Dublin Regt.		do.	
— S. Sankey, 9 F.	do.	— T. Barry, 84 F.		do.	
— G. J. Walsely, unattached	do.	— G. Wallace, ret. list 3 R. Vet. Bat.		do.	
— P. Baird, ditto	do.	— Sir G. R. Farmer, 23 F.		do.	
— R. Clarke, marines	do.	— W. F. Ebbart, ret. list 2 R. Vet. Bat.		do.	
— M. Thompson, ditto	do.	Ens. W. Brown, 4 W. I. Reg.		do.	
— A. Hull, ditto	do.				
— J. H. Graham, ditto	do.				
— E. N. Lowder, ditto	do.				
Capt. W. Gilham, 36 F.	do.				
— W. B. Proctor, 104 F.	do.				
— R. Maedonald, 44 F.	do.				
Lt. W. A. Cuninghame, 95 F.	do.				
Ens. H. W. Bennet, 16 F.	do.				
Lt.-Col. T. Mitchell, marines.	do.				
Maj. T. H. Morrice, ditto	do.				
— I. J. Anson, ditto	do.				
— H. Ross, ditto	do.				
Capt. R. J. Colley, 1 F.	do.				
Lt. J. Imlach, 87 F.	do.				
— J. D. Mowlds, 11 F.	do.				
Lt.-Col. F. Williams, marines	19 Sept.				
— B. Dickenson, ditto	do.				
— M. Arnott, ditto	do.				
— J. Vallack, ditto	do.				
— A. Stransham, ditto	do.				
Maj. M. R. Glaze, ditto	do.				

Unattached.

The under-mentioned Officers, having Brevet rank superior to their Regimental Commissions, have accepted Promotion upon half-pay, according to the General Order of 25th April 1826.

To be Lieut.-Cols. of Infantry.
Br. Lt.-Col. A. W. Maedonnell, from 25 F.

19 Sept. 1826.

— J. M. Sutherland, from 35 F. do.

To be Majors of Infantry.

Br. Maj. R. Cole, from 81 F. 17 Aug.

— W. Green, from 35 F. 19 Sept.

— J. Brine, from 7 F. do.

— T. Champ, from 43 F. do.

— G. A. Elliot, from 68 F. do.

The undermentioned Officers of the Regiment of Artillery having Brevet rank superior to their Regimental Commissions, have been granted Promotion on half-pay, viz.
Brev. Maj. W. Webber 28 Aug.
— W. Miller 29 do.

October.

Brevet	Capt. Ferns, of 96 F. to be Major in the army	27 May 1825.	15 Dr.	A. J. Wood, Cor. by purch. vice Busha prom.	28 Sept.
1 Dr. Gds.	Cor. Thompson, Lt. by purch. vice Davies prom.	5 Oct. 1826	17	L. Ames, Cor. by purch. vice Welch, prom.	3 Oct.
	Ens. Wilkie, from 5 F. Cornet by purch. do.		Gren. Gds.	Lt. Radcliffe, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Johnstone, prom.	do.
	Cor. Handley, Lieut. by purch. vice Elwes, prom.	17 do.		C. Hulse, Ens. and Lieut. by purch. do.	
3	Serj.-Maj. Martin, Adj. with rank of Cor. vice Bolton 11 F.	31 Aug.	Cold. Gds. R.	Vansittart, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Manningham, ret.	21 Sept.
	Cor. Wilson. Lt. by purch. vice Chalmers, prom.	12 Oct.	3 F. Gds.	Capt. and Lt.-Col. Bowater, Major by purch. with R. of Col. v. Cochrane, ret.	12 Oct.
1 Dr.	W. H. Desborough, Cor. by purch. vice Pitman, prom.	do.		Lt. Stockdale, Capt. and Lt. Col. do.	
4	Cor. and Adj. Harrison to have rank of Lieut.	13 Aug. 1825		Ens. and Lt. Hon. C. B. Phipps, Lieut. and Capt. do.	
	Cor. and Rid. Mast. Henley, from 5 D. Gds. Cornet, vice Villiers, prom.	5 Oct. 1826.	1 Foot.	N. Micklethwaite, Ens. and Lieut. do.	
7	Maj. Frazer, Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Thornhill, ret.	28 Sept.		E. T. Palmer, Ens. by purch. vice Neville, prom.	21 Sept.
	Capt. Hon. G. B. Molyneux, Maj. do.	do.		Staff As. Surg. M'Andrew, M.D. As. Surg.	28 do.
	Lieut. Broadhead, Capt. do.	do.	2	Hosp. As. Poole, As. Surg. do.	
	Cor. Doyne, Lieut. do.	do.	3	Lieut. Bruce, from h. p. 53 F. Lieut. vice Walsh, 50 F.	25 do.
	R. Cheslyn, Cor. do.	do.		As. Surg. Paterson, from 52 F. As. Sur. vice Ivory, prom.	28 do.
8	Lieut. Harrison, Capt. by purch. vice Knight prom.	17 do.	5	Gent. Cad. Jones, from R. Mil. Col. Ens. by purch. vice Wilkie, 1 D. G.	5 Oct.
	Cor. MacCall, Lieut. do.	do.	6	Hosp. As. Stewart, As. Surg. 28 Sept.	
	E. B. Thornhill, Cor. do.	do.		J. T. Latham, Ens. vice Dumaresq, dead	12 Oct.
13	F. Thorold, Cor. by purch. vice Christie, prom.	3 Oct.	8	C. B. Caldwell, Ens. by purch. vice May prom.	10 do.
	Staff As. Surg. Stephenson, M.D. As. Surg. vice Gibson, h. p.	25 Sept.	9	Ens. Taylor, Lieut. vice Clarkson, dead	26 July
	J. L. Moilliet, Cor. by purch. vice Benson, prom.	5 Oct.			

9	F. Robinson, Ens.	12 Oct.	68	Capt. Ferguson, from h. p.	20 Dr.
10	G. Staunton, Ens. by pur. vice Franks, prom.	5 Oct.		Capt. rep. diff. to h. p. fund. v. Elliot prom.	21 Sept.
13	Hosp. As. Chapman, As. Surg.	28 Sept.	69	Major Sir C. Cuyler, Lt. by purch. vice Muttelbury, ret.	3 Oct.
14	Ens. Tidy, Lieut. by purch. vice Cockell, 2 F.	do.		— Peel, from h. p. Major	do.
	2 Lieut. Chambers, from 60 F. Ens. do.	do.	70	B. Swan, Ens. by purch. vice Trollope, prom.	10 do.
15	Hosp. As. Battersby, As. Surg.	do.		Ens. Kirwan, Lt. by purch. vice Jelf, prom.	17 do.
	As. Surg. Monro, from 77 F. As. Surg. vice Knott, 6 Dr.	do.		G. Durnford, Ens. by purch. vice Kirwan, prom.	do.
17	Lieut. Edwards, Capt. by purch. vice Pratt, prom.	3 Oct.	72	Ens. Lacy, Lt. by purch. vice Garthshore, prom.	3 do.
	Ens. Darley, Lieut.	do.		C. Thursby, Ens.	do.
	C. Steele, Ens.	do.	71	Capt. Campbell, from 42 F. Capt. vice Hillier, prom.	17 do.
19	Ens. Williamson, Lieut. by purch. vice Stirling, prom.	28 Sept.	77	Hosp. As. Mackesey, As. Surg. vice Munro, 15 F.	12 do.
20	Hosp. As. Williams, M.D. As. Surg. do.	do.	82	W. F. Taverner, Ens. by purch. vice Maxwell, prom.	28 Sept.
	Capt. Taylor, from h. p. Capt. vice Garrett, prom.	19 do.	81	Hosp. As. Rankin, M.D. As. Surg. do.	do.
	Hosp. As. Wood, M.D. As. Surg.	28 do.	86	C. O'Callaghan, Ens. by purch. vice Caldwell, prom.	do.
	Ens. Burke, Lt. vice Pitts, 72 F.	5 Oct.		Hosp. As. Beavan, As. Surg.	do.
	W. Houstoun, Ens.	do.	87	Hosp. As. Marshall, As. Surg.	do.
21	R. G. Williams, 2d Lieut. by purch. v. Armstrong, prom.	3 do.	89	Ens. Miles, Lt. by purch. vice Dougan, ret.	21 do.
	R. Davies, 2d Lieut. by purch. vice Macdonald, prom.	12 do.		M. Polo, Ens.	do.
22	As. Surg. Murray, M.D. from 2 W. I. R. As. Surg.	28 Sept.	90	Hosp. As. Carline, As. Surg.	28 do.
28	E. H. Trelawney, Ens. by purch. vice Acklom, prom.	12 Oct.		Ens. Cuming, Lt. by purch. vice Popham, prom.	do.
29	Ens. Fitz Gerald, Lieut. by purch. vice Bell, prom.	17 do.		E. P. Gilbert, Ens. by purch.	do.
	Gent. Cadet Humphreys, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens.	do.		M. Geale, Ens. by purch. vice Eld, prom.	29 do.
30	Hosp. As. Dickson, As. Surg.	28 Sept.	96	Capt. Scott, from h. p. 25 Dr. Paym. vice Furlong, 2 Dr. G.	5 Oct.
31	Hosp. As. Casement, M.D. As. Sur. do.	do.		Rifle Bri. Major Logan, from h. p. Major, vice Fullarton, prom.	10 do.
32	Lt. Reoch, Capt. by purch. vice Olivier, prom.	10 Oct.		2 W. I. R. Hosp. As. Ewing, As. Surg. vice Murray, 22 F.	28 Sept.
	Ens. Trevelyan, Lt. by purch.	do.			
	E. Wynne, Ens.	12 do.			
35	J. Colquhoun, Ens. by purch. vice Fiske, prom.	do.			
35	Brev. Lt.-Col. Shaw, from h. p. Major, vice Sutherland, prom.	19 Sept.			
	Capt. Teulon, Maj. by purch. vice Shaw, prom.	17 Oct.			
	— Butler, from h. p. Capt.	do.			
	— Semple, from h. p. Capt. vice M'Pherson, prom.	12 do.			
	Lieut. Macpherson, from 46 F. Lieut. vice Buchanan, cancelled	do.			
37	E. Willis, Ens. by purch. vice Orde, 41 F.	25 Sept.			
38	Hosp. As. Graves, As. Surg.	28 do.			
41	Ens. Orde, from 37 F. Lt. by purch. vice Hay, 27 F.	25 do.			
	Hosp. As. W. Smith, As. Surg.	28 do.			
44	Hosp. As. A. Smith, As. Surg.	do.			
45	Hosp. As. Leslie, As. Surg.	do.			
46	Hosp. As. Urquart, M.D. As. Surg. do.	do.			
	Lt. Muttelbury, from h. p. 69 F. Lt. vice Macpherson, 35 F.	12 Oct.			
	— French, Adj. vice Purcell, res. Adjutancy only	do.			
47	Hosp. As. Lightfoot, As. Surg.	28 Sept.			
48	Hosp. As. Fitz Gerald, M.D. As. Surg.	do.			
	Lt. Walsh, from 3 F. Lt. vice Williams, ret. h. p. 53 F.	25 do.			
	Serj. Maj. White, from Colds. Gds. Adj. with rank of Ens. v. Gill, prom.	5 Oct.			
54	Hosp. As. Brydon, As. Surg.	25 Sept.			
56	Capt. Barclay, from h. p. Capt. (pay diff. to h. p. fund) vice Barrington, prom.	10 Oct.			
57	Ens. Chadforth, Lieut. by purch. vice Gray, prom.	do.			
	J. Wood, Ens.	do.			
59	Hosp. As. Strath, As. Surg.	28 Sept.			
60	2d Lt. Spence, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Fothergill, prom.	do.			
	M. E. Haworth, 2d Lt. by purch. do.	do.			
	Surg. Leigh, M.D. from h. p. 2 R. V. Bn. Surg. vice Winterscale, can.	12 Oct.			
66	F. G. Armstrong, Ens. by p. vice Herbert, prom.	10 do.			
	Ens. Jenner, Lt. by purch. vice Johnson, prom.	24 do.			
	R. T. Healey, Ens.	do.			

Garrisons.

Gen. W. Knollys, Gov. of Limerick, vice Maj. Gen. Fawcett, dead 4 Oct. 1826
Col. Sir George Elder, Lieut. Gov. of St John's, Newfoundland do.

Ordnance Department.

Royal Art. Gent. Cadet C. Bignell, 2d Lieut.
18 Oct. 1826
— J. W. Mitchell, do. do.
— G. J. Beresford, do. do.
Med. Dep. 1st As. Surg. Macdonald, Surg. vice Scratchly, ret.
2d As. Surg. Whitelaw, 1st As. Surg. — Nixon, from h. p. 2d As. Surg.

Medical Department.

Brev. Insp. W. W. Fraser, Inspector of Hospitals 13 July 1826
J. W. Moffat, Hosp. As. to the Forces, v. As. Surg. Cunningham, h. p. 28 Sep.
M. J. M. Ross, do. vice As. Surg. Rolston, dead do.
J. D. Walker, do. vice Geddes, prom. 5 Oct.
G. Rumley, do. vice Stuart, 14 F. 12 do.
J. K. Adams, do. vice De St Croix, prom. do.
F. Browne, do. vice As. Surg. Stephenson, 13 Dr. do.

Unattached.

To be Lieut. Colonel of Infantry by Purchase.
Brev. Lt. Col. Shaw, from 35 F.
To be Majors of Infantry by Purchase.
Capt. Pratt, from 17 F.
— Johnstone, from Gren. Guards
— Olivier, from 32 F.
— Knight, from 8 Dr.
To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.
Lieut. Davies, from 1 Dr. Gds.
— Chalmers, from 3 Dr. Gds.
— Garthshore, from 72 F.
— Sutherland, from 46 F.
— Macpherson, from 1 F.
— Gray, from 57 F.
— Hon. R. F. Greville, from 17 Dr.
— Jelf, from 70 F.
— Sir W. Scott, Bart. from 2 L. Dr.
— Kerr, from 1 F.

Lieut. Steuart, from 47 F.
 — Bell, from 29 F.
 — Elwes, from 1 Dr. Gds.
 — Johnston, from 66 F.

To be Lieuts. of Infantry, by purchase.

Cor. Christie, from 13 Dr.
 — Burges, from 16 Dr.
 2d Lt. Macdonald, from 21 F.
 Ens. Trollope, from 70 F.
 — Herbert, from 66 F.
 — Johnstone, from 68 F.
 — May, from 8 F.

To be Ensigns by purchase.

G. Smith
 H. S. Blake

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. Stables, Gren. Gds. with Lt. Col. Clive, h. p.
 — Calvert, 72 F. with Lt. Col. Arbuthnot, h. p. pay. diff. h. p. fund.
 — Hon. Lin. Stanhope, 17 Dr. rec. differ. with Lt. Col. Rumpier, h. p.
 Major Peddie, 95 F. rec. diff. with Major Blane, h. p.
 Capt. Champain, 5 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Allan, h. p.
 — Vincent, 36 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Knox, h. p.
 — Parlyb, 12 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Cunyng-hame, h. p.
 — Murray, Coldst. Guards, rec. diff. with Capt. Stewart, h. p.
 — Drewry, 5 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Buller, h. p.
 — Bayley, 36 F. (paying differ. to h. p. fund) with Capt. Meade, h. p.
 — Gardner, 53 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hill, h. p.
 — Burnaby, 3 Dr. Guards, rec. diff. with Capt. Chalmers, h. p.
 — La Touche, 18 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Adams, h. p.
 — Custance, 19 F. with Brev. Maj. Hamilton, h. p. 1 Roy. Vet. Bat.
 Lieut. Dayrell, 4 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Penleaze, h. p.
 — Moore, 40 F. with Lieut. Williams, 57 F.
 — Rothwell, 62 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Carr, h. p.
 — Apothecary Cromie, 13 F. with 2d Lieut. Grierson, 60 F.
 — Beatty, 90 F. rec. diff. with Ensign White, h. p.
 Apothecary O'Brien, Hosp. Staff, with Apothecary Reade, h. p.
 Dep. Purveyor Power with Dep. Purveyor Croft, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieutenant Colonels.

Muttlebury, 69 F.
 Thornhill, 7 Dr.
 Halyburton, Ret. List 7 R. V. B.

Majors.

Lane, h. p. Roy. Art.
 Wilford, do.
 Straubensee, do.

Captains.

Nicholson, Ret. List 5 Roy. Vet. Bat.
 Barton, h. p. 39 F.
 Temple, h. p. 52 F.
 Linsingen, (Lieut. Col.) h. p. 1 Huss. King's Ger. Leg.
 Brater, h. p. 5 W. I. Regt.
 De Sury, h. p. Roll's Regt.
 Murray, h. p. 91 F.
 De la Beteche, h. p. Chas. Brit.
 Freer, h. p. New Brunsw. Fenc.

Coldclough, h. p. 103 F.
 Macintosh, h. p. For. Off.
 Capt. and Lt. Col.

Cochrane, 3 F. G.

Lieutenants.

Winbolt, h. p. 15 F.
 Minter, h. p. 21 F.
 Medicott, h. p. 67 F.
 Power, h. p. 50 F.
 Abbot, h. p. 63 F.
 Perrin, h. p. 90 F.

Ensign and Lieut.

Manningham, Coldst. Gds.

Ensign.

Dougan, 89 F.

Paymaster.

Home, h. p. 93 F.

Unattached.

The under-mentioned Officers, having Brevet rank superior to their Regimental Commissions, have accepted Promotion upon half-pay, according to the General Order of 25th April 1826.

To be Lt. Colonels of Infantry.

Br. Lt. Col. Fullarton, from Rifle Brig.
 — Rumpier, from 60 F.
 — Moore, from Gren. Gds.
 Br. Maj. Buckley, from do.

To be Majors of Infantry.

Br. Maj. Winklen, from 1 W. I. Regt.
 — Macdougall, from 25 F.
 — Barrington, from 56 F.
 — Macpherson, from 35 F.
 — Hillier, from 74 F.

Deaths.

Lieut. General.

Bentham, R. Art. Canterbury 13 Oct. 26

Major General.

Fawcett, Gov. of Limerick

Colonels.

Maitland, late of 84 F. Hammersmith, 6 Sept. 26
 Serle, So. Hants, Mil. London, Oct.

Captains.

J. W. Stuart, 20 F. (previously of 6 F.) on passage from Mandavia to Bombay, 9 Mar. 26
 Baird, late 13 R. Vet. Bat. Herefordshire, 1 July

Lieutenants.

Ratcliff, 6 F. on passage from Bombay to Europe, 28 Apr. 26

Clarkson, 9 F. Trinidad, 25 July

O'Neill, 89 F. 28 Nov. 25

Macleod, do. do.

Eady, h. p. 50 F.

Veitch, h. p. 57 F. France

Lowe, h. p. 60 F. Kilmainham Hospital, Dublin, 22 Sept. 26

O'Reilly, h. p. Unatt. Castlebar, 28 Aug.

Aug. Mejer, h. p. For. Vet. Bat. 28 Sept.

Ensigns.

Dumaresq, 6 F. at sea, 27 July 26

Smith, 16 F. Kandy, 8 Feb.

M'Intyre, late 5 R. Vet. Bat.

Quarter-Masters.

Ross, 85 F. Malta, 22 Aug. 26

D. Jones, h. p. 103 F. Dublin, 18 Sept.

Rodber, h. p. Romney Fenc. 30 July

Surgeon.

Dr Venables, h. p. R. Art. 30 Sept.

Assist. Surgeon.

Frederick, h. p. 1 L. Dr. Germ. Leg. Morseburg, Prussia, 6 June 26

Hospital Assist.

Mark Stewart.
Wounded in Action with the Burmese, under the command of Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell, K. C. B. at Pagahm Mew, 9th Feb. 1826.

Capt. Tronson, 13 F. severely, not dangerously.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the
21st of August and the 21st of October, 1826.

- Ainsworth, T. Blackburn, Lancashire, draper.
 Allsop, G. Hollywell, Flintshire, maltster.
 Allan, J. Truro, Cornwall, tea-dealer.
 Aldersley, W. Gravesend, coach-master.
 Andrews, T. and T. R. Tavistock Place, St Pancras, coal-merchants.
 Ash, Susanna, Upper Russell Street, Bermondsey, tanner.
 Ashton, Jos. and S. Ashton, Stockport, cotton-spinners.
 Bailey, R. Vauxhall, tavern-keeper.
 Bannister, T. Norwood Green, Middlesex, brewer.
 Barlow, T. jun. and H. T. Liverpool, drapers.
 Bardsley, J. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, hat-manufacturer.
 Beastall, J. Hucknall Tokard, Nottinghamshire, lace-manufacturers.
 Bellamy, B. Wood Street, Cheapside, carpenter.
 Bennett, T. Levi Hammond, and W. Bennett, Kidderminster, timber-merchants.
 Bentley, T. Blackburn, miller.
 Bishop, C. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, victualler.
 Bire, L. Pinner's Court, Broad Street, merchant.
 Blood, M. Bath, surgeon.
 Bond, T. Hendon, Middlesex, dealer.
 Boond, Altringham, Cheshire, calico-manufacturer.
 Bradshaw, W. Manchester, tailor.
 Brantingham, W. Monkwearmouth-shore, Durham, grocer.
 Bridge, G. Marple, Cheshire, cotton-manufacturer.
 Brown, G. Kidderminster, stone-mason.
 Brown, J. Birmingham, linen-draper.
 Brown, J. D. Walthamstow, Essex, surgeon.
 Brodribble, H. and Webb, G. Bristol, grocers.
 Burleton, W. Litton, Somerset, mealman.
 Buck, P. Knaresborough, Yorkshire, cabinet-maker.
 Carruthers, J. Leadenhall Street, tea-dealer.
 Castello, D. Old Broad Street, merchant.
 Child, A. jun. Walcot, Somersetshire, carpenter.
 Clarkson, A. Thatcham, Berks, innkeeper.
 Cole, W. New Street, Covent-Garden, hardware-man.
 Cohen, J. Great Prescott Street, upholsterer.
 Corry, R. Henstridge, Somersetshire, innkeeper.
 Cox, T. Ensham, Oxfordshire, innkeeper.
 Curtis, R. Bleasdale, Lancashire, paper-manufacturer.
 Dady, H. Dowgate-hill, carpenter.
 Davies, J. Newport, Monmouthshire, currier.
 Deakin, F. Birmingham, sword-manufacturer.
 Denny, W. Lancaster, saddler.
 Dimsdale, C. E. Middleham, Yorkshire, scrivener.
 Dobson, T. jun. Furnival's Inn, money-scrivener.
 Downer, H. Strand, ironmonger.
 Duesbury, W. and W. Bonsal, Derbyshire, colour-manufacturers.
 Dutton, F. Little Queen Street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, stationer.
 Dumvile, P. W. Manchester, dealer.
 Drinkwater, W. Manchester, woollen-draper.
 Eburne, F. Ryton-upon-Dunsmore, Warwickshire, miller.
 Emley, J. and R. Nicholas Lane, brokers.
 Farrar, W. Friday Street, Cheapside, wine-merchant.
 Farrand, J. H. Clare, Suffolk, tanner and fell-monger.
 Farmer, W. Bath, ironmonger.
 Featherstone, F. Liverpool, grocer.
 Fell, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Fidler, Mary, Norbury, Cheshire, innkeeper.
 Foster, J. G. Lower Philimore Place, Kensington, bill-broker.
 Fowler, J. and Linthorpe, G. M. Little Tower Street, tea-dealers.
 Fowler, T. St Albans, Herts, brickmaker.
 Francis, E. and D. Whatmouth, Whitechurch, Shropshire, schoolmaster.
 Garnett, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Gatley, J. Henton, Norris, Lancashire, turner.
 Geary, T. John's-mews, Bedford Row, coach and house-painter.
 Gegg, J. H. Uphill, Somerset, dealer and chapman.
 Gill, T. Stourport, Worcestershire, corn-dealer.
 Gilson, T. Nottingham, hosier.
 Gibbs, T. H. Chiswell Street, Finsbury Square, oil and colourman.
 Gilbert, D. Oxford, coach-maker.
 Glead, I. Hawkesbury, Upton, Gloucestershire, draper.
 Gregory, W. J. Manchester, upholsterer.
 Graves, G. Manchester, machine-maker.
 Graham, C. Cleathorpes, Lincolnshire, victualler.
 Hallett, W. jun. Tenby, Pembroke, shopkeeper.
 Hallett, W. sen. Pembroke, shopkeeper.
 Halliday, J. Castle Street, Holborn, merchant.
 Halket, J. and Hughes, T. Liverpool, timber-merchants.
 Hatfield, R. Maddox Street, Hanover Square, plumber.
 Harrison, A. Wigan, Lancashire, shopkeeper.
 Harrison, S. Manchester, grocer.
 Hankey, W. Roll's Buildings, Fetter Lane, carpenter.
 Harris, J. Plymouth, joiner.
 Harrison, T. Union Street, Southwark, linen-draper.
 Hilton, J. Rushdin, Hertfordshire, farmer.
 Hipwood, B. Anthony Street, Ratcliffe-Highway, cabinet-maker.
 Hirst, J. Manchester, spindle-maker.
 Hockley, S. Union Street, Bishopsgate, tea-dealer.
 Hodges, D. Liverpool, Lancashire, silk-mercer.
 Holwhede, J. F. Liverpool, merchant.
 Holbird, J. T. Beech Street, Barbican, boot-maker.
 Holmes, N. R. Fenchurch Street, hop-merchant.
 Holgate, R. Habergham Eaves, Lancashire, common brewer.
 Holmes, J. and F. E. Edwards, Derby, booksellers.
 Hood, J. J. otherwise, W. Lingard, Southampton Street, colourman.
 Hopkinson, T. Ashton-under-line, oil-merchant.
 How, J. Salisbury Crescent, Kent Road, broker.
 Howes, J. Cranworth, and of Cotton, Norfolk, blacksmith.
 Hunt, J. Bagilt, Flintshire, innkeeper.
 Hunter, J. Clifton, Gloucestershire, wine-merchant.
 Humberston, E. H. and J. Dunning, and G. Fletcher, merchants.
 Jackson, J. Macclesfield, silk-throwster.
 Jefferson, R. Pickering, York, haberdasher.
 Jones, E. T. Northfleet, Kent, victualler.
 Keating, G. Waterloo Road, linen-draper.
 Kean, M. Kentish-town, boarding-house-keeper.
 Kerrison, R. Cambridge-Heath, Hackney coach-master.
 Kettle, W. W. Birmingham, button-maker.
 Kien, Mary, Kentish-town, lodging-house-keeper.
 Knights, J. Bradfield, Yarmouth, Norfolk, builder.
 Lee, R. Mincing-lane, wine-merchant.
 Lee, J. Wood Street, Cheapside, warehouseman.
 Levin, M. and Josephs, M. Goodmans-fields, merchants.
 Lewis, M. W. Stamford Grove, Upper Clapton, surveyor.
 Lock, J. Northampton, draper.
 Lord, J. Oakenrod Mills, Lancashire, woollen-carder.
 Lowe, I. Walsall, Staffordshire, plater.
 Lowe, J. Manchester, oil-merchant.
 Martin, W. Runcorn, Cheshire, ship-carpenter.
 Marriott, G. Manchester, cotton-spinner.
 Marklove, C. and H. Berkeley, Gloucestershire, clothiers.
 Manley, T. Dawlish, Devon, builder.
 Martin C. Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorganshire, grocer.
 Marshall, T. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.

- May, J. W. Great St Helens, wine-merchant.
 Mears, C. Stockport, bread-baker.
 Mege, B. Cophall-Buildings, Throgmorton Street, merchant.
 Melville, N. Phoenix Street, Somer's Town, baker.
 Meski, H. St James's Square, tailor.
 Mercer, J. A. Basinghall Street, money-scrivener.
 Miles, W. Hereford, mercer.
 Monk, W. Bispham, Lancashire, maltster.
 Moore, T. Sunderland, grocer.
 Mogg, W. Wincanton, Somerset, dealer.
 Mooney, B. Hanover Street, Long-Acre, victualer.
 Moseley, J. King Street, Covent-Garden, victualer.
 Murrow, J. Liverpool, money-scrivener.
 Myers, P. Nottingham, optician.
 Nation, J. Bath, butcher.
 Naylor, T. and Ellis, G. Kexbrough, Yorkshire, fancy-cloth manufacturers.
 Nealon, J. Southwark, coal-merchant.
 Needle, M. G. Wood-street, tea-dealer.
 Nicholson, J. C. Liverpool, merchant.
 Norman, J. Tokenhouse Yard, broker.
 Nuttall, J. Wirksworth, Derbyshire, saddler.
 Palmer, H. M. Shrewsbury, grocer.
 Palmer, J. Shrewsbury, mercer.
 Palmer, H. Liverpool, and J. Richardson, Dublin, merchants.
 Palfreyman, G. Crag, Macclesfield, calico-printer.
 Pattenden, R. Henfield, Sussex, victualer.
 Patterson, J. Bridge Street, Blackfriars, ironmonger.
 Peak, J. New Ormond Street, bricklayer.
 Penny, J. Lymington, ironmonger.
 Perring, J. Turnmill Street, Clerkenwell, baker.
 Peters, C. East Church, Kent, farmer.
 Pippet, J. Shepton-Mallet, Somersetshire, clothier.
 Pickton, W. Liverpool, timber-merchant.
 Phelps, W. Belbroughton, Worcestershire, medicine preparer.
 Phelps, A. Bath, milliner.
 Pomeroy, R. jun. Brixham, Devonshire, banker.
 Potter, J. Salford, Lancashire, flour-dealer.
 Powrie, Ann, Middle-Row, Holborn, straw-hat-manufacturer.
 Powel, J. Wellington-terrace, Waterloo-road, tailor.
 Purdie, J. sen., and J. Burdie, jun., Norwich, bombazeen manufacturers.
 Read, E. Riche's Court, Lime Street, insurance-broker.
 Rehdn, C. F. Redcross Street, Cripplegate, ironmonger.
 Richards, D. Aberdeen, Glamorganshire, grocer.
 Rimer, C. T. Southampton, cheesemonger.
 Robinson, W. Salford, Lancashire, victualer.
 Rose, W. sen. Spilsby, Lincolnshire, shopkeeper.
 Roser, T. Brighton, builder.
 Rothwell, J. Salford, Lancashire, publican.
 Schofield, R. Pilkington, Lancaster, nankeen-manufacturer.
 Score, G. Tokenhouse Yard, money-scrivener.
 Scott, J. Great East Cheap, merchant.
 Sharp, W. and Askam, T. Leeds, iron-founders.
 Shakeshaft, J. jun., Widegate Street, dealer in earthen-ware.
 Shiers, N. Aldermanbury, warehouseman.
 Short, M. J. Marchmont Street, druggist.
 Sims, W. Fair-Oak, Bishops Stoke, Hants, school-master.
 Sleddon, F. and T. Preston, cotton-spinners.
 Sladdon, F. Preston, machine-maker.
 Smallwood, W. Covent-Garden Chambers, auctioneer.
 Smith, C. Sible-Hedingham, Essex, straw-plait dealer.
 Smith, W. Leicester, wheel-wright.
 Snow, T. Shipston-upon-Stower, Worcestershire, tanner.
 South, W. A. High Street, Southwark, chemist.
 Spencer, J. Burnley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
 Stamp, W. H. and W. Nicholson, Norway Wharf, Millbank Street, Westminster, timber-merchants.
 Staniforth, C. and J. and J. W. Gosling, Old Broad Street, merchants.
 Stelton, T. H. Southampton, stationer.
 Stephens, J. Coombe, Carmarthenshire, clay-merchant.
 Stone, J. Manchester, lace-dealer.
 Stokes, J. Worcester, hop-merchant.
 Stroud, H. Chichester, spirit-merchant.
 Taylor, J. Agecroft, Lancashire, calico-printer.
 Thies, F. W. Liverpool, merchant.
 Thompson, W. Blue-boar-Court, Friday Street, Manchester, warehouseman.
 Thornley, R. Vale House, Mottram in Longden-dale, Cheshire, cotton-spinner.
 Thomas, T. Swansea, grocer.
 Tipping, G. Openshaw, Lancashire, bleacher.
 Trehern, Z. and G. Stevens, Hereford, timber-merchants.
 Tute, W. Leeds, dyer.
 Vigevena, J. J. City Mills, Stratford, Essex, calenderer.
 Wallace, J. Liverpool and Belfast, merchant.
 Warner, R. Cockspur Street, dressing-case manufacturer.
 Warder, J. Stoulton, Worcester, innkeeper.
 Watkins, J. Castle Street, Holborn, coal-merchant.
 Watson, W. Bishopsgate Street, innkeeper.
 Watson, A. Blackburn, and Watson, J. Lancaster, haberdashers.
 Watson, A. Blackburn, draper.
 Wetherspoon, M. and J. R. Walford, Liverpool, merchants.
 Welch, S. Whitechurch, Shropshire, saddler.
 Wheeler, J. Cardiff, builder.
 Wheelodom, S. Derby, wheelwright.
 Wild, B. and H. Husted's Mills, Yorkshire, woollen cloth manufacturers.
 Willey, J. Manchester, innkeeper.
 Winnington, P. Manchester, boot and shoemaker.
 Williams, J. Penygoddfa, Llanllwchalam, Montgomeryshire, flannel-manufacturer.
 Wigglesworth, T. Colne, Lancashire, rope-manufacturer.
 Witte, de G. J. Brompton-Row, Knightsbridge, dealer.
 Worthington, S. and J. Hodkinson, Manchester, calenderers.
 Wood, T. Basford, Notts, tallow-chandler.
 Wright, G. C. Hedge-Row, Islington, grocer.
 Wright, R. jun. Stockport, grocer.
 Young, J. Coleford, Gloucestershire, butcher.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 4th of September, and the 31st of October, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

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| <p>Alexander, James, auctioneer and cattle-dealer in Fenwick.
 Charles, Matthew, tanner in Edinburgh.
 Crawford, Andrew, plasterer and lime-merchant in Glasgow.
 Craig, John, sometime bleacher at Springbank, now at Littlegowan.
 Curl, William, of Braes, lime-burner.
 Douglas, George, wright in Edinburgh.
 Drummond, James, iron-monger, Paisley.
 Fairbairn, John, bookseller and stationer, Edinburgh.</p> | <p>Fairweather, John, inn-keeper and mail-coach contractor in Arbroath.
 Foreman, John, merchant in Coldstream.
 Frame, John, and Son, calico-printers in Glasgow.
 Fyfe, Alexander, merchant in Nairn.
 Galbraith, John, sen., draper, Glasgow.
 Hislop, Andrew, and Hislop, David, builders in Brighton Street, Edinburgh.
 Hogg, William, cabinet-maker, Edinburgh.
 Inglis, James, merchant, Cupar-Fife.
 Ireland, Thomas, sen. and Co. merchants, Edinburgh.</p> |
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Jackson, Thomas, of Broomhill near West-Calder, late grocer, Edinburgh; and afterwards of the late firm of Jackson and Sherriff, coal and spirit-merchants, Fountainbridge.
 Keddie, Mrs Beatrice, candle-maker in Edinburgh.
 Laing, Gilbert, calico-printer, Chapel, parish of Neilston.
 Lockhart, James, tailor and clothier, Saltmarket Street, Glasgow.
 McInnes, Hugh, merchant-tailor in Glasgow.
 McKean, John and Co. tallow-chandlers and candle-makers in Paisley.
 Millidge, J. and Co. stained-glass manufacturers, Edinburgh.
 Mitchell, Thomas, haberdasher, Leith.

Murray, Peter, younger of Troquhain, grazier and cattle-dealer.
 Peters, John, jun. merchant in Glasgow.
 Samuel, James, carter, cowfeeder, and builder, at Tylefield, near Glasgow.
 Scott, Robert, manufacturer and flax-spinner in Cupar.
 Spencer, William, vintner in Inverary.
 Struthers, John, merchant in Glasgow.
 The concern sometime carried on by the late Robert Mitchell, flesher in Edinburgh, and John Mitchell, flesher there, as fleshers in Edinburgh, as sole surviving partner.
 White, Robert, wine and spirit-dealer in Glasgow.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

April 8. At Miramichi, New Brunswick, the Lady of Alex. Fraser, jun. Esq. of a son.
June 10. At Bogota, the Lady of James Henderson, Esq. his Majesty's Consul-General for Columbia, of a daughter.
July 13. At Port Henderson, Jamaica, the Lady of John Percy Henderson of Foswell Bank, Esq. Perthshire, of a daughter.
Aug. 18. At Xeres de la Frontera, in Spain, the Lady of Gideon Cranstoun, Esq. of a son.
Sept. 4. At London, the Lady of D. Charles Guthrie, Esq. of a son.
 — At Ardwell House, the Lady of John Birtwhistle, Esq. of Barharrow, of a son.
 5. At 51, Frederick Street, Mrs Keith, of a still-born son.
 5. At Bath, the lady of Dr Bowie, of a daughter.
 6. At Edinburgh, Mrs John Cockburn, of a son.
 — At Hartwood Lodge, Mrs Mowbray, of a daughter.
 7. At Yarmouth, the lady of George Hill, Esq. London, of a son.
 10. At Edinburgh, Mrs Robert Sangster, R. N. of a daughter.
 12. At Brussels, the Lady of Captain James Hay of Belton, Royal Navy, of a son.
 13. Mrs Patrick Robertson, Great King Street, of a daughter.
 16. At Lauriston House, Mrs Auld, of a son.
 17. At Anniston House, county of Angus, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Thackeray, of a daughter.
 18. At No. 23, Royal Circus, the Lady of James Walker, Esq. Advocate, of a daughter.
 — The wife of Mr W. Bailey, 17, St John Street, of a daughter.
 20. At Old Melrose, Mrs Douglas of Adderston, of a daughter.
 — At 36, Drummond Place, Mrs Hannay, of a son.
 21. At Beech Hill, the Lady of James Gammell, Esq. of a son and heir.
 22. At Arndilly, the Hon. Mrs Macdowall Grant, of a daughter.
 23. At Pwilyerohan, North Wales, the Lady of Sir David Erskine, Bart. of a daughter.
 24. At Bargarvie, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Webster, of a son.
 25. Mrs T. Weir, Nelson Street, of a son.
 — Mrs R. Scott Moncrieff, 31, Howe Street, of a son.
 26. At Arniston Place, Newington, Mrs Peter Forbes, of a son.
 — At Shrub Place, Mrs Snody, of a son and daughter.
 27. At Woodend Cottage, Fifeshire, Mrs Fulton, of a daughter.
 — Mrs William Nicholson, 29, Castle Street, of a daughter.
 — At Irvine, the Lady of S. M. Fullerton of Fullerton, Esq. of a daughter.
 30. At Shaws of Closebun, Mrs Douglas, of three daughters.
Oct. 1. At 17, Melville Street, the Lady of the Rev. John Sandford, of a son.
 2. At St Clement's Wells, Mrs James Aitchison, of a daughter.

Oct. 2. At Hendon House, near Sunderland, the Hon. Mrs Cochrane, of a son.
 — The Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Marshall, Military Secretary at Gibraltar, of a son.
 3. At Cuttlehill, Mrs Dewar, of a son.
 6. At Kilrenny Manse, Mrs Brown, of a daughter.
 — At St Mary Cray, Kent, the Lady of Joseph Hume, M.P. of a son.
 7. At Pisa, the Lady of Alexander Anderson, Esq. of Kingask, of a son.
 — At Eaglescarnie, the Lady of Major-General the Hon. P. Stuart, of a son.
 9. At Inchinnan Manse, the Lady of the Rev. Laurence Lockhart, of a son.
 11. At Govan Manse, Mrs Leishman, of a daughter.
 — At Dumfries, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Grierson, of a son.
 — At Kirkmay House, the Lady of Robert Inglis, Esq. of Kirkmay, of a son.
 12. At 45, Queen Street, the Lady of Lieut. Francis Grove, R. N. of a son.
 — At Aberdeen, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Clerk, of a son.
 — At Bounds Park, Kent, Lady Isabella Cust, sister of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, of a son.
 16. At George Square, the Lady of Patrick Dudgeon, Esq. of East Craig, of a son.
 18. At 66, Queen Street, Mrs William Blackett, of a son.
 20. At Gogar House, the Lady of Alexander Gibson Maitland, younger of Cliftonhall, Esq. of a son.
 — At Logie Green, Mrs G. Yule, of a daughter.
 — Mrs P. Hill, jun. 8, Pitt Street, of a daughter.
 — At 9, Newington Place, Mrs H. Pillans, of a daughter.
 21. At Moray Place, Mrs John Learmonth, of a son.
 22. At 79, Prince's Street, Mrs R. Adam, of a son.
 — Mrs Dickie, 12, Hailes Street, of a son.
 24. Mrs Carlyle Bell, 7, Royal Circus, of a daughter.
 — At Warriston Crescent, Mrs Francis Bridges, of a daughter.
 — At Craigside, Mrs R. Alexander, of a daughter.
 25. At Dundee, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel William Chalmers, of Glenrich, of a son.
 26. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Robert Eckford, Esq. of a son.
 29. At Pittencreeff, the Lady of James Hunt, Esq. of a son.
Lately. At Florence, Mrs Bradshaw, (late Miss M. Tree), of a daughter.
 — At 7, Howe Street, Mrs Alexander, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

May 26. At Masulipatam, Madras, Henry Vi-bart, Esq. Judge of the district of Masulipatam, to Mary Rose Campbell, eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Alex. Campbell of Ballochyle.
Sept. 5. At Orkie, by the Rev. Dr Barclay of Kettle, Robert Stocks, Esq. of Abden, to Jesse, daughter of the late John Thomson, Esq. of Holkettle.

5. At Hilltown, Patrick Bannerman, Esq. advocate, Aberdeen, to Anna Maria, second daughter of Sir William Johnston, Bart. of that ilk.

6. At Prestonpans, Mr John Whitecross, teacher, Edinburgh, to Helen, daughter of Mr John Heriot, merchant, Prestonpans.

7. At Parkhill, Francis Gordon of Kincairdine, to Isabella, third daughter of Lieut.-General John Gordon Cuming Skene of Pitgurgie and Dyce.

— At Aberdeen, William Dauncey, Esq. advocate, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late John Black, Esq. of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

— At St Margaret's Hill, Ayrshire, Thomas Carlyle, Esq. advocate, to Frances Wallace, sixth daughter of the Rev. Arch. Lawrie, D.D. minister of Loudoun.

8. At Portobello, John Livingstone, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Eliza Adam, daughter of John Stewart, Esq. merchant, London.

12. At Birdsbank, Cullen, the Rev. F. W. Grant, minister of Banff, to Sophia, youngest daughter of Thomas Rannie, Esq.

— Captain Charles Hope, R.N. second son of the Right Hon. the Lord President of the Court of Session, to Anne, eldest daughter of Captain Webley Parry, R.N. and C.B. of Noyadd Trefaur, in the county of Cardigan.

— At Lude, Lieut.-Colonel John Macdonald, of the 91st regiment, to Adriana, daughter of the late James M'Inroy, Esq. of Lude.

— At Fortrose, the Rev. Archibald Brown, minister of St Andrew's Church, Demerara, to Mrs Martha Junor, daughter of the late Colin Martha, Esq. of Bennetsfield.

— At Mary-la-Bonne Church, Lieut.-Colonel Latour of Staughton Lodge, Bedfordshire, C.B. and Knight of the Guelphic Order, to Urie Cameron Barclay Innes, eldest daughter of John Innes, Esq. of Cowie, Kincardineshire.

13. At Polmaly, Glen Urquhart, John Anderson Robertson, Esq. W. S., to Isabella Eleanor, daughter of the late Captain Johnson of the Royal Engineers, and relict of James Errol Gray, Esq. surgeon, Inverness.

14. At Lasswade, Mr John Gellatly, agent for the Carron Company at Leith, to Abigail, eldest daughter of the late John Nimmo, Esq. W. S.

14. At Kerse mains, Robert Stewart, junior, Esq. W. S., to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Andrew Pringle, Esq. of Kerse mains.

18. At Forth Street, Edinburgh, Humphrey Graham, Esq. to Joanna, youngest daughter of Adam Wilson, Esq. depute-clerk of Session.

— At Edinburgh, H. Palmer, Esq. to Susan, daughter of General Campbell, Priory, St Andrews.

19. At Alderston, Charles Granville Stuart Men-teath, Esq. to Cecilia Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Walter Cecil, Esq. of Moreton Jeffries.

20. At Stranraer, James Campbell Miller, Esq. wine-merchant, Bath, to Helen Boyd, eldest daughter of the late John Kerr, Esq. surgeon in Stranraer.

22. Alexander Wight, Esq. W. S. to Catherine, daughter of the late Sir James Campbell of Aberuchil and Kilbryde, Bart.

25. At Irvine, Dr S. A. Pagan, Maitland Street, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth Miller, only daughter of Dr M'Kenzie, Irvine.

28. At Loganbank, John Mackenzie, Esq. son of the late Sir Hector Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart. to Mary Jane, daughter of the Rev. John Inglis, D.D. of Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh.

Oct. 2. John Whitefoord M'Kenzie, Esq. W. S. to Jane Campbell, daughter of the late John Gordon, Esq. of Carleton.

3. At Edinburgh, Mr Archibald Campbell, Leith, to Isabella, daughter of Mr Robert Beattie, Somers Town, London.

4. In St John's Chapel, Edinburgh, John Clerk Maxwell, E. q. of Middlebie, advocate, to Frances, eldest daughter of the late Robert Hodson Cay, Esq. Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Scotland.

5. At Dublin, Henry Grattan, Esq. M. P. for that city, to Mary O'Kelly, only child of the late Philip Whitfield Harvey.

10. At Edinburgh, the Rev. James Gregory, Precentor of Kildare and Rector of Harristown, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Begbie of London.

Oct. 10. At Broughty Ferry, Alexander Clayhills, Esq. of Invergowrie, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lieut.-General David Hunter, of Burside.

— At London, John Dean Paul, Esq. eldest son of Sir John Dean Paul, Bart. to Georgiana Georgina Beaulerik, of St Leonard's Lodge, Sussex, and grand-daughter of the late Duke of Leinster.

— At Wemyss Castle, the Right Hon. Lord Loughborough, to Miss Wemyss of Wemyss.

11. At Edinburgh, John Murray, Esq. London, to Caroline Jamima, eldest daughter of the late Sir John Leslie, Bart. of F'indrassie.

— At Dunfermline, Mr James Barlas, merchant, Perth, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Black.

16. At Inverdunning, Strathearn, Alex. Balfour, Esq. Dundee, to Miss Margaret Steuart, of Inverdunning.

17. At Old Aberdeen, the Rev. Dr Mackenzie, minister of Clyne, to Sophia Jane, only daughter of the late Rev. William Mackenzie, Chaplain, 72d Regiment of foot.

18. At Chorley, Captain Hay of the Carabineers, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Fowden Hindle, Esq. of Gillibrand Hall, in the county of Lancaster.

— At Bothwell Castle, Major Moray Stirling, of Ardoch, to the Hon. Francis Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Douglas, of Douglas.

19. At St George's, Hanover Square, London, Henry Murray, Esq. youngest son of the late Lord George Murray, to Catherine Otway Cave, third daughter of the late Henry Otway, Esq. of Stanford Hall, Leicestershire.

23. At Edinburgh, James M'Alpine, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Janet Alexander, youngest daughter of Charles Hunt, Esq. Elm Row.

— At Alderly, Cheshire, Captain William Edward Parry, R. N. to Isabella Louisa, fourth daughter of Sir John Thomas Stanley, Bart.

— At Glasgow, the Rev. William Tannahill, Kirkintulloch, to Miss Smith of Kilmarnock.

— At Glasgow, Adam Monteith, Esq. to Jean, eldest daughter of Dr Chrystal.

24. At Glasgow, by the Rev. Dr Mitchell, Mr John Mudie, manufacturer, to Janet, youngest daughter of John Macintosh, Esq. accountant.

25. The Rev. James Maitland, minister of Kello, to Jessie, third daughter of the late Captain Cosby Swindell Norvell of Boghall.

— Mr Daniel M'Leod of London, to Elizabeth, second daughter of John Hunter, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Montquhannie, Fifeshire, Harry Gordon, Esq. of Knockespoke, to Anne, youngest daughter of the late George Carnegie, Esq. of Pittarrow.

23. At 1, Hanover Street, Mr John Moinet, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr John Brash, secretary to the North British Insurance Company.

— At Beanston, Captain Maedonald, Royal Engineers, to Ramsay, daughter of the Hon. William Maule of Panmure, M. P.

Lately. At Stratford, Wilts, Thomas Smith, Esq. of the Ionian Government Service, to Maria Louisa, daughter of Charles Roberts, Esq.

DEATHS.

Jan. 18. Killed at Bhurtpore, Captain John Brown, of the 31st Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, at the early age of 34 years.

March 9. At Mondaria, on the Bombay coast, John Windsor Stuart, Esq. late Captain of his Majesty's 20th regiment, and eldest son of Lord George Stuart.

May 5. At Calcutta, Henry P. M. Gordon, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's civil service, second son of John Gordon, Esq.

June 12. Drowned at Bombay, while imprudently bathing in a fast ebbing tide, Cadet Henry Dolphin.

28. At Sierra Leone, Mr John Boog, surgeon.

30. On his voyage from China, Captain Thomson, of the East India ship Henry Porcher.

July 4. At Mifflin County, United States, William Ross, aged 109 years.

17. At his house in Couper Street, Leith, Whiteford Smith, Esq. Among various legacies, he left the sum of L.100, to be applied for promoting the education of the children in his native parish of Stennes, in Orkney.

25. At Orange Grove Barracks, Trinidad, Lieut. tenant Clarkon, of the 9th regiment.

30. Killed off Buenos Ayres, in a severe action between the Argentine and Brazilian squadrons, Mr Andrew Lapslie, second son of the late Rev. Mr Lapslie of Campsie, near Glasgow.

Aug. 15. At sea, on his passage home from India, Mr James Mathie, son of Mr Benjamin Mathie, writer, Glasgow.

Aug. 18. At Bridge of Don, Mr George Robertson.

19. At Paris, of a fever, occasioned by bathing whilst in a state of perspiration, T. Palmer, Esq. formerly of the 11th Dragoons.

— At his house, Westmoreland Place, London, Benjamin Sword, Esq. formerly merchant, Glasgow. He has left bequests to the amount of L. 300 to the most important charitable institutions in Glasgow, and L. 1000 to the London Missionary Society, to be paid without deduction of duty, or any charge whatever.

21. At Annat Farm, near Fort William, John Kennedy, Esq. some time of Grenada.

— At the Manse of Crieff, William, eldest son of the Rev. William Laing.

22. At Morningside, while on furlough from India in bad health, Lieut. William Grant, of the Hon. East India Company's service, aged 23, son of the late Alex. Grant, Esq. W. S.

23. At Haddington, Sarah Fairbairn, wife of Mr William Ferme, saddler.

25. At Rothsay, George Alfred, youngest son of Lieut.-Colonel McNeil.

27. At Dunkeld, Major Hugh Stewart, late of the 75th regiment.

— At Carbrook, Stirlingshire, Miss Ann Smi h, eldest daughter of the deceased Rev. Archibald Smith, minister of Kinross.

29. At St Andrews, Mrs Duncan, aged 82, relict of John Duncan, tenant of Stonywind.

31. At Edinburgh, Mrs Annabella Polok, relict of Gavin Ralston of Ralston, Esq.

— At East Moulsey, Lieut.-Colonel Archibald Ross.

— Near Bourdeaux, Anne, wife of Samuel Anderson, Esq.

Sept. 1. At Buccleuch Place, Mrs Olivia Munro, wife of John Munro, Esq. late of the Island of Grenada.

Sept. 2. At Hamburg, on his way to Copenhagen, the celebrated Danish poet, J. Baggesen, well known in the literature of his country.

3. At Boghead, Mrs Janet Durham, wife of the Rev. Alex. Weir.

— At Drayton, Buckinghamshire, after a very short illness, General Sir Harry Colvert, Bart.

4. At Dawson's Cottage, Miss Grogan, daughter of the late Gavin Grogan, Esq. of Lockbank, Newabbey.

— At Glamis, Miss Elizabeth Procter, daughter of the late John Procter, Esq. Sheriff-substitute of the shires of Elgin and Nairn.

5. At his house, 23, Great King Street, Edinburgh, Henry Wood, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Grierson, Esq. W. S.

6. At Hammersmith, Colonel James Maitland, of the 84th regiment.

— At Dunbar, Walter Simpson, Esq. merchant and ship-owner, aged 84 years.

7. At the Palace, Lichtfield, in the 76th year of his age, Sir Charles Oakley, Bart. D.C.L. formerly Governor of Madras.

— At her house in Forth Street, in her 90th year, Mrs Helen Dunmore, relict of Hugh Blackburn, Esq. Glasgow.

8. At Manchester, Jean Dalrymple, youngest daughter of Wm. Cochrane Anderson, Esq. Royal Horse Artillery.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Manners, Esq. W. S. and one of the Depute Clerks of Session.

— At Portobello, Thomas Irvine Smith, Esq. of Smiddyburn and Pettans.

— At the Manse of Kingarth, after a short illness, the Rev. Joseph Stuart, minister of that parish, in the 29th year of his age, and second of his ministry.

10. At Edinburgh, Mrs Catherine Ross, relict of Mr Walter Ferguson, late candlemaker.

— At his mother's house at Leslie, Wm. Malcolm, Esq. M.D. son of the deceased Sir John Malcolm of Balbedie, Bart.

10. At Kelso, Isabella Henderson, wife of Mr William Hewat, accountant, Commercial Bank of Scotland, Kelso.

— At Belfast, Mrs Mackay, wife of Mr Alexander Mackay, late Proprietor of the Belfast News Letter.

15. At Dewar's Mill, near St Andrews, Mr Jas. Tod, in the 90th year of his age.

— At Leith, Mr Walter Bruce, merchant.

— At Haddington, Mr Robert Roughead, aged 87 years.

— Mrs Stewart of Sweethope, in her 87th year.

14. At Edinburgh, Anne Louisa, fourth daughter of Lieut.-General Sir John Hope, G.C.H.

14. At Kinross, Mr John McGregor, formerly of Brechin, and late of the customs, Leith.

16. At Malta, Captain William Forbes, eldest son of Sir William Forbes of Pitligo, Bart.

15. At Burntisland, James Aitken, Esq. chief Magistrate of that Burgh.

16. At Edinburgh, Elizabeth Anne Tod, daughter of Mr James Stormonth Darling, W. S.

17. At Largo, Mrs Durham of Largo, the lady of Lieut.-General Durham.

— At Hilton, near Inverkeithing, Mr John Newton, merchant, Leith.

— At Ayr, Mr David Gibson, Treasurer of that Burgh.

— At Musselburgh, Mrs Jean Cochrane, relict of Mr James Cowan, candlemaker, Edinburgh.

— At Linlithgow, Mrs Jean Henderson, relict of Mr David Potter, farmer, Pleasance, East Lothian.

— At Rankellor Street, Edinburgh, Captain John Fraser, formerly of the 42d Royal Highlanders.

— At Edinburgh, Ann, eldest daughter of Mr Alexander Howden, Scotland Street.

18. At his house, 8, East Thistle Street, Edinburgh, Mr John Blair Hunter, aged 64.

— At Dalkeith, Robert John, youngest son of Dr Morison.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Paterson, saddler.

19. At Islabank House, James Ogilvie, Esq. of Islabank.

21. At Haughand Cottage, near Elgin, Mrs Catherine Forsyth, aged 57, wife of Mr J. Forsyth, bookseller in Elgin.

22. At his house, Manchester Street, London, Lieut.-General John Baillie, late of the Hon. East India Company's Bombay Establishment.

— At 132, Prince's Street, Thomas Martin, Esq. writer, Edinburgh.

24. At Musselburgh, Mrs Sarah Falconer, relict of John Taylor, A.M. Rector of the Grammar School.

25. At Forfar, Lieut. John Stevenson, R.N.

— At Lausanne, of aneurism of the heart, the Ex-Queen of Sweden.

— At Primrosehill, Berwickshire, Mr Robert Dudgeon.

26. At London, Major Walter Jollie, of the Madras Native Infantry.

26. At Kingsbridge, Devon, Henrietta Augusta, widow of Captain Archibald Campbell.

27. At St Petersburg, of the typhus fever, Lady Porter, wife of Sir Robert Ker Porter, his Majesty's Consul at Carracass.

27. At his seat, Gisburne Park, near Skipton in Craven, in his 72d year, the Right Hon. Lord Ribblesdale.

28. At Leith, Mr James Pollock, merchant.

— At Aberdeen, Andrew Davidson, Esq. advocate.

28. At Baltic Street, Leith, Miss Aitken.

29. In the Canongate, John Macdonald, aged above 111 years. He served as a private in the 15th regiment of foot for fourteen years, and was discharged on a pension in 1749, in consequence of being wounded in both thighs. He walked about a little not many months previous to his death. He was a sufferer at the great fires in 1824, having been carried out of his house in a helpless condition by his daughter.

30. At St Andrews, Mrs Methven.

Oct. 1. At No. 3, Fyfe Place, Leith Walk, Mrs Ranken, relict of Mr Francis Ranken.

— At Southampton, Major-General William Fawcett, Governor of Limerick.

Oct. 1. At North Berwick, Mrs Willett, widow of John Willett, Esq. of Stoke, Devon.

1. Suddenly, of apoplexy, at Inverkeithing, Mr Robert Dykes, master of the Lazaret, and acting comptroller of the customs.

3. At Ormiston Lodge, East Lothian, Mrs Agnes Wight, of Arthur Street, Edinburgh, in the 78th year of her age.

4. Robert, fourth and youngest son of the late Hugh Leslie, Esq. of Powis.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Jane Buchanan, wife of William Waddell, Esq. writer.

— At his house, Rosemount, Peter Wood, Esq. late merchant in Leith, in the 78th year of his age.

5. At Skelmuir, George Russel, Esq. W.S.

— At Bantelu, Hanover, the Russian General Count V. Benningsen. His ability and valour in the war in Poland obtained him brilliant rewards; he fought the celebrated battles of Eylau and Friedland in 1806; and in 1815 he commanded the army in Poland, and took a conspicuous part in the battle of Leipsic. At the peace he settled in his native country, and died in the bosom of his family, aged 81.

8. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Coulter, widow of Widow Coulter, Esq. formerly Lord Provost of the city of Edinburgh.

— At 11, Dundas Street, Patrick Meiklejohn of Scotland.

— The infant son of Major-General the Hon. P. Stuart.

9. At Southampton, Charles Mills, Esq. the celebrated historian.

— At her house in Shandwick Place, Sophia Henrietta Wharton, fifth daughter of William Earl of Fife, and widow of Thomas Wharton, Esq. one of his Majesty's Commissioners of Excise in Scotland.

— At Camberwell, London, Mary, youngest daughter of Mr James Seton, Seton-House, East-Lothian.

10. At Edinburgh, Isabella Heron, infant daughter of Dr Macaulay, North St David Street.

11. At Balgray Hill, near Glasgow, Alexander, aged 5 years, youngest son of Mr Archibald Fyfe, Weekly Chronicle Office.

— At Newton Manse, Ayr, the Rev. William Peebles, D.D. in the 75th year of his age, and 49th of his ministry.

— In London, Isobel Barclay, wife of the Rev. William Fortescue, rector of George Nympton and Wear Gifford, and daughter of the late James Christie, Esq. of Durie, Fifeshire.

12. Miss Agnes Home, youngest daughter of the late Mr George Home, baker in Edinburgh.

— William, eldest son of Mr Thomas Stevenson, general agent, Milne Square.

13. At Bankhouse, Troqueur, George Gillespie, Esq. of Windymills.

14. Suddenly, at London, Mr Connor, of Covent-Garden Theatre.

15. At Hawick, Mrs Dickson of Housebyers.

16. At London, William Shanks, Esq. late of Calcutta.

— At Rathobank, George Veitch, Esq. of Rathobank, writer to the signet.

— At 7, Howe Street, the infant son of Mr Alexander.

— At her house, Buccleuch Place, Mrs Margaret Scott, relict of the Rev. Roger Moodie, minister of Monymenal.

16. At his house, 1, Heriot Row, on the 16th curt. Peter Spalding, Esq. formerly of Calcutta, aged 68. Mr Spalding was a native of Edinburgh, and when young went out to India, where he realized a considerable fortune, the whole of which he has conveyed to the Directors of the Royal Institution for the encouragement of the Fine Arts in Scotland, for the support of decayed and superannuated associated artists connected with that institution.

17. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr Geo. Wright, one of the ministers of Stirling.

— At Rothesay, Alexander McLean, Esq. late Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2d West India regiment.

— At Ruby Cottage, David Lyall, Esq. W.S. eldest son of Alexander Lyall, Esq. comptroller of the customs, Aberdeen.

18. Mr Robert Tweedie, youngest son of the deceased Mr Alexander Tweedie, late in Dreva.

— At 19, London Street, Mrs Richard Gardner.

19. At Paris, aged 67, the celebrated tragedian, Talma. He preserved all his intellectual faculties to the last hour of his life. He felt no pain, and complained only of having a cloud before his eyes.

— At Whalebank, Newhaven, Mrs Margaret Lockhart, relict of William Lockhart, writer in Edinburgh.

— At Leith, Mr Alex. Patison, merchant there, eighth and youngest son of the late Mr John Patison, town-clerk of Leith.

21. At her house, 10, Hope Street, Miss Hill, daughter of the late James Hill, Esq. senior, Glasgow.

— At Rotherhithe, London, of typhus fever, caught in the discharge of his professional duty, Mr John Beveridge, late Assistant-Surgeon of the Royal George East Indiaman.

22. At his house, Inverleith Road, Charles Hay, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Charles Tawse, Esq. writer to the signet.

22. In the New Road, London, Mrs Eliza Forbes, wife of Lieut.-General Benjamin Forbes.

26. At Edinburgh, the infant son of Robert Eckford, Esq.

27. At London, Mr Alderman Magnay, an eminent stationer in the metropolis. He recently filled the office of Lord Mayor, and was highly respected as a magistrate and a citizen.

Lately. At Ava, Mr George Sutherland, Officer on board the Alexander Company's ship, and son of the late Captain George Sutherland, of the 71st Foot. He had been taken prisoner by the Burmese, along with a boat's crew, when watering on that coast, and died during his confinement.

— At Southwell, aged 97, the Rev. W. Law, Vicar of Durham and Vicar of Kneesall. He had held the former living 70 years, and the latter 66.

— At his house, Vanburgh Place, Leith, Mr George Patterson. He had been fifty years in his Majesty's Naval service, and was master of the *Venerable*, Lord Duncan's flag-ship, in the memorable action off Camperdown.

— At Cupar-Angus, Mr James Shaw, stationer, Hill Square, Edinburgh.

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